

Am. Aug 11 1955

173 !u and Di'ai are saying that the veedkos  
is plentiful around Nama but not so plentiful  
at Baulsetha. Lawrence has gone to treat Gae's  
cut leg. #Gishay and we are waiting for #Toma  
to stretch his Steer buck skin & then began  
a recording of a lion stop. #Toma says he has  
one he wants to tell us.

!u goes on to say that when Eric made  
(we made she said) face masks they thought  
they were going to die and it was very  
hard. We did not give them any blankets.

I asked if people were pleased with their  
gifts last time. I said we had tried to  
give as much as we could to many people  
in order that they would not be jealous  
of #Toma and herself, and asked if this had  
been effective or were they nevertheless jealous.  
!u says they were not pleased. They feel  
they had been given very little. Old Igan  
particularly felt she had not received  
enough.

252 She went on talking in a low voice saying  
Dome me gave a pipe to her. Some people give  
Iganishay some beads. She does not care if  
people do not give her presents and say  
she is a servant. She thinks she has had  
break. Di'ai has commenced to clean the Steer buck  
intestines. They ask Redmond to kill another and  
give them the skin.

177 Last summer people had a lot of beads but did not give her any.

I Qui says he does not understand why people ask so many gifts. Things are carried in a truck, which is not a store, and there will not be as many <sup>gifts</sup> as people think.

I wonder who will bring Joe back they are asking - (to the women) Fedimo to kill a Kudy for them. They say they will go with Fedimo and stay at his place. If anyone tries to take her by force I say, she will cry and run after Fedimo. People will laugh at them, she says, and say all bad words to them and people will persecute them, but they will stay with Fedimo. Qui spoke and said they wonder how many presents we will give this time. ~~They~~ said we gave many but people were not pleased. Qui says they were pleased but others were not. Other Bushmen, he says hate them and they are on bad terms. If we bring <sup>others</sup> them here, he wonders, if we will please everybody, so that they will not be jealous of this group. Qui says

Those present are !u, Di!ai, !nuka //Kushap  
I Qui + Toma + Lawrence + Dan + Fedimo + J.

Toma is away during the writing of this paper  
slating out the stem back stem

Journal of Weft at Mama Pau Aug 11 1955

a morning's conversation

#Toma says that the people at Gantchele

177 complained against him saying that he had ~~such~~ power over us and was in the position of advisor & that it was due to him that we did not give them food. Even after we left they continued to blame him. Last night he advised us not to bring Iqui's wife's people here. This is why he did so. This morning however he is worrying about having taken the responsibility of advising us. He says we must judge if we can give them all enough food. He says he is a grown man who has seen many things. Long ago Mr. Venta came to Gantchele with his cattle. The Bushmen were there and were not satisfied with what Mr. Venta gave them. They then killed his cattle and ate them. Mr. Venta took the few that were left and went away. #Toma says Bushmen are like that and can cause serious trouble if they are not satisfied. He is telling us this in confidence and trusts us not to say to others that he has told us.

Laurence says that we were not ask Iqui's people to come unless we have enough food to give them as much as we give #Toma. Iola

IKwi

getting enough game asked. + Toma did not answer this. He said you might not come but others might think of what they would eat here and not want come think there would not be enough. They might also fear that Qui's leg might be hurt by riding in the truck.

1 Gao, Qui's tsuma, (ie 1 Gao music) may come. + Toma says. He has been living with Gao (Medecene) and has gone for a time to Gao's group. His wife + his is Gao Medecene's daughter.

+ Toma asks Fedimo to help stretch the ~~deer~~ <sup>deer</sup> skin. Fedimo shot a ~~deer~~ <sup>sheep</sup> last evening when he + Lamence was hunting. Fedimo gave it to + Toma. It was cooked late - 8:30 or so. + Toma said he would eat it all night long. It was long since he had had meat.

The last night asked for blankets. She said she was very cold. She said she would not tell me about the avoidance if I did not give a blanket. + Toma does not know much about avoidance, she says. Men don't. It is women who have menstruation and have to avoid more things than men do.

again they are pleased with their gift.

177  
!u says one time you cured // Kuehap, Qui asks - speaking to Lawrence - that Lawrence cure him as he cured // Kuehap. He shows a place on his neck behind his ear, and says the pain runs up to the top of his head. Lawrence tells him to walk from Nawa to Boutsche each day. Qui says it hurt the night they went for #Toma. L. says he will give aspirin this evening.

137  
They ask what we are taking roots for and all the things Bob takes. What will we do with them - Lawrence says it is to understand what the Bushmen like and what the country produces. They say we should come in the rain for this. // Kuehap says she took Bob out to look but they found very little. The leaves do not show now. They say where John found them there was better wildkos. There is no water there, however, only Koa (water root). They chew wildkos - there are plenty. They get as many as they like. There is a water hole which can be reached by Jeep.

177  
[!u said a while back that the only work they can do for us is to tell us things - little talks. We have to give them presents on the basis of the fact that that may be little work. But it's all they can do]

237  
578  
Di'ai is cleaning her Steenbrach stomach & making a bag of it, threading it on a stick. She uses water to wash her hands. !u says that Di'ai did not fetch water yesterday, and she does not want to give her any. Di'ai smiles and helps herself.

85- The chukia have started to get bees. I call to them to take care of the little one.

!u says she wants us to take them to get Chung. + Toma who has returned says the place is far.

222 There is still a lot of tsi in the tsi place. !u disagrees. She wants to go in the other direction.

+ Toma says the women are right perhaps. If the tsi nuts are not very plentiful and are eaten by dinkers and steenbecks there might not be enough. + Toma thought, he says. When we go to see Qui we would find Cha. !u says the Cha is finished there, she heard <sup>from</sup> some women. + Toma says he left some + knows where they are. He could get them for Bob. There are berries there too + Toma says.

854 Debe Di'ai's new baby (18 month) is asleep tied to his mother sitting straight up.

+ Toma brings a ~~fruit~~ <sup>fruit</sup> for us to taste.

It is delicious. It reminds me of a Mango Stein. Its white flesh is cool and delicate like water. Its tiny brown seeds are not unpleasant.

Il Kau Kxam is the name. Size of 5

137 ~~Medium~~ large cocoa nut with ~~brown~~ <sup>brown</sup> outside a thin shell. (Bob later said it was the fruit of a root parasite, a creeping one.)

+ Toma says where Qui is they are hunting. It is near a good place. There are elands there. Elands like that place.

825 Do elands eat tsi? They do not. + Toma says. Do they dig the tsi roots? No. Elands eat tsi leaves when they are green, but not root or nut.

117

! Nai <sup>hat</sup> <sup>9:00</sup> / Qui helmet's brother are back - just coming in. They were all at the dance <sup>across pan</sup>. Had been for need kos. another ! Nai <sup>4th</sup> si Kanllā I gais <sup>way</sup> and I gasa I qui's (above) wife. another woman & children. where have they been? at ! Nam tcho Ha. toward the west. One sleeps there is me day's trip.

Who is head man of these people, Demi.  
 Who is Demi? He is brother of Kho 110  
 who is here.

I gise is headman of group <sup>the</sup> me who never married. the say. Why did he not marry? He wanted to but the woman refused him so he gave up. He caught the girl by the arm & frightened her. She ran away. He caught another woman so by the wrist and she ran away. He caught them to put them by force into his sleeping place. His parents told him he was too weak to have a wife so he tried to force wives to come to him. Was it true? Yes. he was too weak. Do they mean too weak sexually - or too weak in muscles? They mean in his hunting he never shot anything. Since he was born he has <sup>not</sup> been hunting. When he goes to the field he gets only veld kos. A man who does not hunt - this is bad. He is no use to other people. (They have offered this information about I gise) He has no strength. He is not a man. Do they mean he has no sexual power. Yes he could have had children if was he had no strength to hunt. Does he snare? Yes. Why is he head man? Because he is the oldest man. His father was headman. They feel sorry for him and give him things because he is a poor man.

I gise does not look abnormal or smaller than others. He is thin & wonder if this is not a psychological matter.

1100 has a cough.

During our talk Gao and I joined us and gave medicine. <sup>11 Kushang</sup> I asked them to go away. But she, <sup>and I</sup> <sup>Gao</sup> was not abashed apparently to talk before I go and <sup>name</sup>. These young interpreters gave an excellent impression of disinterest, professional approach. They were dignified and simple and respectful. Not at all tense or silly. They both adopted a tone of voice to demonstrate this. It was a relaxed and interesting interview. <sup>11 Kushang</sup> Gao is a sweet, gentle, understanding woman. I am very fond of her.

We talked about menstruation and conception. Any wondering about Bushmen understanding that <sup>the</sup> male fertilizes the female may be dispelled. <sup>11 Kushang</sup> Gao believes that - as she said - when a woman has washed and is clean, during her menstrual flow, and then comes to her husband, his semen joins with the menstrual blood, which then comes all together and this makes the baby.

The menstrual blood is caught in a skin of a small buck, worn between the woman's legs as a g string (look up exact name) This skin is rubbed between the hands after the flow to clean it. The red powder is put on the Kaross at the time of menstruation, as I supposed. It is to show that one is menstruating. More details are in the note. There is a great deal more to learn about the taboos and ceremonies.

In the afternoon Gao and Hou were under our tree. ~~I'd been to~~ there were very few home in the Weft. None I had not recently talked to



so I took this opportunity to talk to <sup>the</sup> gentle smiling Gao with his responsive eyes. <sup>the</sup> about #gao! na the greater of the two gods. As the notes will show the talk revealed either that they do not know stories of the creation or do not want to tell them, or I do not ask the right questions. While we were talking Gao's son who had joined us, <sup>the</sup> I joined I gunda (the boy with the smashed toe) <sup>and</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>listen</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>would</sup> <sup>learn</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>being</sup> <sup>said</sup>. (meager teaching I thought.) I gundi said emphatically gesturing with his arms and hands, that the boys must listen and learn so if other lores came and people Europeans asked them questions they would know what to say. It is abundantly evident that these Bushmen are shy about what they consider their ignorance, defenses and apologetic about it. They do not always know how to answer, and invariably say "The old people did not teach us this." Today it appeared that when they say the old people, even though they may speak as though they meant their parents, they mean the people of the <sup>vague</sup> distant past. #gao! na gave them medicine, #gao! na ~~taught them~~ <sup>they may have known</sup> whether it was during their times that #gao! na threw the fire sticks over the world. But the old people did not tell them so they do not know.

The past is a vague concept. More or less distant past merges with the recent past. It is ~~never~~ seldom

Journal of the West  
clear whether they mean the old people might have  
told their fathers, or whether there were generations  
upon generations between. Oct 17 4

old Qui spoke of the Gensbuck people as  
3 or 4 Nations back. This was the translation of what  
he said. Gau today spoke of the old people  
perhaps knowing what they do not know. dead  
said <sup>his</sup> fathers' fathers' fathers' fathers might have known.  
But they are but young and have not been told.  
(again the expectation of receiving passage from  
the parent as against creating or learning of  
oneself.) Others have spoken of the old people  
in such a way that we thought they meant  
the old ~~men~~ <sup>people</sup> living with them now.

I have given much thought to the method  
of interrogating (Lawrence's hated word). Interrogating  
is an art. What ever your theories may be,  
it takes the doing. I have tried to open  
subjects and listen to what came out.  
Some times the most valuable gems come out.  
More often nothing comes out. So one probes  
with questions. One says to oneself that  
one wants not to put words into their  
mouths by so forming the question that  
it slants their response. One tries to form  
questions to avoid this. One fails to think  
quickly of a perfect question. So one is  
reduced to probing on with questions as  
best one can. Very often indeed the questions  
probably act as a cork in the bottle, or  
are bewildering. What is even worse, they  
make the Sky Bushmen feel that we  
expect of them some thing they should know,  
or should do. They feel they fall short and  
over

551

Inset " We name our children for  
events that have happened so we  
know this is the child who was  
born to Frederick at the time his  
sister died, and is named  
Every body wept. \*

Journal of the West  
an ignorant and they are abashed.

Oct 17/5

I have talked with Friedrich about this and with I Name<sup>(Ngani)</sup>. Both have understood and try with me to avoid making the Bushmen feel he belittled. Friedrich for instance at first waxes burst out as he did when he said, "Why do you not have names as we do, so you can know who people are?" Why do you name every one gao or gwi? "gwi or Di Khoo?" They said, "We have not been taught these things as you have. ~~(by the Europeans)~~" I took up note on the exact statement. Friedrich tried to avoid such outbursts. And I Name<sup>(Ngani)</sup> is aware and is trying. (Friedrich left with Lawrence for Windhoek Oct 15 because his niece died. I am now working chiefly with I Name<sup>(Ngani)</sup> & I gao. I like them very much. The fear of error is in I Name<sup>(Ngani)</sup>. He feels his reputation at stake. A mistake in Madam's books would reflect on him. He worries I gao like a terror till he gets out what he considers the correct translation.)

I told the Bushmen this afternoon that I asked questions only to open up our talk as a digging stick opens up the ground. I wanted to understand what they knew and thought and felt. What they did not know must not concern them. Gao nodded as he met my eyes, and said Ei Ei (rhymes with hay. How to spell it?) But I never know what such statements have deposited in their minds.

omit  
Book could be this kind of stuff  
first - then data dry & clipped as  
possible Tables maps lists  
statistics on bands genealogies  
names of animals taboos - listed not discussed

include [ Igam + Iqosa looked like harpies.

- Genealogies
- Bands
- Terms
- Statistics
- Maps
- Kinship terms
- Names

- omit
- Hunting terms - methods, taboos } lions
  - Vegetables kinds terms " " ? } Porcupine
  - Birth - customs taboos
  - Death
  - Religion
  - Trade
  - Technology - with subject ie hunting

include [ We know to recognize and call by name  
200 Bushmen at Igam ? at Gaushe Pan  
we refer only to them. We know nothing  
about any other Bushmen.

Nevertheless I am encouraged. Latep I have  
 felt a deeper ease among us. Iqui (our guide  
 of last year) has volunteered two stories, one about  
 his, one about the gems back proper. Understanding  
 without doubt what we want. Iqui, old business,  
 has offered stories. (Old Tame did at the very first  
 and Pigma had - the first story some time ago)  
 While the mood is so good I shall go on  
 a bit with sex and religion. Biographies will  
 come better later - if the mood holds or even  
 improves still further.

My own mood influences this. I am more  
 relaxed, less cautious. I did not know at  
 first what their reactions might be. I am  
 very confident now that they do not mind us,  
 many even like us very much. especially  
 John. They understand better what we are  
 up to and agree with us that we do a  
 good thing. They are not afraid that we  
 will harm them or <sup>that we</sup> do not respect them.  
 They are only afraid still that they fall  
 short of our expectations, or <sup>fall short</sup> what they  
 ought to be - "if they were not hungry and  
 weak they would do <sup>this or that.</sup> many things," they say  
 over and over again in every kind of situation.

I have no more insight into their  
 harmonious relations. There have still been  
 no quarrels or loud recriminating talk that  
 I have been aware of. When I am not at  
 the Weft, I listen constantly seeking  
 evidence or insight in this point. We hear their  
 voices even from our beds.

Di! ai and Iqui are together in a beautiful rain  
 skerm with 11 ao's & 3 children next them and at their fire.

Journal of the West  
Dance

Oct 18, 1952

Last night the people danced. It was nearly  
 midnight when the <sup>sound of the</sup> young girls voices <sup>was</sup> carried to us  
 by the wind (and the clapping of a few hands.)  
 Orion was low in the east, when John and I sat  
 down outside the fire lit circle and listened to the  
 laughter of the young people. Seven girls were singing  
 fourteen boys were dancing and with them was the  
 tall stranger Igi (son of Hama) who had returned  
 that day from a long trip with I Naisi's people <sup>check this</sup>  
 laden with Maugetti nuts which had been shared  
 with every skern. He was eager to dance. The laughing  
 girls would not sing. <sup>enough</sup> The boys were hopping about  
 + Igi took the Philip took the girls hands to make  
 them clap. They leaned on each other in their  
 laughter. Igi then sat in the circle with  
 them and sang in high falsetto, clapping like  
 the women. The boys staggered with laughter.  
 I Name and I Gao began to dance singing a <sup>oress</sup>  
 in themselves. to start the girls. At last they  
 began again, and Igi stood up and called to  
 the people in their skern to come, to come.  
 "We! We!" (way way) One by one they came.  
 #Tgoma brought his rattles in I Name, but Name  
 refused them so #goma put them on himself.  
 Presently 13 women and girls were singing and  
 10 men were dancing, and the little boys had  
 mostly vanished. The jolic was over.

Igi sat down by me. #Tgoma brought her a  
 brand and some wood for a fire. Huga lay  
 down beside her, suffering with her inflamed eyes.  
 #Guse (Gao's second wife) with her baby made  
 a bed with her kaross and looked like a bundle  
 of hide. <sup>Her daughter</sup> Hama crept close to her back covered  
 herself with her father's blanket and slept.

\* G. Demi the priest, saying that the songs were holy given  
 by #giita to heal the people. When the girls and boys  
 sing that is children's business.

Old Kama and I qui her old brother and their people made another fire, across the dance circle from us, and sat watching in a large circle. At no point there were 19 onlookers. Many had not come from their shems, mostly old people. Tigma and I gam were in bed. Old Naisi too, but not his wife. She danced. Old Demi, Kkioho, & her ancient cronie friend, old Iqishos. Gau! Huga's father was in bed & Gao Iqasa's husband did not come, nor Kham the lame man and his <sup>chip</sup> wife and his four little <sup>washed up</sup> monkey-like children.

They danced the quaffe dance the Honey Dance and the Elaud Dance. I do not think we have seen the Elaud Dance before. It is of moderate tempo, giving time for complex stamping, a quiet song makes it like a concerto moderalo; the rattles are the solo instruments | d d d d | a strong emphasis on one beat, ~~three beats in~~ a suggestion of a pause and then three beats in the same amount of time given to the first beat.

The dance form itself does not differ from dance to dance unless so subtle that we can not yet distinguish the dancers hold. The same postures, hold their arms out the same way - or do not hold them out with one exception that I have noticed. In the elaud dance at one point all the men, dancing counter clock wise, held their left arms out stretched. There is no overt pantomime, if the gestures represent <sup>or imitate</sup> anything they are so formalized as to be of symbols, symbols people have long since lost the meaning. Demi next day said they did make the motions as elaud sometimes showed, holding both arms out stretched & moving his head slightly that this was the way an elaud walked - and so it is.

Gau and Demi next day said this had no special meaning. It meant only that the dancers were making the dance well and were happy dancing.



or went

Journal of the week  
1932  
The dance was a success and I give the credit to the dancers and the music. The music was very good and the dancers were very nice. I had a very good time and I hope you had a good time too. I will be back in a few days and I will be very happy to see you. I will be very happy to see you. I will be very happy to see you.

They danced the grape dance  
The dance was a success and I give the credit to the dancers and the music. The music was very good and the dancers were very nice. I had a very good time and I hope you had a good time too. I will be back in a few days and I will be very happy to see you. I will be very happy to see you. I will be very happy to see you.

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Dance Oct 17 continued.

I did not finish. Gao's son had to be dressed. Etc Now I am in no mood to write and must drive myself. If I start perhaps I shall recreate the mood of the night.

Women sit in a circle around the dance fire which is in an open place (surrounded by the skems) in the midst of the skems. The many circles we have seen were all approximately the same size, <sup>this one is 9 feet</sup> about 10 feet in diameter. The men dance around the circle of women beating a path in the dust about one foot wide as close as can be to the circle of women. Those who do not dance or sing sit in circles around their little fires. They bring bread and headpills, wood for them. They sit mostly in their family groups, as is their usual custom. Some outdoors wrap up in their karosses and sleep through the hours of dancing, a part of them. This is the exception, tho' not rare. Most people sit watching.

About 10-20 women usually sing, clap. <sup>about the same number men usually dance.</sup> I ask more in <sup>formation</sup> as to who sings. I do say the night the dance was at their place not the night of the 17. Is it just that day no who wants to sing? Hugo was ill. Night of 17. Di'ai sat with us till about 3 AM.

Then danced a few steps then sang. <sup>Thursday</sup> I did not dance. She slept beside me with Xama. <sup>her daughter</sup> all through the dance. Those who sang were! Naoga, Qui's wife Gasa, Nai Si's wife #gisa, Naoga's sister and some young women. Not girls the age of! Nai or Xama.

Naoga last year shared his blanket with John when it got cold toward morning. The two young men, John long pink face Naoga's short round brown one close together lighted by the fire. Both were very tired from long trips out. They didn't talk but looked content together.

The medicine men began their ceremony about one and continued till 6:30 in the morning. There was a pause at 4. I left to stagger to bed in a sleep. When Philip brought the meritable coffee at 6:30 the dance was still going on.

The medicine men were gau, & gao his brother, & gao from gau and gao helmet. I did not know that Gao helmet (Gao was away) was a medicine man. He is a vigorous one. Each has his own manner. Gau is tender. Ilao was ill: gau came to him

3 or 4 times, laid his head turned sideways against the top of Ilao's head, put his hands on Ilao's chest where his illness was, sang softly the song of the dance and then shrieked Ki Ki Ki. He does not give the ga gu gu gu sounds but when he begins his ceremony <sup>over the first</sup> person he treats he gives the high long cry.

He does <sup>is</sup> not spectacular. He does not walk in the fire. He does not seem to be in trance most of the time, but once during the night from near the fire he reached his arms up and then fell back in trance. (I'll call it that not knowing what the seizure is.) Others ~~administer~~ <sup>attended</sup> to him.

treated him and cared for him. Sometime he runs in a wide circle around the groups of onlookers and dancers in great loping steps leaping over wood, sleeping people, shrubs. It is a rather slow wavering lope. He does not fall. Sometimes he throws some thing away into the night sky. The evil or sickness he takes out, as Gao says said?

Gao helmet is vigorous and spectacular. He is compact, his motions strong and short like his body. His voice is strong, but not operatic like the brilliant Iqi!gae. He never loses him self <sup>did not</sup> falls in trance. He treated <sup>the</sup> people for hours. When he came to me the he treated <sup>the</sup> ~~stigma~~ first then I, then Ilao and Iqi then his wife and baby Ilguse who was

I Ti!Kau

Ider

include  
something

fabric of this culture frozen and revealed  
not the strong woven fabric to determine their behavior  
not belonging to a pattern more to a life they know

Did the 2 together #9aa + 9ac Rose and Paul

lying asleep and who made no response what so ever. He then treated me and then John. Three times he came to us so. His hands on my chest were strong the fluttering motion of them does indeed suggest a power.

Gao treated John and me also after Tzoma and the others. His hands are less strong and definite. His song more tender.

Gao Scaj is the Mystic. His trances seem more deep. His actions more as though they were the response of his subjective state, less purposeful. He does that proper, but seemingly not systematic but as though his inner state reached a point where it ~~expressed~~ <sup>was ready to fulfill</sup> itself in the treatment, and so he healed someone - any one. He stood in the fire before us, long enough to burn his feet (but he showed no sign) having been burned, and next day set off to walk forty miles. He fell into the kind of spasms we have seen Gao <sup>man</sup> in, buckling falling - lying on the ground. Always someone sits him up leaning against his knees (women never care for a Medicine Man in trances, only men. Any man and usually a Medicine Man to). When Gao Scaj, as Gao our does, gu gu gu and shrieks fearfully, his eyes closed or rolled back. One time three men worked over him. They & Gao, Gao and someone else I could not see. & Gao the Medicine Man had someone hand him a burning stick. He rubbed it between his hands, put his hands on Gao's head, rubbed it, rubbed his chest and abdomen in vertical motions. Gao shuddered and shrieked Ki Ki Ki. When he came out got up & Gao took him on his back holding Gao's arms around him, Gao's head leaning against his back. Together they danced. Together they treated people, & Gao singing, touching the people, Gao leaning against his back.

pick up in  
power lines  
somewhere

4:40 in hours  
next day -  
Gau's conversation  
banned in head.

Journal of the West - Dance continues, <sup>part 2</sup>  
written set 21

12

I can not get a dance written. Broken scraps.  
Will I ever capture the mood of the night, or put  
into any words the complexity, the beauty of emotion.  
I'll jot a few scraps now in 15 minutes.

The idea of the orchestra is poorly stated but so.  
The singers and dancers make of themselves  
a great instrument, as a symphony orchestra does.  
The music is primary. The dancers are  
dancers but their dance is subordinated to  
the sound they make together. Within the  
pattern of the sound they express themselves.  
This is completely opposite to the music,  
being an accompaniment of the dance, as with  
us. Of this I feel sure.

The sound is highly disciplined. There is  
not a false beat, nor is there any blurring  
of the beat. The clappers are exact, and so  
are the stampers. There is no blurring of the  
beat unless strangers are dancing. So on John  
David Philip and I Name. Any one or all together,  
they blur the beat. ~~But~~ the night the rain  
fell during the rain dance. I go! I go (Mrs. Mad.)  
imitated I Name. It was so subtle at first  
we did not know it was happening. He  
stamped clumsily. of beat. He sang raucously.  
It was very funny. But now I Name has learned.  
He teaches I go English. I go teaches him  
dancing. And this night he danced very well  
indeed. With no clowning and no carelessness of beat  
stamping. I go is the great artist. His absolute  
precise clear <sup>stamps</sup> are often the ones that  
are making the <sup>most</sup> complex pattern of the sound.

This night he and Gao danced all the night -  
very dance. John says Gao was trying to  
impress a girl. Both <sup>the + names</sup> were hardly able to move  
next day.

Did I tell about Gao scap sleeping a while  
with John? John got his blanket and was  
rashed, as he said, when he felt some one creep  
in behind him. It was Gao scap.

Supper



Journal of the West

Oct. 19 1952

Stealing

Stealing - People from Guma came - 11:00! Nani & others  
 an old man 19i! <sup>who looks like a Herero</sup> visited at # Guma's fire tonight  
 I wonder if he is a connection. # Guma's name -  
 11:00's sister did not visit him, nor Hao. 11:00 is with  
 our stay. They say he takes food without asking.  
 And there is talk about this whole group from Guma  
 stealing too. Picard says to rake around the  
 kitchen, so that foot prints would show. We shall.

When I went to see the people who arrived the  
 11:00 Nani group they behaved queerly - really I thought.  
 And to John tonight they were demanding and  
 as he said bitchy. It would be interesting to  
 know their history & why they are different. But we  
 won't have time.

The day after the dance Oct 18. Gao sat all  
 day in the shade - not in a tent or a tree, but the  
 pole John camp took in. He seemed odd. I  
 gave him the things I had to give him - but  
 it he not said - I dressed his ~~name~~, the  
 youngsters who were watching laughed as he  
 tried to keep himself covered. Pubic hair is  
 pepper corn too. There were no men to do it so  
 I went ahead with the bandage, helping him  
 to remain modest as best I could. He made  
 little response to me or the boy's laughter. I  
 told them I was Mah Mah so they stopped.

About 3 he came to me and asked where the  
 things were I was going to give him. They had  
 been right beside him in hours. He had not taken  
 in what I said. Long after I wondered if he were  
 still partially in haves - like the woman in Mr. Mead's  
 picture of the Bali dancers.

Present Ti || Khao - his wife - Both Qui's were  
Kham - Hao. friend of Nani Jodie

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of 3 pages

Ti || Khao's wife - Manner.  
|| Khao

She says they always want good manners. She says they do not like to see happen what happened last night.

Speaking to old people. Must not speak bad words to them.

A father thinks. His son, mine does not want to listen to me. What shall I do? Shall I kill him or what.

Kham came interrupted to say some fruit must get ripe.

Ti's wife says she never slapped her children. They are good children with good manners. They get their sense from their father - who has good manners.

The - Manners -

A girl at a visiting fire must sit at the left because that is the girls place. Boys on the right side. That is the Bushman law. Men to sit together, women to sit together.

(This is not apparently held to.)

~~Is there a most honored place?~~ The young girl just married sit at a fire. They do not have that kind of a fire because all the girls are married. In some time the boys who are not married have their own fire place. (She pointed to a girl about 9)

When a girl is about 9 and she takes a boy - the girl's father makes the fire for his daughter - son in law. He makes the fire for the girl starts to get her breast. The mother brings wood. It must be started with the fire sticks? No - it might be a stick from his own fire.

g ma. said they do not show prod.

↑  
976  
511  
↓

Always talking about going tomorrow about.

Oct 20

When they come to a new place & start a new fire - must it be a certain person who makes it? Anyone who has fire sticks may make it.

### Eating

Some kind of food called Sha - the children eat it who have no teeth because it is soft. Even their little dau. 3-4 when she sees it digs it out because it is in soft ground. T's wife takes such deep drags of the pipe she can't talk.

one may ask for food. & then it is divided. Even not one's own children - but other won't sit & wait. They will ask.

If Tillkheo cooks a pot of meat. he calls out and says to the others in the group - "bring your dishes." Or a big pot of Maugetti's. (made into a porridge.)

If it is a special visitor, the visitor gets the dish first. then he divide it to others. But of his own group only.

yes. He would give to Xama first, all. because she has the same name as his daughter.

Tillkheo - got a small wild beast. a calf. on Friday. Was any one hunting with him or was he alone. Little boy Tsam Gao is his young brother. Was with him. T.'s arrow got in 1st then Tsam Gao. When T. shot the first arrow. he chased Tsam Gao who hid in a bush. Much laughter.

Tsam Gao has been marked for his 1st buck. He has not had the blood ceremony. This year must go passed. Next year he will have it.

301

wipe sweat  
from under breasts  
legs with Tamuli powder

Journal of the Weirft. Tues. October 20  
(Written on Oct 21) 17

Today, October 21, it is raining. This is the first rain that is more than a fierce thunder shower. I am going to stay in my tent to write with a fair easy conscience. There is much to tell yesterday.

On the morning of Oct 20, when I went to breakfast Philip was in a state. He had found bare foot prints in the kitchen, and wisps of burned grass that he assumed had been used as tinder at the fire which he had banked with sand the night before because the wind was very high. Before I was awake, he had asked Eli, if she had been in the kitchen at night. She said she had not. He then sent Picarim in #19 ma who came and looked at the foot prints and went back to worry at his skern. Everyone assumed it was a Bushman bent on theft. We could not tell if anything was taken. The tent & party area are too full of things for us to miss small amounts.

I was sad that our record of never a theft was broken. I let myself be what to do, with my usual indecision as to what then I am doing the right thing or not. Be that as it may this is what I did. I decided not to take no notice. I decided not to put off taking notice until I thought might be most likely be wandering. But to act at once and directly. A group was waiting to go with John to track a wildebeest which Khanika's son had shot - It was his first buck. There would be the ceremony of cutting the bog. John wished the time to go. It was not far only 2-3 miles. With Khanika & his son there were gathered 11ao and !Nani! qui guide 1 qui egas 1 qui Heander, several of the visiting group of 9 qui, gag who faced old man. This group was suspect. We had not had a single theft, nor any concern about theft, till this morning. Among them were new people whom we had not seen before. They had been ready to me and to John, they had the miserable look of Nurgas Bushmen. 11ao & !Nani had been of interest to us of some time even impression has been that there is something odd about them we do not know what & why. Have I ever noted that 11ao stutters slightly?

I told John what I was going to do. I was going to put on an act and make a speech. I walked after a talk with Philip, Picard & John slandering like the Bushman group. I looked troubled and queer and walked back and forth a ~~few~~ times looking at the Bushmen. They were all squatting in a bunch. They all looked up at me, the eyes of the whole group following me back and forth. Then I called Igao and I Name, stood looking down at the squatting Bushmen and made my speech, making my voice carry my emotion. (I always do this. Thinking if the words are not translated so as to carry the feeling, my voice will have done so.) I said: "In the first time, our tents have been entered. We ~~assume~~ <sup>refuse</sup> it was for theft. All last year, all the time at Igao and all this time we have been here this has not happened till this morning. In the first time - this morning - this thing has happened." By this time I worked myself up so I looked angry, but I said: "This makes me very sad. It makes my heart feel very bad. This is a tragic thing. (I don't know what Igao made of 'tragic' but all eyes were on him and the people cuddled and crouched.) Each one of us will look at others and say to ourselves 'who did this thing?' Now, only one person did this thing, but we do not know who, and each will be wondering was it this one, was it that one, and some innocent people will be suspected." Some one spoke from the group Kham Na it was, and said "This makes for very bad feeling among the people. The person who did it should have used his sense." I said: "When I have told people in America and Europeans here (that is a tainted one European - ! He? look up.) I have told them that Bushmen are honorable. I have been very proud to say this. I have been proud to say that no

Bushman we have met, have ever stolen one thing - not the tiniest thing, <sup>not fork,</sup> not a match or a scrap of wire nor a crumb of tobacco nor a piece of candle. Nothing have they stolen - until this morning no such thing has happened. This makes me very sad." I squatted down to become more intimate and did not look angry any more but appealing. Though I suspected someone of the visiting group I did not believe anyone present was guilty. Their feet were all too big. The footprints had been made by small feet. Perhaps, I thought, a teen age boy, and the boys of the visiting group had had a bearing unlike our boys. They were silent, unsmiling, unresponsive. Poor youngsters I thought and I did not look angry now. I did not say what we would do. I asked them <sup>the group</sup> if they understood - in order to hear what they would say. They said again <sup>that</sup> "This makes for bad feeling between you and us, and between ourselves. I (guide) said: "This is why Bushmen go away in their own small groups. You will see. The groups will leave. When there is trouble they go away by themselves to be away just with their own people." He looked so troubled I wanted to pat him to reassure him. Khanā said I must call all the people and say to them what I had said to <sup>the group</sup>.

Next we went to Goma. I said I had come to tell him what I had done. Making my speech, what I had said, to ask if he thought I had done the right thing, or if he advised that I do something else. His response was to say that he wanted to make a speech. He paused & prepared himself and then made a long speech. It was to the effect that last year when we were just



In conclusive account

with his people. No such thing had happened. He Amusey had told all the people that they must not enter our tents, that they must touch nothing. He told the people they must go out in bedkos every day and not sit around our place or poke into things. He was very troubled. His heart was sad. He had had a shock when Picanni called him ("Shock" was the word that came back through the translation). He thought and thought who it might be. He looked so troubled I was worried about him. I said I was sorry that our presence had caused him trouble. That I wanted very much not to cause him any trouble; that I tried to be careful not to interfere in their lives, not to take their time when they needed to go to get food or wood or water, or to work on their arrows or skins. He said yes, he was working on a skin that day. He was just going to soak it. He got up and poured water into his pot, and put the grass sponges in. Then he came back and sat down and said that he would go tomorrow to get a Kuder. [This is a characteristic response. I wonder if there is a whiff of guilt at not being at the moment purposeful and active, and if so does it come from himself or to how we evaluate them, or from a more general anxiety about and a thought that they ought to be getting food, ought to put forth more effort. I do not know.] We went on. I said I did not ask a Bushman to identify the foot prints - because I did not want to know who did it. I said I believed it would not happen again, and that it would be best to let it pass. He said yes. He thought so too. He said again that this had not happened before. I believe it was in his mind as well as mine, that it had been someone from the visiting group, one whom Neelha & us

(over)

on next page - middle of  
(Not on opposite side  
of this page)

\* I just I wanted to give to Iqin and Di'ai  
because I'm fond of them and sorry for them  
and think Di'ai is being wonderful, calm  
and dignified. She has stabilized her  
family. Did I say in my account of her  
that she said ~~that~~ "The child cried so for her  
father I could not calm her?"

had any authority and that we could stir up more trouble without being able to do anything about it. Because I said again that we would let the thing pass. He said yes that would be best. And I said I have another matter to talk about - tobacco. I reminded him that Lawrence + he had agreed that we would not give tobacco to visitors except the first night they came and when they left. I had not concluded the matter definitely. I think he could not make up his mind as to which groups to give to - the G and I girls - and had not got himself around to asking + going definitely about them - Not knowing whether to best put the <sup>responsibility</sup> decision on + Goma or to spare him. So I took the position I wanted to take anyway. I wanted G + I girls <sup>in</sup> my information (I girl also because I like him - G to evade an issue because here they are settled in, and to give tobacco to all the others + not them would be highly unpleasant.) \* But here was a clear issue of a group just coming now and obviously not belonging here. So I said I would go and explain to them, as I had to! Nai si, that unfortunately our supply of tobacco was not the size of the alias (mountain) that we could give me when they came + when they left. F + Goma said yes to do this but NOT to say anything else to them. He emphasized this saying it twice. I felt we entirely understood each other's implications. And was in complete agreement. F + Goma said I might give tobacco to his aunt and her husband because they belonged to him. I said yes, of course I had understood that. Then he picked up a pouch of sand, and said to give only a little tobacco. like this. When visitors come. I added in my own thoughts - a big generous "John" handful when they go as an inducement to go. (over)

Things brought back have been: found by children

Part of  
some  
collected  
things  
Cigarettes to me  
Nuts  
Piece of tripod  
Spanner

on following page

\* Inset - This woman is the one who was present when I was working on kinship terms - woman speaking. When I came to the term for son, the interview broke into a hopeless confusion because she went on and on insisting that her son looked like her for head. I never did get this sorted out. Pleduech got impatient, I got confused. I do who stutters took up time stuttering. Iqigae kept making remarks that made people laugh. Time for getting wood came and the group broke up.

I am convinced that in every area where we live  
which a comrade we understand each other remarkably  
well for "wild" <sup>men</sup> savages and Europeans.

I made my explanation to the visiting group. When I  
sat down I asked who was the headman. Now  
the oldest man is me!gi!gae whom I met at #gma's  
fire the night before. He has an exceptionally wide flat  
Mongolian face so I could make no mistake. The paper  
said our headman is!gi!gae but he is not here.  
Oh, I said looking at the old man, but this is!gi!gae  
Yes, they said, it is. He is our headman. He smiled up  
at me all innocence. I said my say. They received  
the news pleasantly enough. The woman who had  
shoved me away the day before held her tongue.\*  
(She has been here before with guma paper. Several  
had I could see when I sat down & looked at them.)

I have their names, but not their relationships.  
They are obviously not of this area so I let it go at that.)  
Hao smiled. Even! Nani whom I had glared at in  
the morning. I asked them to tell others they might meet  
about our not having enough tobacco to give to everyone.  
I feel, saying I would be sorry to have people come hoping  
to get a lot and be disappointed. Actually our hand ful  
is a tremendous amount. Mr. Bent gave a pinch me  
to a few who stood near, with no attempt to distinguish  
the head man or to divide among all present. (Demi  
says they had not had tobacco for years, and seemed  
well pleased with his hand ful. I can make a  
hand ful twice as much as usual if I choose, and I  
chuse to give to Demi the most I could grab. Demi is not  
of the above group. He is the brother of!gi!gae's daughter. &  
He is the one who told me about the sun song having been given  
him by #gas! No.)

It was still only 10 o'clock. We set off to work, me  
& Nani and!gae and I, looking about for someone to  
talk to. The West was almost empty. We found  
Till Khao making arrows and his wife setting. She said  
she would be glad to talk with us, that we made

good speeches (So came the translation) and gave nice things, the cocoa and tobacco and candy. She by the way is as ardent a smoker as I. She takes deep lung full and then can't speak.

Tears come to her eyes. She can't get her breath.

She looks as though she were in a seizure. A very nice woman. I find her, her smoking notwithstanding.

I said I had many things I liked to talk about. Would she choose something she would like to tell me. She could not choose she said - of course. So I said how about manners? Now in my thinking manners and crime are 2 different things and I made no association between the theft of the morning and cigarette. The one subject I did not want to discuss was the theft. That was closed. But to her manners meant morals, and she said that someone had very bad manners to go into our tent to steal. They were all worried about this, she said. I veered off, saying my that this had not happened before. I believed it would not happen again. That I found Bushmen most honorable people. More honorable than <sup>many</sup> other peoples I had known. How did they teach their children to have such good manners as they have? Tiikhaa looked up from his arrow point and said (see notes) a lot about how if a son does not want to listen to his father, the <sup>father</sup> must beat him and if he still does not listen the father says to himself what shall I do? Must I kill him? I asked I Khwa if she ever spanked her children. She said they did not need to. Her children were very good children. They got their sense from their father, who had very good manners.

Oh me, oh me, we are ill-equipped for this work. Without speaking Bushmen how then I to know how those words are equated. Sense, manners, "good" behavior. And was their any thought in her mind of telling me this to show it would not have been her children who were guilty of the theft? over

Insert. I forgot to say this. Our next subject was the etiquette of the fire, and after that etiquette of food. A conglomerate of made nuggets and random <sup>facts and</sup> information. This is the case if one does not keep to the point with questions. It is all interesting & valuable slow however. This gem came out

Ti HK has told me <sup>without my having questioned,</sup> about the father making the first fire for his daughter when she married (see note) and then he said this is the veld kos. Referring to my saying my questions were like a digging stick opening the ground, we all had a good laugh.



It was a sweet, quiet, dignified remark from a very nice woman about a very nice husband and father, these are my impressions. The overtones and undertones one can only guess at. \*

At lunch time I told Elij. about the manure. She thought herself that, not at night but after lunch she had been in the store tent, partly bare footed. By the time I had seen the 3 ponies many feet had walked about. I saw me 2 foot prints well & put a bowl over one of them. We went to look. I was convinced that the one under the bowl was Elij. She made me just beside it to compare. It was away at the edge, near the lamp table. The situation was not clear. Philip was upset. At the least upset he looks like a great fat black baby on the point of crying. He said two things. Elij. should have told him. And it was not Elij. because the foot prints had been all over the place made after our last boot prints. Picanin supported this theory with an air, absolute certainty? let the foolish whites believe what they would.

For two reasons we, Elij. & I, decided to tell #Goma One, that he was so troubled, could not let the matter go. And was wondering & wondering who it had been. As probably, was every one else! Everyone looking at each other's feet - a miserable situation. This would be a release of the general suspicion. Also, there was a doubt. I do not think either Philip or Picanin have any discipline, mind. They could both most readily leap at a conclusion and support it by any kind of statement that they considered would prove them right. So we brought #Goma back from the West to look at the foot print. He pronounced the one under the bowl to be Elizabeth's and that was conclusive. Elij. & I saw them alone with our own eyes too.

The matter rested. #Goma said, as I did, that the idea of me & us being there without shoes did not occur to him, and that he, as well as I, had been quick to suspect a Bushman. He did not think it funny to associate. He did not laugh. Never the less that night John & I

The Kelatun. Philip asked the fools as how, the fools when the general situation was naked an area.

After lunch, it was hot and still. This stuck to us as if we were fly paper. My usual fatigue was upon me. I was just about to rest a bit when !ŭ came to visit and with her Di! Kluo, #goma's aunt, // guse and Di! ai. They sat in 6 inches of shade to the south of the tent. Tsam guo, // guse, #gao all came in, with an air of being accustomed to come in, and being perfectly sure of their welcome. On the north side of the tent appeared other visitors, Kham the lame man and // gii. Neauks. They all sat. !ŭ + // guse had the instrument. They strummed in turn. I was overcome with fatigue. Though I wanted especially to seem cordial - taking this visit on the lap of the theft to be a gesture toward us - a saying let us not let any trouble come between us - I could not stay awake. I lay down - for just a second - to listen to the music and rest. and I slept a long deep sleep. It was three when I awoke! The women were still there in the narrow strip of shade. !ŭ was still playing. Nona was looking solemnly out of her black eyes. The boys were as quiet as mice. I was refreshed and comforted.

!ŭ said when I asked if we might now talk a while, that she would be willing so we started on the menstruation ceremony. She did not wait for questions. She just began to tell me what she could think of. She told about the washing of the girl. That the grand mother washed her, or a sister, never the mother. That was the Bushman law.

John Khan // a + the others arrived with the wildebeest. Every one ran to see. John had much to tell. // gii had shown him a poison we had not known about. The pod of a tree. // gii showed it to us, gave us the name, showed how it was prepared and applied, chewing the bark <sup>to mix</sup> with ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> and ~~spitting out~~ <sup>spitting out</sup> the saliva yellowed by the bark <sup>into</sup> the bush <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~fruit~~ <sup>fruit</sup>. I wondered if he was giving us this to make up for the theft.

near bottom 8  
p. 26

\* In Di'ai's r / qui's very well built conceal  
skem were 8 people.

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† goma had hidden the pod. when he was mixing his poison and had refused to show it to me when I had asked.

John also had some more data. If a buck has been shot & has not died, or if a man has been having other bad luck, and wants to change his luck he can perform a ~~ritual~~ do this. Some one, a fellow hunter or his wife, must do it for him. He burns in the fire the outside cocoon of the poison beetle, cuts his arm and rubs the stuff in. John did not get further detail. Another job. Pickin  
Iqui was giving out today.

Oct 31 -

In the night it rained. Not a thunderstorm with clouds but a steady rain with wind from the south. I put my canvas over my head after moving my notes to a dry spot, and slept deep. I did not hear Philip but coffee he knows he closed my tent flaps. I slept till 8:30.

In a poncho I went over to the West with John, to see the West in the first real rain. No one was in sight. We passed † Gao's skerm first, walked around to the entrance, peered in. There sat † Gao, † goma, Iqui (hus.) Kluga, the beast) 11 as and Iqui (eyes), snug and dry. My tent was afloat. The skerm as dry as could be. Till Klap's son, as I went on, put his head out from under a kaross and said morrow from the back of Xama's skerm. It appeared as I went around that everyone was tucked in, dry and cozy with little fires sputtering in the rain - everyone whose skerm faced the right way, and everyone who belonged to them was tucked in with them. \* The skerm that faced the south wind and the driving rain were empty with one exception. Iqui Meander. sat facing the

rain, a Kaross to his chin, a doleful look.  
 11 <sup>Kushas</sup> gase + the children were lying wrapped all over.  
 And their Karosses drenched. They had not  
 taken refuge. They just endured the rain.

And the poor creatures of the visiting group  
 who had not built rain skins sat like  
 vultures, wrapped up head + all, in unshaken  
 clusters, saying nothing.

The pay is covered. John Eli + I went down  
 after lunch. The jeep got a puncture. Eli had no  
 Kaross - poncho I mean. It rained. John carried  
 her up on his back. The water hole is now a small  
 pond.

There was a great noise, wies. I went out to  
 see what seems to be another arrival. 11 go and! New  
 greeted two other young men who behave like they do.  
 They walk and speak like Bantu speaking people.  
 They swagger, they are loud mouthed. 11 as leaned  
 toward me, the young man and pointed to his penis,  
 his face a few inches from it. His finger pointing  
 and then touching the other's breech cloth. They had  
 loud banter. The new young man waved his arm  
 in the No gesture. I read into it that, anyway.  
 This is the third time I have seen 11 do this.  
 The other two times it was to 1 <sup>Ngani</sup> Name, who made no  
 gesture but a smile. Perhaps 11 is a homosexual.

The crowd has gathered at the visitor's place.  
 The wildebeest head is there. 1 gao and 1 <sup>Ngani</sup> Name are  
 off getting water, so I have no interpreters. I looked  
 at these people. Must get stereotypes of them. Their  
 faces and bearing are definitely different from our  
 people. They would make a study. An old hat,  
 scraps of dirty cloth, expressions, an untidiness.  
 They have an unseemly quality.

and about the bearing of the mountain

ask Tzoma about 1100 if he is a home.

ask Iqui old about the cloud dance

Tzoma Na

over

11:20, <sup>T</sup>goma's cousin of the Di'ai | qui complication. and his mother and father and 3 children have taken up their abode in the little skum his older daughter knelt for herself and her younger sister, little brother, qui of the smileless squint! It is a tiny skum but dry. Just now they are sitting there oblivious to the rowdy noise from the visitors. One would think 11:20 might be in its midst - but no. His father is making him a breech clout, a lovely little skin, a soft gray chamois. 11:20 is cutting up his leg bracelets to provide beads for its decoration. The father is making a fringe on which the beads will be strung. His wife holds one end of the strip while he cuts it into fringe with a very sharp knife slicing it downward and toward himself very carefully.

I thought of the painting the Matohela boy had made and entitled The Prodigal Son. It was a painting of a returning son approaching his people who sat in front of their hut. He was in European dress carrying a suit case. Could the breech clout be a symbol to 11:20? His couching beside his gentle father. Working with him, albeit ~~the~~ is still wearing his Wretched torn red jumper. (was a symbol to me)

They had greeted me Morrow Missy, and Morrow Baas I told them to say to me Morrow Noma. which they solemnly did.

<sup>T</sup>goma came and said he wanted to talk with me. <sup>Ngane</sup> Wit / Name and / gas we sat on stools in the dining room. Old <sup>T</sup>goma joined us and sat outside. I didn't invite him in wondering if <sup>T</sup>goma wanted him. He died. It was said he and old <sup>T</sup>goma were the headman

\* note. Iqui is a Medicine Man. He did not officiate the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> but we had seen him work with old gun across the pan when the medicine men treated a man who was very ill - and there was no cause. His wife Khupa has been away for a week or so.

\* insert. # Tama said ya ya, agreeing with me in this. Then he said <sup>where</sup> wherever he went people knew him. He could go to Kai Kai a gun or Kuli or Kautscha or wherever and people would give him food and a sleeping place. He was welcomed. And he ~~was not afraid~~ would go to people when there was trouble (he meant like the theft not grief) He would not hesitate to go and speak about the trouble.



And Together they did what needed to be done.

Figoma's visit was about the party into our party. and the tent. He said it had been Iqui's husband of Kluga, the girl with the snake in her breast. Figoma said he had worried very much and gone around asking everyone and noticing Spoons. I'm sure any one who could pick out one Kudd out of a herd and track it in maybe twenty miles over stony places, through brush, in sand and clay, could have no trouble with a human foot. Figoma said the foot print under the bowt was Elizabeth but there had been Bushman foot prints too. He had not told me this yesterday afternoon. He said I qui confessed and said he had taken nothing, he was only looking for water (John heard it was a potato he confessed to be looking for.) We settled in water. I told Figoma he was a wise leader, and that I thought it was wise and good of I qui to confess, because it was a bitter thing for everyone to be wondering, and worrying, and suspecting this one and that. I asked if Figoma thought I should speak to I qui - He said not. It would be between himself and I qui. I qui had done the right thing to tell him. I said again that I thought Figoma was a wise and strong leader & honest.

We chatted on. I asked about the visiting group. They are from Kuli. Figoma said they were his friends. That Igi Gas their headman gave him many things. So I warmed my heart a bit toward them. While we were talking about them Igi Gas and the young men arrived. The 2 new ones are Figas and Dam. They look Negroid to me. Hoo! Nani put on an act imitating me. Everyone laughed uproariously. I could not get I Nani's translation. He I suppose wanted me not to know where they said. He had is pleasant, slightly abashed smile.

Finally he has stated. #Tigma, he said wanted me to give them a little tobacco. They were starving for tobacco and had begged him to ask "Mah Mah". Hao put in his plea with his most winning smile now. So I gave #Tigma the tobacco bag and let him give. He gave a big handful to the whole group. I got <sup>Ka</sup> nodding and smiling approval. But #Tigma asked me to give to the new comers, according to the plan.

Gau old, came by with the heart skin of the quaffle on his head, a weird peaked cap. He is going to make it into a hat, they say.

So now it is six o'clock. Writing a days high points takes a large part of the day. Most days much slips by un written, gone with time like the pictures we do not get, and all the impressions of the night, that I'm too tired to write or even to remember.

When Hao and Nam were imitating me, it was with very very funny grimaces. I got a flash about aggression. Maybe the making fun of and the laughing about some one is the way out. The bursts of hearty laughter are often about some one I know. The night at the boys fire when they laughed to kill themselves, it was at the expense of poor Namie, whose penis they discovered to be quite out of proportion to his small size. Their jokes are about people missing shots, or having spent themselves on women, or <sup>or</sup> hunting. They sail each other about these things. He accuses each other, jokingly as we do, of laziness. Hao and Nam are noticeably loud in their laughter, always making fun of some one. There is no convention about this that I can yet detect, no joking relationship. But keep on trying to find out.

As I have noted before they laugh at Mishap. They laugh with the others at themselves. They are very like Americans in this.

<sup>Tu Kuis</sup>

Oct 22.

Iqi!gae the son, Kauplla, brother, Dilai and brother in law Iqui (quid), had shot his first big buck, on October 19. Kauplla and he came here. John went with them to track the Urdebest, brought it to the weirf, <sup>on Oct 20</sup> where Kauplla gave it to Iqui. They told John the ceremony of cutting the boy would be made. John asked to film it. They agreed. On Oct 21 it rained all day. They waited to perform the ceremony till the light would be good for filming. This morning Oct 22 at 7:45 they performed it. John took a beautiful film of it step by step. John's Newswoman of last year has gone. This should be a masterpiece.

Kauplla and his son are charming. The ceremony was simple and dignified, and it is momentous - the marking of the first great step into manhood.

I have good notes. Eliz. hobbled over on her crutches & changed film for John. I gave Kauplla a pipe. <sup>his box</sup> a few matches & wire to <sup>2st.</sup> beach.

The Kubi vrisas, <sup>Tu Kuis</sup> Iqi!gae (of the flat face) departed. I gave tobacco + salt all around & candy & the children and one tin - to <sup>Tu Kuis</sup> Iqi!gae and got movies of their departure. If my damaged film didn't run out I got a wonderful shot of their going & towards the Babob tree. I can not tell when the film runs out. No bell rings. I hope for the best.

Kauplla & his son are returning to Kai Kai. They left about noon. With them went <sup>T</sup> Goma's aunt Di!Khas and her husband & Goma & their son. Oed also, with them went Gae to bring back his son Iqui. <sup>T</sup> Goma had brought him a message from Kai Kai that he could come to fetch his son. (I wonder why the son did not just come with <sup>T</sup> Goma. Di!Khas. The latter had been received.)

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+  
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Last night when we were taking around tobacco and candy (called gum by the Bushmen. Pronounced goom - rhymes with broom) we had reached Gai's (old man's) when of a sudden the nuptial flight of some creature took place. The air was filled with their beautiful whitish transparent wings. They flew toward our lamp and lit on it, on us, or the ground around. Their fore wings fluttered ~~off~~ <sup>and in the fire</sup> she alighted and crawled a few seconds. Then their wings fell off and there they were, not long brown bugs crawling about from the light or haply toward it, but not crawling toward the light. Most of them were in pairs the pursued and the pursuer.

They came all of a sudden. There were none at no moment. At the next the air was full. <sup>ungka</sup> said gum. The next thing I knew John had handed her one and she popped it into her mouth. I thought that she thought he was handing her a candy, and had popped the insect into her mouth before realizing what it was. But this was not the case. Tsam gas appeared, saying Goriko! gu "Goriko! gu" and began eating them as fast as he could pick them up. Gai came. He dug a little trench and began putting the creature in it. Their wings dropped off almost at once, so they could not fly out. He put grass over them and watched to push them back if they tried to crawl out. Some the trench was almost full and I <sup>Kushas</sup> came to gather them up. Gai

you did not bother to catch them. No! <sup>ungka</sup> Kupa - but I <sup>Kushas</sup> was very busy. I <sup>airkers</sup> gas felt aversion or apprehension when they lighted on him, he squeaked a little. So did Nai si. Tsam gas stuffed himself.

John ate some. He said some were tasteless. Some sweetish, but the best one I ate tasted sour.

I went by the swept over to us and seized the lamp and without asking our permission took it to her fire, and gathered as fast as she could.

\* White ants. Brian McGuire says

No one protested. John made a trap for gao & went  
on helping 11 gao. He ate less as fast as she  
caught them like I saw gao.

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While this was going on the lion roared so near I  
jumped. Eli called me from the tent to be careful  
he was nearer than the water hole. John held up the lamp to  
see if he could see his eyes. Eventually we ~~jumped~~ <sup>jumped</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>around</sup>  
& went back to the tent. Eli was really nervous. ~~I was fighting~~ <sup>I had the pistol</sup>  
too. Together in the tent we succeeded in being rational.  
Was after all more afraid Eli with the pistol than the lion.  
It roared 4-8 times then stopped. But then the Swiss hunting  
spider began his patrol outside the tent. Eli brought  
her medals in to sleep with me. Unfortunately she fell  
out of bed and hurt her foot again.

The Bushmen showed no concern over the lion.  
He is far, they said, jumping over their shoulders without  
looking around. John's say far means not in the way of.

The little girl 11 gao who caught her foot  
in the trap had got an infection now. The scab  
came off. The foot was infected & the scab formed  
again. I put a bandage on & will see to it in <sup>AM</sup> ~~the~~  
~~Oct~~

over

Misc note.

include

use 7 grass. to burn at night as torches.

Iqui + a guy who has left. #9oma had looked at the  
foot print + knew them.

include -  
Kueas -  
- Leo go man.

In the morning the little girl #900 (get 1 gas to say this girl's name and the man's name that sound the same to me till I can hear the difference) came to have her foot soaked & dussed. With her came her mother & Nisa. I gave. I know her half sister-in-law. I'll & Nisa the beauty. After the foot was tended they all sat. So I began to talk. I gave answered and soon we were talking about ghosts. Later I have been allowing talk to lead where they wish more than at first when I was keeping to specific material, such as genealogies. Even in other kinds of material I asked more questions than later. Had to. Nothing happened if I didn't. Now people have an idea what I want and ramble on giving information they think will interest me. We were at the point where #900 had given me some powder they throw into the wind to keep the ghost away, and I gave was showing how they took a pinch - when Thorea came with one Debe in a big hat - and stopped the ghost. He is a simple affectionate soul. We hope he goes home soon. He says Courtzijue would like John to come and fetch her. She would like to wash for us. Musinjan is still away at Tsau. Thorea says the reason he is staying so long is that he is short of horses to ride home on.

In the afternoon, after a bath a nap and washing my clothes I felt awful. It was for here I could make myself go to work. But I had an interesting two hours. I was disappointed & <sup>impatient</sup> there are few people at the weigt.

5. 7. went

Oct 23

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We asked !ti if she would talk to us. She refused, saying she was <sup>ill</sup> ~~ill~~. Di'ai refused saying her back hurt. !Hup<sup>aka</sup> refused saying she felt sick. + Goma was asleep so I did not ask him. We went on. + gisa and Dan refused saying Dan's chest hurt. We went on. Felle, I gasa, wife, I qui Xama's son (her dau. by the way is <sup>11 gube</sup>) was pounding lime and red powder - and incidentally some roots too, to color her karos. See note. We sort of cornered her and asked if she would talk to us. She said "I am a young girl and I do not know anything". I tried to reassure her and we sat down. + gisa then joined us. I gam came, I qui on guide came, I qui eye Xama's son came. He with his head shaved on top and I gao's pants on. Thorea came. We asked the men to go saying we were talking about women's things. They all went except I qui who lay right down. Staged. We went on. Dava the less with the ceremony, the first menstruation.

I gasa did not wait for questions. She told me about the ceremony in detail, with compromise and dignity. It was one of the best talks I've had.

Then it was time for them to go, for water. During the talk + Nisa joined us. little dainty + Nisa Nao's wife. She began to talk, a long talk. She is very graceful, delicate, beautiful. What she poured out was that she was so thin everything she wore "ran down on her". She showed how her <sup>upper arm</sup> bracelets and <sup>lower</sup> knee bracelets



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slipped. She said she was not feeling well and when she would go tomorrow for weed ko she might die in the weed. She said the weed ko they ate was not much good. She did not like it. Only Maughetti's nuts. If you ate a lot of those, she guessed she would get them. You got strong. She said one went for six days without eating, and the seventh day she ate. Now this is very interesting. It is not so they have had weed ko to eat. Every body has not had meat. but no one is starving. Her baby is plump and happy. (By the way. she said in her out pouring that the baby worried her. And it was always drinking milk.

My guess about the above is that it is an example of the obsession I believe they have about food. Charlie would say it was a play on a hand out. Lawrence might have agreed with him <sup>but now, I think.</sup> Elizabeth says maybe as the season ends - before the great rains, that the roots & berries may be dropping, and not be nourishing. That may be so. That they do not feel picked up and satisfied with the food. That the balance of effort - walking all day in the heat, walking miles - is against them.

Hin etc [ ] Nuya & Jisa (above) Igan + Ditai U'gase were out yesterday from about 8 in the morning till about 8:30 at night. They came by our Ketchum with their heavy loads and their babies on top as John & I were making cocoa. We sat them down to have some rest they they were completely I thought of those little women & their babies coming through the darkness with the lions about. If Bushmen feel as dispirited, & as exhausted as I do in the heat, it must be hard indeed to walk all day in the sun.

Journal of the weyft.

Oct 23, 1952<sup>37</sup>

Eliz and I were having a beer. one of her precious bottles. Name came to say that !ü, Di'ai wanted wood & that Igao wanted to speak to me. Igao wanted to speak about Thorea, to ask if he could give him food. I said we'd make an exception & that he could. Then I went to see !ü. At the first thought, her asking for wood, after refusing to talk with me, I said I was in no mood to give wood. It is not this no refusal it is all the former ones that irk me. I give her the most, she gives me the least of any me in the weyft. She is a demanding woman. Her skrum is the least well built. She takes her ease, as much as she can, asks mine & me, snatches our lamp to catch goriko gas for herself right <sup>away</sup> from <sup>the</sup> <sup>light</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>lamp</sup> and her little trench. On the way over I betought me that perhaps she saw I was cool and had come to see how I was feeling now. Making the wood an excuse. I told her it was hard for me to have her ask for wood, that our staff had their duties and got a lot of wood at no time to be free for other work on other day. However she might choose a stick. Igao helped her load two big ones on her shoulder. She said "dankie". I said "you are welcome" quite coolly. She showed me the baby wide awake and serene. I patted the baby's soft fuzzy hair. She started off. Di'ai wanted my small sticks. She said her back ached and her husband was away. I offered to carry her great lump, a <sup>big</sup> <sup>heavy</sup> <sup>one</sup> but he would not let me. She followed me to my tent. I went in & closed the netting. She stood out side, and stood and stood there looking so weary and sad that I got up, got vaseline from the med. chest. Told her to come with me to her skrum. And there I rubbed her back. I know very well where it aches. I rubbed for half an hour

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and her head, and the back of her neck and her  
shoulder and arms. She looked near to tears. She  
whispered "dankie dankie".

Gao has been away about 2 weeks, presumably  
with <sup>Nazoka</sup> Hooga, his other wife. Di!ai is alone with  
Nae and her little boy, <sup>gaidi</sup> <sup>way</sup>. She has no one to  
help her. She cannot rest. She must be up again  
to walk far in the cruel heat, to dig her roots,  
to carry them home, 15-20 pounds if she has  
worked hard all day. She must carry water in the  
heavy shells. And she must carry her big boy child  
wherever she goes. On the way home she  
usually picks up a small tree or two for the  
night fire. She will stay at home all day,  
pounding her veldkos, cooking, and resting some.  
But next day she must go again - a stave.

I was at first impressed with the being together  
of the Bushman. They are and it is their  
great solace and compensation of their lives. But  
no one has margin to help another very much.  
!u would not get veldkos for Di!ai to let her  
rest, not for any length of time. She wouldn't  
and she couldn't. Each one can just take care  
of her own immediate family. I know this - in a way  
I've last year, but I did not feel it so deeply till  
now - the heat, the influenza, my feeling. I can hardly  
drag my self to my feet in the afternoon heat. I have  
never been so affected by weather. Today I thought I had  
reached the end of my will power and nervous energy.  
I feel I could not go on. I am determined we shall  
go home in February. We can't stand any more no more  
the Bushman stand more of us. The novelty of our  
being here will be gone. Even tobacco will not  
be worth the trouble to adjust to strangers any longer than  
that. Dec. would be better, but the botanist is coming  
then & must have his chance to work.

If we can get out in the heavy rain, January we could go then and have a vacation before the semester begins.

Today symbolizes the hunting as well as the fatigue of the women. F goma & day ago shot a quaffe. He thinks he got his arrow in. He did not see it in, but he found suggestions to him that he might have. Then came the whole day of rain. Next day he started off alone to find the spot. I don't know what happened. Today he persuaded John to take the jeep. They started early - and were back at one. The jeep had been washed away. They could not find the quaffe.

But they did find a dead quaffe - dead they say since last winter. They brought that head back for Charlie - and the skin to eat. John has a picture of it being cooked and eaten.

All the heads have been eaten of the big birds - since we came - hair & all. No karosses were made. And good ones Kums Di'ai (qui's) needs one - Hers is like lace and so is old qui's. Small birds have been made into bags by 3 people old F goma. Gau (ous) and F gas who is married to F Niao, god's daughter.

A quaffe hide found on trip with John (did) with this) of a quaffe they said died last winter. We brought back and eaten.

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4 pages

!ŕi

Oct 30 1952

Before I was dressed Elij came to the tent to say that !ŕi was there and was asking for a dress. Elij, Lawrence and I spoke of her altitude, that we had not been able to get her. She always made more than her share. She came asking for a dress. I got dressed, went without breakfast to speak with her. Our discussion lasted for two hours. It may have been of great importance and October 30 may be a day for us to remember.

The feet antagonistic. Some things had developed that I didn't understand. I soon found out that when she said that they had been promised dresses (it turned out she meant blankets - and the translation probably through the Bushman word for Kaross came back dress) and that they had never received the promised things, and that she would only believe when she saw.

!ŕi is intelligent and capable of precise and lucid thought. I asked her precisely if she was accusing us of not keeping our promises. She said promises, blankets (by now) had been made and not kept. I asked who had promised blankets. She said Gomisi (gomishi) I said I did not know who Gomisi was. She said he was with us last year. It turned out to be Katambahe. He had said if they would stay and let us take the pictures each would receive a new blanket. My heart sank. I told her I had

! 7̄ J. q w

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not know this. I <sup>! 7̄</sup> told her we had had no blankets with us, ~~and would no~~ that Katam bali had made this promise without our knowledge or authority. Wondering all the time if it had not been made by Fritz Metzger and that he had not faced the problem and told us I believe under the stress he felt to succeed and the idea that the Bushmen would have to be freed, he may have done this. -

We talked on. I told her I had given what I had, and asked if she remembered any gifts. She said I had given a <sup>head</sup> scarf. Anything else, yes a ~~bag~~ <sup>head</sup> bag. Did she remember anything else. She mentioned the bag and said there was nothing else. I

I then launched forth, wondering with her my mind as I always do if I were saying right things or wrong things. I told her that we had not known anything about Bushmen that no one in America knew anything about Bushmen - which I believe is true enough. That few Europeans here knew about Bushmen, and those few knew very very little. So we had made mistakes in our gifts. Not knowing what Bushmen valued we had brought things that we valued, but I could now see things that she had not valued. Namely silver earrings and Cowrie shells. I then said that this was exactly the reason we were making

This slide of Bushman life, that they 17<sup>th</sup> Oct 37 3  
 might be better understood. I said that the  
 world was changing. That these children sitting  
 with us now, Tsamqao, Gass (her sons) and  
 the others would have more contact with  
 Europeans than her father, Debe, and his people  
 had had. Whereas there was always <sup>opportunities</sup> danger  
 of misunderstanding when peoples spoke different  
 languages and when what they say to each  
 other can fall between the interpreter.  
~~Our purpose was to make the opportunities~~  
~~of misunderstanding less.~~ End there would  
 always be misunderstanding between peoples  
 who lived in different places and had  
 different customs. Our purpose in making our  
 slide of Bushman life was to lessen the  
 misunderstanding, to make it as little as we could.

I told her that gifts were a great problem  
 to me. I wanted to be fair. I wanted to  
 take in to consideration their customs of giving  
 and to learn what they valued. I asked  
 her to help me and let me tell her our  
 problems and have her guidance.

She said she would do this. She  
 said she understood now. Her heart did  
 not feel bad. She would cooperate with me.  
 She ended by saying <sup>that I</sup> said good words.

I ended by saying, "I hear what !ũ says.  
 She has said good words."

!n̄      ɔŋw

4

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!n̄ said she was prepared to talk to me more  
since we now had Thorea to interpret for us.  
an interpreter that she trusts.

continued. Oct 31

Figona also had said to Elig. that Thorea made  
everything clear to them.

Here we were wondering if they would be alarmed  
by him or unwilling to talk before a Bechuana.



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November 1st I remember nothing of. On the 2nd we went on the Maughetti trip, on which there are notes. The Maughetti forest is an idyllic place - the most beautiful place we have seen in this area where the ~~east~~ <sup>west</sup> is <sup>not</sup> very beautiful. <sup>They are the beautiful smooth grassy hills</sup> has no high point <sup>no hills or rivers</sup> beauty. <sup>no vast distance like the</sup> <sup>we saw on the way to Kruger Park with</sup> cloud shadow on the smooth slightly rolling land. One is down in grass & shrubs. The gold of the grass is lovely, but there is no high beauty. Except the sky which is the great magnificent of Africa. During this last week the sky has been the most magnificent I have ever seen in my life. During the day great white clouds form. At sunset the sky bright blue between them. At sunset they are pink and mauve and magenta. On the trip back from the Maughetti forest. two layers of clouds slowly crossed each other across the sky. <sup>one layer was flat. The other was the great white peak.</sup> The sun was reflected from the lower layer back onto the upper layer. One of the upper clouds was iridescent. Not like a rainbow, <sup>but as though the cloud were formed of glass</sup> ~~like a diamond~~ each facet reflecting a different color. There was bright blue green like the green in Malachite, pink, mauve, magenta and a violet to make one's heart throb.

At night there are two planets balancing the universe. The one to the east is I think Sirius for it leads Orion in slow and steady progress across the sky. The one in the west sets ~~at~~ before Orion climbs to the zenith. The two clouds of light near the Milky Way are bright. The southern cross is on its side, low on the southern horizon.

The moon has come and gone again. These nights of the great clouds the moon light plays on some and they are silver. But some are black and they reach like fabulous wings across the sky. One like a great bird hid the moon and the edges of its wings were silver. Some stretch low and ominous and black.

There have been lightning storms at a distance here & there on the horizon. On the night of November 7<sup>th</sup> we saw lightning 45 miles away we have been seen here. About 45° of the horizon to the west and north west was heavy lightning - so far away we heard no thunder. The flashes came close together than ever we saw. They were like northern lights shimmering for 5-10 seconds without going out. Some bright explosive flashes behind a cloud set its outline. There were also streaks of lightning down through the cloud. If there were people under that storm they must have thought the world was coming to its end.

The night of the lightning the young people had a dance. Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> Elizabeth + I went for while at the time we took tobacco around. We stayed an hour or so. The girls who were singing were 1 Do 1 Khoa 1 Nai + Nisa + Gisa 1 Naga (from Kai Kai) Xama. (+ Gao daughter) old 1 Qui does not play with these girls. No dance the girls from Qi-gai's people joined them. They had a sing of their own on Nov 9<sup>th</sup> was too tired to go up to see. I am slipping badly. Elizabeth and 1 Gao were dancing. 1 Qui (Gao's husband who loves to dance. 1 Qui's husband who after all is young, and all the boys little and big. They hopped about not dancing very seriously or concerted, having fun. The girls eyes were shining and laughing. Boys and girls - but here the girls are already married and be throated by the time they are of the age to make eyes at the boys. Elizabeth and I came to bed about 11.

I woke at two thirty hearing the medicine men. I got up and went over - still a little uneasy about 1 Nam whose voice I could hear. I have no reason to trust 1 Nam in some way. He is as sly as a little fox. But I've come near and nearer to trusting him as I know him better except with girls and except with in his debt way of getting things from me. I have not forgotten the blankets Lawrence had told me on his return from Grootfontein that he learned from Mr. B. that Nam had got off the train at Usukus, gambled away all his clothes, arrived in rags at Grootfontein a week later than he was arranged by him Mr. B + Lawrence.

Nov. 7.

So though my heart goes out to this young monkey I got up to go to the West to see what I would see. I carefully combed my hair so I would look cool <sup>and collected,</sup> and competent and full of quiet self confidence at two fifty five in the morning - I hoped. Lawrence was sick with dysentery - quite sick - so I did not walk later.

(on medicine man)

In an oval before Gao's skem were a group gathered in a curing ceremony. This was the second time I had been present at a ceremony without a dance. The Bushmen had said they did this when someone was very sick. The medicine men were Gao our h. of Di'ai <sup>Di'ai name</sup> and Gao brother of Gao h. of Igasa <sup>Di'ai name</sup>. I joined the circle of women. They were! <sup>to</sup> Di! Khas, Igasa, <sup>Ungka</sup> Hage, <sup>Kushas</sup> Guse <sup>(wife of Gao)</sup> <sup>in his light</sup> Di! ai sat under the arch of her skem with her baby <sup>in her</sup> asleep on her lap - like a Madonna painted by a Master we do not know - too thin for a Murillo, too brown for a Fra Filippo Lippi, <sup>masculine</sup> enough for a Botticelli but no Botticelli is clothed in a gems buck hide Gao leaned over Di! ai. His hands fluttered on her chest and back. He sang the jewel planting song that has the power to heal. The quaffs song given by Gao! Na. He gasped and made the cry of Gu-g gug yug ki ki and threw away the <sup>skem</sup> <sup>skem</sup> he drew out into the sky. But his

continued

J. 7 W

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administration was gentle not spectacular. He did not fall in truce nor run around the circle. He gave the *gug gug* *Ki Ki* cry only once or twice. He sang the song over and over and over again, leaning his head against his wife's. Then he knelt before the baby touching him and singing. Each another time he lay on the ground fully stretched out before the baby and place his head and his hands on the baby, singing all the while his plaintive *fewent* song.

Gao came to me in turn as he went around the circle, women. His hands flutter gently and swiftly against my back and chest.

Gao is always gentle. Little stubby Gao looks somewhat determined + business like. ~~They both came to me also.~~

They each worked over every one present. Each came to me in turn. It makes me happy to be included. The song and the night and the fever and tenderness of the ceremony always release me from fatigue and my internal miseries. I come nearer to a mystical experience or would I be right in saying a religious experience than I have in any Mass - even the Russian Mass on Christmas eve. <sup>in Paris when I was with my mother</sup> I find to hours myself sitting cross legged by the fire drawn near to these gentle people watching Orion slowly swing toward the West. feeling more a part of Man and the Universe than I have ever felt before. I have no

continued

J. W.

Nov 1-11

6  
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Name, Neither God nor  $\text{I gao! Na}$ , to give to  
the greatness of this universe. I know  
that the sense of presence that I have  
is my own imagination and I rationalize  
it as my own heightened awareness of  
the marvelous of this universe and of man  
and of man's reaching out toward the mysteries.

I think sometimes of protestants, poor  
deprived dried up protestants sitting in  
churches being moralistically preached at,  
horrified at the practices of heathens.  
But I have not thought of protestants  
during the ceremonies. Never once. I  
think of them when I write at my desk.

Strange and terrible lightning  
played on the horizon silent lightning  
with out thunder in shimmering bands  
like Northern lights.

1 Name who seemed to be in hysterics  
when I came, clinging to the other  
Medicine Men, a strange emotional  
phenomenon for a pitiful lonely little  
man who has no nation, no parents, no  
wife and children, and perhaps no  
friends except John. <sup>and my now.</sup> He stopped and  
went back to camp with Igao soon after  
I came. My suspicion that he might be  
up to some thing vanished and I was  
opened to sympathy. (Later when I talked  
to him he said he felt that he must do  
this. He was happier afterwards. I think  
he is sincere, not acting. He is suggestable.)

At about a quarter to four the ceremony  
stopped. We all sat around the fire and

continued

smoked. The Bushmen <sup>sound, wept</sup> talked in <sup>nov 1-11</sup> their soft  
voices quietly together. Then Lawrence came  
He said a hyena had called softly, but  
so near the tent he had smelled it so  
he came to get me.

Note. Gao at one point while treating  
~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> ~~rubbed her~~ <sup>put his hands on</sup>  
her head then rubbed his hands together  
brushed them off, tossing away the sickness

I remembered <sup>what Gao had told me</sup>  
about his powers <sup>that Gao put into him</sup> being exhausted. especially  
as he lay before his child, who is black  
in one eye.

Solicitation and tenderness are what  
I see in the gestures of the Medicine  
men. I read this into the gestures  
because for me such motions as  
bending over someone, leaning ones head  
against his, touching him gently,  
singing a sweet fervent song suggest  
tenderness. An anthropologist must guard  
against infusing their own connotations  
into situations they see. Could such gestures  
have any other meaning. I know that  
~~songs~~ <sup>music</sup> can have quite different connotations  
for different people. What is holy to one  
can be profane to another. and what is glad  
to one can be sad to another. But could  
this be true of human gestures?

I am abashed to remember my first impressions of the <sup>curious</sup> ceremony. ~~The first~~ ~~time~~ I was frightened - a measurement of the ~~extremes~~ lack of understanding of most of us <sup>people</sup> <sup>for</sup> the other. For another month the ceremonies were not frightening but were romantically strange. ~~Wierd~~ <sup>Today</sup> no longer can capture that pleasant tingle of weirdness and strangeness. Now I know each medicine man as a person. I know who is sick and how the medicine men are trying to cure the sick ones. The medicine men are no longer brown men naked but in their breech clout carrying the tails, animals, dancing in the firelight uttering grunts and yowls and shrieks and thrillingly weird.

Words have a appalling power over us <sup>suspicion + hostility</sup> uncivilized people, strange rites, <sup>hostility</sup> to strangers. All these came to my mind the first time. The idea that uncivilized people are different and unpredictable to us was steep within me. I did not know what hysteria might develop. What orgies we might see. What hostility might be manifested toward us.

Any administrator of a non-literate people in 1952 is wickedly remiss in so far as he fails to understand this people he is in charge of - is dealing with. To a considerable degree they can be understood by attentive sympathetic study in a year.



continues

Found of West

Nov 11-11

9  
52

Given long enough and deep enough study they can be as completely understood as people within one's own culture can be understood. I consider it nonsense to say that the mind of a "native" is an impenetrable mystery. The power of the word again - is East is East and West is West and never the Twain does meet. Such notions get into peoples minds and rattle about in them for generations, obs. dis. Keeping out more nearly correct ideas, and impairing proper behavior.

Why do administrators of native people adopt the policy of moving their administrators about? A man stays in a post 3 years or so and then goes to another. Could they not have people stay to learn the language and customs of these peoples they administer?

Continued

Journal of the West

Nov 1-11

1053

Moods of the West could be a title of a moving picture. A West has moods. We have seen the mood of hunger. And now the mood of spring. These could have been shown in pictures - but our photographs bogged down. John had to go to cigarette with Moreni. James had to go for gas's eland and his wives. My camera is broken. And what happened happened at sunset time and after - we may never see quite such a mood again. People have gone away <sup>the</sup> but it is West is very quiet. I must try <sup>to</sup> put it into rambling words.

Qao. med. man. h. Di'ai had bought eland meat and Maughettis. We had ~~stunned~~ from the Maughetti forest with half a ton of meat. So there was abundant good food. Furthermore the veldkos is increasing. People are eating first full of smashed up raw greens. And onion bulb bulbs bigger than turnips. There is still Baobab fruit. Qao then came with his eland. No one went out hunting nor out on the long hot days of gathering. Over a hundred people were here.

† Goma's two sections of his group.  
Group IX Qao.

1 Qaiselias

old / Qui

People from Kai Kai - Qao's fiancée's people, and Khanlla & his wife & children.

Tai Kay  
1 Qai's people

Qaiselias from John & three other men.

continued

Journal, West

Nov 1-11

1154

The girl began to skip like birds in the spring. From morning till night there was skipping. And in the evenings they played games. We have notes on these but not very good ones. Trusted to the movies that were never made. The games are skipping games, hopping games, dancing game, skip rope, a ball game - all with recitation songs. Now the differential is broken & we won't get the sound recorded. And now half the people have gone away.

One day I heard <sup>girls</sup> skipping at the <sup>pan</sup> dance in the late afternoon after ~~it had rained~~. I ran down to see <sup>seven slender figures</sup> away out on the <sup>pan</sup> dancing in the shallow water. The cool green light of the low behind rain clouds made the water <sup>the</sup> metallic gray green. <sup>The little</sup> <sup>was out on the pan</sup> figures were reflected in it. <sup>fourteen</sup> slender <sup>dark</sup> figures were dancing. <sup>in the still</sup> <sup>mirrored</sup> gray green water. <sup>seven upright & seven</sup> upside down in the water <sup>shining</sup> <sup>dark</sup> gray green water. They danced in a line kicking <sup>the water</sup> on the third beat into a little silver wave. After a time <sup>still</sup> skipping they bathed and then ran <sup>sluently</sup> to the bank to put on their karosses and run along the path to the west, skipping and dancing as they went.

There were two young people dance that week. With no curing ceremony.

continued Sound & wept Nov 1-11 12

The girls wore also blossoms on their heads<sup>55</sup> when they came back from fetching water.

When they played in the evenings the boys played too. Big boys and young men played the stick throwing game from morning till night. And when the girls were playing they would hover at a short distance, wrestling lifting each other, carrying each other see notes - running. The little boys would play these same games - but they played nearer the girls and bumped through them - bumping into them. The big boys did not do this.

It makes me sick not to have got pictures. This was the week in which I took the picture of Ni being scarified holding John's camera up side down.

I'm tired and late. I must go to my clinic now and cease these half hearted rambles.

See notes and Calendar for going & coming Ni's scarification - did I write them? I went to pieces last week. I'll just have to concentrate on collecting myself now.

My notes are all filed. I'm reorganizing my questions. To meated up loose ends I feel a bit better - except for my nose & Lawrence & Eliz. being away. NOV 12.

117  
484

The women from Igam came  
this information taken Nov. 14 Oct 31, 1952 Nov 13

~~I stayed at the assumption~~

The following women arrived from Igam. at noon.  
1 Thorea's wife ! Huga with 2 of their 3 children  
Igunda and Ilguse (IKhoa the baby was left at Igam)

2 IKhoa. wife of Kakoro - a Herero at Igam.

3 ~~Ilkhuga~~ " " Inu. { a di!guma to Di'ai w. of Iqui

4 !Nose { dan of Ilkhuga. - Note  
          { wife of # Ilao

5 IKhoa. wife of Thorea. She is not the sister  
of ! Huga but related closely. ! Huga was  
told by the mother, IKhoa that they were  
related she does not know how.

6 Ilguse. wife of Tsao a very young man. live at Igam  
She is related to Di'ai. Her mother  
is the elder sister of Di'ai.

\* No. it later developed she wa not his wife. He lied to me.

Thorea did not tell me IKhoa was his wife. He had  
told me about wanting to marry his wife's sister!

Ilkhuga is related to Di'ai. as mi di!gama  
Di'ai was given her name by Ilkhuga  
Why did Ilkhuga give Di'ai her name?

The mother of D. and she are related.  
After talking for 2 minutes they came forth with story  
The mo. of D. was the elder sister of Ilkhuga.

Note younger sister can give name to a sister's child  
as well as older sister.

He protested this morning at my asking  
 Tsam Gao the kinship terms he used.  
 She <sup>seemed</sup> ~~was~~ angry. <sup>Her voice was loud (as loud as B. voice) ~~em ai~~ she spoke emphatically</sup> These are the way she  
 expressed it. She said we took his  
 time and gave him no food. I entered  
 into argument. ~~Not~~ knowing whether I  
 should or not. It turned out all right,  
 I pointed out that this was the first  
 time I had asked Tsam Gao to work  
 with me. Elij had asked him for a  
 morning in the tent and to get salt,  
 otherwise what they did together was  
 for pleasure I don't think together.  
 I said Tsam Gao was an intelligent, fine  
 boy and we enjoyed having him with us.  
 She said he had no sense and should not  
 be asked questions. <sup>this way bad. Tsam Gao cries</sup> I said "did she mean  
 she did not want us to work with Tsam Gao?  
 She got up went over to get Norna, returned  
 gave Norna to Tsam Gao and said I  
 was not to take seriously what she said.  
 She was concerned that Tsam Gao would  
 tell me kin terms that were not correct  
 that children do not know the kin terms  
 and are only taught them at about his age.  
 I thanked her for her concern. said I  
 understood her, was grateful. Then I explained  
 more what I wanted. <sup>the kin terms + how she children know + that it was important to know what she children know + did not know.</sup> all ended

Tsam Gao kissed his baby sister + seemed comforted. peace fully.