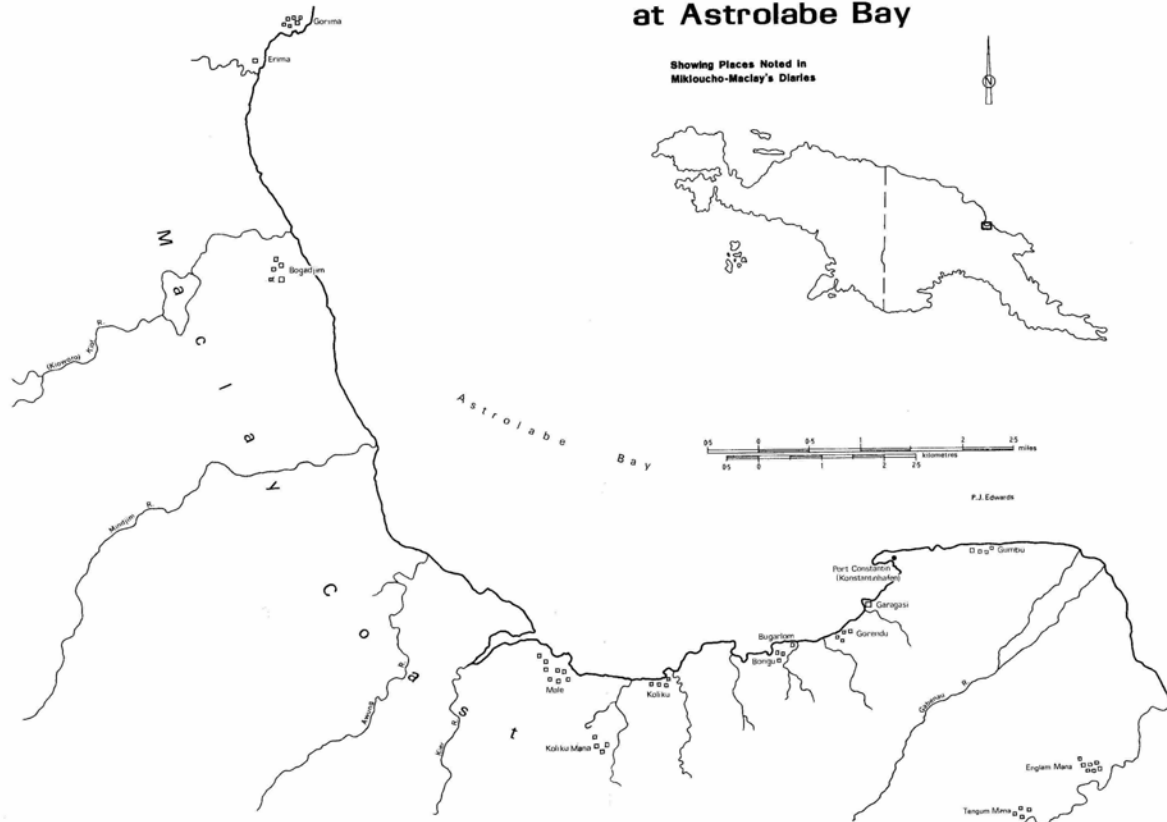


Mikloucho - Maclay:  
New Guinea Diaries  
1871 - 1883



## The Coast of Papua New Guinea at Astrolabe Bay



Cover: Garagassi Point, the site of Mikloucho-Maclay's first hut in New Guinea.

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*MIKLOUCHO-MACLAY:*

# **New Guinea Diaries 1871-1883**

**Translated from the Russian  
with biographical and historical notes**

**by  
C.L. Sentinella**



**KRISTEN PRES  
Madang  
Papua New Guinea**

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To M., whose constant encouragement and linguistic ability made this book possible, and to the people of Bongu, who have so faithfully preserved the memory of Mikloucho-Maclay.

C.L.S.

## About the Diaries

On the 20th October, 1969, a *Russian* marine research vessel, the *Vityaz*, dropped anchor in Port Constantino in Astrolabe Bay on the north coast of New Guinea. On a secluded point of land (known to the natives as Garagassi), overgrown with jungle and coconut palms and looking out over the broad sweep of the picturesque bay, the Russians erected a modest monument which recorded the arrival and sojourn there of a fellow-countryman of theirs, the young scientist Nikolai Nikolaevich Mikloucho-Maclay.

Almost a hundred years before, a Russian naval corvette of the same name had anchored there and, after a small hut was erected, left Mikloucho-Maclay to live among the primitive savages. He had chosen this remote and completely unexplored region in order to study a people, who, as far as he knew, had never known any other European or, indeed, had not been in contact with any human beings, other than the people of their own race who lived along the coastal strip and the adjacent islands.

For Mikloucho-Maclay this presented an opportunity to study a fascinating scientific and philosophic problem—the nature and social organization of primitive man. In his devotion to science, he was prepared to endure any hardship and risk death from violence or disease in order to investigate this intriguing question.

During the total period of about three years that he spent on this coast he kept diaries, which together with his scientific work he intended to publish. Owing to his premature death at the age of 42, the material lay forgotten in the archives of Czarist Russia. It was only after the revolution in 1917 that the memory of this remarkable man was revived and the material in the archives was investigated and articles and books began to be written about him in Russia.



In Australia, where he lived and was active as a scientist and public figure for eight years, he was almost completely forgotten until an Australian journalist, Frank S. Greenop, came across references to him in relation to New Guinea. Intrigued by the little that was known about him, Greenop did a quite remarkable piece of research which was published in 1944 under the title of *Who Travels Alone*.

It seems possible that the appearance of this book in Australia stimulated the Russians to publish further material and in 1950 the collective works of Mikloucho-Maclay were published by the Russian Academy of Sciences, which included the complete diaries of his New Guinea journeys. This was followed by the appearance in the German Democratic Republic of two books which contained substantial translations of the diaries in German, *Tamo Russ, The Diaries of Mikloucho-Maclay* by E. Sabel and *Unter Sudsee Insulanern* by Dora Fischer. Later a Czech translation of the diaries, *Mezi Papuance* (Amongst the Papuans) was published in Prague in 1954.

We know that the diaries as we have them today are very much as he wrote them in his hut at Garagassi, usually at night time, often racked with fever, with the rain coming through the roof on to his table, and the wind blowing through the cracks in the walls. He did not live to complete the editing of the diaries for publication. In 1949 fragments of the original diary were discovered in Russia under somewhat curious circumstances,<sup>1</sup> and these fragments follow closely the edited manuscripts. He did not alter or fill out the diaries with any additional material, but instead he eliminated material which we would now find very interesting, shedding more light perhaps on his personality, but which he considered irrelevant. Thus in the original manuscript his entry for the 1st of January, 1872, begins by saying that he met the New Year with 12 shots from his double-barrelled revolver and drank a whole coconut to the health of his family and friends and then went to sleep. He rejected this as an unnecessary personal note and begins instead with a remark on the weather. Other material which he excluded when editing the diaries are references to the extreme difficulties caused by his ill health (malaria) and the suffering that he had to endure. In the rewritten diary he minimizes all this, sometimes dismissing it with a laconic "had an attack of fever" or refers to his ill health in a detached way and with annoyance because it hindered his scientific work.

In many respects the diaries are a unique document, in that they give us a picture of mankind in its primal situation, isolated from direct contact with alien cultures for hundreds if not thousands of years. The diaries give us a day-to-day account of a prolonged period of collaborative contact with these people by an objective scientific observer with an innate respect for the natives as human beings, and with no desire to exploit them in any way or to impose his ideas upon them. Because of Maclay's innate respect, this recognition on his part that they shared a common humanity, his reports and descriptions are not distorted to any extent by inbuilt prejudices and moral judgements derived from a different set of values. By the same token, the natives, when they had finally accepted him, whether as a magnanimous and superior human being or as a beneficent deity or spirit (of this they were apparently never quite sure) did not attempt to conceal from him anything of their mode of life, and as a result he was invited to participate in all their activities.

The diaries, as well as being an interesting narrative, contribute a great deal to the early history of the contacts of the people of New Guinea with Europeans, and also give us some insight into the character of a truly remarkable man, a man who has not been given his proper recognition in the English-speaking world.



## **Student Years and Voyage to New Guinea**

Nikolai Nikolaevich Mildoucho-Maclay was born on the 17th July 1846 in the village of Rozhdestvenskoe in the Novgorod region. At the time his father was engineer-in-charge of a section of the construction of the Moscow-St. Petersburg railway. After the completion of the railway he was put in charge of the main railway station in St. Petersburg. His mother was of Polish origin, a woman of liberal ideas for those times and an ardent supporter of national equality. Three of her brothers took part in the Polish uprising of 1863.

Mikloucho-Maclay's father died when the future explorer was only 11 years of age. Although her means were slender, the widow managed to establish all her children, four boys and a girl, in careers. The young Mikloucho first attended the Lutheran school of St. Anna in St. Petersburg where instruction was given in German. He remained at this school only a year and then went to the second St Petersburg High School which he attended for five years. For taking part in a street demonstration of university students he was arrested, and although he was released after 24 hours, he came into disrepute with the school authorities. As a result, on the occasion of the transfer from the sixth to the seventh class, they excluded him, allegedly for his lack of scholastic success. He then became an external student at St. Petersburg University in the physico-mathe-matics faculty. However, he again got into disfavour with the police for taking part in illegal student meetings and was expelled "without to enter any other Russian university," as the police report He then began to petition for permission to go abroad, as his reason his state of health (he had been ill with pneumonia).

In 1864 permission was at length granted and he entered the University of Heidelberg in the faculty of philosophy. He also attended lectures in chemistry, medicine and other sciences. He spent two years at Heidelberg and after a short interlude at Leipzig University transferred to Jena University where he could study the subjects that interested him most, comparative anatomy under the famous professor Karl Gegenbaur and zoology under the brilliant Ernst Haeckel.

The years he spent at German universities were an undoubted strain on the limited resources of his mother and their correspondence shows this very clearly. When his mother appealed to him to be economical, he replied with a list of his expenses which shows the extreme austerity of his mode of life. He mentions the coat that he cannot mend any more because "the thread was stouter than the cloth and to patch it only increased the hole," and to his having to buy a pair of second-hand boots, as his old ones were worn out. It was during this period that he began to use his double name. The word Maxlai or Maclay was a name that was used by his great-grandfather. It was fashionable at that time, particularly among literary circles, to use a double name.

Ernst Haeckel, noticing the zeal and the originality of the scientific ideas of the young Russian, made him his assistant. In 1866 after completing the summer term, he was invited to take part in a scientific expedition led by Haeckel to the Canary Islands. Here they spent four months, for the most part on the small island of Lanzerote. Mikloucho-Maclay specialised in the study of sponges and the brains of the selachia. It was here that he discovered a new species of sponge whose unusual polymorphism, as interpreted by Mikloucho-Maclay, contributed to an understanding of the evolutionary process at that level. He named the sponge *Guancha blanca* in memory of the Guanchas, the former inhabitants of the Canary Islands, who had been exterminated by the European settlers.

Instead of returning to Europe with Haeckel, he went on to Morocco and then made a journey on foot through North Africa before returning to Europe and the continuation of his studies. As the result of his participation in the Canary Islands expedition he published his first two articles in a scientific journal. His articles dealt with the sponges of the Canary Islands, and about this time he gave to the press the first sections of a proposed larger work on the comparative anatomy of the brain.

The first and second parts dealt with the brains of the ganoid and vertebrate fishes. The third and fourth parts he proposed to devote to the brains of mammals, the fifth and last part to the structure of the brain of man. During all his travels he kept this project in mind and sought every opportunity to carry out anatomical investigations in pursuance of this aim, securing skull specimens of executed prisoners in Brisbane and Batavia and specimens made available by Sydney Hospital.

His dedication to the study of sponges was not just a narrow specialization in the cataloguing and classification of sponges, but was part of a wider concept in which he wished to show that the changes in the forms of organisms was a result of the influences of the conditions of the external environment. "The change in the organization of animals," he wrote, "can be very well understood and scientifically explained only by the most careful investigation of the environment in which these animals live, in their physical and geographical conditions. Only the precise defining of the temperature, humidity of the atmosphere, population density, the composition of the current, the neighbourhood of other organisms can explain why this or the other form developed, why the formation took this direction and not another. From this the scientific relationship can be seen between investigations of the geographical and physical conditions of the locality and the organization of the creatures inhabiting this locality." He was later to broaden this concept to include the historical and geographical conditions that have produced the variations in the races of man.

In 1868 he graduated from Jena University and before returning to Russia he decided to make a journey to Sicily and to the shores of the Red Sea. He went first to Messina, but the marine fauna of the Mediterranean proved to be rather disappointing and the forms of sponges that he was seeking were absent, so he continued on to the Red Sea. At that time such a journey was not without some danger from the fanaticism of the Muslim population. He dressed therefore in Arab costume and endeavoured not to be distinguishable from the Arabs. On one occasion he was, however, in some peril and was saved from serious trouble by his courage, presence of mind and resolute action, which somewhat overawed the hostile Arabs. He was travelling on an Arab dhow between ports on the Red Sea. He was the only "unbeliever" on the ship and there began talk of throwing

him overboard. He decided to take a somewhat dangerous but decisive step before their hostility was whipped up too far. Choosing the right moment, he seized the chief instigator of the proposal and locked him up in the hold, which effectively cooled the ardour of the remaining Arabs.

His research in the Red Sea covered a wide area from Yemen and Eritrea in the south, various islands and ports, to Ras Mahomet on the Sinai Peninsula. He stayed for some time at Jedda, the main port for the Muslim pilgrims on their way to Mecca. He became fascinated by the anthropological diversity which he observed among the human beings who came here from all over the world and he returned to Russia inspired with an interest in the human race and the problems of anthropology. Although he had gone to the Red Sea in the pursuit of his zoological researches, he more and more turned his attention to the human population. In his report to the Russian Geographical Society about his expedition to the Red Sea he did not even refer to what kind of marine life he was studying, but spoke a good deal about the human population, the geographical environment, the living conditions of the Arabs, their towns and their culture. He spoke of the influence of the external environment not only on the lower organisms but also on man, and it is obvious that his interests were more and more turning towards anthropology and ethnology. He refers scarcely at all to the hardships and privations he must have endured. He had started out with the meagre sum of 500 roubles and arrived back at Alexandria penniless and suffering from malaria. He had to borrow money from the Russian consul in order to get back to Russia.

He had returned to Russia and his family after an absence of five years. He was only 23 years of age and he already had an established reputation in the scientific world of Russia and to a certain extent in Europe. He could have settled down to a secure and successful academic career but his appetite had been whetted for further travel and exploration.

In St. Petersburg the Director of the Zoological Museum, Professor Brandt, suggested that he study the collections of northern sponges brought back by the Russian scientists Baer, Middendorf and Voznessensky, and as a result of this work he published two articles in which he further elaborated his thesis over the extreme variability of sponges under the influence of the external environment. To

further develop and test his theory he realized the necessity of studying them not in museums but in their natural habitat. He approached the Russian Geographical Society with a plan for an expedition to the Pacific Ocean for the study of the relation of marine organisms to the environment, starting from the Sea of Okhotsk in the north, to the Sea of Japan and then to the equator. In addition, he suggested that he should engage in anthropological and ethnological studies in any time when he was not involved in zoological investigations. This anthropological work became finally the basic purpose of his programme.

While this proposal was being considered by the Geographical Society, Mikloucho-Maclay went back to Jena to attend to the publication of his scientific work. In anticipation of the acceptance of his proposed expedition he consulted, personally and by letter, the leading zoologists and scientists of Europe as to what problems they considered should be studied in the Pacific. Among these the Russian scientist Baer pointed out to him the problem that the inhabitants of New Guinea presented in the field of anthropology. In studying the subject, Mikloucho-Maclay discovered how little was known about the inhabitants of New Guinea and that even this was mostly speculation and hearsay, not the result of any personal observation by competent observers. In the course of his reading about the Pacific he had become particularly interested in the nature and culture of primitive man uninfluenced by direct contact with alien cultures, and he realized that New Guinea was almost unique in this respect. Here there were large areas where man had remained untouched for many hundreds of years.

The Russian Geographical Society finally and somewhat grudgingly gave consent to sponsor his expedition and allotted him the rather meagre sum of 1200 roubles, barely sufficient for him to buy all the instruments and equipment necessary. What was of greater importance for him was the offer of free transport. The Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar, was President of the Geographical Society and the administrative head of the Imperial Russian Navy, and he took a personal interest in the young Mikloucho-Maclay. He authorized a naval vessel, the steam corvette *Vityaz*, which under the command of Captain Nazimov was going to join the squadron of the fleet in the Far East, to transport Mikloucho-Maclay to the Pacific and to land him on the coast of New Guinea.

On the 27th October 1870 the corvette left Kronstadt with the young explorer on board, unaware that it would be over 12 years before he would see Russia again. The voyage lasted 10 months and the ship went via South America round Cape Horn. The ship stopped at many places for extended periods which allowed the enthusiastic young scientist to make excursions into the interior. During these stops, he filled his notebooks with observations about the plants, animals and people that he met, using his considerable skill as a draftsman to add illustrative drawings and sketches. At Punta Arenas in Patagonia he went ashore for several days and admired the primitive Patagonians for their ability to live under such adverse circumstances. In Chile, where the ship stopped for three weeks, he made several excursions into the interior and climbed Aconcagua. Then they sailed out into the Pacific, visiting Tahiti, Samoa and Easter Island. It was here that he records his observations on the destruction of the culture of Easter Island and the decimation of its population in the interest of graziers who wanted the island for sheep, and plantation owners who wanted the population transferred to their islands in order to exploit their labour. Although what he recorded is a damning indictment of the cruelty and inhumanity that was being practised in the Pacific, he is still the scientist and dispassionate observer. The sense of involvement and identification with the sufferings of these human beings is not yet apparent. This developed later as a result of his close association with the natives of New Guinea.

It had been intended that the ship would go to Sydney where Maclay planned to engage a servant, but the ship was ordered to proceed to New Guinea, so in Samoa he hastily hired a servant, a Polynesian simply called Boy. A stranded Swedish whaler named Ohlsen offered to accompany him. Maclay accepted the offer, mistakenly believing that he would be of assistance.

While crossing the Atlantic, Maclay had suffered severely from seasickness, and in Chile he had experienced attacks of malaria. These attacks had exhausted him to such an extent that Captain Nazimov begged him not to proceed to New Guinea, that in his (Nazimov's) opinion his chances of survival were small in his present condition, and that it would be better to put off the voyage to New Guinea and proceed with the ship to Japan where he could recuperate. But Maclay would not hear of it and insisted that the ship proceed as originally planned, and so the *Vityaz* proceeded to the north coast of New Guinea where the diary begins with his landing and the first tentative attempts to make contact with the primitive people he had come so far to investigate.

# THE DIARIES 1871-1872



## First Visit to the Maclay Coast

*Sept. 7-19, 1871*

About 10 o'clock in the morning the high coast of New Guinea appeared, partially covered with clouds. From Port Prasslin, our last anchorage, the *Vityaz* sailed parallel to the shore of New Britain. The land that appeared was Cape King William on the north-east coast of New Guinea. A high mountain range ran parallel to the coast (marked on the map as the Finisterre Range), its height exceeding 3,000 metres. Passing between Rook Island and the *coast* of New Guinea many low islands could be seen, covered with vegetation. The current being in our favour we travelled on rapidly, and about 2 o'clock the corvette approached sufficiently near the coast for us to see its characteristic features. On the top of the mountains were thick masses of clouds, which did not permit one to distinguish the outline of their summits. Under the white layer of cloud, the steep slopes were covered with dark thick forest, darkness contrasted with the light green strip along the coast.

The coastal area was raised in a series of terraces or ledges (of approximately 300 metres in height) which presented a very characteristic appearance. The uniformity of these terraces was more apparent from



below, at a lower level. Numerous clefts and ravines, thick with vegetation, cut through these terraces and connected the jungle of the higher level with the narrow belt of coastal jungle. At two places on the shore smoke could be seen, witnessing to the presence of man.

In some places the coastal belt became wider. The mountains retreated into the depths of the land and the narrow terraces, approaching the sea, were transformed into broad fields fringed with dark vegetation. About 6 o'clock in the evening, a small island not far from the shore could be distinguished—it was covered with forest. Among the light green coconut palms the roofs of huts could be seen, and on the beach one could distinguish people. A stream flowed across the island which, judging by the winding line of vegetation, flowed across the grasslands. Not finding a suitable anchorage, we hove to. The night was clear and starry. Only the mountains remained covered with clouds, just as they were during the day, and these came lower to unite themselves with the mists spreading along the shore to the sea. Lightning flashed in the dark clouds on the summits of the range, although thunder could not be heard.

### *Sept. 20th*

During the night the current carried us about 32 kilometres to the north. I was up early on deck, rather expecting that, before dawn, I would see the summits of the mountains free from clouds. And, in fact, the mountains could be clearly seen though there were few if any single peaks—but rather a continuous high wall, almost everywhere of uniform height. When the sun rose, the range and foothills were free from clouds, but in the middle white stratus clouds extended. The rising sun lit up the coast, on which three or four parallel mountain ridges could be clearly distinguished, piling up one on the other. As we sailed on, the view of the coast changed. There were no more terraces, but to the high, long mountain range, irregular transverse ranges of hills were attached, between which streams probably flowed. The vegetation was dense.

About 10.30 a.m., moving in the direction of Astrolabe Bay, we saw ahead of us two capes, Cape Rigny and one further north, Cape

Duperrey, both quite low, the second projecting far out into the sea. Clouds were gathering along the tops of the high range, with huge cumulus clouds swirling and changing form as they gathered. On the slopes of the lower ranges, here and there, thick columns of smoke could be seen. It was becoming rather warm. The thermometer showed 31° C. in the shade. About 12 o'clock we arrived in the middle of the large Astrolabe Bay.

The commander of the corvette, Captain Paul Nazimov, asked me where I would wish to land. I indicated the high left shore, suggesting that the lower shore to the right appeared unhealthy. For a long time we examined the shore of the bay, hoping to descry the huts of the natives, but apart from the columns of smoke in the hills, we did not notice anything. However, after approaching somewhat closer to the shore, 1st Officer P.P. Novosilski called out that he could see some savages running. In fact, at one part of the sandy beach, some dark figures could be distinguished, who were alternately running and stopping.

At this particular place a small promontory jutted out into the sea, behind which, we surmised, was a small bay. We went in this direction and the suggestion of the existence of a little bay proved correct. Proceeding into this little bay, the corvette dropped anchor about 70 fathoms from the shore and at a depth of 27 fathoms. Huge trees, growing at the very edge of the boulder strewn rocky shore of the little bay (a raised coral reef), hung their leaves down to the surface of the water and numerous lianas, and various parasitic plants with their garlands, formed a veritable curtain between the trees. Only the northern sandy promontory of this bay was clear of vegetation.

Soon a group of savages appeared on this promontory. They seemed very apprehensive. After long deliberation among themselves, one of them detached himself from the group, carrying a coconut which he placed on the beach, indicating by mimicry that he wished, it would seem, to explain that the coconut was intended for us, after which he quickly hid himself in the dense jungle.

I turned to the commander with the request that he give me a boat with a crew of four, in order to go ashore, but when, as I found out, he proposed also to send a cutter with an armed crew, for the sake of security, I asked him to give me just a small boat without sailors. I directed my two servants Ohlsen and Boy to get into the boat, and I set

out to make the acquaintance of my future neighbours, taking with me a few preliminary gifts—beads, red cotton material torn into strips, some ribbons, etc.

Rounding the promontory, I skirted the sandy shore, till I reached the place where we first saw the natives. After about 20 minutes we came close to the beach, where I noticed some native pirogues. However, I was not able to land because of the strong surf. Meanwhile a native armed with a spear appeared out of the bushes. Raising the spear above his head, by pantomime, he gave me to understand that I should go away. But when I stood up in the boat and showed him some strips of red cloth, several dozen savages armed with various weapons suddenly came out of the jungle. Seeing that the natives would not venture to approach the boat, and not wishing to jump into the water myself to reach the shore, I threw the presents in the water, hoping the waves would carry them ashore. On seeing this, the natives energetically waved their arms and indicated that I should move away. I understood that my presence prevented them from entering the water to pick up the things, so I ordered my men to row away, and we had scarcely moved away from the shore, when the natives raced each other into the water and the pieces of red cloth were immediately retrieved. In spite of the fact, however, that the red cloth seemed to please them greatly, as they examined it with much curiosity and with much discussion among themselves, not one of them was bold enough to approach the boat.

In view of my failure to establish acquaintance with them, I returned to the corvette, where I learnt that they had seen savages at another part of the shore. I immediately went in the direction indicated, but no savages appeared. However, I noticed a little bay in the wall of vegetation which reached to the very edge of the water, and the ends of some pirogues drawn up out of the water. Finally, at one place amongst the trees, I noticed a strip of white sand. Quickly rowing towards the place, I found it to be a very convenient and quite beautiful spot. As we were beaching the boat, I noticed a narrow path leading into the thick jungle.

Impatiently jumping out of the boat, I followed the path into the jungle, without giving any directions to my men, who were busy tying up the boat to the nearest tree. Proceeding along the path about 30 paces, a few roofs became visible among the trees, and a little farther the path led me

to a small open space, around which stood some huts with their roofs reaching almost to the ground. The village had a very neat and pleasant appearance. The middle of the open space had been pounded flat and smooth, and all around grew varicoloured bushes and palms giving shade and coolness. The palm-leaf roofs, bleached by time, stood out beautifully against the background of the surrounding dark green foliage; the bright crimson of the hibiscus and the yellow-green and yellow-red leaves of the various kinds of *Croton* and *Coleus* enlivened the general picture of the surrounding growth of bananas, pandanus, breadfruit, areca and coconut palms. The high jungle all round shielded the area from wind. Although there didn't appear to be a living soul in the village, there were signs everywhere that it had been hastily abandoned by its inhabitants. On the open space a smouldering fire occasionally flared up; here was an opened coconut, there an oar, hastily thrown aside; some of the entrances of the huts were carefully closed with some kind of bark with strips of split bamboo fastened across.

Two huts, however, had the entrances open—obviously the owners were, somehow, in such a hurry that they did not have time to close them. The entrances were at a height of about six-tenths of a metre, so that they rather looked like windows than doors and were the only openings through which one could gain access to the hut. It was dark in the hut and it was only with difficulty that I could distinguish the objects inside. There were some raised beds of bamboos and on the floors were some stones, amongst which a fire was smouldering, and which served as support for a broken pot. Bunches of shells and feathers were hanging on the wall, and under the roof, blackened with soot, was a human skull. In the forest the unfamiliar cry of some kind of bird rang out. It was so pleasant and peaceful, and at the same time strange and unknown, that it seemed to me to be a dream rather than reality.

As I was approaching the other hut I heard a rustle and, on glancing round in the direction from which it came, some paces away I saw a man standing as if rooted to the ground. He glanced for a second in my direction and then dashed into the bushes. I went after him, almost at a run, waving a piece of red cloth which I found in my pocket. Looking back, seeing that I was alone and completely unarmed and that I was making signs to him to approach, he stopped.

I slowly approached the savage, silently offering him the red cloth, which he took with obvious pleasure and bound round his head.<sup>2</sup>

He was a Papuan of medium size, of a dark chocolate colour with dull black somewhat curly hair, short like a negro's, with a broad flat nose, and eyes looking out from under overhanging brow ridges, and a large mouth, almost, however, covered by a bristling moustache and beard. His entire costume consisted of a rag about 8 inches wide, tied firstly in a kind of girdle and drawn down between the legs and attached to the girdle from behind. Two lightly-bound bands of plaited dry grass were placed above the elbows. On one of these bands or bracelets was stuck a green leaf of *Piper betel*, in the other on the left side was a kind of knife, made of a smooth sharpened piece of bone (a cassowary bone, as I afterwards found out). The savage was well-built, and with a well-built musculature. The facial expression of this, the first of my new acquaintances, seemed quite engaging. I somehow thought that he would obey me, and I took him by the hand, and not without some resistance led him back to the village. At the open space I found my servants Ohlsen and Boy, who were looking for me, and were at a loss as to where I had gone. Ohlsen presented my Papuan with a piece of tobacco—which, however, he did not know what to do with—and silently taking it he thrust it behind the bracelet on his right arm, beside the *betel* leaf.

Whilst we were standing in the middle of the village, from amongst the trees and bushes, savages began to appear, uncertain whether to approach, and ready at any minute to turn in flight. They were silent and stationary, remaining at a respectful distance but closely watching our movements. Since they would not move, I had to take each one separately by the hand and, in the full sense of the word, drag them into our circle. Finally, having gathered them all in one place, tired out, I sat down among them on a stone, and proceeded to distribute various trifles—beads, nails, fish hooks, and strips of red cloth. They obviously did not know the significance of the nails and hooks, but not one of them refused to accept them.

Around me were gathered eight Papuans. They were of varying size and showed some, although very insignificant, differences. The colour of the skin did not vary much. The sharpest contrast with the type of my first acquaintance was a man, rather taller than the average size, lean, with a hook-shaped prominent nose and a very narrow forehead pressed in on the sides.

His beard and moustache were shaved, and on his head towered a sort of hat of reddish-brown hair, from under which, hanging down on the neck, were twisted plaits of hair, exactly like the tube-shaped curls of the inhabitants of New Ireland. These curls hung behind the ears, down onto the shoulders. Two bamboo combs were sticking out of the hair, one of which, thrust into the back of his head, was decorated with some black and white feathers (cassowary and cockatoo) in the shape of a fan. Some large tortoise shell rings were inserted in his ears, and in the nasal partition a bamboo rod was inserted; the thickness of a very large pencil, it had a pattern carved on it. On his neck, in addition to the necklace of the teeth of dogs and other animals and shells, hung a small bag. On the left shoulder hung another bag reaching down to the waist and filled with various articles.

The upper part of the arm of this native, as of all those present, was tightly bound with plaited bracelets in which were thrust various objects, some of bone, others were leaves or flowers. Some of them had a stone axe slung on their shoulder, some were holding a bow in their hands of considerable size (almost the length of a man) and an arrow more than a metre long. Their hair styles were also different with different colours of the hair, some completely black, others decorated with red clay, some had the hair worn like a hat on the head, and others had it cropped short, while still others had the previously described ringlets hanging round their neck—but all were curly like a negro's. The hair on the chin was wound in small spirals. There were minor differences in the skin colour. The younger were lighter than the old.

Of these eight Papuans of my first meeting, four appeared sick. Two had legs disfigured by *elephantiasis*, and one was an interesting case of *psoriasis*, which had spread over his entire body. The back and neck of the fourth was studded with boils, which formed large, hard protuberances and on his face were several scars, probably of previous such boils.

As the sun was already setting I decided, in spite of the interest of my first observations, to return to the corvette. The whole crowd accompanied me to the beach, carrying presents; coconuts, bananas and two very wild piglets, whose legs were tightly bound and who squealed untiringly, all were placed in the boat. In the hope of more firmly strengthening the good relations with the natives and also with the idea of showing my

new acquaintances to the officers of the corvette, I suggested to those surrounding me to accompany me to the corvette in their pirogues. After prolonged discussion five men got into two pirogues, the others remained and even, it seemed, strenuously tried to dissuade the courageous ones from their bold and risky undertaking. One of the pirogues I took in tow and we made towards the *Vityaz*. Halfway, however, the bolder ones had thought it over, and by signs indicated that they did not wish to go further and tried to release the tow rope. At the same time the other pirogue quickly turned back to the shore. One of the men sitting in the pirogue which we were towing behind us even tried to cut through the tow-line with his stone axe. It was only with extreme difficulty that we succeeded in dragging them on deck. Ohlsen and Boy took them up the ship's ladder practically by force. On deck I took the "prisoners" by the arm and led them down to the quarter-deck. Their whole bodies trembled with fear, and it was only with my support that I could keep them on their legs, supposing, probably, that I was going to murder them. Meanwhile it had grown quite dark and lamps were brought and gradually the savages grew calm. They even brightened up when the officers brought them various objects and treated them to tea, which they drank up straight away. In spite of such a friendly reception they were obviously pleased to go, and went down the ladder with great haste to their pirogue, and quickly rowed back to the village.

On the corvette they told me that, in my absence, natives again appeared and brought with them two dogs, which they killed and whose carcasses they left as a kind of gift on the beach.

### *Sept. 21st*

That part of the coast of Astrolabe Bay where the *Vityaz* was anchored is mountainous. Several parallel chains of mountains of varied height stretch along the coast and only in the west-north-west is there a break. The north-west coast is also mountainous, although not so high as the south, and ends in a comparatively low cape.

All these mountains (of which the highest reaches approximately 1,500 to 1,800 metres) are covered with thick vegetation to the very summits



and are cut in many places by transverse valleys. Sometimes the mountains approach almost to the shore itself. Frequently between the first hills and the sea there is a low coastal strip. The forest in some places comes right down to the sea, so that the lower branches of the large trees dip in the water. In many places the shore is fringed with coral reefs. Only occasionally is it sloping and sandy and accessible to the tide, thus serving as a convenient landing place for the native pirogues. Near such places, as I discovered later, the chief coastal settlements of the Papuans are usually found. All these observations I made at dawn on the bridge of the corvette and I remained fully satisfied with the general view of the country which I had chosen for investigation and perhaps for a long stay. After breakfast I again went to the village where I had been yesterday. My first acquaintance, the Papuan Tui, and several others came to meet me.

On the corvette on that particular day there was to be a ceremony on the occasion of the birthday of His Highness Prince Constantine Nikolaevich, together with the firing of a salute of guns, so I decided to remain in the village amongst the natives — several scores of them had gathered today — so that my presence might reduce the fear which the explosions might produce.

But since the time for the salute was still some way off, I set out to seek a place for my future hut. I did not want to settle in the village itself or even near it — in the first place, because I did not know either the character or the customs of my future neighbours; and secondly, my lack of knowledge of the language deprived me of the possibility of asking their agreement. To impose my presence upon them I considered tactless. Thirdly, I very much dislike noise and I feared that being near the village, the shouts of the adults, the crying of the children, and the howling of dogs would disturb and annoy me.

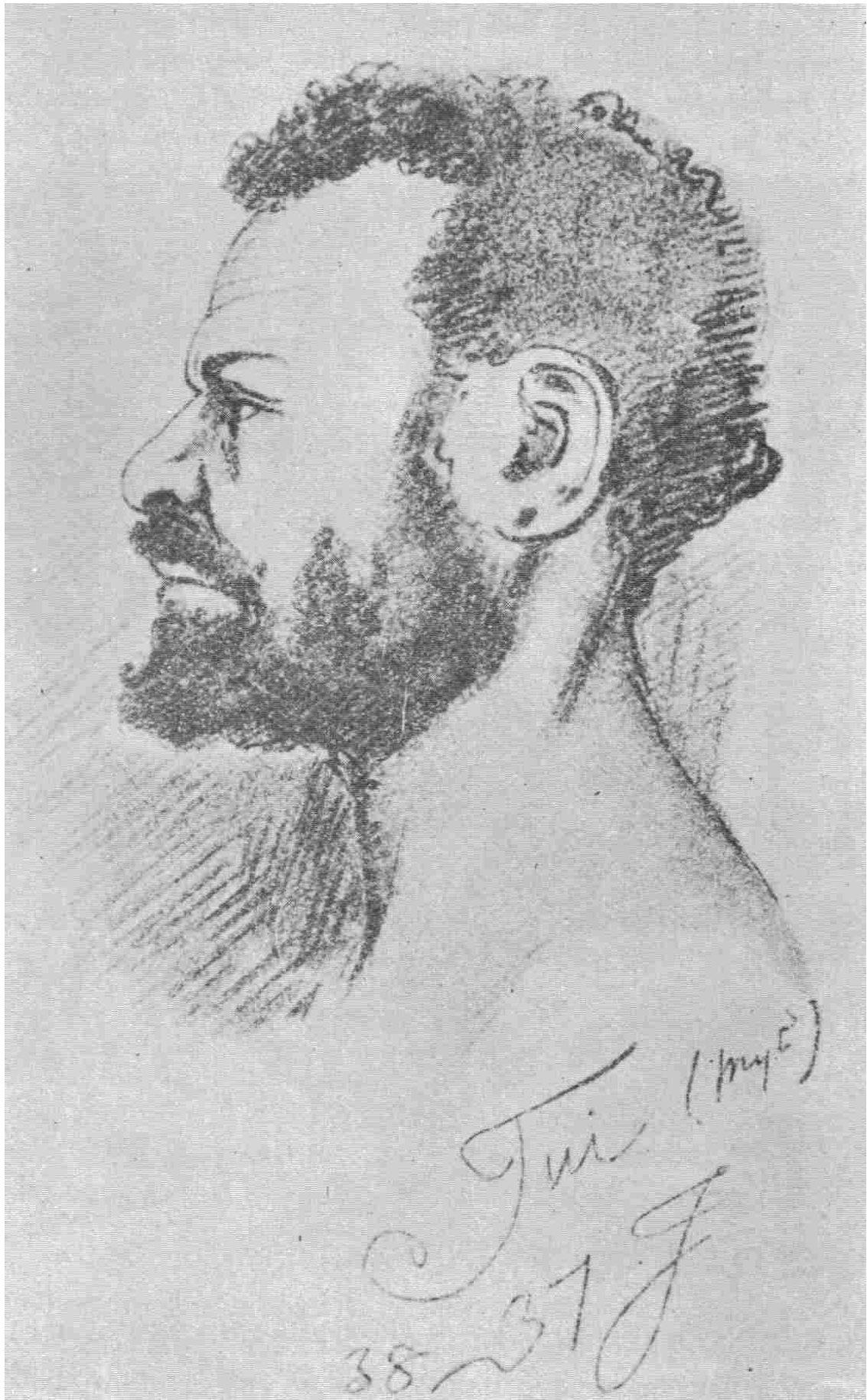
I left the village following a path and after 10 minutes I came to a small promontory near which flowed a small stream and where a group of large trees were growing. The place seemed to me quite convenient, seeing that it was near a stream and because it was almost on a track probably connecting neighbouring villages. Having chosen this as the place of my proposed future abode, I hastened to return to the village and arrived just at the time of the salute.

The firing of the guns seemed to cause the natives more bewilderment than fear. At every shot they sometimes tried to run away, sometimes to lie on the ground stopping their ears, their whole body trembling as if in a fever, or they cowered down. I was in a very odd position. With every wish to be serious and calm them down I could not stop myself from laughing, but, as it turned out, my laughter was the most practical means to combat their fear; as laughter is infectious, I soon noticed the Papuans following my example, beginning to grin and looking round at one another. Satisfied that everything was going satisfactorily, I returned to the corvette where Captain Nazimov proposed that he come with me for the final choice of the place for the construction of the dwelling. The first officer and the doctor accompanied us. Although, in fact, my choice had already been made, it was quite useful to inspect other places, which might turn out to be better. Of three places inspected by us, only one particularly appealed to us. A considerable stream flowed into the open sea here, but, concluding by many signs that the natives were in the habit of coming there frequently and leaving their pirogues and that not too far away they were working a garden-plantation, I informed the commander of my decision to settle on the place which I had first chosen myself.

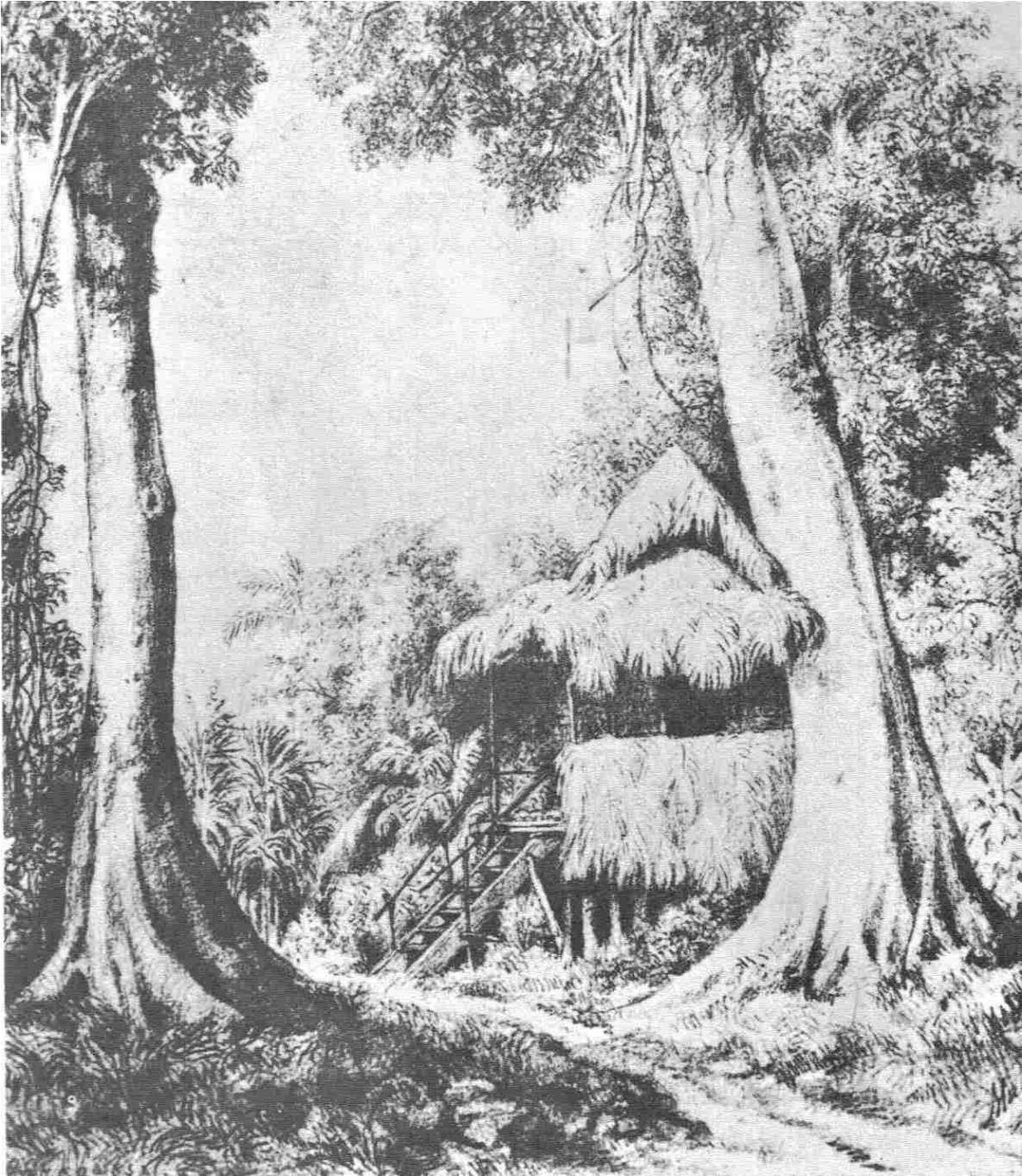
About 3 o'clock men sent from the corvette began clearing the area of bushes and small trees and the carpenters started construction of the dwelling, beginning the work by driving piles under the shade of two enormous trees (*Canarium commune*).

*Sept. 22-25*

All these days I was busy with the construction of the dwelling. About 6 o'clock in the morning I would leave with the carpenters for the shore and would remain there till the lowering of the ensign. My dwelling was slightly more than two metres wide by four and a quarter metres long and partitioned in the middle with tarpaulin. One half was intended for myself and the other for my two servants, Ohlsen and Boy. As the boards we had brought from Tahiti were insufficient, only the lower halves of the walls were made from wood. For the upper half — as also for the two doors — tarpaulin was used, which could be rolled up. For the roof a particular kind



1. Tui, a Papuan from Gorendu (Maclay's sketch)



*2. Mikloucho-Maclay's hut at Garagassi (Maclay's sketch)*

of mat from the leaves of the coconut palm was prepared. This work I gave to Boy. The floor, half the walls and the corner posts, were made from timber purchased in Tahiti and prepared on the corvette. The piles, the roof timbers and rafters had to be cut and fitted on the spot, but thanks to the kindness of the commander of the corvette, there were many hands and the construction went on successfully. The natives, probably frightened by the 21-gun salute and the presence of a large number of people from the corvette, did not show up, except for an occasional two or three men, and this only rarely. The officers of the corvette were occupied with surveying the bay and in doing so visited five or six coastal villages, where, in exchange for various trifles (beads, buttons, nails, empty bottles, etc.) they picked up many different weapons and utensils — and acquired by batter, by the way, also about a dozen skulls. Many places were given names. The small bay where the Vityaz lay at anchor was named in honour of the Admiral and President of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, Port (Prince) Constantine. All the headlands were named after the officers making the survey, and the island which could be seen at Cape Duperrey was named Vityaz Island (afterwards I learnt that the native name was Bili Bili).

On the 25th, Boy began to cover the roof, because the next day was the last day for the corvette to stay. At this time my well-meaning friend Tui came, and with his expressive mimicry tried to explain that when the corvette went away (he pointed to the corvette and the distant horizon) and we three were left (he pointed at me, Ohlsen and Boy, and the earth), then the natives would come from the neighbouring villages (pointing to the jungle, and as if naming the villages), destroy the hut (here he went to the piles, acting as if chopping them down) and kill us with spears (here he drew himself up, put one leg back, raising his arm above his head like a man throwing a spear, and then came up to me, poked me several times in the chest with his finger, and finally half shut his eyes, opened his mouth a little and put out his tongue, taking the position of a man falling to the ground). These pantomime movements he performed indicating in turn Ohlsen and Boy. Although I understood Tui's warning very well, I pretended however, that I did not understand him. Then he again began to name the villages Bongu, Gorendu, Gumbu, etc., and indicated that the piles would be cut.

But to all this I only waved my hand and presented him with a nail. On returning to the corvette I related the pantomime I had witnessed to the officers mess, which inspired one of the officers, Lieutenant C. Chirikov, in charge of the artillery section of the *Vityaz*, to suggest to me to prepare some mines and place them round my house. I did not reject such a means of defence in the event of dire necessity — that is, if the natives should actually take it into their heads to appear with the intentions which Tui had tried to explain to me.

*Sept. 26th*

Went to sleep at 11 o'clock last night and got up at 2 o'clock in the morning. The whole morning I devoted to correspondence for Europe and collecting my things. It was necessary to sort out such things as would stay in New Guinea and such as would go back with the corvette to Japan.

I had set out for New Guinea not with the intention of a short term journey, but for a prolonged stay extending for many years, and had long come to the conclusion that I had to be independent of European food. I knew that the Papuan plantations were not poor and that they had pigs. The main thing was that hunting could always procure me the means of nourishment. As a result of this and the many months at sea, where tinned foods play a considerable role, and where I had got quite tired of such food, I became quite indifferent to the securing of provisions in the last port of call. I did take some provisions but so little that Captain Nazimov was very surprised and very kindly suggested to me that he would spare me some from the ship's provisions — which I took with gratitude, as it would come in handy in case of illness. He left me also the smallest of the ship's boats, which in an extremity could be used by one man. To have a boat was convenient for me in the highest degree, since with its aid I could become acquainted with other coastal villages and in the case of complete failure to get the trust of the natives, it gave us the possibility to settle in another more hospitable locality. Finishing the sorting out of my things on the corvette, after breakfast I began to transport them ashore. Soon a considerable area of my premises was overflowing with things, to such an extent that quite a number of the boxes had to be put

under the house to preserve them from rain, sun and being plundered.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Chirikov had been busy since early morning installing the mines, placing them in a half circle, for defence in the event of an attack by the savages from the direction of the jungle. A 30-man team of sailors under the supervision of Lieutenant Pereleshin and Marine Officer Verenius were busy clearing a space round the house to the extent of an area 70 metres by 70, bounded on one side by the sea and on the three other sides by thick jungle. P.M. Nazimov was also occasionally in the vicinity of the house and helped me with his advice. While he was there I pointed out to the commander and his officers the place where, in case of necessity (serious illness, danger from natives, etc.) I was burying my diaries, notes, etc. The place was at the foot of a huge tree, not far from the dwelling; to make it easy to find, on the corresponding side of the tree a piece of bark about a third of a metre square was stripped and the figure of an arrow was cut pointing below.

By 3 o'clock, Port Constantine — the name given to the little bay where my cabin was situated — presented a very animated sight. The last loads of firewood were transported on to the corvette by means of a small steam launch pushing backwards and forwards, whaleboats and sloops. A large boat was making several trips to the shore and back, carrying my things. Near my place of residence, work was also proceeding apace, putting the final touches to the house, digging the holes for the mines, grubbing out bushes and making a more convenient descent from the area where the cabin was situated down to the sandy beach and the mouth of the stream, etc.

To my regret I could not supervise all these works, since I had to return to the corvette, as not all my things- had been loaded. I spent the whole evening attending to these things — and without the help of V.P. Pereleshin and A.C. Bogomolov, to whom I am very grateful for their attention and kindness to me, I should not have finished fixing everything up that night.

Extreme weariness and the worries of the last few days, and particularly the second sleepless night, reduced me to such a nervous state, that I could scarcely stand on my legs; I spoke and did everything quite mechanically, as in a dream. At one o'clock at night



I had finished packing on the corvette; it was only left to transport the last things ashore and write a few letters.

*Sept. 27th*

At 2 o'clock in the morning I had transported the last few things ashore and found Mr Bogomolov at the cabin receiving and guarding my things on shore, while Boy — who had worked the entire day on the roof — was sleeping a profound sleep. The cabin was crammed to such a degree that it was difficult to find enough space to lie down. In spite of my extreme weariness I could not get to sleep. Ants and mosquitoes did not give me any rest. The possibility, however, of closing my eyes, even if not to sleep, gave me some relief. About 4 o'clock in the morning I returned to the corvette to write some necessary letters, neither finding the possibility or the space to do this in my new premises. What I wrote and to whom on that morning I remember only vaguely.<sup>3</sup> I only know that the last letter was addressed to the Prince Constantine Nikolaevich.

After thanking the commander and the officers of the corvette for all the unselfish services they had rendered me and bidding farewell to everybody, I descended to my boat and finally left for the shore. When the anchor of the corvette appeared out of the water I ordered Ohlsen to lower the flag, which was waving on a mast on the cape, but noticing that it was not being lowered, I went to Ohlsen to see what was the matter. To my surprise and annoyance, I saw that my servant — usually so boastful of his courage — with hands trembling, and eyes full of tears, was quietly sobbing. Taking the flag-line from his shaking hands I told him that while the corvette was still there, he could take the boat and go back without delay, otherwise it would be too late. As the corvette was leaving Fort Constantine, I myself saluted the departing ship. The first thought that came to my head then was that the natives, taking advantage of the departure of the huge smoking monster, could at any moment suddenly appear at my settlement, smash my cabin and the things lying around in disorder, and that henceforth I was left to myself — that in the future everything depended on my energy, will and labour. In fact, as soon as the corvette had disappeared over the horizon, a crowd of Papuans appeared on the neighbouring cape.

They jumped about and ran in circles. Their movements were something like a kind of dance — at least, all were doing one and the same movements. Suddenly they all stopped and began to look in my direction; probably one of them had noticed the Russian flag waving above my cabin. They gathered in a close group, chattered together, then again turned a little in my direction, called out something, and disappeared.

It was necessary to set to immediately and sort out the things laying round in disorder in the cabin and the shed, but from weariness, excitement and two sleepless nights I was in an absolutely deplorable state, my head was spinning, my legs gave way under me and I could not control the movements of my hands.

Soon Tui came to spy out whether I had remained. However, he did not look at me with his former good nature, but suspiciously. He inspected my house and wanted to enter, but with a gesture and the word "taboo" I stopped him. I do not know whether it was the gesture or the word that worked but he returned to his former position. Then, by means of signs, he asked if the corvette would return — to which I gave an affirmative answer. Wishing to relieve myself of the guest, who was hindering me from sorting out the things, I asked him (I already knew a dozen or so words) to bring me some coconuts, presenting him at the same time with a piece of red cloth.

He left in fact, at once, but barely an hour passed before he was back again with two boys and one adult Papuan. They all scarcely said a word, maintaining a very serious expression; even the small boy, about seven years, looked at us, seemingly sunk in deep thought. Tui tried to go to sleep or looked as if he was sleeping, but was vigilantly watching my movements. Since it did not embarrass the guests, I continued to arrange my premises. Tui again went round the mines, looking suspiciously at the levers with the stones hanging on them and at the ropes; these, it seemed, greatly interested him but he did not dare to go too close to them. Finally, he said his *adieu*, making a strange nod with his head behind, and — muttering something which I, however, did not catch and so could not write it down (from the first day of my acquaintance with the Papuans, I carried constantly a note book in my pocket for writing, at a suitable occasion, words of the native language) — he left. About four hours later I heard a whistle, clear and long drawn out, and out of the bushes

stepped a whole line of Papuans with spears and arrows and other weapons.

Going up to them, I invited them with signs to come closer. They divided into two groups. One, the more numerous, put down their weapons, near the trees, and came up to me with coconuts and sugar cane. The other group, consisting of six men, remained near the weapons. These were inhabitants of the village the other side of the promontory who I had observed that morning, running and jumping when the corvette was leaving. It was this village, called Gumbu, which I endeavoured to approach in the boat on the first day of the arrival of the *Vityaz* at Port Constantine. I presented them with various knick-knacks and then dismissed them, indicating that I wished to sleep.

*Sept. 28th*

The moonlight last night was very fine. We divided the night into three watches. I took upon myself the most tiring, the evening watch from 9 to 12 o'clock. After being relieved by Ohlsen at 12 o'clock, I could not sleep for a long time as a consequence of my exhaustion, so that the night seemed to me very long, in spite of its splendour.

The day passed like the first in sorting out and placing the various articles. This turned out to be not so simple; there were a lot of things and not much space. Finally, somehow or other I stowed them away at various levels — some were hung up, and some we placed in a sort of garret which Ohlsen and I managed to construct under the roof. A table about two-thirds of a metre wide occupied one side of my room (slightly more than two metres square) and the other side was occupied by two baskets forming my bunk (a bare two-thirds of a metre wide). In the passage between, about a metre wide, a comfortable collapsible easy chair was placed.

The Papuans pulled out of the water a large cage or basket of an elongated form in which they caught fish. Boy (the cook) prepared meals for us three times and at 9 o'clock asked if he should cook a little rice for the fourth time. I rested today; I didn't go anywhere, and decided to sleep the entire night.

*Sept. 29th*

I slept like a log, not waking up once. The weather kept fine. There was not a sign of a Papuan the whole day. I suggested to my men to follow my example, and to sleep all night (I knew they had divided the previous night into four watches), but they did not wish to, saying that they were afraid of the Papuans. On their hands and face they had swellings from the bites of mosquitoes, ants and other creatures. It is strange that I suffer much less from these irritations than Ohlsen or Boy, who complain every morning that they cannot rest on account of these insects.

*Sept. 30th*

During the day I saw only a few natives. They were all, apparently, going about their usual routine, which the arrival of the corvette had breached for a time. I had decided to be very cautious in all my relations with the natives. In the various descriptions of this race of people, their treachery and cunning is constantly stressed. Until I have established my own opinion, I consider it reasonable to be on my guard. In the evenings I admire the magnificent illumination of the mountains, which gives me great pleasure every time.

Since the departure of the steamer a delightful silence reigns here. It is pleasant, rarely to hear human talk, arguments, quarrels, etc. Only the sound of the sea and the wind and occasionally some bird or other breaks the general calm. This change of the usual conditions is very beneficial for me. I am really resting. Then the equable temperature, the magnificent vegetation, the beauty of the locality has induced in me a forgetfulness of the past, and no thought of the future, only to enjoy the present. To think and endeavour to understand all that was around me, from now on this is my goal.

What more could one want? On one side the sea with the coral reefs, the jungle with all its tropical vegetation on the other, both full of life and such diverse life; in the distance the mountains with their strange outlines, and above the mountains wreathed the clouds with their no less fantastic forms. I lay, thinking about all this,

on me broad trunk of a fallen tree and felt confident that I would reach the goal, or rather I was reaching the first step on a long ladder that must bring me to the goal

Tui came, from whom I was taking lessons in the Papuan language, adding a few words to my lexicon. I accurately wrote them down, and being pleased with the teacher I presented him with a cigar box and Ohlsen gave him an old hat. Tui was enraptured and quickly went off as if he feared that we might think it over and take the gifts back, or perhaps, wishing as soon as possible to show them to his fellow tribesmen.

About an hour afterwards, a line of about 25 people appeared. Two in front were carrying on their shoulders a sucking pig attached to a bamboo pole. Those behind were carrying vessels on their heads, and the last ones were carrying coconuts. Tui and many other acquaintances were in the crowd. All their gifts the natives deposited on the ground in front of me, then each separately placed his gift in my hands. Part of the crowd detached themselves from those who had settled down near me. Tui explained to these that he had managed already to find out the use of each of my things. The natives with great interest inspected each article, quickly going from one object to another. They spoke little and generally did not make any noise. They did not approach the ladder that leads to the door of my house, whether from tactfulness or fear I do not know. They all knew my name, turning to me and addressing me by name. A circle gathered round Boy to listen to his playing on a little tin instrument — a mouth harmonica — which was all the rage on the Samoan Islands, and on which Boy played with considerable skill. The music produced an unusual effect. The Papuans crowded round Boy and with obvious curiosity and pleasure listened attentively to the simple melodies. They were overjoyed when I gave them some similar harmonicas and at once began to practice on the new instrument. After sitting round for about an hour the Papuans left. Quite a number of them, I noticed, had well-developed *elephantiasis*.

At 10 o'clock at night a violent storm burst over us. The rain poured down, but the roof did not leak, much to our general satisfaction.

*Oct. 1st*

Waking up at dawn, I decided to go to one of the villages. I was anxious to become more closely acquainted with the natives. As I was getting ready to leave, a dilemma presented itself to me. Should I, or should I not, take a revolver? I, of course, did not know what sort of reception awaited me in the village — but, thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that this kind of instrument could in no way be of much use in my undertaking. If I made use of it, in the case of apparently extreme necessity, even with complete success — that is, by laying low six men — it is, of course, probable that, at first, after such success fear would protect me. *But for how long?* The desire for revenge, the numerical strength of the natives, in the end would overcome their fear of the revolver.

Then a reflection of quite another kind strengthened my decision to enter the village unarmed. It seems to me that a man cannot be sure, beforehand, how he would act in a given situation which he had not experienced up to that time. I am not sure how I would act, having a revolver in my belt, for example, today, if the natives began to treat me in such a way that I would not know how to cope with it; would I remain completely calm and indifferent to the uncertain behaviour of the Papuans? But I was convinced that any bullet fired inopportunistically would make it impossible to gain their trust — it would completely destroy all chance of success of the undertaking. The more I considered the position, the clearer it became to me, that my strength must lay in my calmness and patience. I left my revolver at home, but I certainly did not forget my notebook and pencil.

I had the intention of going to Gorendu — the nearest village to my cabin — but in the jungle I inadvertently took another path, which, as I supposed, would lead me to Gorendu just the same. When I noticed that I had made a mistake I decided to continue on the track, feeling confident that the path would lead me to some kind of settlement.

I remained so deep in thought about the natives, who as yet I scarcely knew, and about the meeting that lay before me, that I was quite surprised when I finally found myself near a village; but what sort of a village I had no idea.

I could hear some male and female voices. I stopped in order to consider the situation and what was going to happen now. And while I stood

there reflecting, a few steps away a boy of about 14 or 15 years appeared. We looked at each other for a second or two in silence and perplexity. I could not speak to him and to go up to him would mean to frighten him still more, so I continued to stand still. The boy, however, rushed headlong back to the village. There were a few loud exclamations, a female squeal and then complete silence.

I went on into the village square. A group of men armed with spears stood in the middle animatedly talking amongst themselves in a low voice. Others, also armed, stood further back; there were neither women nor children — they were probably in hiding. On seeing me, some spears were raised and some natives adopted a very warlike stance, as if they were about to throw the spears. Several exclamations and short phrases from different parts of the square resulted in the spears being lowered. Tired and somewhat unpleasantly surprised by the meeting, I continued slowly to advance, looking round hoping to see a face that I knew, but without result. I stopped near the *barla* and several natives approached me. Suddenly, whether on purpose or unintentionally I do not know, two arrows, one after the other, flew close past me. The natives standing near me began to speak loudly, probably addressing those who had fired the arrows, and they turned to me and pointed to a tree, as if they wanted to explain that the arrows were fired with the intention of killing a bird in the tree. But there didn't seem to be any bird, and it seemed to me that the natives wanted to find out how I reacted to such a surprise as an arrow passing close to me. I couldn't help noticing that as soon as the first arrow flew past, many eyes turned in my direction, as if studying my face, but apart from an expression of weariness and perhaps some curiosity, they did not discover anything much in it. I, in my turn, began to look around. There were only sullen, uneasy, displeased faces and expressions — as if saying: "Why have you come here to disturb our peaceful life?"

I myself became somewhat uncomfortable. Why *did* I come to embarrass these people? No-one had yet put down their weapons, with the exception of two or three old men. The number of natives began to increase. It seems that there was another village not too far away and the alarm caused by my arrival had spread there. A small crowd surrounded me: two or three men were speaking very loudly

and with some hostility while looking at me. At the same time, as if to strengthen their words, they waved the spears that they were holding.

One of them was so emboldened that, while uttering some phrases, which I naturally did not understand, he suddenly brandished his spear and almost struck me in the eye or the nose. The movement was remarkably quick and certainly it was through no fault of mine that I wasn't wounded. I didn't have time to move from where I was standing, but the dexterity and accuracy of the native's arm enabled him to stop the end of the spear at an inch or so from my face. I stepped aside a couple of paces and couldn't help noticing some voices who, it seemed to me, were reacting disapprovingly to this unmannerly behaviour. At that moment I was pleased that I had left the revolver at home, not being sure then, whether I would react with such equanimity to a second attempt of my opponent, should he take it into his head to repeat it.

My position was quite futile; not being able to speak to them, it would have been better to go away, but I desperately wanted to sleep. It was a long way to go back home — "Why not sleep here?" I thought. In any case I couldn't speak to the natives; they wouldn't understand me.

I didn't spend too much time thinking about it. I looked about for a place in the shade, dragged a new mat there (it was the sight of it, it seems, that first gave me the idea to sleep here) and with great relief I stretched myself out on it. It was very pleasant to close my eyes, weary from the sunlight, but I had to half-open them to undo my shoe-laces, take off my boots, loosen my belt and find something to put under my head. I saw the natives standing round in a half circle at some distance from me, probably surprised, and speculating as to what I would do next.

One of the figures which I saw before I closed my eyes again, seemed to be the same native who all but wounded me. He stood not far away and was eyeing my boots. I recalled what had just happened and thought that it could all end very seriously; and at the same time the thought came to me that maybe this was only the beginning and that the end was still well ahead. But if I was fated to be killed, then it was all the same whether I was standing, sitting or lying down on the mat, or in my sleep. I thought also that, if I had to die. the consciousness that at the same time. two. three or



even six natives had to pay for it with their lives, would be very little satisfaction. I was again pleased that I did not take the revolver with me. As I was dropping off to sleep, the voice of some birds attracted my attention; the harsh cry of some rapidly flying lorries brought me back to consciousness several times; the peculiar mournful song of the *koko* (*Chlamidodera*), on the other hand, induces sleep; the sound of the cicada likewise does not hinder sleep but favours it. It seems to me that I went to sleep very quickly owing to the fact that I had got up very early and had walked for about two hours, almost the whole time in the sun; being out of practice, I felt very tired, and in particular my eyes were tired from the harsh sunlight.

I woke up feeling very refreshed. Judging by the position of the sun it must have been at least 3 o'clock, which meant that I had slept for over two hours. When I opened my eyes I saw a few natives sitting round my mat two or three paces away. They were talking in a low voice, chewing *betel*. They were without their weapons and looked at me not quite so sullenly. I regretted very much that I could not yet speak with them. I decided to go home and began to put my clothes in order. This operation greatly interested the Papuans around me. Then I got up, bowed my head in various directions, and took the same path in the reverse direction. It seemed to me shorter than in the morning.

After 6 o'clock a strong wind blew up from the north with squalls and rain. The temperature quickly dropped. It becomes dark already here by 7 o'clock, and on a moonless night it becomes fearfully dark. At four paces from the house it is difficult to distinguish anything. The rain poured all night. The morning was cloudy and rain continued to drizzle.

The ants here try one's patience! They crawl over one's head, get into one's beard and their bite is very painful. Boy has been bitten so much and has scratched the bites to such an extent that his legs are swollen and one arm is covered with sores. I washed the wounds with liquid spirits of ammonia and bandaged the worst of them. In the evening Tui called in, armed with a spear, and asked to borrow an axe (he had to cut through something) promising to return it soon. I hastened to grant his request, being interested to know what would come out of this test of my trust. It is a most curious thing that, not yet knowing the language, we still understand each other.

In the morning I wandered at low tide up to my knees in the sea but did not come across anything interesting. The Papuans dragged along for me four or five bamboo poles about six metres long for the verandah. Tui also brought me some bamboo, but not a word about the axe. I found that books and pictures seem to be somewhat frightening to them. Many got up and wanted to leave. I show them portraits from some illustrations. They soon ask me to take them away, and only when I do this do they calm down.

I unjustly doubted the honesty of Tui. It was not yet 6 o'clock today, when he appeared, bringing the axe back. Being pleased with this quality in the character of my friend, I presented him with a mirror, with which he immediately ran back to the village, probably to show off his gift. This gift probably incited other natives to visit me. They brought me some coconuts and sugar cane, for which I returned a box and some medium-sized nails. A little later, still more men appeared, also with gifts. I gave each of them two medium-sized nails.

It is necessary to note that in this exchange one should not see purchase and sale, but an exchange of gifts; the one who has much, gives, not expecting necessarily a recompense. I have already tested the natives several times in this respect — that is, I gave nothing in exchange for the coconuts, sugar cane and so on that they brought. They demanded nothing for them, and went away without taking their gifts back.

I made still another observation; my cabin and I myself still produce a particular impression on the natives — they seem to feel uneasy with me and they look round just as if they were expecting the appearance of something special. Very few look me in the eye, and they turn away or look down when I look at them. Some of them look at my cabin and at the things in it somewhat enviously (I cannot describe the exact expression of such faces, but it seems that it is an expression of envy). Two or three times people have come to me and looked at me with a hostile, malicious expression. Their brows frowned fiercely and their upper lips were drawn back in such a way that any minute I expected them to expose their clenched teeth.<sup>4</sup>

The traces of the visit of the Vityaz. are visible all round my promontory. It is quite difficult to go through the jungle; everywhere there are trees cut down, and branches hanging from entangled vines block the way. Old paths are obstructed in many places. It is quite understandable, that all this amazes the Papuans; with their stone axes they wouldn't be able to chop down in a whole year as many trees as the sailors did in a few days.

Music — of pipes and drums — could be heard all night from my neighbours in Gorendu. The pipe usually consists of the shell of a coconut of a particular small size perforated on the top and the side, but they also have bamboo pipes. The drum is a hollowed out tree trunk two or three metres long and from one-half to three-quarters of a metre wide. It looks like a trough and is supported on two square beams; when it is struck on the side with big poles, the sound can be heard at a distance of several miles. There is probably a celebration at my neighbours' today. The visitors today had faces painted with red ochre, and on their backs were various designs; almost all had combs thrust in their hair decorated with feathers. Tui, through one of his sons, sent some pork, breadfruit, bananas and taro, all well cooked and neatly wrapped in a large leaf of *Artocarpus incisa*.

*Oct. 2nd*

My neighbours from Gorendu came today with some guests, inhabitants of the island Bili Bili (marked on the Russian map as Vityaz Island) — a large number of people, variously decorated (with shells, dog's teeth, boar's tusks), whose daubed faces and backs, and Fluffy dyed hair gave them a gala appearance. Although the facial type was not different, the different ornaments gave the people of Bili Bili such an appearance that they could immediately be distinguished from the people of Gorendu or other nearby villages.

My neighbours from Bongu showed many of my things to their friends, who at the sight of the objects, unknown to them, opened their eyes wide, and their mouths gaped. Then they put one of their fingers between their teeth.

When it was getting dark I got the idea of going a little way along the track. I wanted to make sure if it was possible to return home from the villages at night, but it got dark so suddenly that I hastened my return, and although I could make out the general direction of

the path, nevertheless I returned home with a bruised head and sore knees, bumping firstly against a branch and then against some stumps. So one shouldn't go through the jungle at night.

I notice there is not much ink left in the bottle and I don't know definitely whether there is any more in my luggage.

*Oct. 3rd*

I went out on the reef this morning at low tide to see what I could get, wandering round up to my knees in water. Quite unexpectedly I came across some interesting *Calcispongia* (lime sponges). In half an hour I had more than enough for a day's work. On returning from the reef I decided, however, to leave the microscope at rest until tomorrow, and go and get acquainted with my neighbours in the village on the east side of Cape Observation. I set out, not knowing the road, of course, simply choosing a path in the jungle which, according to my ideas, should take me to the village. First, I had to go through the jungle — very dense and with huge trees. I enjoyed the variety and luxuriousness of the tropical vegetation and the novelty of everything around me. Then, out of the jungle, I came on to the sea. By following the beach it was not difficult to reach the village.

Since I didn't meet anybody on the way, nobody had informed the inhabitants of Gumbu of my approach. Turning off from the beach by a well-beaten track and going a few paces, I could hear the voices of men and women. Soon, beyond the vegetation, the roofs of the huts could be seen. Going past one of these I found myself on the village square, which revealed a rather crowded and animated scene. Two men were working on the repair of a roof of a hut and they appeared to be very engrossed; some young girls were sitting on the ground weaving mats 'from coconut palm leaves and handing them to the men repairing the roof; two or three women were playing with children of various ages; two huge sows with piglets were eating up the remains of breakfast. Although the sun was already high, there was still a lot of shade on the square, and the heat could not be felt. The talk was general and seemed to be very lively. This picture in its novelty was of enormous interest for me. Suddenly there was a penetrating shriek, the talk was broken off, and a fearful turmoil ensued. Women and girls, howling and shrieking, threw down their work and seized the

young babies, who being suddenly roused, cried and yelled. The children, bewildered by the fright of their mothers, began to whine. The women, dragging their children with them and afraid to look back, dashed off into the jungle, followed by the girls and older children — even the dogs, with howls, and the pigs, with angry grunts, ran after them.

Alarmed by the howling of the women, the men came running from the whole village, armed for the most part with what came to hand, and surrounded me on all sides. I stood calmly in the middle of the square, surprised at this alarm, perplexed that my arrival should produce such a commotion. I would very much have liked to calm the natives by words, but suitable words I did not know, and so I had to make do with gestures only, which was by no means easy. They stood around me, frowning and exchanging words which I did not understand. Being tired from the morning's walk, I went to one of the high platforms, got up on to it, arranged myself in comfort and invited the natives by signs to follow my example. Some of them understood. It seemed that I had no intention to do them harm and they began to talk among themselves, already somewhat calmer, and some even laid aside their weapons, while others, still suspicious, regarded me without letting the spears out of their hands.

The group of natives around me were very interesting, but it was not difficult to notice that my arrival was extremely unpleasant for them. The majority looked at me apprehensively and all of them as if they were anxiously awaiting my departure. I took out my album and made a few sketches of the huts around the square, of the high platforms similar to the one on which I was sitting, and then went on to write some notes about the natives themselves, glancing at each one from head to foot very attentively. It became clear to me that my behaviour was beginning to embarrass the natives. My careful inspection particularly displeased them. Many, to escape my intent look, got up and walked away, muttering something. I was very thirsty, and the coconuts tempted me, but no one thought to offer me one from the pile of fresh nuts scattered on the ground. None of the natives would come near me and try to converse with me; they all looked sullen and hostile.

Understanding that to stay any longer would not advance my cause, which was, to become acquainted with the natives, I got up and,



3. Gorendu village (Maclay's sketch)



4. *An Astrolabe Bay coastal village*



5. *Kumbai, a handsome tamo boro of Bogadjim*

and, midst a general silence, strode across the square, and took the path that led to the sea.

On returning home and thinking over what I had seen, I came to the conclusion that today's excursion proves how difficult it will be to overcome the mistrust of the natives, and that it will require considerable tact and patience on my part in my relations with them. I arrived home at sunset and was met by my servants, who had begun to be disquieted over my prolonged absence. They informed me that, in my absence, two inhabitants of Gorendu had brought three packages, one for me and one each for Ohlsen and Boy. I requested them to open them, and in them were baked bananas, breadfruit and a piece of some kind of meat like pork. I didn't particularly like the meat, but Ohlsen and Boy ate it with pleasure. When they had finished I embarrassed them very much by remarking that it was very probably human flesh. Both were very disconcerted but were sure that it was pork; however, I remained doubtful.

#### *Oct. 4th*

Tonight, some sort of little insect flew in my eye and, although I succeeded in getting it out, the eye was very painful all night and the eyelid swelled so much that it was impossible to think of working with the microscope. On account of this, I went out to wander round the reef at the beginning of the turn of the tide, and was so carried away that I did not notice how the water was rising. Returning from the reef to the beach I had, several times, to plunge above the waist into the water.

We finished the roof of the verandah and busied ourselves tidying up our nest. My premises measure now about six and one-half to seven and one-half square metres, but are filled with a multitude of things.

#### *Oct. 5th*

I cleaned the area in front of my cabin from twigs and dry leaves. My premises are improving every day and I am beginning to like them more and more.

At night I heard someone groan. I went into the house and found Boy with his head wrapped in a blanket and scarcely able to answer my questions. He has rather a high temperature.



*Oct. 6th*

At 4 o'clock a sail suddenly appeared from behind Cape Observation. It proved to be a large pirogue, of a peculiar construction, with covered accomodation on top in which people were sitting, while only one person stood at the helm and managed the sail. On coming closer to my cape, the helmsman, turning in my direction, began to call out something and wave his arms. I had not seen such a large pirogue in the neighbourhood. The pirogue went in the direction of Gorendu, but in about five minutes another one appeared, still larger than the first. On it there stood a whole little house or, perhaps more exactly, a large "cage" in which there were six or seven natives, protected by a roof from the hot rays of the sun. On both pirogues were two masts, one of which was inclined forward and the other backwards. I guessed that my neighbours would want to show their guests such a curiosity as a white man and got ready for the meeting. Sure enough, in about a quarter of an hour natives appeared from both directions, that is, from the villages of Gorendu and Gumbu. Several of my neighbours had come with the guests (from the island of Bili Dili as I found out) in order to explain to the visitors the various wonderful things at the white man's cabin. The people from Bili Bili inspected everything with astonishment and interest, the saucepans and tea pot in the kitchen, my collapsible chair, the small table. My shoes and striped socks enraptured them. They never stopped opening their mouths — uttering long drawn-out "Ah! Ahs!" and "EE! EES!" and smacking their lips and on extreme occasions putting their fingers in their mouths. They liked the nails also and I gave them some, in addition to some beads; and to each I presented a strip of red cloth — much to the annoyance of Ohlsen who didn't like my distributing things free and guests coming without bringing gifts.

The people from Bili Bili had part of their hair carefully coloured with red ochre. The forehead and nose was painted with the same colour and some of them even had their backs daubed with it. Many had necklaces which hung down on their chests and which consisted of two tusks of the Papuan pig (*Sus papuensis*) joined in such a manner that when they hung on the chest they represented the figure "3," with the upper and lower parts equal. This ornament is called by the inhabitants of Gorendu *bul-ra*, and is apparently highly esteemed by them.

I suggested a knife in exchange for a bul-ra, but they did not accept the exchange, although they very much wished to acquire a knife.

They were very pleased with my gifts, and went away in high spirits. I was surprised, however, to see them again in half-an-hour, this time loaded with coconuts and bananas. They had managed to go to their pirogues and bring back their gifts. The ceremony of presenting the gifts has its rules here; thus, for example, each brings his gifts separately and hands them over directly into the hands of the person to whom one wishes to give them. This is how it happened today: each handed over his gifts, first to me, then to Ohlsen — considerably less — and then to Boy — still less.

The people of Bill Bili stayed a long time at the cabin, going away only when it began to grow dark, and then, pointing firstly to me and to my boat and then to their island, which could be seen in the distance, they indicated by signs and gestures that they would not kill and would not eat me and that there were plenty of coconuts and bananas there. In bidding me farewell they pressed my arm above the elbow. Two of them to whom I had given some trifles for some reason or other, embraced my left arm and pressed one side of my chest to theirs, repeating "*O Maklai, O Maklai!*" After they had all moved away a few paces, they half turned and stopped, bending the arm at the elbow and clenching the fist and then straightening it. This was the final farewell greeting, after which they quickly disappeared.

*Oct. 11th*

My first attack of fever laid me low today. As I was weak I had to lie down and remained in bed all day. I felt miserable.

*Oct. 12th*

Today it was Ohlsen's turn. When I got up my legs were shaky and gave way. Boy also asserts that he is ill. My cabin is a proper hospital.

I learnt from Tui today the names of various villages which are visible from my cape. I am surprised at the number of names — each tiny promontory, each rivulet has its particular native name.

Thus, for example, the small promontory on which my cabin stands, where no one had ever lived before me is named Garagassi: Cape Observation, opposite, is Gabina, and so on. The village which I visited on the afternoon of the arrival of the Vityaz at Port Constantine is called, as I have mentioned several times, Gorendu. Then there is Bongu, and further on Male, and still further (distinguished by some bright yellow bushes [Coleus] and lying right at the beach) the village I visited with officers of the Vityaz, Bogatira. Still further along the cape, not far from the island Bill Bili, is Gori-ma. To the east of Garagassi is the village where I was unable to land the first day, called Gumbu, then further along is Maragum, and still further Rai.

In questioning Tui, I could not but wonder at his brightness in one respect and a degree of stupidity or slow-thinking in another. When I heard the names I wrote them down, of course, and on the same piece of paper did a sketch of the whole bay, making a note of the relative positions of the villages. Tui understood this and I checked the pronunciation of the names several times, reading them over aloud, while Tui corrected not only two of the names but even the sketch of the map itself. At the same time, my writing of the names down and the outline on the paper did not interest him — it was as if he did not notice them. It seemed strange to me that he was not surprised.

After dismissing Tui I had to take care of the two sick men, who were groaning and moaning, although I myself, after yesterday's attack, could scarcely drag my legs. I had to prepare the dinner myself. The whole evening the moaning of the sick men did not cease.

*Oct. 13th*

I had another attack of fever. All are ill. It is very bad and when the rainy season begins it will probably be still worse.

*Oct. 14th*

After giving the men a dose of quinine each, I boiled two portions of rice as breakfast for each man and I went off into the jungle to get away from the moaning and groaning. There were a lot of birds.

As soon as the natives get accustomed to me I will go hunting, as the tinned foods are repugnant to me. When I returned I found Ohlsen still groaning on his bunk. Boy, however, was up and boiled some beans for dinner. Tui came with three men from Gumbu. The tobacco which I brought with me (American, in cakes) is beginning to find favour with the natives. They use it mixed with their own. They smoke in this manner: first they take the half-dry leaf, still somewhat soft, of the native tobacco, smooth it out by hand, and dry it, holding it above a fire; then they break it up into small pieces and put it on a special leaf, also dried over the fire, and then roll it up in the form of a cigar. They then smoke it, swallowing the smoke. After receiving the tobacco from me, sometimes they treat it something like their own — that is, they break up the cake into pieces, dry it and pulverize it still more to mix with their own tobacco. A cigar goes from one to the other, each drawing the smoke once or twice, swallowing it slowly, and then handing the cigar to his neighbour.

The activity of one of my guests interested me. He was preparing thin narrow strips from the stem of some flexible plant. First he scraped one side of it, then tore off a thin strip by means of a flake of shell which he either changes or breaks off to get a sharp edge, this serving as a knife. These strips are prepared for the weaving of bracelets, the so-called *sagyu*, which are worn by the natives on the arms above the elbow or on the legs at the knees. The native used this instrument so deftly and quickly that it appeared no other instrument would serve better for the purpose.

The only luxury there is for me here is coconut milk. Apart from this and tea I don't drink anything. I generally drink two coconuts each day.

*Oct. 15th*

From my talk with Tui yesterday it appears that the mountains round Astrolabe Bay are quite thickly populated. He named numerous villages, adding to each name the word *mana*, meaning mountain.

After laying down for three days the colour of Boy's face is noticeably clearing up. It is paler.

*Oct. 16th*

Yesterday afternoon there was a violent storm. The rain poured down and penetrated the roof. There was a real deluge on my table. I had to clear away the books and papers and I spent the night in considerable dampness.

Throughout today more than 40 men called at my place from various villages, so that I became thoroughly tired of them: if I could speak with them it would be a different matter, but the study of the language makes slow progress.

*Oct. 17th*

Boy, only just recovering from the fever, has a new illness, large swellings of the lymphatic glands in the groin, so that he moves around still slower than he did before. Ohlsen is also sick. He scarcely utters a word, just as if he is dying, but lies about all day and sighs and groans all night. This evening, at sundown, he crawled out to cool off, and unbeknown to me, with his head bare (although I had forbidden him to go out anywhere without a hat, particularly in the fresh sea breeze on the beach).

This last week I have often had to cook for the three of us. I am tied to these two individuals and cannot go away anywhere for a few days. The natives pay little heed to them, whereas I, with a glance, can cause my neighbours to stop and do my bidding.

It is noteworthy how they do not like me to look at them, and if I frown intently they run away.

*Oct. 18th*

We began to lay out a garden and dig some beds. The work is not easy since the layer of soil is thin, and on digging a little one strikes coral. Besides which there is such a mass of roots, and they are so tangled, that one has to work with an axe as much as with a spade. We sowed beans, squash from Tahiti and maize. I do not know yet what will come of it, as the seed, it seems, may be bad (it has been kept too long).

I was several hours in the jungle marvelling at the enormous variety of forms of vegetation. At every step I regret that I have so little understanding of botany.

*Oct. 19th*

The weather is changing; it looks as if it will soon begin to rain and my roof will leak. I am beginning to feel the after-effects of the fever. My whole body is tired and there is no desire to do anything.

Towards night a storm gathered. The brilliant lightning flashed continuously but scarcely any thunder could be heard.

*Oct. 20th*

Today we had the visit of 30 men from Yambombi, an island near Bill Bili, who must have heard a great deal about me from the latter people. Of all my presents, they valued the nails most of all.

For a long time I watched how Tui's son (a lad of about 15) was firing arrows at fish, but quite unsuccessfully, for he didn't get one. The arrows disappeared for a second in the water and then floated to the surface standing upright in the water. They were then retrieved by the hunter. The arrows differed from the usual kind in that instead of one point they had several — four or five, sometimes more. The points were made out of hardwood and were fixed on a long thin cane.

I decided to increase the size of my premises by exchanging the high porch with a verandah; that is, to shift the steps and enclose the forepart of the verandah with a half-wall (from coconut fronds). No sooner thought than done. I went with Boy into the jungle, each of us with an axe. We cut down various kinds of material for the construction, and by dinner (4 o'clock) the verandah was ready. It was one and a quarter metres wide and just over two metres long. With high boxes placed one above the other, I constructed a kind of table. This will be my usual place of work in the daytime, as here it is light and one can speak with the natives without moving from the place. Besides that it has a charming view over the sea.

*Oct. 22nd*

I will report today how I have spent the majority of my days up to now.

I get up earlier than my servants while it is still half-dark, about 5 o'clock. I go round the house to see if anything new has happened during the night, then I go down to the stream to wash, very often forgetting to take my soap with me. I go down, then remember that I have forgotten the soap but don't feel like going up to the cabin for it, especially as I have discovered a splendid substitute for it in the fine sand at the bottom of the stream. Picking up some of this sand I rub my hands with it, which become a little red but quite clean. Then, screwing up my eyes, I wash my face. There is only one inconvenience — a good deal of sand lodges in my beard! Returning home about 5.45, it is already light. Boy lights the fire and boils water for tea. I go out on the verandah and wait for the tea, which he gives me with rusks or baked bananas very pleasant to the taste. About 7 o'clock I write down the temperature of the air, the water in the stream and the sea, the height of the tide, the barometric pressure, the direction and strength of the wind, the quantity of water evaporated in the evaporimeter. I take out of the earth the thermometer sunk to a depth of 1 metre and write down the reading.

Having finished the meteorological observations, I either go out on the coral reef for sea creatures, or into the jungle for insects. With my "finds" I sit down at the microscope or put the insects in spirits or occupy myself with some other kind of work until 11 o'clock. I

breakfast at 11 o'clock. It consists of boiled rice and curry. After breakfast I lie down in a hammock hung on the verandah and rock in it till one o'clock, often going to sleep. At one o'clock the same meteorological observations as at 7 o'clock. Then I engage in some sort of work — as, for example, putting my observations, written in a notebook, in proper order. Rarely do I read then.

The arrival of Papuans often interrupts my activity, as I quickly turn to them, not wishing to miss an opportunity to add a few words to my Papuan vocabulary. After 5 o'clock I take a walk through the jungle until dinner, which Boy serves me at about 6 o'clock, and which consists of a

plate of boiled Chilean beans and some *Charka* (dried beef brought from Valparaiso) and one or two cups of tea. A plate of rice in the morning, a plate of beans in the evening and a few cups of tea during the day — that is my daily food. The tins of meat and fish that I brought with me I leave to my servants. Even the sight of them disgusts me.

The time after dinner I dedicate to various domestic jobs like the cleaning of guns and tidying up my den. Then I change my cotton clothes for flannel. When it is growing dark I sit on a stump on the beach, watch the rising and falling tide, look at the distant horizon, the clouds, etc. Sometimes I again lie in my hammock and listen to the cries of the birds in the jungle round me, or the many different sounds of the cicadas. At 8 o'clock I go to my room and, having lit a small lamp (more like a night light than a lamp), I write down the happenings of the day in my diary. At 9 o'clock again meteorological observations, and finally the last-but-one act of the day: I open a coconut and drink its refreshing contents. Returning to my room I inspect the loaded guns and lie down on my hard bed, consisting of two baskets covered with a blanket in place of a mattress and sheet. I usually go to sleep very quickly. The visits of the natives and the illnesses of Ohlsen and Boy interrupt a little the course of this apparently monotonous, but actually for me, interesting life.

*Oct. 23rd*

Tui came with two other natives. They were all armed with spears, bows and arrows and each had an axe on his shoulder. I expressed a wish that my guests show me the use of the bow and arrow, which they at once did. The arrow flew about 65 paces, but it was noticeable that even a light wind had great influence on its flight. At such a distance it could hardly cause a serious wound, but at 20 or 30 paces it would be another matter and Tui was probably right in indicating to me that the arrow can pierce right through a man's arm. After that Tui demonstrated a whole fighting manoeuvre. Holding the bow and arrow on the left shoulder and the spear in the right hand, he ran 10 paces, flinging himself in various directions, accompanying each movement with a short sharp cry. He stretched the bow string and let fly an arrow, then set to with a spear, as if trying to stab the enemy, then he hid



behind a tree, sometimes bending down or quickly jumping aside avoiding an imaginary arrow. Another native, tempted by his example, joined in with him and began to represent the opponent. This tournament was interesting and quite typical.

*Oct. 24th*

This morning I was surprised by the sudden appearance of fungi of various forms which I had formerly not seen. They were growing absolutely everywhere; on the trunks of trees, on the ground, on stones and even on the railing of my verandah. Last night, they were definitely not there. Obviously they grew overnight. What to ascribe this phenomenon to I do not know. Thinking about it, it occurred to me that the sudden appearance of the various epidemic diseases, so difficult to explain, are also produced probably by the sudden development of microscopic fungi and to similar organisms. One of the most curious of the fungi, growing in the course of a few hours and surprising me by its size and form, I carefully sketched.

Today I noted the circumstance that in these countries a handkerchief becomes almost unnecessary. In the course of a month I have had only two handkerchiefs in my pocket, neither of them being used. The cause of this is the absence or rarity of catarrh of the nasal tract, which in Northern Europe is almost chronic.

The moonlight tonight is magnificent. In the jungle it is fantastic. Swinging in my hammock hung between the trees, listening to the nocturnal music and contemplating the variety of the forms of vegetation flooded with the moonlight — "*verlor mich ganz in der Kontemplation der prachtvollen geheimnisvoll-fantastischen Umgebungs..*" Forgive me, you Russian patriots and realists, for these lines!

*Oct. 25th*

Lying in the hammock last night had to be paid for. In the night I felt a chill and I woke up all in a sweat, feeling weak. In the morning I was overcome by such laziness that I scarcely did anything. I didn't even want to read, since to hold the book, lying in the hammock,

seemed to me too tiresome. After dinner I sketched, but it soon got dark and I could not finish it. It rained again, and I had to carry the things from one place to another. Boy is still lying down. Ohlsen is scarcely able to move.

I have a serene temperament, I look upon my surrounding circumstances in a quite detached manner. Sometimes, it is true, I have to break out of this contemplative attitude — as, for instance, at the present moment, when the roof leaks, when on my head heavy drops of cold rain are falling, and when all my papers, sketches and books, lying before me, are threatened with being soaked.

*Oct. 26th*

Ohlsen and I worked the whole day in the jungle and then in the cabin endeavouring to repair the roof. Boy is still suffering from his swellings. He moans — or rather, bellows like a calf. This concert became so unbearable for me that it drove me out of the house. Giving him a small dose of morphia. I went outside. The night was magnificent and the groans of the sick man reaching my ears presented a sharp contrast with the ineffable loveliness of nature.

*Oct. 27th*

Boy's groans continued all night and frequently woke me and as a result I slept in till it was quite light and Ohlsen had brought my breakfast on to the verandah to tell me that Tui had been sitting for some time in the kitchen. I drank my tea and went into the kitchen (in a shed) and, in reality, saw a Papuan there who was completely unknown to me! I looked him over, but still could not remember where and when I had seen him. I surmised that the unknown had come with Tui and the latter had already gone. What was my surprise when Ohlsen asked me if I didn't really recognize Tui! I again looked at the native who smilingly showed me a sliver of glass and his upper lip and then I noticed that he had shaved off his moustache and part of his beard. This had so changed the face of my old friend, that I at first did not recognize

him at all. The lips and chin were excellently shaved. He had carried out this operation so skilfully that there wasn't a scratch anywhere.

This discovery that glass is convenient for shaving (on the islands of Polynesia this method is very much in vogue) Tui had arrived at completely on his own and it greatly increased the value of broken bottles! I was convinced of this when I saw with what an expression of pleasure Tui received, as a gift, several pieces of glass from Ohlsen. The similarity of broken glass to splinters of flint or pieces of shell, instruments used by the Papuans for cutting, easily explains Tui's discovery, but, in addition, demonstrates the powers of observation and the desire of the natives to acquaint themselves by experience with objects that for them are new.

On going on to my verandah I made the unpleasant discovery that the roof on which I had been working for five hours was again leaking, which I in no way expected, having laid on woven coconut fronds very thickly. Thinking over the cause of the leak, I came to the conclusion that the fault was not in the materials and the laying of it but in too low a pitch of the roof. This explains the high roofs of the houses on the islands of the Pacific. It is mainly the height and steepness of the roofs which makes them rainproof.

Feeling ill, I took some quinine ( $\frac{1}{2}$  gramme) and it was just as well because in about an hour I felt feverish, but thanks to the dose of quinine I averted the attack. Ohlsen is also bad; walks about and talks like a sick man. Boy does not get up. Again a hospital. I stay in the house only in the evenings and at night. I spend the whole day outside around the house and occasionally on the verandah. I have to light the lamp at half past six. The evenings and nights do not pass without distant thunder and very brilliant lightning. Today another storm and again a leak on my table and on the books. Everything is wet.

*Oct. 28th*

Tui came again, and again I did not recognize him at first, the expression of his face has changed so much. It had seemed to me as if his face was somewhat different to the others by its amiability; now he produces an unpleasant impression on me. The cause of this is the

expression of his mouth. The line of the mouth has generally a considerable influence on the expression of the face, but such a striking proof of the truth of this observation I have not yet met. The moustache and beard are actually a good mask. Again in the distance a pirogue with sails appeared. I thought that guests were coming, but nobody appeared.

Boy groans terribly with a heart-rending sound. I gave him a small dose of morphia, which soon calmed him. At 8 o'clock rain came. At 9 o'clock, having finished my meteorological observations I was all ready for sleep. Suddenly I heard more groans. What is it? Ohlsen has an attack again. I very much regret that I have settled under one roof with others. It will be the last time.

*Oct. 29th*

In spite of Ohlsen's groans I went to sleep. But I only managed to sleep half an hour when again I was awakened by a strange howling, which seemed sometimes to come nearer and then recede again. Only half awake, I could not find an answer as to what it could be. I went out on the verandah. The rain had stopped and it was not too dark. I dressed and went out down to the stream and the idea came to me to go along the path to Gorendu and listen to the singing of the Papuans at close range, since the aforementioned howling could not be anything else but native singing.

It was necessary to tell Ohlsen that I was going away. He didn't like my idea at all. He assured me that if the Papuans came suddenly, they would certainly kill him and Boy since they were both ill and unable to defend themselves. To reassure him I put my double-barrelled gun beside his bunk and promised him that at the first shot I would immediately return to Garagassi. Although the rain had passed it was still cloudy, but thanks to the moon — which was rising, although covered with clouds — I could make my way, with care, along the path. As I neared Gorendu the singing became louder. Very weary from the walk in the half-darkness I sat down on a stump to listen. The singing, or "howling," was very simple with a melody constantly repeated. Apart from this, the primitive motif rose and fell in irregular waves, then suddenly broke off quite unexpectedly, only to begin again within half

a minute. From time to time the beat of the *barum* could be heard. Sometimes this same melody, beginning slowly and quietly and long drawn out, gradually rose, becoming louder and louder. The tempo became faster until finally the singing became almost an inhuman shriek, which suddenly dropped and died away.

While sitting on the stump I nearly fell over a couple of times. It seemed to me that I was having some sort of a dreadful dream. Becoming conscious again of my surroundings for the second time I felt a great desire for sleep and, changing my intention of going on, I went back home. I do not remember how I got to my cabin, where I lay down at once, not even undressing. Several times, still half awake, I heard snatches of the Papuan concert.

*Oct. 30th*

This morning it rained for the first time during that time of day. Was the rainy season starting? When the rain stopped, I was witness of an original mode of fishing while I was sitting on a stump at the flagpole. It was low tide. Small fish, probably pursued by sharks, which are plentiful here, were thrashing about in all directions, sometimes leaping out of the water. Out of the trees near the beach Tui came and watched the movement of the fish. Suddenly the fish, savagely pursued by their enemies, dashed towards the beach. With a few jumps Tui was among them. The water there was somewhat lower than his knees and the bottom, of course, was clearly visible.

Suddenly Tui made an energetic leap and one of the fish was caught. Tui had caught it with his foot! He first put his foot on it, then raised it, held between the big and the second toe. Bending his knee, he stretched out his hand and grasped the fish, putting it in a bag. After this he quickly stooped down and picked up a stone. Tui threw it in the water with considerable force; then, going to the place where he had thrown the stone, standing on one leg he raised the other holding a fish, killed by the stone. All this was done not only very skilfully but very gracefully. But Tui is a man by no means young; he seems to me 45 years old or more.

Seeing me on my promontory he came over to Garagassi. I threw a quarto sheet of paper on the ground and asked him to pick it up with his toes. I wanted to find out if he could clasp his big toe and second toe

so tightly together that he could hold a piece of paper. The paper was picked up in a flash and transferred behind his back to his hand and handed to me. He did the same with a small stone which he picked up from the ground without a moment's delay.

Every day I see new butterflies, but I don't catch many as I am not skilled enough, and in addition I have the sea on two sides and the jungle on the other two, and there is little open space round my house. Today I saw a particularly large number of big and beautiful butterflies, but caught only one.

I cannot say I am quite well — my head is heavy, my back aches and my legs are weak. At night Boy was considerably better, after I had to practically use force to lance a large abscess he had. It was necessary. I ordered Ohlsen to hold him and it was all over in a flash. At night, going to sleep about 11 o'clock, I again heard groaning. Ohlsen had an attack. He was walking about swaying to and fro with glassy eyes and a haggard face.

Boy's condition begins to worry me. The fever has obviously gone, but all the same the temperature of the body is somewhat higher than normal, and a cough, which according to him has troubled him for several years seems to have become worse these last few weeks in consequence of the swelling which ended in an abscess. He has already been two weeks in bed and scarcely eats anything, partly in consequence of a belief that a sick man should eat very little.

*Oct. 31st*

Several inhabitants of Bongu came with guests from the nearby mountains. They are distinguished from the coastal Papuans by the more casual hair style and also it seems to me by a somewhat lighter colour of the skin.

*Nov. 1st*

Saw some more of the natives who live in the mountains. They wear less decoration than the coastal Papuans. In the distance two sailing pirogues appeared coming from the village of Bogati, coming here it seems.

The Papuans don't seem to have the custom of greeting each other when close neighbours meet or leave each other. They do this only on special occasions. Tui, who visits Garagassi more frequently than the other natives, comes and goes without saying a word or making any gesture.

I wasn't mistaken; two parties of natives — about 20 men — came to visit me. As I wished to be free of my guests as soon as possible I remained silent the whole time, but without ceasing to observe my guests, who had arranged themselves round my chair.

I did not find among the Papuans any favourite posture. They frequently changed their position. Sometimes they squatted on their haunches, sometimes went down on their knees or sat on the calves of their legs. Then, without changing their position, they moved their legs apart so that their feet fitted on either side of their buttocks. Sometimes they lay down, supporting the chin with their hand and, continuing to change their position, they kept on talking or eating.

Ohlsen brought out his harmonica and began to play. At the first sounds the Papuans jumped up at once and moved back. After some time a few of them began to approach hesitatingly. In general, my guests very much liked the music (it lacerated my ears). Ohlsen played some sort of sea shanty. They expressed their surprise and approval with a low whistle and by rocking from side to side. In order to get rid of the guests I distributed to each a strip of red cloth which they tied round their heads. Generally speaking, the young people here are very keen on all possible decoration. For a full toilet a Papuan dandy probably requires a considerable amount of time.

*Nov. 2nd*

During the night I decided I would go alone in the boat and inspect the configuration of the nearest hills. Getting up before it was light, I drank some cold tea, not wanting to wait for breakfast, and went off in the boat — first towards Cape Gabina and then along the shore in the direction of the village of Male. Behind the coastal forest rose several hills about 90 metres high, the slopes of which were not everywhere wooded, but sometimes covered with

high grass, in several places in the mountains the smoke from fires curled up, rising above the hills. Probably villages were situated there.

This morning I busied myself with catching creatures on the surface of the sea and soon my tin was full of several small *Medusae*, *Siphonophores* and a lot of *Crustacea*. In any case, today's excursion demonstrated to me the richness of the local sea fauna.

Somewhat weary and hungry I returned to Garagassi for breakfast, after which I spent some hours at the microscope closely examining my catch.

After the labours of the day, in the evening I lay peacefully in my hammock. Although it was not late (at the most 6.45 p.m.) it was already very dark. The dark clouds of an approaching storm were banking up more and more, I was quietly admiring the sudden flashes of lightning playing on the background of the clouds when I suddenly felt my hammock swaying. Then followed another shock — but this time not only the hammock began to sway but the roof, the walls and the posts of my house as well. Ohlsen came running out of the kitchen and beseeched me to tell him if there was going to be another earthquake (for such it was) and would it be more violent.

A couple of hours later I was sitting in the cabin and had just checked the reading of the aneroid, when I again felt the earth swaying, but this time more powerfully than the first time and more continuously. Having written down the event in the meteorological journal I lay down to sleep, asking Ohlsen to wake me if he felt anything similar during the night. I feared to sleep through an earthquake, as happened to me in Messina in 1869 when I slept excellently all night and only learnt the next morning that the majority of the inhabitants couldn't close their eyes all night. In fact, I was awakened when my bunk and the floor started to move. All was calm again by the time I heard Ohlsen calling me. The storm which had been gathering all night was completely dissipated by morning and when the sun rose the sky was almost cloudless.

*Nov. 3rd*

I had to cut down several poles in the jungle and had just returned home when Ohlsen came with the news that the earth was still not



steady. "What are you talking about?" I asked. Ohlsen was very surprised that I hadn't noticed anything, assuring me that he had several times felt slight shocks. "That shaking was not the earth but your legs," I said, "for in about an hour and a half you will have another attack of fever!" Ohlsen was very displeased with my answer, insisting he had not made a mistake and, in fact, as it turned out, he was right. In the course of the following hour, I myself felt two or three slight but quite perceptible shocks,

We had to shorten the cable of the anchor of the boat, as the strong surf of the previous night had caused it to drift and the keel was scraping on the reef. I had to wade out in the water up to my waist since Ohlsen had been really compelled to lie down because of fever. The barometer, which hadn't risen above the 410 division for a month, remained very high these last two days and rose today to 464.

After dinner Tui came. He had shaved yet another part of his beard and eyebrows. I closely inspected his hair distribution. His body had few hairs, they were not noticeable on the arms at all and on the chest and back there were very few. Positively nowhere was there any sign of the distribution of the hair in tufts.

*Nov. 4th*

It will soon be six weeks since first I made the acquaintance of the Papuans and they haven't seen any sort of weapon with me. At home, of course, there are some weapons, but even when I go out in the jungle I rarely take a revolver with me and going into a native village I definitely never take it. This unarmed state seems very strange to the natives. They have more than once tried to find out if I have spears, bows and arrows at home. They even suggested that I take some of theirs but I replied to this only with a laugh and a scornful gesture towards their proffered weapons, demonstrating that I have no need of them. There were about 20 of them and all armed. My action puzzled them greatly. They glanced at their weapons, at the house and at me and discussed it for a long time among themselves. I left them in ignorance, while it is still possible.

*Nov. 5th*

Ants and mosquitoes give me no rest. I slept badly. About 2 o'clock in the morning the house again moved and swayed. The earth tremor didn't last more than half a minute, but it was more powerful than the one two days ago. Under the influence of these earth tremors a certain state of curiosity appears and one asks oneself: "What will happen next?" For a long time I could not sleep, expecting a continuation. The barometer rose higher and higher; at night, during the earth tremors, it rose to 515. I do not know what to ascribe this to. In the morning it was rainy, but later it cleared up.

*Nov. 6th*

In the night there was a violent storm. Not being on the spot, it would be difficult to imagine these peals of thunder and almost uninterrupted lightning, which for three or four hours deafened and blinded us. The rain didn't fall in drops but in streams. After such a night, the morning broke fresh, the air transparently clear. The day remained magnificent and, without searching particularly hard, I caught a fair amount of insects, which after the rain had crawled out to dry themselves. I succeeded also in catching a long-tailed lizard with long hind legs.

*Nov. 7th*

The fever got Ohlsen again today, accompanied by vomiting and delirium. I managed to do a portrait of one of the native visitors. It is difficult to work when both my servants are ill — I have to prepare the meals myself, be a physician and sick nurse, to receive uninvited, curious and sometimes importunate guests, and above all I realize that I am tied down and must stay at home. On such days, even when I feel extremely unwell myself, I am compelled to be on my legs.

*Nov. 9th*

The morning was damp and fresh (only 21° C.). I was drinking tea on the verandah, warmly dressed, when Tui appeared before me, who, feeling the freshness of the morning also and not having clothes suitable to the temperature, brought with him a primitive but quite suitable portable stove, to wit, a thick smouldering log. He came and sat on the verandah. It was curious to see how, wishing to warm himself he moved the log from one side of his body to the other and then held it to his chest, then again putting it on one side then the other and then putting it between the legs, judging — as it were — which part of the body was the coldest.

Soon some more inhabitants of Bongu turned up. Among them was a man of low stature with a wild and timid expression of face. As he didn't dare approach me, I went up to him. He wanted to run away, but was stopped by the others. When he looked at me he laughed for a time then began to jump up and down on one spot. It was obvious that his first sight of a white man had reduced him to such a strange state. The people from Bongu tried to explain to me that the man came from a very distant village lying in the mountains and named Maragum. He had arrived with the object of having a look at me and my house.

Each of those who had come had his own heater for the cold morning. Instead of the piece of wood some had a carefully-tied bundle of reeds. When they squatted in front of my chair, they piled their burning brands and reeds together to form a bonfire and began to warm themselves round it. I had several times noticed that the natives carried burning sticks with them for the purpose of being able to light their cigars when they were travelling from one place to another.

A little later another party of natives appeared from Gumbu, also with their guests from Maragum-mana, who, as mountain dwellers, interested me. The type was definitely identical with the coastal inhabitants, but the colour of the skin was much lighter than that of my neighbours. They did not seem to be much darker than many of the inhabitants of Samoa, which struck me at once. One of the newcomers in particular interested me — his face was much lighter in colour than his body. The inhabitants of Maragum-Mana were stocky but well-built, the legs were strong with well-developed

calves, I gave them some presents and they went away quite satisfied and still marvelling at the house, my chair and my clothes.

Ohlsen had fever again. It is bad because the attacks come irregularly. At 5 o'clock another storm, more rain and dampness, so that I had to sit at home all wrapped up.

Rainy days are very unpleasant for me. Since my cell is very small it only serves as a bedroom and store-room. When there is no rain I spend whole days outside. Various corners of the space around about the house constitute, strictly speaking, my house. Here is my reception area with several boards and stumps on which my guests can dispose themselves, there in the shade with a distant view over the sea is my study, with a comfortable chair and a folding table. There is also a special place set apart by me for a dining room. Generally speaking, I am very pleased with my residence.

*Nov. 10th*

I find that the natives here are a practical people, preferring useful things to trinkets. Knives, axes, nails, bottles, etc., they value much more than beads, mirrors and strips of cloth which, although they take with pleasure, they never ask for — in contrast to the useful things mentioned above.

The mistrust of my neighbours borders on the ridiculous. They examine my knife with great interest. I showed them two large knives one to one and one-half feet long, and with a laugh, I jokingly explained to them that I would give them these two knives if they would let a little boy, who had come with them, stay and live with me in Garagassi. They looked at each other uneasily, talked among themselves and then said something to the lad, upon which he ran off into the jungle. There were more than 10 of the natives and all of them armed. It seemed that they feared I might seize the lad. And these were people who had visited me at Garagassi twenty or more times.

Another example. Three or four men came to me unarmed. I already knew beforehand, that not far away in the bushes they had planted a couple of men with weapons so that they could come to them with help in case of need. Usually the natives try to hide the fact that they have come armed.

About the women there is nothing to say. I have not seen a single one at close range and only at a distance, at the time when they ran away from me, as from a wild animal. The Papuan males carefully guard their females. This trait, met with in a majority of savages, is explained by the fact that they don't know any other pleasure than sexual. This relationship to women distinguishes them from the Polynesians who frequently offer their women quite shamelessly to all comers.

*Nov. 11th*

Today it was my turn to be ill. Although the attack was in the morning, it deprived me of the possibility of doing anything the whole day.

I got Ohlsen on his legs again with the help of quinine. Boy is still ill. I give him quinine regularly and persuaded him to eat, but he lives almost exclusively on bananas and sugar cane. He conceals from me, as I learned from Ohlsen, the fact that he is drinking a large quantity of water, although every day I repeat to him that he should not drink anything else but hot or cold tea.

In the evenings Ohlsen bores me with his incessant stories about his past life. Some people have an absolute necessity to talk; without chattering they can't live. But as far as I am concerned, it is with just such people I find it difficult to live.

Today in the morning I succeeded in making a satisfactory portrait of Tui.

*Nov. 12th*

The nights are much noisier than the days. From midday until 3 or 4 o'clock, except for the grasshoppers and a very few birds, nothing is heard. From sunset the most discordant concert begins. The frogs, cicadas, night birds give voice and to them is added the sounds of various animals which I have not succeeded in seeing yet. Practically every evening, this concert is accompanied by peals of thunder, which are rarely heard in the daytime. At night the noise of the surf on the reef is heard more clearly and to all this is added the importunate,

high-pitched hum of the mosquitoes and, occasionally, from the distance, the "howling" of the Papuans, which with them takes the place of singing. In spite of all this music I generally sleep well. All day today my whole body felt tired after yesterday's attack of fever.

*Nov. 13th*

For the local natives there exists only one designation for expressing both the motion of "writing" and of "drawing," which is quite understandable, since they have not reached the stage of the invention of writing. When I write something down, they say "*Maklai negrengba.*" If I show them a printed book, again they say "*negrengba.*" Explaining to each other the use of a small nail in drawing a small design on the bamboo case holding lime, they again use this word "*negrengba.*"

The inhabitants of Bongu came to me again with guests from the mountains. I tried to learn how they get fire, but cannot find out, not knowing sufficient of the language. The natives often try to get me to chew *betel* with them. However, I don't accept it — remembering that I tried it once and burnt my tongue with the quicklime which I used in an excessive quantity.

*Nov. 15th*

At high tide (about 4 o'clock) Ohlsen and I tackled the by no means easy task of drawing the boat up on to the beach in order to dry it for repainting. The boat was very heavy for two men, but in spite of this we managed; a crow bar and a block and tackle which P. Novosilski gave me, helped us a great deal. After more than an hour's work we finally dragged the boat onto the beach to a place where the water would not reach it even at the highest tide. I was really tired.

*Nov. 16th*

After morning tea we again set to work; it was necessary to set the boat up for cleaning and painting. This heavy work, however, did not

take us more than an hour. we had to strain all our forces to achieve a satisfactory position. In another place, where it would be easy to get help, we would both have declared our work of today and yesterday as impossible and would have had recourse to the help of others. Here, however, where we cannot fall back on anybody, one tackles it on one's own and this tests one's own capacity. The total strain on one's own strength and capabilities in -all situations is only possible, in our civilization, in exceptional circumstances and on rare occasions — and as time goes on it will become more rare. In our civilization, specialization inclines more and more to the development of only some of our capacities and to a one-sided development, to a narrow differentiation. I am not putting the native on a pedestal, for whom the development of muscles is necessary. I do not preach the return to the primitive level of human development, but at the same time I am convinced by experience that for all people physical development should run more or less parallel with, and not be supplanted by the predominance of, intellectual development.

*Nov. 17th*

Nothing new is happening. Everything is as before. In the mornings I am zoologist or naturalist; then, if the men are sick, a cook, doctor, apothecary; then a painter, tailor and laundress — and so it goes. In a word, for each and everybody there is a lot of work. Although I am very patiently studying the native language I still understand very little. I mostly guess what the natives wish to say and I speak still less.

The Papuans of the neighbouring villages, it seems to me, are beginning to shun me less. Things are going well; my policy of patience and non-interference seems to have been quite correct. I do not go to them, but they come to me. I do not ask them for anything, but they ask me, and they are even beginning to wait on me. They are becoming more and more "tame." They come, sit down for a long time and don't try, as formerly, to get something and then sneak away as soon as possible with their prize.

One thing is disappointing: I know so little of their language. I am convinced that a knowledge of the language is the only means of

removing their distrust, which is still there, and that it is also the only means to become acquainted with the native customs, which in all probability are very interesting. It is more convenient for me to learn the language at home, than by visiting the villages, where the natives are usually so excited and restless on my visits, that it is difficult to get them to remain seated at one spot. At Garagassi the slightest sign of insolence disappears, they patiently answer my questions, permit me to inspect, measure, and sketch them. In addition, at Garagassi everything is at hand, such as the instruments for anthropological measurement and the materials for drawing. It is unnecessary also to have a large choice of gifts for rewarding their patience, or for exchange for some of their trinkets or ornaments or in general for some of the trifles which they carry with them in the bag they carry under the arm. When I make visits to the mountain dwellers, I won't miss the opportunity to measure their heads, make various anthropological observations and, incidentally, collect samples for my collection of hair. As is well known, the study of the quality of the hair of representatives of various races has great significance in anthropology. I, therefore, never neglect opportunities to enlarge my collection with new examples. Here, this collecting represented at first some difficulty. It was very funny to see how Tui jumped with fear at the sight of the scissors, which I was bringing to his hair. He was ready to run away and didn't come near me the whole time while I was holding the scissors. I cannot renounce the collecting of hair in this locality, but how to overcome the reluctance of Tui, who among all my new friends was the tamest. If even he won't consent to this, what then could be done with others who were wilder? I thought, why not take some of my hair in exchange for his — and, cutting off a lock of my hair, I offered it to him, of course, in exchange for his. This succeeded. I chose several strands of hair, cut them off and gave him mine.

While I was wrapping the sample in paper and writing on it the sex, approximate age and place on the head where it was cut, Tui also wrapped my hair carefully in a leaf which he picked close by. In this way, by means of an exchange with my own hair, my collection of native hair increased considerably. But one fine day Ohlsen pointed out to me that I had cut off the hair from the entire left side of my head. This happened as a result of always holding the scissors in the right



hand, since it was easy to cut the hair on the left side. After that I began to cut the hair on the other side.

On one occasion, wandering through the jungle, I strayed so far that I almost lost my way, but fortunately came upon a path that brought me back to the sea, where I was able to orientate myself at once. This occurred near the village of Male, to which, however, I did not go, but went to Bongu which was on the way home. But I did not succeed in getting as far as Bongu. It was already dark when I got as far as Gorendu, where I decided to spend the night, much to the surprise of the natives. Coming on to the village square I went straight to the large *buambramra* (the name of the large hut specially constructed and intended exclusively for men) not wanting to embarrass the natives any more than necessary and knowing very well that my visit makes all the inhabitants of a village uneasy. In fact, I could hear the exclamations of the women and the crying of the children.

I went up to Tui and explained to him that I wished to sleep at his place. He spoke at great length to me of something about wanting to accompany me, it seems, to Garagassi by the light of torches, adding something about women and children. I scarcely understood him and, in order to be finished with him, I lay down on the *barla*, a large plank-bed with large bamboo poles in place of a mattress and, closing my eyes, repeated "*Nyawar, nyawar*" (sleep, sleep). I didn't have a watch, but it wasn't late. However, I was worn out from the many hours of walking. I was soon drowsy and went off to sleep. I woke up, probably from the cold, since I slept quite uncovered and the night breeze blew right through the hut owing to the absence of a front and back wall.

Having eaten nothing since 11 o'clock in the morning I had a healthy appetite. I was alone in the *buambramra* which was in semi-darkness. Getting up, I went to the fire in the square, round which several native men were sitting. Among them was Tui. I turned to him, pointing to my mouth and repeating the word *uyar* (eat) which he understood at once and brought me a small *tabir* (a shallow oval dish) with cold taro and baked bananas. In spite of the lack of salt, I ate several mouthfuls of taro with pleasure. I tried the bananas also, but they seemed to me very tasteless. I felt so refreshed from the half-hour doze and strengthened afterwards

by the food, that I suggested to two young natives that they accompany me to Garagassi.

To get home in the darkness of the night without any light was completely impossible. The natives understood my wish and were, it seemed, quite pleased that I was not staying the night. In a flash they procured some torches from dry palm leaves, which are bound together specifically for this purpose. Each took a spear, and we set off. The jungle, illuminated by the glare of the burning dry leaves, was even more beautiful and fantastic than in the day. I also admired my companions, their quick and agile movements — holding the torches above their heads and, with the spear, pushing aside the hanging lianas, which in places barred our way. One of the natives was behind me and, looking back, I involuntarily thought how easy it would be for him to stab me from behind with his spear. I was unarmed as usual and this was quite well known to the natives. I reached Garagassi, however, safe and sound, where I was met by an extremely anxious Ohlsen who had almost lost hope of seeing me alive again.

*Nov. 22nd*

The other day I killed a dove (*Carpophaga*) right at the cabin and as I had never seen a similar example before, I carefully dissected its skeleton and hung it up to dry on a tree. But two hours later, in broad daylight, it fell from the tree about three paces from the house. Sitting on the verandah, busy with something, I got a quick glimpse of a dog quickly hiding in the bushes, but I did not realize he was carrying off the skeleton, upon which I had been working for about an hour. This morning I was able to kill another dove, but it fell in the sea. Not feeling a desire to go bathing and not wishing to disturb Ohlsen, who was occupied preparing tea, I waited for the incoming tide to wash my catch ashore. Sitting on the verandah at tea, I watched the slow movements of the dead bird which the waves were driving on to the beach. However, it wasn't long before a fin flashed, then another, and the body of the bird disappeared leaving behind only some widening circles in the water. At some distance a few shark fins appeared, probably fighting over their prey.

Yesterday afternoon Tui wanted to demonstrate to me his trust in me. He asked permission to stay the night with me. I agreed. He went away, but said he would come later. Supposing that he would not return, I was already lying on my bunk, when I heard his voice calling me. I went out, and sure enough it was Tui. The sight of him by moonlight was very characteristic and even spectacular. His dark but well-built body was beautifully outlined against the still darker background of green. One arm was supported on a spear; the other, hanging loosely, was holding a burning branch, which illuminated him on one side with a reddish reflection. A cloak or cape of coarse tapa cloth reached from his shoulder to the ground. Standing thus, he asked where he might sleep. I pointed to the verandah, where he could spend the night, and gave him a mat and blanket, with which he was very pleased. Tui settled down. It was about 10 o'clock. At 11.30 p.m. I got up to look at the temperature. The moon was still shining brightly. I glanced on the verandah, but Tui was not there and in his place was only the rolled up mat and blanket. Apparently the bare plank bed of his hut was more to his taste than my verandah with mat and blanket.

*Nov. 23rd*

I shot down one of the small birds, who cry out in the high trees around the house. The native name is *koko*. This name is none other than the imitation of its call, *kokonui-kai*. When they call out, the sound "koko" is very clearly heard.

Today I made an unexpected and quite unpleasant discovery. All the butterflies collected by me have been eaten by ants. In the box there remains only a few scraps of some of their wings.

Ohlsen again has the fever. I had to again chop the wood, boil the beans and make tea. I sometimes spend the evenings making rings for the natives, cut out of preserve tins. I imitate the form of the tortoise-shell rings worn by the natives. The first pair I made was for the sake of a joke and I presented them to Tui, after which many natives called on me, asking me to make some for them. Rings made of tin are positively in the fashion and the demand for them is growing.

*Nov. 24th*

I shot a white cockatoo, which fell from the tree into the sea. I had only just got up and was going down to the stream to wash, so I undressed at once and went into the water to get the bird and bathe at the same time. The tide was carrying it away from the shore, but I went after it, in spite of the depth of the water, and I was already only a few yards from it, when a large shark seized the bird. The close proximity of such a neighbour is not particularly pleasant when I am bathing.

Ohlsen has the fever again even worse than the last time. His eyes, lips, and tongue are very swollen and I am again compelled to carry out all the domestic duties.

*Nov. 25th*

In spite of a considerable dose of quinine (one to five grains) Ohlsen again has an attack with delirium and a swelling not only of the face but the arms. I have to chop the wood, cook the food and persuade, if not restrain Ohlsen, who suddenly jumps up and wants to go bathing, etc. The cooking particularly annoys me. If I had to do it every day, I would go into the village and let the natives boil taro and yams for me.

The days are going by, and my study of the native language makes very slow progress. The words that are most in use remain unknown and I cannot think how to find them out. I do not know what is the Papuan for such words as "yes," "no," "bad," "I went," "cold," "father," "mother." It is just ridiculous that I cannot get to know them, in fact. One begins by asking, by explaining, but they do not understand or do not wish to understand. Anything which I cannot indicate by pointing a finger remains unknown to me, unless one finds out this or another word accidentally. Amongst other words which I learnt from Tui, who was resting at Garagassi, after returning from somewhere, and which I learnt quite accidentally was the name for star — *niri*. It is curious that the Papuans call the sun (but not always) not simply *sing*, but *sing-niri*, and the moon *kaaram-niri* — that is, star-sun, star-moon.

*Nov. 27th*

Ohlsen this morning announced to me that he will probably not get up any more. He can scarcely open his eyes (the lids are so swollen) or move his tongue which, according to him, is twice as thick as usual. As to his fear of death, I told him he should be ashamed to be afraid, and that he would probably get up tomorrow morning; after which I made him swallow a solution of about a gramme of quinine in acidulated water, which he washed down with a few gulps of strong tea. This dose I repeated four hours later, although he grumbled loudly, when he swallowed the bitter quinine. He didn't have an attack today, and towards evening he got up a little deaf, but with a mighty appetite. However, I had an attack myself in the night, shivering very violently; my teeth chattered and I couldn't get warm. After perspiration appeared, I slept a couple of hours. In the morning I got up scarcely able to drag my legs, but arose nevertheless, and even went into the jungle, since scarcely any dry wood remained in the kitchen. When I was making my way through the undergrowth at one place, some wasps came down on me. I dashed off at a run, leaving the wood and even the axe. The pain from the stings was very intense. When I reached home I moistened the stings on my arms, chest and face with spirits of ammonia and the pain temporarily disappeared.

Today is full moon and two young men from Gorendu, Assel and Vuanvum, have just paid a visit here (about 9 o'clock in the evening). They were painted red and white and decorated with leaves and flowers and were on the way through to Gumbu, where they will spend the night.

As I have noticed, the natives hold special gatherings at full moon; they pay each other visits, the inhabitants of one village visiting the inhabitants of another village. They go on such visits much more decorated than usual and their singing on such nights (at full moon), which is a kind of penetrating and protracted howling, can be heard as far as Garagassi. And so it happened last night. I was awakened by Ohlsen, who asked me if I could hear the shouting and were all my guns loaded. I had hardly time to answer when a loud piercing cry was heard from the direction of Gorendu, in which cry, however, one could recognize the human voice. The cry was very weird and belonged probably to a number of voices. Ohl-

sen told me that in the last 5 minutes he had heard several similar noises. The first of them was so loud and piercing and seemed to him so terrifying, that he decided to wake me up, supposing that this was a signal, perhaps, for an attack upon us. I got up and went outside. The customary monotonous beat of the *barwn* could be heard from many villages.

The full moon appeared majestically above the trees and I have now come to the conclusion that the shouts we heard were raised in honour of the rising moon, recalling as I do that at the appearance of the moon the natives utter some particular cry, as if welcoming its rising. This explanation seemed to me quite satisfactory and I advised Ohlsen not to expect an attack tonight but simply to go to sleep. I myself went off to sleep immediately.

*Nov. 29th*

Put the boat back in the water again, cleaned and freshly painted. I am very tired; the chief work fell to me this time, since Ohlsen as a result of weakness after the fever, could do little.

*Nov. 30th*

The sun has become a rarity with us, only showing through the clouds for a short while.

A great advantage of my location in this secluded place, is that one can leave everything lying about the house and be assured that nothing will be missing — with the exception of foodstuffs, since it is difficult to keep an eye out for dogs.

The natives so far have touched nothing. In a civilized region — where even locks and police prove inadequate — such a state is unthinkable!

*Dec. 3rd*

I went to Gorendu for coconuts. As usual I warned of my approach by a loud whistle, in order to give the women time to hide.

This village always produces a pleasant impression on me; it is always clean, green and agreeable. There are only a few people, and they do not cry out, or make any kind of noisy demonstrations on my appearing as they did formerly. Only the birds flying quickly among the trees disturb the quiet. On the high *barlas*, solemnly seated on their haunches, were two or three natives, rarely exchanging words and silently chewing coconuts or cleaning hot *degargol* (sweet potatoes). Some are busy in their huts, others around them, many doing nothing except warming themselves in the sun or teasing out their hair.

Having arrived at Gorendu I also sat on one of the *barlas* and occupied myself with the freshly baked *degargol*. About eight men soon gathered around the *barla* on which I was sitting and in turn began to express their wishes: one wanted a large nail; another a piece of red cloth; this one had a bad leg and he asked for plaster and a shoe. I listened in silence until they had finished. I said I wanted some green coconuts. Two boys, slipping a loop on their feet, quickly climbed up a coconut palm and began to throw the coconuts down. I indicated with my fingers how many coconuts I wanted to take and I suggested that they be taken to *tal Maklai* — that is, the Maclay house — which they did. In half an hour, pleased with their gifts, they had all dispersed. With two of them I was able to make satisfactory portraits.

In the evening it rained again with thunder and lightning. The wind blew the lamp out several times. Sometimes one has, willy-nilly, to go to bed as the writing of the diary and putting one's notes in order is continually interrupted by the necessity to light the lamp extinguished by the wind. The holes, chinks and openings of various kinds in my dwelling are so many that one could not think of defending oneself from the draughts. From 6 or 7 o'clock it has been raining, beginning at sunset, and it will probably go on until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning.

In October the rain was still tolerable, but in November it rained more frequently. In December, it seems, it has the intention to rain every day. The rain drums on the roof, the water flows through in many places, even on the table and on the bed, but since I am covered by a waterproof coat over the blanket, I am not worried by the rain at night. I am convinced that I would be more comfortable if I should live completely alone without servants who, up to the

present, I look after much more than they look after me. This is the second month that Boy has been lying down without getting up. But Ohlsen is ill three times more than I — as soon as he feels a slight indisposition, he is ready to collapse for the entire day. Thus today, for example, he spent the whole day on his bed, so that in the evening I had to make the tea for the three of us and couldn't let him go outside on account of the rain.

To make tea at Garagassi on dark rainy nights like this one is not so simple. One has to go out to the shed in the heavy rain, pick up some dry branches, if one can find them, chop them up and light the fire which has been put out by the rain, blow at it for a long time to get it properly alight, and then, finding insufficient water in the kettle, one has to go down in the darkness and rain to the stream. It is so dark, that although I know the road by heart, I almost fell twice. Then, getting off the track, I had to wait for a flash of lightning to get back on to it. It would be useless to take a lantern in such wind and rain. When I returned, wet through, to the fire, my tiny dwelling seemed to me very comfortable. I hasten to change my clothes and write these few lines enjoying the tea, which today seems to me to be particularly nice.

I have to note that this is the second month without sugar and it is five weeks since we threw out the biscuits which the grubs were eating. We struggled with the grubs for a long time, trying to dry out the biscuits in the sun at first, then before the fire, "but the grubs won all the same and remained alive. I replaced the biscuits with baked bananas or when there were no bananas, with slices of baked taro. I myself didn't feel in the least this change, but Ohlsen and Boy grumbled when the sugar ran out. The rest of our food is the same as before; boiled rice with curry and beans and salt. But enough about food. It is simple and its monotony rather pleases me; besides that, all these discomforts and trifles are completely compensated for by the scientific observations and by nature, which is so lovely here — not that it isn't lovely everywhere if one knows how to take a delight in it!

Here is an example. Half an hour ago when I had to go to the stream for water, I was in a vile state of mind, exhausted with blowing up the fire for 10 minutes, the smoke of which irritated my eyes till the tears came. When the fire was well alight, it turned out there was not enough water in the kettle. I went down to the stream. It was completely dark



and wet, my feet were slipping and now and then I stumbled. The rain had already soaked through two flannel shirts and was trickling down my back and I was getting cold. I stumbled again and, grasping a bush, it pricked me. Suddenly there is a brilliant flash of light, illuminating with its bluish light the distant horizon and the white surf on the beach, the drops of water, the whole forest, each leaf — even the thorn which pierced my hand. Just one second and all is black again and wet and uncomfortable; but that second is enough, so that the beauty surrounding me restores my normally good frame of mind — a frame of mind which rarely leaves me, if I find myself in beautiful surroundings and if there are no tiresome people around me.

However, it is already 9 o'clock, the lamp is burning low, the tea is drunk and as a result of the water dripping everywhere it is becoming very damp in my cell. I will have to wrap myself up in my blanket soon, and continue my further existence in sleep.

#### *Dec. 5th*

After the rain I collected my insects and found also a very beautiful and curious fungus.

Boy is so weak that he can scarcely stand on his legs. Today the poor fellow fell as he was going down the steps. Ohlsen is down and groaning, covering himself with a blanket right to his head. When I noticed Boy falling on the steps, I somehow managed to pull him back into the room. He was in such a state of unconsciousness that he did not recognize me.

Today it rained again from 4 o'clock. Everything is wet.

#### *Dec. 6th*

Boy is suffering a great deal. I do not think he will last long. The other invalid is sitting about also down in the dumps.

Tui came and, sitting with me on the verandah, casually remarked with a serious look that Boy would soon die, that Vil (that is what they call Ohlsen) is sick and that Maklai will be left alone; at this point he raised one finger and, pointing in both directions, he

continued: "People will come from Bongu and Gumbu" — and then he indicated all the fingers of his hands and his toes. Then he even showed me how they would stab me in the neck, stomach and chest with a spear and in a sing-song voice kept sadly repeating, "O Maklai, O Maklai . . ."

I pretended that I considered his words as rather a joke (I myself was convinced of the possibility of such a situation) and said that neither Boy nor Vil nor Maklai would die, upon which Tui looked at me somewhat doubtfully and continued to drone in a most mournful voice, "*O Maklai, O Maklai. . .*"

This conversation seemed to me the more interesting, in the first place, in that it could actually happen and, secondly, because in all probability, my neighbours had talked about it the other day, otherwise Tui would not have raised the old question of my murder.

It is tiresome to be eternally on one's guard; nevertheless, it did not prevent me from going to sleep. Eight men came from Gorendu and Male. Being in a good frame of mind, I gave each guest from Male a present, although they themselves had brought nothing.

Tui and Lalu asked me suddenly, "Will any sort of corvette come?" Of course I could not give them a definite answer. To say: "It is coming but I don't know when," was beyond my ability. I cannot even express a large number in Papuan. Thinking that I had found a way of seeing how my neighbours count, I took several strips of paper and cut them across. I myself did not know how many there were and I handed the whole lot to one of the Papuans from Male, saying that each piece of paper signified two days. The whole crowd gathered round immediately. My Papuan began to count them on his fingers, but he must have been wrong, or at least the other Papuans decided he couldn't count and the pieces of paper were given to another. The latter sat down and solemnly called another to help him and they began to count. First he spread the pieces of paper on his knees and at each piece he repeated *nare, nare* (one). The other repeated the word *nare*, bending his fingers, first on one hand then on the other. Having counted up to 10, he closed the fingers of both hands, dropping both hands on his knees, saying (word omitted) two hands, then a third Papuan bent one finger. With the second 10 the same procedure was followed, then one third Papuan bent the second finger, the same was done for the third 10, leaving not enough papers to complete a fourth 10 and

they were put to one side. Everybody, it seemed, was satisfied. I confused them again by taking one of the pieces of paper and, showing two fingers, added boom boom (day day). Again talk went on, but they decided to wrap the pieces of paper in a leaf of the breadfruit tree, carefully tying it, so that they could count it in the village. All this procedure proved very interesting for me. The mistrust of the Papuans and some sort of fear is, naturally, very unpleasant to me. Until they trust me I will achieve nothing with them.

Boy will scarcely survive many more days. Ohlsen is such a coward that, as far as he is concerned, the natives could plunder and burn the house. If only I could learn more of the native language, I would cease to stay at home. Some of the instruments and written material I will bury. I think they will be safer in the ground than in the house under the protection of Ohlsen on his own.

*Dec. 8th*

Yesterday evening two pirogues with lights went past my cape. The night was dark and very quiet. The idea came to me to light a flare. The effect was very successful and probably produced a strong impression on the natives; all the torches were thrown in the water and when the flare went out, after burning for half a minute, the pirogues had disappeared.

Lalai came from Bili Bili, a man with a most characteristic physiognomy, with a hooked nose and very poorly developed calves. It would, however, be wrong to attribute this feature as signifying a racial characteristic. This man's brother has a nose not at all hooked, absolutely the same as the noses of other natives, and that his legs should be so thin is also not surprising in view of his life spent on a small island and in a pirogue on journeys between the villages. Among the mountain dwellers the calves are splendidly developed, as I have noted among my mountain visitors.

A whole crowd of people from Bongu, with two boys of seven or eight years, turned up suddenly then. The somewhat African type of these two boys was clearly conspicuous; a broad nose not particularly prominent with a thick-lipped mouth and frizzy black hair. Their stomachs protruded very much and appeared very tight. Among the children such negroid

individuals are met with more frequently than among adults.

Boy is very bad. Ohlsen is beginning to say that it would be better to get away from here and I answer him that I didn't ask him to go with me to New Guinea and that even on the day of the departure of the *Vityaz* I suggested to him to return to the corvette and not to remain with me. He expects every night that the natives will come and kill us and he hates Tui who he considers is a spy.

Just recently, late in the night at about 12 o'clock I was awakened from a deep sleep by the sound of many voices and then a bright light at the descent down to the beach. Probably some pirogues were approaching or had already come very near. Ohlsen began yelling "They are coming!" I went out on to the verandah and was met by the bright flare of torches and six natives armed with spears and arrows and calling me continuously by name. I did not move, being at a loss to know what they wanted of us. Ohlsen, coming behind me with a gun, thrust the double-barrelled gun into my hands, muttering, "Don't let them come any closer." I knew that a shot from one barrel, charged with small shot, would put to flight a large crowd of natives, who were not yet familiar with the action of firearms, and so I waited calmly, the more so as it seemed to me I could recognize familiar voices.

In fact, after meeting them with the word *gena* (come here) they spread out in front of my verandah, each of them holding in his left hand his weapon and a torch and crying, "*Niki, niki,*" and proffering with his other hand some fish. I told the somewhat shame-faced Ohlsen to collect the fish, the which he had been wanting for some time. This group of armed natives illuminated by the torches made me regret that I am not an artist, they were so picturesque. On their way down to their pirogues, for some time they called out in farewell, "*E-meme, e-meme,*" and then quickly disappeared behind the promontory. The fish were good eating.

*Dec. 13th*

In spite of extreme weariness I want to write down today's events today as I think that the story will be more real while my perceptions are not dulled by a few hours' sleep.

It is now exactly 10 minutes to midnight and I am sitting comfortably in my green chair and writing, by the flickering light of the lamp, the happenings of the day.

When I got up in the morning, I considered the possibility, in the light of my present situation, to prepare for burial in the ground at the first emergency my papers — not only the written material, diaries, meteorological journal, notes and sketches — but the blank paper also, in case I survive and the hut should be plundered and burnt down by the natives. Tui arrived and today he seemed to be really suspect. His behaviour somehow smacked of spying. He went around the cabin, carefully looking around. He looked into Ohlsen's room with great interest, repeating several times, "O Boy, O Boy," then approaching me he importuned me to let Boy go to Gumbu — so much that I became annoyed and went into my room and thus made him leave. Towards midday I felt a touch of fever, showing itself in a weary yawning, a chill feeling and a shuddering over the whole body. I kept on my legs all morning, finding it better, in such conditions, only in extreme necessity to lie down.

Three natives came from Gorendu. One of them — glancing in Ohlsen's room and not hearing Boy groaning — asked if he was still alive, which I answered affirmatively. The natives again began to propose that they take Boy with them, to which I said, "I don't understand." They cannot fear him as an opponent; perhaps they wish to acquire him as an ally. Now it is too late.

Having dined quietly, I pointed out to Ohlsen a huge log brought in by the tide and which was threatening our boat and sent him to do something to prevent it crushing the boat. I myself returned to the cabin to occupy myself with my writing, but Boy's groans caused me to glance into his room. The unfortunate fellow was rolling on the floor, writhing with pain. Hurrying to him I took him in my arms like a child. How thin he had grown in the last week! I put him on his bunk. His cold, perspiring, bony arms embraced my neck, his cold breath, sunken eyes and white lips and nose convinced me that he would not groan much longer. The pain in the abdominal cavity increased greatly and confirmed my assumption that to his other ills was added peritonitis. I returned to my work.

A second time something fell on the floor and I heard groans. I again lifted Boy back on his bed. His cold hands clasped mine, it was as if he wanted to say something and could not. His pulse was weak,

sometimes interrupted, and his extremities were getting noticeably colder. I again laid him down and went down to the beach where Ohlsen was busy with the boat and told him that Boy would die within an hour or two. The news had an effect on him, although we had been expecting it for a couple of weeks and more than once had spoken of it. We went into the room together. Boy was writhing on the floor, wringing his hands. It was pitiful to look at him while he was suffering. I got a phial of chloroform from the dispensary and poured a few drops on cotton wool, putting it to the nose of the dying man. In about five minutes he began to quieten down and even muttered something. He was apparently better. I took away the cotton wool.

Ohlsen remained quite distracted and asked what was to be done now. I told him briefly that we would throw the body in the sea that night and how he had better gather some stones and put them in the boat and the more the better, so that the body would sink to the bottom at once. Ohlsen didn't particularly like this mission and I had to add some reasons: that it was impossible to make much fuss with a corrupting body since putrefaction begins immediately after death in this climate, that I had no intention to bury him in the daylight in front of the natives, and that to dig a deep hole in the coral subsoil was too difficult and, finally, that the native dogs would find an insufficiently deep grave and dig it out. The last two reasons bolstered Ohlsen's flagging spirit. To be sure that everything would be done and, primarily, that there should be sufficient stones, I went down myself to the boat. Then I went back to the house and looked in to see how Boy was.

It was quite dark in the room, no groaning could be heard. I felt for the arm of the dying man. The pulse could no longer be felt. Bending down I put one hand on his heart and the other to his mouth and I felt neither beating nor breathing. While we were going down to the stream for stones he had died as silently as he lay during his illness. I lit a candle and looked at his body. He lay in the same position as he usually lay and sat, with his legs drawn up and crossed arms. Ohlsen stood behind me and in spite of the fact that while Boy was alive he constantly abused him and spoke ill of him, was very moved and began to speak of God and the fulfillment of His will. Without having any good reason we both spoke very low, as if we were afraid to wake the dead. When I told

Ohlsen of my long-standing intention — to dissect Boy's skull and preserve the brain for research — Ohlsen was completely dumbfounded and pathetically begged me not to do it.

While pondering over how to carry out the operation conveniently, I discovered to my annoyance that I didn't have a vessel sufficiently large to contain the whole brain. Expecting that at any hour the natives might appear, perhaps with serious intentions, I gave up the idea, not without regret, of wishing to preserve the brain of a Polynesian; but, instead thought of the possibility of getting a dissected larynx with all its muscles, tongue, etc., remembering the promise I had given to my former teacher, Professor Gegenbaur, living now in Strasbourg, to send him the larynx of a dark-skinned man, with all its musculature. Getting my anatomical instruments and preparing a vessel with spirit, I returned to the room and dissected the larynx with musculature and tongue. A piece of skin from the forehead and scalp with hair went into my collection. Ohlsen, trembling with fright before the deceased, held a candle and Boy's head. While I was cutting through the *Plexus brachiales*, Boy's arm made a slight movement. Ohlsen was so scared that I was cutting a living person, that he dropped the candle and we were in darkness. Finally it was all finished and we had to send Boy's body to its watery tomb, but so cautiously that our neighbours would know nothing of what had happened.

I will not describe in detail how we put the deceased in two large sacks, how we tied them up, leaving an opening for the stones, how in the darkness we carried it down to the boat and how on the way down to the sea, as a result of the same darkness, Ohlsen stumbled and fell, the deceased on top of him and then, me after the body, how we could not find our burden straight away, as it had rolled more successfully than us, on to the sand, and how, having found it, we finally got it into the boat and put about a hundredweight of stones in the sacks. All this was very awkward to do in the dark. As luck would have it, it was low tide. It took a deal of strength to haul the heavy boat over the stones into the water. We scarcely had time to take the oars, when before our eyes, from behind Cape Gabina about a quarter of a mile away suddenly a light flashed, then a second, a third, a tenth light. There were 11 pirogues coming in our direction. The natives were certainly visiting us or, seeing the boat, were making towards us. Their brightly flaring torches

would show up the long sack, which would excite their curiosity.

In a word, that which I did not want, that is, that the natives would find out about the death of Boy, was now going to happen, it seemed.

"Can't we hide Boy in the jungle?" Ohlsen suggested. But now with the stones and the body the sack would be too heavy for us to drag among the trees and in any case the natives would soon be here. "Let us row hard," I said, "maybe we can slip past them." We make two or three powerful sweeps of the oar — but what is the matter? — the boat doesn't move! We are on a reef or shoal. The Papuans are coming nearer. We try with all our strength to push off, but without success.

Our stupid situation was vexatious for me and I was ready to jump into the water in order to more easily push the boat off the shoal. I would have done this in spite of the presence of sharks. Fortunately the idea came to me to check things in the boat and my hand stumbled on the obstacle. It seemed that in the darkness and hurry the rope which fastened the stern to the shore had been loosed but not hauled in and had got tangled between the stones and the branches of a tree hanging down on to the beach and this it was that prevented us from moving. With great satisfaction I seized a knife and cut the rope and freed the boat.

We again took to the oars and began to row hard. The natives had come out, like yesterday, to catch fish. The lights flashed nearer and nearer. One could distinguish the voices. I directed the boat across their path and we tried to plunge our oars in the water as quietly as possible, so as not to attract their attention. "If they see Boy with his dissected throat, they will say we killed him and they will perhaps kill us," said Ohlsen. I half shared this opinion and didn't particularly wish to meet the natives at that moment. There were 33 men in all on the pirogues, three to each pirogue. They were well armed with spears and arrows and, perhaps realizing the superiority of their forces, they might very well take advantage of the circumstances. However we were not entirely defenceless; our two revolvers could perhaps just as well put the whole crowd to flight. We rowed on silently and probably the absence of a light on our boat was the cause of them not noticing us, as the torches on the pirogues lit up clearly only the nearest objects around them.



The natives were engrossed in their fishing. The night was silent and very dark. Long shafts of light from the pirogues lay on the palm surface of the sea. With each stroke of the oar a thousand sparks flashed. In such a calm sea, the surface layers are full of a rich and variegated life. I was sorry that there was nothing with which to scoop up some water so that I could examine it tomorrow to see if there was anything new among these creatures and I completely forgot about the presence of the deceased in the boat and the necessity to bury him.

While I was admiring the picture, I thought how quickly, in a man, one feeling completely takes the place of another.

Ohlsen interrupted my thoughts by cheerfully remarking that the pirogues were moving away from us and no one had seen us. We calmly continued our course and getting about a mile from Cape Gabina we pushed the sack with the corpse overboard. It quickly went to the bottom and I am sure that a dozen sharks would destroy it probably that very same night. We returned home, rowing this time very slowly. Again we had a lot of trouble with the boat owing to the low tide and the darkness. In the kitchen we found the fire still burning and Ohlsen went to make tea — which it seems is ready now and which I will enjoy drinking while I am writing down these last words.

*Dec. 14th*

On getting up I ordered Ohlsen to put everything in his part of the cabin the same as it was when Boy was there and in case of the arrival of natives not to mention his death. Tui was not slow in appearing with two other natives who I did not know; one of them took it into his head to go up on to the first step of the stairs, but when I indicated to him that his place was the area in front of the house and not the steps, he quickly jumped down and sat on the ground.

Tui again began to speak about Boy and with warmth began to argue that if I let Boy go to Gumbu the man who had come with him would certainly cure him. I gave a negative reply to this. In order to distract his thoughts from Boy, I got the idea of doing a test of their impressionability.

I took a saucer from under the cup of tea I was drinking, wiped it dry and poured in a little alcohol and put the saucer on the verandah and called my guests. Then taking a glass of water, I took a sip and gave it to one of the natives to taste, who also convinced himself that it was water. Those present followed each of my movements with the greatest interest. I added to the spirit on the saucer a few drops of water and lit the alcohol. The natives, with half-opened mouths, drew in their breath with a whistle, raised their eyebrows and stepped back a couple of paces. I then splashed some burning alcohol out of the saucer where it continued to burn on the steps and on the ground. The natives jumped aside, fearing that I would spill some fire on them and, it appears, they were so staggered that they cleared off straight away as if they feared to see something still more terrifying. But after 10 minutes they appeared again, this time with a whole crowd. They were inhabitants of Bongu, Bill Bili and of Karkar Island. It was a very interesting crowd, representing people of all ages; all had festival decorations and numerous adornments, the materials of which depended upon their place of residence. Thus my neighbours, not much occupied with fishing, had decorations predominantly of flowers, leaves and seeds, whereas the inhabitants of Bili Bili and Karkar, living on the open sea and occupied with fishing and sea creatures, were adorned with ornaments of shells, fishbones, tortoise-shell, etc.

The inhabitants of Karkar presented one peculiarity in that the whole body, but particularly the head, was smeared with black earth and so thoroughly that at the first glance one would think that the colour of their skin was, in fact, black, except that on looking at those who had only the head coloured it was easy to convince oneself that the black colour of the face was artificial and that the skin of the inhabitants of Karkar in reality was only slightly darker than that of the inhabitants of the coast.

The inhabitants of Bongu today, as if in contrast to their black guests, were smeared with red ochre, and red hibiscus flowers were stuck in their hair and in the bands on their arms and under their knees. There were not less than 40 men and three-quarters of them were distinguished by completely red faces. The coiffure of each one of them presented something distinctive from the rest. Besides the hair being coloured in the most varied manner — some black, some red — combs were thrust in their hair decorated

with the feathers of various parrots, cockatoos, cassowaries, pigeons and white roosters. Many of the guests from Karkar had the lobes of the ear stretched into the form of a loop of considerable size as in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands. The guests remained more than two hours. The new-comers knew from Tui about the burning water and all wanted to see it. Tui prevailed upon me to show them all "how water burns."

When I fulfilled this request, the effect was indescribable. The majority of them took to their heels, begging me "not to burn the sea." Some remained standing, being so astonished and, it seemed, afraid, that their legs probably failed them when they tried to move. They stood transfixed, looking about them, with an expression of extreme amazement. When they left, they all vied with each other in inviting me to visit them, some to Karkar, some to Segu, to Rio and to Bili Bili and we parted all good friends. Only a few natives from Karkar and Bili Bili did not leave, but stayed to ask me for *gore* (skin) to cover their wounds, the pus from which attracted a whole swarm of flies: they flew after them and certainly annoyed and tormented them, covering their sores as soon as the patient stopped chasing them away. I could not help them really, but for all that, I relieved their suffering, washing their wounds with carbolic solution, bandaging them and thus freeing them from the flies, although only temporarily.

I cleaned out of one of the wounds hundreds of grubs and, this native, of course, had reason to be grateful to me. I particularly carefully bathed and bandaged the sores on the legs of a boy about five years of age, who had been brought by his father. The latter was so deeply moved that, wishing to show his gratitude, he took a necklace of shells from his neck and insisted on putting them on me.

*Dec. 15th*

Sick people from Bili Bili again. One is suffering from a high fever. I wanted to give him some quinine — of course not during the attack — and I indicated to him that I would come afterwards and give him some *onim* (medicine) but he shook his head violently, repeatedly saying that he would die as a result of my medicine.

The natives fear to take anything internally, although they greatly value external remedies. Boy had left a bottle with coconut oil scented with some fragrant herbs. One native from Bili Dili complained very much of a pain in the back and shoulders (probably rheumatism). I offered him this bottle of oil, explaining to him that he should rub it on, which he proceeded to do right away. At first he did it with obvious satisfaction, but suddenly stopped as if pondering over something; then, having thought probably, that in using this unknown onim he might die, he became very agitated, pounced on his neighbour and began to zealously rub his back with the oil; and then, jumping up like a madman, he began to run from one to another trying to smear them with the oil. He thought, probably, that by doing this, if anything went wrong with him, the same would happen to the others. His comrades, taken aback by such behaviour, did not know how to treat him. Should they be angry or should they laugh?

I was convinced today that the dialect of Bili Bili is different from the local dialect (Bongu, Gorendu and Gumbu) and I even wrote down several words, which were in no way like the dialect of Bongu. A father with children came again, who appeared to me no darker than the inhabitants of Samoa.

*Dec. 16th*

I was busy tidying up my *palazzo*, which always takes a lot of time and I am fully in agreement with the truth of the Indian aphorism (missing in the original): "If this happens with the wisest of men, much more can it happen with me, who in no wise claim such wisdom." I have positively had no time for scientific investigations this last week.

*Dec. 18th*

Natives not to be seen. I often think that I did well in settling down on a spot where I did not have too close neighbours.

Today I accidentally took note of the state of my clothes packed away in one of the baskets serving me as a bunk. They turned out to

be covered with black spots at many places and these places, where these spots were, could be easily pierced with a finger. It was, of course, my fault. In the course of three months I hadn't thought to air them. I told Ohlsen to hang them out in the sun. Many of them were not worth anything.

The natives asked today where Boy was. I answered "Boy *aren*" (no Boy). "Where is he?" was the next question. Not wishing to tell a falsehood, nor wishing either to point to the earth or the sea, I simply waved my hand and went away. They must have understood that I indicated the horizon, where far, far away was Russia. But what they actually thought and what they understood by the word "flown away" I did not have the possibility of asking, since I didn't have sufficient knowledge of the native language.

I made an interesting acquisition today. By means of barter I acquired some bone instruments which the natives use in eating — a kind of knife and two spoons. The knife, called by the natives *dongan*, is made from the sharpened bone of a pig, whereas a *shelyupa* is made from kangaroo bone. They are ground in such a way that one end is very broad and thin.

*Dec. 20th*

Our cabin has a very "lived in" look and in good weather the conditions are very comfortable. When it is pouring with rain then the leaks in various parts make it very uncomfortable. Some natives arrived from Bongu. Apparently they think, quite seriously, that Boy was sent by me to Russia and that I gave him the possibility of flying there. I have got the idea that the natives consider me, and to a certain degree Ohlsen, as some sort of supernatural beings.

*Dec. 25th*

Three days of fever. I lie down for only a few hours each day when I literally cannot stand on my legs any more. I positively eat quinine, up to a gramme a day. Today I am better. I didn't have an attack, but all the same I feel very weak. My legs feel as if they are filled with lead and

there are frequent giddy turns. Ohlsen is *very* bored. The solitude particularly affects him, because he very much likes to talk. He thought of talking to himself, but that is not enough for him.

It is noteworthy that solitude acts differently on different people. I myself only rest completely and am content when I am alone and in the middle of this luxuriant natural growth. Except for those days when I have fever I feel completely well in all respects. I have regrets only when I come across problems, which in consequence of my insufficient knowledge, I cannot explain. Ohlsen, poor fellow, is quite disheartened and depressed, and is constantly moaning. He grumbles that there are no people here and he won't achieve anything here. From being obliging and jolly, he has become irritable, querulous and doesn't attend to his work, sleeps about 11 hours a night and even another hour or hour-and-a-half after breakfast — and for all that finds "*das Leben sehr miserabel.*"

Where I feel a definite insufficiency, however, is of animal food. It is three months since we have lived exclusively on vegetable food and I notice my powers weakening. This is partly, of course, a result of fever, but mainly from an insufficiency of animal food. To eat tinned foods all the time is so distasteful to me, that I cannot even make a start on them. As soon as I am in better relationship with the natives I will go hunting so as to diversify the menu. Pork, which I could have in plenty here, I cannot tolerate. Yesterday Tui brought Ohlsen and me a considerable piece of pork each. I, of course, gave mine to Ohlsen, who started on it right away and ate both lots without getting up. He not only gnawed the bones, but also ate the thick skin (it was an old sow). Looking at him I noticed with what pleasure he was eating and I thought that one could not be in any way mistaken — that man way a carnivore.

There is much to do with the boat since the anchorage here is very bad. In sketching small objects, my hands, accustomed to axework and to the straining of large systems of muscles, do not serve me well, in particular when movements of separate muscles are required. Generally speaking, in my present day life, when I have to be a woodcutter, cook, carpenter and sometimes a washerwoman or sailor, and not only a gentleman occupied with natural science, my hands are getting very rough treatment. Not only is the skin of my hands rough but they have

even grown larger, particularly the right hand. Of course, not the bony structure, but the musculature, as a result of which the fingers have become thicker and the hand broader.

My hands, which formerly were not particularly distinguished by softness, now are completely covered with callouses, cuts and burns; each day the old ones get no better and new ones appear. I noticed also that my nails, which were always sufficiently strong for my usual occupations, are now too weak and break off. The other day I compared them with those of my neighbours, who, not having a variety of instruments, have to work with their hands much more than I do. It turned out that their nails were quite remarkable — they were at least three times thicker than mine (I cut theirs and mine for comparison). Particularly thick was the thumb nail, the middle part of the nail being thicker than the sides. As a result of this the sides of the nails are more easily broken off than the middle and one quite frequently meets natives with nails which have become just like claws.

*Dec. 27th*

While some of the native visitors were examining their own physiognomies in mirrors, which they had asked for, and were plucking out what in their opinion was superfluous hair, I inspected the contents of one of their bags (*goon*) carried by the men slung on their shoulder and dangling under their arm. I found much of interest. Besides two large *dongans*, there were two bones, sharpened at one end, serving as a lever or knife; in a small bamboo case were four sharpened bones, obviously instruments, capable of serving as lancets, needles or awls; then a *yarur*, a shell (*Cardiim*) having a serrated lower edge and serving the natives for scraping coconut. There was also a long piece of shell of a young coconut, taking the place of a fork, finally a large nail, given by me at some time, carefully sharpened on a stone and very neatly wrapped up in a bark cloth (beaten out similar to the Polynesian *tapa*) — this would serve as a very convenient awl. These instruments were well adapted to their purposes. The natives plait very well from several vegetable fibres various ornaments, as, for instance, bracelets (*sagyu*), or bands for holding the hair (*diu*). But it is strange that they do

not plait mats, the material for which (pandanus leaf) they have in abundance. I do not know what to ascribe this to: whether it is the absence of a need for mats or insufficient patience.

The baskets, woven from coconut palm leaves, are very much like those of the Polynesians. The natives look after them very well. It is true that with primitive instruments of stone and bone such work is not easy. Thus, for example, two Papuans would have to work for half an hour on a small tree 14 centimetres in diameter with their stone axes if they wished to fell it neatly. All the carved decorations have to be done with a stone ground to the form of an axe, or with bones sharpened with splinters of shell or flint and one can only marvel that with the aid of such primitive instruments they are able to construct such good huts and pirogues and these not without some fairly handsome ornamentation. When I noticed the originality and variety of this latter, I decided to copy all the varieties of it met with in the native artifacts.

*Dec. 28th*

I stopped a passing pirogue from Gorendu, recognizing Bonem, the oldest son of Tui, who was standing on the platform. He was particularly well decorated this morning. In the towering mass of hair a large number of feathers and the crimson flowers of the hibiscus had been inserted. Standing on the platform of the pirogue and holding a large bow and arrows in his hands and gazing intently at the sea on the look-out for fish, he was balancing gracefully according to the movement of the small pirogue and ready at any moment to draw the bow taut and let loose an arrow. He presented indeed a beautiful figure. The long green and red leaves of the *Colodracon* thrust into the bands on his arms and legs and through the girdle, which was completely new today and freshly coloured with ochre and therefore bright red, was not a little conducive to the especially festive air of Bonem.

The natives accepted with obvious pleasure my invitation, which I had made with the idea of not losing an opportunity of making sketches of the beautiful coiffure of a young Papuan. It consisted of a garland or semi-circle of the crimson flowers of the hibiscus. In the front were three large combs, each with a feather which



supported the garland and the carefully blackened hair; a fourth comb, also with two hibiscus flowers, held a long white cock's feather curling down behind. In order that the two other natives did not hinder me, I gave them tobacco and sent them away to smoke in the kitchen and when I had finished I agreed with their request for a mirror, upon receiving which they each in turn set about renovating his own coiffure.

Bonem pulled out all the combs and flowers from his hair and with the large comb began to fluff up his hair, which here and there had matted like felt. After this treatment the shock of hair had increased two or three times compared with its previous state. He tugged on the locks on the back of his head (*gatessi*) which were also made longer. Then, replacing the flowers and combs in his black "wig," he gave the mirror back to his neighbour, who in turn started on his coiffure.

I relate these trifles because they explain what sort of manipulations the hair of the Papuans is subjected to, giving it widely varying appearances. These differences in appearance have caused some travellers, visiting various localities in New Guinea for short periods of time, to bring about the considerable discrepancies found in books of anthropology.

The frizzy hair laying close to the scalp of the two natives accompanying Bonem is transformed in five minutes of teasing out and fluffing up to the springy mass of hair of the Papuans. The latter has so frequently been described by travellers, who have seen it as something characteristic of some "varieties" only of the Papuan race.

Having admired their faces and head-dresses, my guests returned to their pirogue, calling out to me as they went "*e-meme*" (I do not know yet what this means).

Ohlsen has fever today. I have scarcely begun to recover a little myself, when Ohlsen gets sick.

*Dec. 29th*

I visited Gorendu, to remind the natives that they have not sent me fresh coconuts for some time. "We have not brought them," they replied in chorus, "because *tamo russ* (Russian people, the

sailors of the *Vityaz*) cut down a lot of coconut palms and now there are not many nuts."

Knowing very well that this was a great exaggeration — and if it did happen, it was exceptional — I suggested to them to show me the cut-down trees. Several natives jumped up and hastened to show me the trunks of the felled trees near the village itself, repeating "coconuts are for eating, but to cut down the trees is bad." They were right, and I had to be silent.

The crockery I brought with me is disappearing gradually. It gets broken, so I have to replace it with native objects, small *tabirs* in place of dishes and half coconut shells for little bowls.

The natives here not only blacken their faces, but also the mouth (tongue, teeth, gums, lips) with a substance which they chew. It is called *taval*. They do not do this continually but only on special occasions.

## 1872

*Jan. 1st*

There was a heavy storm in the night. It poured with rain several times during the night and also during the day. The wind was also strong. Lianas cut from the trunks when the area was cleared and up till now hanging loosely above the roof, fell, and one of them, about seven metres long and three to four centimetres thick, collapsed with a great noise, broke through the roof and smashed one of the thermometers which I used to measure the temperature of the water.

*Jan. 2nd*

Last night a large tree whose roots had been cut fell with a crash and lay right across the stream. It took a lot of work to clear the stream of branches and leaves.

*Jan. 3rd*

Today, Tui, returning from the plantation, brought a very small pig which a dog had bitten and killed, but hadn't managed to eat.

Animal food is a great rarity and the continual whining of Ohlsen for a piece of meat was the reason why I accepted Tui's gift. The small thin creature was interesting, representing as it did, a new striped variety. Dark brown stripes were alternated with lighter reddish ones; the chest, stomach and legs were white. I dissected the head, made a sketch of it and then handed the piglet to Ohlsen, who took it and cleaned, scraped, and cooked it. Looking at Ohlsen busy preparing it and then eating it, one could see to what a degree people are carnivorous. Yes, a piece of beef is an important thing! It doesn't seem to me at all strange that people previously accustomed to animal food and settling in an area where it was not available, would begin to eat human flesh, which, in addition, is said to be very tasty, as some connoisseurs have attested. A few days ago, occupied with the examination of my collection of Papuan hair, I discovered some interesting facts. A particular distribution of the hair on the head is considered a special feature of the Papuan race. For some time now, it seemed to me an incorrect thesis that the hair of the Papuans grows in tufts or groups. But the huge wigs of my neighbours did not permit me to be quite convinced as to just how the hair was distributed. When examining the distribution of the hair on the temples, the back of the head and the upper part of the neck in adults, I was able to note that a specific grouping of the hair in tufts did not exist, but up to that time I had not come across a native with his hair cut short. But, after breakfast laying in my hammock, I soon fell asleep as a fresh breeze was rocking me. As I slept I heard a voice calling me and, seeing the caller, I jumped up at once. It was Kolle, from Bongu, with a boy about nine years of age with his hair cut very short.

With great interest and attention I inspected his head and even sketched what appeared to me the most important features. I became so involved in the study of the distribution of the hair, that my Papuans became somewhat fearful of my looking so intently at the head of Siroya (the name of the boy) and hurriedly announced that they had to go. With pleasure I gave them twice as much as I usually gave and would have given them twenty times more if they had let me excise a small piece of skin with hair. The hair of the Papuan grows, as I have myself established, not in groups or tufts, as may be read in many anthropological text-books, but exactly the same as ours. It was this — perhaps in the opinion of many people

an insignificant observation — which dissipated my sleep and brought me to a pleasant frame of mind.

Several men from Gorendu again gave me the opportunity to make observations. Lalu asked me for a mirror and having received it began to pluck out the hair of his moustache, the hairs that grew near to the lips and also the hair from the brows — he particularly assiduously plucked out the grey hairs. As I wished to enlarge my collection, I took the tweezers and offered him my services which he, of course, readily agreed to at once. I began to pluck out one hair at a time in order to see the roots.

I note here that the hair of the Papuans is considerably finer than that of the Europeans and with a very much smaller root. Examining the distribution of the hair on the body, I noticed on Bonem's leg completely white patches, resulting probably from deep wounds. Light superficial wounds leave dark scars on the skin of the Papuans, but the deep ones remain a long time, perhaps always, without pigment. By the way, Bonem's feet were very broad, at the toes from 12 to 15 centimetres. The toes were crooked, many were without nails (old wounds). The big toe is at some distance from the second.

Digu's face bore traces of smallpox. He explained to me that the illness came from the north-west and that many died from it. When it happened and whether it happened more than once, I was not able to find out. Incidentally, I satisfied myself that the language of Bongu, a village only 10 minutes walk from Gorendu, has many different words — thus, for example, stone in Gorendu is called *ubu*; in Bongu it is *gitan*; and in Bili Bili *pat*. Lalu has a very typical face, with a narrow forehead (115 millimetres) and broad between the cheek-bones (150 millimetres).

*Jan. 4th*

For the last two weeks quite fresh winds have been blowing, mainly from 10 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the afternoon (they rarely appear in October-November); therefore the days are now much fresher.

Ohlsen persuaded me to go fishing, but as I expected we didn't catch anything. The inhabitants of Gorendu and Bongu were also out

fishing. I directed the boat towards the three nearest lights to see what they were doing. Approaching sufficiently near, I called out to them. There occurred a considerable commotion on the boats, the lights were extinguished at once and the pirogues disappeared into the darkness in the direction of the shore. The cause of the native's flight and the sudden darkness was the presence of women on the pirogues, whom they hurriedly put ashore when I appeared. I recognized this from the sound of women's voices reaching me.

The pirogues, however, returned and in a few minutes we were surrounded by a dozen pirogues and almost every one of the natives handed me one or two fish and thereupon went off to continue fishing. On the platform of each pirogue lay a whole heap of long dry grass (*Imperata*) tied in bundles. Standing at the poop of the boat, a native lit these bundles one after another, which illuminated the surface of the water. On the platform another native was stationed with a *yur* (harpoon) two and one-half or three metres long, which he flung in the water and almost every time speared two or three fish, which he removed from the *yur* with his foot. Often he had to let go of the *yur* from his hands and when this happened the pirogue went up to the *yur*, which was floating in the water upright only to a quarter of its length. The *yur* is so constructed that after being plunged in the water and having caught fish (the fish remain between the prongs) it rises out of the water and floats almost perpendicular. Finally, a third Papuan, sitting in the stern, steers the pirogue.

*Jan. 11th*

For five whole days in succession I was troubled with fever. I will not go into detail to describe my condition, but it would be useful knowledge for those who take it into their heads to come this way. My head ached intolerably these last five days and I was very weak, but not wishing to call Ohlsen, I cautiously got off the bed on to the floor, fearing I might fall if I stood at the time of a paroxysm. All these days I was in some sort of semi-consciousness and I was taking quinine, but not at the right time; that was the chief reason for the fever lasting so long.

About midday several men came from Bongu with an invitation to come to their place. One of the visitors said to me that he was very hungry. I gave him the same coconut which he had brought to me as a gift. At first with an axe, then with a *dongan* (bone knife), he separated the green husk of the nut, and next asked me for a *tabir* (wooden dish). Not having one, I brought him a deep dish. Holding the coconut in the left hand, he struck on it with a stone, and the nut cracked almost exactly in the middle. Holding it over the dish, he broke it open in two almost equal parts, the coconut milk pouring into the dish. His comrade sat down beside him and they both reached into their bags for a *yarur* and started to scrape the fresh kernel of the nut with it, letting the long ribbons of coconut scrapings drop into the coconut milk. In a short time the dish was filled with a white porridge; the two halves of the shell, scraped clean, now became cups, and the same *yarurs* became spoons. The food was prepared so neatly, and the instruments were so simple and practical, that I had to give preference to this way of eating coconut to all others that I have seen. The natives call this food *monki-lya* and it plays a considerable role in then-feasts.

In spite of the drizzling rain I accepted the invitation of the Bongu natives and betook myself there, hoping that I would succeed in thoroughly inspecting the village and that my knowledge of the language had already advanced sufficiently to enable me to comprehend the explanations of the many things as yet not understood by me. I preferred to go to Bongu in the boat. The beach near Bongu is completely open, and in a considerable surf it would be risky to leave the boat drawn up on the beach, as on an incoming tide it would not be long before it would be thrown up onto the beach. However, a large tree called *subari* (*Calophyllum inophyllum*) was found hanging down over the water, to which we fastened the boat. On approaching the tree I threw down an anchor, in the shape of a large stone, from the stern and tying the prow of the boat to the tree, I was able to leave the boat in complete security and proceed to the village. Some natives, standing up to the waist in water, were waiting to transfer me from boat to shore. As I set out to walk to the village, one of the boys ran ahead to announce my approach, and behind me followed 25 native men. From the sandy beach a fairly good well-beaten path led to the village, which

was not visible from the sea. Even at five paces from the first hut signs of habitation were neither visible nor audible, and only after a sharp turn in the path could I see the roof of the first hut, standing right beside the path. Passing it I came out on the village square which was surrounded by a dozen huts.

In the beginning of my journal I described in a general way the Papuan huts. They consist almost entirely of a roof. They have very low walls and small doors. Owing to the absence of windows they are dark inside, and the only furniture consists of a sort of plank bed. But besides these private dwellings, in which single families live, there are still other structures which are for social purposes. These latter are large barn-like buildings and are much larger and higher than the others. They do not usually have a front and rear wall and sometimes no side walls, but consist solely of a high roof supported on columns and reaching almost to the ground. Under the roof on one side are arranged plank beds for sitting or sleeping. Here are kept the utensils, stowed away here and there under the roof, which are used for social functions. Such public buildings are something in the nature of clubs, available solely for men, as I found out later. In Bongu there were five or six, one for almost each open space.

I was led at first to the nearest of these and then in turn to all the others. In each I was awaited by a group of Papuans and at each I left a few pieces of tobacco and some nails for the men and strips of red calico for the women, who even on this day were hidden away by the natives — at least I never saw one of them. The village of Bongu was more important than Gorendu, and three times larger. As in Gorendu, so here, the huts were in the shade of coconut palms and bananas and were placed round a small central area and joined together one with another by short paths.

Finally, after going round the whole village and distributing all my presents, I sat on a plank bed of the large *barla* and around me about 40 natives gathered. This structure was a little more than seven metres wide, nearly 13 metres long, and six metres high in the middle. The roof came down to within a third of a metre from the ground and was supported in the middle by three substantial pillars. On the sides were embedded pillars of about one metre high, three to each side, to which was tied or fixed in some way or other, the roof and on which the rafters were supported. The roof

was somewhat curved outwards and very well constructed, the inner surface being a close and accurately woven latticework. One could be confident that it would withstand any downpour and last for 10 years. Above the plank beds, as I have already said, were hung various weapons; utensils, wooden or of pottery, were on shelves; old coconut shells were packed under the plank beds. It was all sturdy and comfortable.

After resting a while I inspected everything around, questioning as well as I could about that which I did not understand. I then went searching to see what I could find that was interesting. I left Ohlsen and one of the Papuans to receive the reciprocal gifts of the natives, which they were continually bringing out of their huts to the *barla* and giving to Ohlsen. These gifts were sweet potatoes, bananas, coconuts, baked and smoked fish, sugar cane, and so on. At one *barla* the upper part of the back wall was made from some kind of bark and on it were drawings in white, black and red paint. Unfortunately it rained and I could not draw these primitive representations of fish, the sun, stars, and even people, it seemed.

In one *barla* I finally found what I had long been seeking — some figures carved out of wood. The largest of these (more than two metres) stood in the middle of the *barla* near a plank bed, the other (about one and one-half metres) near the entrance, the third, very decayed and worthless, had fallen on the ground. I settled down to draw and made sketches of all three while talking to the natives, who asked me if there were such *telums* in Russia and what they were called there. In one *barla* hung a log carved into a row of human-like figures, but placed at such a height that I could not examine it. This *barla* was the same as the others and apart from the *telums*, there did not appear to be anything particular about it which would give one the right to consider this structure as a temple, as similar structures were described by various travellers at Dore and Humboldt Bay in New Guinea.

I wanted to acquire one of these *telums*. I took out a knife and indicated that I would give two or three such for a small *telum*. They at once brought me some kind of a charred and broken one, which, however, I would not accept, as I had expected I would get something better.

The sun was already low when I returned to the boat after exchanging handshakes, accompanied by exclamations of "*E-me-me.*"



When we reached home and had collected all the gifts out of the boat, it seemed that Ohlsen was very disappointed with the trip. "They didn't give us much; the coconuts are old, the fish is tough as wood, the bananas are green and we didn't see one woman," he grumbled, as he went into the kitchen to boil beans for dinner.

*Jan. 15th*

The night was stormy and the south-west wind was violent and very strong. The forest around groaned from its violence. Now and again the crash of falling trees could be heard and a couple of times I thought our roof would fly off into the sea. At such times one sleeps particularly well, there are practically no mosquitoes and one appreciates the freshness. About one o'clock I was awakened by a fearful crash and a heavy fall, after which something was scattered on our roof. I looked out the door, but it was so dark that absolutely nothing could be distinguished, so I lay down again and soon went back to sleep. I was awakened, however, rather early by the noise of a heavy surf. It was 5 o'clock and only just beginning to get light, and in the half-darkness I could make out that the area in front of the porch was covered with a black mass as high as a man. It appeared that a large tree had been brought down by the wind during the night and had fallen directly in front of our cabin. When a tree falls here, it doesn't fall alone, but brings down with it a mass of vines and other parasitic growths which it sometimes breaks off the nearest trees, or, at the least, their branches tangled in the vines of the fallen tree. In order to get to the stream, I had to clear a track with an axe. The whole day was spent in sterile but necessary labour. Ohlsen had the fever and he could not get on his legs. I had to go for water, make a fire and make tea and then clean up a little round about from the broken branches so as to be able to move freely around the house.

After writing down the meteorological observations and giving Ohlsen his medicine I was free for a couple of hours and could make a start on some anatomical work. At 10 o'clock, however, I was compelled to leave it, remembering that there was no firewood for the preparation of breakfast and dinner. When I had chopped enough wood, I went to the stream to wash rice, which I then boiled

and at the same time baked some sweet potatoes in the ashes. After breakfast I lay down to rest, but my siesta was interrupted by the arrival of several natives who bothered me till 3 o'clock.

One of them pointed out to me that the boat was lying deep in the water; it was full of water as a result of the rain and it could not be left to the following day in that state, as it could rain again during the night and the boat would be completely swamped. Half undressed, I reluctantly went down to the boat and bailed it out. There were 23½ buckets of water. This unaccustomed occupation was very tedious. Stripping off my wet clothes, I looked at the clock. It was 5 o'clock. I had to go to the kitchen again to prepare dinner — boiled beans — and, of course, I never thought that it takes about four hours to cook them! I, therefore, cooked rice again, prepared some curry and baked potatoes, and made tea. I was busy with the cooking, which always makes me depressed, until 6 o'clock. I had my dinner and even then I was not left in peace, as I had to go and bring in the washing which was put out to dry, as it began to drizzle — and then I had to get the lamps ready, etc.

Even to drink tea involves work. I have had no sugar for several months and tea alone is not to my taste. I had thought of a way of drinking it with sugar cane. I cut off the hard rind of the cane with a knife and slice it into discs, chew them a little and suck the sweet juice while sipping the tea. About 8 o'clock I start on my diary. At 9 o'clock I write down the temperature of the air. go down to the sea, write down the temperature of the sea and the stream, check the height of the tide, note the direction of the wind, enter all this in the journal and then gladly go to sleep. I have described the routine of this particular day as an example of man) others, in anticipation of the time when having forgotten the details of my life here, I will be annoyed with myself to find what little I have done in respect to science while in New Guinea.

*Jan. 17th*

I took it into my head to go to Bongu to finish off the drawing: of the *telums* and the pictures on the wall of one of the *barlas*. Meeting Tui, who was coming to see me, I suggested to him to

come with me. He agreed. When we passed through Gorendu, Bonem and Digu joined us. Coming out of the forest on to the sea, we went along a sloping sandy beach. The tide was coming in and the waves were dashing up the beach to the highest point of the tide, up to where the jungle formed a thick wall of vegetation. Not wishing to wet my boots, I had to pick the time when the wave rolled back and run across from one place to another. The natives were quite pleased with the opportunity to run, or perhaps they wished to find out if I *could* run, and they set off after me. Wishing, myself, to compare my strength with theirs, I came level with them and we set off at a run. The natives understood at once what it was all about, and they put their best foot forward. To my surprise my legs turned out to be stronger and I beat them all. There were five of them, all were young and healthy, and apart from a girdle, completely naked; yet, apart from the usual clothes, I had boots and gaiters.

Arriving at Bongu I went straight to the *barla* to do the drawings on the back wall. When I had finished the drawings, I distributed some pieces of tobacco among the natives, who were beginning to like it more and more, and started to walk through the village. Although my presence was known to all the village this time (apparently the first time) the women did not run off into the jungle but only hid in the huts on my approach. I could not make out their faces; their figures were similar to the males. Their costume was different from the male in that, instead of a girdle, some kind of thick apron hung in front and behind.

When I got ready to leave they brought me some bananas and two pieces of meat, probably baked on the coals and carefully pressed between two slices of wood. One of these pieces was pork and intended for me, but the other was dog meat, which they asked me to give to Ohlsen.

When I arrived home I had a good appetite and I gave the pork to Ohlsen, but took the dog meat for myself, leaving him a half. It turned out very dark and stringy, but edible. Ohlsen at first was horrified when I offered him the dog meat, but finished by eating it too. New Guinea dog is probably not so tasty as the Polynesian, about which Cook testifies that he found the dog meat better than pork.

*Jan. 25th*

For six days I suffered with fever, one attack following another, It rained a good many times.

I went to Gorendu for sugar cane. While the natives went to their gardens for it, I did a few drawings of huts, and for the first time I saw how the natives keep water for themselves — in large bamboos as is done in many places in the Malay Archipelago. I found out only today — that is, after 5 months of my stay here — the Papuan words signifying "morning" and "afternoon." I haven't got the word "night" yet. It is ridiculous and annoying to have to say, that only today I succeeded in finding out how to translate the word "good" in Papuan. Up to the present I have twice gone astray, supposing that I knew the word, and of course, making use of it. Obviously the Papuans did not understand what I meant to say with this word. It is very difficult to understand the meaning of a word which you wish to know if it is not simply the name of an object. For example, how to explain that you want to know the word of "good."

The native, standing in front of you, understands that you wish to know some word or other. You take some object, which you know the native likes, in one hand, and another object in the other hand, which in your opinion has no value for him. You show the first object and say "good," trying at the same time to show a pleased physiognomy. The native knows, that hearing the Russian word, he has to say his own word, and he says something. Then you show another object, make a sour face, and throw it away in disdain. With the word "bad" the native also speaks his word. You try several times with different natives, and you get different words. Finally, after many attempts and doubts, I came across a native who I was convinced understood me. it turned out that the word of "good" in Papuan was *kaz*. I wrote it down and memorized it and used it for a couple of months, calling something *kaz* and having the satisfaction of seeing that the natives made a pleased face and repeated *kaz, kaz*.

However, I later noticed that it was as if they did not at all understand that I *wanted* to say "good." This happened, however, only in the third month. I began to look for opportunities to check this word. I met in Bongu a man who seemed to me very smart, one who had imparted to me many

who had imparted to me many difficult words already. Before us, near a hut, stood a good pot and not far away lay the fragments of another. I took them both and repeated the above-mentioned procedure. The native understood me it seems, thought a little and said two words. I began to check, pointing to various objects — a whole and a broken shoe, fruit suitable for food and others unsuitable, and asked *vab* (the word which he had given to me). He repeated *vab* each time. At last! I think I have found it. Again I used the word *vab* for about a month and again I have noticed that this word doesn't suit, and I even discovered that *kaz* is the native name for tobacco, and *vab* signifies a large pot! What makes it more difficult is that natives in general have the habit of repeating your words. You say, pointing to a good object, *kaz*; the native repeats *kaz*, and you think that he understands you — but the Papuans think that you are speaking in your own language and try to remember that such and such a thing you call *kaz*. At last, I have found the word for "good" — it is *aouye*. I acquired it in a roundabout way, for which I needed 10 days. When I saw that my first method was not much good, I began to listen in on the talk between them, and in order to find out the word for "good," I began by getting the word for "bad," knowing that man is inclined to use the word "bad" more frequently than the word "good." I apparently succeeded in this, but for all that, I was not fully certain that I had found it, so I had recourse to guile, which helped quite well. I started by giving them various salty, bitter or sour substances to taste and then listened to what the persons tasting were saying to their comrades. I found "bad," "nasty" — in a word, "not good" — was expressed by the word *borle*. With the help of the word *borle*, whose meaning was clear to everyone, I got from Tui the meaning of its opposite, which is *aouye*.

Still more amazing is the story of the word *kiringa*, which the natives used very frequently in conversations with me, and which I supposed signified "women." It was just the other day — that is, after the lapse of two months — I found out that this word is *not* Papuan, and Tui and the other natives became convinced that it wasn't Russian either, which they had assumed it to be. How the word came to appear and how the misunderstanding came about I do not know.

This is why my lexicon of Papuan words is building up so slowly and I don't know when it will ever be substantial.

My teeth are beginning to ache from chewing and sucking of sugar cane, but without it my tea is tasteless. It is strange that at times I feel a certain need to eat something sweet.

*Feb. 7th*

By arrangement Tui came to me at about 6 o'clock in order to go with me to Bongu. Tui decided today to eat a plate of boiled rice, and then off we went.

From Gorendu to Bongu one has to go along the beach, and at high tide the water comes up to your knees.

In Bongu I discovered still another large *telum* which I lost no time in drawing. In the left hand of the large *telum* a small one was held, made of clay and of quite unskilled workmanship. I acquired the latter for three pieces of tobacco.

I tried to get them to bring me a skull, but the natives assured me that the Russians had collected them all, showing me some trash which they had received for them. One of the natives of Bongu finally showed me a bush under which there should be a skull. But neither he nor anybody else wanted to get it for me. I went myself to the bush then, and retrieved a skull lying on the ground surrounded by the bones of pigs and dogs. The natives withdrew a few paces, saying that it was not good, and that I should throw it away. This incident, and the fact that the natives will part with the skulls of their fellow-countrymen for a trifle, seems to me proof that the skull to them has no particular honour. I had thought that the skull I had acquired belonged to some enemy, and that is why it had little value, and I asked the natives about this, but to my surprise I heard that it was a *tamo Bongu*.

I then set about purchasing some food supplies. I got plenty of fish; then I acquired by barter, a bunch of ripening bananas, which I heaved over my shoulder. Finally, with a *telum* in my pocket and a skull in my hand, I set out for home. From the weight and fast walking I became very hot, but then when the high tide washed over my legs, already thoroughly soaked, I began to feel a great coldness, shivering and dizziness. At Gorendu I suggested to Digu to carry the bananas and a couple of coconuts.

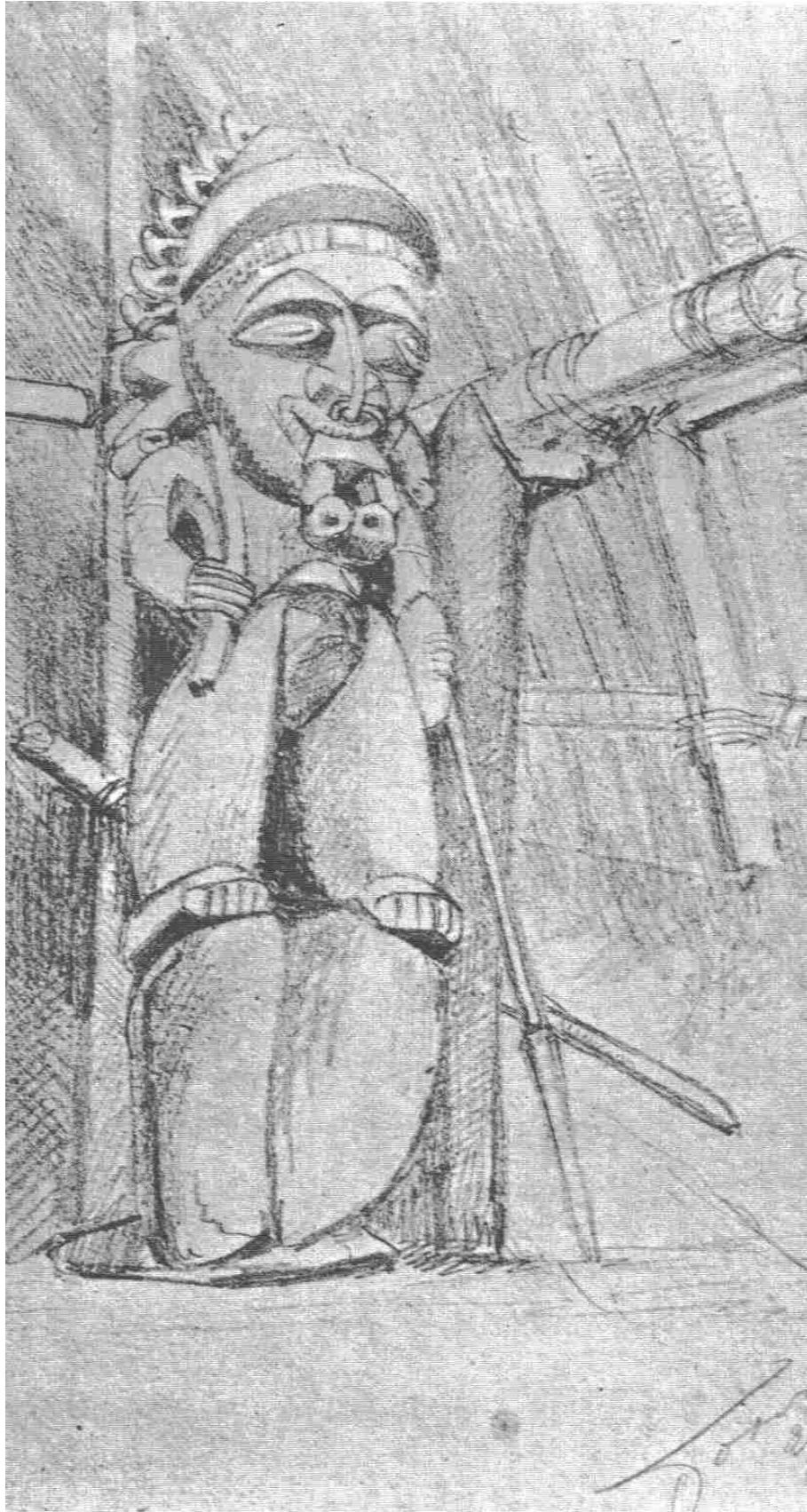
At last I got home. I just managed to throw off my wet clothes when I had to lay down, so violent was the paroxysm. My jaws, as a result of the fever, shook so that my teeth chattered and it was impossible for me to say even a few words to Ohlsen, who was so terrified, thinking that I was dying. He threw himself down beside my bunk and sobbed, overwhelmed by the thought of his fate in the case of my death. I do not recall such a paroxysm of such a high temperature, as it did not go down for nearly six hours.

At the same time I was surprised by a strange sensation. In the change from chill to heat I suddenly felt a strange illusion of my senses. I definitely felt that my body was growing, the head enlarged more and more till it reached nearly to the ceiling, the hands became enormous, the fingers became as thick and as big as my arms. I felt, at the same time, a feeling of the enormous heaviness of my expanding body. It was strange that I did not sleep; it was not delirium, but a definite sensation which lasted for about an hour and which exhausted me. The paroxysm was so violent and the sensation so strange that I will be a long time forgetting it. I certainly had to pay for the wet legs, and the feeling of cold during my morning walk.

*Feb. 8th*

I took 0.8 gramme of quinine in the night and the same dose before breakfast, and although my ears were ringing terribly and I was deaf all day, there was no attack. Today the weather was particularly pleasant; slightly overcast, warm (29° C.) and completely calm. The total silence is broken only by the call of birds and the almost continuous song of the cicada. At times a ray of sunlight broke through. The vegetation, freshened by the night's rain, at such moments, seems to shine, and brightens up the walls of my *palazzo*. The distant mountains seem more blue and the silvery sea glitters alluringly in its frame of greenery. Then once again it gradually grows dim and becomes calm, immobile. The eyes are rested also. In a word it is peaceful, good . . .

Noisy people also did not interfere today; no one came. I have been thinking that in a state of great peace (true, it is difficult to attain) a man can feel perfect happiness. Probably millions of people think thus,



6. A telum, Bongu (Maclay's sketch)





7. A telum at Bogadjim

people think thus, but on the other hand millions seek happiness in its opposite.

I am so satisfied with my solitude. Although the contact with people is not burdensome, they are for me almost superfluous. Even the society (if it can be called the society) of Ohlsen seems to me to be an intrusion — therefore we do not eat together. Each of us eats in his own half. It seems to me that if it wasn't for the fact of sickness, I wouldn't mind being always here, and never return to Europe.

At a time when I was strolling about in the bush, my attention was drawn to a tree, almost all the leaves of which were eaten by insects, and it was covered with various fungi. And in temperate climes I have never met such varied forms of leaves on one and the same tree. Examining them, one would find it hard to believe that they all grew on the one branch. The vegetation here is distinguished from the vegetation of the temperate zones by the huge variety of parasitic plants and vines which wind around the trunks and branches of the trees, and when all these parasites are removed they lose their luxurious appearance, seeming then very meagre and shabby. These same trees, when they grow freely, on their own — as, for example, on the seashore — represent magnificent specimens of the vegetable kingdom.

Every day I am observing the movement of leaves and it is quite remarkable. One plant of the lily family has leaves which lift themselves proudly in the morning and after each shower and sadly let them droop around the stem till they touch the ground on hot sunny days. I regret that my eyes are not adequate to notice and see everything around me, and that my brain hasn't sufficient power to understand it all.

*Feb. 9th*

In the morning I wandered quite a distance. I came out of the forest on to a path which led me to a fence beyond which I saw the heads of several familiar inhabitants of Gorendu. Among them were also women. They were working, having taken off their superfluous clothes. In place of the long fringed aprons in front and behind, they had, like the men, only a girdle, but much narrower than the men's.

A cross belt passed between the legs. As soon as I appeared they did not delay in hiding themselves behind a clump of sugar cane, and they did not show themselves while I was on their plantation.

The plantation was of recent origin. The fence, the height of a man, was quite new and made very firm. It consisted of poles very close to each other thrust into the earth; they were actually sticks of sugar cane; they were planted in two rows about 20 centimetres apart. This gap was filled with broken branches, brush, pieces of split trees, and then at frequent intervals the cane stalks of the two rows were brought together and bound, thus holding all this mass of brushwood together. What in the main, gave this fence its strength was the fact that in the course of a short time after the planting of the cane stalks, they took root and began to grow and with each month and year they became stronger. The doorway or gate takes the form of a break in the fence, such that one has to step over a threshold a third to two-thirds of a metre high. This is a precautionary measure against wild pigs, who could get into the gardens.

Several intersecting paths subdivide the large cultivated area of the garden into plots on which were raised dome-shaped beds, neatly laid out. They were about 75 centimetres in diameter. The soil of which they were comprised had been broken up very fine. Various plants were growing in each bed, such as sweet potatoes, sugar cane, tobacco and many other plants unknown to me. The remarkably good cultivation of the soil caused me to turn my attention to the tools serving this purpose, but except for a simple long digging stick and a narrow short spade, I didn't find anything.

At the fence a small fire was smouldering, which mainly served the natives for lighting their cigars. Up to the present I have not been able to discover any method the natives might have for making fire. I always saw them carrying it with them, and arriving at a place, making a small fire so that the original fire did not go out. This evening I learnt many words from Tui, but I couldn't get the word for "speak." Tui it seems, is beginning to get very interested in geography; he repeated after me the names of parts of the world and countries which I showed to him on the map. But it is very probable that he considers Russia a little larger than Bongu or Bili Bili.

*Feb. 12th*

Today was a good day for me. I got six well-preserved complete Papuan skulls and this is how it happened. After accidentally finding out that there were a good many skulls in Gumbu, I went there and at once started to draw their *telums* — which, however, proved to be rather difficult on account of the darkness of the hut. In other huts, however, I also found *telums* which were brought out on to the village square, where I drew them, after which I opened up the bundle of presents — nails, tobacco and strips of red cloth — and then I announced that I wanted *tamo-gate*.

I heard some of them say that there were no more skulls, that the Russians had collected them all. I maintained my ground, insisting that they did have some, and showed them again a piece of tobacco, three large nails, and a long strip of red cotton material; that was the price I intended to pay for each skull. Soon they brought a skull, a little later two more, then still another three. With great satisfaction I distributed what I had promised to the natives, and in addition gave to each not one but two strips of red cloth. I tied the skulls together and attached them to a pole, and in spite of a mass of ants, I heaved them on my shoulder. I regret very much that not one skull was given to me with the lower jaw, which the natives always keep to themselves and do not readily part with. It serves them as a memento of the dead.

*Feb. 14th*

Today was the first day that Tui brought me some baked taro. I had just arranged myself to draw the fifth skull when guests appeared from a distant mountain village. Neither the physiognomy nor the colour of the skin or their ornamentation distinguished them from my neighbours. When I showed them their faces in a mirror, one would have to see their foolishly surprised and puzzled faces. Some of them turned away and then cautiously had another look in the mirror, but towards the end this outlandish thing pleased them so much, that they were almost tearing it out of each other's hands. From one of my guests I bartered some iron trifles for a case to hold lime which had quite an original ornament.

On their departure Ohlsen noticed that a knife had disappeared from our kitchen, and he suspected one of the accompanying inhabitants of Gorendu. This was the first theft by a native, and for this reason I cannot let it go without notice, and must take measures against the repetition of such happenings. Today, however, I am unable to go to the village to expose the thief. I had to attend to the boat, which is beginning to leak badly. In many places there were worm holes. I decided, after cleaning the underside, to cover it with a thin coating of tar; for this it was necessary to turn it over or put it on its side. This was a heavy job for two of us, but we managed it.

*Feb. 16th*

I was busy around the boat, when an inhabitant of Gorendu came in a hurry to say that he was sent by Tui to call for me. A tree had fallen on him. Tui had chopped it down, and in falling, it had seriously injured him in the head, and now he was lying down and dying. Gathering everything for bandaging, I hastened to the village. The wounded man half lay on a mat and was apparently very glad of my arrival. Seeing that I had brought with me various things for bandaging him, he readily took off what he already had on his head which consisted of grass and leaves. The wound was a little above the temple with rather long torn edges. I had forgotten to pick up the curved scissors which proved to be necessary to cut off the hair around the wound. With the big scissors that I had brought, I would only irritate the wound. The fine curly hair matted with blood presented a thick crust.

Having done what I could I told Tui and the old man Bua, who came to watch the bandaging, about yesterday's theft, and said that I suspected one of the inhabitants of Gorendu. Both of them said with some heat that this was bad, but the suspected person would give back the knife. Having returned to Garagassi for breakfast and picking up the scissors, lint, etc., I returned to Gorendu. I washed Tui's wound, and the whole community gathered round, and amongst them also the supposed thief. After finishing the bandaging I straightaway turned to this man (Makine) and said, "Bring me my knife." Very calmly, as if there was nothing to it, he drew out the

knife and handed it to me. As I learned subsequently, this happened as a result of a demand by all the inhabitants of Gorendu.

I explained to Tui that he should lie down, not to go out in the sun and not take off the bandages. His paleness was noticeable in spite of the dark colour of the face. It manifested itself in a colder shade of the skin colour. As I was leaving, Tui pointed out to me a large bundle of *aous* and sugar cane, which had been got ready for me; this was it seems the fee for the treatment. Tui did not wish to take for it some tobacco which I had left for him, so that he would not think that I helped him for the sake of the fee. Many inhabitants of Gorendu who came to me in the evening pointed out a tree, standing near the house and threatening to fall, adding also that the roof of my house was bad, and that it leaked. They suggested that I settle down with them in Gorendu, saying that all the people in Gorendu would very quickly build me a house.

That the roof is bad is true, so much so that in two places I can see the moon shining through.

*Feb. 11th*

I finished drawing the skulls. They were all *hypsistenocephale* (according to Volker) — that is, long and high-headed. I was in Gorendu wanting to dress Tui's wound, but I didn't find anybody in the whole village except for three or four dogs; all the people were at work or in the forest. Tui, feeling better probably, had gone also.

*Feb. 18th*

In the morning when I arrived at Gorendu, I found Tui in a much worse state than on the day when it happened. The wound was suppurating badly and above and below the eyes there was a considerable swelling. Reproving the injured man for his thoughtless excursion of yesterday, I dressed the wound and told him he would die if he went about in the sun and added that I would see him again in the evening. I was just about to have dinner when Lyalai, Tui's youngest son, came running with an invitation from his father to dine in Gorendu; as he said, they had ready for me, fish, taro, *aous*, coconut and sugar cane.

I dined, however, at home and then set out with Lyalai and Lalu for the village.

Crossing the stream I heard a sudden exclamation from Lalu and on turning round, and asking him what was the matter, I found out that Lalu had stepped on a snake, a very *borle* (bad one), from the bite of which a man could die. I quickly turned back to the place where Lalu showed me the snake, quietly lying across the track. Seeing me approaching the snake, both natives cried out "*Borle, borle, oka Maklai mpen!*" (bad, bad, not good, Maklai will die). In order to settle with the creature, I had to almost separate its head with a knife, then picking up the snake by the tail, I called to Ohlsen and sent my trophy home, and myself with hastening steps (the sun was already going down) went to the village.

Usually, my whistle warned the inhabitants of Gorendu of my approach, and I did this, as I have remarked before, so that the women had the time to hide themselves, knowing that my neighbours did not wish to show them to me. Not wishing to embarrass them I gave a warning of my presence by a whistle, to show them that I was not sneaking up on them, and not trying to spy on their way of life. I had remarked many times that the natives appreciated this action. They saw that I was acting openly, and that I did not wish to see more than they wished to show me. At my whistle all the women, young and old, hid in the bushes or in the huts. Today was the same. Using the last rays of the sun I dressed Tui's injury, making myself comfortable near the patient, around whom had already gathered a large company of neighbours, and also inhabitants of Bongu and Gumbu.

Tui remarked that at my *kin-kan-kan* (this is the name he made up for my whistling and he pronounced it through his nose) all the *nangeli* (women) ran away but that was very bad because Maklai was *tamo bilen* (good man). At this I heard a woman's voice behind me, as if disproving Tui's words, and turning round I saw an old woman who smiled good-naturedly. It was Tui's wife, an old, very ugly woman, with pendulous, long, flat breasts, and a wrinkled body dressed in a skirt of some kind of dirty yellow-grey fibre, which covered her from the waist to the knee. Her hair hung in

At the same time, from out of the bushes and huts, women of various ages and young girls appeared. Each of the men presented his wife to me, and the wife extended her hand to me. Only the young girls in very short dresses giggled, nudged each other and hid one behind the other.

Each woman brought me some sugar cane and a bunch of *aous*. Everybody seemed pleased with the friendliness, or with the fact that they were relieved at last of the obligation to hide their wives at my arrival. The men formed a group round the recumbent Tui, smoking and talking and constantly turning to me (I now understood already quite a lot of their language although I could not yet speak much). The women arranged themselves at some distance round Tui's wife, busy with the cleaning of taro. Many of the younger women — as, for example, the wife of Tui's eldest son Bonem — were quite good-looking. The face and body were well rounded and the small firm breasts reminded me of the conical breasts of the girls of Samoa.

Here, as there, the girls develop early. Still almost children, they already begin to have the look of young women. The girls have long fringed skirts and these are replaced by another costume which can be compared to two aprons, one of which hangs in front and the other behind. At the sides the upper part of the leg from the waist remains uncovered. The front apron is shorter than the back. For the girls younger than 12 years, the apron has the appearance of a brush, the back one being much longer than the front one and like a tail. I had so many gifts from the women that two natives had to bring them to Garagassi, to which I hastened because it was already getting dark. I didn't manage to reach home before I was caught in a downpour.

*Feb. 19th*

I found Tui's wound in a bad state in consequence of the fact that he cannot sit at one spot, but goes out a lot in the sun. He wanted to regale me with taro but the fire in his hut was out. Lyalai was sent for fire, and returning after about 10 minutes, announced to his father that there was no fire anywhere. As there was nobody else in the village but we three, and there was not a hut which wasn't firmly closed with bamboo, Tui ordered his son to inspect all the huts to find whether



there wasn't fire somewhere about. Some girls came running up and they and Lyalai started to look through the huts, but it turned out that there was no fire anywhere. Tui was very annoyed, wishing to cook the taro and also to smoke. He consoled himself by saying that people would soon be bringing fire back from the gardens. I was thus convinced that my neighbours as yet had no method of making fire.

The home-coming women arranged themselves near me and with great curiosity inspected me and my clothes. This curiosity was quite natural, seeing that up to that time they had not seen me at close range. I myself examined them closely. Some of the girls had their hair cut short, many had the hair smeared with ashes or lime; the first for destroying insects, the second to make the hair lighter. The old women wore their hair long, and their *gatessi* (the locks at the back of the head), thickly smeared with black earth, hung round their head. The women and girls coming from the plantation brought large bags on their backs which were supported by a band across the forehead. When the bag was full and heavy they bent far forward in order to maintain their balance.

Like the men, the nasal partition of the women was pierced. In the ears, besides the usual large holes for big rings, there is still another in the upper part of the ears. Through this passes a thread which then passes over the top of the head from one ear to the other, and on the free ends, which hang down to the shoulders, pairs of dog's teeth are threaded. Under the roof and above the entrance to one hut, I noticed a large beetle energetically trying to free itself from a loop which had been tied round it. Lyalai, the seven-year-old son of Tui, revealed that it was his beetle which he had brought to eat, but if I wanted it, I could take it. The beetle proved to be a new species and complete, so I took advantage of the boy's offer. While I was untying the beetle, Tui pointed out a large spider to me, and said that the inhabitants of Gorendu, Bongu and Gumbu eat *kobum* (spider) also. Thus to the animal food of the Papuans must be counted the butterfly grubs, beetles, spiders, etc.

*Feb. 20th*

When I approached Tui's hut in the morning, I saw a whole crowd of men and women. This latter fact, the presence of women, particularly surprised

me, since usually at that time, all the women were working in the plantations. When I came up to Tui, I surmised what was the matter — all his forehead, cheeks and the upper part of his neck, formed a continuous swelling. His eyelids were so swollen that he could scarcely open his eyes. Tui hardly spoke. The natives were fussing round him thinking perhaps that he might die. Examining the patient and finding that the whole mass yielded to pressure, I decided to go back to Garagassi for everything necessary to make a poultice. Taking a lancet with me, I returned to Gorendu where I was met by all with expressions of joy. Having prepared the poultice from linseed, I applied it very perseveringly so that soon without an incision a considerable quantity of liquid matter oozed out of the wound. I continued the poultices for several hours, changing them frequently and conscientiously.

A large company surrounded us at a respectful distance, all sitting and sprawling in the most varied poses, to describe which, with the best wish in the world, would be far from easy, and in any case would not give a clear presentation of the scene. The chief occupation of the women and girls was the search for lice in the men's head-dress, which they bit between the teeth and probably swallowed.

Today I distributed to some women strips of red material, to others a quantity of beads, which I measured out with a teaspoon, giving two teaspoons to each. The distribution to the women went much more calmly than the distribution of something to the men. Each woman received her gift and went away, not asking for anything additional, and only a smile or a giggle expressed their satisfaction. The men, it seemed, liked tobacco more than anything else. During Tui's illness his wife and his son's wife prepared meals for the family and for me. As I followed closely the preparation, distribution and consumption of the food by the natives, I was surprised by the quantity which the Papuan has to consume to maintain his existence. Not greed, but a positive necessity compels them to eat so much in such countries where there is insufficient animal food. The natives, particularly the children, gorge themselves to such an extent that it is positively difficult for them to move.

*Feb. 21st*

I feel very bad, but my apprehension about the health of Tui made me go to Gorendu. Thanks to yesterday's poultices the swelling was less and was still going down. When I pressed it with my fingers a large quantity of fluid flowed from the wound. When I returned home I had to lie down all day.

Today when I went to Gorendu there were no women about. Being sure that Tui was better, they went to work on the plantation, where they usually go all day. For savages, women are more necessary than in our civilized world. The native women work more for the benefit of the men — with us it is the other way round. To this circumstance is related the absence of unmarried women among savages and the considerable number of "old maids" with us. Here every girl knows that she will have a husband. They care very little, comparatively speaking, about their external appearance.

*Feb. 22nd*

Today I made an interesting discovery. Passing by the hut of one of the natives, I observed his occupation. In front of him was a cup in the form of a large coconut, another with an opening in the middle was also from a coconut and had the bottom covered with a layer of fine grass. Putting the second cup on to the first, he poured on the grass some kind of dark green liquid from a third cup, which filtered the liquid into the lower cup. When I asked what this was, he answered by giving me a piece of root called *keu* and showed me that by drinking this liquid he went to sleep.

Although I did not see the leaves of this *keu* I thought that it could be none other than *Piper methysticum*, or the Polynesian *kava*. As far as I know the use of *kava* by the natives of New Guinea has been unknown up to the present.

*Feb. 24th*

Not finding Tui in Gorendu, I went to the plantation, supposing that I would find him there, and I was not mistaken. He sat there in spite of

of the burning sun, near the working members of his lending him back to the village, I remained some time at the plantation, watching the way they worked the soil. I have already said that the plantations of the Papuans are very well cultivated, and that the circular raised beds are made of carefully pulverized soil. All this is achieved, as I saw, quite simply but with much labour, by means of two of the most primitive implements — a simple sharpened stick more than two metres long, called by the natives *udya*, and a narrow spade one metre long. This is how the process of cultivation of the soil is carried out. Two, three or more men stand in a row and all together thrust their digging sticks in the earth as deep as possible, then in unison again, they raise the long clod of soil. Thus they continue on, turning over whole rows of such clods. Several men, also by means of digging sticks, beat these clods smaller and behind them follow women, armed with *udya-sabs*, narrow spades, who break up the large lumps of soil, make the beds, and even spread the soil with their hands.

*Feb. 26th*

Got another skull from Gumbu, and this time with the lower jaw. I saw several inhabitants of Koliku-mana who invited me to come to their place; with them was a young woman who, compared with others, was very beautiful.

*Feb. 27th*

Got up before dawn. Provided myself with provisions for the entire day — boiled beans and taro — and went off to Gorendu, where, by arrangement, I was to meet Bonem and Digu who would be ready to accompany me. After dressing Tui's wound, which was much better, I asked about Bonem. Answer — "He went to Tengum-mana." "Where is Digu?" — "He went with Bonem." *Tamo borle*, I said; I was the more annoyed in that I did not know the road to Koliku-mana. The direction was known to me compass, but the paths here are so capricious, that wishing to strike south, one goes, it seems, often to the north, then by various twists

and turns, sometimes east, sometimes west, one finally finds the right direction. There are also such occasions when the path suddenly comes to an end: in front of you is a narrow but deep ravine, below is a stream, on the other side a solid green wall of vegetation. Where to go now to find the road? This is a well-beaten path, many people have been along it, but it has come to an end. It is necessary with the help of a tree hanging over the ravine to go down to the stream, there find another tree, get up onto a branch, almost hidden in the greenery, cross onto another tree and then go as far as a certain bend and jump down on a stump, and there on the other side of the ravine is where the path continues. Or it may be that you have to go up or down the stream in the water for a 100 or 200 paces in order to find the track again. Similar problems being met on the tracks made me still more vexed with the deserters.

As I did not wish to give the impression that they could make a fool of me, I announced that I myself would find the road. I took out my compass; the natives stepped back a pace or two, but all could see the moving needle of the compass. I looked at it (more for the effect) and, very self-assured, chose the path and set out, to the great surprise of the Papuans. I decided to go to Bongu and there find myself a companion. Having gone about half way, I heard behind me the voice of some of my acquaintances calling me. The inhabitants of Gorendu had had second thoughts about it. Fearing to make me angry, they had sent along two men. But these two men came more for the purpose of persuading me not to go to Koliku-mana, rather than to show me the way. After a long conversation they returned to Gorendu and I went on. Again I heard steps. It was Lako armed with a spear; he said he would go with me to Koliku-mana.

I couldn't wish for anything more and set off cheerfully on the track. I often turned aside so that Lako coming behind me (the Papuans are so distrustful that they would not let me go behind them) could point out to me the proper path. If I had been alone, I would have lost my way many times.

From the jungle we finally came out on the steep seashore. Beneath us, about 9 to 12 metres below, was a lovely little bay. We had to get down there. This little bay turned out to be a task for me, similar to what I have described above. The path went up to the cliff, turned and went south into the depths of the jungle, but I had to go south-west.

Lako went to a tree and waved his hand for me to follow him. When I was near he pointed out the direction to me, and he himself quickly, but carefully, began to descend by the roots of the tree down to the beach. I followed behind him on the same aerial ladder, which although it appeared puzzling was, in fact, not particularly difficult. Of course, we had to hang on with our hands while dangling in space, seeking with our feet for the next support. If I should have lost my grip and fallen, then I would probably have smashed my skull. Down below, we went for about five minutes along the beach and again went into the jungle. I heard a cry in the distance again. It was the same people from Gorendu. We waited a little till they caught up with us; they announced that they were coming with us to Koliku-mana. We then continued through the jungle, forded two streams, then came to a small river, the Tengum, by which we descended to the seashore, and next crossed two more small rivers. These rivers were comparatively cold (25.5° C.) and contrasted unpleasantly with the temperature of the hot sand of the beach, already heated by the sun to 39° C., although it was only 8.30 a.m.

We travelled along the beach another half-an-hour and then stopped at two large trees, from where the path led into the jungle. This spot, it seems, serves as a regular resting place for travellers going to Koliku-mana. Soon, however, we came out on to a clearing covered with grass as tall as a man. This grass covers all flat and sloping places in the neighbourhood and is called *unan* by the natives. It grows so thick and is so tough, that without paths it would be almost impossible to make one's way through it even for a short distance.

The sun was beginning to make itself felt. The strips of forest which sometimes intersected the clearing were pleasantly refreshing in their coolness. We imperceptibly ascended the mountain and then we had to again descend into a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a stream was tumbling along. The trees overhanging on both sides formed a vault — it reminded me of a Sicilian *fiumara*. The bottom of the stream was as if paved with stones, and the water not more than a foot deep, with a distinctive roar, was rushing headlong to the sea. All the streams of the coast are of this type with a very steep fall which explains their impetuous flow. When it rains, within a few hours they become completely impassable, with a thundering roar

and tumbling boulders undermining the banks and carrying away fallen and broken trees.

We climbed on to the other side, the path leading up the mountain and pretty well all the time through the jungle. At the last tree, Lako pointed out to me the first huts of Koliku-mana. A series of bare hills stretched to the crest of the main range. One could distinguish at some places the black line of a path which led higher and higher. The track proved to be steep and slippery from the recent rain. The sun shone fiercely, but the view on either side was very fine.

We went along the fence of a wide plantation situated on the slope of the hill. One could only marvel at the enterprise and industry of the natives, having regard to the size of the area and the careful cultivation of the soil. Near the fence, sugar cane was growing, and my companions wanted to have some fun, so they called out something. A female voice answered and approached the fence quickly. My companions stood in front of me on a high part of the path completely hiding me. Through the sugar cane I saw a young woman approaching. When she reached the fence, the natives, while speaking to her, quickly stepped aside, and there I stood in front of her. An intense fear showed itself on the face of the Papuan girl, who had never yet seen a white man. Her half-opened mouth emitted a long drawn-out expiration of breath, her eyes opened wide and spasmodically blinked a few times. Her hands, convulsively grasping the sugar cane, supported the upper part of her body which was thrown back, while her legs scarcely supported her. My companions, satisfied with the effect of their joke, explained to her who I was, and I, having thrown her a piece of red cloth, went on.

The path became steeper. At last the first coconut palm appeared and then the roof of a native hut. In a couple of minutes I was on the village square surrounded by six or seven huts. Two men and a boy received me and they were joined by an old, very ugly woman. My companions took a lot of trouble so that the inhabitants of Koliku-mana had a good impression of me. As far as I could understand, they lavished praise on my qualities, of the healing of Tui's wound. They spoke of the wonderful things in my *tal*, etc.

After resting and giving the men tobacco and the women cloth, I started to inspect the surrounding locality and the huts. The area in which the

village was situated was the summit or one of the heights of the range and was surrounded by thick vegetation and about a dozen coconut palms, so that only at two or three places could one see neighbouring countryside. The view of the north was particularly fine, with green hills in the foreground, a chain of green mountains and behind them the characteristic outline of Constantine Peak; below, the sparkling sea and the islands. In the south and south-east a whole labyrinth of mountains and hills was visible covered with jungle. Some slopes were of a light green colour; these were not covered with jungle but with unan (*Imperata*).

The huts could not be distinguished in character from those of the coastal villages. They were, however, smaller, probably in consequence of the restricted area available on the summit and the difficulty of hauling the building material.

The natives, gathered around me, did not present any differences from the coastal population. Externally they differed in that they wore much less ornamentation. In the *buambramra* I found a *telum* which I sketched. Then I went to the next group of huts, and then to the third, which stood apart, higher than the two other groups and to which one had to climb by a steep path. While a meal was being prepared for me and my companions, I began to question them about the *mab* (a species of cuscus which, according to the coastal natives, was very frequently met with in the mountains). I was brought only a broken skull of one and the lower jaws of two others.

They brought to us finally two *tabirs*, one for me and one for my companions. After the walk it all seemed to me excellently cooked. When we started to eat, all the natives left the square, leaving me and my companions alone. Some of the natives occupied themselves with the preparation of *keu*. The meal given to me was huge, and of course, I ate only a quarter of it. In spite of my objection, the remainder was wrapped up for me in a banana leaf so that I could eat it *mondon* (afterwards), but meanwhile it hung in the *auam-bramra*.

At one place where there was a clear view between the trees of the surroundings, they pointed out to me, among other things, the position of the villages Englam and Tengum-mana which I had the intention of visiting. All the natives were very obliging and when I was about to leave, from each of the huts the owner brought some



*ayan* (yams, *Dioscorea*) which were laid at my feet. On leaving I invited them to Garagassi.

It was 4 o'clock and the sun was still fierce. The road down was particularly tiring on the open hills and in the shade of the jungle it was very damp and chilly. When I came to the sea, where the wind caught me, it was very cold, so in spite of my weariness I increased my pace, but for all that I did not escape an attack of fever. Coming into Bongu, without saying a word, I went to one of the large huts, and taking off my wet boots I stretched out on a *barla* and was soon asleep. When I woke up in the night I felt quite well again, and I decided to go home which proved to be possible on account of the fine moonlight night.

*Feb. 28th*

I went to Gumbu hoping to collect some more skulls there. I did not hurry, feeling some tiredness from yesterday's excursion. On reaching the path leading into the village, I sat down to rest and admire the sea. My meditation was interrupted by the appearance of a native who was running along the beach. In his left hand above his head he held a bow and arrows and hanging on his shoulder was a stone axe. He ran quite fast and from time to time made some sort of sign with his right hand. The inhabitants of the village, who were coming straight towards me, spoke animatedly together at the sight of the runner, and still more animatedly when, after the first runner, a second, a third and a fourth followed.

They all ran quickly and evenly and, it seemed, with important news. It was difficult not to admire them, so light and free were their movements. I kept on sitting, and the first one ran past me without stopping, straight into the village. Although he did not stop, with expressive mimicry he told the news which he was running to announce to the village. Coming up level with us he struck himself in the chest with his right hand, let his head fall on one side, and putting his tongue out a little (a gesture by which the Papuans usually express death, murder or the like) cried out, "Maragum-Go-rendu!" The second runner followed behind him. The natives around me ran back into the village and I myself betook myself there. Before we had reached the first hut, we heard the rapid beat of the *banun*.

The beat was of a different tempo than usual. A large quantity of various weapons were taken out of the huts.

Not understanding what it was all about, but seeing the general commotion, almost with force I stopped one of the runners and learnt from him the news. The people of Maragum had attacked Gorendu, killed several people — among them Bonem — then went on to Bongu and will probably come to Gumbu and to *tal Maklai*.

Maragum-mana is a large village with whom my neighbours for a long time had had a hostile relationship. I recalled that in Gorendu, for some weeks now, near the huts a pile of arrows and spears lay ready to hand in expectation by the inhabitants of an attack from the mountain people. In Gumbu general confusion reigned, which involuntarily had its effect on me. The men were talking loudly with great heat, others were preparing weapons, the women, children and dogs were howling and weeping.

With rapid steps I returned home, mentally cursing the alarm and the stupid people disturbing my peaceful life. A few words to Ohlsen about what had happened brought him to a state of extreme anxiety. He begged for the boat to be got ready in case the Maragum-mana *tamo* proved to be numerous, and said that if we did not succeed in defending the cabin we could get over to Bill Bili. In order to calm him I agreed, but said that it was still too early to take anything to the boat, and that the first shot would so take the natives aback, that they would scarcely venture to experience the result of a shot, which almost certainly would drive them away. I loaded the guns, however, and awaited their arrival, calmly stretched out on my bunk. I was soon asleep, knowing full well that Ohlsen, being very upset, would not oversleep the arrival of the guests. I know that I slept very deeply and well. I was awakened by some cries and a noise in the jungle. Then I heard the agitated voice of Ohlsen. "Here they are! Let Master give the orders and I will do whatever he says, otherwise I won't know what to do," he said in his broken Swedish-German language. I ordered him to barricade the door with boxes; he was to remain in the house and load the guns and revolvers which I would hand to him as they were needed — in the meantime he should try to keep his hands from trembling.

While we were putting everything into a state of siege, the noise and shouts came nearer. I went out on to the verandah putting two

revolvers and a repeating rifle in front of me. The double-barrelled shotgun loaded with small shot I held in my hand. Among the trees on the other side of the stream some heads appeared. But what is this? — instead of spears and arrows I see coconuts and bananas in the hands of the approaching people. This cannot be the people from Maragum.

In fact, they were inhabitants of Bongu, who came to tell me not to be disturbed about the Maragum *tamp* and to tell me the cause of the alarm.

That morning the women of Bongu going out to work in a distant field, noticed on the hills some unknown men; it appeared to them that these people were trying to surround them, and some of the women imagined that these armed men were coming towards them. Crying out, they began to run; those who were ahead, hearing the running feet behind them, thought they were being pursued and began to cry out as well, and made off to a plantation where some men were working. The latter saw very soon that all this was a false alarm, and began to beat their women to make them be quiet, but achieved, however, the opposite effect. The women and their daughters raised such an uproar that the people of Gumbu, who were passing afar off, had no doubt that the people of Maragum-mana were striking and killing the inhabitants of Gorendu; whereupon they ran off to Gumbu, where they told the news of the attack on Gorendu, the death of Bonem, etc., which I had already heard. They added that the people whom the women saw could actually be inhabitants of Maragum-mana and therefore they were, just the same, fearful of an attack.

My neighbours were pleased with the fact that I had prepared to receive the enemy in the proper way and asked permission to send their women under my protection if they were to expect an attack from the mountain men. I thought this might be a convenient occasion to acquaint my neighbours with firearms. Up to this time I had not done this, not wishing to incite still more their suspicion and mistrust; now I could show them that I was in a position, in fact, to defend myself and those whom I took under my protection.

I ordered Ohlsen to bring the gun, and fired it. The natives grasped their ears, deafened by the report and then were about to take to flight, but stopped and begged me to hide the gun quickly in the house and to fire it only when the Maragum *tamo* came.

The natives call guns *taboo* today in consequence of the fact, it seems, that from the first day of my arrival here, everything forbidden, everything which I did not wish them to touch or take in their hands I called *taboo*, using the Polynesian word which in this way came into use also here.<sup>5</sup>

### *March 1st*

People came from Gumbu today to beg me to go with them and the inhabitants of Gorendu and Bongu to Maragum, saying that they will do all that I order, and adding that when they hear of the approach of Maklai, the inhabitants of Maragum village will run away into the mountains. The inhabitants of Koliku-mana came also, and with them Tui and Lyalai. They all spoke about Maragum and added in a chorus that now, that Maklai will be with them, it will be bad for the Maragum *tamo*.

Such a wide-spread opinion about my power was not only not flattering for me, but in the highest degree unpleasant. What good would it be to have to intervene in the affairs of others? It would only disturb my peaceful life with unnecessary clamour and alarm.

Raui coming in the evening caused me to put off my excursion to Bili Bili. I was sitting in the shed by the fire busy with the baking of *aous* and bananas on the coals for dinner for myself and enjoying the quiet of the night, when suddenly my ears were assaulted by the violent and rapid thudding of the *barum* at Gorendu. One and the same thought flashed into my head and Ohlsen's, "the Maragum people are attacking the inhabitants of Bongu and Gorendu." The long drawn-out sounds of some kind of discordant instrument were wafted to us from somewhere. This circumstance and the fact that lack of sleep does not help things very much, made me lie down quietly to sleep and not to listen to the fantastic sounds reaching us from the village.

### *March 2nd*

During the night, in my sleep, several times I heard the sound of the *barum*, the noises made by the Papuan musical instruments and the

howling of the natives. About half-past four in the morning, I heard, in my sleep, that someone was calling me. I went out onto the verandah and in the half-darkness made out the figure of Bangum from Gorendu, who came to call me in the name of all the natives of Gorendu, Bbngu and Gumbu, to their night's festivities. I, of course, agreed, hurriedly dressed, and we went off, frequently stumbling over roots and vines in the darkness.

At the first square in Gorendu I was met by Tui, quite pale from a sleepless night. He asked me to dress his wound, which still troubled him a great deal. When I had finished he pointed to the path which led through the trees from the village to the sea, and added, "Drink *keu* and eat some *ayan* and *buam*." I went along the path to a place surrounded by century-old trees where there were about 50 native men. The picture that opened up before me was not only characteristic of the country and its inhabitants, but spectacular in the highest degree. As I said, it was about 5 o'clock in the morning. The dawn was breaking but the jungle was still shrouded in darkness. This area was surrounded on three sides by jungle, the fourth side was the steep bank overlooking the sea, but this side was not quite open. The trunks of two huge trees were outlined against the already bright surface of the sea. The small brush and the lower branches of these two trees had been cleared, such that the glade between them seemed like a huge green arbour with three large windows set in the jungle.

In the foreground, grouped together on mats and on the bare ground in the most varied attitudes and positions was a crowd of natives near a row of fires and several large *tabirs*.

Some of them with their heads thrown back were drinking down the last drops of *keu* from small cups; others, with senses already dulled, but not yet completely intoxicated, sat or half lay with staring unmoving lacklustre eyes, and were swallowing the green liquid. A third group was already sleeping in the most varied poses (some lay on their stomachs, others on their back with arms and legs outstretched, while others sat with their heads hanging low on their chests). Some had already got over the sleepless night and the *keu*, others sitting round the *tabirs* with *ayan* and *buam* were still cheerfully chattering. There were also those who were looking after the large pots in which the food was cooking.

A few, probably inveterate lovers of Papuan music, raising their bamboo tubes (more than two metres long) high in the air above their heads or leaning them against trees, were uttering loud drawn-out wailing sounds. Others were blowing on rather long shells of nuts perforated on the top and sides, which produced a very sharp whistling sound. Round the trunks of the trees were leaning their spears; bows and arrows were sticking out of the bushes. The picture it presented was in the highest degree distinctive, a scene out of the life of the savages in all their primitiveness, one of these pictures which rewards the traveller for his many labours and deprivations. For the artist this picture could be of considerable interest because of its variety of poses and the expressions of the crowd of sturdy natives of various ages, of the strangeness of the illumination from the first rays of the dawn, already gilding the topmost branches of the green vault and the red reflection of the fires.

I was quite absorbed in watching this, for me, new picture. My glance passed from one group to another, from the immediate surroundings, to the peaceful silvery sea and to the distant mountains which were flooded with pink light from the rising sun. I was sorry when the voices of some of my friends interrupted me in my observations and contemplations, inviting me to sit with them. (I often wished, and still wish in my journeys, to be a solitary spectator, an observer and not a participant in what is going on.)

Breakfast was about ready by now, and this was announced by the increased howling of the bamboo tubes and it was now that I experienced all the harshness of these ear-lacerating sounds.

Soon a considerable number of the inhabitants of the three villages, Bongu, Gorendu and Gumbu, gathered round. They fell upon the food brought on in large *tabirs*. From one of the *tabirs* they took some yellowish white mass in a freshly split half of a coconut shell and offered it to me with assurances that it was very tasty. This was *buam* (sago prepared from the sago palm) together with shredded coconut. This Papuan dish has, in fact, a pleasant taste. After that they treated me to some well-cooked *ayan*, which today had to be eaten with the so-called *orlan*, but this sour sauce has such a sharp smell that I declined it. Banana leaves served as a table-cloth and crockery, that is, plates; cups were coconut shells, forks sharpened bamboo sticks and bones, but many put their combs to use (in

the Papuan language forks and combs are synonymous), *yarurs* which also serve as spoons. It was surprising to see the variety of instruments used here for eating.

Day had already broken, and looking everywhere around me, I met well-known faces from the neighbouring villages. When I rose to go, I was given a parcel of cooked *ayan* and many invitations to come and dine. As I was about to leave I had to stand aside in order to let pass a procession which was bringing supplies for the continuation of the feast. Tui and Bonem brought a large bundle of *buam* carefully wrapped in leaves and suspended on a pole; behind them came several natives bringing coconuts; and others bore a large basket of *ayan*, also on a pole on the shoulders of two bearers. Behind them came another and then a third. After that, six natives came bringing three pigs, tightly bound to poles, the ends of which were carried on the shoulders. This procession moved with a certain solemnity. These supplies were placed in a certain order at various places in the area. The guests from other villages inspected and counted what was brought and made their comments. All this had to be eaten at the dinner which would conclude the entertainment commenced the previous evening.

Not knowing for certain whether I was coming for dinner, several natives came to again invite me to Gorendu. I had to again return to the village, and — laying in a supply of tobacco I had promised — I set off. On the road I was stopped by the women of the three villages. "Give us tobacco!" — which I needs must give them. The women do not take any direct part in these Papuan feasts; they eat apart from the men and only serve in cleaning the edible supplies; for them as for the children, access to the area of the feast is forbidden. Thus it was at Gorendu. The men feasted in the jungle, the women and children stayed in the village and cleaned the *ayan*. At the feasting place the scene was very animated and had a different character from that of the morning. On one side were laid slices of pork on mats, which the natives cut up with bamboo knives and bone *dongans*, as well as with the knives they had bartered from me, and then quite skilfully tear it with their hands.

The other side of the area was occupied by two rows of logs placed parallel. On these were placed large pots a foot to a foot and a half in diameter. I counted 39 such pots. In addition there were five pots of even greater capacity also standing on two logs in which the *buam*

was boiled. In the middle of the area they were cleaning *buam* from leaves and dirt, and scraping coconut. The inhabitants of Gorendu, being the hosts, were delivering water in large lengths of bamboo and piling wood near the pots. I came just at the time when they were distributing the meat. It lay in portions cut or torn from the bones by hand. Tui loudly called each guest, named his name and added *tamo* (man) of such and such village. The person named came up, received his portion and went to his pot (each guest cooked the food in his own pot). I scarcely had time to sit near one of the groups when Tui's voice called out, "*Maklai, tamo russ.*" I went up to him and received several pieces of meat on a green leaf.

An obliging acquaintance from Bongu indicated to me where the pot stood that was intended for me, and as I stopped hesitatingly before it, not particularly pleased with the prospect of cooking my own portion, as all the other guests were doing, he, surmising that I did not want to cook my own, announced that he would do it for me, and took charge of it right away. He broke off two leaves from a nearby tree and put them crossways in the bottom of the pot, then he took out of a large basket some pieces of clean *ayan* and put them in, and on top the pieces of pork. Two other natives took his place; they were filling all the pots with *ayan* one after another. One stood with a full basket of *ayan* on one side of a row of pots, the other filling them with more as completely as possible.

When all the pots of the guests were prepared in this way, the inhabitants of Gorendu, as hosts filling the role of servants, equipped with large bamboos filled with sea water and fresh water, began to pour water into each pot in the proportion of one-third seawater and two-thirds fresh water. Each pot was covered firstly with a leaf from the breadfruit tree and then *gamba* (coconut shell). This was again carried out by one of the young men of Bongu, who then began to make up the fire under the pots. All this was done in a proper order, as if according to established rules. The same happened in the lighting of the great fire on which the food had to be cooked. The fire was not less than 18 metres long and one metre broad. The fuel was so well arranged under the logs on which the pots were standing that it quickly burst into flames.

I went to other groups. In one, several natives were scraping coconut, working away zealously with their *yarurs*, retaining the fully scraped-out halves of the coconuts. The grated coconut meat was intended for the



*buam* which was cooked in the particularly large pots. Near another group the various musical instruments were lying, which without any distinction are named *ai* by the Papuans. The principal one is a bamboo tube about two metres or more long; the bamboo is well cleaned and the internal partitions removed. One end of the long tube is held in the mouth, considerably stretching the lips, and by blowing or more correctly crying into the bamboo it gives out a penetrating, protracted sound something like a dog howling. The sound of this instrument can be heard half a mile away.

The other instrument — called *orlan-ai* — consists of a string, with *orlan* shells threaded on it, attached to a handle. Holding the handle and shaking the instrument, the natives produce a sound like someone shaking a large string of wooden beads. Then there is the *monki-ai*, an empty coconut shell with openings on the top and sides which are closed alternately by the fingers. Putting it to the lips and blowing in the upper hole, the natives produce a sharp sound which varies according to the opening or closing of the holes on the side and depending also on the size of the coconut. There are still other instruments, but the three described are the principal ones. The participants in this Papuan feast at times interrupted their work to take up one of the above-described instruments and tried to give a demonstration of their art, by, as far as possible, giving the most deafening sounds, so as to exceed, if it would be possible, all the previously produced excruciating sounds.

I went into the village to see what was happening there. The women were still cleaning *ayan*, occasionally peeling the internal layer of the bamboo sliver which serves as a knife, as a result of which the edge of the sliver becomes sharper. That these native knives cut very well I had already convinced myself, having cut myself with one the day before, when I had no wish to do so. In the village it was hot, there was much less shade than in the forest, and the women, tired from their work, importuned me for tobacco. Since there were no men to be seen, the women were much less inhibited than they usually were in the presence of their husbands, fathers and brothers. The right of access of women to the men's feasting place was strictly forbidden. This applied also to boys up to the *mulum* operation, after which they are considered men.

I returned to the feasting place where dinner was being prepared. Several old men had started on the preparation of the *keu*. Several times during

the day I noticed that the natives addressing themselves to me called me Tui and Tui they called Maklai. When I commented that I was Maklai and not Tui, one of the natives explained to me that I had taken such a lot of care of Tui during his illness, that I had healed his wound and therefore Tui was definitely ready to do everything for me: we were now such friends that Tui is called Maklai and Maklai, Tui.

This indicates that here in New Guinea there exists the custom of the exchange of names as in Polynesia.

The heat, but more particularly the deafening music, resulted in giving me a violent headache, and I announced to Tui that I was going home. The food in my pot was just ready, and they did not want to let me go without my taking it with me, so they put it in a basket lined inside with the fresh leaves of the breadfruit tree. My portion was so large that it was as heavy as a man could carry in one hand. I was sorry for those who had to stuff their stomachs with even half of what I took home.

### *March 3rd*

When Tui arrived, he noticed, near the kitchen, the empty basket in which I had brought back my share of the food from Gorendu yesterday. He tied it to one of the branches of a tree near the cabin, saying to me that if anyone should ask where it was from, I should answer *bul* (pork) and *ayan* from Tui of Gorendu. It was thus that I found out the meaning of the baskets of various sizes hanging on the trees in the villages. I more than once had asked why they hung there and in reply they gave me the name of one of the villages.

### *March 4th*

I shut up both doors of my cabin by means of poles, nails and rope, attaching to each a palm branch, in short to shut it up completely *a la Papua* as the natives do. I raised the anchor about 12 o'clock at night and set off for Bili Bill, an island about 25 kilometres from here. I reckoned to get there with the help of the land breeze and return, making use of the usual daily north-west wind in the afternoon of the same day. The land breeze did in fact carry us forward although rather slowly.

In any case there was no hurry. We had nearly the whole night before us. Towards dawn the breeze freshened and we went faster. The rising sun lit up for me an interesting picture of the mountains, which at this distance appear very high. I tried to figure out the configuration of the ranges and note at which places one could penetrate the ranges with the fewest obstacles. Beyond Male but not as far as Bogatim the coastal range shows a break. The sun had risen and the wind began to drop, and at last the morning calm set in before the north-west wind starts, which begins to blow about 8 to 9 o'clock but sometimes only at 10 o'clock in the morning. We had to row, therefore, which was tiring enough after a sleepless night.

Finally we approached the south-east shore of the island, which consisted of a raised coral reef, upon which the surf was breaking. The natives thronging the beach, having recognized me, joyfully ran along the beach and indicated to me that I would have to go round the island. Soon the village appeared. On the sandy beach large pirogues were drawn up — in fact, so far up that they appeared to be standing in the village itself. Between them the high roofs of the huts appeared; behind them towered a row of coconut palms whose light green colour stood out sharply against the dark green background of the jungle.

As we approached close to the sandy beach my boat was picked up in a trice by a dozen hands and quickly drawn up on to the sloping beach. Leaving Ohlsen in the boat amongst my things, I went into the village accompanied by the entire male population. Not seeing any women but wishing to make their acquaintance, and mainly also to relieve them of the embarrassment of hiding themselves on my approach, I insisted that they should come out themselves to receive the gifts which I intended to give them. Kain, one of the most influential personalities of the village, who had already been several times in Garagassi and knew the dialect of Bongu, having learnt from me that the women of Gumbu, Gorendu, Bongu and other villages do not conceal themselves from me anymore, finally persuaded the inhabitants of Bili Bili to agree to my proposal also. So, at the call of the men, some old, almost completely naked, ugly creatures, climbed out of the huts. They explained to me that the majority of the women were at the plantation on the mainland, but they would soon be returning.

Having distributed tobacco to the men and rags and beads to the women, I wished to look at their telums. I was taken to one hut, but it was so dark inside that I had to persuade the natives to bring the telum out of the hut. This was the first telum I had seen representing a female figure. After sketching it, I went to a rather wide buambramra standing in the middle of the village. Four corner posts were carved in the form of telums. Having sketched them in my album, I made a tour of the entire village. I went also to the opposite side of the island. The view from there was magnificent although, unfortunately, all the summits of the mountains were covered with clouds. When I returned to the village I was surrounded by women and children who had just returned from the plantation. They all begged loudly for beads and red cloth, which they saw that the old women had received from me in the morning.

The women wore many more ornaments of shells and dog's teeth than those in the villages of the mainland, but the costume was shorter and airier. For the girls younger than 13 years, it was limited to a very small brush in front (covering the *mons veneris*) and a longer one behind. Attached to the girdle holding the brushes, ornaments were hung on both sides, consisting of sea-shells and large black and red seeds which dangled on the sides of the buttocks. The ears were pierced in several places. The women of Bili Bili are very active. They have the job of making the pots which are taken and bartered by their fathers or husbands in the coastal villages.

Before my departure I wanted to quench my thirst and asked for a coconut. They brought me some of those which the natives call *niu*. I wrote down 15 or 20 words of the Bili Bili dialect, which proved to be quite different from the language of my neighbours, although identical words are met with. Many of the inhabitants of Bili Bili, however, know the Bongu dialect.

Jokingly, I said that maybe I would come over and live in Bili Bili. These words were picked up by the inhabitants with delight (rather feigned than sincere) and they began to repeat that people of Bili Bili are better than the people of Bongu, etc. When I was getting ready to go it rained very heavily, and I decided to remain and spend the night on Bili Bili — to the evident delight of the inhabitants.

Because of the rain I could not leave my things in the boat, so I asked them to show me the place where I could spend the night.

They suggested to me the hut or cabin of one of the large pirogues drawn up on the beach. These pirogues deserved attention because of their construction. The pirogue itself is distinguished from the small ones, solely by its measurements. The length of some of them is approximately 10 or 12 metres, and they (like the small ones) are hollowed out of a single stout trunk. In order that the pirogue will not swamp too easily, a long plank is "sewn" to both sides of the hollowed out trunk, or there may be two, one above the other. In the sides of the pirogue and also in the planks, holes are made through which is passed a flexible thin cane, tying the plank to the pirogue itself. The chinks and gaps left by the holes are caulked with wood from some kind of tree pulverised and soaked in water. The prow and stern are finished off with a high, sometimes curved, board which is also carved. On one side of the pirogue is an outrigger, attached to the boat by two crossbars.

On the crossbars of the outrigger is a platform — on which in the large pirogues of Bili Bili — a whole hut is constructed, about two metres long and four to five metres wide. The walls are made from split bamboo, the roof from the plaited leaf of the sago palm. The mast divides the hut into two parts, on both sides of which are two long seats which can accommodate two people lying down. Thus — counting the others who can sleep on the floor — the hut has accommodation for the night time, or in case of bad weather, for not less than eight men. The upper half of the hut has walls which can be taken down, even the roof can be dismantled in a very short time. In general, everything in the pirogue is fitted out very conveniently, and nowhere in the hut was any space wasted. Beside the mast itself at the height of the seat a flat box filled with earth was attached, in which, in case of necessity, one could safely make a fire. I found the proposed accommodation very convenient for me, being lighter and cleaner than a hut, and the idea came to me right away to use a similar large pirogue in due course for visiting the villages along the coast.

Kain, the master of the pirogue, my good friend, soon brought a large *tabir* with steaming sago and grated coconut. Before sunset the rain stopped, which permitted me to go once more round the village. In the corner of one hut, I discovered the skull of a crocodile, of which — as they assured me — there were very many in the sea.

Then I had the opportunity to see the production of the pots for which Bili Bili is famous along the coast of New Guinea for scores of miles. It is not surprising that Bili Bili turns them out in such quantities, since the manufacture of pots occupies every family, and in every hut, under the roof stand rows of finished and partly finished pots. The manufacture of pots falls to the share of the women. I followed the whole process, beginning with the mixing of the clay with fine sand, up to the firing of the finished pots.

The implements used for the manufacture of pots are limited to two or three small boards and a pair of round stones, somewhat flattened on both sides. At first, with the aid of the small piece of flat wood, the upper rim is made from clay, which is then left to dry in the sun. When it has hardened somewhat, the rest of the sides of the pot are added bit by bit and smoothed out. The correct shape is given to the pot by holding it on the knees, the woman inserting her left hand with a round or flat stone in the pot, holding it against the internal surface of the wall and with the right hand striking on the corresponding place on the exterior with a flat piece of wood, evening out at the same time the surface and the thickness of the pot. When the pot is ready, it is first dried in the sun and then baked on a layer of brushwood covered with leaves and then sticks, etc. After stacking the pots in several rows one on top of the other, and covering the whole pile with light brush, it is set alight.

All the pots have approximately the one form, although of varying size. There is very little ornament on them, occasionally a row of points round the neck or a kind of star. Sometimes these ornamentations are made with the finger-nails.

At sunset I made another tour of the island. I already felt in Bili Bili as if I were at home and I became familiar with many paths and nooks and corners of the island. As I mentioned above, the whole island is covered with jungle, in which several beautiful old trees attract attention, as also the picturesque groups of palms. The edge of the shore, which at the village is sloping and sandy, at other places is precipitous and consists of raised coral limestone. In some places there are deep caves in it, in which the water pours in with a roar.

The view of the high mountains and the open sea, the beautiful trees round about and even the monotonous, soothing boom of the surf were

so pleasant to me, that the thought of settling here, which I had jokingly expressed to the natives previously, now appeared to me quite appealing. I even picked out a couple of nooks where I could put my hut and even had some thoughts about which to give preference to.

There was one thing, however, which prevented me; the island is small and there are a lot of people — it would, perhaps, be too crowded. I was pleased to note that when I went for a walk none of the natives ran after me to watch where I was going; no one asked me where I was going and why. All were too busy with their own affairs. My neighbours on the mainland are much more inquisitive, or perhaps more suspicious. Here the people are much more loquacious and generally interested. The area where the natives live — on a small island — influences considerably their activities and character. Not having sufficient space on the island for agriculture, the people of Bili Bili get all their main food supplies from the neighbouring coastal villages; they themselves are craftsmen, makers of pots and of wooden utensils and the builders of pirogues.

On my way back to the village, I was stopped at one of the huts. The master wanted to present me with a gift, so he seized some unfortunate dog by the hind legs, and swung its head with all his force against a tree, and — thus smashing its skull — he placed it at my feet. He did it so quickly that I did not have time to stop him. Naturally it was a gift, and I did not want to offend the giver, so I accepted the gift, but asked the man himself to prepare — either by boiling or roasting — the dog. When he finally presented me with a whole *tabir* of pieces of boiled dog's flesh, I distributed a piece each to the natives gathered around me, leaving a large piece for Kain, a small piece for Ohlsen — and a tiny piece for myself. Just before it began to get dark, all the population of the island, male and female, came together. There was also a great number of children, many of whose parents wished to give them the name of Maklai, but to which, however, I did not agree.

The shape of the head (extremely pyramidal with a receding forehead) of one of the children being nursed attracted my attention. One would think that such a shape had been given to the head artificially but I definitely did not find any evidence of artificial deformation of the skull. However, such conical heads are not infrequently met with in Polynesia.

Having had an excellent night, I went to the eastern shore of the island to have a look at the summits of Mana-boro-boro, as the natives call the Finisterre Range. At sunrise the mountains are clearly visible; towards 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning the clouds gather and settle on the summits till evening. Today the morning was magnificent, and two gaps in the mountains near the village of Male and near the village of Bogatim attracted me with the prospect of penetrating into the interior of the country.

I was day-dreaming so much that I didn't notice a group of natives who had settled themselves near me and were following the direction of my glances. Kain also came up and I told him that after eating some of the sago, I would set out for home as soon as the wind was a little stronger. While awaiting the sago, and the wind, I occupied myself with compiling a vocabulary of the Bili Bill dialect, which differs considerably from the language of my neighbours. I couldn't help noticing on the faces of the natives the wish that I might depart fairly soon, a wish which they hid well enough, under a mask of great courtesy. This feeling I found quite natural, perhaps because I myself had experienced it frequently. These people are accustomed to be alone. All visits — particularly from such an outlandish animal as myself — were, for them, at first probably interesting, but after a while tiring, and the wish to be relieved of them, just to rest, was perfectly natural.

Therefore, as soon as a weak breeze started to blow, I gave the sign and about 30 men promptly hauled my boat into the water, I raised the flag, which the inhabitants liked so much that they uttered a loud "*Ae!*" and slowly began to move in the direction of home, accompanied by the farewell cries of the inhabitants of Bili Bili and with promises to visit me soon. The main cause of this wish to visit me was the fact that a boy from Karkar with large wounds on his legs and to whose father I gave some lead ointment, got much better; and therefore a good many sick people in Bili Bili were importuning me to help them also. But, not bringing any medicines with me, I said that they should come to me.

Towards 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were already in sight of Cape Garagassi, and not without some impatience and curiosity I went to my cabin, which for the first time I had left for so long without anyone to look after it. I was not quite sure that my ropes and palm leaves would turn out to be a sufficiently reliable barrier to the curiosity of the natives.



Everything, however, turned out to be untouched. Before I had time to untie the ropes at the doors, 20 or more men appeared one after another, who with surprised faces asked me where I had been, and when I answered Bill Bili, they said they thought I had gone "to Russia." After dinner we unloaded the gifts from Bili Bili. There were about 50 coconuts, four bunches of good bananas and 9 kilogrammes of sago. The tobacco and nails paid for themselves.

### *March 6th*

Going out on my verandah in the morning, on my table I saw a snake writhing slowly and beautifully. Seizing the right moment I caught him quickly by the throat right at the head and dropped him in a tin with alcohol. I held him there until he had swallowed some alcohol, then released him and he dropped helplessly to the bottom of the tin.

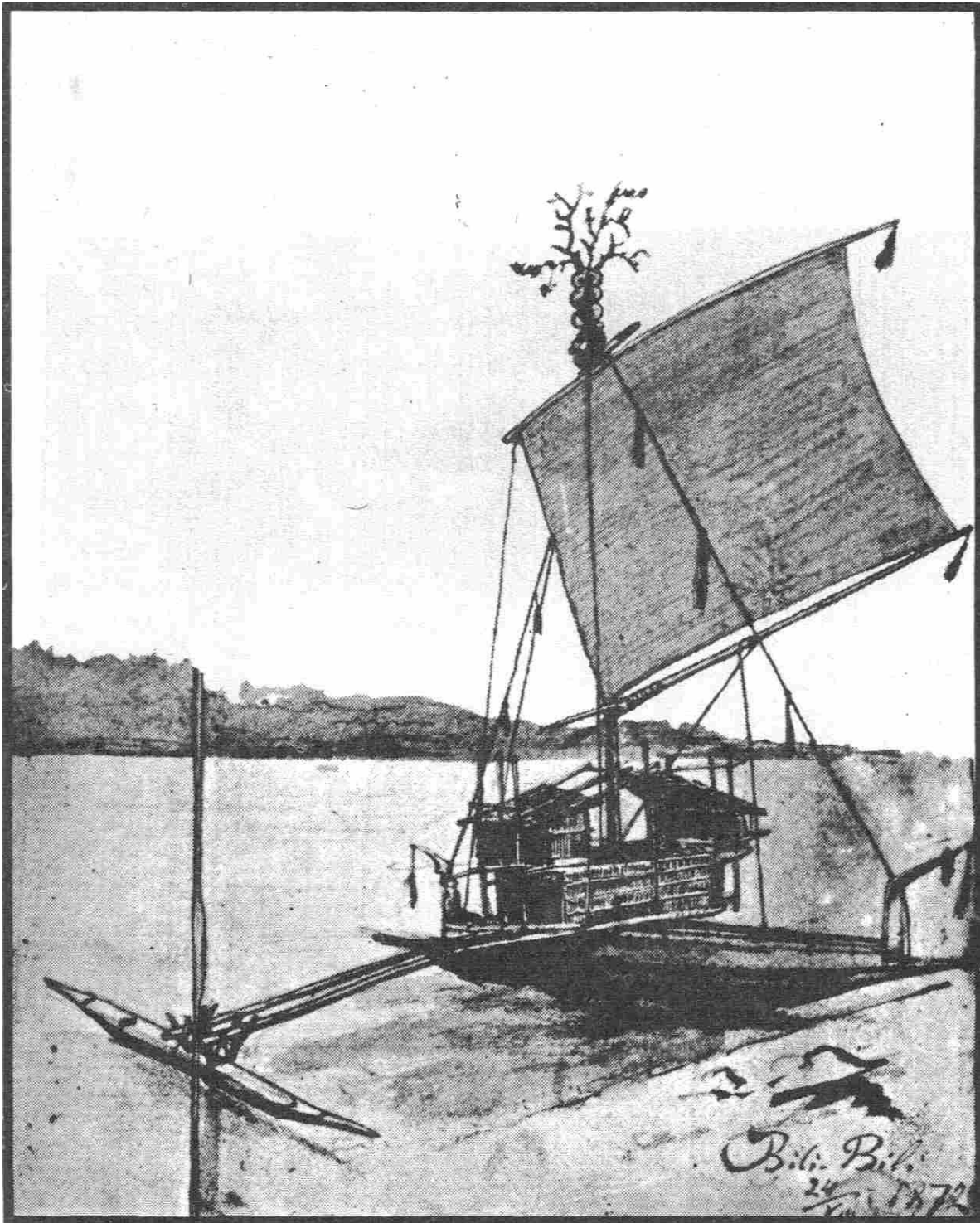
Tui appeared, and I had a long discussion with him about Bili Bili, Karkar, Maragum-mana, etc. Together with other information, he gave me the names of some objects in the dialects of the 9 nearest villages.

Among the coconuts from Bili Bili there were many that had sprouted. Picking out some of these I planted them in front of the house. On this occasion I asked Tui about the coconut palms of Gorendu — did they belong to the village or to single individuals? Tui informed me that in Gorendu some coconut palms belong to individuals — others to the whole village.

The evening was very dark and still. I stayed on the shore for a long time, sitting on the trunk of a large tree hanging over the water. The surface of the water was very calm and, in following the movements of the thousands of luminous creatures in the sea, one could see that they move independently and at various speeds. The spectacle was quite different from what is seen by night from a ship, the movement of which can be the cause of the stimulation and emission of light by the various sea-creatures.

### *March 7th*

Household activities again. The white beans are getting spoilt. They had to be dried in the sun and then hundreds of fat grubs crawled out



8. *A Bili Bili vang (Maclay's sketch)*



9. *A nigger chick with kid*

to the canvas on which we had laid out the beans. Ohlsen had to sort out the spoilt beans, which took about two hours. In the evening I went to Gorendu for *ayan* and found Tui again lying down; he had been going out too much in the sun, in spite of my veto, in consequence of which an abscess had appeared on his ear, which was causing him much pain. I had to go back for a lancet, and open the abscess, from which much pus flowed. Tui soon gave me to understand that he felt great relief. I had to return in the darkness, which I managed quite well along the path where, even in the daytime, one frequently stumbles over vines and stumps. I am becoming "a little bit Papuan;" this morning, for example, I felt hungry while I was out walking, and seeing a large crab, I caught it and ate it raw — that is, I ate as much as there was in it to eat.

### *March 8th*

The boat leaks badly again. It takes in about 23 buckets of water a day. Almost a bucket an hour.

### *March 9th*

I went to Gorendu where I breakfasted well on *ayan* and sago. In the middle of February the sweet potatoes come to an end, and in the beginning of March the sugar cane almost disappears; soon, they say, there will be no more *ayan*, but in place of it *baou* (taro) will appear and then a kind of bean; *aous* is also deteriorating, as a part of it has turned black and is partly eaten by grubs.

### *March 14th*

I got up with a violent headache; the slightest noise was intolerable to me. Suddenly, from the large tree against which my hut is leaning, I heard the loud, harsh, unpleasant cry of the black cockatoo, a New Guinea species of bird. I waited a few minutes, hoping it would fly away. Finally, losing patience, I went out of the cabin with a gun. The bird was perched almost straight above my head at a height of at least 30 metres. The gun was loaded with very

fine shot so that at such a height and amongst the thick foliage around it, I doubted the effect of the shot; but, for all that, I fired, so that at least I would frighten the bird away and be relieved of its intolerable shriek. I fired, scarcely taking aim — nevertheless, the bird, with a piercing cry, circled a few times and fell at the very foot of the tree.

This unexpected and rare quarry caused me to forget my headache for a time and start on the dissection of the bird. The distance from tip to tip of the outstretched wings was greater than one metre.

Towards 12 o'clock the headache overcame me to such an extent that I was compelled to give up work and lie down, practically without moving or eating, until the following day.

### *March 15th*

I dissected the brain of the bird and then left my first example of the black cockatoo for later myological investigation.

In the evening I visited Gorendu and saw the results of the feast at Bongu. The natives had gorged themselves so that their protruding and distended stomachs were so loaded that it was difficult for them to walk. In spite of this, each had carried on his back or in his hands a sizable portion of food with which they intended to finish the day. The full stomach impeded them even in speaking, and while awaiting the preparation of dinner, which was intended today for the young people, the majority of the men lay about sprawled round the fire. I will not forget the scene for a long time.

### *March 16th*

Some people from Koliku-mana brought me a young pig as a gift, for which they received the already-established price, a small mirror in a wooden frame. Since 10 men had come, I had to give something to each. I gave each a small packet of tobacco — which is beginning to get low, since at every meeting, whether the natives come to me or whether I go to a village, everybody importunes me for "tobacco, tobacco!"

The talk about an attack from Maragum-mana still continues. I am so sick of it, that I positively wish that they would actually come.

*March 29th*

The natives are so accustomed to me and are so sure that I will not cause them any harm, that I have ceased to embarrass them with regard to the use of fire-arms. I go almost every morning into the jungle for fresh provisions. I do not even shun the flesh of parrots, cockatoos and such like. I tried the flesh of *Corvus serex* the other day, the skeleton of which I had dissected out.

The natives are very much afraid of the firing of a gun. Several times they have asked me not to fire it near the villages, but at the same time they are very pleased when I present them with the feathers of the birds I have shot, with which they decorate their head combs.

Yesterday my watch stopped. Wishing to get up before daybreak I went to bed early and went soundly to sleep. When I woke up it was dark. It seemed to me that I had slept a long time and that it would soon be time to go. The watch wasn't going. I dressed and went myself to make the fire. I made tea, baked some *aous* and bananas in the ashes. I had breakfast and began to wait for the first rays of the sun. I kept on sitting and waiting — it remained just so dark. I decided to take off part of my hunting equipment and have a little nap. I went to sleep, woke up several times, but it was still dark. I must have had breakfast at 12 or 1 o'clock in the night. It is definitely very inconvenient not to have the time.

In Gorendu I found Tui ready to accompany me and at sunrise we set off. We climbed first to Gorendu-mana (about 90 metres high) and went through the jungle in a south-east direction. The crest of the low mountain ridge was covered with a rather open but tall forest and, once having got into it, it was easy going. There were scarcely any birds however, even their cry could nowhere be heard. After walking for about an hour, we came out of the forest on to the other slope of the range, covered with a high *unan*, from which a very beautiful broad panorama of the hills opened out, with ridges and mountains covered with dark jungle, amongst which, here and there, appeared the lighter green grassy areas covered with *unan*. The distant summits of the high mountains were already wreathed with clouds.

Tui did not give me long to admire the view and began rapidly to descend the steep slope of the ridge, holding on to the *unan* and almost disappearing into it. We descended to a swamp, where the high grass was replaced by reeds and ferns. Here a distant murmuring could be heard. Tui explained to me that we were approaching a "big water" (river). We again went into the jungle. Everywhere the rooted-up earth indicated the frequent visits to this locality of wild pigs. The sound of the water became louder. The trees began to thin out. We were coming to the edge of the forest when I noticed some figures carved on one of the trees. I found them very interesting so I sketched them. When I asked Tui about them, he explained that probably somebody from Tengumana or Englam-mana carved them with an axe. I asked if this tree now became a telum — but he gave a negative reply to this. Although I have been here more than half a year, my knowledge of the language still inadequate and I cannot find out why these figures were made and what they signify.

We made our way to the river, which can be seen itself from out at sea. For a considerable distance it separates the lower coastal range from the higher range in the interior, flows from south to north and finally flows into the sea near Gumbu. The bed of the river is very wide, but at this time of the year it was drying up. Several channels of varying width formed numerous islands covered mainly with boulders. The bed of the river at this point was wide (wider than the Neva at the Petropavlovsk fortress) and I counted not less than five channels which had to be crossed to get on to the other bank. In the two or three middle channels the water ran very swiftly.

Not wishing to wet my boots, I took them off — which proved to be a mistake, as I am not used to going barefoot, and it was difficult for me to walk on the small pebbles. The current was strong here too, and it was only with the help of Tui's spear, which he reached out to me, that I was able to cross safely on to a shoal. We did not risk crossing the four remaining channels. Tui was going to try but within a few steps he was up to his waist in water. I did not insist on going any farther because with the depth of the river and the strength of the current and not being able to swim I would not have been able to get to the other bank without somebody's help. I could not rely on Tui's strength as he had not yet recovered from his injury.

When I forded the first channel my legs were unpleasantly bombarded with fairly large stones (larger than a hen's egg) which were carried along by the current. In the middle channels which were deeper and wider the stones were larger and could possibly knock a man off his feet.

The views on both banks were picturesque and I regretted that in the hot sun there was no possibility of making a complete drawing. I had to be satisfied with a rough outline. The stones on the island to which we had crossed were very large (some the size of a child's head), bearing witness to the strength of the current in the wet season. Stout tree trunks were lying here and there on the islands, also testifying to the fact that in the rainy season the volume of water that comes down must be very considerable. Tui said that there were plenty of fish in the river and that the people of Gorendu and Bongu sometimes came to catch them.

I did not want to go back by the old track, so we climbed up a steep hill, clutching hold of roots. On the summit we again found *unan* and more heat from the scorching sun. We again went down to the river and again up the slope of a hill covered with forest. Here, Tui thought, would be a good place for hunting birds, but none were to be seen or heard anywhere around. I had breakfasted very early and not having taken anything with me, I felt that my stomach was very empty. There being definitely nothing for my gun I set off for home. Tui asked me to wait for him, saying that he wanted to cut some bamboo not far away, and I agreed. After waiting half an hour I began to call him, but — no answer. I blew a whistle — but only silence.

After waiting another half an hour and thinking that Tui had very quietly gone home, I also set off towards home. First I had to make my way through a large area of *unan*. Not finding the proper track I had to make a path myself, which proved to be very difficult. The tough, dense *unan*, higher than a man, presented such a springy mass that to open a way with the hands or feet was sometimes not in my power. In order to move forward in such places I devised a method which proved successful. I lay full-length on the grass, which under the weight of my body slowly sank down; getting up, I could then go on a bit farther, or I had to repeat the process I had devised. The grass was taller than I was, therefore it was only by the aid of the compass, which I had fortunately taken with me, that



I was able to go in the direction of home without getting lost. Five times I had to rest, so difficult it was to make a track through that green sea. The overhead rays of the sun, an empty stomach, the whole hunting outfit, gave rise in me to the fear of a sunstroke. Several times I felt giddy. Finally, I reached the jungle, but even here it took a long time to find the path to Garagassi. After arriving home I drank two cups of tea. Although it was not particularly good and very weak without sugar, nevertheless it considerably refreshed me.

### *March 30th*

I mounted the skeleton of a grey crow and a red parrot. After completing the work, I made a rissole from the flesh, which I fried myself, as Ohlsen was busy with the washing. The rissole was very tasty. The weather was as fine as yesterday. It was no more than 29° C. in the shade which, generally speaking, is not very frequent here. When it got dark the natives from Gorendu arrived to catch fish in front of my cabin, for which they came beforehand to ask permission. Tui and Bugai remained to sit and smoke near me, sending the young men off to do the fishing. At their request Ohken sang them a Swedish song, which they liked very much. Catching fish with lights is very picturesque and for some time I admired the lights and the fishing scene. All the limbs of the fishermen are in use. In the left hand he holds a torch, which he waves in the air as soon as it starts to go out; the right hand holds and throws the harpoon; he stands on the right foot, while from time to time he removes the fish from the harpoon with his left foot. When the fishing was finished they presented me with some of the catch.

### *March 31st*

I measured out the rice and beans for the next five months. The rations were very small, but all the same, having this supply, it is pleasant to feel that I don't depend on the natives. In addition, my gun gets me fresh meat every day, so that in this respect our life is quite secure. In the last few days I noticed a change in the weather.

A light breeze and sometimes even a complete calm has taken the place of the nor-wester, which has been blowing for the last few months, sometimes very refreshingly during the day. In March less rain fell than in the preceding months, but in the last few days black clouds have been building up at night.

I notice there are insufficient food supplies in the villages.

### *April 2nd*

About 3 o'clock I felt bad — a fever attack. I had to lie down the whole evening without moving because of a violent headache. During the night we had the most magnificent storm. Almost uninterrupted lightning brilliantly lit up the surrounding trees, the sea and the clouds. The storm embraced a large area. Distant peals of thunder could be heard almost simultaneously with the crash overhead. The continuous lightning was positively blinding and the distant horizon showed up as clearly as in the day. During all this I was shaking with a violent attack of fever. I felt cold all over my body. In addition to this, the cold and wet breaking in with the wind through the door and the cracks greatly distressed me. Just above my head, in the roof, was a small leak, and I scarcely had time to settle down than a thin stream of large drops of water fell on my face. Each gust of wind might tear down the thick dry vines still hanging above the roof, which could result in the fall of the heavy cases lying in the attic above me.

I had need of several hours sleep and I despaired of going to sleep under these conditions, so I took a small dose of morphia and was soon asleep.

### *April 3rd*

After dinner I set off for Bongu to get some guides for an excursion to Tengum-mana. I used the low tide to go there while it was still dry. As usual, on the arrival of a guest the natives prepared refreshments, which didn't turn out particularly successful today — in place of *ayan*, they cooked *baou* and sago, which had a strong smell of mildew. I sat at the fire while several women were busy

preparing a meal and I was surprised at the dexterity with which they cleaned the vegetables with their primitive instruments, fragments of shell and bamboo knives. One of the women tried to clean *baou* with a knife which I gave to her husband, but it was obvious that her handling of it was much less dexterous than with her own instruments. She was continually cutting too deep; probably because, working with her own instruments, she was used to applying much more force than is required for the European ones. They showed me today for the first time a species of bean, *mogar*, which the natives roast, just as we, for example, roast coffee.

One of the women had a baby in her arms, which suddenly cried out. I involuntarily frowned, which scared the woman, and she at once got up and went off into a hut. The baby, however, did not stop howling, so the woman came out of the hut again and put the baby in a large bag, which she hung over her back in such a way that the cord of the bag was held by the forehead, and bending her head forward in order to maintain her balance, she began to run to and fro between the huts. The baby, whose crying was impeded by the movement, soon became silent. My meal being ready, they led me to the *buambramra* and invited me to sit on the plank bed, after which they put the *tabir* with steaming *baou* and *aous* before me. It is the custom with the Papuans to leave the guest alone during the meal, or only to sit opposite him; the host does not eat, but only listens; the others stay on one side or go away for the time being.

I found myself two guides, and a third expressed a wish to accompany us. By the time I was ready to go home it was already quite dark and only on the beach could objects be distinguished. In the forest total darkness reigned, and only by touch could I find my way along the narrow path. It was with some difficulty that I was able to reach Gorendu, whose inhabitants were extremely surprised at my late arrival. Several men were sitting near the huts and exchanging a few words with each other; only in the *buambramra* was a fire burning where a meal was being cooked for a guest from Gumbu. They suggested that I should dine, but I refused and asked only for a fire brand in order to reach home. They wanted to give me a guide, but I declined, considering that — in some ways — I should accustom myself to be a Papuan. I went off with a flaming stick in my hand, but it soon went out and I was unable to light

it again. The smouldering end in no way helped me so I threw it down halfway. Several times I went off the track on which I had travelled in daylight a hundred times. I stumbled over stumps and branches and twice I began to doubt whether I would reach home in such darkness. I had reconciled myself to the thought of spending the night in the jungle; but still making my way forward I finally reached home, where I assured myself, with some surprise, that I had arrived with my eyes uninjured and my face unscratched.

#### *April 6th*

I was completely ready for the trip to Tengum-mana. I thought of going in the boat to Bongu, staying there overnight, and early, at sunrise, setting off for Tengum-mana, but a violent storm with heavy rain compelled me to stay at home.

#### *April 7th*

Tengum-mana, a mountain village on the river Gabenau, particularly interested me as one of the highest villages of that mountain range bearing the name of Mana-boro-boro. Although I had seen many inhabitants of the mountain villages several times at Garagassi, I wanted to investigate how they lived in their villages. Leaving Ohl-sen behind at Garagassi, I slung a small haversack over my shoulders, the same haversack with which, while still a student at Heidelberg and Jena, I had wandered through many parts of Germany and Switzerland. Taking in addition my lightest blanket, I set off for Bongu. On the way, however, the load proved too heavy for me, so in Gorendu I took out some of the things, made them into a parcel, and handed them to Digu, who willingly took it upon himself to carry my things.

The tide was still high. I had to take off my boots and go along the beach, frequently up to my knees in water. The sun was setting when I arrived at Bongu. The majority of the inhabitants were getting ready to go fishing, but many remained behind on account of my visit, in order to prepare a meal for me. There were also some guests from Bili Bili at Bongu and we dined together. It was quite dark but the Papuans didn't think to light any other fires, other than what was necessary for cooking a

meal, and even these weren't really burning but were going out. The people sat down and ate or wandered round in complete darkness. This seemed somewhat peculiar to me and not very comfortable. It may be a result of an insufficiency of dry wood and the considerable difficulty of cutting fresh supplies of wood with their stone axes. When a little more light was needed they lit a bundle of dry coconut leaves which illuminated the surrounding objects for a minute or two.

The natives have the good habit of not speaking much particularly when eating, a process which is performed in silence. Being bored with sitting in the dark, I went to the seashore to watch the fishing. One of the natives lit a bunch of coconut leaves and by the light of this torch we went to the beach, where a dozen bright lights were blazing on the pirogues and their reflection, moving over the water, in places illuminated the foam of the surf. The whole northern horizon was covered with dark clouds. Above Karkar the lightning was flashing continually and occasionally distant thunder could be heard. I joined a group who were sitting on the beach on the trunk of a large tree washed up by the surf. The pirogues, one after another, began to pull into the shore. The fishermen set about sorting out the fish. Boys about 8 to 10 years of age stood on the platforms of the pirogues holding the torches while the adults put the fish into piles. In the harsh glare, the profiles of the boys appeared very typical, more so than the profile of the adults, whose moustache, beard and massive coiffure, each one different, gave them a distinctive outline. The boys, with the lower part of the face hairless and their heads almost entirely shaved, presented a characteristic silhouette.

Three features struck me particularly — the high backward sloping skull with retreating forehead, and the protruding jaw and an upper lip protruding forward more than the tip of the nose. The third feature was the thinness of the neck, particularly the upper part under the chin. Each fisherman brought me some fish and one of the fishermen baked them for me in the hot ashes when we returned to the village. When I went to the *buambramra* where I was to spend the night, five natives accompanied me, being curious to see how I lie down to sleep.

Lako, the owner of the hut, sat at the brightly burning fire and was busy cooking the fish he had caught. The interior of the hut was quite

wide and in the bright light, which permitted me to inspect the smallest detail, it produced a strange impression of emptiness. The fire was in the middle. Against the right wall were long plank beds; a kind of broad shelf ran along the left side, and on it lay several coconuts. Above the beds hung two or three spears and a bow and arrows. From the ridge of the roof hung a rope with four ends attached to the four corners of a small bamboo basket, in which, wrapped in green leaves, were supplies of cooked food. That was all that was in the hut.

A few coconuts, some baked *ayan* and fish, two or three spears, a bow and arrows, a few *tabirs*, three or four *mals* (loin-cloths) constituted the sole moveable property of Lako, as of the majority of Papuans. Although he did not yet have a wife, he already had a hut, whereas the majority of unmarried natives did not have a hut.

I prepared my bed, spread the blanket out on the long boards, put my haversack under my head, blew up the rubber cushion and to the great astonishment of the natives threw off my shoes and lay down, covering myself with half of the blanket, while the other half was spread under me. Six natives followed in silence, but with great interest, each of my movements. When I closed my eyes, they sat themselves at the fire and began to whisper so as not to disturb me. I soon fell asleep.

*April 8th*

I was awakened during the night by the movement of the bed. Lako, sleeping at the other end of it, had jumped up to make up the fire which was going out. The nocturnal breeze must have felt unpleasant on his naked body, as it was blowing through all the numerous cracks of the hut. Lako was not satisfied with stirring up the fire and putting on wood. He made another fire underneath the plank bed at the place where he was lying, so that the warm vapour, passing between the split bamboos out of which the upper part of the bed was made, warmed one side of his uncovered body. I myself found that my felt blanket was not an unnecessary comfort, as the night was actually chilly. Several times in my sleep I heard Lako get up in order to build up the fire.

Occasionally I was awakened also by the cry of children coming from the neighbouring hut. The crow of a rooster and the voice of Lako talking with his neighbour finally roused me so that I got up and dressed. Not finding sufficient water to wash either at my host's or at the neighbour's, I went to the stream. It was still quite dark and with a burning brand in my hand I had to find the path to the place where the stream enters the sea. Above Karkar lay a dark mass of clouds, from which lightning flashed frequently; the eastern horizon was only just beginning to grow pale.

Having washed at the stream, I filled with water the bamboo that I had taken with me. I returned to the village and busied myself with making tea. This process very much surprised Lako and the Papuans who had come for a morning visit. They all began to giggle, seeing me drinking hot water and imagining that it could be *ingi* (food) for Maklai. After drinking my tea I went out of the hut and was unpleasantly surprised that it was still dark, although I had been up for about an hour. Not having a watch with me I decided to lie down again and await the day. I slept until it was already quite daylight and I got up and made ready for the journey. A difficulty arose. The Bongu people did not want to spend the night at Tengum-mana, whereas I wanted to. I decided to let the Bongu men go on my arrival in the village today and myself return home tomorrow with people from Tengum-mana. This question being resolved, instead of two, seven men set off with me.

Crossing the coastal range (about 120 metres), we went down to the Gabenau River. The descent was very steep as the track went straight down without any *zig-zag*. I was able to descend satisfactorily, thanks only to a spear which I took from one of my fellow-travellers. Our caravan stopped at the bank of the river, whose turbid water roared past us, rolling the stones along the bed of the river. I undressed down to a shirt, boots (which I brought for this purpose) and my hat. I distributed the clothes that I had taken off amongst my companions. I gave one end of a line, which I had brought with me, to a native and told another native to cross the river holding the other end. The current pushed him at an angle and he had still not reached the other side when my 60 metre rope proved not long enough, so I ordered the first native to go into the water as far as would allow the rope to reach to the other side. Thus the line was stretched across the swiftest place in the channel.

I went into the river holding the line with one hand. The water seemed very cold to me (although the temperature showed 22° C.) and came up to my chest and at one place to my shoulders. The stones bombarded my legs, but the current could only carry small pebbles, which would not be enough to knock a man off his feet. I was convinced that one could cross the river without a line if one went at an angle, which I did crossing the remaining three channels. The main problem was in the uneven flinty bottom and the turbidity of the water which did not allow one to see the bottom.

Having crossed to the other bank, I was about to dress myself when they said that we had still to cross another channel, so I remained in my light but not quite comfortable costume. The sun burnt my bare legs. Instead of climbing up the right bank we went along the bed of the river, along the stony hollows, crossing the channel 10 times, the water in many places reaching above the waist. We went in this way about two hours under the sun, and in order to forestall an attack of fever, I took three grains of quinine.

Both banks of the river were high and covered with jungle and in some places precipitous so that one could see the strata of grey-black shale. Stopping at the large trunk of a sago-palm, brought down probably by the last flood, Lako said that I could dress myself as there would be no more water to go through. While I was dressing, the natives smoked, chewed *betel* and looked at my boots, socks and hat, and discussed them — making some very humorous remarks. On a stump near where we were sitting I noticed some figures carved with an axe and similar to those I saw at the time of my last excursion to the river.

When we came to the right bank, they showed me, where I had least expected it, a narrow track up the bank; only with the help of roots and branches could I reach the place where the path became wider and less steep. I will not describe our path upwards except to say that the track was very bad and steep and I was sometimes compelled to rest, not being in a condition to go continuously up the mountain. The circumstance that made it worse was that going them all and having behind me the whole caravan I could frequently as I would have done had I been alone, dared — or did not wish — to go in front of me. through a broad plantation of sugar cane and the summit. I thought that now the village



would appear, but I was mistaken, we had to go farther. In answer to the call of my companions some voices were heard, and, after that, a little later, some inhabitants of the village appeared, many of whom, however, ran back on seeing me. It took a lot of talking and shouting by my companions to bring them back. They timidly approached again, but when I stretched out my hand to one of them he went off headlong into the bushes. It was funny to see these sturdy men trembling as they gave me their hand and quickly drew it back, not daring to look at me but turning their eyes away to one side. After the ceremony we went into the village, myself in front, and behind me 25 men in single file. My appearance in the village also produced a panic terror. The men ran away, the women quickly withdrew into the huts, closing the doors behind them, the children cried and even the dogs ran off howling, with their tails between their legs. Paying no attention to all this commotion I sat down and after a short time almost all the runaway inhabitants began to show themselves again, one after another, from the depths of their huts. My knowledge of the Bongu dialect was not much use here and only with the aid of an interpreter was I able to explain that I intended to remain the night in the village and to ask about a hut where I could spend the night. I added that I would like a specimen of a mab (cuscus) and a dyuga (cassowary) in exchange for a knife.

After some discussion they took me to a spacious hut. Leaving my things there, I went to inspect the village, accompanied by a crowd of natives. It was situated on the very saddle of the range. In the middle stretched a fairly wide "street," with huts on both sides — behind which steep slopes descended, covered with thick vegetation. Between the huts and behind them were numerous high coconut palms, which grow here in profusion, to the great envy of all the neighbouring villages.

The majority of the huts were of a considerably smaller size than those of the coastal villages. They were all constructed in one way; they had an oval base and consisted almost entirely of a roof only, as the walls on the sides were hardly visible. In front of the small doorway there is a semi-circular space, which is under the same kind of roof and supported on two posts. In this space the women sit, eat and work, protected from the sun. While I was occupied drawing two *telums*, *ingi* was being prepared for us guests. Two

boys came running up with the news that the ingi was ready. After them followed a procession; four natives, each with a tabir; in the first was grated coconut, soaked in coconut milk, and in the three remaining, bapu. All the four were placed at my feet. Taking a small portion of the monki-lya coconut pulp and of the boiled taro, I handed the rest to my companions, who avidly began to eat it. At a little distance the inhabitants of Tengum-mana had disposed themselves and I had a convenient opportunity to inspect their physiognomies, as they were engaged in an animated discussion with the people of Bongu. Among them were a few such physiognomies which fully corresponded to the prevailing idea of "savages." Even the most fervid imagination of a talented artist could scarcely have thought up anything more suitable than these.

They brought me a few broken skulls of *mabs* (cuscus) but not one of a cassowary. Everything indicated that the local inhabitants did not engage in organised hunting, but kill these animals when the opportunity arises. Meanwhile, my companions had told a lot of terrifying things about me — such as, that I could burn water, kill with fire, that people could fall ill from my look and so on, so that the inhabitants of Tengum-mana, it seemed, were fearful of remaining in the village while I was there. They seriously asked the Bongu people if it wouldn't be better for them to go away while I was in their village. I was very indignant with my companions for making the mountain-dwellers afraid of my person, not guessing then, that it was done with the purpose of establishing my reputation as a very dangerous or very powerful man. They did this, as I found out later, for their own benefit, representing me as their friend and protector.

They bored me so much with their questions about: Was I staying in Tengum-mana, or was I returning home — that I repeated my decision to remain, lay on the plank bed under the semicircular awning and went to sleep. My siesta lasted more than an hour. Through my sleep I heard the farewells of the Bongu natives to the inhabitants of Tengum-mana.

Having rested after my morning walk I took a stroll round the neighbourhood, accompanied, of course, by a whole retinue of natives. Five minutes' walk along a path brought us to an elevated area from where I had heard voices. I saw a roof surrounded by coconut palms. This was a second area of the village; higher still was a third area,

the highest point in Tengum-mana. The view from here would have been very wide if it had not been obscured to a certain extent by the vegetation. To the north-east in the distance extended the sea; to the east, separated by a deep valley, was the high Englam-mana; to the west, beyond a row of hills, the stony bed of the Koli River could be seen; to the south-west stretched a labyrinth of mountains. When I questioned the natives about them I became convinced that only Englam-mana was populated, that all the other mountains seen from here were completely uninhabited and that no one ever went there, and that there were no tracks anywhere there.

On returning to the village, I turned my attention to the huts. Before the entrance of many of them hung bones, feathers, the broken skulls of dogs, cuscus and even some human skulls, but without the lower jaw. At one place a rope was stretched across the square between two trees and on it hung a row of empty baskets, bearing witness to the gifts from other villages. Englam-mana abounds in areca palms and *keu*. When I put up my little table, sat on the collapsible seat and took out a case with paper and drawing equipment, the natives, surrounding me, first stepped back and then made off entirely. Not knowing their dialect, I did not attempt to speak to them but started to draw one of the huts in silence.

Not seeing or hearing anything terrible, the natives again approached and became quite calm, so that I succeeded in making two portraits. One of them was that particular individual about whom I said that externally he particularly resembled our customary idea of a "savage." But since this "savageness" was not so much in his facial features, but in his expression, in the quick change of one expression with another and in the mobility of his facial muscles, then, in transferring to paper a few lines of his profile, I achieved only a very inadequate copy of the original. The other native was much more good-looking and did not have such protruding jaws.

Dinner and supper, which they gave me, consisted again of boiled *bapu*, bananas and grated coconut. One of the natives, knowing the Bongu dialect a little, took it upon himself to be my cicerone and never left me the whole time. Noticing that the *baou* brought me was so hot that I couldn't eat it, he considered it his duty to take each piece of taro in his not particularly clean hands and blow on it. Consequently, I hurriedly took the *tabir* away from his guardianship and suggested that

he eat those pieces of *baou* which he had prepared for me. This, however, did not prevent him from following intently all my movements. Noticing a fibre on a piece of *baou* which I was just about to raise to my mouth, he hastily raised his hand and took it and, with triumph, after showing it to me, threw it away.

One couldn't boast about the cleanliness of the local natives as compared with the coastal ones. This is partly explained by the insufficient water, which has to be brought by them from the river by a difficult mountainous jungle path. When I asked for some water, they, after long deliberation, poured such a dirty wish-wash out of a bamboo that I refused even to try it.

About 6 o'clock clouds formed and covered the setting sun, it became damp and cold and very soon completely dark. As yesterday at Bongu, we remained in darkness. By the light of the smouldering fires one could scarcely make out the figures of those sitting two paces away. I asked for light. My cicerone understood that I did not want to sit in darkness and brought a whole pile of palm leaves and lit them. The bright flames illuminated the group of natives sitting opposite me, who were silently smoking and chewing *betel*. Among them, near the fire, sat a native who I had already noticed. He called out and gave orders more than anybody and he was obeyed. He it was who in the main had carried on the conversations with the inhabitants of Bongu and attended to the meals. Although he was not distinguishable by any external decoration from the others, his manner of calling out and commanding made me suppose that he was the principal personality in Tengum-mana and I was not mistaken. Such persons, in the nature of chiefs, have no special designation, as far as I know, and are met with in all villages. The largest *buambramras* frequently belong to them and a certain number of natives group themselves near them to execute their orders.

I wanted to hear the native singing in order to compare it with the singing of the coastal natives, but no one decided to strike up a Tengum-mana *mun* so I considered the most rational thing to do was to go to bed.

*April 9th*

The crowd in front of the hut in which I was lying did not break up for a long time; the natives were discussing something at great length.

Minem, who I took for the "head man," spoke a great deal. Just as I began to get to sleep the squeal of a pig woke me up. Some burning bamboos illuminated a group of natives who were tying a fairly large pig, intended for me, to a pole. Then, during the night, a violent coughing in the nearest hut frequently woke me. Also the two natives sleeping on the other plank beds often made up the fire and put coals under their beds. With the first rays of the sun I got up again and went round the whole village gathering the skulls of cus-cus and what could be found of interest. I acquired, however, only two human skulls without lower jaws and a *telum* which the natives called *kariya*. This latter I received only after long talks and a shout from Minem, and some promises, on my part, to send them, besides nails, some bottles.

After breakfast, consisting again of boiled taro and coconut, I gave my things to three natives to carry and came out under the awning of the hut. On the square the whole population of the village was sitting and standing, forming a semi-circle: in the middle stood two natives holding on their shoulders a long bamboo with a pig tied to it. Minem, holding a green branch in his hand, went solemnly up to the pig and gave a speech before the silent population, from which I gathered that the pig is given as a gift by the inhabitants of Tengum-mana to Maklai — that is, the people of the village will carry it to the house of Maklai, that there Maklai will stab it with a spear, that the pig will squeal and then die, that Maklai will untie it, singe off the bristles, cut it up, and eat it!

Having finished the speech, Minem tucked the green branch in the vines with which the pig was tied to the pole. They all maintained silence and awaited something. I understood that they were waiting for my answer. I went up to the pig and collecting all my knowledge of the Bongu dialect I answered Minem and had the satisfaction of seeing that he understood me and that he was pleased with my words. I said I came to Tengum-mana not for the pig but to see the people, their huts and the mountains of Tengum-mana; that I wished to get a specimen of *mab* and *dyuga*, for which I was ready to give, for each, a good knife ( — general approval with the addition of the word *essi*). For the pig, I will also give in Garagassi what I gave to others — a *kanum* (mirror) ( — again, general approval); I added that when I eat the pig, then I will say that the Tengum-mana people are good people; that if any of the people of Tengum-mana come to Maklai

house, then he will receive tobacco, red cloth, nails and bottles; that if the people of Tengum-mana are good, then Maklai will be good (general satisfaction and cries of "Maklai is good and *tamo Tengum-mana* are good")- After shaking hands and with cries of "*E-memer* I hastened to leave the village, as the sun was already getting high.

Passing the last hut I saw a small girl twisting in her fingers a string with the ends joined. I stopped and watched what she was doing; with a complacent smile she repeated her juggling with the string, which was the same with which children in Europe sometimes amuse themselves.

As I descended from one of the hills, I was surprised by the number of those accompanying me. All were armed with spears, bows and arrows. For the purpose of smoking, many were carrying a smoking fire stick, apparently not having discovered, up to the present, a method of making fire. They took me back by another road and not the one by which I came. Knowing their roads better than the people of Bongu, they wanted to shorten the track, which turned out to be steeper and more awkward than the one by which we came yesterday. At one place along the path near the plantations lay the trunk of a fallen tree at least a metre in diameter. On the side facing the village several hieroglyphic figures were carved, similar to those which I saw in the bed of the river on a sago palm trunk, but much older than the latter.

These figures on trees, as also the images at Bongu (about which I have spoken) and on the pirogues of Bili Bili deserve attention, because they represent none other than the rudiments of a script, the first steps in the invention of a so-called ideographic script. A man, drawing with charcoal or colour, or carving these figures with an axe, wishes to express a thought, to portray some fact. These figures do not serve as simple ornamentation, but have an abstract significance; thus, for example, in Bili Bili the portrayal of a festive procession was done in memory of finishing the construction of a pirogue. The symbols on the trees have a very crude form, consisting of merely a few lines; their significance is probably understood only by the one cutting them and by those to whom he explains the meaning of his hieroglyphs.

I heard with pleasure the sound of the river, because the path was exhausting; one's full attention was necessary in order not to be

caught by the leg in some vine or stumble over a rock, not to knock one's knee on the tree trunks lying across the track covered with grass, not to prick your eyes with the twigs, etc. All this hinders one from observing the locality. We came to the same place where yesterday we had begun the ascent to Tengum-mana. At the last ledge, some scores of feet above the river, was a glade and the view on the river was very picturesque.

I stopped for a rest and to do a rough sketch of the locality in my album, telling the people that they should go down to the river and wait for me there. The picture, animated by the figures of the descending Papuans, gave it a particularly native colour. I counted 18 men. They arranged themselves in various groups to rest. Some lay on the warm sand, others, putting together the fire sticks they had brought with them, sat at the fire and smoked, while others chewed *betel*. Some, bending down to the river, drank its muddy water. Many, not parting with their weapons, stood on large rocks, leaning on their spears. They were vigilantly watching the other bank. I found out later that the inhabitants of Tengum-mana were in a state of hostility, in fact were carrying on a war with the inhabitants of Gadabi-mana, therefore they were all armed, and some stood on guard while their comrades rested.

I was so lost in contemplation of the picture around me that I forgot to draw, but my inexpert pencil could only reproduce an imperfect and pale copy of this unique locality and its inhabitants. I descended to the river, undressed like yesterday and we went along its bed. The sun was scorching and the stones over which I had to go bruised my feet till they bled.

Two scenes enlivened our passage. Noticing a lizard warming itself in the sun and knowing that I collected various animals, a native crept up to it and with a yell threw himself on it, but it slipped away. About 10 men set out after it; it slid between the stones and some reeds, but even here the natives ran it to earth. In a flash the reeds were pulled out, the stones thrown aside and the earth quickly dug with their hands. One of the natives seized it by the neck and gave it to me. Apart from a handkerchief I couldn't find anything to keep it in. While I was tying it up it managed to bite one of the natives so that it drew blood, but it did not get away.

Then, while crossing one of the channels of the river, the natives noticed a large number of little fish, swiftly gliding among the stones;

my companions picked up some stones and in an instant they were flying into the water frequently hitting their targets. The dead and wounded fish were picked up, wrapped in leaves and kept for supper. Today we had to go farther down the river than yesterday as I wanted to go straight home and not to Bongu or Gorendu. Arriving home finally towards 4 o'clock I found Ohlsen pale and shaking as a result of two attacks of fever, because he did not take quinine in time. I found out that, in ray absence, Tui had spent the night at Garagassi (probably invited by Ohlsen) with which I was very displeased. Some inhabitants of Gorendu with their guests from Dili Bili came. About 40 chattering natives were scattered round my cabin. Distributing tobacco and a piece of red cloth to each of my guides, I gave, according to my promise, a mirror to one of them for the pig, some bottles and several large nails for the *telum* and then let them go back to Tengum-mana, all very pleased. As for myself, not having eaten for the last 10 hours, I drank tea without sugar and ate baked *ayan* with great pleasure.

#### *April 10th*

During the night I felt pain in my leg and when I got up in the morning my leg was very swollen, with three small sores that were full of matter. This was the result of yesterday's crossing of the river. It was impossible to put on my boots and the pain of moving made me stay at home. I entrusted the pig that had been brought yesterday to the inhabitants of Bongu, to tie it up in their own way, as I did not wish to slaughter it immediately.

#### *April 12th*

Two days' sitting at home had a favourable effect on my leg. I seemed to be in a fit state to carry, myself, a portion of the pork as a present to the inhabitants of Gorendu, as Ohlsen had slaughtered the Tengum-mana pig today. It was too much for the two of us to eat and, not wishing to bother with salting it, and following local custom, I decided to give half to friends in Gorendu and Bongu. Although I took pork to only three of the inhabitants, women were called from three places to clean and cook *ayan* and *boon*.

While resting in the cool of the *buambramra*, I noticed an old *telum*, the body of which was human, but the head that of a crocodile.



*July 10th*

Then I took note of the preparation of a Papuan dish *kale*, which I saw for the first time. It consisted of grated and slightly roasted coconut, ground up with *baou* or *ayan*, from which a rather tasty dough is produced.

The children here are trained early to help in the household. It is comical to see how a young boy one and a half to two years old drags a large piece of wood to the fire and then runs to his mother to suck her breast.

Today I again had the opportunity to see in detail the procedure for the preparation of *keu*. I saw also that sometimes the women drink this beverage.

*April 14th*

Several men appeared from Bongu for medicine: one came with bad legs, another brought me a sample of a pipe which I had ordered from him some time ago, the rest came with coconuts.

Handing over the long bamboo tube, the native told me not to show the *ai* (general name of all musical instruments) to women or children; that it can be bad for them. The natives here keep all their musical instruments hidden from the women and children and use the *ai* — or, play music — always outside the village. The reason for this exclusion of women from music, singing, etc., remains unknown to me.

*April 15th*

The weather is changing; frequent calm periods, a slight wind from the south-east; it is cloudy. My premises are so small that unless I observe the strictest order and put everything each day in its proper place, there would be absolutely nowhere to sit. This continual tidying up is very tedious and entails considerable loss of time.

*April 16th*

On arriving in the morning at Gorendu I met two women there from another village, who had come to visit the wives of Tui and Bugai.

Large bags with gifts (*baou* and *ayan*) were hung on their backs, the cords from these bags being held round the forehead. The bags were so heavy that the women could not talk or stand without bending half forward. They were made very welcome by the women of Gorendu, who pressed their hands and stroked their shoulders. Women, when greeting each other, give one another a hand, or two or three fingers. On the shoulders and chests of these women down to the middle of the body a series of spots had been branded, which were distinguished by their lighter colour from the rest of the skin. However, this kind of tattooing is by no means met with on all women.

### *April 11th*

Today in Gumbu I saw how, with the aid of a simple shell and some splinters of flint, the Papuans make combs from bamboo. The upper part of these combs is decorated with a design scratched very skilfully with a splinter of flint. These designs are very varied. I drew several of them. In order to cut a similar comb with his primitive instruments, a native requires almost half a day.

I have lately had to take up hunting seriously, since our daily intake of food (glass of coffee in the morning with a small quantity of taro, boiled or baked, and a few beans, taro and a cup of tea for dinner) has become inadequate. Hunting here is not difficult, as the birds, still unfamiliar with the action of firearms, are not timid and allow one to approach very near.

The idea came to me to experience the effect of *keu* on myself. I scraped with a knife the root and stem of *Piper methysticum* and cut up the leaves. I poured water (about two full tablespoons) on this in an ordinary glass to the brim. I let it infuse for about an hour, after which I strained the wet mass (root, stem and leaves) through a cloth several times, constantly macerating it in the same liquid. The liquid that was squeezed out was a greenish-brown colour and had a bitter but not unpleasant taste. I drank about a glass of this bitter liquid just as medicine is drunk, paying no attention to its not particularly pleasant taste. I did not feel any particular effect. I do not think that this was the fault of the weakness of the infusion, but rather the absence of saliva, which produces a fermentation of the liquid and makes the *keu* drink stupefying.

*April 19th*

Rain poured all night and all the morning and showed 480 pts. on my rain gauge.

*April 20th*

Visiting Gorendu, I sat awaiting dinner in the *barla* and, having nothing to do, I picked up an arrow lying on the ground and noticed the end broken off. I took out my knife to sharpen it, because for the natives this operation carried out with flint is not very easy and takes considerable time. Vangum, who was standing near me, explained that the arrow had broken when it was aimed at a *mab*. When I asked if they had killed the *mab* he answered "no," it was in the neighbouring hut. I went in (or, rather, climbed in, the threshold being so high and the doorway small) and in the half-darkness made out something white hanging from the roof, which proved to be the *mab*. The hut had two floors and the animal was firmly tied by the tail with the head down. Wishing to inspect the *mab* closer, I asked them to bring it out of the hut. Vangum cut through, with a shell, the vine tied to the tail of the *mab*, which seized the (omitted) with its forepaws with such strength, that although Vangum grasped its tail with both hands, he could not drag it away from the place, as the animal had thrust its strong sharp claws into the wood. Before I could stop him Vangum violently struck the forepaws of the *mab* with a stout stick. The pain forced the animal to give way and it was finally pulled down. Holding it by the tail so as not to be bitten, Vangum threw it out of the hut. I followed after it.

The poor, injured animal fiercely opened wide its mouth and at each of my movements showed its long lower teeth and reddish-grey tongue, but it did not attempt to run away. It was of a greyish-white colour about 50 centimetres long. Its fur was soft and thick, but the hairs were not long, however. Its fat body could not support itself on the short legs which were provided with long curved claws. When it had plucked up enough courage the *mab* took it into his head to try and escape, but on the level ground it did not succeed. It made a few clumsy movements, stopped and lay down. Perhaps this resulted from the fact that it had not recovered from the blows

on its forelegs from the stick or from the arrow wound. Wishing to acquire the *mab*, I at once offered a knife for it, which from the natives' point of view was a very good price for the animal and I asked to whom it belonged. It turned out that there was no real proprietor because it was caught in the following way: That morning, two natives, both at the same time, noticed the animal, which had descended from a tree almost in the village itself. When they rushed to catch it, the frightened animal, seeing no other escape, climbed quickly up a palm tree standing on its own. Thereupon, half the village took part in the capture. One of them fired an arrow, wounding the animal lightly in the neck, another climbed up the tree and threw it down, and the rest caught it on the ground. It had been decided to eat it together and they were already getting the fire ready in order to burn off its thick fur. My proposal therefore very much perplexed them. Each one wanted to receive a knife, but no one dared say "it is my animal." They replied that the Gorendu children would cry if they did not give them some *mab* meat to eat. I knew very well that if I were to take the animal and carry it home, none of the inhabitants of Gorendu would dare oppose it, but I did not want to act unjustly and take possession of the property of another by force. I, therefore, announced to the natives standing in expectation of my decision: "Let the people of Gorendu eat the *mab*, but the head I will take with me." Rejoicing at the turn of events, some of the natives rushed to help me. With a blunt knife in the absence of a better one, I sawed through the neck of the unfortunate animal, which during this barbaric operation didn't utter a sound. While I was washing my hands, covered with blood, I remembered that I ought to cut off the fore and hind legs, but the *mab* was already on the fire and I had to be satisfied with the half-charred extremities. I managed to still save part of the prehensile tail, which is very much like a long finger and covered here and there with warty growths.

#### *April 21st*

I made a drawing of the snout, legs and tail of the *mab* and mounted the skull, which proved to be different from the one obtained in Tengum-mana. The fur of that variety was black with yellowish spots. I extracted the brain, made a drawing of it and made several sections.

While I was occupied with this, I heard a slight rustle. A large lizard at least a metre and a half long was under the verandah, picking up the scraps of flesh of the mab, which I was throwing away in mounting the skull. While I was picking up the loaded gun, the lizard quickly ran across the space in front of the house and disappeared in the jungle. I made a few steps and was stopped by a strange sound above my head. High up in the branches I noticed the beautiful comb of the black cockatoo. It must have seen me and with a cry it flew off into the jungle. At the same time I heard the fall of a kengara nut (*Canarium commune*).

*Going* round the tree I saw another cockatoo, which was perched still higher and was quietly biting through the hard shell of the nut I risked a shot and the large bird, flapping one wing (the other had been hit), fell to the ground. Some of the fine shot had pierced the skull, one eye was bloodshot. The cockatoo thrashed about with its sound wing and clawed the earth. A stick of bamboo three centimetres in diameter gripped in its beak was torn to shreds. The bird finally fell on its back, opened wide its beak and began to pant heavily. After prolonged breathing it was able to close the whole orifice of the mouth with its fleshy tongue, although the beak was wide open. The tongue, like a well-adjusted valve, pressed against the palate, completely closing the mouth. This capacity (probably met with in other birds) has, undoubtedly, significance — during, for instance, flight.

I did not have to wait long for the bird to expire and I was soon able to prepare the skeleton. I measured the distance between the tips of the wings, carefully mounted the beautiful crest and pulled out the large feathers from the tail, with which the natives decorate their combs. They are really beautiful — a dull black colour shot with blue.

In spite of an attack of fever, I carefully prepared the skeleton. The weight of the flesh cut off equalled nearly a kilogramme, and the weight of the whole bird was about one and three-quarters to two and one-quarter kilogrammes. The minced pieces of flesh of the cockatoo gave us a cup each (made of coconut shell) of good soup. I have to admit that our crockery is little by little being replaced by more primitive ones which do not break like porcelain or china. I made a score or so of cups from coconut shells and these were taking the place of broken dishes and plates.

*April 23rd*

In Gumbu three natives were occupied with the weaving of a large basket for catching fish. The work is in the highest degree meticulous and it is sturdily made. The basket is made almost entirely out of bamboo and has quite a complicated form. Several girls and women were doing various designs with a string with the ends tied together, using not only their fingers but their toes.

I had to hurry home as I felt the approach of an attack of fever. I had barely got home when I had to lie down. The attack was somewhat stronger than usual. It passed, however, towards 6 o'clock, leaving after it a great weakness.

*April 25th*

Had an attack of fever again yesterday. During the day the weather was fine as usual; at night heavy rainfall. No south-easter yet.

*April 26th*

A pirogue from Dili Bill came to Bongu yesterday, and today from early morning, a crowd of my acquaintances were lounging about in front of my cabin; among them were four men from the village of Rai. This village lies on the south-east side of the bay, beyond the river and for the first time I saw inhabitants from thai shore. By their exterior and decorations they could not be distinguished from the local people.

Kain asked me to sharpen a small axe for him. Sometime before I had given him a piece of iron from a broken box. He had carefully made an axe handle modelled on the usual handle of a stone axe, but in place of the stone he had inserted the piece of iron I had given him and attached it to the handle in exactly the same way as the natives attach the stone axehead. He had tried to sharpen the iron on a stone, but this wasn't successful, so he brought his new axe to Garagassi. From this example, as from many other similai ones, it can be seen that the natives will gladly take and use European implements at the first opportunity that occurs.

My guests sat about for a long time and finally, before their departure, the Bili Bill people asked about my tabop which kills birds high in the trees and that can also kill people and which they heard about in Bongu and Gorendu. They asked me to show them and to fire it, probably in order to spread a description of it and stories about it among the villages farther on. The people from Rai-mana were very much afraid and asked me not to do it — i.e., not to fire it. Others, however, made them ashamed, so that they all entreated me to satisfy their curiosity and I agreed.

When I brought the gun out, my Papuans huddled close to one another like a mob of sheep. Some seized their neighbours' hands in the expectation of a terrible event. When the shot was fired, they all collapsed like sheaves on the ground, their legs were shaking so much that they could not sit on their haunches.

I had already lowered the gun some time and was regarding the group lying down, before a few of them dared to look in my direction, raising their heads a little and taking their hands from their ears, which they had closed as soon as the shot rang out. It was interesting to see the expression of fear written on their faces — their mouths were half open, the tongues were moving, but they could not as yet utter words distinctly. The eyes also were open wider than usual. With trembling hands many of them made signs that I should take the terrible weapon away.

Coming out of the cabin again, I found the natives engaged in a lively discussion. They were conveying to one another their impressions and were inclined to want to get away as soon as they could. I calmed them by saying that my gun was only dangerous perhaps for bad people and for good people like them I had tobacco, nails, etc. If I had not seen it myself, I would have had difficulty in imagining such fear of the firing of a gun among grown-up people. At the same time, I noticed that the natives' fear was of short duration and that they soon got accustomed to this sensation. When they had gone away I went with the gun into the jungle where I stumbled on three natives. One was playing on a Papuan flute, consisting of a simple bamboo tube 25 millimeters in diameter with both ends closed but with two apertures at the side, above and below. The two others were busy near a thick rotten stump at which they were industriously hacking with stone axes. The crumbling rotten wood flew in all directions. Out of the mass crawled fat white

grubs which had been boring into the trunk in hundreds.

After they had chopped for some time they stopped and chewed and swallowed the thick grubs with gusto, sometimes putting them in their mouth with both hands. Having eaten a sufficient quantity, one of them took to the flute, the others to the axe again. They looked very cheerful, regaling themselves in this fashion and then turning to the music. It is singular that at various periods of the year various instruments are in vogue amongst the natives and this is connected with the character of the food being used; thus, for example, the tyumbin they play when they eat baou; with ayan it is not used; when they eat pork they blow on the large bamboo pipes, beat on the barum, etc.

*April 29th*

Approaching Bongu, I saw a large pirogue drawn up on the beach, exactly the same as those which are constructed on Bili Bili. It belonged to the inhabitants of Graged. On seeing me they asked me to sit with them and, although they were seeing me for the first time, all knew my name well. Among them as also among the inhabitants of Mitebog, I met people with very attractive faces. The facial expression of some of the young Papuans was so gentle and soft, that similar faces, apart from the colour of the skin, would be exceptional even among so-called "civilized" races. My neighbours had a much more severe look and their manner was not so obliging; in general they form a transitional type between the islanders and the dwellers in the mountain villages. They had more decoration and it is done more carefully; probably their mode of life leaves them more free time.

While they were preparing dinner for me in the village I turned my attention to the manufacture of the large bamboo combs. A simple shell serves as the only implement used. One can only be surprised at the patience and art of the workers. Several boys and girls about eight and nine years of age, completely naked, were dragging along dry palm leaves, probably for roofing. Usually they came back running, trying to race each other. The running of the girls with their long torsos and short legs involuntarily drew one's attention to a comparison with the easy, free gait of the longer-legged boys.



When the guests from the islands of Graged and Mitebog got ready to leave I noticed that among the gifts of the Bongu village, which consisted of a large quantity of taro, there were also included, as additional treasures, an empty bottle and three nails in the basket. In this way, articles of European origin can wander far and, maybe, give rise to incorrect ideas and assumptions, etc.

*April 30th*

After a thoroughly successful hunt (I succeeded in killing six large birds in an hour) I went off to Gumbu, wishing to rest and drink some coconut milk. On the way I noticed some trees with traces of carved figures and ornamentation, probably produced a long time ago. When I arrived at Gumbu I did not find a single soul in the entire village. I didn't even notice a dog.

Ohlsen was very glad of what I had shot, assuring me that he often felt hungry, about which I am not surprised, as I myself, quite often feel that I haven't had enough to eat.

The pumpkin seeds I gave to the natives two or three months ago are producing their first fruits. Tui and Lalu came in the morning to invite me to visit them in the evening "to eat pumpkin." I was surprised that they remembered the word and to find that it had come into general use.<sup>6</sup>

Betaking myself early to Gorendu, I found Bonem, with other natives, making a sail for a pirogue. The work was not particularly intricate. Thin strings made from plant fibre are stretched at frequent intervals between two poles; one native with a fragment of shell cuts into a pandanus leaf, tearing off the thorny edge of the leaf and cutting out the middle rib so that two long strips are obtained from each leaf. These are interwoven between the stretched strings. I sat next to this group, and some more native men soon came out of the jungle with long poles. The poles were straight and all branches and twigs on them had been carefully removed (probably with the aid of a shell). The bark was stripped off very skilfully, all in one piece, then again turned and carefully freed from the outer layer and beaten on a flat stone with a stout, short stick.

Two natives inspired the workers with the plaintive sounds of the *tyumbin*.

Just then Tui came to invite me to show them how to eat pumpkin as this was the first one which they had seen. I cut it up and put it in a pot with water where it soon cooked. The natives crowded round, wanting to see how I would eat it. Although I don't like pumpkin, I decided to demonstrate to them that I was eating it with appetite, so that the natives would try it without any prejudice. But, all the same, the new food seemed to them something special and finally they decided to eat it with grated coconut and in this form the whole pumpkin was soon consumed.

### *May 4th*

The beat of the barum in Bongu was heard from time to time all night. About midday several natives came with an invitation to go with them to eat some pork and listen to their singing. Not wishing to upset my good relations with them I went.

In the village there was not a single man, only women and children; but in the clearing in the forest I was met with a prolonged cry from all sides, after which everybody began to call to me at the same time to sit with them. I chose a place a little on one side in order to see better what was going on. About 10 men were busy with the preparation of the food; some others formed a group in another corner diligently occupied with the chewing and straining of keu, the effect of which was already noticeable on many faces; the majority were sitting doing nothing but carrying on a lively conversation in which I frequently heard the name Anut and. tamo Anut (I cannot define exactly where these people live — I know only that it is somewhere beyond the river near Maragum-mana and is not one, but many, villages). About them, my neighbours told me that they wanted to attack my hut, having heard that I have plenty of knives and red loin-cloths and that there are only two of us, Ohlsen and me. Being sure that this couldn't happen without the agreement of my acquaintances in Bongu or Gumbu, who wouldn't at all mind sharing the loot with these people, I considered it expedient to make a joke out of it, adding that it wouldn't be bad for me but for those who came to Garagassi; and then changed the

conversation, asking whether anybody would go with me to Englammana. They told me that Bongu did not have good relations with Englammana and if they went there they would be killed, but the inhabitants of Gumbu can go there.

When the food was ready and laid out in portions, one of the natives ran to the villages and we soon heard the sound of the *barum* and then everybody in the feasting area began to yell with all their might, and others to blow instruments. The noise was deafening and seemed to afford the natives marked pleasure.

On some of them the influence of the *keu* was very noticeable. They stood uncertainly on their legs, their tongues did not obey them, and their hands trembled. Their faces expressed the condition which the Germans call *katzenjammer*. On the occasion of feasts the natives colour their faces and heads. Some have the whole head smeared with black, others with red colouring; still others colour the head red with a black border and others black with a red border; only the old men do not colour the face or head. In general, the old men use only black for their hair and face and almost never wear any ornaments on the neck.

### *May 6th*

In the evening I was at Gorendu. Ingo drew for me in my notebook the figures of various animals and people. I was surprised at the firmness of his hand, the straightness of his lines in using such a completely new instrument, for him, as a pencil. I found out, incidentally, that the nose and ears of the natives are pierced either with a sharpened bamboo stick or with a *diglan ayan* (the thorn of the *Dioscorea*). The light spots on the hands and legs of the men, and on the shoulders and chests of women, are produced not only by small pieces of burning bark but by hot stones.

It was only today — that is, after eight months — I have been able to find out the Papuan words (Bongu dialect) for father, mother, son. I made use of the arrival of four natives to draw up the boat still higher on the beach than before. For this it was necessary to use a stout log and lay it under the keel. Ohlsen and I with a great effort carried the log 20 paces as far as the beach and then I said that it could roll along the sand. But the natives were surprised by our strength and wanted to show their strength;

so all four went up to the log, raised it with great difficulty, and panting and shouting took it almost at a run, as far as the boat. They act like this on all such occasions where great effort is required. They rush at it with a shout and great gusto, encouraging each other with exclamations and actually succeed in doing that which they could scarcely do acting silently and slowly.

### *May 14th*

Many visitors, 15 or 20 men from Englam-mana, Yambombi, Tuti, Bili Bili and elsewhere.

My legs hurt. The little cuts I got on the excursion to Tengum-mana, as a result of neglecting them, have merged into several big ones, so that I cannot walk. They sent me a luxurious meal from Gorendu — boiled taro, baked breadfruit, sago and shredded coconut.

### *May 22nd*

The abscesses on my leg have not gone yet and I cannot fuss over them too much as I have to go out hunting every day, so that we don't go hungry.

Today the natives in Gorendu seriously asked me to stop the rain. When I answered that I could not do this, they all said, in a chorus, that I can but I don't want to!

### *May 23rd*

Tui came and told me that he had only just returned from Bogatim, where many inhabitants of the surrounding villages had gathered on the occasion of the death of one of them. This is why, Tui explained, we heard the beating of the barum so many times the previous day. This happens, he continued, when a man dies; it is not done when a woman dies. Bua brought me a specimen of a *mab* and I acquired it for a knife. When I was preparing the skeleton, I gave the pieces of flesh to Ohlsen, who minced it for soup. Because of its aroma and sickly taste I do not like boiled or baked *mab*.

*May 25th*

At sunrise the *barum* at Gorendu could be heard, but not so loud and prolonged as usual. Tui came and told me that the *barum* was beaten on account of the death of an inhabitant of Gumbu and that the inhabitants of Gorendu and Bongu were going to Gumbu. I hurriedly drank my coffee in order to go there too. On the way I met a whole line of natives armed with spears and bows and arrows. Catching sight of me they all stopped to let me go in front. When they found out that I was going to Gumbu, it was noticeable that they could not decide what to do about it — whether to dissuade me or not! After a general conference they preferred to be silent.

When we came out to the sea we overtook a whole crowd of women; many had babies in bags or on their shoulders, depending on the age. At the entrance to the village our group stopped; they told me that the women should pass ahead. We let them pass and soon we heard their weeping and wailing, very similar to the howling of the local dogs. When I approached the first hut one of my companions warned me to be more careful as I might get hit with an arrow or a spear. Not understanding what was going on I went on. In fact, the sound of shouts and sometimes of very loud speeches came from the village square. The natives who had come with me, holding the bow and arrow in the left hand and the spear at the ready in the right, came into the square at a run and formed a row facing the first group who were already there.

I stopped at a place from which I could see what was happening in the village and at the same time be shielded from the arrows. Between the two groups standing facing each other, attackers and defenders, stepped out an inhabitant of Gumbu (a relative of the dead person, it seemed). He harangued them very loudly. He backed his words with a violent movement, flinging himself from side to side, and threatening the advancing warriors with his spear. From time to time an opponent from the other side presented himself and used his throat and tongue more than the bow or spear. Some fired their arrows, trying, obviously, not to hit anybody. The

yelling, the running about and general uproar was considerable. The natives stepped out, one at a time in turn, from each side. Looking at the war-like play, I could not but admire the fine physique of these Papuans and the graceful movements of their agile bodies.

They looked at me with surprise, as at an uninvited guest. Finally having tired themselves out with running and yelling, they all sat down in several rows — behind them the women and children were disposed. They began to smoke and to talk, not quite so loudly as usual. Several men were occupied with preparing the "Papuan coffin" — sections of the sheaths of various palm leaves were brought and sewn together with vines so that they formed two long pieces. These pieces were put cross-wise and again fastened in the middle and then the ends were turned up so that the doubled middle part formed the bottom about 50 centimetres square. The turned-up sides formed the sides of a large box one metre high. So that the sides wouldn't collapse the box was tied round at several places with vines. The natives did not hurry, smoking and talking in a low voice. The wailing in the hut of the deceased grew sometimes louder, then subsided again. A little to one side, in a large pot, *boon* was boiling, which while it was quite hot was put on leaves, tied in a parcel, and hung on the branch of a tree near the hut, at the door of which hung a slaughtered dog. It was explained to me that they would be eaten by the guests at the funeral that afternoon.

Several men went into the dead man's hut, soon appearing at the door carrying the deceased, who was bent into a sitting position so that his chin was touching his knees; the face was also turned down; his hands were not visible, they were between the torso and the drawn-up legs. The whole body was bound by the deceased's waistband so that all the limbs were held in the desired position. Three natives carried the deceased, two supporting it on the sides; the third — clasping it round the body and legs — actually carried it in his arms.

Two women, one of whom was the mother, the other the wife, completed the procession, holding the ends of the girdle which was wrapped round the body of the deceased. Both women were smeared with black, very carelessly in patches. There was no decoration on them and even the usual skirts, generally quite seemly in its length was today replaced by a girdle from which hung, in front and behind, scraps of fringes, also black, which scarcely covered their body.

All this showed that they had dressed themselves thus intentionally to indicate that they had neither the time nor the wish to occupy themselves with their clothes. They both were crooning a mournful song with whining voices.

When the deceased was brought out, all those present fell silent. They stood up and maintained silence to the end. The deceased was placed in the previously-described box standing in the middle of the village square; the head was covered with a *telrun* (the bag in which the women carry babies). Then, bending the sides of the box, it was bound round above the head so that the box took the form of a three-sided pyramid. It was then carefully tied round with vines and the top end tied to a fairly stout pole. While this was going on a few natives stepped out from the ranks and placed several dry coconuts and a newly decorated girdle near the box with the body. Two natives took the ends of the pole, to which the bundle with the deceased was attached, on their shoulders and carried it back to the hut; a third took the coconuts and girdle and followed them. . With this the ceremony was finished. Those present picked up their weapons and began to depart. I went to the hut to see where they put the body — do they bury it, or simply leave it in the hut?

The last supposition was correct. The pole was raised to the highest crosspiece under the roof and the pyramid-shaped box swung in the middle of the now lonely hut. The widow, already an old woman, was starting to make a fire a little on one side.

Returning home I overtook some 40 natives who were visiting me at Garagassi to talk about the deceased, to smoke a little and to ask for some feathers and some broken glass for shaving.

### *May 28th*

I went off to Gumbu to find companions wishing to go with me to Englam-mana. Two natives agreed with pleasure. At one hut I noticed some natives making an anchor for their nets. The anchor consisted of the stump of a fairly stout log with four or five roots branching off almost from one and the same place. These branches, chopped off and sharpened, formed the flukes of the anchor. Stones were attached to the middle of the stump by means of vines woven in such a way that it looked as if

they were lying in a basket. The weight of the stones prevented the anchor from floating away. Not far from us Bugai's daughter was sitting, a girl of about ten. She was holding a large smooth stone almost between her legs and was busy grinding the shell of the genus *Conus* into smooth rings, used by the women and girls as a kind of necklace. The stone was moistened with water and the work was making rapid progress.

*May 29th*

In spite of a headache and giddiness, I decided not to put off my excursion to Englam-mana and to go in the evening to Gumbu and the following morning from there to Englam-mana. After taking 0.3 gramme quinine to be on the safe side, I set off for Gumbu, accompanied by three lads from that village, to whom I gave the things needed for the excursion, to carry.

As it was getting dark I set off along the beach and arrived at the village, at the entrance of which the youths of Gumbu awaited me. With cries of "*Maklai gena*" (Maklai has come) and "*E-meme*" they took the things from the boys carrying them and led me to the village square, where I found the whole company busy with their meal. The *tamo* (adult males) sat on the *barla*, the *malassi* (the youths) on the ground near the hut. Today, as I knew, was a meal in honour or in memory of a dead person, on which occasion they ate pork, but the men only — the *malassi* had to be content with *baou*. As a *tamo boro* (big man) and as a guest, they placed before me a large *tabir* with taro and with a large piece of pork. On a mat near the fire, a little to one side, lay Kum and he asked me for help, complaining of a severe pain in the side and stomach. I gave him a few drops of tincture of opium, and the next day Kum eulogized my "water," i.e, medicine.

After the meal the whole village gathered round me. We sat in complete darkness. There was no fire and the moon rose late. They questioned me about Russia, about the houses, pigs, villages and so on. Then they turned to the moon which they obviously confused with the idea of Russia and wanted to know if there are women on the moon, how many wives I have there; they asked me about the stars and tried to find out on which I had been, etc.



Each of my words was listened to with great attention. It began to get cold and damp and I wanted to go to sleep. Several men accompanied me to the wide *buambramra* belonging to Olum, one of the natives who was to go with me. More than half the length of the *buambramra* was occupied by wide plank beds, the other part by two large *barums*, so there wasn't much room to make one's way through. Sitting in the square I had become chilled and was looking forward to being able to drink some tea, for I had brought everything necessary for this with me. The water was soon boiling on the blazing fire in the middle of the hut. As there was not enough light in the *buambramra*, although the fire was burning merrily, I lit a candle. I looked for a clean board and, covering it with a napkin, set out all the things necessary for tea drinking — a small teapot, a tin with sugar, another with biscuits, a glass and spoon. All these preparations surprised the natives to such an extent, that they didn't even speak, but remained silent with rapt attention, following each of my movements. I am already so used to not being embarrassed by a dozen eyes staring at me and following all my movements, that it did not in the least disturb me and I hastened to drink my tea and go to rest. On the *barla* I opened my blanket — the red colour of which, and its softness, evoked an outburst of astonishment — and, taking off my boots, I lay down on the plank bed. Five or six men remained in the hut and continued to chatter, but a gesture from me was sufficient to send them away. Soon everything grew quiet in the village and I went to sleep.

I was awakened by a rustling sound, apparently in the hut itself. It was so dark however, that it was impossible to distinguish anything. I turned over and again dozed off. In my sleep I felt a slight shaking of the bed, as if someone was lying on it. Perplexed and surprised by the boldness of the individual, I put out my hand to convince myself that there was actually someone lying beside me. I was not mistaken: as soon as I touched the body of the native a hand grasped mine, and I was soon in no doubt that beside me lay a woman. Convinced that this happening was the work of many people and that papa and brothers were involved, I decided immediately to get rid of the uninvited guest who would still not let go of my hand. I got up from the *barla* and announced that I wanted to sleep, and still not knowing sufficient of the native language I remarked: '*Ni gle, Maklai nangeli avar aren!*' (go

away, Maklai doesn't need a woman). Waiting until my nocturnal visitor had slipped out of the hut, I again took my place on the *barla*. Half-asleep, I heard a rustling and whispering and a low murmur of voices outside the hut, which confirmed my assumption that not only my unknown visitor but her relatives and others had taken part in this escapade. It was so dark that, naturally, the woman's face was not visible. On the following morning, I considered it, of course, inappropriate to make enquiries about the nocturnal episode — such trifles could not interest "a man from the moon." I could, however, notice that a good many knew about it and about the results of it. They were, it seems, so surprised that they did not know what to think.

Although I got up at about 5 o'clock it was no earlier than o'clock before we were ready to go, when the sun had risen quite high. I distributed my baggage between the two natives and in spite of the fact that each was carrying no more than eight kilogrammes or even less, both complained about the weight of the load.

At first it was jungle; then, between high bamboo and open country overgrown with dense *unan*, we came to the Gabenau River, which at this place seemed wide and very swift. The water was positively boiling. I went into it and it was only with the aid of the natives who surrounded me that I was able to make my way to the other side. The current was so strong that it was scarcely possible to keep on my legs. Crossing a sandy bank, we had to enter the water again to cross another channel. Then I dressed and we went into the jungle where the coolness was very pleasant after walking in the sun, the effect of which I found it possible to neutralize by rubbing glycerine jelly on the back of my neck, my ears, nose and cheeks. This operation I repeated two or three times as soon as I felt that the skin was getting dry; without glycerine or some other oil or fat, the effect of the heat of the sun on the skin in these regions could be quite serious or at the least unpleasant.

After crossing the not particularly high crest of the hills, in some places covered with forest, in other places with *unan*, about two hours' walk from the Gabenau River, we came to the sandy bank of a small river, the Algoombu, which flowed between beautiful wooded hills. The bank at one place was a long sandy strip, and my companions thought of the idea of trying out here their skill with the bow and arrow. For this purpose they took the loads off their shoulders and, one after the other, let fly an arrow,

drawing the string of the bow with as much strength as they had. I measured in paces the distances of the fallen arrows along the sand and they measured 46, 47, 48 paces — that is, from 46 to 50 metres — but at these extreme distances, the arrow had quite lost its power and barely stuck in the sand. At 20 to 25 metres these arrows can cause a serious wound. I might mention that amongst my companions there was not a single tamo but only young adults and boys (14 to 25 years). We settled down to rest beside the river. I had taken the remains of yesterday's dinner with me, so as to have a snack on the way, and I offered a part of it to my companions, but they all refused on the grounds that pork was cooked with this taro, which only men ate, therefore malassi cannot touch it, and if they did they would become ill. This was said to me quite seriously and in the complete belief that this was so and I was again convinced, and not for the first time, that the idea of taboo exists here as in Polynesia.

From here began the most difficult part of the road, almost all in the mountains and the greater part on open slopes, on which grew tall *unan*, pricking and scratching my face and neck with its tips. In order to protect their far from tender bodies from the scratching of the *unan*, the natives held a branch in front of them as a shield. The path was not visible. We felt it only with our feet not meeting any obstacles to their movements. Having let a man through, the *unan* closed in behind him. Sometimes it presented a considerable difficulty in that it had to be lifted up with a spear. The heat of the sun became tormenting. At a considerable height, where the plantations of Englam-mana were already beginning, a distant panorama opened up. Several islands at Cape Duperrey were visible. The shore from Gumbu stretched far to the north-east, and apart from the rivers we had crossed two others could be seen, a small one and one not smaller than the Gabenau River.

While I was copying and sketching the view, my companions were strenuously shouting in order to attract somebody from the plantation. Finally in answer to their call, female voices were heard. My companions surrounded me so that I was not visible to the women who were coming towards us. As they came near my companions stepped aside and the women, never before having seen a white man, stopped in front of me as if rooted to the ground. They could neither speak or cry out, till finally, coming to their senses, with a yell they rushed headlong down hill,

amidst the laughter of my companions. One of the younger women dared to look back, stumbled and fell flat; fortunately for her it was on the soft *unan*. My companions called something after her, which caused her to scream and quickly jump up and follow the others. We went up through a small grove. Here, the natives exchanged a few words among themselves and Obor broke off a branch, whispered something over it, went behind each of us, spat and struck us twice with the branch on the back, then, breaking up the branch into small pieces, he hid them in the jungle amongst the brush and dry leaves.

Not being able to make fire, the natives travel with firebrands, as I have said more than once, particularly on the longer excursions. Thus it was also today. Two of my companions were carrying the fire, but finding out that I could make fire anytime they wished, they were quite glad and threw away the unnecessary burden. At the various resting places, I had already, to the great satisfaction of the natives accompanying me, lit a match and gave them the possibility to make a small fire to dry out their tobacco and the green leaf in which they wrap it. Here, for the third time I afforded them the pleasure of looking at the flaming match and of smoking. The cries of my companions were heard by the inhabitants of Englam-mana who, as soon as they caught sight of me, at once moderated the speed of their approach and not without some timidity came up to us. After the usual greetings, the chewing of *betel*, and smoking, we moved on. The path turned into a stairway made up of stones and roots. In places it was so steep that even the natives considered it necessary to thrust their spears between the stones so as to give the legs the possibility of finding support. In places, where it would be absolutely impossible to pass, narrow footbridges were constructed from bamboo. Along a precipitous wall it was necessary to move one leg after the other so as not to tumble down. By destroying a few of these artificial constructions, it would be difficult to get access from this side to the village within half an hour.

I was glad to get to the village at last. My legs were feeling the 10-hour walk, and my first request on arrival in the village was that they should give me a young coconut to quench my thirst. To my great disappointment there were only old nuts the milk of which one cannot drink. Instead they eagerly offered me *betel*, suggested they should make *keu* and so on. After resting a while, accompanied by a whole

procession I went through the village, or through the various sections, of which there were three. The huts here were just as small as at Tengum and Koliku-mana and in general this village, like the other mountain villages, was dirtier than the coastal ones. Knowing that I was interested in *telums*, they showed me into many huts and I was surprised at the large number to be seen compared with the number in the coastal villages. I sketched several of them. Wherever I stopped they brought me areca nuts which abound in Tengum and Englam-mana. When I returned to the hut where I had left my things, I saw they were preparing a meal for me.

The sun was already going down. I chose a place near the fire and started to eat. Soon the whole male population of Englam-mana gathered round me and my companions. The latter related a great deal about me and even some trifling things which I myself had long since forgotten and only now remembered when the natives recited them. Of course, everything has been very much altered and exaggerated, being transmitted through a whole series of narrators. As I listened to what they were saying about me — about the moon, about the water which I could make burn, about the shooting and the birds I kill in the jungle, and so on — it became clear to me that here they considered me an absolutely extraordinary being.

After dining and not wishing to get a cold from which most of the village population suffered, I said that I would like to sleep, whereupon a dozen natives with flaming firebrands rushed to show me the way to a small hut. On the sides of a narrow passage-way were two plank beds, one small, the other somewhat larger. While I was unfolding the blanket and settling down for the night, so many natives gathered in the hut, that the ones in front were pressing against my bed. Hoping that they would soon take themselves off, I wrapped myself in the blanket, lay down and turned my face to the wall. The Gumbu people had probably told the natives — not refraining from additions — about all the strange things they had seen yesterday when I was making and drinking tea and thought they might see it again. But they were mistaken. So they sat at the fire, began to talk, smoke, chew *betel* and fan the fire, increasing the smoke and fumes in the hut to such an extent that my eyes began to smart. I got very tired of it and I announced that Maklai's ears were very sore from the talk of the Englam-mana *tamo* and that Maklai wanted to sleep. This worked; all fell silent, but only

for a time. Thinking that I had fallen asleep they again began to talk, at first in whispers, and then aloud as before.

As I didn't succeed in getting to sleep, I went out of the hut and said again that I wanted to sleep, that my ears hurt from the jabbering of the Englam-mana *tamo* and that the smoke was making my eyes smart.

It was a starry night. A large group of natives was sitting in the village square round the fire; when these people found out what the trouble was, several of them got up apparently to reprimand the natives disturbing me. In any case, the latter left the hut one after another, to which I returned after seeing the last one go off.

### *May 31st*

I had a fair night and woke early, before the dawn. I remembered my unsuccessful attempt to measure the height above sea level at Tengum-mana by means of the Regnault apparatus and began to think out a way of making the observation again without frightening the natives. Having devised a suitable means, I tried to sleep again — in which attempt I was quite successful. It was already quite light when I woke again. Seeing that there was a full crowd in the hut, I thought the time was convenient for the experiment. Getting up, I began to groan and to rub my leg, and when the natives asked me what was the matter I answered that my leg ached very much. My fellow-travellers of yesterday began also to groan and repeat "*sambo borle*" (leg hurts). I sat for a while as if to think it over and then got up, saying, "Maklai has good water, rub the leg — it will all go away." All the natives got up from the plank bed to see what would happen. I took out my hypothermometer, poured in some water from a flask I had brought, lit the lamp, adjusted the thermometer to a known height, made the observation, wrote down the temperature, and saying that I needed some more water, made another observation and wrote down the temperature again in my notebook, then poured out the water remaining in a glass and put the whole apparatus in my bag.

Seeing that a large public had assembled, I took off my sock and began vigorously to rub my leg, pouring the water on it, then I again lay down, saying that soon the pain in my leg would go away.

Everybody sat around to see the miracle of healing and began to speak about it in a low voice. In about 10 minutes I began to move the leg, trying to stand on it and at first limping, packed my things and then walked out of the hut quite sound and well, to the great surprise of the natives — who, having seen the miracle, went to tell the whole village about it. This soon attracted various sick people to me, expecting a rapid recovery as a result of my "water." I showed them the empty flask and said that there was no more of the water, but that in Garagassi I will be able to find medicine for them.

When I prepared tea, the new objects and the mysterious procedure diverted the attention of the crowd. I was able to draw the unusual hut, in which I had spent the night. It stood behind the others on a little rise made of bare rocks and not differing from others in its construction. The facade was about three and one half metres wide and the middle part did not exceed three to three and one half metres. The length of the hut was about six metres. Both sides of the roof descended right to the ground. It was smaller in its measurements than many of the other huts, but on both sides of the narrow and low door, which was more like a window, stood several *telums*, some of which were as big as a man. Above the door hung the bones of a cassowary, skulls of dogs and pigs, birds' feathers, the skin of a lizard, the beak of a *Bucerps* and the teeth of various animals. All this, together with the *telums* and the old grey roof overgrown with grass, gave the hut a particular character. Among the four *telums* one particularly attracted my attention. It was the biggest, and although the physiognomy was not much different from the others, it held a long board in front of the chest with its two hands and covered with irregular grooves, similar to some kind of hieroglyphics, but having almost lost their clear outlines from decay. The inside of the hut was also different from others. Above the plank beds was a ceiling of split bamboo where various musical instruments were kept, used only at the time of an *ai*. They also showed me, in great secrecy, speaking only in whispers, a large wooden mask with openings cut out for the eyes and mouth, which was worn at the time of special feasts; it is called here *tan*, and this was the first which I was able to see. The back part of the hut was occupied by three large *barums*; large pots and huge *tabirs* stood on the shelves along the walls, together with

three telums. Under the roof were strung up, black from smoke, the bones and skulls of birds, fish, the jaws of cuscus, pigs, etc. — all these were mementos of feasts that had taken place in this hut.

I did not have time to finish the sketch of the hut and drink my tea when it rained, and it became so heavy that to go home today seemed inexpedient. One simply had, to shelter under a roof. Having enough time, I made a portrait of one of the natives with a very typical physiognomy. The inhabitants here were of very varied stature with the colour lighter than the coastal people, but on the other hand rather ugly faces were more frequently met with than amongst the coastal Papuans. There is not much to be said for the women — after the first child, they all became singularly ugly. Their fat abdomens and their breasts, looking like long half-empty bags nearly a foot in length, and their ungainly legs preclude them from any claim to beauty. Amongst the girls 14 to 15 years, some are met, and this but rarely, with pleasant faces.

I learnt that the inhabitants of a neighbouring village lying to the north-east of Englam-mana called Sambul-mana, learning of my arrival here, will come to meet me. In fact, when the rain had eased off, several people from Sambul-mana arrived on the village square. I went out to them and pressed their hands and indicated a place for each of them in the semi-circle around me. When I looked at any one of them, he quickly turned away or looked aside until such time as I had turned my eyes to another person or another object. Then he in his turn began to examine me, looking at me from head to foot. They enthusiastically offered me *betel*. I do not feel any aversion to it, but I do not like it, mainly because the taste remains in the mouth for a long time and alters the taste of all other food.

The people of Sambul-mana are similar in all respects to the inhabitants of Englam and Tengum-mana. *Elephantiasis* and some skin diseases are frequently met with among them; smallpox has also left its mark upon them. The language of Englam-mana differs somewhat from the language of Sambul and Tengum-mana. I collected a series of words in all three dialects.

After a brief siesta, I went for a stroll in the jungle and found tracks even worse than yesterday's. I saw several new birds unknown to me and not met with on the coast. After the rain, the jungle resounded with the calls of the birds, almost all of which were unknown to me.



I am sure that the ornithological fauna of the mountains is considerably different from the coastal fauna. Hunger brought me back to the village. One of the first natives that I came upon asked me if I ate chicken. I answered affirmatively. They thereupon brought me two fowls and smashed their heads against a tree; and then, instead of plucking them, they singed or burnt off the feathers. They also brought some bundles of taro and began to clean it. All these were the offerings of individuals; I was the guest of the whole village. One of the natives cleaning the taro asked me for a knife, but he was slower and clumsier using it, continually cutting too deep, and towards the end he even cut himself, after which two natives started to prepare bamboo knives.

A piece of the bamboo was brought, both ends were cut off with a stone axe and then split into thin strips, which, being heated on the coals, became so hard that one could cut not only soft taro and yams but also meat and even hair. An example of this I saw here. One of the natives unexpectedly thrust his leg in a puddle and splashed the hair of another native with mud, upon which the first native took a bamboo knife and began to cut off a large lock of hair that had been spattered with mud. This business was not carried out without a grimace from the native, but not many knives would cut off at one stroke so much hair as this sliver of bamboo. Here I saw the head of a young girl being shaved with just such a wooden razor. It was done quite skilfully and successfully, without any pain for the patient.

The natives positively tread on my heels, a whole crowd accompanies me everywhere, smiling sweetly when I glance at any of them — or, without a backward glance, run off at my first look.

Such a following is always 'and everywhere very tiresome, particularly when one cannot speak with them and tell them politely that their continued presence disturbs you.

On account of the rain everybody in the village went to bed early and I can write these notes sitting alone at the fire.

### *June 1st*

I got up before dawn. I wandered alone through the village and its surroundings in order to find a convenient place with a wide view of the

mountains around. The long high ranges, one above the other covered with green vegetation to the summit, attracted me very much. If there were villages there, I would soon make my way there anyhow, going from one village to another, higher and higher. But the high mountains are not populated. I did not believe it at first, but today I was convinced. Nowhere in the mountains above Englam-mana is there a sign of habitation.

After breakfast I began to hurry the natives to go back. About a dozen men wanted to go with me, some to carry my things, others to carry a pig, a gift from them, and still others for the sake of the walk. One of those intending to come with me was an old man approaching 60, who diligently brushed his neck, back and legs with a green branch while whispering something continuously. On my asking why he did this, he explained to me that the way was long and that for this it was necessary to have good legs and he did this so as to have good legs. Giving the branch to another of my fellow-travellers, he said a few words after which this one did the same. A pot with boiled taro was brought and when its contents were distributed in *tabirs* to each of my guides from Gumbu and my new fellow-travellers from Englam-mana, one of the latter took a smouldering brand, and holding it under each dish, uttered a short speech, expressing the wish that we would successfully arrive home and that no accident would befall us.

As a result of the rain the track was very disagreeable but nevertheless going down was easier than coming up. We frequently stopped in order that parties of women from Gumbu returning with us from Englam-mana could catch up with us. Besides carrying babies each had a large bag on her back with gifts of food from the inhabitants of Englam-mana. Their husbands carried their weapons only. I returned to Garagassi no earlier than 5 o'clock; more than eight hours' walk.

### *June 2nd*

I was glad to sit about all day at home and not see or hear people about me from morning to night.

### *June 3rd*

In the course of two hours I killed seven different birds. Among them was a young male bird of paradise and also for the first time I killed a

a *Centropus*. The latter rarely flies, but generally runs in the bushes. The natives call this bird *dum*, imitating its mournful cry. I had often heard this cry, not knowing what bird produced it. Its feathers are a blackish-green colour, its tail very long in proportion to its small wings. I do not think, however, that it was a new species, and not the *Centropus* already described.

*June 6th*

Old Bugai from Gorendu came to Garagassi with people from Maragum-mana, with whom Gorendu and the neighbouring villages have concluded peace. Bugai, with enthusiasm, told the newcomers of the power of my terrible weapon called by the natives *taboo* and about the effects of which they have already had ample opportunity to satisfy themselves. While we were talking a large black cockatoo quietly flew to a kengara tree right above my cabin and began to regale himself with the nuts. I fired, the bird fell, and the natives took to flight. The exultant Bugai, himself not less frightened, brought them back, however, assuring them that Maklai is a good man and he would not do anything bad to them. The cockatoo seemed to me a very large one. When I measured the distance between the tips of its wings, it proved to be 1027 millimetres. The natives, coming back, begged me to hide the *taboo* in the house, went up to the bird and began to gasp and click their tongues in a very comical manner. I gave them the tail feathers of the cockatoo, with which they were very pleased, and a few large nails. They didn't know what to do with the latter, twisting them in their fingers, or striking one against the other and listening to the sound, until Bugai told them of their significance and of the numerous uses which the natives were able to derive from iron instruments. After these explanations, the Maragum-mana *tamo* wrapped the nails in an old loin-cloth, a kind of Papuan tapa. Listening to their conversation I could not understand everything. The dialect was different from the language of Sambul and Englam-mana.

I had had the idea of inviting the inhabitants of Gorendu to eat the pig presented to me at Englam-mana. While we waited for them, Ohlsen began to prepare soup, and while going for water left some pieces of meat in the kitchen. While he was away I noticed a large lizard making its way out of the kitchen shed with a large piece of

A slight rustle caused it to drop its loot and disappear. Finally my guests arrived and stayed till 5 o'clock. They even brought *keu* with them; in a word, they carried on with me at Garagassi just as they would at home. We parted good friends.

*June 8th*

Thinking that I might succeed in getting the big lizard of yesterday, I again put some pieces of meat in the kitchen and warned Ohlsen not to go there. In fact, within half an hour of waiting I noticed the lizard — it was cautiously making its way through the bushes. Not wishing to splinter its bones with shot, I took a revolver and killed it. The length of its body was over a metre. Some natives who came begged me very much to give them the skin. They cover their *okams* (small drum) with it. The flesh is also highly prized.

*June 13th*

A small cuscus which I acquired some weeks ago is alive and growing excellently. It eats rice, *ay an*, *baou*, coconut, sweet potatoes and is very fond of bananas. During the day it usually sleeps curled up, but it eats, just the same, when it is offered to it; at night it mercilessly gnaws at the wood of the box where I keep it.

*June 14th*

Some natives came with the request that I point out to them the place where they will find their three large *nenirs* (baskets for trapping fish) which were carried away by the sea, despite the anchor. They were very disappointed when they heard that I did not know where they would find them. Visiting Gorendu I was surrounded by women asking me to give a name to a baby girl born a couple of days beforehand. I named several European names, among which the name Mary appealed to them the most. Everybody repeated it and they showed me the tiny owner of this name. The very light colour of the skin surprised me. The hair was not yet curly.

*June 17th*

There was a big feast among the inhabitants of Gorendu, to which I was invited. No less than eight big bundles of taro, each of which was carried by two men, a very large pig, several dogs, and one cuscus, with various accessories of Papuan cooking, were cleaned and cooked in 40 or more huge pots and finally eaten amidst the sound of the various calibres of Papuan *ai* and a *barum*. The feast differed from others in that it took place in the village and that the women took part in it, although separately. The musicians did not cross the threshold of the *buambramra*.

*June 18th*

On meeting natives or passing through a village I have to constantly answer such questions as, for example, "Where are you going?" — "What did you kill today?" etc. On returning I again have to answer questions: "Where were you?" — "What did you eat?" — "Who with?" — "What are you carrying?" etc. This characteristic cannot, however, be considered peculiar to the black race. It is not less developed amongst educated Europeans, only the questions are of another kind.

Ohlsen constantly complains of ill health; his work is limited to the boiling of beans, *baou* and the meals. Such individuals as he are very tiresome. He feels unwell today. He assures me that he feels the approach of a violent fever. I had to do the cooking, but I almost prefer to eat raw beans and undercooked *baou* than attend to the fire and blow it up.

*June 20th*

The natives are beginning the gathering of kengara nuts. Several men climb up the tree and break off the branches with a lot of nuts; the space under the trees is cleared of small shrubs, and the women and children collect the nuts that are thrown down. Since the black cockatoos feed on them exclusively at this time of the year, and consume a considerable quantity of them, then for three or four months one has to listen fairly

fairly frequently to the cries of the Papuans, who sometimes come every day under the trees to scare the cockatoos away. These discordant human cries have recently often disturbed the peace of the jungle.

I got up with a headache, but in spite of it went out hunting. I was seized by an attack and had to lie down in the jungle as I was not in a condition to stand on my legs because of giddiness and a violent headache. I lay down several hours in the jungle, and as soon as I began to feel better, I just managed to get home. I had to lie down and I was tormented with the most violent headache far into the night.

### *June 26th*

The last few days I have been hunting. The large *Canarium* trees growing above the hut itself were covered with ripe nuts. Various kinds of pigeons flew in from early in the morning to get their supply of food for breakfast or dinner. The last few days a native named Kodi-boro has been coming. He is a brother of the native whom one of the officers of the *Vityaz* called "a savage like a devil." He came with the pressing invitation to come to Bogatim, assuring me that there was plenty of everything there, and proposing, like the inhabitants of Bili Dili, to build me a hut and, in addition, that the people of Bogatim will give me two or three wives, that there were far more women there than in Bongu, etc. He looked at me somewhat doubtfully when his proposals did not produce the desired effect.

### *June 30th*

Having killed some pigeons and a cockatoo on my tree I called to Digu to climb up for nuts. Up the high smooth large trunk, Digu climbed like the natives climb the coconut palm — that is, with the help of a rope sling which they put on their feet. He climbed to the very top and began to throw down the nuts. Ohlsen and I and the eight-year-old daughter of Bua picked them up. The result was that the little girl picked up more than both of us together; so good

were her eyes and so agile was she that, in spite of her bare body, she crawled everywhere, even amongst prickly vines and bushes.

It is quite a characteristic of the natives that they like to instruct others. That is, if someone is doing something not like the way they do it, they at once stop and show their way of doing it. This is noticeable in children. Many times little children, six or seven years of age, have shown me how they do this or the other. This results from the fact that the parents train the children very early in practical life, so that while they are still young they get accustomed to, and study more or less all the skills and activities of the adults, even those which are in no way suitable to their age. The children do not play much. The children's play consists in throwing a stick like a spear, or using a bow and arrow, and as soon as they are a little successful, then they use them in practical life. I saw little boys, quite small, spending whole hours by the sea, trying to hit a fish with an arrow. The same holds good for girls, and even in greater degree, because they begin earlier to be occupied with the housekeeping, and become assistants to their mothers.

The weather is magnificent. I bathe in the sea several times a day. In the evenings, I don't want to go in the cabin. The temperature, however, does not exceed 31° C.

### *July 1st*

Among the numerous birds, the most noteworthy after the black cockatoo is the *nareng* (*Bucerps*), not only because of its size and its large, somewhat curved beak, but for the sound of its flight which can be heard far away. These birds fly very high, usually in pairs, and perch on the tops of the highest trees and at the slightest noise they fly away. In spite of all my efforts, I haven't succeeded as yet in shooting a single *nareng*.

Today, for a period of at least three hours, I wasted my time with one of them. After shooting one with very fine shot and wounding it, probably only slightly, I followed it farther into the jungle. I had another shot and in all probability hit it again, as it did not fly away, but only flew to a neighbouring higher tree. Making a note of the place, I returned to breakfast and then went back again to where I left the bird.

In trying to make my way in through the jungle, I got caught up in such a thicket that I was far from happy. A dozen thin, flexible, thorny vines of the *Calamus* clutched my clothes, scratched my face, and tore my hat off, holding me up for nearly ten minutes. This was the more annoying as the bird seemed to be still on the tree. Having finally managed to get out of the thicket, I approached so that the *nareng* saw me, but nevertheless remained at the same place and began to cry out very loudly, as if protesting at being followed, and beating one wing, with the other hanging motionless. It kept on crying and attempting to climb higher. The dense foliage hid it from view, but I could sometimes hear its voice. Another *nareng* appeared and with a loud cry began to fly around in wide circles above the tree where its wounded mate was perched.

My tired legs, the hot sun and particularly the ants turned my sojourn under the tree into a voluntary torture. The tree was high and in order to follow the movements of the bird it was necessary to constantly look straight up. In half an hour my neck muscles got very tired, my eyes, which were suffering from the sun and the shining leaves, almost refused their function, but nevertheless I sat and waited. The *nareng* did not show itself but responded to the continual cry of its mate, which at about a distance of 100 paces flew from tree to tree. Giddiness and headache finally compelled me to return home. After sleeping for about an hour I again returned. The wounded bird was still there, but its mate flew away when I approached.

### *July 4th*

The weather remained very fine. I occupied myself with microscopic investigations of the hair of Papuans. I found a great variation in the thickness and the contours of the cross-sections of the hair, cut from various parts of the body of the same man. With the white race, not only the thickness but the colour of the hair growing on various parts of the body varies.

Passing not far from the tree where two days before I left a wounded *nareng* perched high on the tree and the other one flying round it, I went up to the spot and to my surprise saw both birds in the same position as 48 hours before.



*July 10th*

In Gorendu Tui is building a new hut with the help of the people of Gorendu, Gumbu and Bongu, for which he feasts them in the evening. On account of the building the barum has been heard several times.

*July 11th*

For about four hours there was a fairly strong squall with rain; then it cleared up, the wind died down, and I sat on the verandah sketching something. Suddenly it seemed to me that the great tree in front of me was swaying. The first thought was that I was probably day-dreaming and I was seeing it in a dream. Before I had time to think about it, quicker than I am writing this down, the huge tree, at first slowly, then quicker and quicker, leaned forward and crashed to the ground and lay not more than two paces from the hut, parallel to its facade or the verandah. The tree was quite green and appeared completely healthy but at two metres from the ground (the place of the break) it was almost eaten out by the grubs of various beetles. The height of the tree turned out to be 29 metres, and if it had collapsed on the hut it would have broken through the roof, probably smashed a good many things and injured one of us. Today I have verified the warning the natives made, that the trees at Garagassi could kill me. Particularly strange was the fact that when it happened, there was almost no wind.

*July 12th*

Recently the natives had frequently said to me: "Tomorrow we will burn the unan; there will be many wild pigs and other animals. Maklai will come with his taboo to kill the pigs, we will come with our spears and bows and arrows." But the "tomorrow" keeps on being put off, and today in the village they again assured me that tomorrow they will definitely burn the unan and some announced that they will come for me about midday. We shall see.

*July 13th*

It was not yet 11 o'clock and I was not thinking of going for the new kind of hunting, when suddenly I heard the sound of approaching

voices and there quickly appeared several inhabitants of Bongu in full war attire with a tightly-drawn bow and a quantity of newly-sharpened arrows of various kinds. Each had two spears, the ends of which were smeared red as if covered with blood. Besides the feathers waving on their heads, the hair of the natives was adorned with the crimson flowers of the hibiscus. In the arm and leg bracelets were thrust twigs of the yellowish-red leaves of various kinds of *Coleus* and long dark-red leaves of *Colodracon*. At every movement all these ornaments were fluttering and swaying and produced a brilliant effect. They announced that the *unan* was already burning and I had to go at once. Throwing on my hunting gear and picking up something to eat, I set off accompanied by my multi-coloured suite. Passing through the jungle by the shortest path and arriving at the edge of the jungle I heard a noise like the sound of a waterfall whose volume of water was not increasing but diminishing. Coming out of the jungle I saw, at about 100 paces, a strip of fire on the ground, which was moving away from us, leaving behind the blackened burnt remains of *unan* and piles of light ash. Columns of smoke rose near Gorendu, far to the southwest, right to Bongu, and on the other side to the east beyond Gumbu near to the Gabenau River. The fire was only just beginning and we disposed ourselves in the shade at the edge of the jungle. I started to eat, the natives to smoke and chew betel. In about three quarters of an hour the fire had moved away from the edge of the jungle, approximately a distance of a half-mile, thanks to the north-west wind which drove smoke in the opposite direction from us.

We went over the burnt area which turned out to be by far not so level as I had imagined it. As far as I could see it was covered with mounds about two metres high and approximately three and one half or four metres in diameter at the base. These mounds were of irregular size and consisted of earth and small stones. The origin of these is probably related to the earthen constructions of the *Maleo* (a species of megapod). In the jungle there are similar mounds but not so frequent.

We went about 10 paces from the line of the foe and each of us chose a mound for purposes of observation so that a chain of hunters was formed parallel to the line of the fire, following the movement of the flames and ready to attack the prey. Sometimes the fire increased, sometimes decreased; at times a whole wall of

brown-white smoke rose to the sky and great tongues of flame were torn hither and thither by the wind. At times the flames almost died out, the shroud of smoke parted disclosing a view of the distant mountains and nearby jungle. Suddenly and unexpectedly the columns of smoke would rise again. The natives stood in war-like poses, holding the bows and arrows in the left hand and flexing the right arm holding the spear balanced above the shoulder with the point forward, intently watching the movement of the flames, each wishing to be the first to discover the enemy. Several boys of 10 or 11, with miniature bows and arrows, stood at a little distance and served as living examples of how the science of Papuan living is transmitted from generation to generation. The dry unan crackled and blazed up and died down; sometimes a gust of wind drove the smoke towards us; the light ash of the grass flew into our noses and mouths making us sneeze and cough. Sometimes, the fire, as if confused, rushed in various directions, turning back and adding an oppressive heat to the already scorching rays of the sun.

Very fatigued, I could definitely have gone to sleep standing up if the voice of the neighbouring sentry had not reminded me that I had to move forward as the fire moved on. After an exhausting two hours we went over to the other side, and our line met up with the opposite line of natives. The keen eyes of the natives intently examined the blackened area, but they found nothing and when the last straws had blazed up and a fine rain of ash floated about in the wind I heard from the nearest hunter a disconsolate "bul aren" (no pigs) and we descended the mounds. Some inhabitants of Gumbu forming the opposite line also announced that they hadn't seen anything.

I stopped one of them who had an animal new to me hanging behind, tied to his spear. It was like a large rat. I took a little time to examine it; the hair was interesting in that they were like flat needles but flexible. They were partly burnt, as were the legs and snout, and the protruding tongue was a little charred. The animal was probably suffocated by the smoke.

I was examining the sharp teeth when suddenly a cry of "Bid! Bul!" from some natives who had gone some little distance away, caused me to look round. A hundred paces away, manoeuvring among the many spears stabbing the earth, a large pig was running.



10. *Old Kodi-boro of Bogadkim as the Germans saw him*



11. *Assel , son of Tui of gorendu (Maclay's sketch)*



12. *Bogadjim village*

I snatched the double-barrelled gun from the native who was holding it while I inspected the new animal, and let the pig come to about 20 paces and fired. The shot pierced its chest but not its heart. The pig staggered but dashed to one side and ran past me. I aimed again and smashed its hind leg. The pig stopped for a few seconds then seeing me moving to attack again ran a few paces away. Drawing my revolver, I began to approach it. The animal drew back its upper lip and showed a respectable pair of tusks and gave a hollow growl. With each shot I approached closer, and stopped about six paces from the pig, which fell on its side but was still able to raise itself and show its tusks. The natives ran up and did not give me time to fire again — a spear pierced its side, another spear flew past it, but one of the three arrows (*palam*, with a broad flat bamboo head) plunged into its neck. It still had sufficient strength to be able with a few movements to free itself from the spear and the arrow, the end of which remained in the wound. Wishing to put an end to it I approached it from the opposite side, although the hunters called out to me not to go near, and choosing the right moment, I plunged my long knife up to the handle in its side a little below the forelegs. A stream of blood covered my hand, and the animal finally collapsed. The natives around me unanimously announced that the pig was mine and lavished praise on me and my *taboo*.

Distant cries proclaimed that more prey could be expected. I loaded the gun again. The hunters went off one after the other, exasperated by their first lack of success. Finding a convenient mound, I sat down and waited. In the distance cries of "*Bui! Bui!*" could be heard and distant voices called me. Then some natives returned and told me that there had been two pigs, but they got away because I wasn't there with my *taboo*. A party of Bongu people came to announce that they had killed one pig, but while doing it Saul had been knocked down and bitten so much, that his side, his arm, head and eyes were covered in blood when they carried him away to Bongu. In their turn my companions told of our adventures, about the *taboo* and about the large pig of Maklai. We went to the dead animal and on being asked where it was to be taken, I said that I would take the head and a hind leg, and the rest I would give to the people of Bongu; that, leaving my gun at home, I would go to Bongu to bandage the wounded Saul; and that I was inviting them

all to my place to smoke my tobacco. Everybody was pleased and we moved off in a long procession.

There were about 40 natives. When they had settled down to smoke at Garagassi, I noticed, besides the animal I have already spoken about, a species of mouse, called by the natives a *gabenau*, and a large silvery-white *mab*. I acquired it and also some specimens of other animals for my collection. I hurried to Bongu to see the wounded man. I was met by the weeping wife and son. Apart from numerous small wounds, there were two deep ones — on the arm, and on the side of the stomach — and a few others near the eye, on the forehead, ear and neck, but these were merely lacerations. The clotted blood with ashes and dirt gave a still more pitiable appearance to the wounded man, who, waving his uninjured arm, was telling the onlookers how he plunged his spear into the mortally wounded pig, how a sudden movement broke off the spear and knocked him off his feet (both his legs were very much enlarged from *elephantiasis*) and how, having attacked and injured him, the pig had tried to run away, but had then expired. His comrades, thinking that Saul was coping alone with the pig, who was already seriously wounded, were busy with another and did not see the catastrophe that had befallen him. I asked for some water, heated it and washed the wounds, then anointed them with carbolic ointment and bandaged them. Those present closely followed my movements, repeating that I was a good man.

The sun was low when I arrived in Gorendu, where, meanwhile, the hog's bristles had been singed off and where they were waiting for me to take my share. I cut off the head and a hind leg, and in spite of the invitation to spend the night, or more accurately, spend a sleepless night, with them I slung the day's booty over my shoulder and went home. The load, however, was so heavy that I had to rest a couple of times. At 8 o'clock I sat peacefully in my armchair to dine, since I had been on my legs all day and had eaten very little.

The beating of the *barum* in Gorendu announced to the neighbouring villages the beginning of the *ai* which would continue all night and all the next day. The moonlit night was very calm, and the sounds of the various instruments reached me very distinctly. After resting a couple of hours, and not feeling like going to sleep, I thought of going to Gorendu again, wishing to become fully acquainted with the Papuan *ai*

and to have a look at what they were doing at night during these festivals. I took Ohlsen with me, who wanted very much to visit the village during an *ai*.

Equipped with a lantern, since one could not rely on the moon (it was often covered with dark clouds) we set off. We had to go very slowly as Ohlsen, not being familiar with the local tracks, stumbled and fell several times. As we came near the place of the *ai* I covered the light of the lantern and quietly approached. A large fire was burning, on which was erected a kind of large brazier (more than one metre high, two metres long and one metre wide). On it, pieces of pork were roasting. All around were standing, sitting or lying the natives, busy making music. As usual, each was trying to deafen the others with his instrument. A few were sleeping. Fat in abundance was dripping from the brazier, increasing the flames from time to time and illuminating the whole scene.

The sudden sound of my whistle caused the discordant music to be silenced for a minute or so; and then cries of "*O Maklai gena! Andi gena!*" etc. were heard. I sought out a convenient place on a mat, but did not stay long as the temporarily silenced music was resumed with renewed force.

### *July 14th*

I went in the morning to Bongu to dress Saul's wounds. I learnt that in yesterday's hunting the people of the three villages had killed five pigs — not counting the one which I killed — apart from many small animals. I hastened to return to Garagassi where I occupied myself with sketching and preparing the animal (*Brachymeles garagassi* me/.) which I brought yesterday.

### *July 16th*

The natives of the surrounding villages are again busy with burning the grass and hunting, the which activity I declined today. I wanted to do a portrait of Nalai, but he and other natives standing near him said that if I did this he would soon die. It is a strange thing that a similar belief exists in Europe.



*July 9th*

Tidied and cleaned the things in my cabin. If I didn't do this occasionally it would be difficult to get into my seven-foot-square cell.

I was again in Bongu to see the wounded man. Nearby the whole community was gathered, but each one was occupied with something. One was finishing a new *udya-sab* (a narrow spade for loosening the soil) and was scraping it with a shell; another with a similar shell was sharpening the end of his *yur* (harpoon); still another was shaving the end of his spear, broken in the last hunt, with a knife he had received from me. The women were looking for lice in their husbands' heads and the children, half-grown youths and girls were busy doing the same. Two women, extending their kindness to the dogs, were also catching fleas, while the dogs lay obediently on their laps. When I got ready to go, Bugai, one of the inhabitants of Gorendu, got up also to go with me. At the seashore Bugai went up to the smouldering trunk of a tree washed ashore a long time ago by a high tide. To my surprise he began to swallow, with great gusto, whole handfuls of the ashes.

As I did not know what particular kind of tree this was, I also tasted the ash and it proved to have a pleasant salty taste. This log, long carried by the waves, perforated by sea creatures, had absorbed such a quantity of salt that the ash could take the place of ordinary salt. Bugai told me that many eat this ash with *baou*, *ayan* and other foods. This was a very useful discovery for me, since my supply of salt was already coming to an end, and I ate everything without salt except meat. I took note of the *dongan* (knife) stuck in Bugai's bracelet. It was made from the bone of an animal I had not yet seen. It is called by the natives *tibol*, and is found in the jungles, but is also met with in the *unan* clearings. According to the natives the *tibol* has a long thick tail and can jump high.

*July 30th*

A severe fever upset me and caused me to lose several days. Ohlsen is also unwell even more frequently than I.

At the entrance to Gorendu, on a small hill, a little girl of about 10 years of age was sitting and throwing a coconut down the hill.

Several boys, five to 10 years old, stood to one side throwing sharp-pointed sticks with which they tried to pierce the fibrous husk of the nut. This was the scene which presented itself to me when I arrived in the village. I am sorry that I am not a good enough artist to sketch the animated picture.

Sugar cane, which has not been seen for some time, is again evident and is once more being chewed by the natives in large quantities.

### *July 31st*

Several natives came to Garagassi in their canoes; some of them, as usual, sat at the steps leading on to my verandah. They chattered about hunting, asked for feathers etc. Suddenly one of them, as if stung, made a couple of leaps from the steps with cries of "*Maklai gena, gena!*" (Maklai come here); the rest followed his example. Not understanding what was the matter, I asked the natives, but didn't have time to get an answer when above my head on the roof there was a violent crash and a cloud of dust blinded me. A rain of branches of various thicknesses fell on the ground right near the verandah. Some of them were so thick that, falling from a height of 21 to 24 metres, they could seriously injure a man. It seemed that Bua, hearing a light crack above his head, jumped up first, and knowing what it might mean, raised the alarm. The natives are very afraid of falling trees and dry branches, which in falling can cause death or serious injury. A long time ago they considered that the position of my cabin in Garagassi was not safe, and had very frequently suggested to me either to settle in Gorendu or Bongu, or to construct a new hut in another place. They were partly right, but the trouble involved in the construction and resettling was so inconvenient for me that I kept putting it off with a "maybe" and continued to live here. In Bongu, where I go every day to dress Saul's wounds, I joined a group of smoking, *betel*-chewing and talking natives hoping to learn something new from their conversation. I raised the question of the names of various peoples and places. I wished to find out if the inhabitants of this coast have a general name, but such was not the case, although the natives understood well what I wanted to know. They designate or give a name to people by adding to the word *tamo* the name of the village.

They told me that the inhabitants of the villages in the mountains to the north-east, who they call *tamo-deva*, bore holes in their nostrils and put feathers in them.

The conversation then turned to my cabin, to the fall of dry branches, etc. They again suggested to me to build a new cabin. The feast followed the usual course: first the drinking of *keu*; then the spitting and the making of various grimaces provoked by the bitterness of the beverage; then they started on the shredded coconut, the heaps of boiled *baou*, *ay an* and *kainda* (yams) and for dessert there followed the chewing of *betel* and, finally, smoking. This is the usual order of a native feast. I did not take part in the first nor the latter two courses of the meal, so I returned home earlier than the others.

At one of the huts I stopped to let a file of women pass. Among them were many guests from other villages. When I stopped, a group of men gathered near me. The women, coming out of the jungle and catching sight of our groups, immediately and quite noticeably changed their steps and, coming alongside us, dropped their eyes or looked aside — while their step became even more coquettish and their skirts swung from side to side even more vigorously.

I had delayed so long and it was so dark, that I had to spend the night in Gorendu. The bed turned out to be more comfortable than my bunk. Being softer and covered with new mats, I slept fairly well on it, although I sometimes woke up from the hardness of the stout bamboos taking the place of pillows. When you lie on your back, the bamboo forms quite a comfortable pillow, but it becomes uncomfortable as soon as you lie on your side. One has to contrive to sleep on the back and not turn around.

### *August 1st*

On looking at my meteorological journal for the last 10 months I was surprised at the remarkable constancy of the temperature. It rarely reaches 32° C. and for the most part, 30° C. is the maximum; at night it is seven to nine degrees — rarely 10° — colder than the day's maximum. Here there is no particular rainy season of the year. The rain is distributed fairly evenly over each month. In spite of the pleasant climate, there is one bad thing — fever.

*August 4th.*

Four or five pirogues drew up to the shore near Garagassi. The natives from Bongu began to diligently chop a log, almost 40 metres long, into small pieces. The log had been brought in by the tide in March and had lain here about five months. They explained to me that tomorrow they intend to go to Tengum-mana and these chips they will take as gifts to the mountain-dwellers who burn them and get the ash which is used by them in place of salt. In the coastal villages they add a little sea water to the fresh water. The mountain-dwellers use ash in place of salt. After loading up their pirogues, the natives went back home, promising to return.

*August 7th*

Fever nearly every day. I stay on my legs as long as possible. There is not much quinine left. All day yesterday the sound of axes was heard in the jungle. I went out to see what was going on. A considerable area of jungle had been cleared of bushes and vines, and the branches of the big trees cut off, leaving only the thickest boughs; some of the largest trees had been felled — and all this in two days. I can only be surprised at the work done with such primitive tools as the stone axe. Ants, yellow, black, brown, white, large and small, disturbed or deprived of their home, made me leave.

*August 9th*

People from Bongu came with guests from Bill Bili. One of the visitors badly wanted to listen to Ohlsen's mouth organ. When the latter came with it, the natives hurriedly covered the head of a five-year-old boy, who was with them, with a loin cloth so that he wouldn't see the *ai*. When Ohlsen had finished playing and had gone away, they freed the child.

*August 13th*

I was sitting at home writing some anthropological notes about the natives of this coast which I intend to send to Academician Baer.

A large number of inhabitants of the surrounding villages, with a few tamp boro, came with a rather strange request; they want me to stay with them always. I should take one, two, three or as many wives as I wish and not contemplate going away to Russia again or to any other place. They spoke so seriously one after the other, repeating the same thing, that it was obvious that they came with this proposal after long general discussions. I answered that if I do go away (of which, however, I was in no way sure), then I would come back again, and that I did not need a wife, because wives talk too much and are generally very noisy and Maklai does not like that. This did not satisfy them very much, but in any case they were satisfied with the tobacco which I distributed to the members of the deputation. It is six months now since Ohlsen and I first put a large log on the fire each evening to keep the fire going till the following morning, since we have to be economical with the matches and not have to resort to running to Gorendu if the fire goes out. Sometimes we exchange the usual log with a stump which has been lying a long time in the sea, and, quite a la Papua, we collect the white ash which I use as salt. In order to evaporate the sea water on the fire one needs too much wood and to get salt by means of evaporation in the sun I haven't a sufficiently large and flat dish.

I quickly and easily got used to going without salt, and I do not notice any harmful effect on my health from an insufficiency.

#### *August 15th*

Went hunting in the morning, and going along the path near the plantation, a rustle amongst the dry leaves made me stop. Turning in the direction of the noise I noticed about 20 paces away amongst the trees near a dead stump a small animal. It was a small kangaroo of a reddish grey colour which the natives call *tibol*. I fired and wounded it so that it was easy to capture. I was very pleased with my catch, and I returned home without delay, forgetting that I had not shot anything for breakfast or dinner, but I wasn't in the mood to think about such things. I have been here almost a year and this is the first specimen of a *tibol* that I have succeeded in getting. Up to the present I have not even seen one.

*August 16th*

I was invited to Bongu specially to try the dish *taun* — unknown to me up till now — the preparation of which is rather complicated. The husks of the nuts are first removed and the nuts are put in a basket and soaked in sea water for 10 or more days. Then they are ground up and mixed with grated coconut, after which the dough, divided into portions, is wrapped carefully in banana leaves and boiled about eight hours, then the *taun* is ready and is distributed in small packets on clean mats. I like *taun*, in spite of a certain flavour of decay (the nut has to be partly decayed during its immersion in sea water). When one thinks of the complexity of the preparation, it is difficult to surmise how the natives came to the discovery of such a dish. All the villages take part in such unusual feasts.

Today in Bongu I saw the largest stone axe that I have yet seen. The width was about 12 centimetres and it was remarkably well polished.

*August 20th*

I was sitting in Gorendu where I had gone for *ayan* and conversing with the natives around me, when suddenly a piercing cry and lamentation was heard, exactly the same as that which I heard in Gumbu at the funeral of Boto. It was a female voice and soon the weeping woman herself appeared; with both her hands she covered her face or wiped her tears, walking slowly and with loud cries wailing some sort of words in a sing-song voice. At a little distance behind her followed some women and children, also with heads lowered, but silent. I asked what was Kolol (the woman's name) crying about. It seemed that during the night her large pig had been killed trying to get through between the stakes of the fence into the garden. Kolol went back to her hut and continued to keen, as at a funeral. Such an attachment of a woman to a pig can be partly explained by the fact that in these countries, as I have already mentioned, some women feed the piglets at the breast. Such it turned out to be in the present case, for when I laughingly remarked that there were plenty of pigs she answered, pointing to her breast, that she herself had nursed it.

Such scenes are not uncommon in the villages. At every failure, loss or death, it is the duty of the women to cry, to howl, to weep. The men go about silently frowning but the women howl. Two natives brought the dead pig. It was assigned by Assel, to whom it belonged, to be sent to Bongu, where it was duly carried. Such mutual gifts from one village to another are the general rule here. Before sending the pig from Gorendu the barum was beaten. About half an hour afterwards, the barum in Bongu was heard signifying the receiving of the pig and the beginning of an ai.

### *August 22nd*

Yesterday evening I got ready to go to Bili Bili, tying both doors, not with a rope, but with a white thread which I wound round like a spider's web. During the night the wind was weak — the sea, however, was quite choppy. Towards dawn, after a small squall, with rain from the nor-nor-west it became quite calm. We rowed for about an hour on account of the calm, which because of the heat of the sun was very tiring, and approached close to Bili Bili. The natives crowded along the shore, singing songs in which my name was frequently interspersed. Several pirogues came out to us, and the inhabitants of Bili Bili, trying to speak in the Bongu dialect, which I understood, vied with each other in assuring me that they were glad of my visit.

A beautiful island with dense vegetation, a crowd of natives on the beach embellished with flowers and leaves, pirogues round my boat, songs, loud talk, jokes and cries of the natives — all this vividly reminded me of the description of the Pacific islanders by the first navigators.

Choosing a place on the beach, I directed my boat towards it. When it grated on the sand, a dozen hands drew it higher up the sloping beach. It was already nine o'clock and after drinking the juice of a coconut, I felt a powerful desire to go to sleep, since I had not slept the whole night. This desire was not difficult to fulfil, and I settled down, as on my first arrival, in one of the pirogues indicated to me.

After a rest, I occupied myself with drawing. I drew whatever came to my attention — the huts, the pirogues, made portraits, made facsimiles of various ornamentations etched on bamboo.

Going round the village I stopped before many huts. Wear one of them some natives were working on a large oar, and here it was easy to see how iron would replace shell and stone in the making of tools. A small broken-off nail, carefully sharpened on a stone in the form of a chisel, in the hands of a skilful native proved an excellent instrument for cutting out rectilinear ornaments. The work was long but much easier than with stone or shell.

At many of the huts shields were hung, newly decorated with white and red paint, the which are not met with among my neighbours, but are much used among the inhabitants of the other islands, as for example, Tiara and Mitebog. They are made out of one piece of wood, and are circular with a diameter of 70 centimetres to one metre, and about two centimetres thick. On the front side near the edge two concentric circles are engraved. The figures in the middle of the shield vary considerably. These shields are painted only on exceptional occasions.

Some of the natives, wishing to show me their agility, picked up a spear, and putting a shield on their left arm so that the centre of the shield reached the shoulder, started to perform various warlike exercises. The shield covered the head and chest and could very well shield them from an arrow or a spear.

### *August 23rd*

Got ready to go to Tiara (an island and a village of the same name) which lies I don't know myself where, but as there is a fresh nor-nor-west wind blowing and a strong swell the natives asked me to wait for good weather; a nor-nor-west blowing from the open sea is usually accompanied by a considerable swell and is called by the natives *karog*. The west-north-west is also a very common wind here, but it is not accompanied by big waves, for it blows from the shore; it is called *yavar*. I walked all over the island, and found some shells on the beach.

### *August 24th*

The wind is still too strong for the natives. They asked me to wait. It is all the same to me, since everywhere and always there is work for



me at hand, just to look, to learn, to draw and write down — the material is inexhaustible.

Since the morning almost all the young males have gone off on four pirogues for a special feast, or rather, a "ball," at Bogatim (the wind is more favourable in that direction). The faces of the young people, who I know well, were so ornamented that I had to look intently at well-known faces in order to recognize them, to such a degree are the usual expressions and features of a face changed by a few coloured patterns. *Sari* (chest ornaments) of various forms and small drums used during the dances were not forgotten. When they were going off to their pirogues all prepared, in order to please me, they performed on the wet sandy beach a kind of rehearsal of the dance which they will be performing this afternoon at Bogatim. While doing this they held in their teeth, like tongues, their *saris*, a curiously ornamented shell. In their left hand was a small drum which they beat with their right hand.

During the dance, which consisted of flowing movements, they not only sang (in consequence of holding the *sari* in their teeth the singing had a strange sound) but beat the drum, which they sometimes lowered to the ground or raised above their head. The dance was in the highest degree original.

### *August 25th*

Waking up in the night and seeing that the weather was good, I dressed, lit the lantern and went to wake up Kain and Gad with whom I was to travel to Tiara. After some excuses Kain woke Gad. They obtained a sail and an oar. I transferred to the small pirogue various articles for barter or for gifts and waited on the beach for my companions. Waving a burning stick, they brought the mast and sail, and their gifts and articles for exchange, using for the latter those things of which they themselves have a surplus.

The moon came from behind the clouds and looked down mysteriously among the palm trees, lighting up the picturesque scene, the village, the calm sea and the group working at the pirogue. I settled myself on the platform, or *kobum-barla*, on one side of the mast, with all my things on the other side. A small fire was burning in a large broken pot. At the bow and at the stern in a specially

constructed place were put the spears and bows and arrows of both natives. One of them settled on the front of the platform, the other at the stern in order to row and in addition to guide the sail and rudder. By 3 o'clock in the morning everything was ready and the pirogue — in the Dili Bill dialect, *kobum* — was dragged into the sea.

Jumping into it, Kain and Gad began to row, since near the shore the wind was weak, but in spite of this the pirogue began to move noiselessly forward. I decided that the most rational thing for me to do was to continue my interrupted sleep, as I had seen this shore in daylight, and the night was too dark to be able to distinguish anything, except the silhouettes of trees standing out above the general level of the jungle. The springiness of the bamboo flooring of the platform made a sufficiently comfortable bunk, and I slept excellently for more than an hour. Gad woke me up, warning me that I would burn my boot, as stretching out in my sleep I had put my leg almost on the fire. The natives asked me for some tobacco, smoked their cigars and began to question me about Russia, about the people living not only in Russia, but on the moon and the stars. I learnt amongst other things that the planet Venus they call *Boi*, the constellation Orion's Belt *Damang*, and the Pleiades *Baressi*.

When we were passing the island of Yambombi, it appeared to me that the shore formed a bay at this place. The dawn, however, showed that the supposed bay ended in a strait, and we soon found ourselves in this strait. On both sides the shore presented a raised coral reef covered with thick vegetation. To the south lay the mainland of New Guinea which the natives call "Beile," to the north is Graged Island with the villages of Graged and Mitebog. Farther behind it to the north-west are two other islands, Eager and another whose name I have forgotten. We sailed into a fairly big bay with islands of various size, forming a whole archipelago. They are formed from the same coral reef and are covered with jungle. As we sailed on I wrote down the names of the islands.

The sun appeared on the horizon and illuminated the archipelago and the calm surface of the bay together with the distant mountains. The strait between the mainland of New Guinea and Graged is quite safe, and the bay with its numerous islands, bounded on the side of the sea by the reef, but offering, nevertheless, several entrances, could serve as a good harbour. I shall have to try to find a name for this bay, since, although each

island has its name the bay is simply called the sea by the natives. We doubled round three small islands. On one grew coconut palms, and there were plantations established by the inhabitants of Graged; five or six others were uninhabited. To the south the mouth of a considerable river could be discerned. Continuing on we went round the middle one of three uninhabited islands and finally saw the goal of our excursion, the island of Tiara. A clump of coconut palms and some pirogues drawn up on the beach indicated that here was the village landing place.

My companions dressed themselves up, put on new girdles, puffed up their hair with large combs and began to row with a will. One could make out a crowd of islanders gathered on the beach, who had caught sight of the pirogue from Bili Bili. Many called me loudly by name. As soon as the pirogue approached the sandy shore it was pulled immediately high up on the sand by a crowd of natives.

I got down from the platform and handed my things to the Tiara natives surrounding us and went to the village, where a large hut was pointed out to us, and where we put the table and folding chair I had brought with me.

Among the natives crowding round I recognized three who had been in Garagassi about two months ago. Their names were down in my note book. Taking it out of my pocket I found the page and read their names out aloud. Very surprised, and at the same time very pleased, one after another, as I pronounced their names, they came up to me and at a sign from me sat themselves at my feet; after that, the whole day, they scarcely left me, trying to be as obliging to me as they could.

Kain and Gad also hardly left me. The whole crowd of inhabitants of Tiara formed a large half-circle, silently looking at me and at the things I had brought with me, and thus I was able to examine their physiognomies in comfort. Here as in other places, I noted that between the quite flat and the somewhat prominent noses there were a dozen transitional forms, and picking out from a whole village the two extremes, one could present the physiognomies of two quite different types. But these differences were purely individual, of which one convinces oneself by inspecting the physiognomies of the rest, representing all possible transitions from one type to the other. I find positively no basis to suppose that this race living

on the islands is a hybrid or different from the inhabitants of the mainland.

I distributed almost a quarter of a kilogramme of tobacco, cut up into small pieces. This only sufficed for the older people; only a few of the younger ones received tobacco, mainly those possessing a handsomer physiognomy. While they were smoking I was busy drawing their huts, which like many in Bili Bili were built on posts more than a metre high, but like Papuan huts in general, it consists mainly of a roof. I went round the whole village. It was not small, but was not distinguished by its cleanliness and agreeableness like the villages of my neighbours. Returning to my former place I found the natives preparing a meal for us.

For the tobacco distributed the inhabitants of Tiara each brought me an arrow, which I did not refuse since they were very beautifully carved. I noticed here the particular breed of dogs from Karkar, which are different from those found on the mainland of New Guinea. The dogs from Karkar have a fat, long body, comparatively very short legs and a fat muzzle.

After dinner I went round the island and made a sketch of the archipelago to the west and south-west, jotting down at the same time more than 30 names of islands.

Our *kpbum* was already loaded and ready for the return journey. All the population of the village had turned out on the beach to watch our departure. Our pirogue seemed to be heavily laden with gifts of various kinds, intended by the Tiara natives for my companions. Near Graged, a pirogue came out to meet us, and several natives beseeched me to visit them. I did not agree to it as it was getting late and tomorrow I wanted to return to Garagassi. When we came out of the bay on to the open sea, our pirogue began to rock violently owing to the rough sea. The island of Karkar was clearly visible. I wished I could go there now — it seems so near — and from there to the island of Bag-Bag (where, according to Kain, the natives do not even build pirogues because of their isolation).

### *August 26th*

In the morning when I was getting ready to go, the pirogues with the young men returned from Bogatim. They all looked very tired.

On taking leave I wished to give the natives something, but not having even a piece of tobacco, I thought of a simple way of giving something useful for each of them — I broke a bottle, in which I had brought cold tea, into pieces of the size of a silver coin. Several hundred such pieces can be got from one bottle. Glass being a very important material for the natives (it serves for shaving, polishing wood and carving ornaments) it gave them great pleasure. The whole village, even the women and children, gathered round the sloop, stretching out their hands. Although the wind was not strong it was favourable and I arrived at Garagassi at 4 o'clock — that is, it required about 12 hours.

I found everything in order at home, although from various circumstances I am sure that a good many natives were at Garagassi during my absence, but they were unable to satisfy their curiosity, finding the doors entangled in string and thread. They probably thought that if they touched the cords at the door, they would be fired at from all sides, or if they came in contact with the threads, some misfortune would befall them.

### *August 30th*

Went to Bogatim and got there in only six hours, as the wind blew steadily at first and afterwards in gusts. Approaching the shore, where I had been 11 months before with the officers of the *Vityaz*, I saw a crowd of natives who sat down when I beached the sloop and remained in that position until I requested them to drag the boat on to the beach, which they did immediately.

I went jound the village which appeared to me to be the largest amongst all those round the Astrolabe Gulf. On the large village square there were still some traces of the festival in which the inhabitants of Bili Bili had taken part, and of which I have spoken. The high *barla* was decorated with various plants which they had not had time to remove, and the food prepared for the feast was still being eaten; it was warmed up for the third day after the festival. I was also presented with a large piece of *ai bul* (pig killed for the *ai*). In spite of all my efforts I could not get a skull with the lower jaw. They brought me two skulls, but without jaws.

Kodi-boro again began to speak of my settling in Bogatim, and wishing to confirm his words with positive reasons, he led me through

the whole village to a hut from which he called out a young, neat and rather pretty maiden. What he said to her I did not understand. She looked at me, smiled and stepped nimbly back. Kodi-boro explained to me that I could take her for a wife if I settled in Bogatim, and then led me farther.

Leaving the village, after five minutes' walk we arrived at the high fence of a plantation. Climbing over the high threshold we went up to a group of women who were working there. Kodi again called one of them; she was not a bad-looking girl, of about 14 or 15 years. But this time I knew what this signified and I at once shook my head. Kodi, still not losing hope of finding me a suitable bride, nodded his head, pointing with his tongue in the direction of several girls. This bride inspection was irksome to me and I turned back to the village, not listening anymore to Kodi. In the absence of wind I could not think of returning to Garagassi so I stayed the night.

### *August 31st*

Covered with a flag, I spent quite a good night. Not, however, without some attempt on the part of Kodi, using the darkness of night, to bring to fulfilment those plans which had suffered a fiasco in the daytime. I was alone in the hut, and although lying asleep I more than once heard feminine voices near my *barla*. I decided to ignore them and to sleep.

In the morning, at sunrise, I sketched the panorama of the mountains on the south-west shore of the bay. I acquired in exchange for a knife an *orlan-ai* (musical instrument). Surreptitiously taking me round the back of the hut, Kodi led me to a small *buambramra* where he showed me the *orlan-ai*. When I agreed to give a knife for it, he wrapped the *ai* in a mat and with the same caution, so that no one should see us, he took me back to the sloop, he himself carefully carrying the wrapped-up *orlan-ai* and putting it under the thwart of the sloop, covering the packet with palm leaves which were lying there. When the natives had pushed the sloop into the sea, they all sat down again while Ohlsen hoisted the sail and sat at the rudder, calling out to them the farewell ~"E-aba, e-me-me."

With good weather we soon got back home where we found everything in good order.

*September 1st*

Violent fever.

*September 2nd*

I cut my knee with an axe, rather deeply, while working on some repairs to the roof. I will have to stay at home a few days.

*September 3rd*

Ohlsen with a dozen inhabitants of Gorendu drew the sloop higher up the beach; it is beginning to take in 80 buckets of water in the 24 hours.

*September 4th*

On account of the pain in my knee, I cannot go out hunting. Our provisions have almost come to an end; we will have to live on what the natives bring. Today was cloudy, a fresh west-nor-west wind and not more than 26° C.

*September 9th*

A fever has been added to the injured knee. I spent three or four unpleasant days, during which the attacks were accompanied by violent headaches. To crown my misfortunes I had to listen the whole day to Ohlsen's groans and his lamentations, because he supposes we are both going to die from fever or from hunger and so on.

The weather has been cloudy the last few days, rain falls occasionally and drops on my table and bed.

*September 13th*

I was occupied with mounting and drawing the brain of the *mab*, which died the previous night. It lived with me several months on the verandah.

I am getting better, and since the weather is improving I want to go hunting again.

*September 15th*

I decided to keep the rest of the provisions — rice and beans — exclusively for those days when I will not be in a condition to go hunting and also when Ohlsen is unwell and cannot go for provisions to the village. In place of beans and rice we live on yams, sweet potatoes and bananas. Sometimes, if there is no game, we have to go hungry, and more than once I have dreamed that I have been dining in luxury.

*September 17th*

Ohlsen complains of rheumatism over the whole of his body and is again lying down the entire day.

*September 18th*

Some days it is as if there are no birds. The black cockatoo which could be found any time of the day on the kengara trees are seen no more. I walk through the jungle listening, but even the pigeons cannot be heard. The appearance of certain birds is connected naturally with the ripening of certain fruits. This is one of the causes of the small number of birds at the present time. Another cause is probably the cutting down of trees in the locality where I mainly hunt. The inhabitants of Bongu are establishing some new plantations, for which they cut down the small shrubs and the branches of the large trees. When all this brush is dry enough they set it alight and then erect a fence from sugar cane and stakes split from the fallen logs thrust into the earth.

*September 20th*

I went hunting, and I penetrated so deep into the jungle that even with the aid of a knife I could hardly make my way through



the vines and thorny bushes. In this almost impenetrable thicket I was unexpectedly, to my no small surprise, stopped by the fence of a plantation. One has to give credit to the natives for their ability to find places for their gardens in very out-of-the-way places that are difficult of access. After getting over the fence of the plantation where bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and yams were growing, I found a gate, and thus a path which led me out of the jungle to the sea. I was not far from Gumbu, but not wishing to call on the village, I settled down to rest on the trunk of a fallen tree not far from the sea-shore. Several women went past me, probably going to the plantation; they carried empty bags on their backs and were talking loudly. A considerable party of Bogatim inhabitants, fully armed, went in the opposite direction towards the village. I stopped the last one of those in order to find out how they had come here and learnt that they were going on foot, following the sea-shore, having left Bogatim before daybreak.

Today I have completed exactly a year since I first set foot on the coast of New Guinea. In this year I have prepared for myself the ground for many years of investigation of this interesting island. I have attained the complete trust of the natives, and in case of need, I can be confident of their help. I am ready and will be glad to remain several years on this coast. But three points cause me to hesitate as to whether it would be possible: firstly, my supply of quinine is becoming exhausted; secondly, I am wearing my last pair of boots; and thirdly, I have not more than 200 percussion caps left.

*September 26th*

Kodi-boro, accompanied by a crowd of natives from Bogatim, brought me a piglet, for which he received the standard payment, a small mirror in a wooden frame, which went from one hand to the next of the row of visitors. Some of them held it for a long time in front of them, making every possible grimace, putting out their tongue, blowing out their cheeks, frowning, putting it farther away and bringing it close, raising it, and at every new appearance in the mirror, uttering "a," "oh," "oo." Others, holding the mirror only briefly, glanced in it as if frightened of something, turned away, and handed it immediately to the next person.

*September 27th*

I noticed that two logs forming the foundation of the hut have rotted through or been eaten by insects. The thought that any moment the floor might collapse made me immediately take steps to put the hut in a safer condition. As Ohlsen is groaning on his bunk and is getting ready to die, I had myself to cut new posts. I cut them but was not in a state to take them out of the jungle to the hut.

At 2 o'clock it rained and a squall developed. The sky was covered all round. I had to return to the cabin and in spite of the prospect that the hut might collapse I decided, instead of cooking dinner, to go to sleep, as there is no chance of it ceasing to pour. "*Qui don, dine,*" as the proverb says, but it is true for only one day, because if you don't eat on the second day you will hardly go to sleep, for when you are really hungry it is impossible to sleep. I was almost asleep when a trickle of cold water on my face from a new crack in the roof made me get up and take measures to prevent my bed being completely flooded. With the help of a piece of wood and some string I fixed a gutta-percha sheet above my head so that the water will pour onto it and not on my pillow.

I mention all these delights specifically for those people who imagine that travelling is a series of pleasant impressions and completely forget the reverse side of the medal. I do not think these gentlemen would envy me today, my extreme tiredness, my headache, the moisture all round and the prospect of lying hungry all night with the possibility of the hut collapsing. There are, however, worse situations.

*October 10th*

It is difficult to convey the condition of mind which sometimes takes possession of me. Frequent attacks of fever and, perhaps, the predominantly vegetable food has weakened the muscular system to such a degree, particularly the legs, that to go up a rise — even an insignificant one — has become difficult for me, and often even on level ground I can scarcely drag my legs. Although there is a desire to be active, I get so tired now as never before. I cannot say that I am miserable with it. Only now and then, when I get a headache,

and they come with the fever and pass when the attack ceases. I get tired so quickly, that I don't go anywhere except perhaps to Gorendu or Bongu for provisions, and so I stay at home where there is always work to do. The calm and solitude of Garagassi is delightful. Our solitude and the monotonous life has produced a marked effect on Ohlsen. He has become sullen and is ill-humoured with every step he takes. His sighs, complaints, and monologues annoy me so much, interrupting my work, that I once said to him, there are plenty of trees around and the sea is only a few paces away — if he really feels so miserable and finds that life here is so terrible, then he should hang himself, or throw himself in the sea, and knowing the reason for his doing it, I wouldn't think of preventing him.

The other day people visited me from Biliya, one of the islands of the "Archipelago of Contented People." Two or three of the young Papuans had remarkably pleasant and handsome faces, not inferior in any respect to one of the handsomest of the Polynesians that I have seen. Kain's sons, for example, although not particularly good looking, very much remind me of the boys of Mangareva Island and Paumotu Archipelago.

I have learnt that, amongst the natives here, there is a duel going on over women.

When asking Kain about acquaintances in Bill Bili I inquired about Kore, a very obliging and intelligent man. Kain replied that Kore had been wounded in the leg as a result of the following circumstances. He had found his wife in the hut of another native. When Kore was taking her home, the other native took it into his head to oppose him. Kore picked up his bow and fired a few arrows at his opponent, wounding him, but the latter managed to arm himself with a bow and fired an arrow in his turn which penetrated Kore's thigh. Another duel as a result of jealousy over women happened a couple of months ago at Bogatim. Both antagonists were wounded and one of them almost died. He was stabbed in the shoulder with a spear and broke his collar bone.

We hear the rumble of thunder every day, like last year at the same time.

### *October 12th*

I notice that when there is insufficient food (when at times I felt giddy as a result of hunger) I drink much more than usual.

The paroxysms of the local fever come on very soon after some harmful cause, sometimes on that very same day. For example, if in the morning I go in the water up to the knees and then stay a long time in wet boots, or if I pass some time in the sun with my head uncovered, at 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, without fail, I have an attack.

Today Ohlsen was washing his clothes for about three hours and his legs were in water during this time, the temperature of which was two or three degrees lower than the temperature of the air. At 3 o'clock he had an attack — whereas on the previous day he was quite well.

### *October 20th*

As I was returning from hunting this morning, and when I was almost home, I heard the sound of a bird quite unknown to me. Descrying him in the bushes I cocked the gun, but then thought better of it. It was a pity to expend the bullet, I have so few of them left. We had enough food for breakfast and dinner, so I thought better of disturbing the tiny bird and lowered my gun. My attention was caught by a very curious spider with excrescences all over his body. I was holding the muzzle with my right hand in such a way that the skin between my thumb and forefinger was overlapping the edge of the barrel. I caught the spider and made a step forward, raising the gun, but not changing the position of my hand. The gun went off and the pain caused me to drop the gun out of my hand. The pain was insignificant, although not a little blood flowed from the small wound. A few fine shots had pierced the skin. I am sorry that it was the right hand that suffered, since in consequence of it being much used, such minor injuries take a long time to heal.

### *October 21st*

Yesterday afternoon and all night the sound of the *barum* in Bogatim could be heard. They were beating it monotonously from time to time. From Saul I learnt that someone had died in Bogatim, and they were having the funeral this morning. I asked him if someone had come from there and had told him about it. Saul said no, he had only heard the *barum* and consequently knew that a man

had died, but he did not know who. Following the beat of the barum he understood that the funeral had already taken place.

*October 25th*

After spending the night at Bongu I got ready very early to go to Male. The sun had not yet risen and only a very few of the inhabitants were up and warming themselves at the fires. One of them found that he had to go to Male and suggested that we go together. So away we went. We arrived at the village early and they took me to a large *buambramra*, asking me to remain the night without fail. One of the natives came to me with a complaint about a *tamo russ* (officer or sailor of the corvette *Vityaz*). He explained that his hut was closed and tied, that the *tamo russ* opened the door of the hut, got into it, and took his *okam* (small drum) and now he didn't have a drum, as only the *tamo Rai-mana* make them. He asked me for the return of the drum or at least payment for it. Another also importuned me about a *tamo russ* who raised his *nenir* (basket for catching fish), took out the fish and perhaps either took the *nenir* or dropped it into a bad place, as after that he couldn't find it anywhere. A third one affirmed that a *tamo russ* had taken a very good spear out of his hut.

Being sure that these complaints were not inventions, I considered it only fair to satisfy their demands and promised to compensate them for the articles taken by the *tamo russ*. Knowing that the natives value the *okams* very highly, I promised to give an axe for it, for the *nenir* I suggested a knife, and for the spear it seemed to me sufficient to give three large nails. They could get all these things, when they wanted to, at Garagassi. My decision, which it seems they in no way expected, aroused great enthusiasm, and exclamations of "Maklai is a good, good man" were heard from all sides. I, however, was not a little surprised that for 14 months the natives had not forgotten anything that had happened during the visit of the corvette *Vityaz*.

Two large *tabirs* with boiled *ayan* were brought for Kale and me and placed in front of us, which served as a sign to the whole crowd surrounding us to immediately depart, leaving us alone. When we had finished eating they all came back, and some of them proposed to prepare *keu* for me, which I rejected.

In spite of the wish of the public, gathered round, to continue a general discussion, I preferred to rest, saying that I wished to sleep. I stretched out on the *barla*, being in no way embarrassed before the public. The natives, seeing that I had closed my eyes, continued their conversation in whispers. Many dispersed. After resting for more than an hour I took a walk in the jungle accompanied by a dozen silent natives. I noticed in the jungle many birds which I had not come across before. When I returned to the village I announced that I wanted some telums and human skulls. They brought me several broken long wooden figures — not one of which was of any use to me, which grieved my host greatly. On a stick they brought two human skulls. I asked them where the jaws were. It seems, as usual — *marem aren* (no lower jaw). When I rejected the skulls, the natives threw them in the bushes saying, "*borle digor*" (bad rubbish). This was a new proof, how little the natives value the skulls and bones of their relatives, keeping only their jaws.

Several young Papuans sitting opposite me were occupied with a peculiar operation, "screwing out" hairs from their chin, cheeks, lips and eyebrows with the aid of a strong, thin thread doubled. They held the threads very close to the skin, twisting the hairs which got caught up between the two threads and, with a slight movement of the hand, pulling them out by the roots. In spite of the probable pain in such an operation, the natives calmly continued the operation. For two or three hours.

Several natives were diligently eating, licking off their fingers, the any ash from a smouldering log.

It was very amusing to see quite a big baby boy, about three years old, eating pieces of yam from his mother's knee, and grabbing her fat breast (she was nursing another child) which was hanging down, and starting to suck. The mother continued to eat quietly, and her son, having sucked some milk, again started on the yams. In the evening, besides boiled *ayan* and bananas, they cooked the ripe fruit of the pandanus. This latter food has no particular taste, and the edible part of the fruit is insignificant, but is very aromatic.

I wrote down some of the words of the Male dialect, and I acquired two skulls of *tibols*, but without the lower jaws, and also one skull of a small crocodile which the natives had recently eaten at one sitting.

*October 28th*

Loneliness produces a very strange effect on Ohlsen. Observing him, I sometimes think that his brain is becoming disordered. For hours at a time he mumbles, then suddenly listens to something and begins to talk again. It is no use wasting time giving him advice to occupy himself with something, since he is convinced that he will soon die, be killed or perish by some other means. The only thing that really interests him and which he sometimes does is the cooking of food. He sometimes lazes about the whole day, pretending to be very ill. This lazy coward disgusts me, and I scarcely speak to him and do not vouchsafe even to give him orders. It is sufficient for my part that I tolerate his presence and feed him, when from laziness or illness he either does not want to or cannot move.

It has happened to me many times that while listening, it is just as if I can hear human voices in the distance. You listen and listen and the sounds seem to be approaching and what does it turn out to be? — a fly buzzing (perhaps it *isn't* a fly, because I have not seen it, but it buzzes, producing sounds very similar to a human voice). Not only myself and Ohlsen have been mistaken many times, but even the natives are sometimes led astray.

*October 30th*

Rain and still more rain. It flows on the table, on the bed, and on the books. My situation is as follows. The stocks of food have gone, the quinine is nearly at an end, about 100 percussion caps are left, so it is not rational to go hunting every day. I take two caps each time, but I don't always bring back two birds. Many of the specimens I have had to throw out. I cannot keep new ones as there is no spirit. I am wearing out my last pair of boots. The fever is very exhausting. In addition, the cabin is in a deplorable state.

*November 2nd*

Tonight with a loud crash the side verandah collapsed. I thought that the whole cabin had gone. It rained the whole day, so that I wouldn't think of repairing the verandah. No birds could be heard.

### *November 3rd*

Tui came in the morning and since it was pouring with rain I had to bring him in under the awning. I placed him on the verandah right at the door of my room near where I sat. He came to ask me to stop the rain, assuring me that the people of Gorendu and Bongu did everything to charm away the rain, but without success. If Maklai will do it, the rain would stop without fail. Tui spent a long time asking me, and I learnt from him a lot of small but interesting details of Papuan life. Although I speak the Bongu dialect fairly well, nevertheless it would still require years to actually become acquainted with their way of thinking and the way of life of these people. During the period of 15 months that I have been here I have never once been present at a wedding ceremony, never once at a *mulum* operation (circumcision), and there is much else I have not seen.

### *November 4th*

I went off early in the morning for yams, not having eaten anything for the simple reason there was nothing edible in Garagassi. As soon as I arrived all the inhabitants earnestly and persistently pestered me to stop the rain, because it was spoiling their plantations. Each brought me some food and did not want to take anything for it but asked me to give them a medicine against rain. Wishing to find out from them, how they themselves charmed the rain away, I suggested that they do it in front of me. Bugai showed me how they do it, but added that at the present time the *onim* didn't help. The natives are sure that I can do it, but do not want to comply with their request.

### *December 10th*

I accepted an invitation of the natives and went to an ai at Bongu. The preparation of food, the chewing of keu, the excruciating music followed the usual course, and since I was late I stayed the night in Saul's buambramra.



*December 19th*

Although the light of the dawn had already penetrated the *buambramra* I did not get up as I had been wakened many times during the night by the music and the shouting which always accompany the *ai* here.

"*Bia, bio!*" ("fire, fire!") I heard at some distance from the *buambramra*. Several natives came in, very uneasy, and announced that near Karkar fire or the smoke of a fire could be seen. "What of it?" I said, "the Karkar people are burning *unan*." I stretched myself but didn't get up. "No! It is not on Karkar, but the smoke comes from the sea. Tell us, Maklai, what is it?" "I will have a look, then I will tell you," I replied. Several men came running up crying, "Maklai! O Maklai! *corvette russ gena; biaram boro!*" (Maklai! O Maklai! The Russian corvette is coming, big smoke!) Still not believing the news, I dressed and went down to the sea. All doubt disappeared at the first glance. The smoke belonged to a large steamer, probably a naval vessel, whose hull could not yet be seen, but one could note that it was approaching. In any case I had to go at once to Garagassi, raise the flag at the cabin, change my clothes and set out for the ship. Whatever nationality it was, the commander could not refuse to take my letters, grant me some provision<sup>^</sup> and take away the sick Ohlsen to the nearest port visited by European ships. All this I thought over, sitting on the platform of the pirogue taking me from Bongu to Garagassi.

Ohlsen was still lying on his bunk and as usual groaning, but when I said to him that I needed the flag, that a naval vessel was approaching, I thought that the man had positively gone mad. He babbled incoherently, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, so that I began to fear that he was going to have some sort of a fit. I hastened to raise the Russian flag on the flagpole made by the sailors of the corvette *Vityaz*. As soon as the flag was in position and a light breeze had unfurled it, I noticed that the ship being near Yambombi Island had changed its course and was coming directly towards Garagassi. I returned to my room, wishing to change my clothes, but found this completely unnecessary. The clothes which I would change into were identical in all respects with the ones I was wearing. I went down to the beach and with no little trouble was able to convince three natives to set out with me to meet the approaching vessel.

I could already distinguish the Russian flag. Sagam and Digu rowed very slowly, following rather the movement of the ship and continually begging me to return to the shore. I could see the officers on the bridge looking at me through binoculars. At last we were so near to the ship, which was travelling at a very slow speed, that I could distinguish with the naked eye some persons known to me among the officers. They also recognized me.

I couldn't help but notice the state of my fellow travellers, Sagam and Digu. The sight of such a large number of people made them extremely nervous. When, on the order of the commander, the sailors went to the rails and shouted a triple "Hurrah," my Papuans could stand it no longer; they jumped out of the pirogue, dived away and began to swim ashore. They had either seized the oars or thrown them in the sea, so there I was alone in the pirogue without oars. I had to somehow row with my hands, slowly approach the clipper and catch a rope thrown to me. Finally I climbed up on deck, where the general commotion and the large number of people had a strange effect on me.

I was met by the commander of the clipper *Izumrud*, M. N. Ku-mani, and his officers. They were all very kind to me, but the sound of voices all around exhausted me. I was told that the clipper was sent by the Admiral of the fleet, and in addition, that R — had been transferred from the corvette *Vityaz* to the *Izumrud* specifically for the purpose of showing the place where my papers would be buried, since the rumour had spread in Europe that I had been killed or had died. And even many of the officers admitted that seeing a man in European clothes coming out to meet them, they had thought that it was Ohlsen, since they were almost certain that they would not find me alive.<sup>7</sup>

I requested the commander to let me go home and I would come back in a few hours to talk with them.

The arrival of the clipper was so unexpected that I had not yet formulated for myself a plan as to what I should do. The most appropriate seemed to me to repair my hut with the help of the people from the clipper, to get a new store of provisions and to remain here to continue my researches, sending the completely useless Ohlsen to the nearest port. I could also send my diary and finish writing the letter I had begun about the anthropology of the Papuans to academician K. E. Von Baer.

At dinner time I returned to the *Izumrud*. Michael Nikolaevich said to me that on account of my rather poor health, he would like me to take up my residence from now on, on the clipper, and to leave the transfer of my things from Garagassi to one of the junior officers. This suggestion seemed somewhat strange to me and I said, "Who told you, Michael Nikolaevich, that I am going with you on the clipper? That is far from decided and I am proposing that it may be possible for you to spare me some provisions, take Ohlsen to the nearest port and take my letters. The best thing would be for me to remain here, because there is still rather a lot of work before me in the field of anthropology and ethnology of the local natives. I must beg you to let me give you an answer tomorrow whether I shall leave on the *Izumrud* or still remain here." Michael Nikolaevich agreed, but I could notice that my words made a curious impression on many of them. Some thought (I heard this from them themselves) that my brain was in an abnormal state from the arduous life and the various deprivations. I learnt from the commander amongst other things, that the Dutch Government is sending a naval vessel round New Guinea for scientific purposes. This item of news interested me greatly. After my health was restored by a sea voyage, I could return with new strength and with new supplies to the Maklai Coast. I went back early to Garagassi and soon went to sleep like a log after such an exhausting day, putting off till the next morning a decision on the important question: to go or not to go?

### *December 20th*

It was the desire of the commander of the *Izumrud* to stay as short a time as possible, as it was at this place that several men of the corvette *Vityaz* became ill, after they stayed at anchor for a not very prolonged period. But I would not be in a position in two or three days to write a sufficiently detailed account to the Geographical Society; to send my diary in the form in which I had written it, didn't seem to be expedient. That was one thing. Another thing, which was important for me, was the news that if I took immediate steps, I would have the possibility of returning here on a Dutch vessel.

One thing is definite, that I will have to return again here, where as a result of my knowledge of the native language and the trust I have gained among the natives, further researches in anthropology and ethnology will be made considerably easier. Such were the thoughts which led me to the decision the next morning to leave the Maklai Coast for the time being, but to return here at the first opportunity.

When I announced my decision to Captain M.N. Kumani, he asked me how much time I would need to get ready. I answered that within three days of his casting anchor here, he would be in a position to weigh the anchor again, and to go where he wished. The remaining two days I allowed myself for packing and for farewelling the natives. Michael Nikolaevich kindly let me have one of his cabins, and I had already brought many things from Garagassi. In the evening many inhabitants of Bongu, Gorendu and Gumbu came to me carrying torches; among them were also inhabitants of Male and Koliku-mana.

Tui, Bugai, Saul, Lako, Sagam and others whom I knew most and who frequently visited me at Garagassi, were particularly grieved over my departure, and came to me finally with a decision to ask me to remain with them, not to go but to settle on this coast, assuring me that in each village along the coast and in the mountains they would build a house for me, and for each house I could choose from the maidens a wife or even two wives if one was not enough. I declined this proposal, saying that I would return in due course and again live with them.

The people of Gumbu begged me to go to Gumbu, where, according to them, besides the local inhabitants the people of Tengum, Englam and Sambul-mana were gathered and who all wished to see me. Not wishing to refuse, as perhaps it would be for the last time, I went, surrounded by a large crowd of natives with torches in their hands.

At Gumbu there was a repetition of the scenes at Garagassi. They all asked me to stay. I didn't get much sleep, and when towards morning I wanted to rise I felt a considerable pain in my legs. For the last two days I had walked about a lot and had paid no attention to the sores on my legs which were very swollen and so inhibited my walking. However, I went down to the beach, wishing to return quickly to Garagassi. The pain was so bad that the natives made me a

sort of stretcher and carried me to Cape Gabina, and from there I was transferred to the clipper, where I rested and where my wounds were dressed.

On the order of the commander the following inscription on a copper plate was nailed on a stout board of red wood.

VITYAZ SEPT. 1871  
Mikloucho-Maklai  
Izumrud Dec.  
1872

It was to be affixed to one of the trees near my hut at Garagassi. In spite of my bad legs I went to point out the most suitable tree. I chose a large *Canarium commune*, the tallest and most imposing tree at Garagassi. The rest of the day I spent at home, finishing the packing of my things, since tomorrow will be the last day of my stay in the place.

#### *December 21st*

In the evening, while going off to sleep, I thought over the fact that in 14 months or more I hadn't found time to arrange my bunk more comfortably. The edge of the basket in which the upper part of my body rested was positioned about five centimetres higher than the cover of the other basket, where my legs rested. This could have been felt less by going to the simple expedient of putting two pieces of board under the lower basket. Naturally I didn't think of going to any trouble about it on my last night, having slept like this for so many nights and so frequently having been awakened by this uncomfortable bunk.

Yesterday I persuaded the natives to come to the clipper to inspect it, and in fact, a good many turned up at Garagassi; but only an inconsiderable number went with me to the clipper for the inspection, and still less ventured to climb on deck. But then the sight of so many people and the various kinds of equipment, incomprehensible for them, frightened them so much that they held on to me from all sides, thinking to be safe in this way. In order to pacify them and at

the same time not be hindered in my movements I asked one of the sailors to bring me a length of rope. I tied the middle of the rope round my waist and the two ends I gave to the Papuans. By this means I could move about, and the Papuans imagined they were holding on to me. With such a queue of followers, and stopping constantly in order to answer questions and explain to the natives the significance of the various objects, I went round the entire deck. The sight of the guns frightened the natives; they turned away and transferred their attention to other objects. What particularly startled them and at the same time interested them were two young oxen which had been taken on board to provide fresh meat for the crew. They never got tired of looking at them and asked to be given one of them. They asked the name and tried not to forget it, repeating "*Bik, bik, bik*" (Russian *Byk*). On the way down to the officers' mess, they saw the engines, which they liked very much. Of course, they could not understand what they were. Then the large mirrors in the ward-room, in which they could see several men at the same time, very much appealed to them. The piano — which I called an *ai-boro-russ* — not only took their attention, but one of them even wanted to try it out for himself. I hurriedly escorted them upstairs.

When we were on deck again, one of the natives wishing to see the oxen again, he turned to me, but forgetting the name *bik*, began to ask about the "large Russian pig." Not understanding what he meant. I answered that there were no pigs on the corvette. Then in order to designate the animal more exactly, he added that he wished to see "the large Russian pig with tusks on his head." One of his comrades prompted him with *bik*, and they all took up the chorus of "*Bik, bik.*"

Seeing that they had become sufficiently accustomed to the deck, I freed myself from the rope and let them go about the deck on their own.

The last of my things were brought from Garagassi today, and Ohlsen was also brought on to the corvette and put in the sick-bay as a patient. Before his departure, Tui asked me how many months before I returned to Garagassi. Even now, when I am going away after 15 months' stay I could not say the word for "many," since I had not learnt the word up to the present. I therefore answered "*navalobe*" which means approximately "*in due time.*"

*December 22nd*

Since the morning several pirogues have circled the ship, and it was constantly being reported to me that the "blacks" wanted to see me and were calling me. When I went up on deck the natives began to cry out, but the noise of the anchor being raised and the turning of the propellers soon chased away all the pirogues. Nevertheless, the cries of "*E-tneme*" and "*E-aba*" did not reach us so clearly from the shore as from the pirogues. When the clipper began to move off and go round Cape Gabina, almost simultaneously the *barums* from Gorendu and Bongu could be heard. After the clipper had passed the cape the *barums* from Gumbu joined in with the others. We could hear it for a long time as we moved away. When passing Bili Bili, I could clearly see with the binoculars the natives sitting and standing and walking along the rocky shore.

Passing the "Archipelago of Contented People" and Port Grand Prince Alexei, we rounded Cape Croiselles and entered the strait between New Guinea and Karkar Island, which I named on my map Izumrud Strait.

## The Dutch New Guinea and Malay Peninsular Expeditions

The *Izumrud* proceeded along the coast of New Guinea, and then made its way to the Moluccas and anchored off Ternate for a few days. Mikloucho-Maclay made a call on the Sultan of Tidore, who made Maclay a gift of a Papuan boy slave. The boy, Achmat, learned Russian in the course of a few months and was a faithful servant and companion for many years. The *Izumrud* then sailed to the Philippines, and while the ship was anchored in Manila Bay for a few days, Maclay seized the opportunity to carry out an investigation that had been suggested to him before he left Europe. He hired a fishing boat and, crossing the bay, landed on the opposite shore. With the help of a local guide he then made his way into the Limai Mountains in search of the Negrito aborigines. He came across them living in the dense forests, a shy and extremely primitive, nomadic race. Maclay spent three days living with them, observing their mode of life and taking anthropometric measurements.

The *Izumrud* then sailed for Hong Kong. By this time the news that Maclay was still alive had reached the civilized world and he was everywhere met with respect and honour. He went to Canton and the governor of the city gave a banquet in his honour. While in Ternate he had sent a telegram to the Governor of the Dutch East Indies asking permission to accompany the proposed exploration voyage by a Dutch frigate along the south coast of Dutch New Guinea. In Hong Kong he received a reply from Governor Laudon informing him that he would be most welcome on the expedition. He parted with the *Izumrud* at Hong Kong and made his way to Batavia (Djakarta) via Singapore. From Batavia he went up to Buitenzorg (Bogor) and rented a small cottage with the little money he had left and then went to pay his respects to the governor, who



insisted that he come and live in the palace, where he complete freedom to do as he wished. Maclay was still in a precarious state of health, so he welcomed this offer. His stay with the Laudon family proved very pleasant; the family was cultured and he enjoyed a carefree, comfortable — even luxurious — existence in a pleasant climate with beautiful surroundings. His health improved and he wrote up his material and published his first articles about his sojourn in New Guinea. Unfortunately, the proposed voyage by the Dutch naval vessel to New Guinea had to be put off indefinitely because of a serious insurrection by the Achins in Sumatra. He decided therefore to undertake an expedition himself to the south coast of New Guinea, to the so-called Papua-Koviai coast.

With recommendations from Governor Laudon he, together with Achmat, proceeded by steamer to the Moluccas, and on the island of Gecir he hired a native craft with a crew of 15 men, some Malay and some Papuan, and sufficient supplies for five months. The Papua-Koviai coast had rarely been visited by Europeans since the failure of an attempted settlement on the coast by the Dutch in 1828, which had been abandoned after seven years because of the fearful mortality from disease and the unyielding hostility of the natives. The coast had an evil reputation. The slave raids carried out by the Sultans of Ternate and Tidore had made the natives mistrustful of all outsiders. So many times had they been attacked and some of them killed and others carried away into slavery that it was no wonder each stranger seemed to them an enemy. They tried to take revenge indiscriminately on all those who inadvertently fell into their hands. Alfred Russell Wallace, the famous naturalist, who a few years before Maclay's visit had spent several years collecting specimens in the islands adjacent to New Guinea and had visited Dorey on the north coast of New Guinea, did not venture to visit the south coast. As he reported, "the southwest part of New Guinea, known to the natives as Papua-Koviai, is inhabited by the most treacherous and bloodthirsty tribes. It is in these districts that the commanders and portions of the crews of many of the early discovery ships were murdered, and scarcely a year now passes but some lives are lost." Yet it was in this region Maclay proposed to settle for a few months. He chose a very picturesque spot called Cape Aiva, located at the entrance to Triton Bay. Here a cabin

was built. from which he made various expeditions to neighbouring islands and along the coast. He ventured also some way into the interior, visiting a hitherto unknown lake in the mountains, Lake Kamaka-Ballar.

It was while on one of these expeditions the news came to him that his cabin at Aiva had been attacked by a band of armed tribesmen, who killed many native women and children camped in the vicinity and had seized most of his stores and instruments. This was a serious blow to his plans. Without his instruments he was greatly restricted in his investigations, and, in addition, most of the supply of quinine had been taken and many of his men were down with malaria. However, he set up a makeshift hut on Aiduma Island, in spite of the protests of his men, who said they feared for their lives and wished to return to their homes. He compromised with them by allowing them to remain on the ship at night, although he himself was prepared to take the risk and slept alone on shore in the hut.

During his stay on Aiduma Island a large pirogue arrived one night. In the morning it was reported to him that the main instigator and leader of the raid on his cabin at Cape Aiva, a certain Captain Mavara, was in the pirogue with his henchmen. Without hesitation, Maclay marched down to the beach and, pistol in hand, apprehended Captain Mavara, ordered him bound and transported to the ship.

He had already been four months on the coast and as the approach of the monsoon season made it unsafe for the vessel to remain longer, Maclay decided to return to Gecir and discharge the crew after handing over the prisoner to the Dutch authorities.

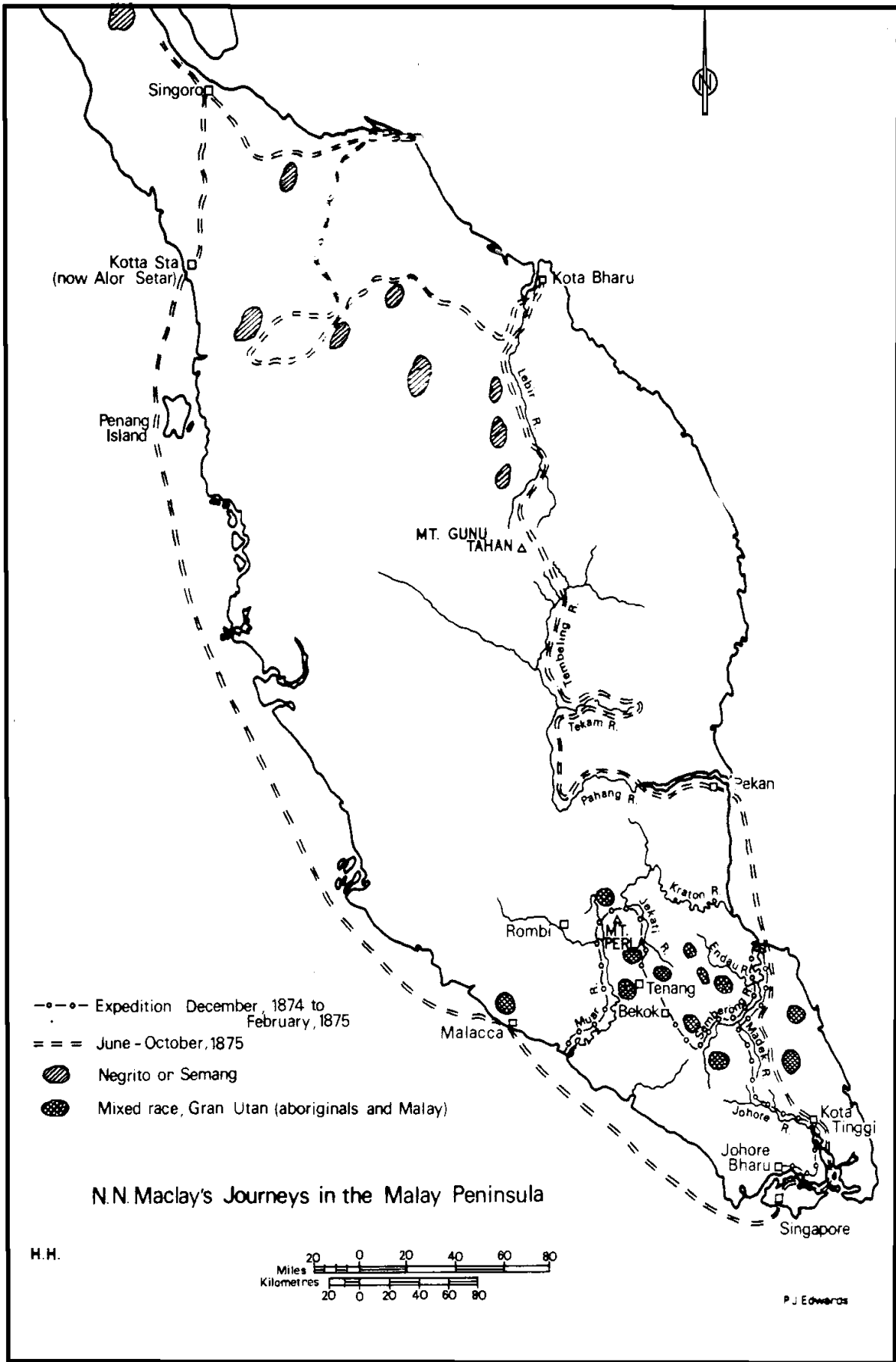
In Maclay's diaries for this period he describes in detail the miserable conditions under which the Papuans of the Koviari Coast lived. As a result of the disruption of their\_ communal life by Malay raiding parties, they did not live in villages with cultivated gardens but led a pitiful, nomadic life moving along the coast in their pirogues. He found them an impoverished and demoralized race, vastly different in their habits and customs from his friends on the Maclay Coast. Yet, as Maclay pointed out, they were of the same race as the Astrolabe Bay natives. The difference was due to the contact with the Malays, whose influence had been so destructive to their culture. When Maclay returned to civilization he wrote a report in the coastal conditions for the Dutch authorities, appealing to

them to take action against the activities of the Malay\_slave traders. At the time he wrote this report he rather expected that it would be ignored, but later the Dutch authorities informed him that action had been taken and control was being exercised over the activities of the slave raiders, and the natives now had a measure of security.

Maclay made his way back to Buitenzorg where he again stayed with the Laudon family for several months to restore his health, severely strained as a result of the Papua-Koviai expedition. As soon as his health permitted he made plans for yet another expedition, this time to the Malay Peninsula in search of the aboriginal remnants who were reported to live in the mountainous interior. While engaged in the necessary preparations, he was invited to live in the palace of the Maharajah of Johore, who was greatly interested in the proposed expedition and offered him every assistance. The Maharajah asked in exchange for the information which Maclay would bring back, including maps, as much of the country was little known even to the Maharajah. The Maharajah gave Maclay an open letter to all the headmen of the villages that he would pass through, ordering them to supply the men required for carriers and servants, up to the number of 30.

Maclay had anticipated that the journey would take him about three weeks, instead of which it took nearly eight weeks. He had underestimated the difficulties arising from the rainy season which set in soon after he started. Much of the journey was through flooded country. For days on end he walked up to his knees in water; at times up to his waist. In his diary he reported that "seventeen days I had nothing dry on myself; all my baggage was saturated."

Here and there he met wandering groups of nomads, the so-called Oran-Utan or forest people who, he found, were more or less of mixed origin, a product of intermarriage with the Malays. He crossed Johore from west to east and from north to south, arriving back in Singapore with a violent fever. To recuperate from this and the rigours of the journey he decided to take advantage of the offer of the Governor of Singapore, Sir Edward Clark, to go with him to Bangkok on the government steam yacht. Maclay spent 10 days in Bangkok and was granted an audience with the King of Siam, who gave him a letter to the vassal princelings who occupied almost



half the Malay Peninsula. This was in preparation for his next expedition in which he intended to make his way the entire length of the Malay Peninsula from Johore in the south to Siam in the north. In this letter the king ordered his vassals to give Maclay every assistance in the way of men and supplies. His expedition through Johore had been interesting, but it had by no means satisfied him. He still hoped to come across the elusive pure-blood aborigines, the Semang and Sakai.

His friends in Singapore were inclined to deride this second expedition, assuring him that he would not get as far as Pahang and would be forced to return. But he refused to be discouraged and set off again with 30 men supplied by the Maharajah of Johore and a letter to the ruler of the next kingdom, the Bandahar of Pahang. He did not, however, take any letters of recommendation from the Governor of Singapore for fear that he might be taken for a British agent and so forfeit assistance from the Malays, who mistrusted the English, rightly fearing their colonial pretensions. The Bandahar of Pahang received him amicably enough, although somewhat embarrassed by the visit of a European. In answer to Maclay's request, however, for transport assistance to the next kingdom, Klantan, he proudly answered that Pahang was greater than Johore and if the Maharajah had given him 30 men, he would give him 40.

At the upper reaches of the Pahang River in the mountains between Pahang, Tringgano and Klantan he at last came across what he had been seeking, the first undoubtedly pure-blood non-Malay aborigines, the Oran-Sakai. Although they were extremely timid, he was able to make several portraits of them and carry out anthropometrical measurements. They were small negroid types very similar to the negritos he had visited in the Philippines. Their mode of life was also similar, but they had a characteristic weapon, the blowpipe, or sumpitan, with poison darts which could kill an animal in a few minutes. He continued on through the jungles and mountains, traversing the territories of the Malay vassals of the King of Siam, sometimes on foot, sometimes on rafts and boats along the rivers, and for 20 days, on elephants. Here and there he discovered isolated groups of the shy aborigines. Finally he returned by sea to Singapore.

He had spent 170 days on this last expedition, and not only had he carried out investigations of the non-Malay aborigines but he had

gathered a great deal of information about the culture and customs of the Malays themselves. He himself said that he was able to study the Malays better here than during all the three years living in the Dutch colonies of the Malay Archipelago. Nevertheless he did not write anything about the Malays. It is believed that he did not keep even a diary of the second expedition. At first glance this would seem somewhat strange, but it can be understood if we regard the political situation in Malaya. The English at that time were endeavouring to extend their influence and control over the Malay States, and Maclay did not wish to give them any information that would assist them. As he wrote in a letter to the Russian Geographical Society: "The expedition through the Malay Peninsula gave me a considerable fund of information, important for a true understanding of the political situation of the lands of the Malay rajahs. All those points such as, a knowledge of the communications between the countries, the kind of roads, the density of the population, the character of the people, the relationship of the rajahs among themselves and to their subjects etc., all such information could have no little significance for the English at that time. As the invasion by white people of the lands of the coloured peoples, the interference in the affairs of the natives, their enslavement or extermination, is completely contrary to my convictions, I cannot, under any circumstances, serve the purposes of the English as against the interests of the natives. I know that some of the rajahs whose hospitality I enjoyed, after being assured that I was not an Englishman, did not consider it necessary to have any misgivings about me or to dissimulate in their relations with me, and I would consider that to communicate any information under the guise of the benefit to science would be quite dishonourable. The Malays, who trusted me, would be fully justified in calling such behaviour espionage."

He decided to leave Singapore partly in order to avoid involuntarily disclosing information to the English, who were understandably very inquisitive, and partly to enjoy the equable climate and peace of Buitenzorg.

While in Buitenzorg a series of newspaper reports appeared indicating that there were forces at work in Australia and England that were looking to the seizure of non-Dutch New Guinea. Maclay saw in this a danger to his friends on the Maclay Coast, and he decided he must by some means make his way there to defend the rights of

the coastal natives to their independence. At the same time he wrote 10 influential friends in Russia asking that they intercede with the Czar so that the Russian government should declare that part of New Guinea a Russian protectorate.

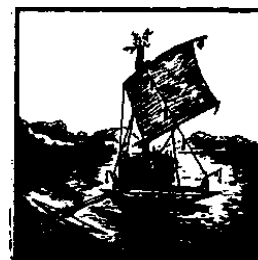
He was in financial difficulties. He had received no money from Russia, so he offered his collections of anthropological and ethnological material as security for a loan from a Singapore merchant. He then made arrangements with the skipper of a small schooner to take him as a passenger for a small sum. The 105-ton ship, the *Seabird*, was setting out on a trading voyage among the islands of Micronesia. By agreement, he had the right at his discretion to alter the ship's course, that is, to call on places not on the Captain's program, but lying not far from the route and to extend the time at anchor at some places which were of particular interest for him. When the ship would have completed its operations it would then take him to Port Constantine on the Maclay Coast.

Although the voyage was of abounding interest for Maclay, he suffered much from having to impotently observe the shameless exploitation of the natives. The skipper, an American named O'Keefe, proved to be a scoundrel and Maclay wrote: "During the voyage I had to witness so many times the vicious exploitation to which the natives were subjected by the whites, that I formed the intention of presenting (at the first opportunity of sending a letter from here) a short account of the injustices, amounting almost to criminal behaviour, of which I have had to be the unwilling witness."

Maclay spent four months on *The Seabird*, visiting various islands in the Pelau Group and then the Caroline Islands. Making an arc, they swung round to visit the Ninigo Group and Manus Island in the Admiralties. Everywhere he noticed the cultural degeneration of the natives as a result of the contact with the trading vessels. "The Europeans," he wrote, "exploit the natives and by their example they develop habits of lying and deceit." His diaries and notes of this voyage are full of picturesque details about the natives and in observing and recording his observations he was able at times to forget the sight of "such human shamelessness, injustice and viciousness as I am compelled at times to witness."

He was pleased at last to reach his friends on the Maclay Coast, and here he landed, accompanied by a Malay named Sale as cook and two young natives from the Pelau Islands, Mebli and the girl Meri. He landed with supplies for six months. Captain O'Keefe promised to call and pick him up in about six months.<sup>8</sup>

## THE DIARIES 1876-1877



### Second Visit to the Maclay Coast

*June, 1876*

I arrived on the 27th of June on the small schooner, the *Seabird*, sailing under the English flag. I noticed a considerable change in the aspect of the high summits of the range. The natives were extremely glad to see me, but some of them were not surprised by my arrival. They had been quite confident that I would keep my word.

When I went ashore at Gorendu, in a short period of time natives from the neighbouring villages, including the women and children, came running up to greet me. Many of them wept, and the whole population seemed very excited by my return. I missed several old men — they had died during my absence — but many children were already almost adults, and among the young women who would soon be mothers, I recognized some whom I had left as young girls.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages begged me to settle among them, but, as in 1871, I preferred not to live right in a village, but to settle at some distance from it. After inspecting the area near Gorendu, and also near Bongu, I settled for a little promontory right near Bongu village. And the next day, under the direction of my



servants and a carpenter from the schooner, they began to clear the site for my house and for a wide road from the uleu (beach) to the site that I had chosen.

This time I had brought from Singapore a small wooden house in sections, but the piles on which it would stand and the whole frame, as well as the roof, were made on the spot. Unfortunately, the wish not to hold the ship up too long just to make use of the services of the ship's carpenter, made me not pay too much attention to the quality of the wood, which soon deteriorated, principally from the white ants, the great enemy of wooden structures in this part of the world. Here on the Maclay Coast there are, it is true, a few species of timber which resist this insect, but one could not get a sufficient quantity of these in such a short time.

### *July*

The house was completed on the sixth day. In its construction, apart from myself, two Europeans, my servants and several dozen Papuans took part, the latter carrying the logs that had been cut and thatching the roof.

Some score women also zealously cleared the area round the house of undergrowth and bushes.

As a result of the piles on which the house stood being two metres high, I turned this ground level area into a store room in which all my things were brought (about 70 cases, baskets and packages of various sizes), and I was able to let the schooner depart on the 4th of July.

With the help of my three servants (the Malayan, Sale, was a cook and at times a tailor, and the other two were Micronesians from the Pelau Islands) and several inhabitants of Bongu, I soon brought my New Guinea estate into a proper condition and settled down quite comfortably.

I received some very interesting information from the natives about the earthquakes which occurred during my absence. The changes in the appearance of the summits of the Mana-boro-boro (Finisterre Mountains) surprised me on my return to this coast. At my departure (in December 1872) the vegetation covered even the peaks of the range, but now in many places the summits and steep

slopes were completely bare. The natives told me that during my absence there had been several earthquakes on the coast and in the mountains, in which several inhabitants of the villages had been killed by coconut palms falling on their huts and wrecking them. The coastal villages suffered for the most part from the abnormally high waves which followed the earthquakes, tearing out the trees and carrying away huts which were near to the beach.

I also learned from the natives that long ago, before my arrival in 1871. the entire village of Aralu, lying close to the sea-shore between the Gabenau and Koli rivers, was completely washed away by a huge wave, together with all its inhabitants. As this happened at night all the inhabitants perished; only a few men who happened to be guests in another village remained alive but did not wish to return to live at the old place. So they settled at Gumbu, which escaped the disaster, being built farther from the sea-shore.

The destruction of this village was well remembered by people not particularly old, and I surmise that it happened about 1855-1856. After this catastrophe there were outbreaks of disease with fatal results on the Maclay Coast. This latter happened, I surmise, from the decomposition of the organic matter washed up on shore by the waves and its rotting in the sun.

I arrived just at the time when the natives of the Maclay Coast burn the *unan*. Together with numerous examples of *Peramelos*, they brought me one example of a *tibol* (*Macrppus tibol mcl.*) for which I constructed a kind of cage, wishing to keep it alive. The natives here distinguish two species of *tibol*, calling one *utibol* and the other *val-tibol* ("river" and "coastal" *tibol*). The first of these — i.e. the river *tibol* — is of a large size and is rarely caught by the natives. The latter, they assert, sometimes eat fish.

### *August*

On the 2nd of August I got ready to go to Maragum-mana and then on the 5th of August to the village of Rai.

*Expedition to Maragum-mana on the 2nd August 1876 (5 o'clock put to sea).* By sloop to the south of the Morel River; then through the jungle to the hills covered with *unan*. The general direction — south-sou-east. From a hill there was a wide view — Sambul-mana

out by the light of the crescent moon, along the dry bed of the Yor River. Although it was dark and the track was rough I did not stumble once. In this respect I am becoming a Papuan. When the dawn came, I wrote down the names of my fellow-travellers. There proved to be 34 of them. Since I hadn't taken any food with me I had to call in at the village of Yaru (247 metres above sea level). My companions very much disliked the idea of going any farther in the mountains, but I paid no attention to them — the more so in that I had five times as many people with me as I needed. Several men from Yaru village joined up with us. We continued along the bed of the river, that is, among the stones; in some places (at the rapids) we had to scramble up over the smooth, wet rocks.

In general the track was not particularly good. At 3 o'clock it rained, and the whole range was covered with clouds. There was DO great hurry to keep going so I told the natives to build a shelter, and measured the height of the locality by means of the Regnault Apparatus, the index of which was almost identical with the figure given by my aneroid. The height proved to be equal to 262 metres. It was very chilly, probably because of the rain. It poured ail night in torrents. The roof of waterproof blanket spread above my bunk had been well placed, for in spite of the downpour I remained quite dry, but the air was very damp and I was not at all confident that I would go through the day without an attack of fever.

I got up at 6 o'clock, and seeing that not all my men were ready I didn't trouble to wait for them, but announced that *tamo bilen* can follow me but *tamo borle* can remain. That took effect — almost all of them followed me.

In consequence of the rain during the night, there was considerably more water in the river than yesterday; the stones were very slippery and one had to be extremely careful in some places. After going some way we had to climb up a slope to the right without the slightest trace of a path.

My companions affirmed that there was no track here and so we had to go on or, rather, climb upward. To my great annoyance I felt that yesterday's rain from which I was soaked and the nocturnal dampness had its effect and that an attack of fever was not to be Avoided. I was very giddy and I was moving as if in a dream. Fortunately the slope was covered with forest, so that one could clutch and hang on to vines, roots and branches and so climb upward.

At one steep place I stretched out my hand to a vine, and what happened after that I absolutely don't know. I was awakened apparently by human voices. I opened my eyes, around me I saw the jungle, I could not clearly understand where I was. From general weariness I closed my eyes again and at the same time felt considerable pain in various parts of my body, and became aware that I was in a very strange position. The head was lying at a considerably lower level than my feet. And for all that, I could not make out where I was. When I again opened my eyes, not far from me I heard a voice, "I told you that Maklai is not dead, but only sleeps." Several natives emerged from behind the trees. The sight of these men restored my memory. I remembered that I was climbing the mountain with them. I recalled that I had grasped a vine in order to hang on to it. My weight did not correspond to the strength of the vine, and thus I found myself 10 paces lower and in such an uncomfortable position. I mistrustfully felt my legs, side and back and then got up. There was nothing broken, although my side and back hurt, and it seemed that I felt better than before I fell. I looked at my watch, but it seemed that probably as a result of the shock from my fall it had stopped.

The sun was already high, so I had reason to believe that I had been lying in a not particularly comfortable position more than two hours and possibly even longer. There was no time to lose for by 3 o'clock there could be rain again and nothing would be seen from the summit. Fortunately one of my aneroids proved to be in good order. At this point the height was 450 metres. A little unsteady on my feet, I descended a not particularly deep valley and then climbed a hill again which the natives call Gumugua, the height of which was 573 metres. After that there was another narrow valley and then again an elevation about 730 metres high. Continuing, we came to the cupola-shaped summit of the Tayo Mountain, which from the sea gives this peak such a characteristic form. On the area at the top many tall trees were growing; the height here was 817 metres.

My companions, in order to show the inhabitants of the surrounding villages that we had reached the summit, lit a fire. To two of the most agile I gave a white flag made from thick canvas which for some time would resist destruction and, attached to a stick, I requested them to tie it to the top of the highest tree, first cutting off the branches.

When this had been done we set off down. I was disappointed with this expedition because on account of the vegetation round the area at the summit of the peak the panorama was very limited, and I had not thought of taking some axes with me to cut down the trees round about. We descended safely to the place -where we had spent the night and after eating there went on to Bogatim. From the neighbouring villages people gathered so that by the evening my retinue consisted of more than 200 men. Although I felt quite tired I did not want to stop anywhere, and by the light of dozens of torches we arrived in Bogatim at half past nine in the evening.

### *August 23rd*

I went to the island of Bili Bill where the natives have built me a hut, dark, but cool, at the place called Airu, and where I am thinking of coming from time to time. After returning to Bongu, I visited the villages of Englam-mana, Seguana-mana and Sambul-mana.

All these villages are not distinguishable one from another by the character of their structures, nor by the type or external appearance of their inhabitants. I collected on this trip a considerable number of skulls and also found out quite a number of interesting facts about the ethnology of those mountain-dwellers.

### *September*

Expeditions to Ban-mana, Sandiabi-mana, Buram-mana, Manugbe-mana and Koliku-mana. As a result of these expeditions ethnological material was collected, and skulls of Papuans for my collection, and a few days of fever.

### *September 20th*

I was in Garagassi where everything is very much overgrown. Of the coconut palms planted by me only six grew. On the big Kengara

tree, the copper plaque left by the clipper *Izumrud* is still firmly attached, although the redwood was partly eaten by white ants. I reinforced it by driving in a few nails. All the piles of the cabin were eaten away by the white ants to such an extent that a slight push of the foot would have been sufficient to cause them to collapse. At Garagassi there were many more birds than near my new house near Bongu, and their familiar cries vividly reminded me of my life in this place in 1871-1872.

I gave orders that Mebli, my servant from Pelau, and a few of the inhabitants of Gorendu clear the area round my former cabin and round the coconut palms growing there.

### *October*

Thanks to my present premises, much more convenient than at Garagassi, I can occupy myself with comparative anatomical studies. In general the comfort (better accommodation and three servants) is favourable to my health. At the end of September and the beginning of October I harvested my first crop of maize which I had sown in July. Then I sowed maize again as well as many other seeds that I had brought with me this time. Around my cabin I have planted 22 coconut palms which up to the present are all growing very well.

Small abrasions on my legs as a result of bruises from stones and the rubbing of boots, etc., gradually develop here, through a careless attitude to them — and mainly from the effect of sea water on them, which one cannot avoid — into considerable although superficial sores which do not readily heal, and are sometimes very painful. They often keep me from going on trips, and fairly often keep me at home.

Apart from my writings, I find it possible to occupy myself with anthropological measurements. In Garagassi this was unthinkable; now the natives are sufficiently accustomed to me and do not see anything particularly dangerous to them in such manipulations of them. I do not, however, find it convenient to measure women; the men here are jealous, and I do not wish to give them, on my part, any cause for misunderstandings. In addition, the measuring of women entails too much fuss; inducements, stupid objections, etc.

In a word, in this case "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*" (the game is not worth the candle).

There was a big *ai* in Bongu, in which women took part (the first time I have seen it). The return of the *ai* to the village is a very characteristic spectacle which would be worth sketching.

I learnt details of the operation *u-ravar* or *mulum* (circumcision). All *uleu tamos* follow this custom (with the exception of some of the inhabitants of the islands of the Archipelago of the Contented People), but almost no mountain-dwellers recognize it.

### *November*

I am frequently ill with fever, and the sores on my legs do not heal at all well. When it is possible I am busy with comparative anatomical work and sometimes I read. The pain at night from the sores is so bad that I have to take Chloral in order to sleep. When the temperature in the mornings drops to 21° C. then I feel positively cold, just like the natives whose whole body shivers.

### *December 5th*

After many days' preparation, today began the *man* in Bongu, the most important that I have seen up to the present; therefore, I will try to describe it.

*The Muti in Bongu: December 5th and 6th, 1876.* After long preparation the day for the *mun* was finally set. The last few days the natives of the neighbouring villages almost every night have been practising dancing and singing; the *barum* has been sounding during the day and even at night. The inhabitants of Bongu were going to Englam-mana for *keu* for the celebrations. The program was fixed. First, on the 5th of the month, in the evening, there was to be dancing at the Gorendu *mun*, then the following evening would come the Bogatim and Gumbu *mun*. Before the beginning of the *mun* the *ai* left Bongu with brushwood which was thrown in the sea and after the ceremony the natives of Gorendu and Bongu began to dress themselves in the jungle for the *mun*. The chief feature of the decoration was a three-tier head-dress (*sanguin-ole*) which was so

large that only the curly-haired coiffures of the Papuans could support them. In the waistband were stuck three large branches of *Coleus*, which with every step swayed behind the back. Similar twigs were thrust in the *sagyu* (bracelets) decorating the arms and legs. The head-dress consists of three tiers — the *first*, a large lower one of cassowary feathers; the *second*, of cockatoo feathers, some of which were fastened by the tips; the *third*, of bird of paradise feathers. This was attached to a flexible stalk and swayed at every movement of the dancer. Apart from two whitened *diu* (plaited braid for the hair) some natives had a kind of diadem of dog's teeth. On the neck — besides *bul-ra*, *yambi* (small bag hung round the neck) and other small decorations of teeth or beads — on most of them hung *gubo-gubo*. European scraps of cloth (presents from Garagassi times) also played no small part.

*Mun-Koromrom*. The dancers, two by two, swaying rhythmically to the sounds of the *pkam*, their *sanguin-ole* in unison, glide into Bongu. Making an arc, they begin to describe circles round the village square, sometimes in pairs, sometimes singly, forming a long chain. In front of the dancers, facing them, one of the natives of Bongu moves gradually backwards; he was not decorated like the dancers. He had only a few red flowers in his hair and held a spear, its tip pointing outwards. At the end of the spear a piece of coconut shell was stuck to guard against accidentally wounding the person facing him. (This performance of meeting his guests, reminds me of the *chekalele* and the meetings in the villages of the Moluccas). The dancing and singing were somewhat monotonous. The dance consisted of fluid small steps and a slight bending of the knees, the body bowing and the plumed head-dress nodding forward. Women gradually joined in this group of dancers, wearing new *mals* and numerous necklaces, and a few with green leaves thrust in the *sagyu* on their arms. Many of them were pregnant; others were nursing babies in their arms. The dancing of the women was much simpler than that of the men and consisted only in swaying their behinds. The only variation was that the dancers stopped, formed a circle, continuing to sing, beat the *okams* and waved their plumed head-dresses. The women also stopped and, with their legs somewhat apart, still more zealously rotated their behinds. The *mun* continued till the dawn, and part of the youth of Gorendu and Bongu took part.



*Mun*. I left Bogalim and went to Bongu before nightfall, about 5 o'clock. This *mun* had many more participants and the grouping was different from the *mun-koromrom*. The women encircled the principal dancers with the *sanguin-ole* and *gubo-gubo* and were holding the men's bows and arrows, besides carrying large bags on their backs. There were also many armed natives, who sang and, in the event of an insufficiency of *okams*, beat on a bundle of arrows with a stick which they were carrying. The movements of the gay-coloured crowd were not so slow, and two of the principal dancers made up some quite intricate steps (for example, putting the *okam* round their necks, closing their eyes and kicking their legs out). But what seemed to me particularly interesting was the mime dancing in which the dancers move apart, leaving between them a free space where the principal dancers perform their evolutions. Mimetic presentations represent hunting for pigs, a mother and father lulling a baby to sleep, in which one of the men puts on a woman's skirt and sack and represents a woman, and an *okam* in the sack represents the baby. This scene follows after a dance showing how a woman hides behind the back of another man from an admirer pursuing her. But still more remarkable was a caricature portraying a native physician and the *onim* that he brings. One of the dancers sat on the ground, another with a long branch in his hand, dancing round, began striking him on the back and the sides, then, making a few turns round the square, whispered something over the branch, after which he returned to the sick man and resumed the first operation. The dancer then depicted how the physician, panting and sweating, took away the branch and stamped it in the earth.

The men and women had uniformly painted physiognomies — all the men had *gubo-gubo* in their mouths.

When I returned in the morning (the natives danced all night), the *mun* was going round a coconut palm; it stopped near it while one of the participants, a native of Bogatim, climbed up the tree and threw down all the nuts, which served to refresh the members of the '*nun*.

What struck me yesterday was the ugliness of the physiognomies — an impression which the natives of the Admiralty Islands had also produced on me.

*Sel-Mun (Gumbu)*. About 8 o'clock, in complete darkness, by the light of a single torch and to the low sound of the *okams*, the

*sel-mun* proceeded to another square of Gombu. The dancers were adorned with high *sanguin-ole* and much greenery — many being painted black and white. By the feeble light of the fire and the distant sound of thunder and frequent lightning, the whole spectacle had a fantastic effect. Of three *sanguin-ole*, the tallest exceeded the height of three men and was at least five metres high. In order to hold this huge bamboo structure on the head, the bamboo was split at the ends and fastened to the hair, which almost covered the face; the back and chest were covered with a large *mal*; from the armpits to the knees hung large bunches of green leaves which also adorned the arms and legs. All this attire almost concealed the human form. These dancers moved almost independently of the others. Even when the others stopped, for example, when one of the natives during a general silence made a speech, they continued like wound up mechanisms to go round the fire. The *sel-mun* which I had already seen in 1872 in Gumbu is a nocturnal affair; as in the *koromrom* the natives move in a crowd round the fire. The *mun* continues till sunrise.

After becoming acquainted with Papuan dances, I can remark that, first, women do not play a principal part; and secondly, the dances do not have an immoral character. The men are good dancers, graceful, and make quite intricate movements. The women, I have already said, move only their hind parts — therefore they turn their backs to the spectators.

*Moror-Mun.* Yesterday, pyramid-shaped bunches of coconuts assigned for the natives of Gumbu, Gorendu, Bogatim and Kolikuman had already been prepared. After the breakfast ending the *mun*, the natives brought large baskets of *ayan* — many of which four men had difficulty in lifting — and bundles of sago. The baskets were all placed in groups and to each group a pole was attached decorated with *Coleus* leaves. Grasping a pole with the *Coleus* leaves, one of the Bongu natives made a speech. Then Mote made a long and quite emotional speech. One could notice that the speech was not improvised but had been prepared beforehand. The intonation, the gestures and the expression all demonstrated that the orators were not without eloquence. The tone of the speeches, particularly those of Mote and Egli, was scornful, and I surmise (I could not understand them) that the orators reproached their fellow-citizens for bringing so little food for the *moror*.



15. *A young tamo in festive attire with okam*



14. *Two women of Bogadjim*



15. *Saul, a tamo boro of Gorendu (Maclay's sketch)*

There was a speech in reply from a native of Gorendu. Each *orator* returned the pole with the *Coleus* to the pile of baskets, and when the orators had finished their speeches one of them gathered all the poles and put them aside, after which the orators and inhabitants of Bongu went away. Kaloon took a whisk broom made from the leaves of the *pinang* (areca palm) and while whispering something, swept round the baskets. The natives returned, bringing with them a lot of *tabirs*, *goons*, *mais* and dogs and laid them all near the baskets. Near the place where Mul stood with his wife and daughter a particularly large heap was made. Kaloon with his wife and daughter stood near another pile. The *tabirs* and *mals* were handed over to Mul by placing each of them on his head. Having apportioned and handed over the articles, the inhabitants of Bongu covered their heads with a *tabir* and ran about the village square uttering something. The muzzles of the dogs that had been brought were tied and the dogs were killed by striking their heads on the ground with all the force that could be mustered. These were also placed on the heaps of *mals* and *tabirs*.

In one group, Kaloon was handing over the *tabirs* and other articles that had been brought, to Mul of Bogatim. In another group, Omool was handing over such goods to Bonem (from Gorendu) who, having thrust his spear in the ground and placing a *tabir* in front of himself, took off his *syual* (shell ornamentation) and placed it in the *tabir*, covering it with a branch. Omool continued to hand over one *tabir* after another, covering each with a branch. In his turn Bonem was handing them over to his brother. This procedure was performed with each item to the very last, after which Omool then received the *syual*.

In the same manner, the *tabirs* and other items were put on the *banim* of Malo, who in his turn distributed them to those natives of Bogatim who were present. After that they went to the *pinang* (areca nuts) and the coconuts; these pyramids were demolished and distributed and with that the *moror* was finished.

In general there are many *muns* and they are all different. The melodies, and also the dances themselves, are varied; for the dances no strict sequence has been set and the steps depend on the dancers themselves.

*December*

The state of my legs made me stay at home.

*December 22*

A rather curious scene occurred today in Bongu. As I have already said, in the daytime there are usually no people in the villages. The men are either in other villages or out hunting or fishing, in the jungle or on the plantations. The women, with the children big or small, are also on the plantations. They return before sundown. Knowing this and knowing also that the mun had finished several days ago, we were surprised to hear several loud hurried beats on the barum which was calling the people from the plantation back to the village. I went there also and was one of the first to arrive.

Hurrying up to me, Bua began telling me the following story, while the cries of Lake's wife could be heard from their hut. Lako, returning rather earlier than usual to the village, found his wife in the closed-up hut, but not alone, but in the company of Kaleu, a young unmarried man 22 years of age. The natives generally walk so quietly that the guilty pair were taken by surprise. Whether Kaleu was beaten up I don't know. He got out of Lake's hut, who thereupon began to thrash his wife. Lako left her for a minute to call his friends with the aid of the barum. When I arrived Kaleu stood with downcast eyes near his hut, and Lako continued to administer punishment in his hut. Finally he jumped out armed with a bow and arrows, and, looking round at those present, a fair crowd of whom had gathered, he saw Kaleu. Then he stopped and started to pick out an arrow for reprisal purposes. At the same time a native handed a bow and several arrows to Kaleu. Looking at Lako and his extreme agitation I did not think he was in such a state as to be able to hit his opponent. In fact, the arrow flew past Kaleu at some distance, though Kaleu stood there without moving. Another arrow failed to hit the target, as Kaleu jumped aside in time, after which he did not wait for the third and fourth arrows but quickly concealed himself.

Whether he fired an arrow at Lako I did not notice as I was watching the latter. They told me, however, that he fired once and missed.



On Kaleu's departure, Lako's fury was vented on Kaleu's hut. He began to tear at the roof and break and break the walls, but at this the natives found it advisable to interfere and tried to distract him.

The next day I found the antagonists sitting amicably on the beach and smoking the same cigar. When they saw me they both burst out laughing. "You saw it yesterday?" Lako asked me. "Yes," I answered, "but what about today? Is Kaleu a good or a bad man?" I wanted to know. "O, he is a good man," Lako announced. And Kaleu on his part, said the same of his rival.

On the track to Bongu I met Undel and pointed to Lako and Kaku sitting together.

Undel told me that Lako had chased his wife away and she was now living in Kaleu's hut, and as he told me he elaborated with a certain pantomime, laughing loudly.

However, such cases do not happen frequently; this is only the third that I know of.

### *January, 1877*

Anthropological observations. The hair of newborn babies is not curly. Up to the present I have measured 102 heads of men, 31 of women and 14 of children. I have also inspected the legs, arms, and nails of the natives.

### *February*

A stay at Airu and an expedition to the Archipelago of Contented People and to the village of Erempi. As Kain did not know the way to this village, we visited Segu (Sek) Island and picked up two men there as guides. From the bay we went into a river, the Ayun-Mongun; going past a minor tributary we found ourselves in a small, almost circular lake, or lagoon, surrounded by jungle, called Mout-Mongun. Here we had to leave the pirogue and go by a narrow path, very unpleasant by reason of the numerous rotang (Malay — climbing plant — Calamus) vines which lay across it. A remarkably tall wild banana attracted my attention: the fruit



was small, green and full of seeds. They were not edible. The leaves compared with other species were very narrow. We continued our journey to the west, and after more than an hour's walk we came to the village of Erempi. The inhabitants were very scared by my unexpected appearance and probably by my aspect, as they had not seen a white man up to that time, as Kain told us.

Several prolonged beatings of the *barum* called the inhabitants of the village, who were working in the plantations and in the settlements around. The people of Erempi live in small huts scattered in the jungle, coming to the main village from time to time.

The huts in Erempi were nearly all on piles, but the people's external appearance differed in no way from other Papuans of the Maclay Coast. I measured several heads and wrote down several words of their dialect.

Although the people here are said to be cannibals, in their ornaments they didn't have a single human tooth or bone, and, among their weapons, human bone is never made use of. Kain told me that the remains of the bones are thrown into the sea. I saw here shields of a different shape to those on Contented People Islands; they were not circular but oblong.

Returning the next day early in the morning, I was surprised by hearing a loud sound, which I could not ascribe to any animal known to me. In any case I would have thought that it would be an animal of a considerable size. I was very surprised to learn that it was the voice of the adult cassowary. Kain assured me that in this jungle there were a large number of them and that he often heard them.

*The fear of the Bongu people as a result of the bulu-ribut near my cabin.* For some reason I wasn't sleeping well, and I thought that it would be good to listen to that music which always relieves me of worrying thoughts. I remembered that when I was travelling through the Malay Peninsula, more than once in the settlements, and even in the forest, I went off to sleep to the sounds of the peculiar, plaintive music of the Malay *bulu-ribut*.

Hoping that Sale could make them I went off to sleep very pleased with my idea. The next day I learnt that Sale could, in fact, make a *bulu-ribut* and I requested him to make me four or five pieces of various sizes.

I will explain in a few words what a *bulu-ribut* is — at least, the kind that is in use among the Malays of Johore and Java. It consists of a bamboo of different lengths (up to 18 or 20 metres and more) the internal partitions of which are removed, and at various places and at varying distances longitudinal slits are made — some wide and some narrow. Such bamboo tubes are attached to the tops of trees in a village or some times in the jungle. The wind penetrating these slits produces very curious sounds. As these openings are placed on various sides of the bamboo pole, every wind will activate these original "aeolian harps." The length, the thickness of the walls of the bamboo, the degree of its dryness and its position (whether it is in the middle of a tree or at the top) determines the character of the sounds.

About three days later Sale showed me five pieces of *bulu-ribut* he had made; two of them were more than 12 metres long. With the help of my men I placed them at the tops of trees near my cabin, and one right on the verandah of my house. According to Sale's instructions, they are supposed to be placed quite perpendicular so we had a lot of trouble to attach them properly to the trees; the Bore so as they had to be tied to the trees at many points so that they would not be blown down by the wind. I waited impatiently for the evening so that I could be sure that Sale was successful with his *bulu-ribut*. In the daytime the wind is so strong that the rustle of the leaves of the surrounding jungle and the noise of the surf on the reef around the cape drowns the notes of the Malaysian "aeolian harp." Various problems during the day diverted my thoughts entirely away from the bamboo and it was only when I had already lain down and was about to sleep that I heard the long, drawn-out, melancholy sounds — and then I was puzzled by a shrill whistle as if right at the house; this whistle was continually repeated. Several other sounds difficult to define, not quite a howl or a crying sound, could be heard near the house. I heard the voices of Sale and Mebli discussing the *bulu-ribut* and I recalled our morning's activity.

During the night I was twice awakened by the shrill whistle on the verandah; the sounds of the other bamboos were just as clearly audible. The whole area seemed alive with those sounds, which called to each other like the different voices of guards at their posts.

The next day no natives came to see me. And when the following day went by without a visit I began to be puzzled and to think that

probably something had happened in Bongu, since the natives didn't show up for two whole days at my house. This was completely opposed to their usual habits, since rarely a day went by without one of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages coming to sit and have a chat with me or my servants. So I set off for the village to find out what was the matter.

I arrived at sunset when the natives usually return from work. I found everybody as usual occupied with cooking dinner. I went up to a group of natives who hurriedly cleared a place for me on the *barla*.

"Why haven't you been to the *tal Maklai* yesterday and today?"

The natives cast down their eyes, and said: "We were afraid."

"Of what?" I asked, surprised.

"Of the *tamo russ*," they answered.

"What *tamo russ*? Where?" I questioned them, perplexed. "Where did you see them?"

"But we didn't see them, we heard them!"

"But where are they then?" I was puzzled.

"Near the *tal Maklai*. We heard them last night and the previous night. There are many of them there — they talk so loud."

Then it all became clear to me, that the *bulu-ribut* near my cabin was the cause of this misunderstanding, and I involuntarily smiled. The natives, closely observing the expression of my face, thought that I agreed with them and showered questions on me: "When did the *tamo russ* arrive? How? Was it a corvette? Did they fly here? What will they do? Will they stay long? Can we come to look at them?" All this seemed so ridiculous to me, that I burst out laughing: "There aren't any *tamo russ* in the *tal Maklai*. Come and see for yourselves," I said, as I turned to go home accompanied by half the village, who, coming to look for the *tamo russ*, were greatly perplexed in not finding anybody. The natives, however, were not entirely convinced that, at least at night time, they didn't appear somehow for meetings with Maklai and were definitely afraid to come to see me after sunset.

The sound of the *bulu-ribut* for a time woke me with its penetrating notes, but then I got used to them and although I might wake up, I at once went back to sleep again. And as I was going to sleep, this soft plaintive music with the accompaniment of the rustling of the trees and the murmur of the surf soon soothed me.

My legs are still very painful.

### *March*

*The marriage of Mukau.* Several youths from Gorendu came running up to tell me that they were bringing the bride from Gumbu. I followed them to the sandy bank of the stream and found several natives from Gumbu who were coming with the bride. They sat down and smoked while two of the young men (17-18 years) were busy with the bride's toilet. I went up to her. She was called Lo and she had quite a good figure and was healthy — but was not a particularly good-looking girl, of about 16 years. Near her were three girls, eight to 12 years old, fussing around, who were to accompany her to the hut of her future husband. But actually, as I have already said, the young men were busy with the toilet of the bride. They annointed her, beginning with the hair of the head down to the toes, with the red paint *suru*, not excluding any part, with the exception of what was covered with the elementary costume of a Papuan woman. While the bride was being smeared with ochre, the natives who had been sitting at some distance came up to her and spat at her from all sides with a chewed up pulp endued with magic spells; this is called *onim-atar*. The last one, after chewing some special pulp, bespattered the lower part of her abdomen. To do this he turned up the front part of her costume. He uttered something in addition and with this the operation *onim-atar* was finished. Three horizontal lines of white paint (lime) were drawn across the face of the bride and likewise a line down the nose, and many necklaces of dog's teeth were hung round the neck; and then, in the bracelets on the arms, flexible segments of palm leaf were thrust. To the end of each of these was attached a leaf covered with a design. The bride submitted to all these manipulations with the greatest patience, offering in turn that part of the body which was to be painted. Over the quite insignificant maidenly waistband a new *mal* was put on, yellow with red bands, reaching to the knees, but at the sides leaving the legs and thighs quite open. The remains of the *suru* was smeared on the girls accompanying the bride.

Lo placed both hands on the shoulders of the girls, who clasped each other in the same manner, putting their hands on the shoulders of their companions, and then they moved along the path towards the

village. The heads of all were lowered; they did not look on either side but on the ground and moved very slowly. On their heads large female *goons* were put. The natives of Gumbu accompanied them single file. Apart from the three girls there were no other females in the procession. In order to see everything I followed among the first behind the bride, mixing with the crowd of Gumbu natives.

Arriving in the village, we found all the inhabitants, men and women, at the doors of their huts, and finally going to the Konilo square, the area of Bongu where the hut of the bridegroom was, the girls stopped in the same position as they had been walking. Here the women of Bongu sat down and prepared *ingi*; but the men sat around in various groups.

Several minutes passed in general silence, which was broken by a short speech by Mote who, having approached the girls, placed completely new *mals* on their heads, previously covered with bags. Then, stepping aside, he was replaced by Namui, who had come out of his hut opposite, and, uttering a short speech, approached the girls at the double and put a new *tabir* on the head of Lo. Amongst the group of Gumbu women, there was one whose duty it was to take the *tabir*, *mal*, and *goon* from the head of the bride and put them beside her. After this, came a whole row of Bongu inhabitants bringing various objects one after the other — *tabirs*, a large number of male and female *mals*, male and female *goons*, etc. Two of them each brought a new spear, a so-called *hadga-nangor*. Meanwhile some of the natives made short speeches; others silently put their offerings near the bride and as silently moved aside. The women of Gumbu took it in turn to take the gifts from the head of Lo, and place them together with the others near her. Friends of Lo were busy at this time sorting out the gifts, putting the *tabirs* with the *tabirs*, the *mals* with the *mals*, etc. When the last present had been made, the friends of the bride left to join the group of Gumbu women. Again a general silence reigned. One of the older natives came up to Lo; leaning on his spear, he wound a tuft of her hair round his finger, and began a speech, directed to the bride sitting at his feet. From time to time, as if to emphasize what he was saying and draw her attention in particular, he violently tugged her hair. It was clear that he was speaking of her duties as a wife. Another old man took his place, who likewise, before beginning to speak, twisted a lock of hair

round his finger, and at certain of his admonitions he tugged so hard that the girl jumped up and shrank away and gave a quiet sob. It all went off, as if to a prepared program; it was obvious that each one knew his role thoroughly.

During the whole ceremony, those present preserved a deep silence, so much so that the speeches, uttered not particularly loudly, could be easily heard. The bride and bridegroom themselves were quite secondary — to such an extent, that one of the chief actors, the old man Guna, completely forgot the name of the bridegroom and turned to those present to find out — which, however, did not pass without a laugh. Also, the father and mother of the bride took no particular part in the proceedings.

After the second or third old man had given his instructions, reinforcing the exhortations by pulling poor Lo's hair and causing her to sob more and more, the ceremony was finished. The natives who came with the bride got ready to go home. The women gathered up all the gifts, piled up near Lo, allotting them into their various bags, and began to farewell the newly-married girl, pressing her arm above the elbow and stroking her back and arms. The bride, still sobbing, remained in this position awaiting the arrival of her future husband.

I learnt that all the things that were used for the purchase of the bride were given by the natives of Bongu in general, and not only by the relatives of Mukau, and in their turn they were not given only to the family of the bride, but will be distributed among all the inhabitants of Gumbu. Of course, in the distribution, family relationships to the family of the bride will play a definite role.

When I turned to the hut of Mukau, I found the future wife already occupied with cooking refreshments for the guests. Mukau is 14 or 15 years old. Lo is a year or two older. As yet the operation *mulum* had not been performed on him, so many of the inhabitants of Bongu expressed their disapproval; others pointed out the fact that Asol, who had been married some time and already had children, had not undergone this operation. From this circumstance I saw that the *mulum* custom is not too strictly observed on the Maclay Coast. The next day I saw a whole crowd of young people of Bongu going together with Mukau to the sea to bathe. They were talking loudly and laughing. This bathing, obviously, had a direct relationship to the marriage; whether the young girls accompanied

and washed Lo, I do not know. In any case, this bathing of Mukau was the last act of his wedding.

On the 20th June 1877 I saw another type of wedding — the abduction of the girl by force; but actually the force was only for the sake of appearance, according to a previously arranged agreement. The affair proceeded thus: At 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon the *borum* in Bongu was heard calling to arms. A boy came running into the village with the news that several armed men from Koliku-mana unexpectedly appeared on a plantation where two or three Bongu women were working, and carried away one of the girls. Several young men of Bongu set out in chase of the abductors. A skirmish occurred, but only for the sake of appearances (since it had all been previously arranged), after which all set off for Koliku-mana where a general feast had been prepared. Among the men taking part in the chase were the father and uncle of the abducted girl. All returned with gifts from Koliku-mana and everybody was satisfied. The girl who had been abducted became the wife of one of her abductors.

### *April*

I was sitting near the house, admiring the late afternoon illumination of the distant mountains and 'the jungles around. Saul-boro came and sat down beside me, but did not say anything for a long time. Finally he made up his mind and said, "Maklai, how many wives, children and grandchildren and great grandchildren have you?" I looked at him, and smiled involuntarily. He spoke very seriously and looked at me questioningly. "Where?" I asked. "I don't know," Saul answered. "In Russia, or on the moon?" he corrected himself. "I have no wife or children," I said. Saul laughed sceptically: "Maklai doesn't wish to say," he added. "Well, tell me, do you remember when that tree was very small?" he asked, pointing to a huge *Colophyllum inophyllum*, growing not far away and which was probably several hundred years old, and then remarked: "Perhaps you planted it."

I looked at Saul, and somewhat doubting whether he was serious I wanted to know why he thought I was so old: "Well you never run; you don't want to dance when all our people dance; you don't want to take

any women here; there are many grey hairs on your head; and you don't want them to be pulled out."

That evening Saul went away very dissatisfied with the fact that Maklai didn't want to tell him anything.

*An expedition to Bili Bili, Yambombi and other islands of the Archipelago of Contented People.* From Bili Bili I set out for Yambombi. On the passage there we stopped at the little island of Uremu, or Urembu, as some call it. Here I planted with my own hand in various places along the shore 12 coconut palms and ordered Kain to remember that Maklai planted them here, adding that, on my next arrival, I will build myself a house on Uremu instead of at Aim. Nobody ever lives on this island; only in the evening a multitude of pigeons fly here as on Bili Bili and remain here till the following morning when they again fly off in flocks to the jungle. Because of this Kain frequently calls Uremu *Muliki-amb* (house of pigeons). *Muliki* signifies in the Bili Bili dialect a pigeon and *amb* a house.

On the mainland, opposite Uremu, the river Yogumu flows into the sea, a quite considerable river. A small settlement lies in the upper reaches. Uremu and Yambombi shelter a small harbour which could be quite convenient for small ships.

On Yambombi I received a very hearty welcome. Everybody, it appeared, was glad of my arrival. Biramor accompanied me to his *darem* (in the Yambombi dialect *buambramra* is called *darem*). I saw here an axe, the handle of which was an example of Papuan carving. It was the first and only example seen by me on the Maclay Coast. I noticed also, hanging on a string, a flat round stone with a hole bored through it. On my asking where it came from and who made it, the natives answered, "from the sea," and "we don't know," or "it was not made by men." However, I found one man who explained, that "*name-name*" (a long time ago) the people of Yambombi brought this stone from the island of Korogu, which is a long way from Yambombi; that now the people of Yambombi not only do not sail there but don't even know where it is. The people of Yambombi did not know what this stone was used for.

Several natives were working on a new pirogue. They were sewing a long plank on to one of its sides. Several corresponding holes were made in the edges of the pirogue and the board. In these a strong vine was threaded through, which the natives call *uramar*.



This was done several times until the apertures, four centimetres in diameter, were not quite filled with the turns of the twine. One such fastening was about half a metre from another and all the chinks and holes were caulked up with a material made from the inner layers of the bark called *dim*, which is scraped off and steeped in water. The work was considerable, but formerly it was still more so, because they did not have nails and the natives had to make the holes with stone implements, in consequence of which the holes were larger; now they grind large nails into the shape of a chisel and very skilfully make small square holes. They were very glad when I showed them that by heating the nail in the fire, they can burn holes, of various diameters — depending on the thickness of the nail — through bamboo and through not too thick boards. They very earnestly asked me to settle on Uremu Island, hoping, probably, for help which I could give them with my joinery tools. The old coconuts with sprouts which they presented to me on my departure I added to those which I planted this morning on Uremu Island.

After returning to Dili Bili I told Mebli that I would get him up very early in order to set out for the Contented People Islands.

### *May 10th*

In the absence of a clock, I sacrificed a candle with marks on it corresponding to the hours and half-hours. After waking up when my candle-clock showed half past twelve, I got up and woke Mebli, but more than an hour went by before everything was ready and we could push our dinghy into the sea. The wind was weak and by dawn we were no farther than a couple of miles south-east from Tamb Island, the outermost island of the group.

Tamb and Mataren have beaches facing the lagoon, whereas the island of Pevai is fringed all around with cliffs so that it is not easy to land. The passage between the islands Tamb and Mataren is clear, whereas between Pevai and Mitebog there are reefs.

We landed on the island of Tamb. It is entirely covered with jungle and has no water. Besides the large trees, a species of pandanus is met here and also a shrub which in the absence of any paths makes movement on the island quite difficult. After breakfast Hassan very

carefully gathered all the leavings and, wrapping them with a stone in the middle and tying it all with a flexible vine, threw the packet far out in the sea in order to prevent bad people finding our leavings and weaving a spell on them and causing us harm. From the island of Tamb we went to the island of Mitebog. Everywhere was a considerable depth of water which presented many good anchorages. The strait between the mainland and Cape God-Avan and the island of Mitebog was sufficiently deep for vessels of a large size. On the island of Mitebog there are two villages, Mitebog and Graged. The inhabitants of the latter transferred from another island, which they left in consequence of a war with the inhabitants of the Tiara Islands. The family huts are all built on piles; the darems (buambramra of the Bongu dialect) are built straight on the ground as on Bill Bili, Tiara, etc.

The end of the ridge-pole at the entrance is decorated with a large fish carved out of wood. The people here were particularly amiable. They begged me to stay the night with them which I did not agree to, as Hassan warned me that he very much feared to stay the night at Mitebog or Graged, with whom the inhabitants of Bili Bili have unfriendly relations. He was afraid that during sleep they might cut off some of his hair, weave a spell with it and cause him to become ill.

In Mitebog they build many pirogues. In one of these, half-finished — that is, not completely hollowed out — water had been poured, as they explained to me, in order to soak the wood and make it softer for chiselling out.

Being deprived of my watch, I had to devise some sort of "measure of time." In the daytime (since cloudy days here are comparatively few) a sun-dial defines the time, but in the evening, I have frequently noticed, that being occupied with some interesting work, I completely lose all idea of the time; and so I have thought out the following method which proved to be quite practical.

I took two stearin candles and cut off the conical ends and lit one of them. After the lapse of an hour, I made a mark on the unburnt candle equivalent to the amount burnt on the second candle, and, making a note of the time, I again lit the second candle. After the lapse of another hour I did the same, that is, I marked on the unburnt candle the amount the second candle had become shorter as a result of burning for two hours. I did the same also for the third hour.

Finding that the marked sections were almost equal, I took the average size of a section and divided it into four equal parts. By this means I got a scale of the burning of a candle. I, however, soon noticed that a draught blowing from various sides made the burning of the candle uneven, so I had to think of some means for protecting the candles from draughts. Such an apparatus I arranged very simply. I cut out one of the sides of a biscuit tin, and so had an apparatus protecting the candle from draughts and the unequal burning. To the candle holder I attached a scale made of bamboo with divisions. Since in this locality the sun rises almost the year round at one and the same time, by lighting my candle at 6 o'clock in the morning I can almost exactly determine the time in the evening by the burning of the candle.

*May 29th*

*The illness and death of Mote's wife.* This morning I was told that Mote's wife was very ill, and I was asked to come to the village. At 1 o'clock in the day one of the natives came with the news that the woman was dying and that her husband asked me to give her some medicine. I went and when I heard the mournful howling of the women who were lamenting in various corners of the square where the hut stood, I thought that the sick woman had already died. Near a hut several women from Bongu and Gorendu with children at the breast were sitting. They pointed out the hut of the dying woman and I went in. It was very dark in the hut so that on going into it from out of the light, at first, I couldn't distinguish anything. Several women pounced upon me, asking for medicine. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I made out the dying woman lying and tossing about on the bare earth. Around her five or six women were placed, some holding the head from the back, some the legs and arms of the sick woman. Besides these, there were several other women and children in the hut. To get sense from them was impossible. The dying woman was clenching her teeth and only at times did she writhe and attempt to get up. Outside the hut as well as inside, everybody talked of death, even the sick woman sometimes shrieked: "I am dying, I am dying!"

I had scarcely time to return home, when Mote came for the promised medicine. I repeated that I would bring it. I weighed out

a small dose of morphia and returned to Bongu. I was met and accompanied by natives as if I was actually bearing the sovereign remedy for all ailments. In the hut the same picture awaited me. The sick woman did not wish to take the medicine, in spite of the fact that everybody was persuading her, and one of the natives suggested unclenching her teeth with a *dongan* and pouring the medicine in her mouth. The sick woman kept repeating: "I am dying ..."

*May 30th*

*The illness and death of Mote's wife (continued).* The sun had only just risen when a few short blows on the *barum* announced that Mote's wife had passed away. I hurried to Bongu. The howling of the women could be heard afar off. All the men of the village were going about armed. Near Mote's hut I saw Mote himself. He sometimes took a pace and squatted, then ran as if he wanted to chase or attack someone. He had an axe in his hand, with which he hacked at the roof of the hut (only for appearances), at coconut palms, and bushes, etc. I made my way into the hut where the deceased was lying, but it was so dark there that I could only make out that the dead woman lay on the plank bed and round her were crowded women, howling and lamenting. About 2 o'clock Lako and other relatives of the deceased set up in the fore part of the hut a kind of high chair from paddles and poles. One of the natives carried out the body of the woman, which had become very emaciated in the last few days, another took her and sat her on the chair that had been prepared. The legs of the deceased were bent at the knees and tied. They were wrapped in a woman's *mal*, and about the head and along her sides were placed branches of *Coleus* and varicoloured leaves.

Meanwhile on the square in front of the hut natives coming from Gorendu and Gumbu were thronging, all armed, and making warlike cries and gestures. Speeches were being made, but so quickly, that it was difficult to understand what was said. Mote continued his pantomime of grief and despair; only now he was dressed in a new *mal*, and on his head he had a huge *katazan* (a crest with a large fan made of feathers, which is only worn by a *tamo boro*, the father of a family); a large *goon* was hanging under his armpit and,

as in the morning, on his shoulder was an axe. He was pacing to and fro and squatting as before. It was a kind of a dance which he was performing, in time with his whining speech and the howling of the women. That all this was play-acting, that the actors and those present considered necessary to carry out, was clearly visible when it was interrupted at times; when Mote in the middle of his monologues (he was a good orator), suddenly letting himself go, began to furiously chop with his axe at a coconut palm; then one of the women, his sister it seems, who was also howling, suddenly broke off her despairing wailing, went up to Mote, and pointed out to him — in a most matter of fact tone — that he didn't have to ruin the tree; upon which, after striking a couple more blows, but not so heavy, he went away and began to give vent to his grief by smashing an old useless fence. Likewise when it began to drizzle with rain, Mote at once found himself a place under a tree where the rain wouldn't spoil his new *mal* and the feathers on his head.

Several friends of Mote came, bringing something to express their sympathy in the form of gifts (*tabirs*), placing them at the entrance of the hut of the dead woman. The *tabirs* were immediately taken by members of the family. Mote's wailing continued all day, and even in the evening he paced up and down and whined his song, beginning with the words *alamo-amo*. As far as I could understand it he said approximately this: "Already the sun is setting, she is still sleeping; already it is getting dark, and she still doesn't come; I call her and she doesn't appear, etc."

They carried the deceased back into the hut, and again a lot of women surrounded the bed on which she was lying, taking it in turns to wail, make up the fire, and talk.

Visiting Bongu at night I found the same scene; women were keeping vigil in the hut and at the entrance; men were on the square near the fire. Several times at night the *barum* was beaten, and the sounds were re-echoed by another somewhere far in the mountains (as I found out afterwards, it was the *barum* of the village of Buram-mana).

### *May 31st*

Arriving in the morning at Bongu, I found quite a changed atmosphere. The people were chattering in a lively manner, watching

the preparations of the feast, which, judging by the number of pots standing in rows on the long fire, and by the piles of peelings of yams, taro, etc., upon which several pigs were busy, grunting greedily, it was going to be quite a feast. All the preparations for the feast had been made at night. I was told that the people of Buram-mana, where several of the close relatives of the deceased were living and where she was born, were due to come to *gambor rocar* (tie up the basket) and they were now awaiting them. In the hut I saw that the corpse had already been packed in a box made of *goob* (the laminated sheath of various species of palm) but the head was still visible. When I went up to the *gambor* I noticed that all the decorations, necklaces, etc., which had been hung on the deceased at yesterday's display of her body, had been now taken off — even the new *mal* hadn't been left — and apart from the branches of the *Coleus*, nothing had been put in the *gambor*.

I came out of the hut after hearing terrible cries. This was the crowd of inhabitants from the mountain village of Buram-mana who appeared on the square from all sides, with cries and warlike gestures, like the people of Gorendu yesterday, but with still greater noise and excitement. Following them a file of women appeared and went straight to the hut of the deceased, starting to howl at their loudest. As the people of Buram-mana had to return home today, the inhabitants of Bongu hurried to distribute among them the banquet, which was not supposed to be eaten here, but was to be taken away with them. For this purpose, each *tabir* was lined with banana leaves and the boiled *ingi* and pieces of pork were placed so that it was convenient to tie them up in large packets, the number of which corresponded to the number of men who had come (almost all relatives of the dead woman). Then to each packet were attached various articles such as *tabirs*, *goons*, *mals*, etc.

Meanwhile, two of the natives of Buram-mana carried the *gambor* with the deceased out of the hut, and behind them followed the women, who began to howl violently and crowd round the *gambor*. The men were occupied with tying up the basket with the body. It was attached to bamboo poles, the ends of which were supported on the shoulders of two men, and two others, not sparing the *rotang*, tied up the basket, which was reduced by tying it tightly to quite a small size. The women, not ceasing to howl, began to circle and dance around. From time to time they stopped but continued to

make quite unbecoming movements with the middle part of the body. Some detached themselves to claw and rub the *gambor* with their hands as if caressing it and lamenting in diverse tones. These groups were continually changing until finally the *gambor* was carried back into the hut and hung with the help of a crossbeam in the corner. At this time the people of Buram-mana, loading the women with their share of the banquet and the legacy, hurriedly got ready to go home and left with much less noise than they came.

### *June 2nd*

This morning I found all the natives, from the small ones to the big ones, with blackened faces. Some of them, besides the face, had the chest also blackened; others, besides the chest had the arms and back, and Mote, the husband of the deceased, had the whole body daubed with black *kumu*. They told me that this had been done the previous evening. Today everybody remained in the village and no one went to work. The men drank *keu*, the women fussed around the huts. All were daubed with *kumu* — they had no adornment and looked like chimney-sweeps. When I noticed that everybody, without exception, was smeared with black, I went to Mote and asked for some *kumu*, which was given to me at once. To the extreme delight of the natives crowding round me, I took some *kumu* on my little finger and made a small black spot on my forehead. Mote began to squeeze my arm, repeating "*e-aba, e-aba,*" and from all sides I heard exclamations of approval.

I entered Mote's hut and saw a large cylinder made of coconut palm leaves about two metres long in the same corner where they had hung the *gambor* yesterday. Parting the leaves a little I satisfied myself that the *gambor* was still hanging, the same as yesterday, on the crossbeam and the cylinder had been made round it. Two fires were burning in the hut, which was very advisable since the smell from the decomposing corpse was very strong.

### *June: Expedition to Gorima*

While I was sitting eating a meal on the *barla* near the hut of Kodi-boro at Bogatim I overheard a conversation which my host, sitting in the threshold of his hut, was having with his son, Ur, who

had just returned from another village. They weren't speaking loudly and were chewing *betel* so that I scarcely understood anything of their conversation — although I several times caught my name.

When I had finished eating I got down from the *barla* and had the intention of walking through the village, but Kodi-boro stopped me, holding on to my sleeve. "Maklai, you are not going to Gorima (a village about six kilometres from Bogatim along the coast)!"

"I am not going to Gorima; tomorrow I am going back to *tal Maklai*."

"That is good," said Kodi.

"And why shouldn't I go to Gorima?" I asked.

"The people of Gorima are bad," he explained.

This time I had to be satisfied with his answer, since before it became too dark I wanted to take some bearings for determining the position of some of the peaks of the Mana-boro-boro range, which could be seen very well this evening. When it was dark I went round several of the fires and chatted with various acquaintances. I returned to the *buambramra* where I was to spend the night. Kodi-boro was busy at the fire. I spread out my blanket on the *barla* and finding some bamboo on which I could put all that I could take off, I prepared myself for the night — that is, I took off my boots, gaiters, etc. Then I called to Kodi-boro and asked him:

"Why are the people of Gorima *bprle* (bad)?" Kodi hesitated. I thrust several large pieces of tobacco into his hand.

"Tell me, Kodi, or I will go home and take the sloop and go straight to Gorima."

"O Maklai, don't go to Gorima! The people of Gorima are nasty people."

"Tell me why? What did Ur tell you today?"

When he saw that I would not leave him in peace, Kodi decided to tell me what he had heard. Ur, after returning from a village where he had been to his wife's parents, told him that he had met two natives there from Gorima, who spoke about me — that I had a lot of things in my house and that if the people of Bongu would kill me they could take everything; that two of the inhabitants of Gorima wanted to come to *tal Maklai* in order to kill me and to take away with them what they could. This is why Kodi called the people of Gorima *borle* and requested Maklai not to go to the village.



"And what are the names of these two men who want to kill Maklai?" I asked.

"One of them is called Abui and the other Malu," answered Kodi.

I gave him a piece of tobacco and said that I wanted to sleep, but while Kodi was telling me, I formed a plan as to what to do in this case. I was surprised that after such a long acquaintance with me (it is true that the people of Gorima had only once, during my first sojourn, visited me, so that naturally they did not know me very well) there were still people thinking and saying that they wanted to kill me. For this they had had quite sufficient time and opportunity. I, in actual fact, did not believe that they spoke seriously, and was convinced that in the most favourable circumstances they would not dare to attack me openly. That they might throw a spear behind my back, or lie in wait for me near a hut, or fire an arrow — that I considered them quite capable of. It seemed to me that the worst aspect was that they themselves were speaking about it, as this could give a similar idea to someone among my closest neighbours. Someone could think: "Why wait for the Gorima people to kill Maklai and take his things? I will try and do it myself and the things will be mine!" Going off to sleep I decided to set off for Gorima myself; even, perhaps, tomorrow if I feel sufficiently fresh.

After a good night's sleep I was awakened before dawn by the crowing of a cock in the village. When I got up I felt in the mood to go to Gorima. Some cold tea from yesterday and some pieces of cold taro left over from yesterday's meal served me for breakfast. I left the greater part of my things in the *buambramra*, and to be on the safe side, I put the small things in a knapsack and tied it round cross-wise with a white string. Taking only the blanket and a few pieces of taro, I set off. As all these proceedings took place in the *buambramra*, nobody saw me and I left the *buambramra* straight for the sea without passing through the village. Although I did not know the road to Gorima, I hoped to get there along the shore, which might be a little farther, but this way I could not miss the village, which was on the coast. One of the inhabitants of Bogatim, repairing something on his pirogue drawn up on the beach, asked me where I was going.

I answered, "To the Kior River," which was not untrue, since in order to reach Gorima, I had to cross the Kior River.

I won't go into a description of the path. By 11 o'clock the sun was burning hot. I had to ford the Kior River where the water came up to my waist, and another river somewhat shallower. I was afraid to take off my boots, as I doubted if I could put them on again since they might be wet through. The small stones which in some places took the place of sand on the banks made going bare foot absolutely impossible. At one place I took a path into the jungle, supposing that it was running parallel with the shore, but the path went deeper into the forest, so that I turned off on to another, and then on to a third. I already thought I had lost my way, when at the next turn I suddenly saw the sea. It was already 3 o'clock and I decided to rest at this place and eat the taro which I had brought with me. Gorima wasn't far away and I did not want to arrive there before 5 o'clock. I remembered one factor, however, which I had completely lost sight of and which was very inconvenient for me; the dialect of Gorima was absolutely unknown to me, and I would scarcely expect to find men there knowing the Bongu dialect.

To return, however, was too late — it remained only to take the risk. After resting I went on. The village of Gorima is situated on a promontory; consequently, to the people moving about or standing at that time near the shore, my approach would be noticeable from a distance. It would be doubtful if I would get to the village that day, as along the shore for a considerable distance was a big stretch of mangroves. Fortunately for me, drawn up on the beach was a pirogue, and voices could be heard in the jungle. I decided therefore to await the return of the natives. It would not be easy to describe the expression of surprise when they came back and saw me. It looked as if they were ready to run away, so I hurriedly went up to the oldest of the three.

"You are Gorima men?" I asked in the Bongu dialect. The natives raised their heads a little, a gesture which I considered an affirmative answer. I gave my name, and added that I had come to look at Gorima and that we would go together.

The natives looked very disconcerted and embarrassed, but they soon recovered, and as they themselves had to go home, they were, apparently, quite glad to relieve themselves of me so easily. I gave each of them a piece of tobacco and we set off. The distance proved

to be rather farther than I had expected. The sun was quite low when we came to the village. My white hat and white jacket the inhabitants had noticed at quite a distance, for many of them had gathered to meet me, some running down to the sea, and others running back to the village. Giving some more tobacco and a nail each to my companions, I went towards the village accompanied by the natives who had met me at the beach. Not one of them, however, spoke the Bongu dialect and I doubt whether anybody even understood it sufficiently. I had to fall back on the primeval language of signs. I put my hand on my empty stomach and at the same time I pointed with my finger to my mouth. The natives understood that I was hungry — at least, one of the old men said something and I soon saw all the preparations for a meal. Then, putting my hand under my cheek and putting my head on one side I said "Gorima," which was to signify that I wished to sleep. They understood me again, because they immediately pointed to a *buam-bramra*. I could not communicate satisfactorily or I would, in the first instance, have tried to calm the inhabitants, who it seemed, were not a little confused at my unexpected arrival. As for myself, I was very pleased, since I could be sure that I would not have to go to sleep hungry or spend the night in the open (which I had already decided I would only do in extreme circumstances for fear of fever). I was so hungry that I waited impatiently for the appearance of the *tabir* with food and almost paid no attention to the arrival of a man who knew the Bongu dialect well. With great gusto I started on the taro which the natives gave me, and I suppose it was the biggest helping of taro which I had ever eaten in New Guinea.

After appeasing my hunger I remembered the principal reason for my coming to Gorima; I thought now was just the appropriate time to have a talk with the natives, seeing I had at hand a man who was able to serve as an interpreter. I soon found him and said that I wanted to talk with the people of Gorima and find out what they could tell me. I proposed to him to at once call the chief people of Gorima. While I was busy with arranging my sleeping place, a considerable crowd of people had gathered in front of the *buam-bratnra*, called together by my interpreter. He announced to me, at last, that all the men of Gorima (that is, the *tamo borps*) were assembled. Turning to the interpreter, I ordered that some dry chips be put on the fire in order to illuminate better the *buambramra*.

When this had been done, I sat on the *barton* near the fire, which lit up the faces of those present. My first words to the interpreter were: "Abui and Malu, are they present or not?" (Before this, having forgotten the names, I had to look them up in my notebook, as I had written them down the previous evening in the half darkness.)

When I named these two names the natives began to look around among themselves and only after some seconds I got the answer that Abui was present. "Call Malu!" was my order. Someone ran for him. When Malu appeared, I stood up and indicated to Abui and Malu two places near to the fire just opposite me. With obvious reluctance they came and sat down in the indicated places. Then I turned to the interpreter with a short speech, which he translated as I was saying it — that is, almost word for word. The substance of the speech was approximately the following: Having heard yesterday from the people of Bogatim, that two men of Gorima, Abui and Malu, wished to kill me, I came to Gorima in order to look at men (when I began to look at them in turn, they turned away each time that they met my look). This was very bad because I had done nothing either to Abui or to Malu, or to anybody in Gorima; that now, having come on foot from Bogatim to Gorima, I was very tired and wanted to sleep; and that now I was going to lie down and if Abui and Malu wanted to kill me, well, let them do it while I am asleep, because tomorrow I will leave Gorima. Finishing with these words, I went to the *barla* and climbing on to it, I wrapped myself up in my blanket.

My words, it seems, produced a considerable effect. At least, as I was going off to sleep I heard exclamations and talk in which my name was more than once repeated. Although I slept well, I woke up several times. This did not happen as a result of fear of the natives, but, probably, because of the heavy meal, which is something I usually avoid.

The next morning I was, of course, sound and unharmed — and before my departure from Gorima, Abui brought me as a gift, a pig of considerable size, and together with Malu insisted on accompanying me not only to Bogatim but to tal Maklai. This episode, told and re-told from village to village, made a considerable impression.<sup>9</sup>

*July: Expedition to the village of Telyata*

My sloop (dinghy) was too small for accommodating the food required for several days and the various things (table, folding stool, hammock, etc.) necessary for an expedition of many days' duration. Apart from that, it was too shallow and could be easily swamped in a big sea. I therefore found it unsuitable for an expedition to Telyata, and I decided to use one of the larger *vangs* from Bili Bili. These pirogues, as I have already said, have quite a spacious cabin on the platform, so that in one of these pirogues I could not only find room for all my things, even including a hanging kerosene lamp, but find a place for the table and for a small easy chair. In the cabin of another pirogue Sale was installed with all the cooking equipment. Each *vang* was operated by two men — one for the sail, the other for the steering. One of the *vangs* belonged to my old friend Kain, and the other to Kitem, a very energetic, but unfortunately, a much too garrulous inhabitant of Bili Bili. The people of this village for generations, several times annually, have journeyed along the north-east coast to the village of Telyata.

They have studied this area, the prevailing winds, their periodical changes, the currents, the convenient places for landing along the shore, etc. It was therefore quite natural that I should leave to my companions all the navigational part of the expedition, persuading them only that we stop at each village as long as would be necessary for me. Kain and Kitem explained to me that all the travel from one village to another along the coast will be done in the evening or at night, utilizing the shore breezes which blow uniformly every night, beginning an hour or two after sunset and continuing until dawn. During the day it would be impossible for us to struggle with the opposing sou-wester which sometimes blows very fresh.

So, about 8 o'clock in the evening the natives of Bongu helped the Bili Bili men to push both heavy *vangs* into the sea. The wind was insignificant so that we moved forward very slowly. As I was already familiar with this coast I lay down to sleep, completely relying on the expertise of Kain and Hassan. At some distance behind was the other pirogue with Kitem, and his son and Sale as passengers.

On July 6th at dawn we were passing Cape Rigny which the natives call Tevalib. This cape consists of a raised coral reef about four and

one half to six metres above the level of the sea with the appearance of blackish walls eroded by the surf, above which in turn rose the primeval jungle. After passing Cape Tevalib, we found a sandy beach (*uleu*) among the trees behind the huts of the abandoned village of Bai. A little past this we passed a sand-bar, round which the water was surging and foaming.

As we passed along the coast, several natives ran along the shore, trying to make out who these strangely dressed men (Sale and I) could be, sailing on the Bili Bili *vangs*. After passing the estuary of the Gowar River, we had to pull our *vangs* up on the beach, as a dead calm had set in, and here we had not a little help from the system of blocks and tackle given me by P. P. Novosilski, back in 1871, for which I have been very thankful more than once.

My companions soon learnt how to use them and handled them skilfully. At this place a beautiful view of the mountains was revealed. But I did not have much time to admire them as huge white clouds covered the mountains and valleys. Here on the coast a village existed at one time, but in consequence of attacks by their enemies it had been transferred into the jungle at a sufficient distance from the coast on the right bank of the Gowar River.

Having a whole day before me, I went with Kain and Hassan to Bai village. We walked slowly through the jungle, whose variety of vegetation was of great interest to me, and it was only after midday that we arrived at the village. Around the huts — all were completely new — bananas had been planted and much tobacco; but there were no coconut palms, except one. This, as they explained, was because the natives feared that the palm trees should serve, when they grew up, as an enticement for their enemies. A *darem* with special decorations was the only hut which differed from the others in construction. We sheltered in it from the heat of the sun and were brought a meal consisting of taro and boiled chicken.

When I was writing down the dialect of the village of Bai I found that the natives here have no name for *Piper methysticum*. They not only do not use the drink prepared from it, but refuse it when they visit villages where it is the main accessory to a feast.

After sketching the *darem*, I got ready to go back. At parting with the natives they brought to me a live chicken and some taro. I spent the night on the *vang* drawn up on the beach.

July 7th

I woke the men very early. We continued on our journey in darkness. At one place Kain pointed out to me that here had been the village of Mendir, but it had been burnt down and was abandoned by the inhabitants, who settled in another place. When it began to grow light we were sailing along a coast fringed with rocks (a raised coral reef). Here for a considerable stretch there are no beaches, so there are no coastal villages. When it was fully daylight we approached the village of Megu, where, according to Kain, nearly all the inhabitants had died out. Several *rak-rak* (pirogues made out of tree trunks not hollowed out) could be seen on the shore. A mild sou-easter was blowing, so thanks to the outline of the coast we could continue our course with the wind. Passing the village of Lemchug at the mouth of the Sarekak River, we doubled the cape, behind which another village appeared, densely overgrown with coconut palms. This was Ban (the village of Singor), one of the most important villages of this coast.

We arrived at the beach about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. A large crowd of natives awaited us on shore and, grasping our *vangs*, drew us high up the beach. I went into the village. It proved to be comparatively very large. The type of the people and their buildings were in no way significantly different from those of my neighbours. The costumes of the men were just the same as the Bili Bili men; the married women covered their chest by wearing on the neck a bag which hung down to the waist. The dress of the girls was similar to the slight costume of the girls of Bili Bili — that is, apart from a small fringe in front and behind, there were a few loops of string with shells and dog's teeth threaded on hanging down the sides of the buttocks. In general, the local natives wear plenty of decorations of shells. This is the principal place for the manufacture of the large ornaments worn by the natives on the chest, the so-called *syud-borp*, highly valued everywhere along the Maclay Coast. I wanted to acquire one of these ornaments, so I offered a large knife and a variety of trifles in exchange for a *syud-borp*. But this was not enough. I added another knife and finally got what I wanted. Everywhere the large *Tridacna* shells from which the *syud-boro* are made were lying about, and here and there were the large grinding stones which are used for the manufacture of these ornaments.

Unfortunately I did not see how they are made. A great number of kengara nuts lay in the shells on mats. The nuts are laid out in this way for two or three days to the sun, after which the fleshy envelope becomes very soft, and the nuts are easily separated from it.

Although the village was large, neither the village square nor the huts are kept clean. The natives also do not seem to me to be particularly clean. That night I preferred to sleep in a hammock which I hung among the trees, near the sea. The table, easy chair, the folding stool, the lamp hanging above the table, then the meal that appeared and the tea — all this was a series of surprises and a source of amazement for the inhabitants of the village of Singor, seeing a white man and his equipment for the first time in their lives. To my delight, their surprise was not expressed noisily, but limited itself (I purposely closely observed the expression of their faces) to putting one or two fingers in the mouth and clicking the tongue while some of them placed their clenched fists of the left hand to their noses. In short, to an uninitiated European, seeing those strange gestures of the natives, it would never enter his head that they served as expressions of surprise. The lamp particularly, the light of which I could increase or diminish at will, produced in them indescribable delight. They were also no little surprised that Maklai was drinking *ingi* of hot water.

The crowd did not disperse until Sale came and cleared everything from the table, and I, after making a few notes in my diary, took off my boots and gaiters and climbed into my bunk. Then Sale appeared and announced through Kain that now he was going to extinguish the lamp. This made the natives go away at last! They took Kain away with them, hoping, probably, to learn from him much about what they had seen round my bivouac and which had remained quite enigmatic for them.

*July 8th*

The beach near Singor consists mainly of fine pebbles so that all night the sea crashed with great force on the stony shore. The noise of the advancing and retreating breakers carrying and shifting the stones was very powerful and more than once woke me during the night. I woke up when it was already quite light, and looked at my watch; it was already half-past six. I looked round; not one of my men



had not yet got up, all were soundly asleep. Not wanting to wait a long time for breakfast, I decided to get them an up at once by firing my double-barrelled gun which I had brought with me for hunting. It would be difficult to describe how quickly my men jumped up and began to assure me that they were deaf in one ear. I calmed them and said that they had better help Sale make up the fire and get breakfast ready for everybody. Firing the gun attracted the inhabitants of the village, who came running up to find out what had happened. Kain utilized the opportunity to launch a tirade against the poor inhabitants of Singor. "How is this!" he yelled. "*Maklai tamo-boro boro, kaaram tamo, tamo russ*, came himself to Singor and these people didn't even bring him either a pig or a piglet, not even *ayan!*" Kain let himself go to such an extent that he drove them all back to the village. After a lapse of five minutes they began to appear again from the village, some with *ayan*, some with chickens, some with sucking-pigs, with bananas and bags of Kengara nuts. Two men came to apologize that as the pigs had already wandered off, they couldn't catch them till the evening when they would return to the village. While these talks were going on two of the chickens that had been brought fluttered out of the hands of the natives holding them, and then ensued an extremely funny chase after the fowls. It finished only after the hens had disappeared in the jungle and were brought back after some time, both pierced with arrows. The breed of fowls here is very small and they have kept all the habits of the semi-wild birds.

After breakfast I went to inspect the village and found that behind it to the south-east the sea forms a quite considerable — although shallow — little bay with numerous coral reefs. On the cape opposite, another large village is situated, Telyata, the object of my expedition. This was an unpleasant surprise for me as I knew that no kind of promise or gifts on my part would succeed to induce my companions to go farther than that village, while a further journey on the native pirogues with native interpreters, thanks to whom I was everywhere met with a good welcome, very much appealed to me. With the aid of binoculars I could make out several villages situated round the bay.

I decided to cross over to the village of Telyata which could be done conveniently with the help of oars as on that day an almost dead calm prevailed.

My men from Bili Bili were very dissatisfied with my leaving behind with the people of Singor a large pig which they had promised me. I calmed them down when I announced that they could take it in my name the next time they visited this village and eat it on the spot or take it away to Bili Bili. Sale, as a Mohammedan not eating pork, was completely indifferent about this gift.

When we were approaching one of the villages in the bay, several pirogues came out to meet us, supposing that we were people from Tiara Island (in the Archipelago of Contented People). The local people have continuous interchange with this island, sometimes spending some months on the island, and the inhabitants of Tiara come here to stay for a long time. At the next village, Avrai, we went inside the reef which stretches right up to the village of Telyata. When our *vangs* were drawn up on the beach, I ordered all my things to be taken out, as I thought that living in the village would be more convenient for noting the everyday life of the natives and having them close at hand for constant observation.

The *darem* or *buambramra* for such a big village as Telyata was quite a small building, and was, as I learnt to my great surprise, the only *darem* in the whole village. For myself alone, however, the *darem* was sufficiently large.

While they were transferring my things, I saw among the people crowding round, the first completely grey Papuan, that is, one whose hair was quite white. With half the men whom I knew, the hair was black but streaked with grey, some had very little grey hair; but with this man all the hair on his head and his beard was completely white. The natives here usually conceal grey hair, constantly impregnating it and smearing it with a black colouring (*kumu*) and pulling out the grey hairs from their moustaches and beards; this old man, on the other hand as it were, was proud of his white head, and not only didn't anoint it with any colouring but even kept it very clean. At first I thought that I was dealing with a case of albinism, but observing the old man closer I found that he was grey from old age and nothing else. Through Kain I asked him had he ever seen a white man, or heard about white men. He answered without hesitation "no" to the first question, and to the second he said that people had told him about Maklai who lives at Bongu and Bili Bili.

After convincing the old man that I was that very Maklai that he had heard about, I presented him with a knife, to the great envy of the rest,

and I gave him a large piece of tobacco. Giving the man a knife had an odd result. All the natives wanted to have a knife, but since none of them had completely grey hair or any other peculiar characteristics, I announced to the first of the supplicants, that I would give him a knife in exchange for a *bul-ra* (a decoration made from boar's tusks, which the natives wear on their chests); to another I promised to give a knife for a large *tabir*; to a third for a stone axe, etc.

All these things turned up in the course of the day and each received in exchange a good steel knife. As in Singor, the natives here generally dry the kengara nuts in the sun; the fresh nuts, gathered at this time of the year, are very tasty and rich in oil.

After resting a while I went through the village, behind which begin immediately large plantations — such as I had not seen up to the present in the villages situated round Astrolabe Bay. On these plantations were growing particularly large numbers of banana plants but as there were no fruit on them yet, I could not see how many varieties the local natives cultivate. The bananas here are eaten unripe and are boiled like vegetables, so that in consequence I had not had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the varieties.

Passing through the plantation I came out to the sea and found myself before a broad open bay, stretching to the east. Thanks to the binoculars I succeeded in making out the huts of three villages, but the local inhabitants have no interchange with those people so that I couldn't get the names of the villages.

In the evening I had a long conference with Kain, trying to persuade him to go on farther. I promised one, and even two axes, knives, red calico, beads; in a word, for him, incalculable wealth, but he stood his ground: "No" — "I cannot" — "they will kill" — "will kill all of us" — "eat us," etc. That is all that I could get out of him. I pointed to my revolver. Although he begged me to hide it, he still continued: "they will kill" — "Maklai is only one, they are many." For two hours I battled with him but for all that, I could not talk him over. Annoyed at his opposition I turned my back on him and went to sleep, probably before he had finished speaking.

### *July 9th*

I set out on a good wide path laid down through the jungle, to the village of Avrai. On all sides rose the high trunks of the kengara trees.

There are so many here that I suppose they could have been planted by the ancestors of the present inhabitants. The natives do a bartering trade with the nuts among the neighbouring villages. On the reef, which could be seen from the track, a number of women were collecting sea creatures, taking advantage of the low tide. The village of Avrai presents a picturesque nook in the jungle. Only just a few small trees had been cut down and replaced with coconut and areca nut palms, bananas and bushes of various kinds of *Coleus* and hibiscus. The large trees had all been left, so that anywhere on the small squares round which the little huts picturesquely huddled there was shade and coolness. There proved to be no *darem*, so that I and those who had come with me from Bili Bili and Telyata, made ourselves comfortable on mats in the square. I positively refused any food except coconut milk and fresh kengara nuts. However, the natives^ wanted to regale me with something without fail, even if only a hen. In order to catch it, the natives constructed a kind of snare consisting of a loop which drew tight as soon as one of the chickens had cautiously set foot within a circle where some coconut pieces had been thrown.

In the village of Avrai I saw several large *tabirs* with a remarkably correct oval shape. It is difficult to get an idea of how they achieved such a degree of correctness, in view of the fact that the natives have no other instruments than flakes of flint and various shells. It can only be explained by the fact that in the making of each thing, they put in a lot of time, not to mention the fact that they have a true eye and considerable taste. One of the natives brought two recently sharpened spears into the village. I wanted to find out by means of Kain how this was done. It was obvious that the work had been only half done; the final polishing and colouring was still needed. Kain explained to me that the ends of these spears had been broken while hunting wild pigs, and in order to sharpen them again, they were sharpened on coral. This fact greatly interested me and I asked that one of the boys run down to the reef and bring back a sample of coral that is used in this operation. He brought me back quite a beautiful specimen of the *Meandrina* species, about the size of a man's head. On a fairly even and at the same time rough surface, with a certain degree of force and skill it was not difficult to sharpen any stick. Apart from this, the reef water and the slimy envelope of the coral helps the grinding process. Kain

told me that all along the coast this method of polishing is used in the making of wooden weapons.

After returning to Telyata village, I sketched a group of huts which reminded me rather of the huts of the mountain villages than the huts on the coast and on the islands. While I was drawing, Sale nailed a brass label with my monogram to one of the trees.

### *July 11th*

Since it was not worth renewing the talk with Kain about continuing the journey farther along the coast, early in the morning I got ready for the return journey. For the return the south-east was almost a following wind. On the way I wanted to visit the so-called village of Rai-mana and climb the mountain Serui. As we were nearing the coast near the village of Bibi, the shore seemed to be quite deserted and there was nobody in the village. Kain explained that all the inhabitants had gone off to the mountains "*unan barata bul nyar*" (to burn the *unan* and eat pigs).

My companions from Bili Bili were somewhat afraid of the mountain-dwellers, and as they were maritime people they suggested that scrambling up mountains was not their business. I knew the position of the village of Rai only approximately; from the pirogue with the aid of binoculars I could make out a group of coconut palms in the mountains. Nevertheless I set out for it accompanied by my servant Sale. I managed to get there without any particular difficulty and the mountain-dwellers could not have received me better. They already knew my name by hearsay, and they guessed at once who had come to visit them. I was sorry that we did not understand one another, but by signs I explained that I wanted to go up the high hill that lies behind their village and which they call Serui-mana. Guides were found at once and we set off immediately. From the summit of Serui-mana (about 360 metres) a beautiful panorama of the Maclay Coast for a considerable distance opened out.

After returning to the village I was again met with extreme kindness by the inhabitants. I spent the night in one of the huts and I returned the next morning quite early to the place where I had left the *vangs*. Taking to the sea again, we set out on the return journey



16. *Son of Kodi-boro*



17. *Kain, a tamo boro of Bili Bili (Maclay's sketch)*

and before nightfall we came to the beach at Bongu. Mebli and the natives of Bongu met me and informed me of the death of Vangum during my absence; this was a native of Gorendu, a man about 25. Vangum was a strong and healthy man when he suddenly fell ill and died within two or three days. Mebli told me that the villages of Bongu and Gotendu were in a state of great alarm as a consequence of this death. The father, uncle, and the relatives of the deceased, of whom there were quite a number in both villages, strenuously tried to persuade all the male population of Bongu and Gorendu to set out without delay on a campaign against the inhabitants of one of the mountain villages. This was very serious; so when I heard about it, I decided not to permit this expedition to the mountains. I refrained, however, from any immediate announcement, wishing at first to find out in detail the position of affairs.

*July 15th*

I found out yesterday evening of one circumstance favourable to my plan. The inhabitants of Bongu and Gorendu could in no way come to an agreement as to in which village lives the supposed enemy of Vangum or his father who had prepared the *pnim* which had caused the death of the young man. This disagreement, however, they hoped to eliminate by the quite simple means — to attack first one, then the other village.

A deputation from Bongu which came to ask me to be their ally in case of war received from me a positive rejection. When some of them continued to try to persuade me to help them, I said with a very serious air and raising my voice a little: "*Maklai bailed kere*" (Maklai has said enough) — after which the deputation left. Then I went off to Gorendu to hear what they would say to me there. I saw only a few people there, but all spoke of the coming war with die mountain people. I went into Vangum's hut; in the corner, near the *barla*, hung the *gambor*, and not far from it a fire was burning, beside which on the ground, smeared all over with soot, almost without clothes, sat the young widow of the dead man. As there was nobody else in the hut apart from me, she smiled at me with a far from sad smile. Obviously her role as an inconsolable widow bored her. I learned that she was to be transferred to the brother of the dead man.



Not having achieved the intended aim of my visit I went home, and on the way saw Vangum's father building a fire on the beach under the perfectly new pirogue of his dead son who had finished it only a few days before his death. The pirogue had been chopped about in many places; now he wanted to finish with it completely, by burning it.

Knowing that I had dissuaded people from the war that was to be started on account of the death of his son, the old man scarcely glanced at me.

Several days went by. The expedition to the mountains did not eventuate. However, I do not ascribe this to my intervention, but simply to the fact that the opinions of the two villages did not agree.

*July 23rd*

I was sitting on the verandah doing some writing about 3 o'clock; suddenly Sale appeared all out of breath and told me that he had heard from the people of Bongu of the sudden death of the younger brother of Vangum. Fearful of the consequences of the death of *both* brothers in such a short time, I immediately sent Mebli to the village to find whether it was true or not. When he returned he told me the following: In the morning Tui, a nine or 10-year-old boy, a brother of Vangum, went with his father and other inhabitants of Gorendu to the Gabenau River to catch fish. There he was bitten on the finger by a small snake; the poison acted so powerfully that the frightened father took the child in his arms and rushed back, practically at a run, bringing the boy already dying into the village. In a minute I had collected all the necessaries — a lancet, liquid ammonia, potassium permanganate, and some bandages. I hastened to Gorendu. My leg was very painful, so I was glad of the possibility of making use of a pirogue going into Port Constantine since it could take me as far as Gorendu. Near Urur-E we learnt from two couriers from Gorendu, violently excited, Ion and Namui, that the poor fellow, Tui, had just died and that the huts of *yambau-tamo* had to be burnt. Several beats of the *barum* could be heard, announcing the death of the boy. When I came on shore several women, already howling, ran past me. In the village the agitation was extreme — terribly excited men, all armed for some reason, and

howling and shrieking women, had greatly changed the usually quiet and calm atmosphere of the village. All that could be heard everywhere was *onim*, *kumana*, *yambau-tamo barata*. This second death — occurring in the same village and even in the same family as the first death, less than two weeks ago — had produced among the inhabitants of both villages a real paroxysm of grief and a thirst for revenge, as well as fear. Even the quietest of them, who had previously been silent, now began to assert, fiercely that some mountain village had prepared *onim* and if they did not put an end to it by an immediate march on the mountains then all the inhabitants of Gorendu will die out, and so on. A war seemed now unavoidable. The old men and even the children talked about it; the loudest of all were the old women; the young men were getting the weapons ready and putting them in order. In the village they looked at me askance, knowing that I was against the war; some looked at me quite hostilely, as if I were guilty of their misfortune. Only the old man Tui was, as always, friendly to me, and just gravely shook his head. There was nothing more for me to do in Gorendu; the people were too excited to listen to me calmly.. Taking advantage of the moonlight I went on to Bongu by the shortest path. Here the alarm, although somewhat less, was nevertheless quite considerable. Saul tried to persuade me to agree with them on the necessity of a march on the *mana-tamo*. His arguments were as follows: the recent events were the result of *onim*; therefore if they (that is, the *tamo Bpngu*) don't vanquish the hill people, they will be vanquished by them. Even when I returned home and was by myself, I could not get away from the talk of *onim*; Sale told me that on Java *onim* is called *doa* and he believed in it. Mebli reported that on the Pelau Islands *olai* is the same as *onim* and he also did not doubt that people die from the action of *onim* (i.e., sorcery).

*July 24th*

In the morning I went to Gorendu. The natives looked a lot calmer but continued to be very sullen; even Tui was in a gloomy mood. "Gorendu bassa" (the end of Gorendu), said Tui, offering me his hand. I wanted Tui to explain to me just how the *onim* worked. Tui said that *mana tamo* somehow got hold of some taro or yams which the people of Gorendu had not eaten all up, and, cutting it

into small pieces, had uttered a spell over it and burnt it. We went into the hut where the deceased was lying and then quite suddenly the sharp whistle of an *ai* sounded; the women and children took alarm and without a glance around dashed off into the jungle. I did not know that to expect — at least a whole procession perhaps — but, instead, a solitary man appeared who was blowing continuously on the *monki-ai* and as he whistled he passed into the hut where the body of the dead Tui lay, glanced at it and again went out. What this signified I have no idea.

When the whistling of the *ai* ceased, the women came back and carried the deceased out of the hut. The old man Bugai smeared the forehead with a white colour (lime), drew a line of the same colour down the nose; the remaining parts of the face of the deceased were already smeared with *kumu* (charcoal). In the lobes of his ears, earrings had been inserted and on the neck hung a *gubo-gubo*. Bugai added to these festive decorations a new comb with white cock's feathers which he thrust into his hair. They then wrapped the body in a *gub*; but this was only for the time being, since the proper *gcunbor rocar* (tying up in a basket) would not be done here but in Bongu. Sagam, the uncle of the deceased, took the body on his shoulders, with a *gub* under the body, and set off at a smart pace along the path leading to Bongu. The whole crowd followed behind.

I and a few natives went by another road and not the one which the funeral procession took and arrived on the square at the same time as the procession. Here the *gambor* was prepared from the *gub* that had been brought, and the deceased was placed on it. None of the ornaments were removed; the head of the deceased was covered with a bag. While the men who were the closest relatives of the dead lad were tying up the *gambor*, several women, smeared with black, were wailing and dancing, rotating their buttocks and stroking the *gambor* with their hands. The one who stood out most of all in this was Kallol, the mother of the dead boy; she scraped the earth with her feet; then, hanging on to the *gambor*, howled unmercifully and danced around, making quite unseemly movements of the body.

Finally the *gambor* was taken into the hut of Sagam. *Onim* was offered to me as well as to the others, so that no evil should befall us. I agreed, wishing to see what this *onim* was. Ion, one of the men present, spat out the *onim* on my hand as well as on those of the others, after

which we all went off in a crowd to the sea to wash our hands. The old man Tui tried to persuade me to prepare some *Maklai onim*, so that a violent earthquake would destroy all the villages on the mountains, but do nothing to the coastal inhabitants.

On the evening of the same day I heard the sound of the *barum* in Gorendu, and Mebli, returning from there some time later, woke me up and reported to me in a secretive manner that it had been decided on war with the *mana tamo* (probably with Tengum-mana). But he was supposed to say nothing about it to Maklai.

The wars here, although they may not be very bloody are, however, very prolonged, often changing into a kind of private vendetta, which maintains a constant ferment among the communities and greatly delays the conclusion of a peace or an armistice. During a war all communication between many villages is broken off. The overriding thought of everyone is the wish to kill or the fear of being killed.

It was clear to me that this time I could not sit idly by and watch the course of events in the village of Bongu, which was only five minutes walk from my house. In addition, silence on my part in view of my constant opposition to wars, when only a few days ago I had spoken against the campaign after the death of the older brother, would have been strange and illogical behaviour. I ought not to give way now, so that I would not have to give way later on. It was necessary now to put aside my antipathy to interference in the affairs of others. I decided to ban the war. After the strong effect that I had already had, I had to act still more strongly, and firstly it was necessary to break down the unanimous thirst for revenge. I had to engender disagreement among the natives and thus enable the first outburst of passion to cool off.

### *July 25th*

I didn't sleep for a long time, and then frequently woke up, thinking over a plan for my future actions. It was only towards morning that I went to sleep properly. When I woke up I went over in my mind yesterday's thoughts and I decided to choose a plan of action, which, in my opinion, ought to give the desired results, and which as it proved, had an even stronger effect than I anticipated. The main thing was not to hurry. Therefore, in spite of my impatience, I waited for the usual hour (before sunset), before going

to Bongu. As I expected, everywhere in the village there was talking and discussions over what had happened. Noticing that the natives particularly wanted to know what I was thinking, I said, that both Vangum and Tui were young and healthy and that their old father was now left alone, but all the same, Maklai still said the same as he had said after the death of Vangum — that is, there shouldn't be war. The news about Maklai's words about no war, when everybody was preparing for it, spread through the entire village like a flash. A large crowd gathered, but into the buambramra where I was sitting only a few old men came. Each of them tried to convince me that war was necessary. To discuss with them the baseless nature of the theory of onim would have been impossible in view of my limited knowledge of the language of the natives — that was the first thing; the second was that I would spend my time uselessly, since I would not succeed in convincing them anyway. Thirdly, it would be a great blunder, since everyone would start to misinterpret my words in his own way. Nevertheless, I heard them out. When the last one had finished speaking, I got up in readiness to go and in my usual voice which was in strong contrast with the agitated speech of the natives I repeated, "Maklai says, there will be no war, and if you set out for a march into the mountains, there will be misfortune for you and for all the people of Gorendu and Bongu."

A portentous silence set in, then the questions began to pour in: "What will happen?" — "What will it be?" — "What will Maklai do?" — and so on., Leaving my companions bewildered and leaving to them the problem of finding an explanation of my threat, I answered briefly, "You yourselves will see, if you go." Setting out for home and passing slowly among the natives, I could feel sure that their imagination was already at work: everyone was trying to guess — what was the evil that Maklai could predict?

I hardly had time to reach the gate of my domain, when one of the old men overtook me, and panting from the exertion was hardly able to utter: "Maklai, if *tamo Bongu* go into the mountains, will there be a *tangrin* (earthquake)?" This question and the anxious look of the old man showed me that the words that I had uttered in Bongu had produced a considerable effect.

"Maklai didn't say that there will be an earthquake," I replied. "No, but Maklai said that if we go into the mountains a great evil

will befall, and a *tangrin* is a great, great misfortune" (The of Bongu, Gumbu, Gorendu, Bogadm, all of them fear a *tangrin*). "Tell me, will there be a *tangrin*?" he repeated in a pleading tone. "Maybe," was my answer. My friend quickly made off back, but was almost immediately stopped by two natives who were approaching. I was able to catch the words of the old man: "But I did say, will there be a *tangrin* if we go?" All three set off for the village almost at a run.

The next few days I did not go to Bongu, leaving it to the imagination of the natives to solve the riddle, depending on the proverb, "Fear has great eyes." Now I was confident that they would think it over deeply, and their warlike ardour would, as a result, gradually begin to cool off — and, in the main, there was a difference of opinion in the village. I purposely did not inquire about the decision of my neighbours. They also were silent, but the preparations for war had ceased. About two weeks later my old friend Tui came to me and confirmed the rumour which had already reached me more than once, that he and all the inhabitants of Gorendu wanted to abandon their village and settle elsewhere.

"Why so?" I asked, surprised.

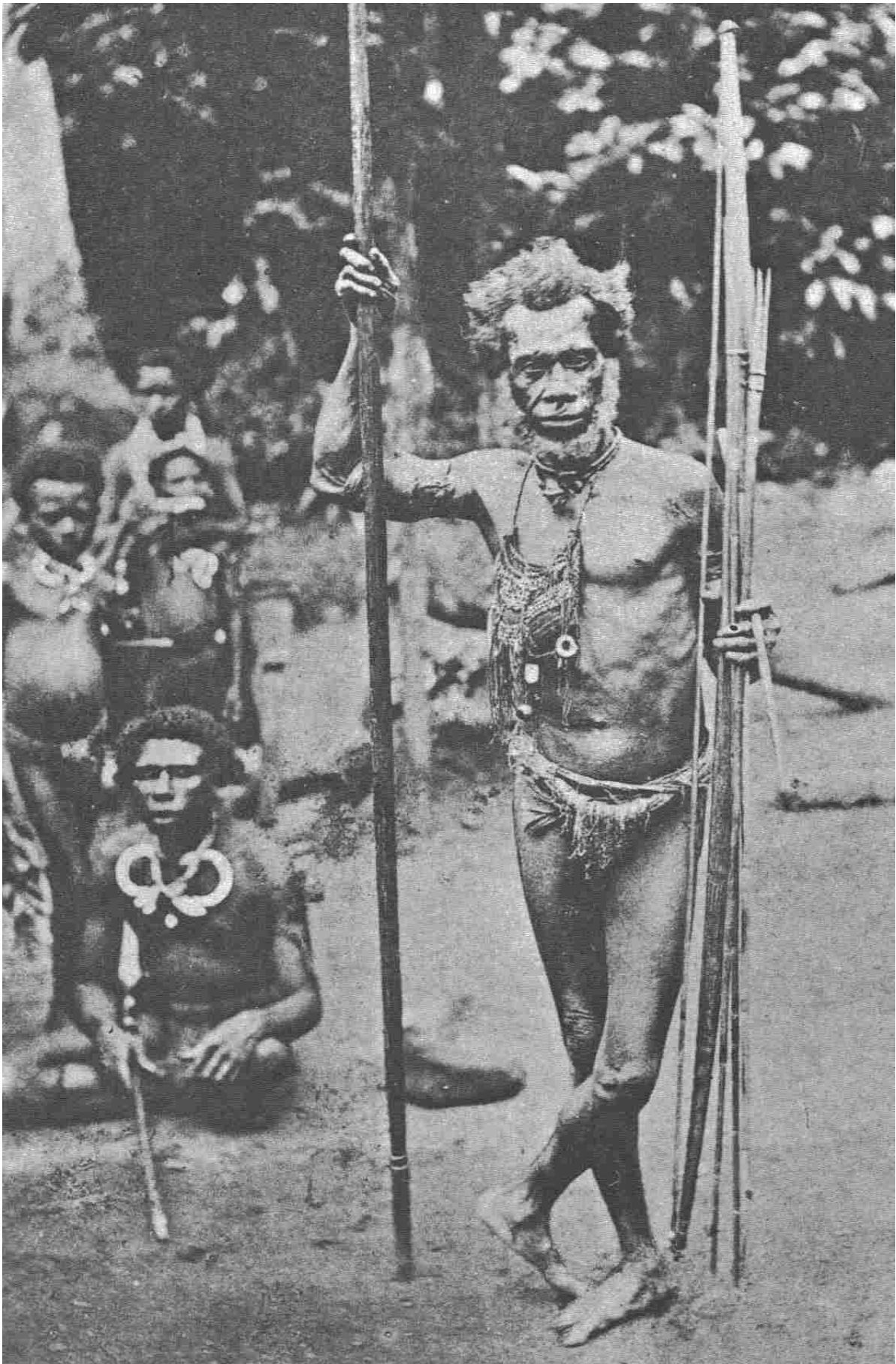
"Because we are all afraid to live there. If we stay in Gorendu, everybody will die one after the other. Two have already died from the *pnim* of the *mana tamo*, and so will the others. Not only do the people die, but the coconut palms are sick. Their leaves are becoming red and they will die, too. The *mana tamo* have buried *onim* in Gorendu, so the coconut palms will die. We wanted to defeat these *mana tamo* but we must not, Maklai doesn't want it, he says: there will be a misfortune. The people of Bongu are afraid, they fear the *tangrin*. If there is an earthquake, all the villages round about will say: 'The people of Bongu are to blame: Maklai said there will be trouble if the people of Bongu go into the mountains.' All the villages will go to war with Bongu. That is what the Bongu people are afraid of. And the Gorendu people are too few to go and fight the *mana tamo* alone. So we want to disperse in various directions," Tui concluded in a despondent voice, and began to enumerate the villages in which the inhabitants of Gorendu proposed to settle. Some wanted to go to Gorima, some to Yam-bombi, some to Mitebog; only one or two thought of remaining in Bongu. Since this resettlement will begin in a few months' time,

after the harvest of the two that had been planted, I do not know how it will end.

### *August*

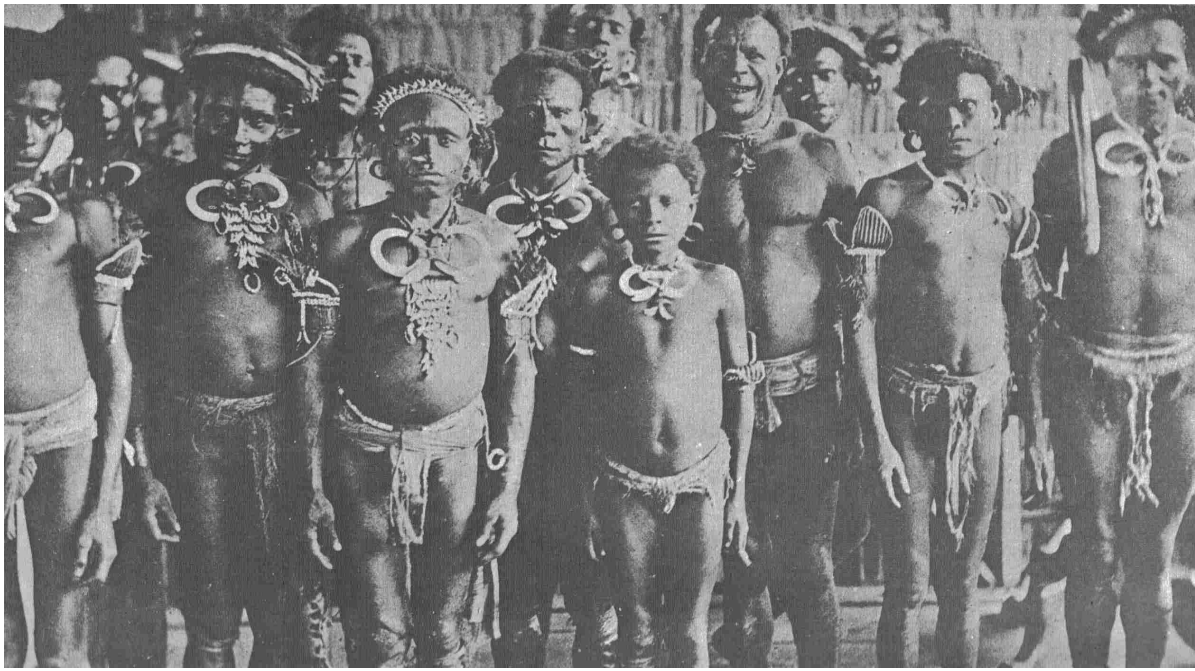
The new house, begun in June, was finished in the first days of August. The measurements are just the same as the one in which I live at present. I think that I will probably make no use of it, if the schooner which I am expecting comes before the end of the year. If it doesn't, I shall have to transfer to the other house, because the roof of the present one will scarcely last more than 18 months. Some of the stumps and beams are badly eaten by white ants — so much so, that I fear that any day they may get into the boxes containing books or linen. To look after them is very difficult, because the white ants construct covered tracks from one object to another; as, for instance from one box to another. To inspect the boxes every day is such a bother that really, in this case, the game isn't worth the candle. In my new house all the stumps and beams are made from a kind of wood that white ants don't touch. When it was being constructed, I particularly did not allow any other kind of timber to be brought except the aforementioned. One of these is a dark colour, the other very white and hard and is called here *englam*. The construction is notable for its strength.

I have the habit at about 6 o'clock in the evening of going to my neighbours in the village of Bongu. Today I set off knowing that I will see also inhabitants of Bili Bili and Bogatim, who are expected to arrive there. When I arrived in the village, I went to the *buambramra*, where a loud and lively conversation was going on, which broke off when I appeared. Obviously, the natives were speaking about me or about something that they wanted to hide from me. The setting sun lit up the interior of the *buambramra* with its reddish light and also the faces of the inhabitants of Bongu, Gorendu, Bili Bili and Bogatim. It was a full gathering. I sat down. All were silent. It was obvious that I was hindering their deliberations. Finally, my old friend, Saul, whom I always had more trust in than the others and whom I allowed to sit sometimes on my verandah, and with whom I quite frequently and freely conversed about various transcendental subjects, came up to me. Putting his hand on my



18. *An old warrior*





19. *A group of Astrolabe Bay natives photographed during the early German administration*

shoulder (which was not simply familiarity, which I do not have the habit of permitting in my relations with the natives, but rather an expression of friendship), he asked me in an ingratiating voice and looking me in the eyes: "Maklai, tell me, can you die, be dead like the people of Bongu, Bogatim, Bili Bili?"

The question surprised me with its unexpectedness and with its solemn and pleading tone of voice. The expression of the faces of those around me showed me that not only Saul was asking but that they were all awaiting my answer. It occurred to me that probably the natives were discussing this before my arrival, and I understood why my appearance cut short their talk. To a simple question I had to give a simple answer, but I had to think it over beforehand. The natives know and are convinced, that Maklai does not tell untruths: their saying "*Ballal Maklai hudi*" (You can take Maklai at his word) is a belief that must not be undermined this time. Therefore one cannot say 'no' — inasmuch as, perhaps, tomorrow or in a few days some happening could prove to the natives that Maklai does not tell the truth. If I say 'yes' — then I undermine to some extent my own reputation, which is particularly important to me now, just a few days after my prohibition of the war. These considerations flashed through my mind much faster than I am writing these lines. In order to have time to think over my answer, I got up and walked along the *buambramra*, looking upward as if looking for something (actually, I was looking for inspiration). The slanting rays of the sun illuminated all the objects hanging from the roof; from the skeletons of fish to the jaws of pigs my glance went to a collection of weapons — hung at a lower level above the *barla*, there were bows and arrows, and several spears of various shapes. My glance stopped at one of them, stout and well-sharpened. I had found my answer. Taking this particularly heavy and sharp spear from the wall, which could inevitably cause death if thrown accurately I went up to Saul, who was standing in the middle of the *buambramra* and watching my movements. I gave him the spear, and stepping a few paces away I stopped opposite him. I took off my hat whose broad brim shaded my face; I wanted the natives to be able to see by the expression of my face that I was not joking and would not blink whatever happened. I then said: "Let us see if Maklai can die." The perplexed Saul, although he understood the meaning of my proposal, did not even raise the spear but began to say, "*Aren, aren!*"

(No, no!) Meanwhile several of those present rushed towards me, as if wishing to shield me with their bodies from Saul's spear. I stood waiting in front of Saul for some time and then calling him *old woman* in a joking tone of voice, I sat down amongst the natives, who all began speaking at once. The answer proved to be satisfactory, as after this no one asked me if I might die.

### *September*

*Mun* in Bogatim.

The seeds that I brought, sown in the native plantations, are growing well. Crocodiles frequently swim the great distance across the bay.

### *October*

The burial of Tanok at Gumbu.

The people of Gorendu are really thinking of settling elsewhere.

### *November*

Conscienceless behaviour of my men, who are stealing things for barter with the natives. Not having good relations with one another, one day M. came to tell me that S. is stealing; another day S. proves that M. is robbing.

### *November 6th*

The arrival of the schooner *Flower of Yarrow*.

### *November 9th*

Death and burial of the sailor Abu.

### *November 10th*

About 6 o'clock in the evening we raised the anchor. I left a good many things in the house, which I locked up and left to the people of Bongu to look after.

## The Years in Australia

The *Flower of Yarrow* took two months to get to Singapore. Maclay had been living for many months on the native foods and the bad food on the ship left him with beri-beri. Several members of the crew died from it. By the time he reached Singapore he was extremely ill and was confined to his bed for two to three months. The doctors advised him that if he wished to recover he must leave the tropics. His first thought was to return to Europe and to this end he wrote to the Commander of the Far East Fleet to ask if a naval vessel might be sailing for Europe that year. When a negative reply arrived he decided to go to Australia instead, a country he had long wished to visit. Fortunately the Russian Geographical Society had sent him some money to clear his pressing debts, and he was able to leave Singapore on 26th June 1878, going first to Hong Kong and then on the S.S. *Somerset* for Sydney, calling in at Cooktown, Townsville, Bowen, Port Curtis and Brisbane.

In Sydney he became acquainted with the scientific community of the city, amongst whom was Sir William Macleay, a wealthy grazier and a public figure who also took a great interest in scientific subjects. Apart from the similarity of name they had similar interests. Macleay was a zoologist and a few years before he had headed an expedition to the south coast of New Guinea on the *Chevert*. Macleay invited Maclay to live with him at Elizabeth Bay House, an offer which Maclay readily accepted. In a letter to his sister Olga, he described the house as very large and comfortable with a lovely view overlooking the wide and beautiful Sydney Harbour. His only complaint was the cold (he arrived in winter) which was quite understandable; he had been living close to the equator for seven years.

It was his intention at first to make his way back to Russia as soon as it could be arranged with the Far Eastern Fleet of the Russian navy, but Australia proved so congenial and he became so involved in scientific activity in Sydney that he put off his return. He became a member of the Linnean Society and contributed numerous papers to its journal on a wide range of subjects from marine biology to the aborigines. But increasingly he became diverted from his scientific interests by what he felt was his duty, not only to protect the people on the Maclay Coast, but to strive for some measure of justice for the peoples of Melanesia and the islands of the Western Pacific. For the purpose of combining his duty to science and also his deeply-felt commitment to the native peoples, he set out to investigate the so-called labour-trade in the Pacific, making a prolonged voyage among the islands of Melanesia on a three-masted schooner, the *Sadie F. Caller*. This vessel was engaged in the trepang trade and was skippered by an American, Captain Webber. It is characteristic of Maclay that in the agreement made with Captain Webber there was a clause which stated that in the event that Mikloucho-Maclay should be killed by the natives of one of the islands, Captain Webber promised not to permit any violence against the natives under the pretext of punishment.

Maclay visited New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Banks Island, Santa Cruz and the Admiralty Islands. From there the schooner was to go to the Maclay Coast for two weeks and then visit Karkar and Bagabag islands. "But," wrote Maclay, "my opinions about the individuals on the schooner were such that I did not want to expose my black friends to the risks of such an acquaintanceship." The schooner went instead to the Trobriand Islands and from there to the Solomons and finally to the Louisiades. Here Maclay left the ship, having heard that the London Missionary Society schooner was due to arrive at Teste Island on an inspection tour. Captain Webber arranged to deliver to Sydney all the cases with the scientific material he had gathered. But Maclay, who had collected all this material with so much dedication and effort, was never to see it again. Captain Webber died at sea and the schooner returned to the home port San Francisco. What really happened to the material was never cleared up.

Maclay met the pioneer missionary, the Reverend Chalmers, on the mission steamer *Ellangowan* and with him visited various islands and mission

stations on the south coast of New Guinea, finally reaching Anuapata (now Pt. Moresby), the head mission station. He made further excursions to villages west of Anuapata in search of some reputed light-skinned Papuans. He found them, but concluded that there was nothing racially significant about them. The *Ellangpwan* then set out for Cooktown with the Reverend Chalmers together with Maclay, visiting the various islands from the Torres Straits to Thursday Island, then Somerset, the northern tip of Cape York, and finally arriving at Cooktown. It was over 12 months since he had left Sydney on the *Sadie F. Caller*. From Cooktown he took passage on a ship leaving for southern ports. He called hi at Brisbane, intending to stay only a few days, but stayed seven months. He spent much of the time in Brisbane staying with the explorer A. C. Gregory and making extensive journeys into the interior. On one of these journeys he excavated the fossilized remains of some prehistoric animals at Glen Innes, the pouched *Diprotodon australis*, the giant kangaroo, *Macropis titan*, and a giant wombat, *Plascotpmas gigas*.

It was in Brisbane that he was able to take up work on a subject that still greatly interested him, the comparative anatomy of the human brain. Through his friends he was able to get full cooperation from the government, which gave him laboratory space and access to the excellent photographic equipment of the Survey Office. He was also given the right to have for dissection the criminals executed in Brisbane gaols, some of whom were of various races. After he returned to Sydney he continued his study, obtaining his skull specimens from Sydney Hospital. He satisfied himself through detailed anatomical cranial dissections that the so-called primitive races had identical cerebral-neural equipment with the supposedly advanced Europeans. Far from being off-shoots of a primitive never-developed species, he found they had the same intellectual potential as a European and in this respect at least there was nothing to justify the concept of higher and lower races.

He was given another opportunity to visit New Guinea as a result of the murder of some Polynesian missionaries at Kalo, one of the mission stations he had visited with the Reverend Chalmers. It had been decided to send a punitive expedition from Sydney to maintain the prestige of the British. Commodore Wilson on *H.M.S. Wolverine* was sent. The usual procedure in such cases was to assume the collective guilt of the whole

community and destroy the village. In the event of the almost inevitable resistance, firearms were used, with the loss of life of innocent people. Maclay was a friend of Commodore Wilson and he persuaded him that such methods were quite unjust and productive of nothing but further evil and persuaded him that there were better methods. Wilson was impressed by his arguments and invited him to accompany the *Wolverine*.

At Port Moresby Maclay's standpoint was strongly supported by the Reverend Chalmers and as a result the natives directly responsible for the crime were identified. In the attempt to apprehend them the principal guilty native was killed.

After Maclay had returned to Sydney a squadron of three ships of the Russian Navy visited Australian ports and Maclay's thoughts turned to his homeland. He applied to the admiral of the fleet to be granted passage on a naval vessel to Europe. This was granted and he left Sydney in February, 1882, on the cruiser *Vestnik*. Unfortunately, this ship was only going as far as Singapore and there he had to wait several weeks until the cruiser *Asia* arrived, taking him as far as Alexandria. Here there was a further delay of a few weeks. The insurrection of Araby Pasha in Egypt had caused the intervention of the British and the *Asia* was ordered to stand by. Maclay was in the harbour when the British fleet bombarded Alexandria and landed troops. Little did Maclay realize that what was happening in Alexandria would one day have considerable influence on the fate of his friends on the Maclay Coast, for it was Britain's involvement in Egypt that allowed Bismarck to blackmail England into accepting Germany's annexation of New Guinea. The *Asia* proceeded to Genoa, where he waited again for the ironclad *Pyotr Veliki*, which finally took him to Kronstadt.

The journey had lasted six months and he was again back in his native land after an absence of 12 years. He met his mother again and the members of his family. His sister Olga, however, to whom he was very attached, had died from typhus some years before.

His visit to Russia was partly to negotiate for the publication of his works and partly to obtain a subsidy to support him during the two years which he estimated it would take to prepare the material. He had intended staying only two months. He was not in good health and did not look forward to facing a Russian winter. However, he had a continuous round of engagements and lectures and it was not until the

of November that he left Russia, visiting various capitals of Europe prior to returning to Australia.

In Berlin he attended a meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society at which Dr. Otto Finsch gave a lecture on pottery in the Pacific, to which Maclay contributed from his own experience. For Maclay, Dr. Finsch was a fellow scientist who, like himself, had a particular interest in the islands of the Pacific. What Maclay did not know, however, was that Finsch's interests were not limited to collecting entomological and ornithological specimens. He was also an agent for those German financial interests who were planning to expand the German colonial empire in the Pacific. Finsch was in Berlin at that particular time to make arrangements with Hansemann and Bleichroeder to lead an expedition aimed at establishing stations for the proposed *Neu Guinea Kompanie* on the Maclay Coast. The stations were to serve as some justification for Germany declaring a protectorate over the northern area of New Guinea.

In London, Maclay undoubtedly met Sir Arthur Gordon, who had been British commissioner for the Western Pacific and with whom he corresponded about the protection of the natives in the Pacific and who had shown great sympathy for Maclay's efforts in this respect. Sir Arthur was a very good friend of Gladstone, and Maclay left England with an assurance that England had no immediate intention of annexing New Guinea and had no reservations about the Maclay Coast remaining independent.

Maclay arrived in Port Said to board the ship upon which he had booked to go back to Sydney, but there was an unexplained change of plan. He took passage on another ship, the *S.S. Chyebassa*, which was travelling via Batavia to Brisbane. He wrote to his brother that his passage was paid by someone whom Maclay did not care to name. The *Chyebassa* arrived in Batavia harbour after dark, and finding the naval corvette *Skobeliev* in the harbour, Maclay made his way aboard to meet Admiral Kopitov, who was asleep at the time. He then transferred, supposedly on impulse, to the *Skobeliev* with a small amount of baggage. The *Skobeliev* left port early the next morning.



# THE DIARIES 1883



## Third Visit to the Maclay Coast

I had the opportunity of visiting the Maclay Coast again after meeting the corvette *Skobeliev* in Batavia, while I was on my way to Australia. I learnt from Admiral N. V. Kopitov that he intended to visit some of the islands of Melanesia and possibly call at the Maclay Coast. I suggested to the admiral that he take me with him, because, thanks to my knowledge of the native language and local conditions of the islands which the corvette would visit, I could be useful on the voyage, and, for my part, I could visit again the places which I had known. I must say that the Maclay Coast particularly attracted me, as I wanted to know what had happened to my New Guinea friends. The admiral agreed and I arranged for my baggage to be sent to Australia on the English steamer *Chyebassa* on which I was travelling from Port Said to Brisbane (Queensland). I picked up a few necessary things and transferred to the corvette, which left the very next morning. In the absence of a vacant cabin, an excellent apartment was constructed for me out of a tarpaulin and flags under the half-deck. Besides an officer's hammock which served as a bed, there was a table and chair, and an easy chair, and as it was on deck it was cool and light.

When we put in at Macassar in Ambon I asked the admiral to acquire here a young bull, two heifers and a goat of the local breed already acclimatized on the Malay Archipelago, as a gift to the natives of the Maclay Coast. My wish was granted and, in addition, they were purchased at government expense; as also were gifts for the natives of those islands which we were to visit — various articles, such as Malay parangs (large knives), red cotton material, beads, small mirrors, etc. Besides this I procured numerous seeds of various kinds, including the seeds of durian, mangosteen, mango, several kinds of breadfruit, oranges, lemon, coffee, several young pineapples and the seeds of other useful plants and vegetables.

Passing through the straits of Buru and Saiguyen (between the islands of Salavati and Batanta) on the 12th of March, we approached the north coast of New Guinea. On account of the rain and thick clouds hiding the coast, and generally in consequence of rainy weather, the admiral decided not to call in at Dore, but go straight to the Maclay Coast. On the 15th of March we passed Humboldt Bay on New Guinea, and on the 16th of March, Volcano Island appeared, which proved to be again active as in 1877. On the morning of the 17th, passing Izumrud Sound (between New Guinea and Karkar Island), we slowly passed the Archipelago of Contented People about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past 5 we dropped anchor at Port Constantine.

I went on shore at Cape Constantine, and seeing there some old acquaintances from Gumbu, I told them that I would be hi Bongu tomorrow morning and that some provisions were needed for the corvette — pigs, taro, bananas, etc. Fearing the fever, I did not risk going to other villages that evening but returned to the corvette.

On the 18th of March, the admiral, several officers and myself went on shore near the village of Bongu. Accompanied by the natives, who interrupted each other in plying me with questions as to where I will live, where to begin to build me a cabin, etc., we went round the village. It seemed to me this time somewhat smaller and more neglected than it was in 1876-1877. Recalling the arrangement of the village, I soon discovered that two village squares with the surrounding huts had become waste land. They were overgrown with grass, and bushes were growing in the ruins of the huts. When I asked about this, they explained that of the natives who had lived in these huts, some had died and others had settled elsewhere.

In accordance with my instructions given before my departure in 1877, all the girls and young women had been removed, only a few unattractive old women remained. Remembering my advice also, the natives were not only without weapons but were even without the slightest adornment. Their appearance therefore today was rather unattractive (a savage shaggy and without adornment is reminiscent of a European in rags), especially as nearly all the young men were absent. Some were at Bogatim on account of the big *ai* and *mun* that was going on there; others were probably in the jungle guarding the women.

My old friend Saul told me a long story about *tamo inglis* (probably the expedition of the schooner *Dove*), then of the arrival in Garagassi of *abadam Maklai* (brother of Maklai, as they probably called Romilly).<sup>10</sup> Recalling that I had not yet seen Tui, I interrupted the conversation with a question about him. "*Tui muen sen*" (Tui is dead), Saul replied. I was very grieved over my old friend. I caused a great excitement among the natives of Bongu when I announced that I was bringing them a young ox, a heifer and a male and female goat. Everybody repeated after me the names of these animals and everybody wanted to see them there and then. I explained to them, that it was necessary to construct a fence for these cattle so that they would not escape. The natives talked a great deal, but nobody did anything about the matter. I had been earlier convinced that if you gave the natives anything for general use and not exclusively to one person, it always proves to be a mistake, as no one takes any care of the common property. However, to give the cattle all to one person or to distribute them one animal each to selected persons seemed to me to be unjust. Telling them that I would bring the bull, cow and goats towards sundown, I made my way to the place where in 1876-1877 my house stood.

Arriving there I scarcely recognized the place. Under the great trees which used to surround my house, now everywhere grew tall bushes; only here and there among the vegetation appeared the coconut palms, bananas and the numerous *Carica papaya* which I had planted and whose thick trunks rose high above the vegetation. Instead of the broad paths always kept very clear, there were now two or three tracks along which one could only make one's way with some difficulty. I went straight to where formerly stood the two houses. Among the bushes I found a half dozen

stumps still standing and that was all. Recalling the trouble I went to to build myself this house, with what patience I cultivated the plantation, it was hard for me to believe that five or six years was enough to turn all this into a part of the dense jungle. It was an example of the lush fertility of the soil.

However, there was no time for reflection, so I ordered the natives accompanying me to clear the area where in 1877 I grew maize, and where the bushes didn't seem to be quite so thick. I ordered them to pull out by the roots the young trees, which wasn't particularly, difficult with so many workers. The cleared area was dug up by the sailors, who had brought spades, giving an area of many square yards. I sent the natives for water and I myself, with the help of Jan, my servant from Ambon, and two sailors, began to plant out the plants and seeds I had brought from Ambon. The water, brought in bamboos, was used for watering the plants. Only the coffee I did not plant, handing them over to Saul and a few other natives for them to give to the inhabitants of the mountain villages, where the climate was more suitable for coffee than the Maclay Coast.

The natives were very interested in all this procedure. Nevertheless, I was not sure that my experiment would succeed, and I even feared that, that very day or the next, pigs might turn and root over again the freshly dug soil; but to make a sufficiently stout fence was not possible. I did not have time to attend to its construction myself and the natives were far too excited with the arrival of the corvette and the construction of a yard for the cattle. I went off through the jungle to Gorendu by the path so well-known to me, but the path was very much overgrown, the young saplings had now grown into large trees, so that the path seemed to me quite new. Finally, reaching the place where six years before the village of Gorendu was situated, I was absolutely astounded by its changed appearance. In place of the considerable village there remained only two or three huts. It was all overgrown to the point of being unrecognizable. It somehow grieved me so much that I hurried to the sea-shore and returned to the corvette.

After lunch and a short siesta I went back on shore again to Bongu. I felt as if I was at home, and it seemed to me that in no other corner of the globe where I have had to live during my wanderings, have I ever felt such an affection as to this coast of New Guinea. Every tree seemed to

me an old acquaintance. When I came into the village a crowd gathered round me. Many familiar faces I could not quite place; many seemed to me quite unfamiliar; at my last visit they were still youngsters and now they themselves had children. Only some old men proved to be my friends.

Two circumstances particularly struck me. Firstly, it seemed to me and to all those surrounding me, as if it were only yesterday and not six years ago that I was last in Bongu; secondly, the absence of any friendly demonstration towards me on the part of the Papuans seemed very odd, after my long absence. Thinking this over a little, I found this second circumstance quite understandable; if I myself didn't especially express my pleasure in returning there, why should I be surprised if the Papuans didn't jump for joy at the sight of me? There were some among them, however, who, leaning on my shoulder, shed some tears and, sobbing, began to go over the names of those who had died during my absence: "this one died," they said, "and that one and that one," etc. They all wanted me to settle amongst them as in the old days, and this time right in the village itself; they also wanted to know when I will return again and what they were to do if the *tamo inglis* appeared again.

Some boys, racing each other and out of breath, came running up with the news that the *tamo russ* with the *bul bpro russ* (big Russian pig) were approaching in a *kabum ani boro* (very large boat). Everybody rushed off; I followed the crowd also. In fact a large launch was close to the shore. But in consequence of the slope of the beach the big launch could not get too close to it, so the officer who was in charge of the launch commanded some sailors to roll up their trousers and jump into the water. A large crowd of the inhabitants of Bongu, Gorendu and Gumbu stood silently along the shore, watching every movement of the men. Two of the sailors, who jumped out, held the ends of ropes which had been tied to the horns of the young bull. The young animal jumped out of the boat which was listing to one side, and finding himself in the water, made towards the shore, at first swimming and then running, so that it was no easy task for the sailors to hang on to him. The bull ran along the beach dragging the sailors at a run, behind him. It was extremely funny to see about 100 natives scattering at the sight of this animal, new to them, and which appeared so huge, the natives not knowing any animal bigger than a wild boar. Some even climbed up trees,

whilst others dashed into the sea. After the bull came the heifer, who seemed much quieter, and then the two goats. They were all led by the sailors by ropes tied round the horns. The whole procession went to the village, where I hurried also in order to get things ready and to order the natives to help the sailors. In the village an enclosure of about 15 square metres had been made for the bull and heifer. With some difficulty the sailors made them jump over the high threshold of the enclosure. The gate was immediately nailed up, for I supposed that after some time the animals would become accustomed to their new situation. Several sailors from the launch, who had come to look at the village, cut down some young branches of various trees in the jungle and threw them into the enclosure. It was obvious that this provender was very much to the taste of the heifer, who took to it at once. The bull was very uneasy, however. He walked about the yard sniffing the air as if seeking a way out. The presence of the sailors who looked after the animals during the voyage from Ambon quietened him somewhat. The rope was taken from his horns, and the animal, it seemed, felt calmer. In the absence of other accommodation for the goats, I proposed that they be put in one of the huts, and said that the women should bring them some young unan tomorrow. One of the sailors mentioned that it would be necessary to show the natives how to milk the goat. When a tabir was brought and the sailor began to milk the goat, all the natives came running up to see this marvel. There was no end to the exclamations and questions, but none of them ventured to taste the milk which was drunk by the sailors.

The sun was already going down so I told the sailors that it was time to get back on board the corvette. The two sailors who were in the enclosure had to jump over the fence as there was no gate. I was giving the natives some instructions with regard to their behaviour in case of the arrival of white men, when just then exclamations from the natives caused me to turn my attention to the bull. At the departure of the sailors he became very uneasy, running up and down the fence, and as the natives told me, tried to break through the fence. I hastened to the spot and saw how the bull began to play havoc with the fence with his horns, and at one place had broken down the upper rail. The natives running up made the beast more furious. He charged the fence again with his head lowered and a

few more poles flew out of the fence. I didn't have time to call to one of the natives to run for tamo russ when the bull ran backwards from the fence, dashed back at it again, this time with the intention of jumping over it. He was successful, and, escaping to freedom, he dashed into the jungle as if possessed. The natives quickly hid themselves wherever they could.

I was left alone and saw the heifer jump the fence also and run headlong after the bull. Doubtful of any success, I went quickly along the path to the sea, where I was met by the returning sailors. In a few words I told them what was the trouble. They replied that probably they would be able to drive the bull back in the enclosure, as it was very tame. When we returned to the village, it turned out that the bull and heifer had found the path leading into the jungle, and I sent the natives round so as not to let the bull go too far; the sailors had to attempt to drive them back into the village, trying as far as possible not to scare the animals. I won't expatiate on it any further. Suffice it to say that the attempt didn't succeed at all, for as soon as he saw people, the bull set off straight ahead, and the natives naturally ran in all directions. Behind the bull followed the heifer, and the interesting pair took off for the nearest hills.<sup>11</sup>

It was already dark when we returned to the corvette after our failure. I was so exhausted with the happenings of the day that, in spite of my earnest wish, I could not fulfill a promise — that is, return to spend the night in Bongu.

On the 19th of March at dawn the corvette *Skobeliev* weighed anchor and set sail for the island of Bili Bili. As it was proposed to do a survey of the port of Prince Alexei, it was important for us to have interpreters, because the dialects of the Archipelago of Contented People were many and were unknown to me. In Bili Bili I could count on finding somebody from one of my acquaintances who would agree to go with us. Since the depth at that place was sufficient the corvette went into the strait between Bili Bili island and the mainland of New Guinea. Approaching the village we slackened speed, and having lowered a boat I set out for the village. A large crowd awaited us on shore, who, recognizing me, cried out: "*O Mak-lail O Maklai! E-meme, e-aba! Gena!*"

Several pirogues approached the sloop. In one of them was Kain, in another, Maramai and Hassan and several others. In order not to lose time in superfluous conversation I proposed to them all to follow me on

to the corvette, promising to give them tobacco and nails. Kain transferred to the boat with me and plied me with all sorts of questions, all of which, naturally, I could not answer because of the lack of time. Finding themselves on the deck, the natives were very confused by the noise of the engines and the numerous sailors. They began at once to ask me to let them go home. I told Kain and Hassan that I needed them for speaking to the people of Segu Island where the corvette was going. Then I distributed generously to the rest of them what I had promised (tobacco and nails), and dismissed them, keeping Kain, Hassan and Maramai, who themselves wished to go with us. When the corvette began to move I had to almost hold Kain by force; and Hassan, seizing the moment when I was not looking at him, clambered up onto the quarterdeck and from there jumped into the sea. Sailing past the island of Uremu, where I planted some coconut palms in 1877, I had the satisfaction of seeing that they had all taken, and were growing well. Kain and Maramai, pointing them out to me, repeated my name and kept saying: "*Niu Maklai*" — "*Monki Maklai*" (Maklai's island, Maklai's coconuts), "*Navalobe Maklai Uremu i na tal atar*" (Maklai will come to Uremu sometime and build himself a house). The natives very much wanted the corvette to go through the narrow strait between Graged Island and Cape Beile on the mainland of New Guinea and go that way to Segu Island. The admiral, however, thought it too risky so we continued our course along the islands of the Archipelago of Contented People. After passing the long island of Segu we saw that the strait between it and the mainland was completely safe. So, passing through the strait, the corvette dropped anchor on the western coast of Segu Island. As it was still not late, we made several soundings that same day.

I went with several officers on the steam launch to look at the bay of the extensive Port Alexei. On my return, I was told that Kain and Maramai had followed the example of Hassan — that is, had taken advantage of an approaching pirogue, which picked them out of the water, and they had not returned. Although I partly blamed the natives' fear, I was nevertheless very vexed by their action and, that is why, seeing a pirogue with two natives, I ordered the helmsman to steer towards them and took one of them almost by force; the other one threw himself into the water. I took my "prisoner" on



board the corvette, feeling sure that this would induce Kain and Maramai to return to the corvette. On deck I started by convincing my "prisoner" by signs (the dialect of Segu was not known to me) that he need not expect any danger, but rather he would receive many gifts, some of which he would get at once.

As the sun was going down the view of the high ranges and their peaks, Kant and Schopenhauer, was magnificent. Two men of the crew were deputed to watch over the "prisoner," who, thanks to the good nature of the sailors, felt quite comfortable, accepting everything that was offered him.

### *March 20th*

I was dressed by half-past 4 and after breakfast I went with Lieutenant B. to Erempi Bay, which proved to be much more extensive than we had thought and which consists actually of three basins. The depth of the water in the bay is quite sufficient for large ships. The shore all around is covered with jungle. We saw several natives who, however, were afraid to approach the steam launch, the smoke from which disconcerted them very much. On the return journey I asked Lieutenant B. to go into the Ayu River, which was known to me already in 1877.

The river proved to be quite deep though narrow. The vegetation on both sides was luxuriant. One vine with bunches of violet flowers was very common. Very tall banana plants were growing to the edge of the river. Apart from its tall trunk and narrow leaves it was distinguished by its small inedible fruit, full of seeds.

Not far from the mouth of the Ayu River I noticed a small lake, which I had seen in 1876 on my way to the village of Erempi.

After returning to the corvette, I decided to release our "prisoner" of yesterday and I myself went with him to the village of Segu, which, however, was completely devoid of inhabitants. In one of the abandoned huts I saw two circular shields, some pots with ornaments round the neck and a very remarkable *telum* representing a male and female figure in copulation. Our "prisoner" remained on the island and did not go away from the boat until our departure. He wouldn't have minded going back on the corvette, where everybody had been so very good to him. On the way back to the corvette we

met several pirogues. I began to try to persuade the natives (speaking in the Bongu dialect, which they, apparently, partly understood) to return to the village from whence they had fled yesterday evening in consequence of the arrival of the corvette. Giving them a few gifts (tobacco, red calico and beads) I told them they should bring us some coconuts the next morning. When it was getting dark one could make out in the darkness several pirogues returning to Segu Island. Fires, gleaming here and there, indicated to us that the natives had listened to us and were returning to their homes.

### *March 21st*

Before sunrise I set off for the village of Segu and then dismissed the boat. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere around, but I was quite sure that the natives would soon appear, and I was not mistaken. Not only did the men appear, but even the women did not stay away. Kain was among the first to appear. Very joyfully pressing my arm, he told me that he had only run away from the ship yesterday because he was aiaid to remain with the tamo russ without me, but with me he was ready to go now, anywhere I wanted him to. I took him at his word and proposed to him to go with me to the village of Bomassia about which I had first heard in 1876, but had not managed to visit it myself.

Apart from Kain I took with me my Ambonese, Jan. In a small pirogue we went to the Ayu River, then by a small tributary called the Maus. We then crossed a small lake, Ayu-Tengai, surrounded by jungle. Near a path we drew up our pirogue on shore and the three of us set off. After about half an hour we came to the village, very similar to Erempi. The inhabitants at first were about to run away, but a few words from Kain calmed them completely and when I distributed several presents the whole village, both men as well as women, came running up to get something from me. To the men I gave tobacco and nails and to the women beads and red cloth torn into long strips.

Here, as in Erempi, the inhabitants are cannibals. I wanted to acquire some skulls, but Kain assured me that the brain was generally boiled in the skull itself and then, when everything was eaten up, the bones were thrown in the sea. They suggested that I should buy here a rather long

shield which I found very interesting — it was made not from wood but from plaited *rotang*. This shield had been acquired by the natives from the inhabitants of Karkar. As the proprietor of the shield wanted an axe for it, I had to renounce the acquisition of the shield. Nevertheless I succeeded in acquiring a spear, a bow, and arrows of quite careful workmanship, and this enlarged my small collection of Papuan weapons. The arrowheads in particular were carved very skilfully with various notches and strokes.

When they gave us a meal of boiled taro, etc., I wanted to find out if the local inhabitants have special *tabirs* for meals in which human flesh is exclusively served. The answer I got was negative. They told me that human flesh is boiled in ordinary pots and served in ordinary *tabirs*. As they were not serving meat today, I was sure that this time they were not presenting me with human flesh. On the return journey we had to pass several quite large and very well cultivated plantations. Obviously the soil here is very fertile.

We returned on board the corvette just before a downpour of rain. From the admiral I learnt that he intended to weigh anchor the following day. I was extremely surprised and grieved since not half the extensive harbour of Prince Alexei had been marked. All the inlets and anchorages near the islands of Riwo, Tiara, Graged etc. — that is, all the southern part of the harbour — did not appear on the map, which had been made by the officers of the corvette *Skobeliev*. I tried several times to prove to the admiral how good it would be to extend the soundings to the remaining part of the harbour. The admiral, however, remained adamant, saying that everything necessary had been done and that a better anchorage than we had near Segu Island was not to be found, and he couldn't possibly spare the time, etc. I was very annoyed that it was not a Russian naval vessel that succeeded in making a complete map of this excellent harbour.<sup>12</sup>

### *March 22nd*

Getting up before dawn I went on the bridge and made a sketch of the Mana-boro-boro (Finisterre) range and the Archipelago of Contented People. A powerful contrary wind prevented us from weighing anchor, so I went to a small island called Malaspena,

covered with vegetation and presenting several convenient places for mooring boats. From there I crossed to Segu Island, sought out Kain, and through him asked the natives who consider Malaspena Island theirs would they agree to give me this island so that I might build a house there in the event of my return. All appeared not only in agreement, but even very pleased when they heard I would settle not far from them.

*March 23rd*

Weighed anchor about 6 o'clock; about 8 we passed through Izumrud Strait between New Guinea and Karkar Island. At the south-western extremity of the latter we noticed several sailing pirogues and after three hours I was convinced that these same pirogues had been drawn up on the beach at Cape Croiselles — this served as a proof for me of a continual interchange between the natives of Karkar and the inhabitants of the mainland.

## The Annexation of New Guinea and Death of Maclay

A careful examination of the correspondence of Maclay for this period reveals considerable evidence that the third visit to the Maclay Coast did not come about as a result of an accidental meeting with the *Skobeliev*, as Maclay reports and as Russian writers have repeated. In fact, it had been carefully arranged in great secrecy so as not to raise any suspicions as to the real purpose of the voyage of the *Skobeliev*, which was to investigate suitable harbours in the region for a Russian naval station. While in St. Petersburg he had been invited by the Czar to the palace at Gatchina to discuss with him and the Minister for the Navy, Shestakov, the establishment of such a station in the Pacific. Maclay was asked to take part in an investigation of suitable sites because of his knowledge of the harbours in the region. In view of the interest of other powers — England, Germany and the Australian colonies — in New Guinea and the adjacent islands, it was important that the purpose of this voyage should be kept secret. It was thought that the transfer of Maclay to the *Skobeliev* in Batavia harbour would scarcely be noticed.<sup>13</sup>

When the *Skobeliev* left Port Alexei (Alexishafen) they visited and inspected other possible harbours in the Admiralties, Manus Island and the Pelau Islands. A month after leaving Pt. Alexei they arrived in Manila Bay in the Philippines. Before leaving the *Skobeliev*, Maclay made a written request to Admiral Kopitov for the payment of his expenses for the remainder of his journey to Sydney, referring to the fact that all his expenses had been guaranteed by no less a person than His Imperial Highness himself. It is obvious from this that His Imperial Highness was also the undisclosed person who paid for the passage from Port Said to Batavia.

From Manila, Maclay took ship to Hong Kong and here he met with some disturbing news. The newspapers reported that Queensland had announced its annexation of non-Dutch New Guinea. This was particularly unexpected in that he had received assurances while in London that Great Britain had no immediate intention of laying claim to any part of New Guinea. Maclay wrote to Admiral Kopitov that what he foretold might possibly happen, had actually happened. Maclay believed that when the S.S. Chyebassa arrived in Brisbane, his hasty and somewhat mysterious transfer to the Skobeliev and the immediate departure of the warship to New Guinea waters had been reported and created the fear of a possible annexation of New Guinea by Russia, resulting in the sudden telegram to Police Magistrate Chester at Thursday Island to proceed to Port Moresby and annex New Guinea.

It seems certain that something had happened after the arrival of the S.S. Chyebassa on March 13th which made the Queensland government take the extraordinary step of notifying the British government of their intention, asking permission, and then proceeding with the annexation without waiting for a reply. When Chester was already on his way the Brisbane *Courier* reported "on good authority that the Government have (pending a reply from the Imperial Authority) completed their arrangements for taking possession of that part of New Guinea not affected by Dutch claims." Australia had been periodically haunted by the fear of a Russian invasion and this irrational fear was nowhere so strong as in Queensland. Even so cultured and sophisticated a statesman as Sir Samuel Griffiths was infected with this obsession. In moving the defence estimates for 1885 he warned Parliament that "the threat of war was no idle one and that it was well known that arrangements for attacking the Australian coast (including an ample supply of coal) had been made by the Russians." The ultimate fatuity was the installation in 1885 of a gun and gun crew at Cooktown to defend the port from a Russian attack. For some time, Queensland had been urging a reluctant Great Britain to annex New Guinea but it could scarcely be expected that Great Britain would have its hand forced in such an unceremonious manner unless it could be justified by the intention to forestall Russian moves in this direction. In fact the British under-secretary for the colonies announced in Parliament on April 16th, 1883 that the Queensland government had taken possession of

New Guinea with the object of preventing a foreign power acquiring possession of the land.

The Reverends Lawes and Chalmers were astounded when Chester arrived and announced he had come to annex New Guinea. As Lawes wrote, "That an Australian colony should be allowed to take this step is to us most surprising. Here is the largest island in the world annexed by a Police Magistrate who comes in a little tub of a cutter. There must be some mistake somewhere." Lawes and Chalmers shared with Maclay the view that New Guinea should not be annexed by any power, but if it was unavoidable then it should be direct rule from Great Britain and not as an appendage to an Australian colony, and certainly not Queensland, which had such a black record in its treatment of its own natives. As Lawes wrote, "nowhere in the world have aborigines been so basely and cruelly treated as in Queensland — the half has never been told — and are the natives of New Guinea to be handed over to the tender mercies of men who have done such deeds?" The Port Moresby missionaries decided that the Reverend Chalmers should go down to Brisbane to see Premier McIlwraith and intercede with him in an endeavour to keep the policy of recruitment of labour from being extended to New Guinea. This the missionaries foresaw as a consequence of annexation. At Cooktown, Chalmers met Maclay, who was on his way from Hong Kong to Sydney. They had almost identical views as to what should be the future of the people of New Guinea, and together they composed a letter to the secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Derby, appealing for justice for the peoples of the islands of the Pacific including New Guinea, asking that the rights of the natives to their land be respected, that the so-called labour trade (blackbirding) be forbidden and for the suppression of the sale of alcohol to the natives. When he reached Sydney, Maclay sent a copy of this letter to William Gladstone "in the name," as he wrote, "of the many tens of thousands of people whose only crime is that they have a dark skin, are weaker and not in a position (at the present time) to defend their rights." At Brisbane, Chalmers and Maclay parted, Maclay going on to Sydney and Chalmers to make an appeal to Premier McIlwraith in defence of the natives of New Guinea. The only assurance he got from McIlwraith was that if they could get coolies from elsewhere the labour trade would cease.

Britain, however, did not sanction the annexation and the immediate danger to the Maclay Coast and New Guinea was over, although as Maclay wrote at the time, "Britain would not want to fall out with Australia over New Guinea and would later on agree to this step under the excuse that it would not tolerate that any other power should establish itself so near to Australia."

Maclay knew that Britain's repudiation of Queensland's action gave only a breathing space and that its independence and isolation could not be maintained much longer. His scientific reports about the Maclay Coast and its people had attracted the attention of other rapacious people apart from the German colonialists. One of these was the swashbuckling adventurer, the so-called General McIver. He drew up a scheme for the colonizing of the Maclay Coast, and in the prospectus, *inter alia*, was the offer of a thousand acres of land for each participant in the scheme. Maclay countered this threat to his friends on the Maclay Coast by sending a telegram to Lord Derby: "The natives of the Maclay Coast claim political autonomy under a European protectorate." This was followed up by a letter to Lord Derby in which he elaborated the reasons for this claim. Undoubtedly Maclay's idea of autonomy under the protection of those European powers who were interested in the Pacific was a reasonable solution of the problem of the protection of the natives, but in view of the expansionist rivalry of the two principal powers, Great Britain and Germany, it was not *Realpolitik*. As Maclay himself commented, "more than once the thought came to me that my exhortations to spare the Papuans in the name of justice and the love of mankind resembled a request to the sharks not to be so voracious." His appeal was supported by influential people in England and produced a satisfactory result. The McIver expedition to the Maclay Coast was effectively vetoed by an announcement by Lord Derby: "that an officer of the naval forces is to intervene for the protection of the native inhabitants of the land."

While on his way to Europe in early 1882 Maclay had written to Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Robertson, the former Premier of New South Wales, asking her to marry him, and while he was in Paris on his return journey he received an affirmative answer. When he returned to Sydney he wished to make arrangements for the marriage, but had not reckoned on the opposition of Margaret Robertson's family and friends. Many months went by and it was not until February of 1884 that all the



obstacles were overcome and the marriage could take place.

The continual delays to his marriage were extremely frustrating for Maclay, for this was the period when the struggle for possession of New Guinea was developing rapidly. In Germany the annexation of New Guinea was openly advocated in the press, and Maclay, conscious of the danger to the natives of the Maclay Coast, felt the urgent necessity to return there. On his previous visit to St. Petersburg, his brother Michael, dissatisfied with life in Russia, had become enthusiastic about going to New Guinea and Maclay had agreed to it, but urged him first to master the English language. Now in his urgent need, Maclay appealed to Michael not to delay but to come immediately so that he could be established on the coast at Bongu as his representative and thus by the fact of occupation give some validity to his claim to represent the people of the Maclay Coast and to defend their right to independence. It was unfortunate that Michael himself had fallen in love just at that time and was also planning to get married and so did not respond to Maclay's urgent appeal.

Maclay still had hopes that the conflict of interests between the British and the Germans in the Pacific region would inhibit them both, for the time being, from making moves to annex New Guinea, but the colonial tide that would finally sweep to the shores of New Guinea could not be held back much longer.

In November, 1883, a conference was called in Sydney of representatives of all the British colonies in the South Pacific region and it urged the immediate incorporation of non-Dutch New Guinea in the British Empire. The Germans saw this as a threat to their own plans and interests in the Pacific. They had already raised the question of the ruthlessness of the Australian labour recruiters. There had been clashes with the Germans resulting in destruction of German property and harassment of German traders. The German plantation owners complained of the increasing activity of the Queensland "blackbirders" and the resultant competition for labour which was raising the cost of recruitment.

In August, 1884, Bismarck opened discussions with the British Foreign Office on the question of the South Pacific, including New Guinea. There was little doubt that the south coast of New Guinea lay within the sphere of British or at least Australian interests, but the

British wished to extend this area to part of the north coast as far west at least as 145° longitude, which would have included the Maclay Coast. The Germans had nothing to support their claim for any part of the mainland of New Guinea, but commercial and financial interests in Berlin and Hamburg had already made plans to include the north coast of New Guinea in the German colonial empire. The financial group headed by Hansemann and supported by Bleichroeder of the Diskonto Bank, who was both Bismarck's banker and personal friend, gained Bismarck's support. In collusion with the German government, they planned to set up stations on the north coast of New Guinea which would justify the subsequent proclamation of a protectorate "over those parts of the northern coasts of New Guinea where German stations had been established."

While the unsuspecting British were negotiating with the Germans over their respective spheres of interest in the South Pacific, the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* was already making the necessary preparations to establish itself on the territory which the British Government was hoping to claim. The Germans had had practically no contact with the north coast of New Guinea up to that time, and to establish a trading station in an area with which they were completely unfamiliar and which was inhabited by hostile natives could prove difficult and time-consuming, and there was no time to spare. Here Dr. Finsch's knowledge was invaluable for the directors of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie*. Dr. Finsch studied the anthropological material on New Guinea that Maclay had already published and realized that there was one area at least where stations could be established without delay, one area where they could expect cooperation from the natives, and that area was the Maclay Coast. With the utmost secrecy they made the necessary preparations. They purchased a suitable ship in Sydney and renamed it the *Samoa*. It was refitted, ostensibly as a trading vessel for the *Deutsche Handels and Plantationsgesellschaft* (German Trading and Plantation Company), which had extensive commercial interests in the Pacific.

When the *Samoa* was nearly ready to sail, Dr. Finsch arrived in Sydney to assume the leadership of the expedition, but let it appear that he was taking passage on the ship in pursuit of his scientific investigations. He went to see his fellow scientist Maclay, then living with his family at Watson's Bay, who, not suspecting the perfidious role Finsch was playing, welcomed him and told him all the details of his last visit to the

Maclay Coast and acquainted him with the words and signs to use if he wished to be welcomed and accepted by his friends on the Coast.

How little aware Maclay was of what was about to happen in New Guinea is shown by a letter he sent to Bismarck soon after Finsch had left Sydney on the *Samoa* to take the preliminary steps that would lead to the annexation of New Guinea. A news telegram in the Sydney *Morning Herald* reported that Bismarck was organizing an alliance with other European powers to prevent the seizure by Great Britain of territories as yet unoccupied in the world. This move was obviously intended to camouflage Bismarck's own intentions and also to inhibit Great Britain from any action with regard to New Guinea before his own plans were ready. In his letter, Maclay appealed to Bismarck "in the name of humanity and justice to move the Great Powers not to protect the unoccupied territories from 'British aggression' but to protect the natives of the Pacific from the shameless injustice and cruel exploitation (kidnapping, slavery, etc.) not only by the British but by all white people in general." He ended the letter by saying that an international agreement to respect the rights of man on the islands of the Pacific would be the right thing. This letter could hardly reach Bismarck before the German flag had already been raised in New Guinea. In any case it was scarcely to be expected that the Iron Chancellor would be in any way influenced in his policies by such appeals. The wily statesman had already indicated to Great Britain that if there was any resistance to his colonial plans in the Pacific, he would embarrass Great Britain over her Egyptian policy where Britain was having difficulty with French resistance to her penetration and control of Egypt.

The *Samoa* left Sydney in September of 1884 with an all-German crew. The ship proceeded first to the island of Mioko between New Britain and New Ireland, where a German trading station had been established some years before. Here some supplies were unloaded and then, as Finsch remarks, "the real purpose of the expedition begins." They set out for Port Constantine on the mainland of New Guinea, arriving there on October 11, 1884. The natives, crouching among the trees, watched silently when the ship dropped anchor, and it was only when Finsch called out "*Aba Maklai*" that they showed themselves and welcomed him with open arms.

Finsch had studied the vocabulary of the Bongu language published by Maclay and in a limited way was able to communicate with them. He had no difficulty in acquiring a piece of land not far from Maclay's first hut at Garagassi and the natives enthusiastically set about building a house, the women and children clearing the area of bushes and stones and bringing reeds and vines, while the men cut the timber and erected the structure, just as they would have done for Maclay himself. When the house was finished, the natives brought a long bamboo pole, to the end of which a flag was attached and raised onto a high tree. Thus, as Finsch reported, "The first German station on the coast of New Guinea was established and at the same time the later German Protectorate . . . The 17th of October will always remain a memorable day in the colonial history of Germany." He continues, "Although the natives hadn't the slightest conception of the consequences of these proceedings they understood very well that it was of considerable significance for them . . . in every face there was joy." If there is one thing certain, it is that if the natives had had the slightest inkling of what it would really mean for them in the future, they would certainly have expressed grief rather than joy. Maclay had brought them steel axes and knives and very useful food plants such as maize, papaya, pumpkins and various beans, and they had no reason to doubt that these Europeans would be as beneficial for them as Maclay had been.

Finsch noted that the land was fertile and he would recommend it to Berlin as suitable for plantations. Before he departed the day after the flag-raising ceremony, a store of coal was put into the building to give some verisimilitude to the story of the establishment of a German station.

Captain Dallmann of the *Samoa* was not entirely satisfied with Port Constantine as a harbour, and they then proceeded along the coast, calling in at Bili Bili Island. Here they were enthusiastically welcomed after uttering the magic name of Maclay and distributing a few trifles to the women.

Accompanied by some of the leading men, Finsch crossed to the mainland opposite the island, where they admired the extensive plantations of the Bili Bili people and appreciated the great fertility of the land, a fact which Finsch duly noted in his report to the *Kompanie*. He assumed that all this rich level land belonged to the Bili Bill Islanders, and this false

assumption on his part later had disastrous consequences for the people of Bili Bili.

Finsch had been told by a certain Friedrichsen that the Russian corvette *Skpbeliev* had charted a good harbour in the region of the present Madang Harbour, and they therefore continued and arrived at Graged Island. Here they received the same welcome as at Port Constantine after Finsch had announced himself as the brother of Maclay, and again the same procedure took place, the erection of a house or store for coal and the ceremony of raising the German flag.

The *Samoa* then made its way back to Mioko where they met the German warship *Elisabeth*, which had arrived at New Britain to establish officially the German Protectorate over the Archipelago of New Britain. Captain Dallman of the *Samoa* was then transferred to the *Elisabeth* to serve as a pilot to guide the warship to Port Alexei (now named Alexishafen by the Germans) where on the 12th of November the German flag was officially raised in New Guinea. No further evidence would be needed to show the complete collusion between the German government and the *Neu Guinea Kompanie*.

Meanwhile, in Berlin the British diplomat Meade was still naively negotiating in complete ignorance of the fact that the Germans had settled the question, and that the negotiations were only being protracted to give the Germans time to complete what they had all along been planning.

The British government, under pressure from the Australian Colonies, had wished to claim the whole of non-Dutch New Guinea. If this claim could not be maintained they wished at least to claim as far west as the 145th meridian, which would include the Maclay Coast, to the natives of which they felt some particular obligation because as the minister said, "they had specifically asked for British protection." Meade proceeded on this basis in his negotiations and presented a proposal that the Germans abandon any claim to New Guinea, offering islands in the Pacific in its place. To this proposal Dr. Busch, the German minister for foreign affairs, professed to be favourably inclined, and in another interview a week later he allowed Meade to suppose that Bismarck himself was equally favourable to the proposal. Great, therefore, was Meade's astonishment when on the 19th of December the British negotiators became aware that Germany had annexed an extensive area of the north coast of New Guinea,

and Meade could only express his indignation at "such shabby behaviour."

The British themselves had proclaimed a protectorate over the southern area on November 6th, 1884, at Port Moresby. It is indicative of the different approach of the two governments to the question of the rights of the natives that in the charter of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie*, the latter had the "exclusive right to acquire as private property any unoccupied land and to conclude agreements with local inhabitants regarding land and land rights." The Australians, however, complained that the British proclamation dealt almost exclusively with the necessity of protecting the natives and said nothing about the protection of British (Australian) interests. The purchase of land from the natives by white men was absolutely prohibited, and it seems very probable that this prohibition was influenced by Maclay's repeated appeals to Lord Derby and Gladstone to respect the natives' right to their land.

The announcement of the German protectorate over the northern region of non-Dutch New Guinea was as much a shock for Maclay as it was unexpected. He immediately sent a telegram to Bismarck stating, "Natives of the Maclay Coast reject German annexation," and on the same day sent the following letter to Czar Alexander III: "Your Imperial Highness, compelled by the unjust seizure by Germany of the Maclay Coast of New Guinea, I have sent a telegram this morning to Prince Bismarck in Berlin, announcing that the natives of this coast reject the German annexation. I make bold to hope that your Imperial Highness will approve this step, which has been made solely in the name of justice and the love of mankind in order to oppose the spread of kidnapping, slavery and the most unscrupulous exploitation of the natives in the islands of the Pacific Ocean and I humbly request the granting of protection to the natives of the Maclay Coast by recognizing their independence."

He also went to see Major-General Scratchley who had arrived in Australia on his way to New Guinea to take up his appointment as Special Commissioner for the British Protectorate of New Guinea. Major-General Scratchley gave him an assurance that the British government not only would have no objection to the recognition by Russia of the independence of the Maclay Coast under his, Maclay's direction, but would welcome such recognition and, following the example of Russia, would recognize this independence of the Coast.

Maclay wrote to the minister of foreign affairs of Russia, informing Him of this support on the part of Great Britain, hoping this would encourage Russia, at least, to protest to Berlin about the seizure of the Coast. He wrote also to the press in Russia hoping to stir up public support. A reply he received from the Russian minister for foreign affairs promised support if his case was negotiated with the German government. It was obvious to Maclay that the Russian government did not wish to become involved in a dispute with Germany and that he had no hope of achieving the recognition of the independence of the Maclay Coast from that direction. The German government indicated that they would not consider any basis for his claim other than as a landowner of Russian nationality on German territory. His last hopes were shattered when the British government, having to unwillingly accept Germany's *fait accompli*, negotiated an agreement with Germany that defined the boundaries of their possessions in the Pacific and informed Maclay that in all matters concerning the Maclay Coast, he should now consult only with the German government.

It was indeed a crushing blow for Maclay. For a long time he had hoped that his plan for an independent Maclay Coast could be realized, if necessary under the protection of several European powers, or at least, of Great Britain. He had promised the natives he would come to their protection and now the worst that he could have expected had happened. On one occasion he had written: "The German flag in the Pacific Ocean covers the most shameless injustices, robbery and swindling of the natives, slavery and cruelty on the plantations, systematic stealing of the native land, etc. Not a single crime of a white man against a black man has been punished by the German government up to the present. This is mainly the result of the fact that the German government has made it a practice of appointing as its official representatives and consuls, the slave owners and the unscrupulous exploiters of the natives. If an honest man amongst them stands up against their evil practices they soon get rid of him." And it was to these people that his natives had been handed over. This was then the final outcome of all his efforts on their behalf. Undoubtedly this final frustration, this collapse of his hopes, had a serious effect on his always fragile health and contributed to his early death. When he returned to St. Petersburg in May, 1886, a newspaper reported on the change in his appearance compared with his previous

visit two and one half years before. "Then he was cheerful with bright eyes and confident mien, now he had grown thin, his face was wrinkled, his look and his gait were tired, his hair and beard were grey. His eyes wandered despondently, but they livened up at once as soon as he began to speak about the Maclay Coast and its inhabitants, then his voice grew stronger and his whole figure came to life."

He went back to Russia in May, 1886, ostensibly to supervise publication of his works, but also to enlist the support of the Czar for a final effort to do something for his friends in New Guinea. The Czar and members of his family had always shown interest and sympathy for Maclay. He returned to Russia via Alexandria-Odessa, and from Odessa he went straight to Livadia in the Crimea where the Czar was in residence. He had two audiences with His Majesty and received promises of support, although Maclay felt that the pro-German influences at the court would be an inhibiting influence on the Czar. As an indication of the Czar's sympathy, the 30 cases of anthropological and ethnological material were to be transferred to St. Petersburg free on the royal train.

The plan he had outlined to the Czar at Livadia was to establish a Russian colony on an island in the vicinity of the Maclay Coast. He hoped to find 10 or 12 men with similar ideas to his own and with sufficient funds to lay the foundations of a successful cooperative settlement. Here he could be near his friends of the Maclay Coast and be in a position to exert some influence on the future of the natives and protect them as far as was in his power. He referred to the island as M, and it seems possible that his original plan referred to an island in the Archipelago of Contented People named Malas-pena. When he was on the *Skobeliev* charting Port Alexei, he asked the natives of Segu about this island which seemed fertile but unoccupied. He said he would like to build a house there when he returned. The natives gave him the island in the hope, no doubt, that it would induce him to settle near them.

He made a preliminary announcement in the press inviting people who were interested to contact him. The response was overwhelming. Within a few weeks hundreds of people from all walks of life applied. The idea of Utopian colonies was very popular in the Western world at that time, and Maclay as a famous scientist and explorer enjoyed considerable prestige. He was convinced that he would succeed in establishing such conditions



and relations between the colonists and natives as would unite the interests of both and in place of exploitation of the natives would secure them from the threat of debasement and degeneration and raise, in general, their cultural level. Alexander III appointed a special commission to examine the question of the Russian settlement in the Pacific.

In addition to the work involved in this new project and in spite of his obviously failing health he was proceeding with the editing of his works for publication. His original intention was that they should be purely scientific, but Leo Tolstoy, the distinguished novelist, appealed to him to publish his diaries in full. Tolstoy's letter reads: "For the sake of all that's holy, set down in the greatest detail, with that strict fidelity to truth which is characteristic of you, all those person-to-person relationships in which you were involved with the people. I do not know what contribution these collections and discoveries will make to the science which you serve but your experience among the natives is epoch-making in the science which I serve, namely the science of how people may live with one another. Write that story and you will make a great contribution to the service of humanity." Answering Tolstoy, Maclay wrote: "I have decided to include in my book much that I had formerly thought to reject until I received your letter. I know that many, not knowing me sufficiently well, when reading my book, will shrug their shoulders mistrustfully, they will have doubts, etc. But it is all the same to me. I am sure that the severest critic of my book, of its truthfulness and sincerity, will, in every respect, be myself."

The commission investigating the project of a settlement on the Maclay Coast continued deliberating, but Maclay did not have much hope of an acceptance of the proposal. Apart from the pro-German influences in the government, it could hardly be expected that the representatives of a more or less autocratic government would want to endorse the establishment of a Russian colony based on the truly democratic principles that Maclay proposed. And, in fact, the commission produced a negative decision. Alexander III, having promised Maclay his support for the proposal, was reluctant to accept this decision, and passed it back to various ministries for further consideration, but the answer was the same and the Czar had perforce to sign the rejection "This business now closed. Mikloucho-Maclay to be refused."

In spite of this rejection, Maclay had every intention of returning to the Coast. A report in a German newspaper dated July, 1886, had brought to his notice for the first time, that the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* had established one of its stations at Port Constantine. Confronted with this, he asked the Russian foreign affairs ministry to bring to the notice of the German government that he had certain property rights at various places on the Maclay Coast and specifically an area known as Garagassi in Port Constantine. It is interesting to note that the Germans for a time recognized his right to this land.<sup>14</sup>

The immediate task, however, was to finish the editing of the material for publication and this was proving a heavy task because of his general ill health, now accompanied by severe rheumatic and neuralgic pain, which sometimes would not let him rest day or night. He was also becoming disturbed by the separation from his wife and family in Sydney, and the expense of keeping them there. He decided to bring them back to St. Petersburg. The journey to Sydney and back would be expensive, he wrote to his brother Sergei, but still it would be cheaper than having two homes. He took passage to Sydney and nine days later, in May, 1887, he boarded the same ship with his family and returned to St. Petersburg.

He had hoped that the sea voyage and the period of tropical warmth would relieve him of the constant pain he was suffering, but when he arrived back in Russia he was no better. He seemed to have some premonition of his approaching end. He wrote to his brother Michael to ask him if he knew the location of the key to the family vault where his father and sister were buried, and he felt an urgency to finish the manuscripts for publication. The constant pain and the exhausting nature of his illness made the work difficult in the extreme. The situation was made worse by the fact that he was compelled to write articles about his travels for the press in order to gain enough money to pay his rent and maintain his family. The anguish of those last few months is apparent in the diary that his wife Margaret kept. She makes repeated references to his exhaustion after working to the limits of his strength and to her despair at not being able to help him because of her lack of knowledge of the Russian language. His relatives wanted to take him away from the cold St. Petersburg to the warmth of the Crimea, but the doctors advised against the journey and on their advice he was put in a hospital. In despair Margaret wrote in her diary, "My dearest

was taken to hospital today. He was so ill, so ill." Even in the hospital he tried to complete an article for a newspaper because of the need for money. On March 31st, 1888, Margaret wrote, "He is terribly ill. I have never before seen him in such a bad state, I am very afraid to go away and leave him alone." On the day of his death Margaret wrote, "I see he is dying. All last night and the whole day he was in my arms" and ". . . my dear one suffered terribly. He was conscious and spoke to me many times. He was in my arms when with a last fearful effort he drew his last breath and that dear holy noble life peacefully passed away."

Nikolai Nikolaevich Mikloucho-Maclay was buried beside his father and sister in the Volkhov Cemetery, St. Petersburg, on April 16th, 1888. He was only 42 years of age.

The widowed Margaret with her two young boys, one three years, the other two, was left to face life in the strange and unfamiliar world of St. Petersburg. The last few months had been a period of great strain. In addition to the anxiety and distress due to her husband's illness and the constant economic worry, the health of the children had suffered as a result of the confinement in the house during the long St. Petersburg winters, so they had also needed constant attention. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the final blow of her husband's death left her in a state of extreme distraction. Before his death Mikloucho-Maclay had indicated to his wife that certain personal papers and diaries should be destroyed if he did not survive his illness, and a day or two after his death she began the task of burning such material. It is unfortunate that she could not read Russian and, not being able to differentiate the relative importance of the material, in her distraught state, she burned indiscriminately everything that was in Russian and preserved only what was in English. The brothers of Mikloucho-Maclay and officials of the Geographical Society managed finally to dissuade her from further destruction.

We shall never know what valuable material was lost in this way. There are many areas of his life which this material would have undoubtedly illuminated. However, we know that the private diaries were still in existence several weeks after his death and there is no evidence in Margaret Maclay's diary that she burnt any more material after that first outburst of destruction. It seems possible, therefore, that these private diaries may

still be in existence in Russia. They do not appear to have been brought back to Australia.

The royal family were perhaps somewhat ashamed of the shabby treatment that Maclay had received from his motherland while he was alive. The Czarina invited Margaret to visit her in the palace at Gatchina. She was given a sum of 5,000 roubles for her immediate needs and for the expenses of her return to Australia and a pension for life, which was paid her until the abolition of the monarchy in 1917. She died in 1934 in Sydney where the descendants of Mikloucho-Maclay's two sons still live.

## Astrolabe Bay After Maclay's Death

In September, 1971, 100 years after Mikloucho-Maclay had stepped ashore and taken the path through the jungle which led him into the village of Gorendu to meet his first Papuan, Tui, a descendent of that same Tui, spoke for a group of Bongu villagers when he asked the writer, "Why did Maclay let the Germans come here?" In view of their limited knowledge of the complexities of the Western world, it was difficult to explain to these villagers that Maclay had done all that was in his power to prevent this happening.

Their forefathers, in their simple unawareness, had welcomed the first Germans, believing that it would be a continuation of the same mutually satisfactory relationship as they had experienced with Maclay. And for the first year or two of contact with the Germans, nothing gave them reason to doubt the good will of the new-comers. In that early period the Germans did not acquire much land. The *Neu Guinea Kompanie* policy of developing extensive plantations had not yet been put into effect, and in the initial period the few German officials and the two missionaries paid for native produce with the much coveted European goods. This corresponded to the idea of reciprocity, the exchange of goods and services on the basis of equivalence, which was so fundamental to the native classless social structure. The Germans found also that the arrangement was eminently satisfactory. For a piece of hoop iron a native would work for 2 days, and they could buy all the native food they wanted for some strips of cloth or a little cheap tobacco. The administrator at Bogatim reported in 1886, "I can again report only favourably about the natives. They behave quite peacefully and seem to become aware of the advantages which the settling of Europeans brings them in various respects." And a missionary reported to

headquarters that "relations with the natives are satisfactory beyond expectations," and they attributed this to "the excellent impression left behind by the first white visitor, Maclay."

As more and more land was acquired this apparently ideal situation began to change. In 1887, the administrator's report complains that the Bongu people were refusing to sell more land and indeed were even offering many pigs and other valuables to regain the land they had surrendered. They were beginning to realize that purchase in the European sense meant the total and irrevocable loss of their land, which was quite foreign to their concepts of ownership. In addition, the German officials as well as the missionaries did not realize that what they considered unused forest and grassland was in actual fact an integral part of the village economy. It served as a reserve of fallow land, a hunting area and a source of supply of forest products — wild fruits, nuts, materials for building, etc. In taking possession of this supposedly ownerless land they were infringing the rights of ownership of the villagers. As Maclay had pointed out in a letter to the commissioner for the Western Pacific, Sir Arthur Gordon, "Every inch of soil, each useful tree in the forest, each fish in the stream has its proprietor. This ownership is recognized by the neighbours." But the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* was there to carry out Bismarck's policy for the colonies — to supply German industry with primary products — and this called for the acquisition of large areas of land.

The administration of the *Kompanie* on the Maclay Coast was put in the hands of a certain Herr Kubary, a Polish national of Hungarian origin with a British passport which he had acquired while on a brief visit to Sydney. He had spent many years in Micronesia as an ornithologist and naturalist collecting for German museums. He had been collecting very successfully in the Caroline Islands for the Museum fuer Voelkerkunde in Berlin when in September, 1885, his contract with the museum was suddenly terminated for the flimsiest of reasons, leaving him stranded on the island of Yap. It is difficult to believe that this sudden loss of his livelihood was accidental. It seems more probable that this was manipulated by the German foreign office. The dismissal notice had come with the visit to Yap of a German warship, the *Albatross*, which was in the Pacific for the specific purpose of planting the German flag on the various islands of the Carolines. Kubary was offered employment as interpreter and guide on the *Albatross*,

and for this he was ideally suited as there was no one with a more intimate knowledge of this area of the Pacific. Stranded on Yap as he was, he had little choice but to accept.

After the islands had been formally annexed by Germany, Kubary and his family, consisting of a half-caste wife and two children, were landed at Matupit in New Britain, where he was put in charge of a plantation. After a time, he was transferred to take charge of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* possessions in Astrolabe Bay and he established himself in Bongu. Later he was transferred a few miles up the coast to Bogatim when the administration headquarters was transferred from Finschhafen. The latter had been abandoned, more or less in panic, as a result of the fearful mortality from tropical diseases among the *Kompanie* officials there.

The *Neu Guinea Kompanie* did not permit at first the activities of missionaries on their territory. They undoubtedly felt that the presence of missionaries might inhibit them in their exploitation of the natives. As one German official quite frankly expressed it, "We don't like to have the missions and missionaries nearby because they are our conscience and therefore undesirable and inconvenient." But the mission societies in Germany were anxious to enter the new mission field and they put pressure on the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* through the German government to permit the introduction of missionaries. This permission was finally conceded, but only on such conditions as made the missionaries to a great extent dependent upon the local governor (*Landeshauptmann*) of the colony. This was unfortunate for the future relationship of the missionaries with the natives. It linked them with the officials and the general administration of the territory and therefore with the injustices from which the natives had to suffer.

The early missionaries were almost without exception self-sacrificing men and women and a measure of their dedication and heroism can be gauged from the fact that within only a few years, of the 20 men and women who had arrived on the Maclay Coast, half of them had been either killed, died of tropical diseases or had to be repatriated, broken in health.

The first missionary to arrive in German New Guinea was Johann Flierl of the Neuendettelsau Mission Society, who landed at Finschhafen on July 8th, 1886. The call came to him when he was working among the

aboriginals in Australia and he made his way to Cooktown in North Queensland to await the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* vessel that was to take him to Finschhafen. In Cooktown he joined a number of German officials also awaiting transport to New Guinea and their conversation was by no means encouraging for this, the first missionary to German New Guinea. One official, Dr. Schellong, expressed the opinion that if the missionaries were to be allowed into the colony right from the beginning, their interests would clash with the interests of the *Kompanie*, and as far as he was aware of the intentions of the heads in Berlin, they were entirely against the activities of missionaries. A certain Doblies, a German missionary who had recently returned from a short stay at Port Moresby, told Flierl of a remark made by the "celebrated" Finsch (as Flierl called him) which was that "guns to shoot the blacks would be better than missionaries."

It was perhaps because of such disconcerting statements that Flierl decided it would be better to dissociate himself from the administration and he moved along the coast away from Finschhafen to a village called Simbang. But it did not at first help Flierl much. The Simbang natives had already taken the measure of the Germans and did not like them at all. They indicated to Flierl in no uncertain manner that he was unwelcome, and they spared no insult or indignity to discourage him. It was only by great tact, patience and persistence that he was able eventually to overcome their initial hostility.

Two missionaries from the Rhenish Mission Society arrived the following year, 1887. Missionary Thomas arrived first and, finding Flierl already established in the Finschhafen area, proceeded by *Kompanie* boat to the next station at Port Constantine or Konstantinshafen as the Germans now called it, there to await missionary Eich. While waiting in Bongu village, he made excursions to the surrounding villages, to Bill Bili Island and as far as present-day Madang. Thomas decided that, although the natives were friendly, because of the scant and scattered population it was not a suitable area to establish a missionary station. When Eich arrived, therefore, they went farther along the coast to the *Kompanie* station at Hatzfeldhafen. This location appeared to them to be much more suitable because of the larger population and the fact that it was nearer to the Ramu and Sepik Rivers, which gave a navigable waterway far into the interior of this mysterious and unexplored land.



Unfortunately for the missionaries, the first contact of the Germans the natives at Hatzfeldhafen had not resulted in a good relationship as had been the case on the Maclay Coast. The natives were naturally at first a little suspicious of the Germans and an initial misunderstanding developed to the point where the Germans ordered severe reprisals "to put the natives in their place," thus ruining for the time being any hope for the missionaries to successfully establish a mission there. They went sadly back to Konstantinhafen where they were at least accepted by the natives. Thomas became seriously ill and was evacuated to Cooktown, recovering sufficiently there to be able to return to Germany. Eich was left alone in Bongu under the Shadow of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* and the hostile Herr Kubary. He thought of establishing his mission on Bili Bill Island but Kubary refused him permission, finally agreeing to sell him six hectares of land at Bogadjim at a very satisfactory profit for the *Kompanie*, and Eich began the erection of a dwelling. Malaria and malnutrition soon began to have their effect upon him, and by the time two assistants arrived from Germany he could scarcely walk down to the beach to meet them.

Herr Kubary, who boasted that he was "the Lord God of Astrolabe Bay," proceeded ruthlessly with the acquisition of land in pursuance of the policy of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* for the expansion of plantations. The *Kompanie* was quite unscrupulous in its methods of acquiring land. The officials superficially inspected large areas which appeared suitable, sometimes merely climbing a tree and inspecting with binoculars, and then displaying a quantity of European goods — axes, knives, beads, cloth, etc., — they offered to purchase the land. The natives, not understanding what was really involved, appeared to agree, and a document was drawn up only vaguely defining the area and magnanimously excluding the village and an undefined piece of land for native cultivation. Each adult male member of the village or villages was required to touch the pen before his name was appended to the document. By such methods the *Kompanie* became the "legal" owners of vast areas of land, although it was many years before any actual survey was made. In a similar way Kubary acquired large areas around Bogadjim for a few axes and some tobacco. The level fertile land behind Gorendu and Gumbu was soon taken from the natives right up to the Gabenau River, leaving the natives of those villages without land for cultivation.

Bongu was somewhat more fortunate in that the land was not so level but had a series of rather steep ridges running down in the direction of the sea and was therefore not so acceptable for *Kompanie* plantations. The Gorendu and Gumbu people, faced with lack of garden land, had to turn to Bongu land and ultimately were compelled to be aggregated with Bongu village, where their descendents live to the present day, still retaining their Gorendu and Gumbu identity.

Kubary had not been long in Bongu before he took a trip to Bili Bili Island, accompanied by three natives from the Bongu area. He had undoubtedly read Finsch's report on his visit to Bili Bili Island and his inspection of the islanders' plantations on the mainland opposite. Finsch had assumed that all this land belonged to the island people. Kubary went to Kain's house, since Kain was the most influential man on the island, and the next morning while having breakfast, as Kubary relates it, he bought all the land opposite, from the Gogol to the Gum River and as far back as the Hansemann Mountains. The "price" agreed upon was some assorted trade goods of small value.

It is difficult to believe that any meaningful negotiations could have actually taken place since Kubary knew little Bongu. He would have had to rely on Kain, who knew some Bongu, and Iago, who knew some Bili Bili language. There is little doubt that the natives were quite unaware of the fact that this land was being "legally" acquired from them, and assumed that the trade goods were just evidence of good will — the usual giving of gifts which was their custom when making a visit.

The concept of individual ownership and free disposal of land was quite an alien one to the natives, and, in any case, they themselves did not own this land. They had been granted the right to use it for cultivation purposes and to dig for clay for the pottery-making for which they were famous. After completing the purchasing of the land, Kubary, together with Kain and Iago, cruised along the coast from the Gogol to the Gum River to inspect the *Kompanie's* possessions. Kubary did not even bother to go ashore. If he had done so and had made a reconnaissance some little distance inland, he would have found natives who were the rightful owners of some of this land.

The following year he went to the Yabob Islands as a consequence of the "often expressed wish of the Yabob islanders to transfer their land

voluntarily to the Kompanie," and acquired the land on the mainland from the Gum River to the present-day Madang area: again land which the Yabob islanders did not own but likewise only had cultivation rights to. He also made a trip along the coast to inspect the land from the sea, again apparently unaware of the existence on the mainland of the rightful proprietors of the land.

After the transaction with the Yabob islanders, Kubary wrote to the directors of the Kompanie that he had now acquired for them nearly all the coastal land of Astrolabe Bay. He had, in fact, acquired for a trifle, many thousands of hectares of land, the boundaries of which he had never seen, from natives who did not even own the land and who did not know that they were selling it.

It is difficult to believe that Kubary, who had many years of close association with natives in Melanesia and Micronesia, was not aware in some degree of the realities of the situation. Assuming this, one cannot help but believe that he was in fact consciously exploiting the good will and trust of the natives, a legacy of their veneration of Maclay. Evidence of this is contained in a letter he wrote justifying the purchase of a piece of land on Dili Bili Island, which he said would be indispensable to the Kompanie's working the lands it had acquired. He pointed out that Mikloucho-Maclay possessed a piece of land there, and in the event of his return (his death was not known at that time) he could exercise an unfavourable influence, resulting in a change of sentiment among the natives — something against which the Kompanie had to ensure itself.

Kubary was discharged from the Kompanie in 1895 and went back to Ponape in the Caroline Islands. It seems to be in the nature of poetic justice that the right to his own plantation on Ponape was disputed, and while on a visit to the Spanish authorities in Manila to appeal for his rights, the plantation was completely devastated in a native uprising against the Spaniards.

In Astrolabe Bay, Kubary left a legacy that was the cause of unending trouble for the German authorities. The natives had been warned by Maclay that white men might come who would not be like him and were not to be trusted, but he also warned that to resist them by force would be hopeless and would only invite disaster. Now, faced with white men whose behaviour at best was unpredictable and often baleful, the only alternative seemed to be to offer as little cooperation as possible without displaying any open hostility.

The loss of land was causing a general disruption of their communal life. The Reverend J. Flierl, when he visited Astrolabe Bay in the early years of the present century, speaks of riding through the country behind Bogadjim and noting that nearly all the level land had been taken by the Europeans, causing great hardship for the natives. But, he says, "It was still worse in the region around Madang. This entire region can be seen best from Nobonob, the station of Missionary Schuetz. Right to the sea and away to the right and left on the coastal plain, one can see plantation after plantation on land that formerly belonged to the inhabitants of the islands of Graged, Siar, Riwo, Bili Bili, etc., as well as to villages on the mainland . . . many villages lost nearly all their land and had to maintain themselves at the expense of other villages who had not suffered so much loss." The Reverend Hoffmann, the missionary at Bogadjim, recorded, "I feel great pity for the native women who, as a result of the loss of land, are compelled to travel long distances to tend their now distant gardens and bring back the heavy loads of produce to the village." But, entirely dependent as they were on the good will of the administrator, the missionaries could not openly stand up for the rights of the natives.

The degree to which the natives isolated themselves from this alien culture can be shown by the report that after several years neither the officials nor the missionaries knew how the natives disposed of their dead, although Maclay had had no difficulty in investigating this aspect of their life. Attempts by the missionaries to learn the local languages were met with evasiveness, if not outright deception. Thus, Missionary Arff at Stephansort near Bogadjim, after three years of continuous effort to learn the language and close association with the natives, had a vocabulary of only 350 words that he could be reasonably sure of. They never corrected his errors and these errors induced further errors. The result was a language with which he could certainly communicate with the natives in a limited way but which bore only some resemblance to the native tongue. It was as if the natives had developed a kind of private language for him and as a consequence he was unable to really penetrate and understand the natives' world. The vocabularies that Kubary and Hugo Zoeller produced show that they had been copied mainly from the vocabularies compiled by Maclay. Although the missionaries had the benefit of this initial vocabulary, it

was nearly 20 years before a satisfactory grammar and vocabulary of the Bongu language was published.

The lack of real contact with the natives made the task of missionaries very difficult, and this was further accentuated by the existence of so many languages in a comparatively small area. It was little wonder, therefore, that after 16 years there was little to show for their efforts — not a single convert in the entire Astrolabe Bay area. It speaks much for the strength of the missionaries' faith, their devotion and self-sacrifice, that they should endure so much hardship and suffering for so long without any evidence, in the form of converts, of an impact on the natives. The missionaries' wholly negative attitude toward the native customs and cult practices naturally did not help in this direction. They condemned all those features of native life — the feasting and dancing, the colourful decorations of the males, the drinking of *keu*, etc. — which did not conform with the Protestant ethic. All this was *heidnische Kram* (heathen rubbish) as they expressed it, and had to be renounced when the natives accepted Christianity. It was, of course, too much to expect that the natives, having had to accept the loss of land and the limitations to their former freedoms, should now be expected to also reject their myths and legends, their cult ceremonies and practices, all of which gave validity to their culture. To give all this up meant that a native would lose his identity as an individual bound up in a complex of relationships which gave significance to his life.

It was natural that both the officials and missionaries condemned such practices as sorcery, the so-called payback system, and the polygamy occasionally practiced by the *tamo boros*. They deplored also the harsh lot of the women in a male-dominated society, although they could not see that this latter differed little from the subordinate role of the female in the peasant communities of their native Germany. There, toiling in the fields was additional to *Kinder*, *Kueche* and *Kirche*, and the role system was maintained by a more subtle but effective ideology than the barbaric performance of the native male cult in New Guinea.

Individual natives, in accepting Christianity, would isolate themselves socially and spiritually from their fellow-villagers and would have to endure such isolation in exchange for beliefs which they only dimly grasped. So, for more than 20 years the history of missionary activity in Astrolabe Bay was an unending series of misfortunes, frustrations and disappointments.

It was not until 1903 that the first native was baptized. He was a half-orphaned youth named Gumbo from Bogadjim who for some reason had been more or less abandoned. He was taken in by Missionary Hoffmann and served as a houseboy. After long indecision he declared his wish to become a Christian, in spite of considerable pressure put upon him by his relations, who even to the last tried to dissuade him. The baptismal day was a red letter day for the missionaries of the region, and they all came to Bogadjim to attend this, the baptism of their first convert. But it was not the break-through they had been hoping for. Gumbo remained an isolated Christian with no influence at all on his fellow-villagers. Indeed, it needed the constant support of the missionaries to prevent him from reverting to his former paganism. The missionaries, as well as being earnest evangelists, were also patriotic Germans who felt that the development of the protectorate for the benefit of Germany would ultimately benefit the natives by bringing them the supposed advantages of German civilization. As Missionary Hanke of Bongu expressed it in his report of 1905, "The Evangelical Mission will stand unselfishly and unswervingly at the side of the administration to make this Colony some day a worthy daughter of our great and glorious Fatherland, with a people whose feet will not run to shed blood but live in Christian decency and custom." They could not escape from the prejudices and values of the society from which they originated and therefore did not take any firm stand against the indignities and injustices which the natives had to endure. At best, their attitude was paternalistic. The Reverend J. Flierl even defended the right of the Europeans to flog their labourers saying, "For what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? The natives are mere children and some of them very naughty children."

The inability of the *Kompanie* officials to induce the natives to work on the plantations was very frustrating for the Germans. But when, at the turn of the century, a severe drought caused an unusual shortage of food, exacerbated undoubtedly by the loss of so much fertile land, the natives accepted work in order to get an extra food supply. The Germans thought that they could exploit this emergency situation to at last induce the natives to submit to a regime of toil on the plantations. The *Kompanie* reports record the belief that now that they had got the natives accustomed to

eating rice they would become addicted to eating it and thereafter would accept work in order to gain this desirable food. Alas, the Germans were disappointed! As soon as the native crops were available again, after the break of the drought, the natives gave up work on the plantations and returned to their native foods. This compelled the Germans to import more labour, particularly when tobacco-growing, which needed a large labour force, was introduced. At one census the imported labour, consisting of 1085 Chinese and 757 Javanese, exceeded the local population. When the market for tobacco collapsed in Europe, a period of decline set in and the grandiose plans of the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* proved a failure, resulting also in a decline in the number of Europeans. In 1902, in the villages from Bongu to Erima there were only 7 Europeans. Around Wilhelmshafen (Madang) there were usually only between 20 and 30 Europeans.

The cumulative effect of loss of land, forced labour and the general humiliating treatment had produced a state of desperation among the natives. Having lost many of their old skills in using local materials for making tools etc., European goods became a necessity, but the miserable wages they could earn or the money that could be obtained from the sale of copra was scarcely adequate to meet those needs. Their miserable state was exacerbated by contrast with the affluence of the Europeans. In 1904, the natives decided that the position was intolerable and that the time had arrived to make a desperate attempt to rid themselves of their oppressors. The officials were quite unaware of the storm that was gathering. The final plan was drawn up during a big cult festival that was held on Bill Bill Island, at which all the *tamo bows* from all the villages from Bongu to the Archipelago of Contented People attended. It was here agreed that the time for the attack should be the day when the mail steamer departed from Madang, for they had noticed that on that day the Europeans went to sleep as a result, no doubt, of the drinking that preceded the departure of the boat. The natives of Siar and Graged Islands were to stealthily cross to the mainland and suddenly rush the police barracks and seize the rifles. When they had succeeded in killing the whites at Madang, the natives at Bogatim and Bongu would do the same. The plot might very well have succeeded, but at the last minute a native betrayed the plot, and the attackers were met with rifle fire. They hastily retreated, one native being shot and falling into the sea.

The frightened authorities reacted with severity. Nine ringleaders were brought to trial and shot. The island of Bili Bili was expropriated by the Germans and the village destroyed. The inhabitants of Yabob and Bili Bili islands were banished to the mainland where an eye could be kept on them.

After the savage repression of the 1904 revolt the Germans realized that they would have to do something about the question of the rights of the natives to their land, which was obviously the main cause of the unrest. The German authorities and the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* decided that it would be very unwise to have the question decided by any legal process, which would then open up the whole question of the illegal acquisitions. This would make it more difficult to have a satisfactory compromise settlement with the natives, who now were unaware of the actual legal position. One of the problems left by the Kubary acquisitions was that no provision had been made for native gardens and village sites. It was decided, therefore, that when the survey of the lands was made, native reserves should be defined, and this raised the question as to how much would be necessary. After consultations with the missionaries, it was decided that a minimum of two hectares for each male would be sufficient, and the reserves would have to be in the coastal area where most of the villages were situated. When the total area required for the native reserves was estimated, after excision of the extensive sago swamps, the area of land left would be broken land toward the Hansemann Mountains and would be quite unsuitable for *Kompanie* purposes. The final settlement of this problem was put off, therefore, year after year.

In 1907, a head tax was introduced as a means of coercing the natives to accept work on the roads and plantations. Moreover, the surveyor working on the determination of boundaries raised a fear among the natives that further land clearing for plantations was on the way. Missionary Helmich warned the district officer that, "The ill feeling of local natives concerning loss of land, which is sometimes veiled and covert, and sometimes openly declared, makes it more and more clear that the resentment against the Europeans is increasing enormously, and that the temper of the people is like a boiling crater. Serious consideration must be given to whether an eruption is to be feared at an opportune moment."



As a result of this warning, enquiries were made which purported to disclose the existence of a conspiracy. A state of siege was declared and guards posted. The supposed ringleaders were arrested and sent to Rabaul. There they declared they had been falsely accused, and they were returned to Friedrich Wilhelmshafen for trial. The evidence at the trial was at best contradictory. The natives admitted the idea of revolt had been discussed but had been abandoned. It suited the Germans to exaggerate the affair as it gave them the opportunity to settle, at least partially, the question of the legality of the Kubary land purchases and the problem of the native land rights. By an arbitrary administrative act, the supposed ringleaders were banished to the Rabaul region and the remaining populations of Siar, Graged, Biliau, Yabob, and Bill Bill Islands were exiled to the Rai Coast and their lands confiscated by the government. The *Neu Guinea Kompanie* applied for the retransfer of the so-called Yabob Reserve on the mainland, claiming that now that the Yabob islanders had been banished, the reason for the reserve had vanished and the reserve should be returned to the *Kompanie*. Even after 1914 when the exiles had been allowed to return, the *Neu Guinea Kompanie* had the effrontery to protest to Australian authorities that the returning Yabob islanders were occupying their former reserve.

The missionaries made frequent visits to the exiles of the Rai Coast, interceding with the administration for their return to their homes, but without success. After the outbreak of World War I, the territory was occupied by the Australians, and an appeal by the Lutheran missionaries for the exiles to be allowed to return was treated sympathetically by the Australian authorities. Permission was given for them to go back to their ancestral territories. After this event the missionaries found that the religious instruction was more acceptable and more and more natives were baptized. The natives also showed some evidence of cooperation with the Australian administration, from whom they hoped for better treatment than they had received from the Germans.

It was inevitable that the cumulative effect of the impact of 40 or more years of European culture would to some extent erode their own culture. The suppression of inter-village feuds and of customs unacceptable to European moral standards necessitated changes in their customs and way of life. An even greater effect on their culture was a consequence of the expansion of their cosmos.

The world was no longer the limited area of the coast bounded by the high mountain range and the adjacent islands which had been their total world before the arrival of the Europeans. Instead, it was apparently vast and very complex. The old myths and legends were now not adequate to interpret and explain this vastly expanded world and had to be either abandoned or restructured, and this restructuring was usually made from material derived from Christianity and the Bible. Their apparent acceptance of Christianity was often, therefore, an adjustment to the altered economic relationships and the expansion of their cosmic order. Nevertheless, much of the traditional social structure and values remained and likewise much of the former belief in magical practices and sorcery. In their acceptance of Christianity there was also the hope and expectation that it would bring them an equality of status with Europeans and a supply of goods which would be the evidence of this equality. When their acceptance of Christianity did not bring about an improvement in their position, their Christianity often became lukewarm, if it did not lapse entirely.

The period of the Australian mandate, between the departure of the Germans and the Japanese invasion, saw an accelerating decline in European involvement and influence in the Astrolabe Bay area. The attitude of the natives towards the Europeans fluctuated between acceptance and hostility, depending on whether or not they saw possibilities of an improvement in their lot, and their indifference and occasional hostility made the position of the missionaries difficult. It was during this period that the so-called Cargo Cults began to flourish. There had been sporadic appearances of such cults during the German era but not sufficiently significant to cause the authorities any concern. Now they became so dominant that missionary activity was disrupted, and the authorities felt compelled to take counter-measures.

To people unfamiliar with the subject, Cargo Cult ideas seem ridiculous and bizarre, a product of ignorance and fantasy. It is not generally realized that similar fantasies occur in all societies and cultures and have occurred frequently throughout history. They are not confined to primitive cultures but appear in our own sophisticated Western societies. The Christian millenarian cults that flourished in the last century, particularly in the United States, and which still exist in the Western world to the present day, are only some of the characteristic

examples of the same thought processes. Within the framework of thought of a particular cult, the ideas appear quite logical and consistent, but are a result of incorrect and insufficient information extrapolated to false conclusions. The cult ideas represent an apparent solution to problems causing tensions in a given society.

In the case of the natives of New Guinea, Cargo Cult ideas arise partly from the resentment that is felt because of their inferior status in relation to the white man, an inferior status that does not seem justified by any essential difference between the two peoples. They also stem partly from the exaggerated expectation of Western goods (cargo) and the totally inadequate means for the satisfaction of such expectations. They have seen the profusion of goods coming from overseas (particularly during the war) but have little or no idea of the complex processes by which this profusion of goods is produced. To them this profusion bears some similarity with the abundance of nature of which they are constant witnesses in the fertility of their gardens, which they believe is induced or at least influenced by applying magic and the correct ritual. In their own egalitarian society, goods and services were exchanged on the basis of equivalence which was assured by the approximate equality of access to economic resources enjoyed by all members of the society. The resentment that is felt towards the white man, whether conscious or unconscious, is expressed by regarding the white man as responsible for denying them their legitimate share of the goods or his withholding from them the magic formulae or ritual necessary for the supply of such goods.

On December 18th, 1942, Japanese troops landed at Madang and the Australians withdrew. The natives were divided in their attitude towards the new invaders. Some Cargo Cultists welcomed their arrival and were prepared to cooperate with them in the hope that it would bring about better conditions, while some natives maintained a measure of respect and loyalty to the missionaries and Australian officials. Most natives remained as detached from the struggle as circumstances would allow. But any good will that the Japanese managed to acquire in the early months of occupation was soon dissipated when the tide of war turned against them, and they became ruthless with the natives when trying to maintain

themselves in the in the region against the increasing pressure of the Australian and American forces.

After the defeat of the Japanese, although the natives had been promised goods (cargo) and better conditions in return for their cooperation in helping to defeat the Japanese, there was a return to the same relationships and conditions as before. The result was that a renewed wave of Cargo Cult ideas swept the area, a development which the administration and the missionaries found difficulty in combatting. As a result of counter-measures and also possibly the failure of the cultist leaders to produce any results, the Cargo Cult has subsided to a great extent as an organized movement, but a basic undercurrent of Cargo Cult thinking still exists in the region and will probably remain as an undercurrent until the social and political situation changes.

It seems probable that now that the independence of New Guinea, which Maclay had hoped and struggled to maintain, is no longer just a promise of the distant future but is now an achieved reality, the reasons for the development of Cargo Cult thinking will disappear. The lack of information and general ignorance of the world will be replaced by the spread of education. The stark contrast between the standard of living of the Europeans and the natives will gradually be modified and disappear. New Guineans, in facing the political and economic problems before them on their own, will learn how to solve such problems by actions which are the product of rational thought and not of fantasy.

Cargo Cult thinking has not been wholly negative in its effects. It has brought large numbers of natives from wide areas together, uniting them in a common set of beliefs and hopes. This is an undoubted gain in a country where the people were fragmented into small, isolated, self-sufficient village communities, and has played perhaps some part in the development of an incipient nationalism. Cargo Cult ideas are also often associated with a reconstruction of moral and social values, values which perhaps may not always be acceptable to conventional European thinking, but are partly derived from their own cultural background and are partly a groping towards a synthesis of their own and Western values. In drawing on their own myths and legends, Cargo Cultists have also helped in preventing the continual drift towards a disintegration of their own culture and its values. Maclay was rightly fearful of this disintegration, which he

expected would follow the annexation of New Guinea and the exploitative processes which would ensue. He had seen such results in his visits to many islands of the Pacific, and above all the results were all too obvious in Australia. There the aboriginal, deprived of his relation to the tribal land and the culture myths associated with it, had become a degraded alien in his own country, humiliated and despised by the Europeans who had dispossessed him. That this has not come to pass in New Guinea is due to several factors. Firstly, the penetration and control of the country was greatly hindered by the incredible difficulties of the terrain; 60 or more years after Maclay had set foot on the coast of New Guinea there were vast areas which were still *terra incognita*. Secondly, the scourge of tropical diseases has inhibited to a great extent the permanent settlement of large numbers of white people. Thirdly, the native has in general not been detached from his land and its cultivation, and fourthly, since Maclay's day there has developed a changed climate of opinion about so-called primitive people. Maclay was one of the pioneers who helped bring about this change. As Maclay expressed it in one of his letters, "The time has come or is very near that the natives of different parts of the world (I mean the dark races) will be treated by civilized powers with the recognition of their full right to enjoy the benefits of international law, and not as wild animals who have to be tamed into slavery or exterminated as dangerous animals." Maclay was perhaps too optimistic in believing in 1881 that the time had come or even was near when full equality of rights would be the accepted norm in race relations. Ninety years after this was written the final skirmishes covering the retreat of the racist forces are being fought: there is now little doubt about the final outcome.

It is now over a hundred years since the natives of the Maclay Coast had their first contact with Europeans. In his diaries, Maclay has given us a picture of the native life at that time in the Astrolabe Bay region. It is a picture of a non-aggressive people, with natural skill and intelligence, living a simple, contented life with a comparatively high level of morality in their communal relations. This picture is confirmed, not only by the first missionaries, but by the first medical officer, Dr. B. Hagen, sent to the Maclay Coast by the *Neu Guinea Kompanie*. He had come to New Guinea after previous experience in the German African colonies. He writes, "Here in New Guinea I have

again found my previous experience confirmed. The savage so long as he is not in contact with Europeans is a harmless good-natured human being, and it depends entirely on the European himself if he experiences evil from him."

Another visitor in those early days of the German protectorate, and no less a visitor than the governor of the colony himself, Von Schleinitz, supported Maclay's conclusion that the general standard of living — although at a primitive level — was quite good. Reporting on his first visit to the Bongu area in 1886, Von Schleinitz wrote, "The track led through a park-like area with good soil. The extraordinarily large and thriving villages consist of about 100 well-kept houses and are noteworthy for their great cleanliness, and are by far the best looking villages that I have seen so far in Kaiser Wilhelmsland. It can be seen by the appearance of the people that they want for nothing, which is quite natural, for they cultivate a large area of level land of good quality and in consequence have food of all kinds in abundance." He goes on to say that this well-being of the villagers was in a certain sense a hindrance to the German plans, as the natives valued their land and did not want to sell it. He hoped, however, that they would not have any objection to the Germans bringing the jungle and grassland into cultivation.

At the present time a visitor to the coastal and near-coastal villages of the Maclay Coast would not find them apparently much different from the villages and their inhabitants of which Maclay has given us a graphic picture. The houses are built of the same materials and sometimes of the same design, grouped round the village square. The big drum or slit gong, the *barum*, is still kept in the square for communication beyond the village. On the nearby beach, the various-sized dugout canoes with outriggers are drawn up beyond the surf. The natives still cultivate their excellent gardens and grow the same crops plus the new food plants which Maclay brought them, and armed with spears, the men still go out to burn the *unan* grass and hunt the wild pigs. It is still very much a subsistence economy. A hundred years of contact with European civilization has not greatly changed the social structure of village life. Apart from the port of Madang, the evidence of the impact of a century of European influence is not immediately apparent. At Stephansort near Bogad-jim, for example, the former headquarters of the German administration, it is hard to believe that this was once an important centre

for the German colony, with extensive cotton and tobacco plantations covering thousands of acres and served by miles of rail tracks. Where is that imposing administration building now? Where are the warehouses, the offices, the European houses, and the coolie lines for the hundreds of imported labourers? A few slabs of concrete are found here and there, and standing isolated and incongruous in a sea of grass and encroaching jungle is the monument over the grave of Von Hagen, the German governor who in 1897 was killed by a bullet from the rifle of a Buka Island native.<sup>15</sup>

Undoubtedly, greater changes will take place in the next decade or so than have occurred in the last 100 years, but to anticipate what form these changes will take would require an unusual degree of prescience. It was, of course, inevitable that the Europeans, whether German or Australian, should have attempted to transplant their own social and political structures on New Guinea. It seems doubtful, however, whether these institutions will thrive under the conditions of independence and without the dominance of the Europeans.

When Maclay was appealing to the European powers for an independent Maclay Coast under the protection of one or more of the interested powers, he drew up quite an elaborate scheme for the organization of an independent Maclay Coast. He had realized the necessity of utilizing the existing indigenous customs and the egalitarian structure of the New Guinea village rather than introducing the political concepts of European society. In his writings, Maclay has described the phenomenon of the appearance of natural leaders or "big men" in the Melanesian communities, such leaders having a necessary role in the functioning of community life. In his Maclay Coast Scheme he proposed that a Grand Council be set up on the Coast, composed of natural leaders who would carry out the organization of such public works as roads, bridges, schools, etc., establish plantations to increase the general productivity and carry on barter trade with other regions. His own position was as adviser and "representative in connection with foreigners." The scheme appears at first glance somewhat Utopian, but recent developments in Melanesia have shown that it was by no means impracticable. The Paliau Movement in the Admiralties, the Hahalis Society on Buka Island, and the Mataungan Association in New Britain, in spite of official opposition both overt and covert, have shown the possibility of successfully mobilizing large numbers of natives under native leaders for communal

purposes. That these movements have developed more or less spontaneously under native leadership within Melanesian society gives hope that an independent Papua New Guinea will be able to cope with the great difficulties and problems of new nationhood.



## FOOTNOTES

1. The parts of the original diary were acquired by the Saltikov-Shchedrin Library in Moscow from a private individual into whose possession they had come accidentally.
2. The natives still tell the dramatic story of how Tui met Maclay. It is interesting that their story, as told from the point of view of Tui, confirms the details of Maclay's report.
3. The letter to his mother and sister was extremely brief:  
My Dear Mother and Sister,  
I am at my destination. I will stay in New Guinea for a year. There is much work to do but I hope for success. Good-bye and don't forget me.
4. Maclay was probably mistaken about the reason for their reluctance to look straight at him. The natives in their stories about him say their forefathers told them that Maclay's light blue eyes were strange and uncanny to them and made them afraid to look directly at him.
5. Guns are still called *taboo* in the Bongu language today. In fact, the name has become general along the Coast.
6. Many of the plants that Maclay introduced have retained their Russian names and are incorporated in the Bongu language. Thus, maize is called by the Russian word *kukuruz*, melons are called by the Russian word *arbuz*, pineapples are *ananas*. Other food plants which he introduced which have a native name because of similarity to plants with which they were familiar are prefaced by the word Maclay. There are quite a number of Russian words which have become part of the Bongu language, such as *topor* for axe, *noz* for knife, etc.

7. The story of his death apparently resulted from a report in a Melbourne newspaper. A trading vessel went along the coast and reported seeing no sign of a flag or the presence of Europeans. A vessel approaching Astrolabe Bay along the coast from east to west would not see Garagassi Point.
8. It is probable that O'Keefe had no intention of picking Maclay up, for it was 17 months before the *Flower of Yarrow* appeared, and its arrival in Port Constantine appeared to be quite accidental. It had apparently called in, having noticed the Russian flag flying.
9. This story about Maclay is still told along the coast. The native story corresponds very closely to Maclay's narrative, including the names of the two men, Abui and Malu.
10. The expedition of the schooner *Dove* refers to a group of Australian gold prospectors. They called in at Port Constantine in 1878. Maclay met a member of the expedition in Melbourne a year later and wrote, "They found my house in the same condition as I had left it and that the door and lock were intact and the plantation around the house had been so well kept that it looked like a garden. When Mr. Peck took hold of the lock to see if he could get in he was seized by a half dozen hands, and the Papuans explained to him by signs that it belonged to Maclay and there was nothing there for them. This demonstration was so convincing that the white men hurried away, as they could see that the natives would very likely put up a defence." Romilly was British Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific and was engaged in making a check of the so-called "Blackbirders." Maclay had met him in Sydney. Romilly in his report of the 6th of August, 1881, writes, "We anchored in a little bay called Port Constantine. I was not able to get any sort of interpreter, but Baron Maclay had taught me several words of the native language and showed me several gestures which the natives would understand. When the native boats came round the ship, I said to the natives that I was Maclay's brother and called several of their leaders by name. This in no way surprised them."
11. What happened to the cattle is not quite clear. The natives say that the bull was killed by their forefathers. They tell a dramatic story that, being exasperated by its breaking into the gardens, the fences of which were only built to keep out pigs,

they set out to hunt it down. Armed with spears, they chased it nearly to Englam-mana where they finally killed it and left its body in a hole. They went back to Bongu and gathered in the men's house where, filled with remorse, they talked about the crime they had committed in killing the "bik" that Maclay had given them. Finsch records the presence of the cattle in October, 1884, about 18 months after they had been left there by Maclay. Von Schleinitz, the governor, reports seeing some of the offspring of the cattle at the end of 1886. He reports that they were in good condition.

12. I was not mistaken — five or six months later a survey was made by a German corvette of the southern part of the harbour. (Maclay)
13. Recent research in the archives of the Imperial Russian Navy by N.A. Valskaya has fully confirmed that the meeting of Mikloucho-Maclay with the *Skobeliev* was not accidental but pre-arranged in St. Petersburg. The original arrangement had been that the naval clipper *Nayezdnik* should pick up Mikloucho-Maclay after he had arrived in Sydney and take him for a rendezvous with the *Skobeliev* at a convenient place from where he would accompany the *Skobeliev* in its survey of suitable sites for a naval station in the Pacific. The transfer of Mikloucho-Maclay to the *S.S. Chyebassa* at Port Said, sailing via Batavia to Brisbane, was made in part in order to intercept, if possible, the *Skobeliev*. This would avoid the delay, expense and inconvenience that would have resulted from his sailing on the *Nayezdnik* from Sydney. Even Admiral Kopitov was surprised when Mikloucho-Maclay turned up in Batavia, as he had only known of the previous arrangement with the *Nayezdnik*.
14. "The former dwelling or rather the hut where Maclay had lived had completely disappeared when the Germans came. The rather doubtful title to the land had not been disputed out of easily understood respect for Maclay although no heir had appeared. A dark god-child of Maclay lived in the nearby village of Bongu." (*Deutsch Neu Guinea*, H. Zoeller, 1891.)
15. Von Hagen had set out at the head of an expedition to capture two Buka Island natives who were strongly suspected of killing the explorer Ehlers. They had escaped from jail where they were being held for trial and , armed with a stolen shotgun and cartridges,

remained at liberty among the natives in the hinterland of Madang, where they became a possible focal point for revolt. When the expedition led by Von Hagen approached the village where the suspects were reported to be sheltering, a shot rang out and Von Hagen fell dead. The two Buka Islanders were able to avoid capture for some time, living among the natives, until a German warship indiscriminately shelled the villages to "persuade" the natives to deliver them up. When their ammunition ran out, the two men were finally speared by Gaib natives as they were swimming the Gogol River.

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## GLOSSARY OF DIALECT WORDS

(Mikloucho-Maclay insisted that he was not a philologist and therefore did not claim any particular merit for the various vocabularies he compiled. With regard to the Bongu language he tried to convey the sounds using the letters of the Russian alphabet. In some cases it is apparent that the Russian alphabet would not satisfactorily convey the sound. Thus the letter 'r' expresses a sound which approaches a guttural 'g.' It is possible also that subsequent contact of the natives with German-speaking people has altered the sounds to some extent. Allowing for all this and the interchangeability of the letters 's' and 't,' 'k' and 'g,' 'd' and 't' and final 'm' and 'n,' which is frequently encountered in some New Guinea languages, it is surprising how little the language has changed after 100 years.)

Unless otherwise indicated, the terms are from the Bongu language.

<i>Aba</i>	Friend, brother.
<i>Abadam</i>	Brother.
<i>Ai</i>	The secret cult related to a mythological monster. The festivities and ceremonies associated with the cult were forbidden to women and uninitiated youths and were usually conducted in a secluded place in the jungle. On these occasions the musical instruments were played and these were called ai.
<i>Ain</i>	
<i>Aka</i>	A large wooden mask.
<i>Alama-amo</i>	Bad.
<i>Amb</i> (Bili Bili)	A cry expressing deep distress.
<i>Aous</i>	House.
	A cane-like plant with an edible flower cluster

<i>Aouye</i>	Good.
<i>Aren</i>	No, negative.
<i>Ayan</i>	Yams ( <i>Dioscorea</i> ).
<i>Ballal</i>	A word, to speak.
<i>Barata</i>	To burn.
<i>Baou</i>	Taro.
<i>Barla</i>	Bench, platform, community house.
<i>Barum</i>	Signal drum, split gong.
<i>Bassa</i>	End.
<i>Bia</i>	Fire.
<i>Biaram</i>	Smoke.
<i>Bilen</i>	Good.
<i>Boi</i>	The planet Venus.
<i>Boom</i>	Day.
<i>Borle</i>	Bad.
<i>Boro</i>	Large, great.
<i>Buambramra</i>	Men's house, community house. (A probable misunderstanding on the part of Maclay. The term is used for a house roofed with sago palm leaves as was the community house. Ordinary houses were usually roofed with <i>unan</i> .)
<i>Bul</i>	Pig.
<i>Bul-ra</i>	Ornament made from the tusks of a boar.
<i>Damang</i>	The constellation Orion's Belt.
<i>Darem</i> (Bili Bili, Yambombi and Telyata)	Men's house.
<i>Degargol</i>	Sweet potato.
<i>Diglan</i>	Thorn.
<i>Digor</i>	Rubbish, litter.
<i>Dim</i> (Yambombi)	Bark of a particular species of tree.
<i>Diu</i>	Plaited braid for tying up and supporting the hair.
<i>Dongan</i>	Knife made from pig's bone.
<i>Dum</i>	A species of small fowl-like jungle bird ( <i>Centropus</i> ).
<i>Dyuga</i>	Cassowary.
<i>E-aba</i>	O brother (a greeting).
<i>E-meme</i>	O father (a greeting).



<i>Gabenau</i>	An animal similar to a large rai.
<i>Gamba</i>	The shell of a coconut (used as a cup).
<i>Gambor</i>	Large container made from plaited palm leaves for holding a corpse.
<i>Gare</i>	Skin, bark, casing.
<i>Gate</i>	Skull.
<i>Gatessi</i>	Ringlets of hair at the back of the head.
<i>Gena</i>	To come, come here.
<i>Gitan</i>	Stone.
<i>Gle</i>	Be off.
<i>Gub (or Goob)</i>	The sheath of the palm leaf.
<i>Gubo-gubo</i>	A chest ornament.
<i>Gun (or Goon)</i>	Bag.
<i>Hadga nangor</i>	Spear.
<i>Hudi (or Gudi)</i>	One.
<i>Ingi</i>	Food.
<i>Kaaram</i>	The moon.
<i>Kabum ani boro</i>	A very large sloop.
<i>Kainda</i>	The name of one of the species of yams.
<i>Kale</i>	A Papuan dish.
<i>Kanum (or Ganum)</i>	Mirror.
<i>Kariya</i> (Tengum-mana)	Ancestral figure carved from wood.
<i>Karog</i>	Nor-nor-west wind.
<i>Katazan</i>	A comb decorated with a fan of feathers worn in the hair.
<i>Kaz</i>	Tobacco.
<i>Kengara</i>	A nut-bearing tree (Canarium commune).
<i>Kere</i>	Enough, finished.
<i>Keu</i>	An intoxicating drink made from the root of Piper methysticum.
<i>Kiringa</i>	Girl.
<i>Kobum (Bili Bili)</i>	Pirogue.
<i>Kobum barla</i>	Platform on a pirogue.
<i>Kobum</i>	Spider.
<i>Koko</i>	The native name of the bird Chlamidodera.
<i>Kumu</i>	Black earth used for decoration purposes.
<i>Mab</i>	Cuscus.
<i>Mal</i>	Loin cloth of bark cloth.

<i>Malassi</i>	Youth of both sexes.
<i>Mono</i>	Mountain.
<i>Marem</i>	Lower jaw.
<i>Mem</i>	Father.
<i>Moen</i>	To die.
<i>Mogar</i>	A species of bean.
<i>Mondon</i>	Afterwards, later on.
<i>Monki</i>	Coconut.
<i>Monki-ai</i>	A musical instrument made from a small coconut shell.
<i>Monki-lya</i>	A Papuan dish made from the flesh of the coconut.
<i>Muen sen</i>	Died.
<i>Muliki (Bill Bill)</i>	Pigeon.
<i>Mulum</i>	Circumcision ceremony.
<i>Mun</i>	A festive occasion with singing and dancing.
<i>Nareng</i>	The bird Buceros.
<i>Navalobe</i>	In due time.
<i>Negrengba</i>	To write, draw.
<i>Nenir</i>	A basket fish trap.
<i>Ni</i>	Thou, you.
<i>Niri</i>	Star.
<i>Nyawar</i>	To sleep.
<i>Okam</i>	Drum.
<i>Onim</i>	Magic, sorcery, a magic spell, medicine. The fruit of a species of tree in the jungle ( <i>Pangium edule</i> ) from which a sour ill-smelling sauce is made, much appreciated by the Papuans.
<i>Orlan</i>	
<i>Orlan-ai</i>	A rattle used as a musical instrument made from the case that holds the orlan fruit. An arrow with a broad smooth bamboo head. Stone.
<i>Palam</i>	
<i>Pat (Bili Bili)</i>	
<i>Rak-rak</i>	A crude boat made from logs not hollowed out. To tie up, bind. Ancestral spirit.
<i>Rocar</i>	
<i>Rotei (Bogatim)</i>	A kind of bracelet made from fibre worn on the upper arm and on the leg below the knee.
<i>Sambo</i>	Leg.

<i>Sanguin-ole</i>	A very large ceremonial head decoration up to five metres high.
<i>Sari</i>	A chest ornament carried between the teeth in dancing.
<i>Shelyupa</i>	A knife made from a kangaroo bone.
<i>Sing, Sing niri</i>	The sun.
<i>Subari</i>	The tree <i>Calophyllum inpphyllum</i> .
<i>Surle</i>	Bones.
<i>Suru</i>	Red ochre.
<i>Tabir</i>	A wooden dish or bowl.
<i>Tal</i>	A house.
<i>Tamo</i>	Man.
<i>Tamo deva</i>	Inhabitants of mountain villages.
<i>Tamo gate</i>	A human skull.
<i>Tangrin</i>	Earthquake.
<i>Taun</i>	A kind of dish prepared from a nut.
<i>Telrun (or Telgun)</i>	A woven string bag worn by the women.
<i>Tibol</i>	A species of kangaroo.
<i>Tyumbin</i>	A flute.
<i>Ubu (Gorendu and Gumbu)</i>	A stone.
<i>Udya</i>	A sharpened stake used in cultivation.
<i>Udyasab</i>	A narrow spade used for breaking up the soil.
<i>Uleu</i>	A sandy beach.
<i>Uleu tamo</i>	A coastal native.
<i>Unan</i>	A tough tall-growing species of grass ( <i>Imperata</i> ).
<i>Uramar (Dili Bill)</i>	A vine.
<i>U-ravar</i>	Circumcision.
<i>U-tib.ol</i>	A species of kangaroo.
<i>Uyar</i>	To eat.
<i>Vab</i>	Clay pot.
<i>Val-tibol</i>	A species of kangaroo.
<i>Vang (Bili Bili)</i>	A large vessel with sails.
<i>Yambau tamo</i>	Uncircumcised man. Inhabitant of the mountain villages who do not practise the custom of circumcision.
<i>Yamb</i>	A bag carried round the neck.

*Yarur*

A shell used for scraping the flesh of the coconut.

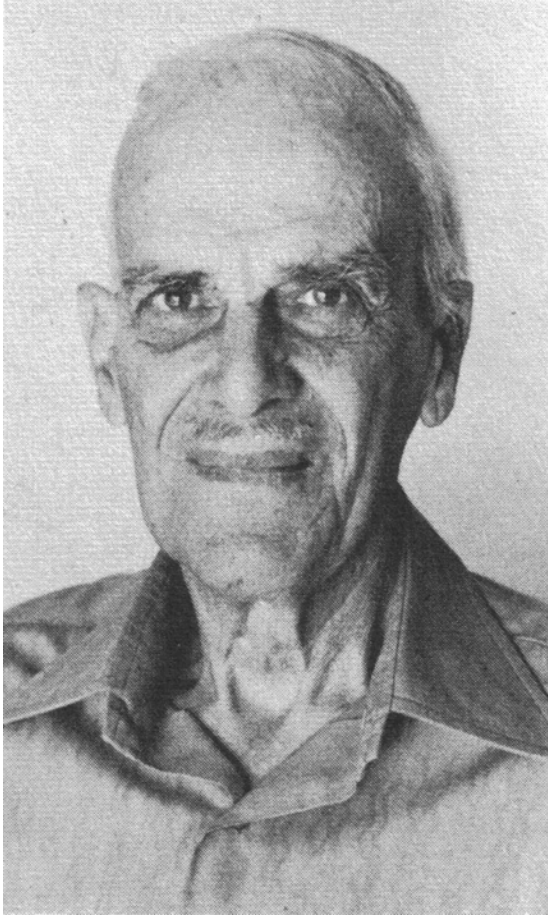
*Yavar*

A west-north-west wind.

*Yur*

A spear used for catching fish.

## *ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR*

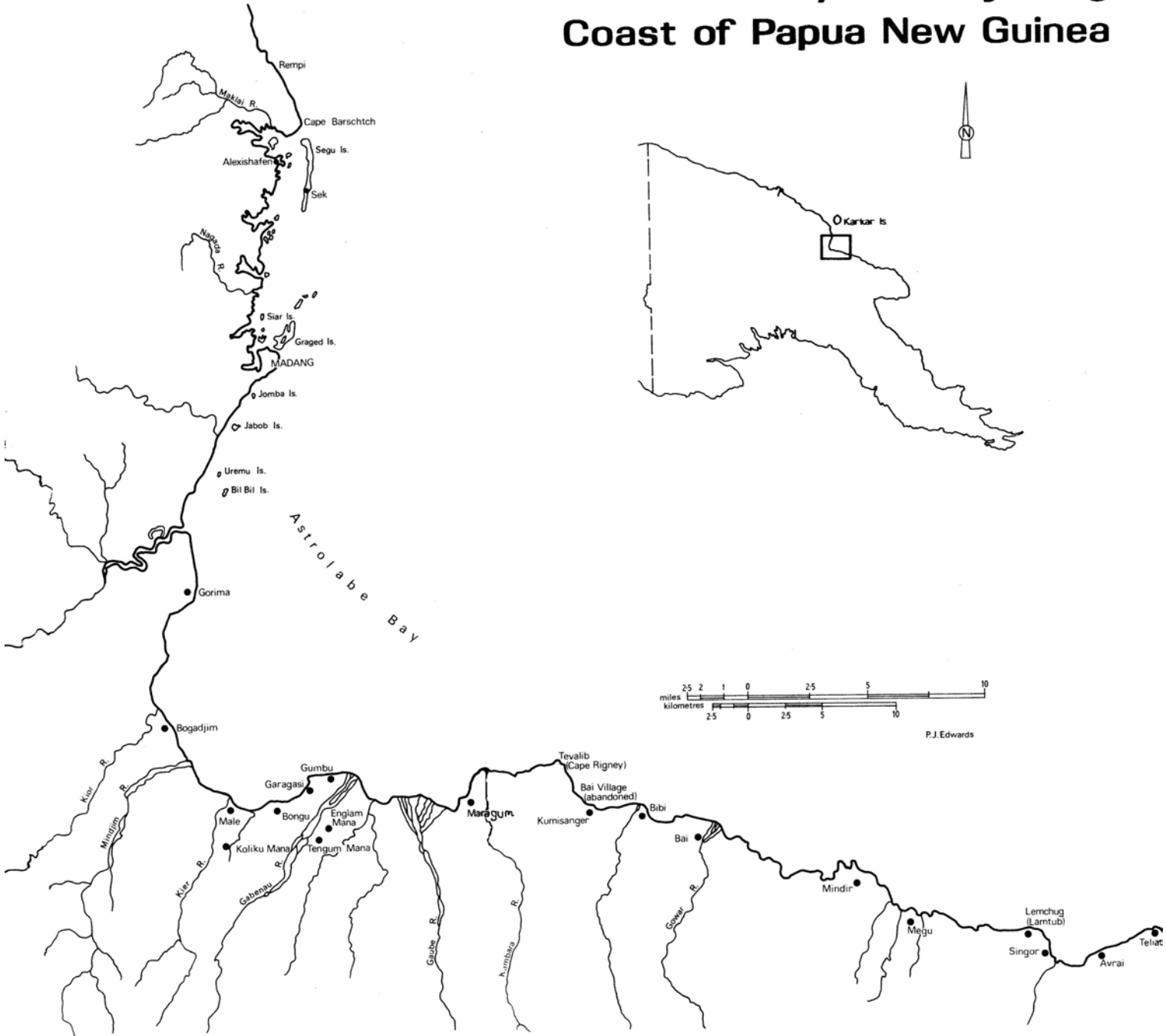


Photograph by Paul Lynch

C.L. Sentinella developed a deep interest in the life and work of the explorer Mikloucho-Maclay as a result of undertaking the study of

the Russian language. In the course of his studies, he came across references to Maclay's travels in New Guinea and Australia, and this stimulated Sentinella to search for any material to be found on the subject. Like Maclay, Sentinella says of himself, "I travelled a great deal and developed an absorbing interest in the human race." After taking up residence in Australia, he became acquainted with the descendants of Maclay who are living there, and obtained the explorer's complete diaries in Russian. His decision to translate the material was motivated by a desire to see "that historical justice be done to a man who has been so greatly neglected." Sentinella passed away in 1982.

# Astrolabe Bay and Adjoining Coast of Papua New Guinea





Mikloucho - Maclay:  
New Guinea Diaries  
1871 - 1883



*Kaarām tamo* — “man from the moon” — he came to be known among the villagers of the Astrolabe Bay coast of New Guinea. To them, the Russian explorer Mikloucho-Maclay, the first white man they had had contact with, possessed such

marvelous powers that he must have come from somewhere beyond the earth. For a total of nearly three years between 1871 and 1883, the young scientist-explorer lived in close proximity to these people, observing their day-to-day activities as well as their special feasts and ceremonies. They, in turn, witnessed his ability to kill birds and pigs with a weapon far more terrible than any they knew. They were thunderstruck when they saw him “burn water,” and they were puzzled when he declined offers of his choice of a wife — even of several wives. Yet the villagers came to trust Maclay, to the point that they allowed him to participate in their cult practices and ceremonies, such as their ritual for disposing of the dead. And Maclay, summarizing his feelings toward the coast that now bears his name, wrote, “... in no other corner of the globe where I have had to live during my wanderings, have I ever felt such an affection as to this coast of New Guinea.”