effective against the brown skin. The heads I brought are smaller than they usually use, but I have seen some colored men of the same size. These are not opaque. They are solid white, nice heads, from Czechoslovakia.

I gave a can each and a measure of tobacco.

I have given tobacco very liberally. Each time we go to a wept I give a measure all around. Each time we have taken genealogies at camp we gave tobacco. That developed into everyone who was here getting a measure.

We gave salt all around 2 or 3 times. Then we discovered we had only one bag. Charlie needs it for his skin. We all thought we had 200 lbs. It turned out to be only 100

We have used to date almost 1 ½ gal Tin of Candy

People all want pipes. Carrytime for doing the washing wanted a pipe. Next time she wanted another, a small one for a lady! I had 1 small one which she is delighted with. I gave her a scarf the first time. Also a can of talcum. Last time a comb in addition. Her friend received a little jar of red ointment. Last time a scarf.

I gave a scarf to Thorea's wife after he had given us a goat. We gave him a pipe, a knife & a comb. He seemed very grateful.

Carrytime sold us a huge goat for £1-10 (after Musinjan asked £2.) while he was away!!

Saturday we accepted Thomas' goat, to have some meat for the "boys" to take to Gaulcha, and I asked Frederick to buy a second goat from Cavitjitue. He returned handing (1) a pound saying the goat was small so he had paid only 1 bob. It was as big as Thomas'.

We are in good terms with everyone. This morning when we went to take picture at group I, the greeting of the women was effusive and affectionate. They crowded around, shook hands, smiled and chattered. Only Sabe is not friendly. She has a habitually disgruntled expression and has been rude if not hostile to me on 2 occasions. Once was when I asked her her name the first time she fairly spit it out at me. Again, the night of the curing ceremony I sat down beside old Gao and his wife at their stem by their fire for a little while. Sabe came, sat down, motioned me away. It was not even her fire I was visiting. I left at once. Today she looked disgruntled as usual but did not snap. She said thank you for the gift and was cooperative about the pictures.

This is Sunday afternoon. It is very hot. The last few afternoons have been so hot I could think of every reason just to sit down. I couldn't think of a good enough reason to go to sleep. Nor of a place to go to sleep. I've tried salt tablets. They do make me feel better. I am better than I.

Aug 10

The camp scene is typical. Bushmen have come to spend the day. At my feet are 4 boys, back of them 3 men, qao I medicine, one Gui and 1 Goma.

Under the tree are Debe (Debie) several other from IV and all the Kankana group - 27 in all. Under the Dodge are 11 boys and men. Two boys played the game for an hour. On the far side of the other Dodge are Thoea his wife and 7 other women and some children.

Under the tree the strange woman, wife of Noshay is playing the harp like instrument, singing softly and moving her head and neck as Indian dancers do. We took a picture that we are not sure of.

The problems of picture taking have come to the surface again. John & I both feel rusty, out of practice. My editing experience has served, as I knew it would, to make me more anxious, but not to make it any easier to solve the problems. John and I both feel sickish over it. It is almost impossible to get enough angles to avoid jumps. The action won't wait. People aren't in the right light. If we move them they lose naturalness and spontaneity. Our own temperments add to the difficulties. Neither of us is systematic or cooly collected. We are so distressingly far from expert and efficient. I say things that annoy John. Then I try not to, all the harder. Nevertheless we had a good morning & interesting shots, though the jumps are not taken care of.

Continued 1 pm Sunday Aug 10

A much better light fell on the group. We took another picture, the harp playing. Then Goesa (Goishay) the strange little woman went down to a flat place and began to sing. The women followed. Soon a dance started - with little boys just then the men till most of them were in it. After a little while the remainder of Group I arrived old Gao bringing all the rattles. Everyone grabbed his rattle, started to put them on. At that point Goese's husband, the young Medicin Man (? one that was in trance at the 1st dance up at Musunjai's kraal) came to say good by. Goese came and several others they set off followed by many others. It seems that they wanted to dance and were all going up to their place (III) because it would be too far to go home late, especially for those who went into trance.

Debe came to say good bye, very politely, and his women folk too. Their manners are charming. The affair ended with a woman from IV + Debe's wife asking for the fox body that John had been skinning for Charlie. We gave it.

Group I deserves the gift now of creatures - if we get any more.

When I was giving tobacco to the afternoon visitors, group II some of IV and Ton-kana people, group I people who had had tobacco in the am. sat aside and did not ask for more. Once when Gao (Medicin Man from I) had had his portion earlier he told me and did not accept a second portion

1 Gam

Bushmen are an appealing people. With the dozens who have been around the camp, ~~and~~ with all our stuff about, here and there around the outskirts there has been no pilfering. There has been a little asking, but no importunate begging. The asking on the whole has been to point out someone who did not get a portion of tobacco, or to say that one lacking his share. Thorea's wife asked for a scarf, which I gave, because ~~Thorea~~ Thorea had given us a goat. They are both very appreciative. She poor woman has an eye malady, which is more serious than aureomycin ophthalmic ointment 1% will cure. She looks ill and walks weakly. Poor little soul.

I noticed today how straight Bushman men's legs are. There are no bow legs at 1 Gam.

The dancing style are different here. Today the men all approached the women in a bunch. Not the usual circle. Arms are held out towards the women. Shoulders are moved in little lunging motion. Each person has a style of dancing. The old women often get up to dance a bit. Goese is the dancing spirit, however. She gives a special fervor. Interesting woman. I wish I could get her biography. I think we must come back to Gum. ~~If~~

If we should be with only 1 Tsumeb and Gam we would be able to study food well, but other matters might not be as well revealed by so few people as they might be here. There is a possibility that we shall explore to the west & find remote groups there who would be even more worth while than 1 Gam.

The party returned Sunday night about 8. They had a Kudu and a gemsbuck. Charlie had used all the ammunition he had except 2 shells and the gemsbuck was not yet dead. He snaked up on his tummy with the shotgun + finished the creature, point blank, having to move when the gemsbuck looked away and freeze while the gemsbuck watched him.

We talked + talked about our next plans. in view of the fact that Thema was away.

9 drums of gasoline was left at Gautscha

Monday Aug. 11, 1952

The meat was taken care of in the am. While Laurence Jo and I conferred. The camp is to be reorganized physically + spiritually. Brian is to take charge. He, + Laurence and he, decided to move the "boys" out behind the store as place to give them a weekly ration have them cook for themselves. Philip, it was repeated, wants fewer people around the cooking fire. I had thought the group very friendly sleeping together and chatting + laughing together. I was completely unaware of any tensions. Frederick helped Philip cook and serve and wash up. I also helped too.

The tent is to be put up and the stores moved into it.

Frederick suggested that we distribute to part of the meat we are not going to use - in small parcels to each individual. We decided to give the Kudu skin to Bebe, the gemsbuck skin to group I. The head to Pigi of IV. the stomach to the head man of V from Kankana, and the meat to individuals. It was so done. I took a bath. Laurence + Jo stood like functionaries while it was being done. I was pleased to have it so patterned. It is 6. the tent is up

1 gam Sunday Aug 10, 1952

John and I took moving picture of Group I
It was a satisfying experience. The people welcomed us warmly. Many had been away for gathering and we had not seen them for several days.

Tuesday Aug 12 1952

During the day yesterday it was decided to stay here for a time. Not to go to Gaultsha to start with the shang going at Thim Thuma, who might not even be there. It was decided not to explore to the west till Preamm & I Nam's ~~return~~ come.

Preamm & I Nam are due to be deposited at Cigarette on August 25. We shall send out for them then. On Sept. 10 or 11 Jo must leave. In the interval between now & Aug 25 we shall work here. Between Aug 27 or 28 and Sept 10 or 11 we shall explore.

This is declared as a day of rest for the boys. We shall work again on Wednesday. We think at this point that Jo and some one else will start to find out about food here. On the whole working in the morning & I shall see Frederick & Igao in the afternoons to work with Debe - on a biography - and I hope to finish the genealogies, and learn more about the formation of a band & the headmanship institution.

1 gam Wed Aug 13 1952

To Lawrence & John started interrogation on food in vm. with Hadenck & 1 gas. They got names of animals which Bushmen hunt, and big animals & small animals. Big animals included ostrich & rhinos. Small animals included pacuw. Then was information about poison given to.

I dressed 1 gui's toe. It looks terrible. It looks to have made no progress either toward gangrene or healing. I wish I knew better how to handle it. The toe was smashed when a drum of water bounced on it. The nail is torn off. The tip still a protruding lump of flesh. It still bleed. When I thought it was infected I kept aureomycin ointment on it. Then I wondered if it should be kept soft till the nail area healed over some. The smashed part looked deep. Now I do not know if it should be dried with powder or not.

Our staff has been moved from the kitchen area. They have made a circle of brush just beyond to the west. Philip has the kitchen area - and the shade to himself. He wanted it so. He did not want to cook for the staff, or have them by his fire. So the staff is without shade except for a few branches & a piece of cardboard. I suggested before Brian & Lawrence go & get. That a tarpaulin which is not being used be offered to them for shade. Brian said "Natives do not appreciate kindness." I can not keep quiet. I said, I differed from that opinion. Then Brian said some thing to indicate that kindness and interference meant the same to him. I told him to drop the subject. He is sweet & patient with me.

When the tents were being put up, Eliz. & I understood that the kitchen supplies would not be moved the following day, as the staff was to have a day off. They were moved all morning the whole staff worked. Eliz. was not consulted. Has lost track now of where things are. Was upset and informed Philip she resigned from being commissariat. What really bothered her was Philip not telling her that Bres was dissatisfied - Instead he told Brian. We have a tendency to organizational problems & confusion.

In the afternoon Frederick & Gas were with us. We took 2 more genealogies of I and questioned Gas (scaly) about people leaving a band to join another. He says any one may go & take his family and others if they wish. The only reason he says would cause a part of the band to leave the rest would be to get food. One has a right to go to the place where mes grand father drank water. (See Notes)

On the night of aug 14 Group IV began to dance & to have the caring ceremony at Midnight. It is the dark of the moon. It is the first dance we know them to have had.

In the morning when Lawrence got up, about 6:30 they were still dancing!

And at about 9:30 a good many of the men came down to our camp and stayed all day. Gui' is back from hunting - And a new face appeared, Bo. See notes.

Igam Mangetti Nuts Thur. Aug 14, 1952

Jo, Laurence interviewing on hunting on Wednesday learned that 5 men from group I were going to get Mangetti nuts next day. They asked if we might go and the Bushmen agreed to take us. We wanted a moving picture of the whole process.

In the morning 19 Bushmen climbed into the Dodge. Jo says in Bushman arithmatic 5 = 19. There were 17 men + boys and 2 girls. Klaa and Khowa. In our party were Laurence, Jo, John, Charlie Brian, Alan Fedeuch 1940-9.

We followed the Gautcha spoor for about 13½ miles (from camp) + turned off it to the left. The forest is due west of camp, Laurence says. The total distance was 14½ miles. Coming back, the distance from the forest to the Gautcha spoor was 3 miles. Going out we followed Bushman directions and turned off the spoor so that the drive, if the spoor was longer than 3 mi.

John had prepared a plan for the picture. It worked very well. It was a day of filming filled with pleasure and satisfaction, with out strain or regret at missing steps of the procedure. It was wonderful.

We took shots of the approach to the forest, landscape, and the Bushmen walking in file.

They were wonderously cooperative - as Tuna had been. They did everything we asked, patiently + well. John asked them not to turn to look at the camera. They obeyed; even when he asked the line to stop and wait till he removed the waiter - without turning their heads. It is a great pleasure to do things with them.

120

10 50

5 x 15 0

4 x 30 120

120

50

6000

Continued. Aug 14, 1952

We arrived at the forest after crossing a ridge, and a hot sandy hollow full of yellow bush. The forest is on a ridge of red sand. The trees are handsome. They have flat tops, smooth gray bark. The branches are very big and round - like trunk of trees themselves inside of branches. they stand We all had a drink of water. I heard John say he had 12 feet of film to run off then he'd need to change. So I sat down to make notes of the shots just finished. Presently I was aware that John & L. had not come back after taking 12 feet - so I set off after them. I heard & saw no one but I found their spoor. I could follow the track of the boots - but I never could have followed the Bushmen track - They went hither & thither, some of them looked like the spoor of wild cats. These were the prints of little feet walking on their toes. I walked for about 20 minutes through the forest before I found them.

The trees are about 50 or 100 feet apart or more. Laurence noticed that the Bushmen did not stop to look for nuts at every tree. He looked under the trees they skipped and found no nuts. Brian says some trees are Male, some female. Which has nuts he did not know. (2-3 skins) (Female - later we heard) There was an abandoned nest under a tree, with piles of nut shells in front of each skin.

The Bushmen picked very fast, gliding swiftly, like shadows, among the trees. They picked bending over with their hands, and sometimes with their toes, as they pick up digging sticks, lifting the foot to the back.

John & Lawrence were breathless keeping up and maneuvering to get shots in the right light. Glass Frederick & Igao were helping. carrying tripod & cameras. One, (Jon L.) would stop to change a film, and trot on to catch up. ~~Several~~

Several of the Bushmen had disappeared. As we got to the western edge of the ridge, we could see across another marumba to a ridge beyond, with more Mangetti trees on it. Part of the group had gone there. The Bushmen called to them. They answered we called to each other. It was like the Mid Summer Night's Dream.

We found what the nets are used for - that we saw in Vergt I. The nets are carefully lined with grass laid lengthwise - and the nuts packed in the grass.

When filled these nets must have carried 60-70 pounds. There were bags of all sizes & shapes. and Karosses turned into bags. When all reassembled by estimation there were some 500 lbs of nuts. There is no water nearer than I gam. at this season anywhere.

We think some had been gathered & left in pile to be carried back on another trip. This may be why they so welcomed the ride in the truck. but they seem to enjoy being with us apart from any convenience we may be to them.

We were back at about 6:30, ~~after~~ having had a wonderful day. We had lunch in the forest about 4 pm. Did not give any to the Bushmen, I was terribly disappointed that the crop of Mangetti nuts may be coming to an end. There were few left on the trees or on the ground.

Aug 15, 1952

Jo Lawrence & John went to Gimp IV - Interviewed on food - Mangetti nuts. ownership & prest. cooking - and Dream - turned up because they have dream of getting nuts. See note.

I reorganized, put stuff into tents, cleaned things - built a desk - at which John & I are sitting with a lamp this evening. With a desk, protected from wind, and with a light, I may be able to cope with the genealogies - if it stays fairly warm.

It is a joy to me to be setting with John. He is working out another scenario. The one he planned for the Mangetti' nut day worked like a charm. He is a precious, wonderful, adorable human being.

I interviewed Igi'si, Gimp IV got very interesting information. He will be headman next. Bo the son of the mysterious Igi'si (?See genealogy) turned up - visiting - or rather having come to join because they lack water where he lives. Bo was the headman with the hat. But he will stay with his wife's people and Gi'si his cousin(?) will be headman [See genealogies. This was very complicated and will be unlocked only by the genealogies.]

I noticed Debe and his wife/Qasa look a little strained as we talked of headmen. Then they left. It was after they left Igi'si told me this.

It was a moving day. The expressions of interest and compliance, willingness to tell me are beautiful. I love these people. Jo said he never saw people in his life so gentle & sweet. He says when the babies cry quietly.

The most moving moments were when I tried again to say why I was asking for the information about their families. I said White people do not know about Bushmen. Bushmen live far away and White people do not know about them - do not understand them. I tried to find out if they have a word for understand, as distinct from teach and learn. Whether they have a word or not I did not find out - but they do understand.

They said they were glad I wanted to understand them, and they were glad to tell me. Nobody had ever tried to understand them before. Their expressions as they said this gave me still greater affection for them. The men who said this were the strong virile gui gI, and the handsome gi!gae in his 20's, married 3 times, and Bo, his cousin, here for the first time, and the other gui with the wide apart eyes.

Gao (scay) gI who had been our guide to the Mangetti nuts was listening. I met his eye and he smiled a little understanding, sympathetic smile.

Gao at I had said to go a similar thing. That he was glad to have no learn about Bushmen law and custom - but he would not want anyone to try to change these customs.

Jameneo asked Gao (scay) to go to Kai Kai to find Tuma - 37 miles each way. He agreed to go - said it would take 2 days. We gave him an old Kudu leg for the journey.

Igam (gum) Fri Aug 16, 1952

Jo and Laurence are undertaking to find out about the food situation here at Igam. They began by interrogating at Group I this am. The arrangement is that they will have Tredeuch and Igao in the mornings; I will have them in the afternoons. Jo had fun asking the animals they hunt. They gave a list of large animals which include ostriches + a list of small animals which include paonw. They became most excited talking about killing rhinoceros. But it turned out that no one of the group had ever killed one. They described how they run down animals; how they only snare ostriches. There is a different technique for eland from other bucks. See note.

They ask an old wise woman if they are going to have luck in the hunt or the Mangetti gathering. We must learn more about this.

There is so terribly much to do. I can not prove feeling anxious not to be getting more done per hour. I wonder about changing our pattern to achieve greater efficiency. We are all dependent on Tredeuch and Igao. John needs them. Jo + L. need them and I need them.

Sat Aug 17, 1952

I have not kept up my diary. A diary not written daily is useless. Everything evaporates to nothing.

Elizabeth + Brian went hunting. Brought back a kudu. They went to Nami. Also brought back 1/2 a (our 1/2 cow of last year) Billing will be made. a project of Brian's.

Sunday Aug 17 1952

There was meat left from the bellow making. I distributed it; arranged it in 6 piles. People from 6 groups were here. I gave a pile to each group, explaining in a speech, which Thoma translated dramatically, that I wished to be fair - that I wished some of the meat to be given to each person. Debi (IV) answered quite formally that I should rest assured that this wish would be carried out. So I gave a pile to him, and one to !Qu'gae the headman of II; one to !Gui who was here from group I; there was a pile for the !!Gmi!gana men, group V; and for group III Nau Nau took a portion; Qui!Gui and Di!ai and !!aa had portions; and Thoma had a portion for himself, his wife and three boys. The affair went smoothly. Everyone was pleased.

Lawrence, John Eliz. Frederick, Joe and I Carl went to Gautscha to be gone overnight. This was to see Thoma again and to tell him that we were coming in about 2 weeks. He agreed to our plans. He will live near us and not expect food, will let us take hunts and anything we want.

The plan is to stay at !Gam till Pieaan & !Nami are picked up at Cigarette. Then all to move to Gautscha. We send for Pieaan & !Nami on Aug 15. The party will be back in about a week.

Monday Aug 18 1952

Brian is taking an interest in the digging for water hole at !Gam. One David, a Herero, is digging on his own. He has been on. He has dynamite from the government. Beckmann has helped from time to time on it and is having another go. It is about 40 feet deep. I hope John will write a description of them setting a blast in the small 40' hole

then unwinding up the last man as fast as they can while the fuse sputters. "Hairy" he calls it. They have not got water. Brian offered to help - and that plunged him into a gam. From that he undertook to interrogate Kaurutjitue, the Herero wife of Musunjan, the Bechuana headman. He is at heart an ethnographer. He has David with him. The Herero boy who helps Philip. They had not got on well, Brian & David, but this sally into ethnography together may make them friends. Brian does not know that David complained about him. Brian is very fair & very good hearted. He just feels responsibility for keeping the pattern of apartheid - and not letting any thing get out of hand - so he shouted at David a couple of times over little things that David felt unjustified. But they may draw together now. Brian says David is more intelligent & better educated than he supposed & quite adores him. They are a handsome pair. both magnificent young men, each 6'2 or 3" One so very black, one white skinned blue eyed with dark brown hair.

Tuesday Aug 19 1952

Preparations for the trip & cigarettes are being made. I went in working on genealogies. Laurence used Dedrick and I go Monday & Tuesday to learn about where the groups go in the summer. What areas they consider their own. What groups join each other. How & where they are in the dry season and who is together & why. He has a map now. The tent blew down in the wind & the redjo pole fell on Jo's head. I almost fainted from anxiety. He lay down with a cold towel on his head and in a couple of hours was up & right.

Wednesday Aug 30

Go Lawrence & I Frederick & Gao started in group V
Went to the weft - with Charlie. Charlie is
making a map of where the groups live in
relation to the water hole and maps of the
wefts. We found the place near IV &
found all but the old headman away - out
hunting & food.

I forgot that it was last night Tuesday
that there was a dance at III. We all went
at about 9:30 stayed till Midnight. It
was a social dance. No curing ceremony
The dancing was not the most lively - but the
dancers enjoyed themselves.

Suddenly in the midst of the group I saw
Nugka. Then old Gao came up to shake hands
with us. They are back from Kai Kai, and say
they are going to Gautscha.

Some of the people of II came to the dance,
the old woman who is the headman's wife
Khuan Ila was an apparition. She had on a
long, much too big red dress. Many beads, and
a kirtan with a feather.

It gives me a deep emotional pang to
see Bushmen in European dress. I feel it as
sure sign away their integrity dignity beauty, capabilities
wonderful adaptation, knowledge, greater than
and - independence and freedom and relating them
to the bottom of a culture they are utterly inept
in - in which they have no status, no knowledge
no competence.

At group III, the group that works for Musunjan, the young men want to work for others, and to enter either the Native or European civilization.

Qui for instance, (our guide Day & Dilai), is related to group I. Qao of I told us that the group separated. Those who wanted to work for Musunjan did so. The rest wanted to live the old way. It was Qao who said he did not mind our asking questions, but did not want anyone to try to change their customs.

Qui when gone as guide to cigarette before he went he asked for clothes - saying it was so cold riding on the trucks. We gave him - it will be his wage for the trip - a pair of dungarees and a T shirt of johns. He was very pleased put them on at once - and immediately looked like a very small underdeveloped Native. I am not taking a sentimental position about this in that I think they should not make this transition, nor have I any expectation that they will not do so gradually, more or more. It just symbolizes to me the hardships ahead of them that they know nothing about.

If they think white are like us what a shock is ahead.

If we were black skinned or even brown and had a choice as to where to live on the face of this earth where would one go?, the Kalahari?

Debe (IV) is squatting beside me as I write. As though he read my thoughts he said in his indescribably quiet voice like the lapping of water or the swish of a breeze - that he hoped I would give him a blanket or a shirt or pants - as I gave to Qao and Qui.

The giving at 1 gum has been fairly simple. We give tobacco when we go to the wells to every one present. And we give it at the camps too - So there is tobacco supplied daily. We gave 1 ½ 5 gal tins of candy + salt - till we found we didn't have enough for Charlie's skin + had to stop.

The response is gratitude and polite expressions there is little begging. Debe asks for a bit more. When I refuse he chuckles. It is never difficult to refuse. They seem to accept refusal with understanding + resignation. There is never any clamour or insolence.

There has been no more about our giving food after it was explained to each group that we cared not. We said several times to different people that we did not know how to get veldkos. That we would not in any case want to take any of their food supply. We had to bring all our food. The trucks carrying so much. The food must last us a long time. So the question does not come up any more. I said in the diary did I? When we first came that the administration people going through had told the Bushmen to stay here to answer questions we would ask. and that that led them to expect that we would give food. Also they had heard about our arrangement with Tsumeb last year. So they stayed till they were entirely out of food. It is understood now. The groups go every day for food, come back for water and tobacco. The first morning back they come here for tobacco.

The pattern appears of each group going every 3 or 4 days to gather or hunt. They stay away 2 or 3 or 4 days. They must come back for water. There is no water in the areas they go to. There is no food supply very near Gun. So they must go back & forth.

Did I say that Qao the headman of I said "Ll Gawa did not give Bushmen gardens so they must wander over the whole earth to find food."?

Thursday - Aug 31

The party left early in the morning for Cigarette. Those who went are. Jo Elizabeth Brian, Charlie, Carl David & Gui (guide) They are going to take some one from Thomas Group as guide.

It takes so much energy to live this life. I am tired thinking of them travelling over the bumps, through the sand. They all seemed to want to go. Eliz. didn't have to, just wanted to. She will work on the trip. She throws herself into this life

Lawrence John & I went to I in the morning. We interrogated & John got more movies.

A new aspect opened up. It seems each band has a name. A whole job needs to be done to understand this. The names are for places with which the band is identified. One is called "Kudu Nose". another "There are lots of a certain tree there". Kudu Nose refers to something in the land scape. Now - does a man say he is a Kudu Nose, or that he comes from Kudu Nose. Do sons / daughter take the place name of their fathers or mothers? Does a man or woman coming by marriage

into the band. Keep his own place name & take the bands? That he joins leg manuge.

Gum is a gold mine for working at information — there being so many different groups to check information with. I wish we were more efficient. I am choked by the amount we do not get done.

John is desperate about his picture. He has put much work into planning on his camera etc. and is held back by not having the importer. He must have them. There are only a few days left. And I haven't got the genealogies & V or anything on the place names. Oh me.

In the afternoon we went to group II. It has been covered with stereo but not movie.

When we thought we were going to be here only 10 days or 2 weeks we planned not to make a movie study. As the place opened story to us and we found how intensely interesting & rich it is and wanted to stay on — we still had a short time in mind, thinking at one point we were going to move to Gautscha before the cigarette trip. So we never got a well concerted plan established & John kept getting left out. Now he is launched in a movie study. So group II was to have story put on to film — skarns, types, individual doing their normal things — what ever implements object turned up to the good.

We arrived in good time after lunch — very hot. And found the wept empty. Nothing looks more deserted than an empty wept. The wind blowing the grass off the skarns.

The Arero bog — Kovitjitue's

son - not by Musunjan - was near. Fourenormous oxen were grazing through the weft - the huge one with the great horns. The boy said the group left that morning to go to Kai Kai - that they were hungry & there is not enough food around here.

My mind flashed back to the afternoon before. A number of group II people had been here sitting in the shade of the tree which shelters the camera box - as is the wont of our countless Bushman visitors. They sit all day, chatting, napping, waiting for tobacco. Never bothering us. I had interrogated a group V. person - it was old Toma - and about one of the group, which after 1½ hours turned out to be his brother! I was exasperated. The questioning got muddled. They were - as happens frequently - answering the question about one person, whereas I was asking and putting down the answer about another person - of the same name, of course. It is easy to see how this happens. And when it is all over the pattern appears - and one sees at once what the mixup is. But here the time was. It was sunset here. I gave the tobacco. All the II people had sat listening, putting in a word now & then - as though enjoying it. These visitings to the camp - every day there are up to 50 people around us - are like going to the theatre to them. Interesting things to see - a variety to a life otherwise without much variety.

* Insert. p. 124

The last to receive treatment were |Qaishas ~~Qase~~ and Tsa. |Qaishas ~~Qase~~, mischievous and laughing lightly, came to me, lay down at my feet with a languishing gesture, clowning, to the amusement of everyone. I said "Ah." Everyone laughed. I put the ointment in tenderly. Then Tsa threw himself down the same way. The laughter heightened. For Bushman this apparently seemed to be funny in the same way that it is funny to us. The incongruity of the languishing gesture to me, an old white woman - and the repetition of it. ~~Two~~ A third repetition was not made. It would not have been funny 3 times.

After the tobacco had been given all around, a woman pointed to her eyes - a group of women. They were inflamed. I got the aureomycin opthalmic ointment put some in. And then other pointed to their eyes. With my glasses on I pulled down the lids. There evidently was an infection going around through the group. People came up to me where I was squatting & squatted near me. Or I went from one to another. One baby cried. I left it - went on to other people and then came back. The father & mother held it and I put the ointment in. I'm becoming quite deft. It wasn't too bad a struggle. Then the next 2 babies in their mothers arms let me put the ointment in without a whimper - bless their trusting, accepting little natures. Insert *

When every one prepared to leave they each came to me, smiling, shaking hands making the parting - or greeting - gesture, the extended hand moved up and down. I thought it was a specially ardent leave taking because of the eye treatment.

And ~~tho~~ on Thursday afternoon we found it had been the final good bye. I would not have been so nonchalant & cheerie if I had known. I waved them away so happily - having fixed their eyes. I wonder if we shall ever see them again - the quiet old Guizar who when he came here always sat alone. His rather plump wife; the cheery affectionate Gaisday Isabel, the

dignified quiet smiling handsom. Go the headman's son.

How free Bushmen are, to pick up their belongings and go. How together they are. I visualize them walking together over the burning hot miles to Kai Kai, 37 miles. Two days with women & children one must sleep a night when one travels to Kai Kai with women and children. When they get there they will be together, all their belongings with them. There is ample water at Kai Kai - and is food more easily available? They will see. There are many Bushmen gathered near the water of Kai Kai.

Group II has relations there. The Gaishay ~~Gase~~ & his family who left to live with their daughter & her husband are there. Perhaps the word came back that food can be found. Perhaps they just want to visit. The Herero boy said it was to find food they left. I doubt if they would leave us and our cherished tobacco for a lesser reason. Perhaps they expect to stay for a while and return - but we shall be gone. Well - we have had a good time together. I mean good time literally and exactly, not the cliché.

We were with II less than with I & IV. One has ones favorites. What brings about ones feeling of favorites is closeness. Communication. I feel very near to Bebe, a glance, a gesture, a few words Neuth I no understands, but we have been near each other. The tone of voice says so much. I feel near I as a group because we are the closest neighbors - but in addition to that I have become very much interested in the mild young head man, sad, & who does not want his customs changed, and led the

schism of his group — Gao and his present group, not wanting to join the Bechuana - Herero life.

The interrogation - hated word - the Talk we had on Menstruation and the blood ceremony was very moving to me. It was Thursday morning — before we came to the new aspect of the place-group (?) names.

To go back. On Wednesday there had been a woman & two girls arrive - decorated with red powder and fat. Their hair covered & quite red. Marks on the faces of the 2 girls. Here is an example of the problems of notes vs diary. I have a long account of this in the notes. Can't take time to put it down twice. Am proceeding, as last year, roughly, to put down what I think & feel in the diary, data in the notes. It gets mingled, and there is some of each in both. It is going to be a fearful job to write up this material. The woman was the wife of Nai si IV ! Huga. With her daughters ! Khoa' ! Hoa about 10 and 12. One never knows the ages. 10 + 12 means they are not 2 or 30. They with ! Nai si came to squat at my tent, away from the general crowd of 30 or so already gathered by breakfast time. I had no hesitation to plunge into the question of menstruation - thinking the decorating might have to do with the ceremony of the 1st menstruation. Frederick as he interpreted and ! Gao were both very dignified. Their tone of voice was different - respectful, hushed. The Bushmen were perfectly composed and dignified. To me was embarrassed.

* The Mulins used a red stone. We heard Bushmen used a red powder from a tree. The interview brought out. that the powder from a tree was used to rub on the Kaross not to put the marks on the face. Check all this. Yes, see notes. The stone is used for the face markings. the tree powder is for the Kaross. See vocab.

See the stone
where procured
why the stone - not the powder. on faces

—

Bushmen do not buy n sell -
Trade
Infant acide

I shall not hesitate to ask about any subject what so ever. I just need time - everything else is open.

Well the decoration - poor word for it - is made with a powdered "stone". It is done to keep sickness away. The same marks are used in the Menstruation ceremony. She showed us how they are put on - answered all my questions about the ceremony. There arose an indication of a kinship pattern - because the Mother + the Mother's sister may not speak to the girl or touch her during the 3 day period before she is purified? (Is that the concept?) Much to learn yet!) The Mother's Mother or father's Mother may take the girl & the bed to purify(?) her, or the Mother's brothers wife (check this in the notes + by other informant) or if the girl is with her husbands group - or if the Mother is + the daughter has done of the above relation the husband's sister may perform the ceremony. This raises many questions. I asked Gao to (headman) some of them. I wanted to go on with the subject here before going to Gaulicho for several reasons. The talk led to a depth of concepts and ceremonies. Gao is philosophical and reverent and a believer. Would we could stay longer with him. I don't think anyone in Tama's group has his depth. Gao (you) - the median man is reverent maybe. He is simple. But he is not very intelligent or philosophical

Frederick was respectful and dignified again about Menstruation. I learned from Qao (Uhupole) that Bushmen have two words for Menstruation - one "not to shame the girl" and the real word. More to learn about this - i.e. what the words say. Qao does not know of the phrase we heard last year "to stand in a bush".

But when we got onto the blood ceremony Frederick laughed with Lameness (Ims) some crack about 11gawa. Lameness had not meant to be fetishism - but he laughed. I implored and insisted that they do not. I said it was of primary importance. I'd said all this before. The blood ceremony is in the notes. There is still much to learn. Qao says before one can eat blood one must have the ceremony performed 3 times. Blood is mixed with medicine - by the oldest man. (But it must also be a Medicine Man because he said the Medicine was given in the dance and gestures as the Medicine Man (Qotem) the Medicine is given by 11gawa during the dance to the Medicine Man. It is not a stone or a tree. It is like needles of rain, glimmering. The needles go into the Medicine Man's ~~stomach~~ belly and he (draws) ~~lies~~ them out when he needs them to use in the ceremony. Qao when he told us this spoke in a low reverent voice, like some one who might describe diving a lion, the Virgin.

In the evening John & Lameness and I (three) by the fire about moving pictures, the miracle, Mice & Men, Grapes of Wrath. the Bicycle thief. the Edinborough Festival - realism, Zola, shoes & ships and sealing wax, cabbages and kings.

The Myth of Karibib
Mantis

Saturday, Aug 23 1952

I neglected the diary and have written a poor Melange (Aug 16 to Aug 23) today. At this moment I am by the fire, with the smoke whirling slowly around. I've moved four times.

Spring came. The temperature today was 93 at 2 p.m. Yesterday it was 97. The heat yesterday brought all the insects out - of a sudden. A mantis dined with us. a yellowish brown one - a brownish yellow - about 2½ inches long. He appeared on the edge of the table. Stared at us, motionless, fearless. I moved, his gaze followed. I was reminded of the Komodo Dragon's stare before he leaped. Faster than sight the mantis pounced - not at me, but at a bug that passed. And we watched it eat the bug. Its large black eyes staring still at me, it held the bug in its short front claws like little arms + hands. It ate deliberately and steadily, first a wing, then the legs of the bug, chewing them up and up, like spaghetti. It then ate the body. Nothing was left. After that it took a strange jerky walk over the table. Small bugs and big bugs abounded. The mantis had had enough and paid no attention to them.

There are things like ants - but mammoth. As a "big rig" to an Austin. A paradise for entomologists, I should say. Our conversation turned upon tents and mosquito nets.

Lawrence had been exhausted today. He took a long nap in the morning, snoring beside me. While we had the menstruation talk, waking occasionally to make a remark - exactly to the point, as if he had been listening all the time. I do think Lawrence's subconscious is more active and stronger than mine. He took a nap in the afternoon and yawned away to bed at 8:30.

Today I was the one who suffered. I am usually

not overcome by heat or cold. Wind tearing my paper is a strain - but not temperature - except extreme. Can't work at night if it is too bitter - cease to want to work — well today, though it was only 43. I gave up. We had been photographing IV. John was photographing the going for water & the coming from the water hole. All the women & some men were away at the water hole. We waited for their return, past noon - and towards one got the sequence - the line coming through the brush with the weight carrying the skin bags prevalent here - the bladders or stomachs of animal distended with water translucent in the sun. Pots & tin cans were green, light, hung standing up - in them to keep the water cool & to keep it from spilling. Good shots. But I got holter & hotter. When we returned to camp I lay down. I feel like a tube of tooth paste with the top on, being pressed, while wrapped in flannel in an oven. And this is only very early spring - mid august. Mid summer is December 31 - four months further into heat. Hum. We may have to just keep ourselves alive during the mid day heat. Not try to work. We shall institute a siesta. I didn't think as much about heat as cold - expected longer cold. Have not balanced the clothing / well for so much heat.

The Nylon shirts are a blessing. With nothing under them they are as light as shade likely open and cool. I have only 1 that is not transparent. I hope I don't rip it on thorns.

Tonight I am by a fire with a sweater & jacket on but it is not very cold. Only about 60. Must be the contrast.

Spring came in the middle of the night. Mid Jan gradually climbing up from our 23° or 25° into the 30°

and into the 40's. A couple of nights ago I realized that I was too warm in my socks, bonnet, scarf, sweater, two pajama pants, down bag - 2 blankets + the canvas.

Spring - but nothing is green. The grass has faded from gold to lemon. The grey twigs, the brush to silver, the thorns to white. The winds are hot and dry. They whirl the thick soft grey dust we camp in into our mouths, on eyes, our pens, books, food. But they are not constant - and are welcome on such an afternoon as today's. The wind died at sunset. The evening coolness is a delight at sunset time. One's life once revives. One speaks to the boys and admires the great pile of wood, or remarks that the tents were neatly swept + the camp raked. They revive and tell a story or two - about hyaenas biting people sleeping in camps by fires perhaps or the myth of Karabib.

The moon was new last night - a delicate crescent above the sunset. The nights are still. I can hear the Bushman on the plain above us hammering Mangetti nuts, laughing, chatting, singing a little. I am lost to all other worlds - in spite of having written Nana a 12 page letter.

Jonny I has begun to dance. I hear the clapping and singing. I am too tired to go - for the first time. Lawrence is asleep. John is working over his film - tired too.

Dances I + dates

III 2 Medicine men in trance. Moonlight
I 4 Medicine men in trance. "
IV Dark of the moon - after a hunting - gathering trip from midnight to 7:30 AM.
III No curing ceremony. a dance for pleasure only Dark of the moon.
I Aug 23. New moon

Speaking of hyaenas - Lawrence on a night walk saw one a few yards from camp - its green eyes glowing - it's wide apart. Charlie has seen 12 snakes and caught a large scorpion. The large bugs remind me of such things.

of ceremonies + witch doctors.

Sunday Aug 24 1952

This is my mother's birthday. I do not think of her on special days. The thoughts of her come, happily, when I am proud and happy about Elizabeth and John and wish she could see them grown, or when I am troubled about them and wish I could go to her, or they could go to her with their troubles. Then I remember how I could go to her all my life, so freely, trusting her sympathy and understanding. Never once in my whole long life with her did she chide me or blame me. Always instead she understood and helped me. She did not thrust herself at others. Nor did she ever project whatever irritation, disappointment or worry she might have had into the troubles of others to make them worse. Neither did she ever manifest the weakness I have which I know reflects against others, of indecisive worried uncertainty, a concern that preoccupies my emotions, and the not knowing what is best to do. I think of my mothers death. The thought is like a physical stab from inside upward and outward whenever I see deaths, the death of kudus, or the delicate little bucks, foxes mongooses, ~~shrew~~ mice, shrews, even insects. It is not morbid because the stab is so swift and then it is over.

This Sunday is a day off. It is the first Frederick has had. Laurence, when the system for days off was first discussed wanted not to have it an established expectation that Sunday would be the day off - lest we needed especially to work that day for any reason. He prefered to declare a day off when it best suited the work. But that did not work out. The first Sunday it was I worked with Frederick because we thought we had only a few days, and because I had not been able to work on Saturday - I forget why - and he had had free time that day. The next 2 Sundays Laurence took him to Gaubocha. It turned out that he cares about having Sunday as a Sabbeth. He is assistant pastor of his church. The Sabbeth has meaning to him. And he will not take a day off if others are working.

*

Insert - re curiosity. Yesterday when we took land camera pictures none of the group IV had ever seen a picture. They looked at them with delight pointing out and chattering that it was girl, Gao or whoever. But when Bo had his picture taken he did not get up to look at it. When I took it to show him he nodded and smiled, as though it were a matter of slight interest.

He says it makes him jealous, even if it is an earned + deserved day off. Carl particular is not as mature in such matters as Nedenuch; probably the other boys are not either. It has all worked out that Carl has not had one single day off - and is now on the Cigarette trip. I thought he wore his smouldering expression as he left. He won't get time off when he returns either there will be so much to do. But to go back, Brian made a strong plea to Lawrence for the boys to have Sundays, assuming Lawrence that if it turned out to be necessary they would willingly work. Go agree heartily with this policy. Today, whereas we are in a way panting to get more done we actually welcome a sense of pause. I shall work on my notes all day, to try to analyze data, make things neater in the file.

It could be a full time job to keep up with the organization of the notes, photographic records etc. We are not teaming, as we said we would. Everybody is scrambling at his own objective. The sense of being here in this rich, rich field for a short time throws us. At Gautscha we shall reorganize.

I hope the people at Gautscha turn out to be deep and communicative - so that in the end I will understand. That is my objective. Collecting information is the means.

I have no more light than before on several points. Aggression - I still see no manifestation of it except that one baby's throwing out his father's bow. I see no institutionalized outlet for it. Mystery I

I do not understand the lack of curiosity - unless Debe's saying he had no questions to put to me because he was confident of our friendship is a light on it. INSERT Mystery II Attitude toward pain is another. I have dressed wounds every day almost. Gui's smashed toe has been a primary concern. It does not heal at the tip. It must hurt when I dress it

heather -

and when he travels over the hot sands hunting a getting Mangetti's. He does not cringe, or complain. This is typical of the others too, though their wounds are not as bad. I wonder if this has anything to do with expectation. They do not expect a doctor to cure them immediately. They are accustomed to bear what ever discomforts are common - cold, heat, hunger pain insect bites, without expectation of its being otherwise. They do not appear to suffer from any of these constant states. They appear not to pay attention to them.

There are other more specific concepts I do not understand yet. In the blood ceremony is the spilling of the blood to feed the dead because they need food - or to propitiate the dead lest their ill will fall on the living or to placate the dead who have ill will? - for what reason? If not placated or propitiated would the dead revenge themselves? for neglect? Do the dead send sickness? other evils? What, if any is the concept of luck?

I expect these concepts are not clear.

Frederick said the Damara people have the same ceremony. He, if he kills a big animal - ie ox - takes part of the heart + the stomach hangs it in a tree some what distant talking to the dead as he does this. He must talk to them as he does this. It is not a witch doctor who does this. He gives to his own ancestors food that they need (?) or expect (?) otherwise he says, he would have bad luck - the European winds. He says that he takes his wife with him, so that if he should die she would know what to do and say. He stands behind her, puts his hands over her shoulders, and with her hands with his, they hang up the offering. If his wife were not of his clan he would not take her. She would have to talk to her own ancestors.

The menstruation ceremony with the Damara is

We have used 1 bottle of ink to date.

similar in pattern. The Mother, Mother's sister - father must not speak to the girl. She must touch nothing of theirs. She goes to a grandmother - either mother's or fathers mother. Frederick says he does not know why these things must be but they are strong matters with the Damara. He says the Damara do not want to break the customs.

This may be light on the mingling of cultures Damara and christianity. (Did I write before about Frederick taking his sister to a witch doctor who cured her after the European doctor failed to? He tries the European doctors first.

Frederick is worried now about his wife whose mention from an operation 3 or 4 years ago has opened. (i.e. a hernia) He thought he was coming with us only 2 weeks. He decided to come even when he found it was for 9 months, and did not take his wife to the hospital. He says he must go out in September to do this - but that he will return. Besides the dream of being taken up into the air - from the open veld where he was alone - by Americans in an airplane he has other reasons. He says he is seeing things he never saw before. Bushmen and their life interests him. He says his mother told him his father was a Kalahari Bushman. I very much doubt this. Philip Frederick if he has Bushman blood would be an example of the full dominance of Negro characteristics - This has not been our observation of mixtures here at Gam. Thorea's children for example. I wondered but did not ask if living with us was not one of the things he never saw before. He has told us of his life and its hardships. No such appreciation or consideration as we have for him appeared in his account of his life.

Kavitjitue washes our clothes. She comes here so that the water she uses will be boiled. She squats near the boy's place with buckets & basins in the broiling sun. The clothes are filthy. She washes

them very well. I don't know how except by the use of very much soap and very much scrubbing. Folin's and Brian's white coveralls come out snowy. Her sister helps her.

I have paid the girls for their several days work. I think they have divided the things between them. ~~and appear weary~~

a pipe. straight stem - with a metal cover
another pipe - small for a lady straight stem no cover
another pipe - a large one. straight stem no cover
4 scarfs. 2 light green. 1 with red spots
1 dark blue and green
a can of talcum powder
a jar of red ointment
a jar of cologne ointment
a belt - red
a string of round blue beads (from U.S. Costume jewelry given me by someone.
a comb
thread and 2 needles.
2 mirrors

Tobacco
coffee sugar } each time
lunch

an elastic bandage
a small jar of vaseline

They made their choices from my stores in the gift box. Kaortzitue asked for the pipes. Both girls are enchanted with the things. I wished yesterday I had a picture of K.'s face when I gave her the mirror and the cologne. "Ah ah, ah" she said holding the things to her breast. Her delight was so dignified. She bowed to me a little bow of the head and said to Frederick to tell him how grateful she was, and that she was glad to serve us and to get these lovely things. She wishes we lived here always.

They have washed huge filthy washes 5 times. 5 days work for the above things.

Yesterday K. served for me - letting down my shrunken pants. and did not wait for payment.

Namer - we are eating

Kavitjitue - we accept the will of God.

In Herero - always use K - not C

" " uses V Damara never - always W.

" " g is used with N - ie Ngoma.

They appear in the finery one wearing the beads one day, the other the next. and so they share. One scarf had a piece cut off - The piece appeared as a necktie on the younger of the two jet black prognathous sons of K.

These boys have spectacular teeth. large square and white. They take good care of them chewing the ~~twigs~~ ROOT that clean them. [Name of ~~twig~~ ROOT ORUTAIUA] The twigs make their mouths bright orange inside. or are they roots? Find out.

The elder KAUTJAERUA says his mother is Kautjitue his father MAHARE (dead). ask younger boy

Kautjitue is an attractive woman. To's notes about her tell how her people were driven out of So. West A at the time of the German wars, how they wandered, very poor, to Tsau. then to Kai Kai finally here. Their hold on life is growing tobacco, which they trade for cattle and so build up a herd. Musungan the Bechuana husband seems oldish and illish. K. seems to have the power. She is in full bloom as a woman. Handsom. gracious. dignified. and very pleasant and appreciative. I love to have her here to work and to give her things.

To's and Brain's notes on the Igum settlement are very interesting. There are swarms of children. We have not straightened out who they belong to. K's sister has a child by a Bushmen. K. says she found a Bushman baby in the veld, buried all but its head, at birth. but still alive. She took it and brought it up. That accounts for 2 of them.

I have not taken time to study the Igum group. I'm stuck to genealogies. It gives me a terrible tight, hot feeling in my tummy to think of all the things we have not learned about Igum.

Kaiyitue says the Bushmen do not buy or sell, that she + M. do not trade hides for Tobacco with them. Gao'I says too that his group does not trade with the Bechuanas + Herero's here. He says his father once traded at Tsau, but that he never did. His father got a blanket. Now where do the pipes come from + the metal for assegais + the wrought arrows?

John has 6000 feet of film - He created a documentary. To be called The Water Hole. I yearn to see it. He will edit it. He has 2 more sequences to make. How he has opened to this and taken hold! At last his creative powers are geared to achievement. Lawrence and I are deeply happy. L. + J. are planning to order more film, so John can feel an abandon of creation, not worry about using or wasting some footage.

The relations between the Bushmen + Hereros and Bechuanas at Gam is amicable. They do not seem to resent each other - The Bushman do not seem to feel alarmed about their water being used. A sense of possession about the wells seems to prevail. There is Thorea's well. David's new waterless well and a Bushman well But I have not felt that anyone feels there is only so much underground water in general and that it, as such belongs to any one catagory of persons. There has been only generosity and helpfullness about our water. Thorea helps us fill our drums from his well.

I must be thinking again about gifts + make a plan on paper lest I get nervous and distracted in the last days. I expect not to be composed as we wind up + leave.

John Lawrence + I spent some of this quiet Sunday morning discussing organization at Gaulcha - who will do what, what comes first, what team will work together. We are having a lovely time we three, cozy together. We miss Elizabeth, however.

No Bushman are visiting today except qao'I. It is the first day we have not had a crowd of visitors. Why? Group I had a curing ceremony. But qao'I is ~~there~~ here. V is away gathering. IV. Why not visiting as usual?

We were about to have supper when we heard the trucks. We were alarmed. We had not expected them for 2 or 3 days. Then Lawrence began to figure that it might be Dr. Kusche (sp) - thus if anyone were hurt or ill they would have gone to Grootfontein instead of back here. So I was calmed. In a few moments we heard David's high beautiful voice singing. All was well.

They had found the spoor to Cigarette easier than we expected. The Power Wagons, free of the chevs, went through the sand easily. The WNLA bus had come 2 days earlier than scheduled. Mama and Picanin were waiting at the Kraal of the Okavango guard, MOREME. The whole trip took only from Thursday morning to Sunday night - and Charlie had time to hop in the evening.

Jo has written a fine account of the trip which he found very interesting.

Elizabeth has a cold, but is in good spirits. She is so willing to pour herself without stint into any enterprise.

(Who returned: Jo, Brian & Liz, 1 girl (guide) Ngani Picanin - cf Jo's note)

a boy at I Aug 26 beautiful 19-
named Bo son of a gas fr. Ngamiland
is married to a daughter of the
new group that was at I this A.M.
Her father is Temi
she is ǂKhoa.

Head on stones. asleep-
I please (he) with tea - Bedouin saying
is a Jew - Jews always give you
a little bit before they take.

Wiici's baby has her hair shaved

make recordings of the names being spoken
several times by different voices.

What do they smoke besides tobacco - daga

Gui's (Guide) story about almost having a fight because
of being in someone else's territory.

gam Monday Aug 25 1952

We all plunged into work. I went early to IV. Finished odd questions on genealogies and asked Galgas - or rather he volunteered the answer - about Kado and their relation to the Herero & Bechuanas here. It is a symbiotic relation. The account of Gum must be a chapter in itself - and should be written soon while the memory is fresh. When I get to Gaunscha I'll do that as the first job - before starting anything else.

I plan that the food will be the first emphasis there, and then I can pause. We had a long talk about it - John H. & I on the quiet Sunday. Charlie might start by making a list of all the objects of the group - and so get a list for a class in Ethno zoologies sheep. John might work with him, with his emphasis the preparing to photograph - learning what he wants to take how things are done - then photographing. I shall catch up. I'm afraid Ely. will be doing Mary Ellen as she always does instead of having the comfort of doing one project of her own. She will need my help.

Jo had Frederick - Igao in the afternoon - He Tattoos to Igao (interp.) and Igui on hunting territories.

Pieanin and Name are in process of working with the pattern! Name does not understand Kung. His language is quite different. He says - It is Heikom. We did not know how different Heikom is practically and hope - even if it is quite different, that he will learn it quickly. Name says these people are very slow to understand: I think he thinks they do not speak proper Bushman. I haven't yet connected much with Pieanin.

He brought the news that Philip's wife is ill.

Stealing

!gam Tuesday Aug 26 1952

I went to group I in the morning. My aim was to talk with !! Gusa but she was away. Instead were some twenty new people. They said they belong to Qao's group - and had been away getting food at !Qae. At Tsa (sp?) near !Qae where they had no water but were eating the root that supplies enough water. See note. It was too late to get their genealogies but they threw light on Segesy bands and movements. Among them was Qao's sister who was able to supply data that he did not know or did not tell.

I do not know which. When a headman does not know his people it indicates that the teaching of genealogies is not emphasized. Indeed I do not think at this point that Bushmen "teach" their children very much. The children learn by being present + participating. So many people said they "did" not know their relatives that I take it as evidence they really do not know - + it is not emphasized - as it might be in some kinship patterns. So I assume Qao does not know some - and did not divulge some. His sister explained very much that was interesting. It was a profitable morning. There seems to be a taboo against saying the name of the man who marries one's daughter.

In the afternoon we recorded sound - two musical instruments. 133 !Qi!Gao played for us and sang a plaintive song, a little, hardly audible song. It said ~~I married a woman who did not want me~~ "I am a man who married a woman who leaves me. I am very sorry." He had the same look I have noticed before when he played is violin staring into space.

!.!Khoa, Da !Gas Scan I + Khwore.

Charlie + gun

The story is that ǂKhoa left him and returned to group one because of the jealousy of ǂKhoa his 1st wife. The night we heard screams and thought some one was caught in a trap it was ǂKhoa crying. ǂGi!qae is a handsome young man intelligent, interesting. I feel him responsive and understanding. I've been with him a lot. He is often the one who answers my questions. He does look plaintive.

The evening coolness was particular welcome. I was exhausted. I took 3 salt tablets - and felt better ~~fortunately~~ - because as we were planning to go to bed early, we heard singing from the top of the mine where group I live. We have discovered that is what they call themselves - Top of the Dune people. We did not hesitate. We put on our boots, extra sweaters, jackets, trench coats, scarfs - and walked up.

Some time I shall try to describe that experience. Jo and I came back to camp at four thirty five, the last of our party. Brian Eli Jo. John - I had gone up. Frederick, Philip ǂNama joined us. Brian has a cold. He soon fell asleep. When he woke he said he got a great fright. He forgot where he was and opened his eyes to the eerie sight of the dancers in the fire light, while the medicine man gurgled and shrieked.

Scarps to Save qasa
Nails to headmen
purse to headmen ← qaso qiqal

Igam Wednesday Aug 27

John - Lawrence will leave tomorrow morning for Gaubsetha. We shall pack - give gifts - say goodbye and leave early Friday.

What an experience we have been for the Igam people.

I went to ~~IV~~ I this morning - again to look for Ugise the interpreter of dreams. Having sung all night she looked very ill - a tiny wrinkled little old woman. I almost wept to see her. ~~She~~ I said we would not trouble her - giving up an interview I coveted. And she wrapped herself in a little gray bundle in her kaross and went to sleep at my feet. We spent the morning talking to the Medicine Man Temi (Demi) a fascinating morning. People woke up Ugise to receive her tobacco.

Our discovery of the morning, based on questions based on seeing the dance the night before is that there are women medicine men - women shamans. (see note) and that Ugise though she interprets dreams is not a shaman.

In the afternoon I puttered - the packing is started. I accomplished little.

Tonight it is cold we are around the fire Jo + I. Jo is literally around the fire moving every few moments away from the smoke to charts he has posted at different points.

He has suggested that Seve, Gao 'I's wife may be the power in that family. Gao he remembered my saying had impressed me as a weak young man. I came to find him perceptive, serious, willing to help us understand, conservative, wanting to live the old way - telling us the law, the ideal of a situation. I'd forgotten if I'd said he was weak. Seve is disgruntled, almost holds Tyns. Jo said he heard her name spoken at the

* Insert I'd meant not to give a pipe to anyone but Bebe & Qui'gas but did give one to Qui' because at the end he was the one who straightened out about Bebe's genealogy

While I was distributing cans etc. I asked Redeuch to get genealogies of 3 people who came with B's whose geneos we did not have. It turned out that one woman was Bebe's father's brother's daughter - where as he had said he did not know if his father had a brother. Qui gave the information. Bebe looked downcast He said he forgot. of Qui I saying he did not know.

Are there Tabos about more names than the man who marries your daughter?

hence last night, & wondered if she was an influence in the group. This did not occur to me. It is good to have many minds bear on things. Well - we'll never know because here at Igam we can't observe people in such a way as to get to know them. I did not hear her name but heard the word Samba used frequently. I wonder if Jo mistook Samba for Sabie (which is how we hear Frederick spelling of Seve)

Igam Thursday Aug 28, 1952

John Lawrence, Picanin Teelkay. Now Qi!qae and Sauko now Tsamkho mounted the jeep and set forth for Qautscha.

Jo came with me to give our gifts to Debe's group IV. We counted the people again - adding the late arrivals and got 53. We left 2 cans each, a string of white beads each, giving 3 string to Iqasa because she is the headman's wife. We left 5 pieces of candy for each. And to Debe we gave a pipe and a half to Qui. I'd meant Qui. also to Qi!qae also to Qui. To Qi!qae it was for his giving information every time he was present in the group. and for his song recording - the movie of his playing his violin. To Qui it was for information. He was often present and helped to make things clear. I left about 15 bottles in a pile. A round of Tobacco to all present closed that. There were only . present when we started. Others came back from getting water etc. Yet there may have been 15 or 20 when we left. I shook hands with most. They did not follow us to the jeep but crowded around the ten cans with very much to say. Debe asked us to distribute them - or expressed something that made Frederick ask me to do so. but we did not have time to left. Debe did not seem to have a masterful bearing. I hope all went amicably. Too bad not to have been able to stay to see what happened.

In the early afternoon we took gifts to I. I had given them 1 can each and a string of white beads each when

I thought we were going to leave. I gave 1 more can each - 2 more strings of beads to Seve, headman's wife. a pipe to gao headman and a pipe to gao of the scary. He has been the best informant of all. He is intelligent. he understands what one means what we want and is willing to tell us and make us understand. When Laurence wanted someone to go to Kai Kai to find Tuma (now Goma) he was willing to go.

Also gao scary had made a net for us. When John was photographing Mangetti nut scenes he had asked if gao headman would take some fibers and start to make a net. Gao said he did not know how. It was gao (scary) who knew. So gao scary when he was asked made a net. He showed the rolling of the fibers into cord. Instead of - bow square - he made a whole net in ~~less~~ than an hour.

The fiber cord looked so like commercial string that I wondered. But he brought us leaves that he makes the fibers of they are up right spike like v shaped in cross section. Not aloes as we see the aloes around us. but possibly related.

Next day Jo asked if he would trade the net. He said he would be glad to - for a shirt. Jo took the shirt off his back to give it. Gao was very happy.

By evening the trucks were packed, tents & all. We slept as when we are travelling with a minimum space to pack. I feel quite ill & went to bed at sunset. Elizabeth doctored me & brought supper to my bed. I had a slight temperature - She gave me 3 chloroquine and 2 aspirin and tea - and tea again before she went to bed.

1 am Friday Aug 29 1952

I had quite recovered by morning. We were ready to start at 8:55. But before that all of I came down and a few of IV - all of I that is except 1 Gui. I gave a few more odds and ends. Flash light batteries make lighters there were 6 I gave 3 to the men in IV & Goma gao & some more and 3 to men in I 1 gave old gao and Gui with the wide apart eyes a piece of thin wire to gao to give to Seve. The bottle that were left in I, to pick up and distribute them when, as there were not enough to give 1 apiece. a nail to Gase &

several people had asked for shirts. I had said we had none. To Friday am. decided to give 2 of his

jane ! ii. She had asked for grease to soften a skin for the baby, showing me that the skin were too hard. She had asked Lawrence to kill a kudu saying she needed kudu soup. Lawrence said he wouldn't but said I might give some biltong. I took over 4 pieces later.

In the afternoon after lunch we had a discussion of Elizabeth's going out. John's sleeping in and all the involvements. Elizabeth wants to go. I want John to go & see a doctor about his cough. Lawrence won't let me stay without John - for fear of fire, lions etc. John has coughed since May. Lawrence says if he is still coughing in another month he will send him out via Tsau and the Witra bus - provided we can get out in case of early rains. Lawrence feels sure the cough is nothing but irritation from coughing and dust. John does not feel really well - but does not feel really ill. He is working very hard.

Next ~~Lawrence~~ John took serve

In the late morning visitors arrived at Homa's (Tuna's) weyt - from Gura. Several women and children came - the men had stayed at our camp. The women went first to a tree at some distance and sat down. No one waved or took notice. Nai told me they were from Gura. After about 5 minutes Hugu (Mupka) and Di'ai went over to them. Then I walked over with them. Hugu (Mupka had given a pinch of tobacco to each. They put it into what ever containers they had and dusted their fingers off under their arms.

In another five minutes the group was sitting at !Kuse !Kooshay's skerm talking away to !Hanga (!nuqka) and Di!!ai they did not come to greet !Ui or see the baby – while I was there at least. I gave them all tobacco.

After lunch the men of the group were here. I gave tobacco to them. I of them Tire + Gama and Qao went off to hunt with John in the jeep. The story of their hunt will be in John's note. They chased a Gaefel hunt? in this thuma pan. +Gama fell out of the jeep. One of the young men cut his behind burning on something sharp. +Gama lost the metal point of his arrow which he shot at the Gaefel hunt. They did not catch it – nor anything else. Yesterday this morning they were hunting + caught a huge lizard. They eat it – but it is not yet eaten because John wanted to photograph the skerm + has not given the time to that yet.

There is so much to keep up with – !Oma and Qao tried to catch an aardvark. What day? This morning or yesterday. +Gama set fire to smoke it out – Crawled into the hole – One he went into very far – and came out head first having turned around inside. They are giving their all to the hunting.

After the departure in the jeep Jannie + I went to take pictures of the baby. !Ui wanted

one to Gao' I headman me to Debe. Gao was there and received him. Debe had to be sent for. The Kindu started & one waited for him at the foot of the hill. He was all of a fumble getting into it. a very happy, excited fumble.

There is more about gifts.

Cavitgitue washed on Thursday and mended rents in 2 of John's coveralls. I gave her and her sister - 2 pink scarfs
Some cold cream
2 jars of red ointment
3 Needles
a little coffee - sugar
Tobacco

White beads for
herself
her sister
the tall son
.. middle .. who wanted them for his wife
Kakurumehe, the younger son.
Several Cans

Thursday also a number of III people came to Camp To thorea who gave us the goat - & keeped John with the water We gave a good strong pair of dungarees. Gui (guide had received a pair of dungarees & a T shirt Gao had received a pair of pants from Philip. Philip should get something in return for this from us - as I didn't give Gao anything more though he worked for us at camp a lot. The difficulty is that Gui & Gao on whom the expedition drains receives only 10 shillings a month. A shirt & dungarees cost £2 - £3 giving Gao anything more - or Gui would upset the balance there. Mamo who so far is no use - gets 120 shillings a month. I shall give Gao May clothes and jewels for his bride when we part.

We gave beads and cans to all of III. The woman who was the apparition at the dance at III was there - in an old dress. She got a share.

Those who lived on Musmjan's hill as far as we know are: (Jo has notes on this

!Ã!Nau. Said by Cauntjitue to be a headman

He had 2 wives. The younger was the daughter of Gase of II children?

!!ao + 3 children. His wife is dead.

He is a son of one ≠Goma's (Tuma's) father's sister

Di!!Khao who lives at Kai Kai.

!Gui and Di!ai and Gaou their daughter

Thorea and !Huga and 3 children

The old woman in the dress

There may be more young people + children.

the Bechuana headman.

Musmjan. ~~Cauntjitue, her sister~~

3, Cauntjitue his wife

— her sister

get name from notes

3 very prognathous jet black boys with great bright white teeth. Not all, at least, Musmjan's sons.

David a Herero who is making the new well

Visitors came and went, Hereros + Bushmen

The family of Mother-son-sister-brother complex also lived near there. !Gaxe/Gase/Nose 7 ao?

Correct this from notes.

In all the giving and receiving there was the usual lack of resistance, pleading (begging — importunate begging) expression, dissatisfaction. People whispered or gestured that they wanted clothes (or pipes or knives) - but when I shook my head said no more about it. They received the meager presents with thanks. I wish I could have given more - to each what he wanted. There were 150-200 people and when one gave a big gift beg lung or shirt pants knife or pipe one had to have a reason obvious to all for giving to one and not to another - or so I thought.

The tobacco gifts had been lavish. A kudu skin brings only 2-3 times what we gave to everyone every day.

Not everyone came for tobacco every day - but there were some from each group every day (40-50 people). I did not find out if they shared the tobacco - as such when they went back to the west - but I do know they pass a lighted pipe around.

Yes! there is so much we did not do at Igam that my 50 or so genealogies seem as naught. I had tried to stick to them - not to follow other alluring paths - and at any point there was always so much to do on them that I did not use any of my time with the interpreter on anything else - with a few exceptions.

Musinjan had not returned. Something of a mystery. He said he was going to Tsau to sell an ox to get money to buy sugar which he wanted for to bring from Windhoek. I worried terribly that it had not been made clear enough to him that we could not get sugar. The shortage is so great (it is rationed now), that all we could get we'd need for ourselves. We had said that but had it been clear and impressed upon him I wondered.

I neglected to note the episode of the intestines. Its last year there was no pilfering around our camp at Igam - with one exception. The record is broken or rather cracked with a small crack. Only a fifty people would sit around the camp all day. Some under the tree where the cameras were and where there was wire and tools. Other out by the truck - where there were tools. I had kept all the tin cans to wash and give as final gift. They were out in the open. Nothing was touched - Nothing except a piece of decaying intestine which Charlie was repairing for bait. It was not thrown on the ground - looking as if it were thrown away. It was in a box. This was a theft. Who did it we have no idea whatsoever. There were Herero children and Bushmen children about. Adult Hereros, Bechuanas and Bushmen.

He left the day after L. left to get go in Windhoek. Worried my seeing him again. It seems odd he would stay away from Ugam during our visit. When there was the likelihood of receiving gifts.

(There are greater values than Tobacco & gifts. Group II left us and our tobacco - without their final gift that we would give anything though they did not know perhaps. Yet they had heard of us from last year.)

Soon after Musinjan left. Mr. Bent came. We wonder if Musinjan were escaping him - or is being forcibly detained or what.

!Gum had been a valuable and agreeable experience. I have only one regret. At the last moment - everyone aboard the trucks but me - a woman showed me her baby's sore eyes. While I was finding out where the medicine chest was - & finding it was in the aluminum box under many lagers all lashed under a tarp - she left. I did not insist on unpacking but was saying to every one to have the Med. chest accessible - and I got hurried as I feel everyone waiting for me to stop talking - and I didn't say a careful enough good bye to all I wanted to just a final word. That and the eyes are my only unfinished business - or regret from !Gum.

Charlie had wanted to hire !Gui the son too as a skinner. He said !Gui was interested & had a delicate touch. Yes! The headman had been consulted and had urged Gui to go - we were told. !Gui had had an interview with Laurence & Me. ~~Laurence told him~~ !Gui said he could not leave his wife & children, but if they could come he would come. Laurence pointed out that we were to study how Bushmen got their food and would not give food &

the Bushmen. He asked if Gui's wife receiving food would make any complications. Gui laughed. He said his wife's sister and her husband were already at Gautscha. He said ~~they would~~ they Gui + his wife Haogs would live with old Gau. Then on further question he squirmed with quiet laughter and said he + his wife would eat at night when no one would see. This was a great joke. Sounded to me like a joking threat like "I'll kill you if you do that". Maybe. Do they secretly eat at night like the Serions - or is that so terrible that it is unthinkable that anyone would really do it so is a joke like "I'll kill you", or what Laurence said the days are getting longer + the nights shorter. Gui said "the nights are long enough" - and laughed and laughed again.

Well - Thursday afternoon at the weight Gui told Frederick he was not coming. The reason he gave was that he had some meat and could not leave it. That is all we know. We wonder much. We are all disappointed. Charlie will look for someone at Gautscha.

The trip on Friday was hot but not a really hard trip. The spoor is bumpy but easily seen. We saw a mother + baby giraffe. a jackal. vultures at Nami. I feel pretty well. We traveled from 8:55 to 4:05 with time out for lunch.

At the water hole at Gautscha were Kor Shay and many other Bushmen. Laurence soon drove up from his camp site. We were together again.

At the camp site Tuma + Gow were waiting. Tuma greeted me warmly as "Nona".

Insert - I gave all the assembled Bushmen tobacco there were some 50 to greet us. They smiled shook hands told me their names nodded and said "Eh Eh".

Before dark they left. One group filed away to the south - another to the west. ǂGoma (or Tuma) lives very near where we are camped - above Elizabeth's Baobab tree.

He has a small group.
Hensing and !Ti (!goo)
Gow and Di!ai
!Oh (or !Cow) and his wife.

Di!ai's baby has very bad eyes. We think one eye is blind.

Same Gow is away with Di!ai's brother - so is her mother !Nowka (Now!Haoga)

About a dozen men returned in a long line each bringing 2 or 3 trees for wood for us. ǂGoma (Tuma) leading, Gow carrying a tremendous load of 3 big trees. They smiled - threw down their wood and went to sit by the boy's fire where Frederick was recovering from his attack.

grow too. And letter Sam to Tuma's son - Sam Gaultsche "Tum Tum". Grow now 1920 - I reminded each other of "Gaultsche Da" ~~Letter~~ Dai is here. I kissed her + hugged her, + she hugged me (insert)?

The coolness of evening revived us enough to eat supper - except Tedrick who had a heart attack or heat attack. We gave him spirit of amonia, hot water, + famous indigestion pills. He went to bed + was better in the evening. As we leaned over him he printed HART in the sand with his finger. He had no temperature. I

We went to bed about nine - thinking of ants + problems.

Before supper Brian - John attacked the water hole. ~~They~~ The story is that on the 1st trip they had been examining the water hole and found a soggy place in the reeds behind where the women dipped. Brian standing on it had fallen through. They dug enough to give them hope of water there. This evening they took spades and barrels buckets and began to clean out this place. They took 120 buckets of ~~the~~ sediment + water out - emptied the hole down about 6 feet. There was about 3 feet of water, then, with mud below. They could not feel hard bottom with a stick. They think there is a pocket or tiny cave to the side.

In the morning (Saturday) the hole had filled. ~~They~~ took out 4 barrels Saturday morning. The hole went down only about a foot. Sunday morning it was full again. Water easily reached by someone crawling on the bank.

The hole looks like a glacial pot hole in rock. Was not made by glaciers. But is a pot hole.

~~John said when he~~

Birds abound around the water hole. Saturday morning four grown were drowned in it. Sunday morning two more. There are little birds by the hundreds, and Sunday morning there were many big beautiful critters Hopos? We spent our breakfast hour discussing what to rig up to keep the birds from drowning.

Three logs were laid across - 2 are above water level now, one submerged. One can stand on that one holding on to the 2 above if the water is low. Everyone is encouraged and pleased about the water.

Only I mentioned Bilharzia. Brian, John and several of our boys got into the water. Brian to my amazement said he knew nothing of Bilharzia. John said the water hole had to be dug - so we dug it. Laurence said that too. I hate Africa one whole part of me hates and fears Africa. But I wall that part off and go on living in another part. What I cant control or cope with I set aside.

Scorpions - there were 5 killed as we broke up the Igam camp. 2 under glass's bed, one under my dressing case, + 2 others in the food supplies. Now that spring is here, and the days 93°, 95°, 97° the nights in the 40's insects abound. Ants and flies are going to be a trouble. The sleeping bags have already been nibbled at. Flies are to be disregarded along with the 4 D's danger, disease, dirt, and discomfort.

name for weight.

security
gentleness

wood.

John's Pecanin: accounts
of conversation
Gi Gae r ≠ Gma-

Gautscha

Saturday, Aug 30, 1952

The site of the permanent camp is chosen. Lawrence & John searched the ridges and found nothing better than a place on the bank above the pan ~~where the~~ near the water hole. A little knoll will allow drainage. There are trees 50' - 100' apart one for the boys one for the kitchen one for the camera tent and another for general shade. They are not large but they will do. The water hole is near - Best of all ≠ Goma's weight is near. We hope the ground under is not full of ants.

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Work of building the camp started - about 10. The early morning had been given to work on the water hole, pulling drums boiling - getting water. Work on the camp site continued till 1:30 through the noon heat. The boys looked almost overcome. Brian took aspirins & lay down without lunch. At 3 they started again.

The heat of the day is terrible. I mind it more than I have ever minded heat. Age is telling on me. The sun light is weighted. It presses on my eyelids and shoulders.

I stayed in the shade all afternoon. There was a life saving breeze. Still I suffered from the heat. And still at night I wear a sweater & a bonnet. Perhaps the extreme range is utter trivia. I have been very tired.

And Sat night I had a recurrence of my Thursday ailment. Chills & fever and general misery. No sore throat. No intestinal upset. Just the aches & miseries of temperature.

Eliz took care of me again. She put me to bed over me chloromycetin. At 11 again she gave me medicine - and in the night when the moon was in the west I was wakened by her leaning over me with a capsule and a cup of water.

Tsumeb 1900 and I started on kinship terms. There were some 30 Bushmen present. After saying I was glad to be here and pleased to see all of them, and after a conversation with !Ui r Di!ai I treated Di!Ai's baby's eyes. I think he is already blind in one eye. The other is infected but does not look blind.

He cried. Di!Ai and I have exactly the same manner in handling babies. We understood each other so very well. I waited. Then I gave him some silver paper out of the cigarette box. In due time she took him forward from her hip around a little, and held his head. He howled. I gave her 2 pieces of gauze wet with boric solution. She washed his eyes. Then held him tight while I dropped in Pontocaine. He yelled. She nursed him, stood & bounced him, crooned to him. Walked around with him. I made a motion to put in the aureomycin othalmic ointment. She said no, wait a little longer. When he was calm, she brought him & held him while I put the ointment in, !Nai held his hands.

After that I asked who would volunteer to answer questions on kinship terms, and an old man offered. We began what will be a long struggle to get them clear & accurate. They are uniquely important. We got through - in 3 hours - Father Mother Brother Sister with all the complexities - Man Speaking. We'll be weeks on it. See Notes.

In the late afternoon (!Tuma) #9 ma came to camp. I was miserable - thought I was having a heart attack but could not resist talking. What started as a chat turned into a talk about the water hole, about his relatives and the vexing question of Name relationship.

Frederick wanted to translate though he looked rocky, too, after Fridays attack. He said if he did not work with me he would be uneasy about not working with the other boys on the camp. He wants no jealousy.

John in the evening told me about a conversation between ǂgoma (our Truma) + ǀqi!gae around the fire the night they came from ǀgam — translated by Pecanin. ǂgoma + ǀqi!gae boasted to each other about how many bucks they had killed. ǀqi!gae had recently killed, he said

ǀqi!gae then said that ǂgoma was not interested in hunting animals. He hunted women.

Our temporary camp here might be named Ion Camp. An ant hill in our midst is like a sculptured lion, a noble beast, lying like a sphinx, head erect gazing at the Baobab tree.

I'm writing this all very badly. I am so often too hot, or too cold, it is too windy or I am too tired to think or care what I write — or to remember much of the detail or in fact the experience or its significance in longer term than its bodging in the detail. Oh me. I have so much to do — and less than usual energy.

Sunday, Aug 31 1952

A lioness and a cub last night walked within a few yards of where Brian was sleeping seeking withdrawal from the group some 30 yards from the fire, and within five feet of Pecanin who also had withdrawn from the row of men who sleep close together with a barrier of brush behind them

avenue

and the fire at their feet. The lioness examined our new camp site. Walking up the spoor the truck left in the soft dust, ~~nosing and~~ delicately sniffing I imagine, the canvas tarp over the kitchen place, perhaps peering into John's half set up tent. Then it went to Tuma's (Tuma) weept.

Frederick had wakened ~~in the night~~ between four and five hearing Tuma yelling and seeing his fire blaze up. Frederick's ~~description~~ imitation of the sounds Tuma made and Frederick's gesturings and prancings as he imagined Tuma scaring away the lion, are something to remember.

Picanin is the object of excitement and jokes. A lion wouldn't eat Picanin, some say. Others that his relatives came to visit him last night. Brian says the lion wouldn't touch anyone - as indeed it didn't.

Jo and I walked about this Sunday morning. There is no one home in Tuma's weept. Our boys are resting in the shade - a Sunday of. This is the first day Carl and some of the others have had. I am thankful it was so decided. Brian himself is sleeping.

The lion had been to the water hole too. I don't have the emotional wherewithal to get excited about lions, no experience, no associations, no developed fear. I remember all the horrible stories but they remain detached from me and my experience. I suppose the creature could be anywhere in the tall waving golden grass - but I can't believe it in a real, real sense. I'd willingly exchange an attack and fight with a lion for my deep gnawing worry about Belhazia. Jo says he heard in Cape Town this trip that there is a cure for it. If that water hole is infested the boys could have it. If it is not — that is that. When will we know.

In a few days Elizabeth will be 21. She and John talking together the other night were wondering where their friends are. and saying that in 2 or 3 weeks College would open.

When we arrived on Friday afternoon Eliz went off alone and climbed the Baobab tree. Presently several little Bushmen boys climbed up after her. She is modeling a Venus. But when the little boys came up she let them model. They made wart hogs.

The boys at Gam made female figures - for all the world like the Venus of Lauzel - same heads, big breasts.

To says the out standing characteristics of Bushmen are security and gentleness.

To says if the lion comes around tonight he will attack it with a cooking pot.

It is 2 o'clock. Philip has had lunch ready since 1 No one has appeared.

I have been thinking about Margo very much for many days. I think about friends often, wanting them to share any experience that is moving or interesting imagining letters telling them about things - letters I don't write. But Margo I wonder about. What has happened about her house, about Margie, about Hood perhaps in three weeks we shall have letters.

There are no Bushmen at our camp. Two men were here this morning for a while but none else. Eliz met Gao starting off with his bow & arrows. She asked him if he were going to hunt the lion. He said "ee ee". Five other men were repeated filing away to hunt. and another group of five in another direction. Elizabeth found a hundred of the women beyond the far over Baobab digging for veld kos. I shall go again this afternoon to call on L.U. and Dillli - with my eye treating kit.

Qautsha Monday, September 1, 1952

Last night at sunset time we visited #9 ma's werft on Tema. Jo and Lawrence came with me. !Ui and Di!Ai and !Guse (our Kooshay) were ~~[illegible]~~ with the children. Sum Ko. Qaishay. !Nai ~~[illegible]~~ Gao. Di!Ai's baby (name) I treated his eyes again. She dandled and good at him and sang a little to quiet him as before. He did not cry as much.

She was making an attractive looking mixture for supper. The women had been out all day. They had 3 kinds of veldkos with them. Something that looked like large parsnips. Something that looked like Jerusalem artichokes and some red berries. Di!Ai had made of smooth white paste of one of the kinds of vegetables, pounding it in her mortar with the pestle. She added about 2 cups full of berries, and pounded them. The seeds were not removed. It looked very good. She had 3 or 4 cups full in her mortar.

As we turned to leave the werft we saw the 2 great fires to the west purple against the sun. The smoke was motionless. Jo said as though a moving picture stopped. They had the shape of the cloud from the atomic bomb. We heard the jeep start up - as Jo was started out to get a picture.

!Ui, !Guse and Di!Ai all asked for Kookoo (Cocoa.) In case they were not understood !Ui got the pot - and said Koo Koo. I promised to bring some.

The men were all home when we returned after supper. We had a pleasant visit, beguiled by singing of Qui!Sha Da. Which was sung with Thin Thuma Da and Qura Da.

Tema and !Gui told about the lions. There were 3. The group had been sleeping but woke hearing the lions growl.

Iqui showed how he leaped up. Looked over the shoulder yelled and waved his arm, and how the lions loped off to the North west. Tuma showed how he woke, heard the growl, grabbed his spear, stood up and yelled. The women all crouched down under their Kanoes. There was much laughter though not the account, which was given by gesture. No interpreter was present. was the more graphic.

Two trucks and a huge fire protected the staff from the lions. We all drew nearer our fire and slept well.

This morning work on the camp began early. Jo and I went walking to see the wefts to the south of the pan. There are 3. We were charmingly welcomed. We greeted everybody and gave tobacco all around.

An old woman (I am a 19 am) in the big middle weft has 3 tabs hanging from her head with 3 cowrie shells on each. They are my cowrie shell gift of last year. She is the Mother of Nisa, the wife of Ilao (our Ilcow). As it was described to me when she saw the cowrie shells her daughter had she said, "how lovely. do give me some", and she made the ornaments. I had given enough to each for a necklace.

At the farthest over weft a man was making a breech clout. The leather was as soft as my suede jacket. He had shaped it according to the pattern. with the tabs behind. He was scraping off the hairs from two tabs of the lips and cutting their edges more neatly, cutting the leather as we would cut pressing down. First he used his sandal as a board to cut against. His sharp knife easily sliced the leather of the breech clout and did not scratch the hard (eland?) hide of the sandal. Then he used the handle of his axe to cut against. Then a pipe paddle.

Jo had acquired some of the fungus like stuff that tinder for lighting pipe is made of. He had traded malathi for it. The old man, of his own volution reached into his bag and gave me a good big piece. I gave nothing in return. Having given tobacco all around. It was the first gift made without any suggestion from any of us.

Frederick & I Gao were assigned to work in the camp. So another day went with interpretation. I begrudge it thinking I'd rather the camp be built more slowly & have Frederick with me. But other wants to finish up as soon as possible.

We saw nets hung with stones in them - To stretch them? There is an iron pot in the forward over weight. There are oleanders pots, nice bowls, lots of ornaments. There are lots of young proper girls & boys who look teen age. In all it seems to be a very interesting collection of people.

In the afternoon after a rest in the heat we moved up to The Camp. The kitchen is arranged under a tarp with the big packing boxes all made into cupboards. Barricade of brush surrounds the sides. Tables are board of boards. I burn with envy of such comfort.

John's photographic tent is beautifully arranged. Nothing else is done. One can't find anything. Hetroquin piles lie and a considerable distance from one another. Much stuff is still on trucks that now off to get wood or water. Charlie is working at his establishment. I feel miserable, and after finding my suitcase with toilet articles & a wash basin. My bed I gave up.

I have no idea why I don't feel well. I did not have chills & fevers this afternoon but I could not have felt more low. I wanted to creep into something lie down and cry - alone. except Lawrence.

Sunday everyone feel low. Maybe it is a cold. John is coughing still. The spells are more violent than they were for a time. I want him to go out when Jo goes to a doctor.

As it was the first night at the camp I suggested a drink. That we had. Hudson Bay whisky. a sun-downer all around. It was pleasant. John told us about Les Trois Pères and other episodes of the Canada ski trip. It is delightful when he feels like talking. He makes us laugh. The drink was just a bit much. We are so out of practice. This is the first drink since Windhoek. It was to christen the camp - but we did not yet have a name for it.

I had not finished my canned peas, nor had my coffee when Olly who had gone off with the jeep - the water hole, came back to say there was a dance at the middle weft. We did not even say "lets go". We grabbed coats and flash lights - climbed into the jeep.

get recording of theme of curing ceremony.
one song was from the Honey Song.

Gaulstha Sept 1, 1954

We found not a dance but a very sick man for whom three Medicine men were performing a curing ceremony. Twelve people sat - not in a closed circle this time but a $\frac{3}{4}$ circle. The sick man lay at the top very still, with eyes closed all through the ceremony. We sat down at ~~some distance~~ a few feet from open end - enough to indicate not too great intrusion on our part. People said "Morrow" raised their hands in the usual greeting - some not all. It was a subdued hushed greeting. Not at all like the morning greeting. Then they seemed to pay no further attention to us. Hours later when Eli drove back to camp to get a cup of coffee and brought back the Power wagon as well as the jeep I noticed people turn toward the sound and light of the vehicle. Other groups sat around other fires.

It was a very moving ceremony. The Medicine men sang over and over a little theme. The people in the circle sang with them. Only rarely did the Medicine Man call "Ki". There were no loud gurgles and grunts. The singing continued a long time, over and over and over the theme was sung, softly.

One Medicine Man knelt at the sick Man's head, crouched over him, his forehead pressed against his head, his hands at the sides of his neck, fluttering delicately & swiftly. He sang as he knelt there ceremoniously. He remained in that position through most of the ceremony. A second Medicine Man knelt at the man's chest, his hands laid on his back chest, his head bowed sometime and some times raised. The third Medicine Man moved from one position to another sometime standing, sometimes crouching. The sick man was facing the fire when we came. Later he sat up a few moments then lay down again his back to the fire. The ceremony continued through this move. When the 3rd Medicine Man knelt by him on the inside of the circle, his feet or bottoms would get into the fire. Always some one sitting near would hold his feet & put their hands over his bottom to protect him from the fire and draw him a little away. Several times this Medicine Man

left the sick man, and administered to others in that group, and a few time, went to people in the group around the fire to the left of the sick man's fire. The ceremony was similar to what we have seen before, leaning over, hands on the back and chest, or head. But there were not the loud gurgles - shrieks that we are accustomed to, only the soft ardent singing with an occasional cry of "Ki"

At one point the 3rd medicine man who was shorter + older than the other stepped in the fire - for one burning log + another. Several times one or the other held his hands to the fire then put them on the patient. Another time one of the Medicine men rolled a coal in his hands, and put his hand on the patient - as we had seen at the first ceremony of Gao's group (I) at Gam. Only once did they smoke - all three from one pipe. filling themselves with smoke + proceeding at once to the ceremony again. I thought one of the Medicine men took his bag + did something with it - but could not see clearly.

One of the ~~shorter older~~ Medicine men was shorter + older than the other. One was the long faced young man (20's), the other was youngish too.

The older one at one point with the abstracted look we are accustomed to and the rather staggering run, ran out of the circle passed us, turned around the tree next the circle where there was a big scraped hide, very dry leaning against the tree. He ran into it + tossed it into the air. It made a frightening rumble. That and the few gurgles and cries of "Ki" were the only somewhat violent action.

The song and the attitude and expression of the people were very moving to me. I felt strongly, as I so often do with Bushmen the oneness of man. Human beings within the great Mystery of life. The essence of that is somewhat lost to us as we give our attention so actively ~~and so practical~~ intently to some fragment of our experience, our Medicines and surgery, our engineering and the control it gives us of nature for instance. Intent upon achievements, in these activities we lose the awareness of the great mystery of life and man's place in it. This was expressed fully and wholly to me by this ceremony.

the song and the gestures were like prayer. I imagined the song to be fervent and pleading. The gesture expressed tenderness, solicitation, concern. The attitude and expressions of the people sitting in the circle were grave and reverent. The Bushmen must be much less lonely than most other people. I thought of the extreme contrast of impression I had from reading about the Sirono, the Mundugumor and the people of Alor.

Here were people calling upon the power of the universe doing what they know to do to call upon its help. Temi the medicine man and ǂGoma (Tuma) both told me that ǁ Gaua is near in such a ceremony - in the background.

I asked about the ceremony taking place while a dance. The women said when someone is very ill they do not dance.

Written by moonlight.

Tuesday Sept 2 1952

Work on the camp progressed. But Frederick and I Gao were freed for an hour and a half before lunch to interpret for us. In the boys compound - of Thom and Tays - we asked ǂGoma (Tuma) about the other groups. There are relationships between Tuma's group and each of the three. It is unusual for them to be living here. They came for our tobacco - though the middle group often visits Tuma Sags. See note for the relationships the Bushmen throughout this country are woven together like a fabric. Tuma's group reaches to the Okavango (? check this) to Rogaretti, Kai Kai.

9 am.

Knives very sharp
Straw in ears
Gas black "paint" in swelling
Dillai's baby " over eyes.

It was terribly hot at noon and at one and two the sun light weighs me down. Tho it is cooler than it was. There has been a south wind - the cool wind here. But I am oppressed and weary in the head.

At three we had an important & interesting conference. (Tuma) & Goma came with Charlie Lawrence to John & me, Frederick Igao & I came to see Charlie's animals. So has notes on them. Tuma was fascinated with the collection. He pointed out and gave the names of each thing.

154/ We noticed that he distinguishes most kinds but two types of mice which are the same color and differ in the number of stripes on the back he called by the same name. The downy mice he said were babies of the tan colored — again the color was the same. Shrews & moles he knew & distinguished. With the above exception he distinguished between the kinds of mice.

Charlie showed Tuma the picture in Robert. Tuma had seen our Land Camera picture last year but we had shown no other picture. He had no difficulty at all seeing the picture. He told the names of the various animals that exist here and said he didn't know the other. Charlie would say those don't exist here. He will I hope get full data on this. Tuma seemed quite fascinated. Charlie is going to have a wonderful experience - I predict.

Later Frederick Igao & I went to UIII to add to our kinship terms. We found a taboo - against speaking to or saying the name of me's father's elder brother's wife - because she is so important a person one does not have the right to speak to her.

over

It was a pleasant talk in the cool the late afternoon with Gui the old head man & his son Ti ||Khao and several women.

Gau (old) and !Huga (!hug Ka and Nai si (Koo shap elder boy) have come from Gam where we saw them last. They arrived before sunset - went first to the water hole where they rested and drank, then up to the werft.

The main path from Tsoma's werft to the water hole goes through Charlie's clearing. Ironic that he should place his tent in the path. He has to say Morow Morow all the time he is working there, to all the passers by.

They were intelligent and helpful, trying to make the women clear and accurate.

Gautscha — Wed. Sept 3

John + ‡gma + gao killed a big lizard - iguana

Work on the camp continued. The tents are up. Eliz and I moved this afternoon into the big one. L. + Jo into the unscreened one. John & his photographic equipment are comfortable and well organized in the smaller screened tent. Two latrines are prepared. The ladies one has a sign "Ladies" on it. Its screening of brush is a gesture. A wide path leads to the men's. Where the screening is still more of a gesture. They are near together but far from camp. We were not consulted. Brian said he did not know what we wanted - but didn't ask.

The problem is the lions. Eliz. is not cautious and I am afraid for her, indeed for us all. The three lions are still around. Charlie saw their tracks again this time he said ¼ mile from camp - in the direction of the latrines. About four in the morning we heard a long loud sound which we took to be the lion - from the direction of the latrines - and near. Laurence got up and got the gun. We had not moved into the tent last night. The fire was low. Brian was sleeping by the kitchen. Charlie on another side of the kitchen. Bailey near a fire. L. dressed, built up the fires. Jo and I slept in bed. I sat up and watched all around in the moonlight and thought of the succulent Bushman babies sleeping in their various little wefts. Again the image of the lion standing 5' from Pieanin sniffing the strange smells was so vivid it is as though I'd seen it. Nothing happened. I went to sleep again. In the morning ‡gma told us it was a hyaena we had heard. His tracks were at the latrines. The lions had been just beyond but had not roared. It is good that man-eaters are rare. I'm thinking of taking tin pans to bed with me to beat if I see one sniffing at the mosquito netting. That should drive them off, if ‡gma's yells did.

Kinship terms continued - across the pan. Gao of the helmet was present. He had been having a fine meal that morning - of mealies + millet that had been given him by his relation at Gqaecha - also a meal pounded of the Baobab fruit and some burnt red Cobaea berries - not those with the big seeds. See Notes. I traded some Baobab seeds to Cobaea

Gaulsche Thursday - Sept 4

First thing in the morning Frederick gao and I went across the pan for more kinship terms. Most of the people were away. They had left in great numbers on Wed. (Kooshag) I Gusa and I gui with them. Abmt 20-35 were there at the edge of the draw. Gao with them - the gao of the helmet. We said good morning and asked if someone would come to talk with us and teach us the kinship terms. Gao squatting at his skerm - his back to us. Made a long harangue - the loudest speech I've heard a Bushman make. I asked what he said. It was to the effect that we came and talked and talked and did not give food. Asked him to come to speak with me. When he squatted I sat on a low stone in front of him and explained that we had food only for ourselves. that the truck could carry only so much. that we did not want to take any of their food. Furthermore we did not expect them to stop to talk with us when they needed to go to get food. I said we were grateful when anyone had time and without inconvenience to himself. Would he willing to talk. His expression was pleasant. He said he understood. Neither of us mentioned tobacco. (There are values greater than tobacco) I asked if he wished us to leave now. He said he did - that we must go to the veld. We got up at once and left.

He is not the headman of VII VIII or IX. He took responsibility for directing the people around at the time, however. Among them were Hao + Tessa his wife. One is entirely at a loss till one knows exactly who people are. I don't know his position but judge at this point that he is someone who wants authority + takes it by any means.

157 We have not yet begun back (Sat) but will go Today. I do not want to break with VII VIII + IX. Perhaps not going back for two days is just about right.

In any case Late Sent us back that Morning to be here when H's baby was born.

Gautscha Thursday Sept 4, 1952

!ũ's baby is born.

John was at the weft taking a picture of the snare. Hgma and gao and gau were here. I was in my tent working with Frederick over our !gau notes. John came running, smiling and excited to say the baby was born.

While he was busy with his picture !ũ got up and left the weft. He took no notice. In about 20 minutes she came back smiling, patiently thinking she was going to ~~the baby in her Kaross. She~~ and sat down in the shade. She had made no sound. He took no notice for a minute or so, then saw the baby in her Kaross. He was breathless with surprise and ran over to get me. He said "!ũ wants you to take a picture of the baby. I should not as I am a man." I hurried over, went first to greet Hgma who was lying at full length on his stomach in the shade, on the far side of gao's skerm. He smiled, as he does every day when I greet him and nodded and said "ya, ya." I went at once to !ũ and knelled before her, gesturing my happiness that her baby had come. She turned back the corner of the blanket she is wearing for a Kaross and there was the baby lying against her waist, its feet toward the back, its head on her left arm, its mouth at her breast. It's white - whiter than ~~any spot on~~ we are by far where we are tanned. It's hands are as white as the fairest blond. It has a fine growth of fuzzy black hair, tiny ears, almost no chin - (a big well formed head) It is unblemished... a beautiful healthy child. !ũ told me the name - !Huga - a girl.

!ũ allowed me to set up the camera on the tripod. I had not used the Bell & Howell before. John showed me the focus & lens setting. Because she was in the shade we set it at 4. (I think that too open oh dear) We did not ask her to move. Both boys, Sam gao & !gusa were there - and 2 brides! Huga and her daughter & N!ũa

!ũ + baby Qauische Sept 4, 1952
her elder son (about 10)

!ũ sent Sam Gao for water. They asked if they might get some from us. We said indeed they might. Sam Gao had a canvas water bag. He brought it filled. !ũ was still sitting up. Presently she took some of the soft fiber (or grass) that they sleep on, dipped it into a tin can in which Sam Gao had poured some water and washed the blood off her legs. I have a picture of this. It was a casual process. She merely rubbed her legs with the moistened fiber. She did not wash her vagina. She did not wash the baby.

As near as we know, she left to ~~made~~ the baby about 10 a.m. returned about 10:20. I took the picture of her washing about 10:45 or 10:50. At 11:10 !Gase, her second son (about 7) brought a piece of veldkos - the kind that looks something like a parsnip with fibers on it. He peeled some, gave her some. They both ate a little. I think they handed some to the visitor !Huga and ǂNisa. I have a picture of this.

!Guse (Koo Shaq) is away with !Gui her husband with the group IX people who have gone on a long veldkoo trip. They left Wednesday in the late morning and are still away. Di!ai and !Huga (!Nugka) and little !Nai are away. They went to Gura early Tuesday - to get food and beads (see Eliz. Notes).

The visitors !Huga and ǂNisa just happened to be here.

A few minutes after eating the veldkos !ũ laid some of the soft fiber (or grass?) on the ground, laid the baby on it, not even fully exposing it to the breeze. She lay beside the baby so that her

!Ui + Baby

right breast was at its mouth. She covered it, head and all and there they lay. There was nothing more to do. She lay all afternoon, quietly resting.

John continued filming. Gao the Medicine Man made a nangetti net for him! He took the whole process.

≠Goma and old gau lay stretched out. old gau sleeping, !gao and Fredrick with them. I wanted not to harass anybody and did not start asking the thousand questions I have to ask - only a very few did I persue at this time.

I asked ≠Goma if !Ui had told him - or anyone - that she felt the pains and was going to have the baby. He said no. I asked if !Huga the visiting relative was here at the time. She was, he said. I judge she had not come expecting to be present at the birth. !Ui had not told her when she left to have the baby. !Ui went alone. I asked if this was usual. ≠Goma said yes, that was the way of Bushmen women. They want to be alone. I shall ask more about this. I asked me if they had a difficult birth if they call someone. He said no they are alone till every thing is finished. This must have exceptions and I must ask if the Medicine Man is not called if the woman is ill.

!Ui looked perfectly normal when she returned. She was smiling, walked naturally as though nothing had happened. She did not look drawn, or tired, or in pain; nor excited nor concerned, nor elated. It is a simple natural event for Bush women. What a contrast our civilization present. With the concern, excitement and paraphenalia.

And what a contrast for the infant. To be slapped

Sept 4 1969

!Ui - baby Gaudiche

lied up side down, bathed, dressed, not fed, put away alone in a crib, having its cord & its eyes medicated. to say nothing of precepts and other surgical procedures. The death rate is another matter. I am imagining only the difference of experience to the baby.

This is the least traumatic a birth experience one can imagine. The baby is like a little marsupial held against the mother's body, its mouth at her breast constantly.

The baby during the first day cried twice for about one second each time. It's ah, ah a very gentle sound, repeated only twice - ah a - ah a. Each time !Ui put her nipple into its mouth. A great deal of the time it lay sleeping the nipple in its mouth. Sometimes it slept without the nipple, its mouth as much as an inch away. When I first looked at the baby 30 a 40 minutes after its birth, it had the nipple in its mouth. And continued so till !Ui laid it down. Then sometimes when I looked it had the nipple in - less often not. It sleeps with its hands up beside its head. The baby sucked vigorously some time. Then as it slept its mouth was passive on the nipple. It seemed to swallow.

We were observing - at least on our side of things an imagined discretion - of not having the men on watch. Later in the afternoon I began to perceive that it did not seem to trouble her.

In the afternoon we brought gifts. Jo & Lauma came 1 gas & redinch. I gave a scarf to !Ui & one to the baby. A whole bunch of white seed beads to !Ui, one like it to the baby, and 3 strand each to Sam gao and 1 gace and to Goma the father. We brought 2 klim tins of cocoa all mixed - with klim & golden syrup.

Visitors had come from IX including to Nisa 11 Oa's wife a hag a dozen women & girls. We gave to bacas all around. Goma made no move to have the cocoa till after they left - he said to us "Till Sunset

Lee Kay came & went dressed up.
Gura Perpe rubbed tobacco under arms.
Baby has not cried - undisturbed.
Gao & Z gona returned at 1 P.M. with no bro & arms.

!ũ + baby. Sept 4, 1952

The baby's umbilical cord looks to be 6-7 inches long. It is gray and not dry. perhaps ½" in diameter. It seems not to be tied. I shall ask later about this.

I have been very careful not to touch the baby or !ũ or any of their things. I am feeling quite ill. My recurring chills and fevers are upon me. I went to bed before supper. very miserable. Temp 100.2 Ate 1 cup canned tomato.

Sept 5, 1952

John is away in the veld

Elizabeth is working on veld kos with Di!ai, who will take Eliz with her tomorrow on veld Di!ai !Huga !ungka and returned last night

little !Nai + Sam gao went to Gura. They got very little veld kos and must go out again tomorrow. They are resting today. See Eliz. Note.

Tomas is away gao is away. Old gau is ill. He has a painful swelling in his neck. It seems not to be gum + tooth. His teeth show no sign of decay. though they are worn down. He says it is that tooth ache. We took his temperature. He, trustful as all Bushman so far in our experience showed no apprehension, the thermometer. His temperature is 98° We gave him aureomycin and I put vaseline on his swelling and a bandage around, thinking perhaps the softened skin might help to open an abscess. If it is that or in anycase make him feel we were trying to help. They Bushmen, and other Natives, believe in grease on the skin. Gao had rubbed over the swelling the black mixture, grease and charcoal (which is commonly used. Di!ai has ~~rubbed her baby's eyes with probead~~ made the long marks over the eyes of her baby who had sore eyes. (Twice she had me put medicine in his eyes. She asked me the first day we came. The second day I went to the Werft to put the aureomycin in. The third day when I came to do this, she took the baby away. Today, when the interpreter were there she said he was afraid of Europeans not being used to them, and — this was then

Name and I think I wrote it elsewhere - she wanted to teach him not to be afraid because if he were afraid he wouldn't get things. Later in the afternoon I gave candy to every one present. Qase her little boy (He is 2 yrs) came cautiously to me to get his and ran back to her. Later he ventured a smile, then hid his head behind her. I told her Bushmen women were good mothers. She said yes they understood babies.

I measured the baby. From top of head to bottom of heel, stretched out as straight as could be. She is $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Her head is $4\frac{1}{2}$" from top to bottom of chin. Her hands are less white. She is the same like the rest of her - pinkish.

We asked !U if we could ask her questions about the birth when she felt ready to bath. She said not today, she needed rest, but tomorrow she needed bath. We asked if we could take picture of the baby. She said we might after noon when it would be warmer. So we left her. I sat at a distance writing, little !Dai sat beside me. All the rest went back to camp. Qase was there. Sam Ko away with the men, hunting. Di!ai and !Huga (!Ung ka) lay beside Di!. They chatted, womanishly about finery. !U got out the beads and the scarfs to show them. !Huga (!Ung ka) draped herself in the two scarfs and pranced before me with the most amusing walk - late - and unlike a model. She made it clear she wanted 2 scarfs.

Name brought a jar of vasaline which I

pane ; K. She had asked for grease to soften a skin for the baby, showing me that the skin were too hard. She had asked Lawrence to kill a kudu saying she needed kudu soup. Lawrence said he wouldn't but said I might give some biltong. I took over 4 pieces later.

In the afternoon after lunch we had a discussion of Elizabeth's going out - John's sleeping in and all the involvements. Elizabeth wants to go. I want John to go & see a doctor about his cough. Lawrence won't let me stay without John - for fear of fire, lions etc. John has coughed since May. Lawrence says if he is still coughing in another month he will send him out via Tsau and the W.N.A. bus - provided we can get out in case of early rains. Lawrence feels sure the cough is nothing but irritation from coughing and dust. John does not feel really well - but does not feel really ill. He is working very hard.

~~Next Lawrence~~ John took sense

In the late morning visitors arrived at Homa's (Tuna's) weyt - from Gura. Several women and children came - the men had stayed at our camp. The women went first to a tree at some distance and sat down. No one waved or took notice. Nai told me they were from Gura. After about 5 minutes Hugu (Kuyka) and Di'ai went over to them. Then I walked over quickly. Hugu (Kuyka) had given a pinch of tobacco to each. They put it into what ever containers they had and dusted their fingers off under their arms.

In another five minutes the group was sitting at !Kuse !Kooshay's skerm talking away to !Hapa (!nuqka) and Di!!ai they did not come to greet !Ui or see the baby - while I was there at least. I gave them all tobacco.

After lunch the men of the group were here. I gave tobacco to them. 2 of them live + Goma and Qao went off to hunt with John in the jeep. The story of these hunts will be in John's note. They chased a hoefel hund? in this thuma pan. +Goma fell out of the jeep. One of the young men cut his behind bumping on something sharp. +Goma lost the metal point of his arrow which he shot at the hoefel hund. They did not catch it - nor anything else. Yesterday this morning they were hunting + caught a huge lizard. They eat it - but it is not yet eaten because John wanted to photograph the skerm + hasn't given the time to that yet.

There is so much to keep up with - Goma and Qao tried to catch an aardvark. What day? This morning or yesterday. +Goma set fires to smoke it out - Crawled into the hole - One he went into very far - and came out head first having turned around inside. They are giving their all to the hunting.

After the departure in the jeep Jannie + I went to take pictures of the baby. !Ui wanted

not move into the sun. We need not worry about imposing on her. She will say what she wies & will do. That is good. We got grass and I had to hold up a hide as a wind shield & then asked her to uncover the baby. She did a little. It seemed to be the sun more than the wind she protected it from. The pictures won't be good. But we are not going to try to force. If anything happens to the baby we don't want it to be thought we forced anything. It thought was not right.

I slept all afternoon. In the morning during the hours I was there and in the afternoon the baby did not cry. Jo says he heard a baby cry in the night. It may have been the new baby, but it may have been the little Kgao of Di/ai - the crier. Jang Tsin - for a Bushman child. The boy with one blind eye.

It's left breast had filled out tremendous this morning at 9 when we went over it was I said almost as big as the baby's head. Jo said bigger. The right breast is not so big. The baby lay by the right breast most of yesterday and this morning. It fed it from the left breast in the afternoon.

The baby lies without being moved, on the soft grass on the ground. against its mother's body covered with her blanket. She left it to

go to urinate only once a minute or two.
She has rubbed its head with the black ointment.

The umbilical cord is dry and dark this morning. It has shrunk to 5 inches short.

Jo had an idea on infanticide. He put together the woman's going alone and the other's making so little of the matter. I then added to the complex of a man's saying he did not know if she were going to have a baby or not. That she had looked that way for some time and no baby had come. It might be fit together as a pattern adapted to possible infanticide - but if so would indicate a covering up of infanticide - a guilt? or covering jealousy for some other reason.

A fire break was burned around the camp. I watched the shapes and faces of the men in the light. So different they are in size + color.

I feel better tonight - no temperature. I took 3 aureomycin capsules today. But I am terribly depressed about Lawrence's going out for 3 weeks.

Tried for more kinship terms at the ways in the late afternoon - asking the oldest women. Woman speaking term. We got into a queer muddle. It is probably due to their not using a term unmodified by article pronoun or some thing. Somebody was slipped the women or 1940 or me. One of the new young men of 940 (not chief) hinted out to speak Herero, & he sophisticated he began to answer

and we got a few straightened out. Maybe. I'm trying to get the Kinship term before Fedusch leaves. Will not succeed. Can not make head way. Everything takes so long. The very minimum of living is an effort & takes very long. And when I have temperature I just can't drive at thing. It isn't my not driving - only. No one can drive nor the Bushmen be driven faster in this heat.

I have written 2 days of the journal this evening by moon light and fire light. The night is warmer 68°

Sat - Sept 6, 1952

On Wednesday 9 people will leave to go out. I am terribly depressed about having to part again. It will be for 3 weeks. John + I with Carl, Glass, Nanno + Pecanin will carry on here. I feel ill again.

I went on with kinship terms. It is very different. I get several different answers for the same relation. Frolens & Herero to Bushman - back leaves room for mistakes. Also it seems to me that kin terms are not such an important part of the system that much is made of them. It is like English, not a strictly intense matter.

John + Bushmen killed a pig. Every one can eat pig. Men women. Every one is pleased almost. Sun. Sept 7.

Since! Li's baby was born on Thurs. that is on Fri + Sat + Gama has been trying to get meat for her. John has been helping. He takes Gama + Jemima in the jeep - to same time. (see above) ~~extra day~~ + Friday they got rolling Sat they got a wild pig. Every one owed eat it. Everyone was happy. Charlie gave a jackal to! Li Friday which women only can eat. She asked Lawrence to shoot a Kudu. He refused. holding to his policy. and settled for 4 pieces of biltong ~~the~~

The boys had a day off. Lawrence + I photographed it who went in + the baby etc!! Li is still probating the baby women not fully uncover it - but as she changed it from one side to the other we got a glimpse of it.

We had a sun downer at sun down. It was to celebrate the 2 birthdays that are coming the 13th + 14th Lawrence had brought a bottle of Bouvon + one of Cuvian for the occasion. I suggested having them Sunday because it had been a peaceful day. We weren't in threes. I was feeling better. The parting was a few days off. It was pleasant ~~[illegible] lunch we~~ & after supper we went to the wagon. We had a pleasant time, singing a letter or song a Hopi song.

Gao leaned over and told me he had two wives and four children. This struck me as odd

and very interesting. I had not brought up the subject. He leaned over to me and as if he said "by the way did you know I have two wives." My kiswahili terms make conversations on these subjects quite possible now. I have no doubt that that is what he said. I should have gasped with surprise if I had not heard it before. I asked who was with them the day 'Ki's baby was born. It was then I gasped when I was told it was Gao's other wife & daughter & Nisa. I thought then I must not have heard correctly in January. I did dislike that whole story. The other wife lives with Gao's father & brother - not with him. Fine and nice.

John is hunting again today with Fgoma (Laura). He wants them to get meat. He thinks Fgoma wanting to provide meat for him to nourish her, give her abundant milk, and satisfy his own pride in hunger. John is as ardent as any hunter. He does not want to jeopardize the success of the hunt by taking pictures, and is turning the problem over in his mind, whether he can ever get pictures of a hunt without scaring away the animals. He thinks by and large he can not, and is making the effort now to get meat not pictures. He is wondering if later, at time when there is meat he can then employ pictures. Trouble is meat does not last. This could be worked out as a matter of policy. He does wants very much to get pictures of animals in repose, in natural condition, not just hunt pictures. Those who has not tried knows how different this is.

Monday Sept 8

John is hunting again. Frederick, Gao and I made a last attempt at Kiswahili terms before Frederick leave. Got the children - it Father's elder brother's son etc etc. Did not finish woman speaking. Can not work tomorrow as the preparations for the trip land will be made.

I wish Laurence did not have to go. I mind each separation more than the one before. Am fairly morbid this time.

Our ailments continue. I feel miserable every 2 or 3 days worse than the intervening days. Eliz. has dysentery again and now Jo has an attack. We are depressed. The smells are worse in the heat than last yr. in July. The pig's offal makes me almost throw up.

Little Gao is 32" tall Sept 14 1937
He grew 4 inches.

Monday Sept 8 continued

About midday I was at the weiff. I had had an engagement with Ii to talk about the birth. See Note. As he had this time I asked her to tell me about what Bushmen women do so I could understand. I told her - again - we were trying to understand the ways of other people. I showed her Notes & Queries & said no book had been written about Bushmen, and white people like ourselves wanted to understand Bushmen. She had told us she would talk on Monday ie 2 days from Sat. So she began and gave an account without my drawing her out with questions. Briefly she said Bushmen women went alone into the bush for the birth. Unless a woman's mother was with her. She buries the placenta - marks the place so no man may step on it, lest he become thin. If a man should step on a placenta and become thin, the other men would get meat for him. (Persons this fuller & clearer than gen.) If a man does become thin is it assumed he has stepped in inadvertently on a placenta? Of course there are other possibilities - that he has broken some other taboo - what is likely to be assumed. Is any illness apt to be attributed to breaking a taboo?) She told about the umbilical cord - how it is put in a bag & kept till the child is about age 7 lifted gad. At that time a mother goes with child into the bush, ie the cord away and jump over it the child to throw the cord away and jump over it. The cord is kept to protect the child from sickness. [Fire out what throwing away & jumping over it signifies]

As this talk was finished 7 Goma Gao & Qui returned from hunting. They looked very depressed & sad. They sat down in the shade. I gestured to mean "did they not get anything?" and Iqui gestured I thought to say no. A kind of waving the hand down I felt sad for them, and for John.

But when I returned to camp John said they had shot a giraffe.

We were thrown into a dither. The account was what John would call "lying": They had - as for several days - gone out in the jeep - John as intent as ǂGoma to get meat for the. The jeep ride is to save the miles of walking, to cover more ground quickly - to get meat not a record of - hunt. And they had come upon a giraffe mother with her young baby. John had told us each day how careful the hunters were with their poisoned arrows. Never to take them out in the jeep when it was moving. The arrows are kept in a covered quiver and the quiver in a bag. But the giraffe was too much for the caution rule to stand. While they brave to catch up with it, to get near enough for a shot out came the arrows and the giraffe was shot from the jeep. 4 arrows were driven into it ǂGoma's deep into the leg. The others who got arrows into it were

qao

The giraffe loped on followed by its baby. The men returned home. It will take 4 days to die. Each day they will go and follow its spoor and see what condition it is in.

It was proper procedure to look depressed when they entered the werft. All must be quiet and subdued so the giraffe will be subdued and not too for. The children must not play active or be noisy. (They never are anyway) the men must fast so that the giraffe too will becom weak.

Laurence is concerned. Giraffe is Royal Game. The penalty for killing one is a huge fine. There was confusion. Picanin told everyone including the Bushmen to say it was a kudu. I was concerned that from over party came this suggestion of deception and lying. John took Redunch + I Gao to try to put this right. It was concerned lest ǂGoma get the idea for the first time that his game was controlled by the whites - where as it is not in this area. No warden in fact game laws in this area with the Bushmen.

Nam Sha is a new child a new name
I gui is a beautiful bag.

Lawrence when he goes to windhoek will tell the administration what happened and accept the penalties if necessary. Tho the Bushmen shot the arrow & have every rights - as we understand it to kill giraffe the shot was from our Jeep - instead of a normal hunt when they track and stalk them selves.

Ti at least is untroubled. She made the geological

lating

The boys have taken to coming into our tent with Eli. They spend happy hours with her. Their gentle voices and quiet considerate behavior does not disturb even me - even making charts, kinship terms. Tsamgao Tsam Kho who is a very intelligent fine boy is a help. If a paper blows in the ever lasting wind he gets it for me. If I go out in comfin he opens the zipper of the hot. The smaller boys are charming and gay as gentle gay as young robins. Naise is relaxing, smiling, playing softly delicately with gaese at little games delicately examining our things. which they never disrupts into disorder. This afternoon, with the plasticene they all modeled giraffes.

Tuesday. Sept 9

The day before the departure. Lawrence - I went out lists of things to get quietly in the tent. I feel terribly lonely and inadequate, and the separation is stabbing me ahead. I know how I shall feel tomorrow. I'll regret all the time I was busy and preoccupied working apart from Lawrence. I'll feel he does not know how much I love him. I'll think about the feeling I have of people getting between us. people who have to have some thing done about them and take time & preoccupation. I'll think about my own struggles with confusion, indecision and ailments which make me glum and withdrawn much of the time. I'll feel I have not been with him closely enough and now we shall be separated, all facing some peril.

How do Bushmen women stop their children from nursing. I've seen some boys of 5-8 nursing. One especially when he rests and cat-naps lies in his mother's lap & suck. I think she is not in lactation.

Di!ai nursed Ui's baby. Suo this once.

The perils on the whole seem rather remote - except the diseases. Lions, fires snakes scorpions wild dogs, leopards don't trouble me constantly - just occasionally. When lion spoor has been seen, & when Brian takes a poisonous snake from the tree under which we eat our meals. Fires come and go. But I suffer a constant gnawing anxiety about John's cough - his exposure to unboiled water. Elizabeth's constant though mild dysentery - My own cyclicle miseries of nausea and enervation. Everyone's fatigue troubles me - and the way we have to drive ourselves to get anything done.

Venter - did I say? is dead. There are no complications. The Herero Beelmand Administration Our own boys Bushmen are gentle and friendly. but it is a responsibility to be here, as the fine. But it is a responsibility to be here, as the older person in authority. If the boys were less fine it might be very difficult. We shall have glass David Picanin Name Igao - the least stable and mature of the group - but we shall get along well I have no doubt. We told Brian to tell the staff that Bushmen kill adulterers with poison arrows that "fly from no where".

We had a conference engaba? all standing under the tree making speeches. Laurence and I had a talk with Frederick Lupo. Igao told me he wants to go back to Igam. He feels unsecure, not sure his work is adequate - also Picanin is mean to him, orders him about & quarrels with him. This Frederick explained. We told Igao he must not go, we need him and appreciate him, so he said he would stay. Under the tree Laurence said see this - that an value Igao. that he was not to be ordered about, that he would cooperate as all the staff would in the added work while they are short handed - that Picanin was to work with John, Name & Gao with Elizabeth. All to help glass with water & wood, David to handle the kitchen. He said he would tell the administration & Picanin & Name employers what good work they were doing. In return Name & Picanin made protestation of appreciation loyalty

Dance, giraffe

Gaulsch Sept 9 1952

and promises to take good care of us. I had said, has I, let both Frederick + Philip had to go out because their wives are ill.

I look like a She-ancient but do not feel like one. The She Ancients were energetic and purposeful. As I write there is no breeze. Drops fall from my head and nose, trickle down my tummy + back under my loose nylon blouse. Soak into my pants at the belt. Stick my legs together. My hands stick to the paper. My glasses are fogged. But this air is dry and if one opens mes bleet one for a moment has the effect of a water cooling bag. I am in this blessed netted tent with a fly swatter, a cup of coffee a cigarette and Elizabeth. It is only 96 in the shade. I wonder what it is in the sun. When I'm out working at the weft where there is all too little shade for the Bushmen + now for me, my pants get so hot that when I lean over they burn me as when one stands too near a camp fire. We take salt tablets.

Well to go on — Tuesday night. When we visited the weft Sunday night, Jo asked for a dance. Tgoma said they might have one on Tuesday. And so they did. The men had gone to hack the giraffe during the day. In the afternoon they returned about four, and Swiral went right out again to hunt for some small creature. They got nothing. John is worried about the giraffe. It is going farther + farther about 20 miles now — has joined with some other and his lost it baby. It is staggering — But there is anxiety lest it get away nevertheless. Some other hunters saw it and reported that it still had the arrows in it. They of course did not touch it. The men came back from the late afternoon hunt long after dark — empty handed

It was after that that the women returned.

Shee ja (soft j.) = good

Shee dore = bad

They had gone out for veldkos about 8 in the morning and ! ti was with them, the new baby bound to her back with a small skin which she had softened with the vaseline I gave her. The baby lies ~~both~~ at her waist both its feet to her back tied so there is support for its head against the hide which holds it. ! Ti has the scarf I gave her over the baby as an awning. Her kaross is outside all that. They looked tired and laden as they passed by the camp.

Nevertheless there was a dance. People began to pass the camp as we ended supper. I hastened to make cocoa. We went over as soon as we cored. The singing had just begun. We found ! Gama + ! ti sitting at their fire ! ti looking hollow eyed. Some 15 young people sat around their fire. There were five other fires. As usual people sat with their own groups + visited about at the other groups a little. About 65 people in all including ~~the dancing was~~ a late arriving group from across the pan who came carrying burning sticks for torches and wood for their own fire. When people arrive like that they do not greet the others. Nor are they greeted. (People always greet us with the raised hand waved and "Morrow Morrow" but do not greet other Bushmen.)

Fifteen or twenty women and girls sang, and clapped - from the various groups. Men danced from the various groups, returning to sit with their own people between dances.

! Gao and ! Name danced, ! Gao beautifully ! Nam carelessly and poorly. ! Gi ! Gao imitated him sloppily clownishly about after him.

There was a ceremony about 11 it began. Gao and another Medicine Man. ! Gi ! Gao did not participate.

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Frederick Philip and David were sitting near Gaulecho. Three or four times each Medicine Man performed the ceremony over each of them. I wished they would run us. Gao said next day that it was that they should be safe on the journey. I said Mr. Marshall too? He said most of all.

The cocoa was an anxiety. Twice as much proper came I went to make more. I ~~asked~~ 3 buckets full. I asked Ngoma to say when he wanted it served. Hour went by. Just before the ceremony began I asked if we could heat it. I had understood Ngoma to say to heat it in the dance fire. So we put 1 bucket on. When the ceremony began we took it to Di!ai told John to put it behind the skeen. We waited till the ceremony was over and about Midnight Ngoma told John to put it on his fire. The 3 buckets were set there. There was never talk about it, Ngoma explaining that it had to boil - gugguggugg or bub bub bub. Which did he say? Time went on. The dancing went on. Laurence wanted me to drop the matter, the cocoa. Jo wanted me to find out if Ngoma was waiting for us to serve it - I didn't know what was what. Like an anxious listener. Finally I sent 1 Nama again. Ngoma said he had not feel well (he has a sore) and that people might not have tins to drink from and to take only one bucket at a time. 1 Nama - 1 Gao served it, taking a bucket around. Everyone produced a tin or drank from his neighbors. Ngoma helped himself from the bucket in front of him or a tin. I decided not to have cocoa at a dance again - which is what Laurence thought best. About 12.30 a.m. John went off to bed. Jo danced with the men. At 2 he and I left. I wondered if we were keeping them up and they so tired. I was half dead.

Wed. Sept 10

At dawn I woke up - the dawn of the departure. The dance was still going on. I got up and went over. There in the gray light were all the people as we had left them. The dance was just stopping. As the sun rose big and red in the smoke haze, lines of people left the west - the sun behind them and fled around our fires. I think it was perhaps to say good by to Laurence & Jo. They left about seven.

The Bushmen were too tired to work with. Sept 10 1962
Eliz and I both feel quite ill again." We rested a while and then dragged ourselves to work. I forget what we did - oh yes. I cleaned house and found things.
John - the men went to see the giraffe again. It is getting on to 30 miles away. Thursday - Sept 11

We are dedicated to veld kos. To record the end of the dry season. If and when the giraffe episode is concluded John will photograph veld kos.

In the mean time Eliz. is making a study. She went with L. - the truck ! Huga + the qua women one day. L. photographed. On Monday the 8th she went walking with Di!ai and (!Nu ka) ? Huga. Her notes describe the day in the heat. It is a large + important subject.

One thing that she finds is that they go two wander about hoping to find the odd veld kos. They go to certain places where certain things grow. They go today & pick berries, another day & dig the big turnip like roots etc. They go long distance. It is hard work. Di!ai carries 1 goss on her shoulder while she digs. They bring back 15 to 20 pounds each - carrying the stuff and the babies in their karosses.

She says it is wonderful to see how they find things. Two leaves of a dried scrap of a vine in a bush they will see + dig there. If the root is too deep they leave it. Not she thinks to save effort but to use the time more productively.

She says the women feed the families and feed them well. There is no planning back of veld kos. There is some balance between time, energy, and quantity.

So far they have gone every other day except once when they went on successive days. !Ui with her baby went on 5th day after birth and again on the 8th day.

Insert Fri. Sept 12

This is the day Ki & Dilai went for veldkos at 8 in the morning. Long after dark - at 8 o'clock they returned. Two little women. each with a baby - ladened with veldkos, and Shell & Water and each with 2 trees over their shoulders for the night's wood. They had walked for miles - dug all day. Walked home much of the distance in the dark. passed through the veld fire.

Ki's new baby was crying - this time a real cry. I listened for it late. It soon stopped. Every one sank to sleep.

Thursday Sept 11 Eliz went again with Di!ai + 1 Huga and Name. They were away from about 8:30 to 3. The women again got about 20 pounds each.

Di!ai gives to 1ti the days! ti does not go out. People get water for !ti Tos. Di!ai n/Sam Khon + Gama.

I worked on genes + kin terms with 1 Gao without 1 Name. We got along fairly well.

Friday Sept 12.

John has been away each day with the men to track the giraffe. This is quite a story. The giraffe travels n. It joined others, but it left the others. Last night it had got baby. The story is told in the about 30 miles away. It lies down + thrashes upon it is staggering. John has the same about. It struggles on. John has the domination by a passion mixture of feelings I have. concern lest it be lost, to get the meat and concern lest it be killed.

Friday night at sunset Pieanin + others arrived in the ~~deep~~ dazing the giraffe had been killed. It was down the Bushmen killed it with assegais. John got picture - They will tell a dramatic story - They could not leave the meat as were staying by it all night John with them. Pieanin followed with more Bushmen food + blankets and set glass. They at dusk to return to the waiting party.

Eliz worked on veld kos. I tried to make clear to kin terms. There are confusions + gaps. I tried to work with 1 Name 1/Gao on them. For father's younger brother and his son I got 4 different answers. Ask me.

A fire beset us. Thursday ≠Gama had gone across the pan to put out one that was approaching. They beat out the near edge. At 11 p.m. our boys anxious had gone back + worked an hour + more

putting out another edge. I had gone to bed so tired I wouldn't have noticed being burned up.

Tonight - with John away - another fire flared up. It looked to be at group OH's weft. Again the boys went across & Eli. They did not work on it. It seemed hopeless. We went to bed a bit anxious. In the night the wind came up. I ran out & look. The wind was from the South East - blowing the fire back. In the morning it was out - and the other 6 on the horizon too, and the one that was smouldering that had been beaten out on Tues.

Sat Sept 13

The giraffe arrived about 11 a.m. John drove to the weft and unloaded. He was a sight. The Dodge party had got lost & had not arrived last night. John had slept by the fire and burned his coat & shoes. The Bushmen looked O.K. By the time the cut up meat was unloaded there were some 50-60 people at the weft.

There was no apparent excitement all quiet and orderly. See notes. For a while they sat talking, men in groups women in groups. as usual with their close relatives. We went to have lunch. When I got back about 2 Mucy & the meat was cut into strips, hung for biltong. Other piece waited distribution. Through the afternoon. 3 pm on there was decorous cooking & eating. The guest were all fed cooked meat. It was like a party, guests waiting to be served. There was no gorging, no haste, no unseemliness, no noisy celebrating. Relatives were given their share from each persons portion, and went off home about 5. John took pictures.

Gau has the greatest share, & Goma says the giraffe was killed with his arrow. & Goma says his own arrows are all gone. About 20 feet of long strips are hung on branches.

Indeed 8 arrows are still in the beast to be found tomorrow. How Bushmen can shoot at an animal in this way need. rush on not taking time then to find their arrows. go back to find them days later. Find all, then - this is beyond the imagination - but is what happened.

! 'i's baby has grown $\frac{1}{2}$ inch now 19"
The baby looks perfectly well. Umbilicus perfect.

Sunday Sept 14 1952

A terrible hot day. My birthday. Eliz and I are both miserable. John is coughing more than usual. The boys have the day off. Eliz is trying tried of opium and sulphamethazine according to Dr Jin's instruction. I do not have diarrhea so am not taking it. I just feel awful. Slight nausea no energy, exhaustion depression. Eliz's admirers are visiting us. Eliz + I are spending the day in the tent. I am catching up on the journal. I do not keep up with it and am writing it poorly, very poorly. losing much detail My miseries come in peaks. this is a bad day. But even on the intervening days I can not keep up with things.

I wrote a little about the visitors in the tent. It must have.

One activity that takes time is my doctoring. I have treated eyes at Igam and here very often. Men women + children I have the Sanitch infection under control now. No cases at present. But the people from Igam who arrived today all needed treatment. Group II from Igam - who went to Kai Kai the day before yesterday came now from Kai Kai

The Igam people are Igaese and Khuan Ila father + mother of Huya, Gao's fiancée. Tsa Igma 2010 + are there other? They arrived at the tent about 11. Then they settled under a tree near the staff's camp. Huya the daughter is not with them she is ill and could not walk here. She has pain in her stomach.

The story developed as follows: The mother says Igao asked them to bring Huya here. They came to say she was not well enough to walk. Igao asked John to take the truck + go to Kai Kai to fetch her. John says Igao is worried about Huya. John was told that Huya's brother kicked her in the stomach.

Monday Sept 15

On Monday morning I asked Khuan Ila the mother to come to talk with me with Igao + John + Ngam interpreter. She says Igao asked them to bring Huya and they came to say she could not walk. Huya is left with Khuan Ila's younger brother and Huya's sister.

I enquired about her health. She had a first attack of the pains when we were here last year. I questioned about her menstruation, if the pains came at those periods. Khuan Ila said yes. I know we puts the words into the other's mouth when we questions so. but I am put to it to get information out. When I get it out this way I can't trust it - except sometimes when things do fit together or are checked some other way.

F Nisa's husband is Nane who is dead

Sept 14, 1952 and does not have fever (get hot) 190

They say she does not have diarrhea, but that sometimes she vomits. They point to the side, where the pain is. It might be appendix. I asked Kwanlla if Huga had the pain every time she menstruates. She said she did. I suggested that Huga should not eat the big seeds, the berries, and when she had the pains to eat only soft things. I said we had no medicines to help.

Mame said that Igao wanted her to come here so that Gad (Medicine) could treat her, that he is a very strong doctor.

I said we had no permission to take the truck to Kai Kai. I asked how Huga would be fed and who would care for her here? Igao said he would ask Gama about her coming, and getting food here. The family has no relatives here. I asked Julie what the family's plan was. Kwanlla said they had none - except to tell Igao Huga could not walk here.

Well - I have now seen the brother who is said to have kicked Huga in the stomach. John shares my feeling about him. We are uneasy. We mistrust him very much. What a miserable business it is not to know and understand what goes on & what to do. The young man is in shorts and shirt. He does not look as though he ever intended to find food in the veld. Our impression is that he is leeching onto Igao. I came to the Staff's camp (Sometimes it is called the location) while John & Freanin were talking with him about the kick in the stomach. He says it was an accident: That he had taken her arm to pull her up to come with them here and he slipped and kicked her. His name is Iqui, by the way. We let that drop.

I have 2 worries - that I appreciate Igao and want to be good to him. I worry about the food dribbling out to the people. I have now projected my mistrust of Iqui onto the whole group. I read into them now a difference - the Kai Kai type - similar to Hereros. scheming, trying to get from others - not living in their old ways & laws & relationships.

The Igao who is husband of Kwanlla & father of Keya (Nowka) is the dark one with the cap. Tome
The wild faced man who looks like a [illegible] of Gama
the gaze of the narrow face II is the father of 2010

Dial, name and & Elg

¡Que¡que

m. Ora Pro.

custom [pic

Cocoa or ¢ gma is fine

others do not drink?

Ideas, Possession ~~of~~ food.

I plan to sleep over all this - and tomorrow have a talk about our food situation with the whole group

John + I spoke to David about the food. He says he we understands - that he sees the Mealie Meal getting low. And he said they would like to get rid of the Bushman visitors but he knows I want to be cordial to Bushmen and thought I would not want them kicked out. I told him that he and John + the others were free to do what they want at their fire, and again mentioned that allowing Bushmen to sit at the kitchen fire I said they could sit at my fire, and suggested we consider having another fire - a visitors fire. I'm afraid, my diary - Twas Monday that was coming

Fires are on our minds today because a south wind blows. I am in sweater + jacket. by a fire. The sky was cloudy all day, after nearly dying of heat yesterday. The temperature didn't go above 90 all day. It is 86 now. The wind makes it seem cooler

To go back to Sunday night. It had been planned that after the hunt there would be a dance. Every one was to rest Saturday, I gama explained - but they would dance Sunday. John was going to dance, too, he said. He promised to make cocoa. This was readily accepted.

[A propos of cocoa - what pie it is cooked on is important. It seems if it is cooked on Gama's pie it belongs to him in people's thinking. John tried to take word and cook it on a pie of his own making.]

Sunday by supper time my cyclical ailment was at its low or high point. I was so miserable I decided not to go to the dance. Imagine me - a dance of perhaps 70 people + 4 or 5 medicine men - away across the pan - the climax of the hunt. I lay down while John + Eli made cocoa just after supper. I slept a little, woke up believing I would suffer more from loneliness and missing the dance than from going. John suggested putting my bed in the truck - which he did. I - like the halt who were carried to the well in Jerusalem where Jesus said Take up thy bed and walk - watched the ceremony from my bed. I got up about eleven when the medicine men began to cure. They did not come to cure me. Nevertheless I felt better. And in the morning the spell had passed and I felt fairly well.

The dance seemed lacking in vigor at first. The best dancing we have seen was the last dance at group I at Ugam where everyone was dancing well, precisely, energetically - as people play in slumber well motion of lexicography.

Do people ask to be served
ask for a dance
give anything in return
Are dancers used for any other purpose than serving?
i.e. lack in the limit
Did you consent each dish before quaffed last.

Sing -
Honey song
Fame is pious.

Sept 14, 1952

This time about 23 women were sitting up - but many many were not. People were at their own fires. or at the three other fires near the dance fire. John + Glan had taken on a huge load of wood, and started a fire of our own + which was soon surrounded by Bushmen.

Some time after the dance began I saw lights on the pan. After a long time they bobbed nearer + nearer and there came Ui + Di! ai. They had not come with us on the truck because the truck jiggled the baby too much. So they had walked all the way - these little little women who are so together. carrying brand lite fire sticks - as torches. They seated themselves by me presently Di! ai tucked her baby beside her. covered him and herself with her Karos and went to sleep. Ui sat watching the fire. Qaise. her younger boy, came to her. She cuddled him down, wrapped a scarf around him, and watched the fire again. + Some did not dance. Qo + Qui did. Bam ko so big Elyabeth. I Qao danced - at his best. Nam danced rather subdued. Preamin David + Glan sat in chairs quietly. Zollo was bitten by a scorpion on the shoulder. + Some massaged the place, rubbing it with sweat from his arm pits. It was not a bad kind of scorpion - not dangerous

We expect a dance to be gay. This was not at all gay. I supposed every one was tired. John was recovering from a fever. There was no air of celebration - which I thought must disappoint John.

He made his cocoa. passed it around. By then I was unconscious in bed in the truck.

Almost eleven I woke - hearing the ceremony begin Qao and three other Medicine Men were coming - the 3 who had worked over the very sick man. The ceremony was subdued and prolonged. The 3 Medicine Men were not in trance. They went about quietly performing their rites to this one and that. Not every body. Qao too was subdued - till near the end. He picked up a big burning stick from the fire threw it over the heads of a circle of people. plunged head long from the center of the dance circle over the heads of the women. fell on the ground outside the circle summersaulted and lay on his back his legs over his head. No one paid much attention to him. The people who dread the burning stick thrown over them chattered. Soon the tall long faced young Medicine Man came to Qao up stood behind him then put his right leg

over Gao's right shoulder & shook his rattle, then he leaped. After that Gao got up. With a rush he leaped over the people in our circle & over the fire, to Di!ai. He performed his rite over her and I Tu. Then staggered away with his hands over his eyes.

John danced. Gao helmet who has turned out to be gay and friendly put his rattle on John. But dancing with Bushmen strikes me as a bit lonely. Each Bushman is it seems to me with drawn. Each is keeping the rhythm exact, striking each note with his foot - like a gamelon. Each intent on his own variation of the rhythm precise exact seemly automatically so. Though they dance in unison in the close circle they do not respond to each other, or to play together. They make gestures and steps toward the women occasionally - especially Gao who bent double stamps toward the women with swift firm little stamps his arms outstretched toward them. But there was no play of men dancing together with John - to celebrate. No moving around and around the circle with them looked as withdrawn as they and as grave.

Monday - Sept 15

After the 1st with Gao and Khwan I'a reported in Sundays account. I went to the wage. As I expected work was not to be there. Everyone was spread out asleep. The dance had ended at 6:30. We had come home at 2 - dazed with fatigue. Tell though I was - I had no insomnia.

Back at camp I gathered Tame and Gao both looked half dead and started an interview with 3 old women. Presently Tame joined us - and as often happens he - the man - answered instead of the women. I asked about the songs of the dance.

What was said about Mistake? + I gave
ask Name again - Ask Tame again.

Demi Tame was with Mr. Eden, Mr. Arnos
did he ever see Mrs Beck. He
spoke of a woman who wrote & wrote
as I do.

It was a fascinating hour. Demi Tame is a fine looking old man - our gao (Med)'s father's older brother * His expression is gentle, interested. He seemed intent that I should understand, concentrated on the question, grave by giving the answers.

He said (see note) that the giraffe song of last night's dance was given by ǁ Gaua to ǂ Gi'gao (who is far away from here now - still living) It is a powerful song. ǂ Gi'gao gave it to ǂ Nisa one of the 3 old women sitting beside us. ǂ Nisa uses it to cure. ǀ Gui and gao were ill last night. ǀ Gui so ill he might have died any minute. The song was used on them. They are cured today.

The rain song too was sung last night. also a version given by ǁ Gaua to ǀ Gi'gao It is a strong song. Rain is even stronger than a giraffe It can break down the trees. It is so strong that when the women sing they dare not use the word qa., lest the rain be too terrible. They may use the word ǂ Nói. There are clouds all over the sky today, the song brought them.

ǁ Gaua gave him a song too - when he was young and was a Medecin Man. His power has waned now that he is so old. The song was a song of the sun. It must be sung as the sun rises. It may not be sung after high noon. The person who is sick, for whom the song is sung, will be well by evening. The sun is very strong - so strong it can kill if you walk far without water. ǁ Gaua knew this - and gave man water.

(obviously a question)

Demi (Tame) is proud. He says Bushmen do not sing songs to the girls they love. Children may sing, but that is children's matter. Songs given by ǁ Gaua are serious and holy and are used for curing.

* This turned out not to be so Demi is a half brother of ǀ Gao N'aunde Thap

anyone's cond.
why jump over
What to keep it well.

ctive
of ceremony
of purification?

Meat gone sept 16. I'll was eating hide from
legs of animal.

Tues Sept 16 1952

The giraffe meat is no longer to be seen in the trees. In the
morning was eating a bit of the skin of the skin. She said she was
hungry, asked for milk. I was reluctant to give me time to talk. I press
upon him very very little. I bargained for an interview for the milk - not
words but with a little hesitation in meaning, a pause so long it was like
a Bushman' glance. She did talk with us, Gao's Name. I. She said she
was shy - so we moved a little away from the others. The little boy
u. No the told them to go away. The soon lost interest & left to play.
went on asking about the bride. Purification after etc etc. I don't think
u lates me and I don't love her. She is an intelligent clear in manner
very satisfactory. When she said she was tired. We got Gau's genealogy..

The family of Gao's (Hugo) and the other from Group II from Kai Kai
whom I had come to disturb left this morning. It was reported
to me that Gama had said they wanted steal + then we wanted
blame Gama's people. I was just going over to have a talk, when
Pecanin blew up and rudely drove them out of the staff's
camp. David had said they got tired of Bushmen. Glass to
I had been thinking over a violent fire - decided it would be
wrong at this point - said Bushmen come for the presents
out of my fire. The staff David + Ian said they understood I
wanted to be cordial to Bushmen - that I said I was getting in trouble
from them. All this before. So when Pecanin blew up next day
I knew the group was around my fire. I wanted the friendly
so I was glad this worked out. I have no reason to project
un-imagined disturbance of the young man out the whole group.

Before speaking to them I asked Gao if he agreed with
us that it would be wise for me to speak to them. explain that
we could not give food and that he could not. So he would
not be held responsible by them - future relation-in-law for not
sharing his food. He agreed. I began my talk when the group
came, I said before him, all the group that we were his guests
and under his law. Then I said what I have been about our food,
they very neatly said they understood that, that they had
come to give Gao the message about Hugo's illness. to get blood
+ to have their eyes treated. They said they were going home
that morning + that cheered me mightily. I gave them
heads + tobacco. They (Gau's group 14) had left before receiving
heads - so I gave them now. It worked apparently very
well. The men pleased our relation seem excellent.
I gave 1900 (in tins) 5 strings beads to send to his fiancée - a string each to the others
Our relation with the staff are quite wonderful. David
has ceased to look haughty + glum. He seems now a very nice
boy, doing his work very well. Glass is a dear. Thaw +
Gao are doing very well. I hear no shouting from Pecanin.

Stan ! Joan
What does milky way mean
they have a phrase for it.

Sept 16 · Sept 17 Gaansche

In the afternoon Gao (Medicine) + I had a talk which I'm too tired to write. It's points were
Gao said Bushmen were not as smart as whites. White had many
iron cutters. May thing they were clever + mah.
Bushmen were weak. They ate food that did not give strength.
I told what I thought were the values in their situation
Gao seemed a different person. not simple as he seemed
before. It was the first time a Bushman has talked
with me. Not an interview, not joking, a giving genologies.
Eli + John in the jeep went on a Na gatherers
day to film it. Di!ai. Mpka Kooshaq Bai, Gao all with
Eli is going to have an excellent paper on veldkos.
John was bitten by a scorpion - not a very poisonous one.
Pecanin massaged the bite - as I gama had 20 110's. It caus
no illness no severe pain. Luck is still with us.

Wednesday Sept 17 1952

Gao (Med) has a toothache. He came while we were having
breakfast to our fire looking very sorry for himself. Eli - John &
I had a conference. We got out the penicillin + the pain medicine
Doc had given. Neither seemed the solution. We tried the
pain medicine on a dab of cotton. Gao thought it made it
worse. We conferred again. Heat + cold hurt the tooth. I suggested
gum from the trees & fill it. Then we thought of wax - had
none no candles. Eli thought some more and ran to get
a wax crayon. She chose yellow - because ll gama was
said to be yellow by Tame the medicine man at Igam.
She melted some in a can, pressed it into the cavity of
Gao's tooth. I gave 2 aspirin. We hoped for the best.
In the afternoon he was much better. This
evening he was cheerily visiting at Gome's fire.
He says Bushmen never pull out teeth. Sometimes
teeth drop out themselves.

There is no rivalry between Gao and our Medicines. I
have explained again and again that our medicine
is not come from ll gama. + that I have no power. I say
that our doctors have learned to make some medicine from
things that grow, that they do good to parts of the body
curing them. but they are more in the nature of foods - not
like power from ll gama. That seems to be accepted. People

Ell -

as's tooth ache.

ever quarrels?
qualetes of hunter?
arrow are not borrowed
Kolis distributes meat.
No hunter ever hunt alone

come for help for all their ailments. I have explained that our doctors have not found medicines for every sickness - that our doctors gave me several kinds - good medicine for eyes for instance - but that I do not have medicines for all sicknesses. So I do not treat anything I'm not sure of. I went further than I planned to when I healed Hao's baby for dysentary. Ike and + Nisa brought her, an enchanting baby girl, saying she had almost died of dysentary a while ago and was now ill again with bloody stools. They had had 2 babies die, they said I had foreseen just such a moment and had determined while in Cambridge, not to undertake any such responsibility. But I read the book in white - Merk - and Dr Fin's instructions - and broke down. It was sulpha thalamide I gave figuring as best I could a baby's dose. I crushed the tablets in a little bit of water, added some sugar, and fed to the baby with a spoon. Hao + Nisa line one side of the park they stayed home from the weed - and came at the times I told them to for the medicine. It worked like magic the baby is perfectly well. They are perfectly happy I am relieved. No repercussions have occurred. Our luck holds.

The eye ointment is the most impressive. People come with eyes in a terrible state - filled + stuck together with pus. From Monday to afternoon they improve miraculously. In 2 or 3 days they are entirely cured.

+ Jorna has had a horrible sore at his wrist line, with a great lump of infected area as big as an egg. He has had them before and has written till they broke + squeezed them. He squeezed this one. I began to treat it on one of my days of misery and thought I just couldn't stand it. I was nauseated. The sore was horrible, flies got on it + me. It was terribly hot. I'm afraid it is syphilis. But it is better now. I suppose they break and heal + flare up again. I put aureomycin ointment - + gave him aureomycin tablets. I read the book about syphilis. It is beyond our resources to try to treat it. I don't know what stage + was alarmed by the fact that too little treatment was bad for him. A boy has just such a sore too. The boy who

farmer. He wrote Nao (not ours) from Kai Kai and/or Gma quoted Fanuner to Kai Kai this line. In a few days he was back. He was in the hutch coming up from getting water & his finger got smashed in the door. I dressed it. I can face the gashes cuts and abrasions now pretty well. After Gui's toe in Gam, nothing phases me in that line. Weed after I dressed it, for boy, he turned yellow - like a beach leaf - and keeled over. We laid him down, covered him, gave him hot coffee. His pulse was scarily absent when I first felt it. But he recovered after about half an hour.

I'm writing by the fire - under the stars. A south east wind is chilly. The night is quiet. Everyone is asleep. I've been thinking things over. I'm too tired to write fully but want to jot down some note to remind my self of what occurs to me tonight.

One of the mysteries has been the lack of curiosity on the part of the Bushmen, the passive acceptance of us and our paraphernalia. Maybe I have a guess now as to a possible reason, to be speculating considered.

I put together Tgma's remarks about the water hole - that when Bushmen do such things they are no good - but the white people can do them well. With Gao (Mrs) saying that Bushmen are stupid and white people smart. There have been several remarks that Bushmen are weak (ie Gao's yesterday). And often they say, we have not been taught these things, meaning some other custom like Tedendi's harangue about names - so many Gaos so many Gwis - how do they know who is who. I think that Bushmen feel humble - perhaps inferior. That their reaction is passive acceptance they are overwhelmed by us - think our Mammon contraption are so beyond them that they do not try to examine them. This is not so of Tsam Kho, Tgma's boy - who learned to drive the jeep sitting in John's lap. He's the typewriter ok. But on the whole others are passive, resigned. Used to accept custom do not try to change. Why we've been more thinking. As a matter of fact their lives do not include much need for struggle - as we see them here. Effort yes - but effort is measured to need and is always reminded. There is always wood to be gathered etc. One never fails to set some

over

They do not have to struggle against anything that I can see. There is enough food & water they have to go to get it but they go slowly & peacefully in company with close friends & relatives. They are not desperately hungry no luxuries. There is little to fear - only sickness - as I can see it. They have no enemies - now - they used to have and used to have to fight - but no longer. They have not been humiliated or stung to aggression by whites. They used to be enslaved by Bantu speaking peoples but are no longer. There are some who want symbiotic relations others do not they are free to choose. There are no compulsions that I can see upon them from the outside at this period of their history. They can take care of themselves. Over the area of Gum and Gaulsaha, Kai Kai & Cigarette where their contacts are - they have relatives & friends everywhere.

If protection in infancy, no thwarting only gentle loving contacts has anything to do with character and not developing attitudes of the world being against them & the need to struggle & fight. The protection & gentleness is so marked it may be the answer.

But they feel inferior - Does that go with meekness, gentleness? Khwan Vā at Gam Sas "Gawa did not give them gardens. The idea that we struggled to make a garden was not expressed, each experimenting in trying different ways to cook or a thing nobody's too much.

Thurs Sept 18 1952

I am miserable again. I feel fairly well Monday, a little low Tuesday, I river Wednesday and today very low. I am discouraged depressed weary beyond expression. I am seated. I hate myself. I hate men everything, even the wind which is tearing at the tent. But I don't hate the tent. What a refuge it is, groaning and twisting in the wind. I've tied down the flaps and shut myself in.

Elizabeth is ill again today too. She has the bladder trouble, and is taking Elkosin. Name + Precamin have dysentary + are taking Tc. I opium and sulphathalimid. John feels so, so, is coughing just as badly as ever. He has gone hunting. Elig is interrogating on a new kind of veldkos. I'm supposed to be working on my notes on kinship terms. Instead I lay down + almost cried. I'd like to scream.

On days when I am not so nauseated I try to stuff myself with food. Today the thought of food makes me gag. I'm feeling very sorry for myself.

But it is not hot and the general relationships are good. Elig is getting a wonderful lot of dope and so is John and veldkos + hunting. Bless their hearts. They struggle on — learning dedicated themselves.

I think about Laurence struggling in wind back about tents and things. I miss those separations despertely

I forget what I've put down in this miserable journal and have not the energy or desire to look back.

I had a talk with Gui (Guro's husband father of the goo) about distribution of meat. He was quiet, intent upon understanding + answering my questions - very slow but just saying he did not know if he could answer. The interview made more sense than any has on this subject. and filled the observation I had on the giraffe distribution.

I asked if Bushmen ever ate without sharing meat they had hunted, killed. Thinking of the Senoms eating secretly at night. He said that was not the Bushman law. I said some times somebody broke the laws. He said that would be like a lion to kill and eat alone. What would they do if a Bushman did such a thing. They would teach him manners by not giving him any meat when they had it. They might even drive him away to live with other people. They would have a council. all the people together to take these decisions. Did they. I asked, ever know a person to do that? Did they ever have such a council? No. They never knew a Bushman who ate like a lion.

Today everyone has departed except 1 woman 1 gasa, from Gao's group.

Did I say Gao's (helmet) group moved up to run hills yesterday? They said they came because they were too far across the pan. I had they had asked Gama's permission, and put themselves under his law. They have settled just at his weight. an extension of it. Last night the added fires were very pretty & cozy. Gama's visited.

He gave Gama a piece of wire for arrows! Gao had told me his arrows were all spent. He had to borrow. & then the meat is not his & control as the hunter control it. It must go to the man whose arrows he borrows. Gama did not ask us for wire.

Eliz, says they are still eating giraffe skin.

Gama's sister! Hugo & her husband! Gaos! baby left to Kelum & Kai Kai after their visit here! Hugo (Nuq Ka) went with them to bring