

STYLES OF CULTURE  
New Ireland and New Hanover  
By  
Dorothy K. Billings

STYLES OF CULTURE  
Chapters One, Two

Dissertation  
Expanded  
1981

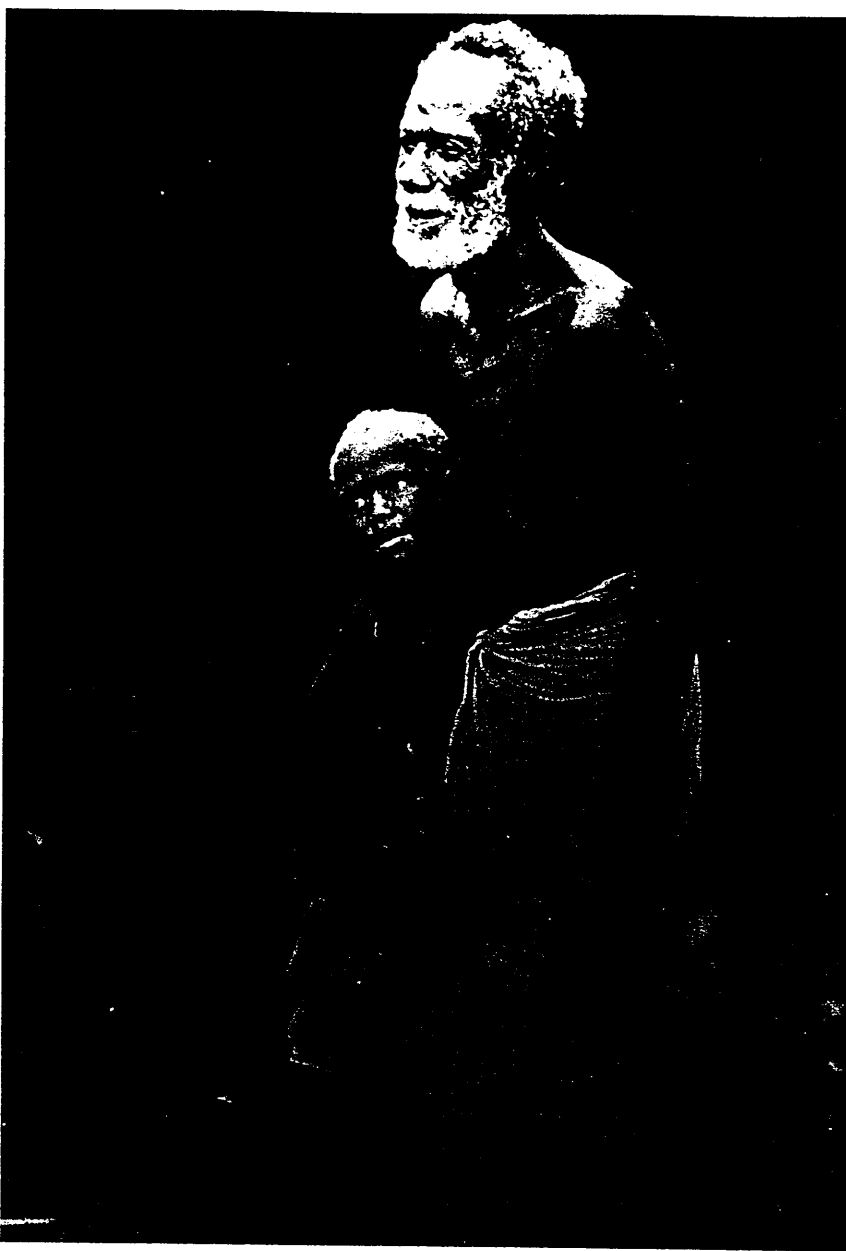
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ERUEL and his granddaughter



SIRAPI

Photograph by Nicolas Peterson, 1965

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Dorothy K. Billings  
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1987

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In 1987, six copies of this manuscript were sent to libraries and individuals in Papua New Guinea. A grant from Wichita State University has made it possible for me to produce twelve more copies, which will be further distributed in PNG.

This is the longest version I have written of my research, and the one which I believe will be of most interest to all the people who helped me write it: it preserves the names of people and places, and records the details of events in which they participated, as well as offering some anthropological summary and interpretation. I also believe that, in the long run, it is this long version which will be most valuable to future researchers: it is not, however, commercially publishable at this time. I have written short articles which have been published, and which I have sent to various people and offices in PNG, which are, I think, primarily of interest to other anthropologists.

No doubt this manuscript is full of errors of judgement and of fact. I think my friends and colleagues, who continue to help me and to support this research, will forgive me; and, with their help, I hope their children, many of whom have taken over the burden of tending to the visiting anthropologist, will take up their pens to continue the story. I dedicate this effort to them.



PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

## C H A P T E R    O N E

## INTRODUCTION

Thesis

The general thesis of this work is not new. It is old, but not established beyond dispute. It is that cultures are patterned and that internal consistency in the pattern can be seen in broad general aspects of a culture, in social structure and organization, and in details of individual personal behavior.

The particular thesis, from which the general one is here inferred, is that the cultures of the islands of New Ireland and New Hanover in Papua New Guinea are patterned and that they differ from each other systematically. I summarize these patterns as "styles" and name the cultural style of New Ireland "group-oriented," and that of New Hanover "individualistic."

Theoretical Foundations

The concepts of "structure" and "function" and "pattern" belong to all science and to all art. They refer to static and dynamic regularities, diachronic and synchronic, in any selected set of phenomena. Because these concepts are regularly usurped by students interested in particular structures or functions or patterns, we sometimes lose sight of their universality. The work of many scholars in the arts, sciences, and humanities, theoretical and applied, who produced the Vision and Value series under the editorship of Gyorgy Kepes,<sup>1</sup> stands as a fortress of evidence against small, specialized perspectives that clamor to survive alone. This work and others like it form the theoretical foundation

on which I rest my interpretations of the cultures of New Ireland and New Hanover.

### Theories in Anthropology

The fate of the term "structure" in anthropology, for example, was for at least three decades in the hands of the descendents of Radcliffe-Brown. Although its larger meaning was never lost, it came to refer specifically to patterns of relationship between kinship roles and kinship groups. The term was seized in the 1960s by linguists and French anthropologists and refocused on questions about patterns of relationship among symbols in myths.

The term "function" was vital in the hands of Malinowski and his students, but, partly as a result of his insistence, it is still viewed by many as lacking the dimension of time. Firth never allowed himself to be confined by limitations imposed on terms by others, and his idea of "social organization" included study of a wide variety of structures that function over time.<sup>2</sup>

The term "pattern" has come to connote the interests of Benedict in the patterning of values and emotions in culture and in individual carriers of a culture. Perhaps it is partly because her mode of analysis was literary and narrative, rather than systematic, that she has had no descendents who have taken over the term "pattern." As she used it,<sup>3</sup> the concept of pattern is related to several other concepts that explore similar kinds of questions: style, genius, world view, values, culture and personality, ethos and eidos, and so on.<sup>4</sup> Students using these terms have in common an attempt to describe regularities in the intellectual and emotional lives of peoples in relation to the societies and cultures in which they live.

### Style

I choose the term "style" as the one that best denotes the frame of reference which I will use in this book. It refers to characteristic structural regularities over time, in this case in all aspects of culture; but "style" especially connotes regularity in the expressive aspects of culture, and it is for this reason that I have chosen it. My study deals at length with regularities in the expressive systems of New Ireland and New Hanover.

The expressive "institutions" are those with which a culture meets what Malinowski called "integrative imperatives."<sup>5</sup> All the arts, religion, and play are prominent among these. My study does not deal entirely with these integrative institutions: as Malinowski wrote, "(A)ny discussion of symbolism without its sociological context is futile,"<sup>6</sup> and I have studied fundamental social-political-economic institutions along with the integrative ones. In some aspects of my analysis, I have studied social, political, and economic factors as dependent variables of expressive style; while in other aspects I have reversed this approach. I need not assert that particular factors are causal in order to study them "as if" they were causal. Contemporary scientific thinking views "cause" as merely a colloquial reference to a changed condition within a field of force, and I concur with that view, which is completely consistent with all systematic theorizing in the social sciences.<sup>7</sup>

All descriptions of regularity require a frame of reference within which the description can have meaning. In the "hard" sciences, all frames of reference are considered "as if" frames of reference, and they are chosen for use according to whether or not they fit the problem. I have chosen to define a frame of reference which accommodates data

showing that expressive structure is fundamental to all other structure in culture, and I have chosen to name that frame of reference "style." All cultures result from a vast complexity of forces, but I do think that it is important to emphasize the role of the structure of expression. Ideas have not been given their due in anthropology in recent decades,<sup>8</sup> and I reject the view (periodically dominant) that cognitive styles, values and so on are epiphenomena.<sup>9</sup>

Kroeber<sup>10</sup> used the term "style" to refer especially to regularity in cycles of growth and decline of civilization, and thus he used it to refer to data of a kind different from that which I have collected. He used historical documents and secondary sources, and perhaps that is one reason why anthropologists, with their first-hand data from small-scale societies, have not taken up the term.

It is instructive to remember that in Anthropology Today, the great compendium of anthropological knowledge to date published in 1953, it was not anthropologist Kroeber, or any other anthropologist, who wrote the chapter on "Style."<sup>11</sup> It was an art historian. Anthropologists, even one who had helped to develop the concept of style, were willing at that time to leave the arts, and expressive behavior in general, to other disciplines.

The term has recently been given new dimensions by Alan Lomax and his staff working on the Cantometrics project, for which Conrad Arensberg was the principal anthropologist.<sup>12</sup> Lomax and his associates sought initially to develop a system for classifying folk songs. Lomax's vast knowledge of songs from all over the world led him to insights about the relationship between singing and culture. With Arensberg, he developed hypotheses about this relationship and later expanded his study to include dance. A staff of trained raters has brought precision

to the definition of five major world areas of song style. Lomax, like Kroeber, views style areas as the products of history. In the future he plans to bring all aspects of culture into the definition of style areas.

Lomax's work indicates that "song style seems to summarize, in a compact way, the ranges of behavior that are appropriate to one kind of cultural context. If style carries this load of social content, however, song can no longer be treated as a wayward, extra, belated, though pleasant afterthought upon the serious business of living."<sup>13</sup> What Lomax writes about song is equally true of all expressive behavior.

#### Field Research: General Description

During January and February 1965, I spent two months in the village of Mangai, New Ireland. I returned again July, 1966 through January 1967, and again for four weeks, April-May 1967. During the first trip I was accompanied by anthropologist Nicolas Peterson. We had gone with the intention of studying a cargo cult, the "Johnson Cult," that had sprung up in New Hanover and that had been reported in the newspapers in Australia. We had permission from authorities to do so when we left Sydney, but when we got to the local government center in Kavieng, New Ireland, we were not allowed to proceed to New Hanover. Local administrators thought that our presence would be disruptive. However, they offered us the use of their quarters (the Local Government Council house) in Mangai and, as we had only two months free to pursue our study, we followed the course of least resistance.

The priorities of our research in New Ireland were affected by our continuing attempts to go to New Hanover, and this situation continued when I returned to the Territory in 1966. I expected to be in New Ireland

only a short time; but it was not until February 1967 that I was finally permitted to go to New Hanover. Even then, I was not allowed to travel freely, and it was only through the cooperation of the Catholic Mission in Kavieng and at the Mission station in Lavongai, New Hanover, that I obtained transportation and other essential help that made it possible for me to undertake work there. The Administration gave me permission to live in the government rest house in Lavongai village, which neighbors the Catholic Mission. Personnel of the various service departments of government (Public Health, Agriculture and Fisheries, Labor) as well as the missionaries, both Catholic and Methodist, gave me crucial assistance, both personal and professional, throughout the entire period of my field research in New Hanover. With their help, I was able to travel around the entire island, as well as to the Tsoi islands between New Ireland and New Hanover, to talk to people who were inside and outside the Johnson cult. I remained in New Hanover until August 31, 1967.

During and after our field work in 1965, Nic Peterson and I used to occasionally talk about what each of us thought the people were really like. We agreed to the end that we could not gain any firm impression of them, of their personalities. They seemed to be very kind and helpful, but we continued to wonder if some kind of return was expected that we were failing to give. We were not even prepared to say that they were reserved, and that that was why we were not getting any clear signals. We were not even sure what we thought we might be missing.

When I returned in 1966, I finally felt quite sure that New Irelanders were really very kind people, but I still had not "clicked" as to what they were really like. There were certain routines I came to know, and I could interact with them in terms of these routines with

increasing ease, but I did not know yet the foci of their interests, and I was not able to "ad lib" much in the culture.

Then I went to New Hanover, and after about one month there I felt that I knew at last what New Irelanders were like. By the end of my eight months in New Hanover, I felt that I knew what New Hanoverians were like, too.

When I arrived in Lavongai village, on February 10, 1967, to set up my new household, I learned within a few hours that many of the responses I had learned in New Ireland were wrong. I was surprised, because the peoples of New Ireland and of New Hanover live on adjacent islands, mix in the town (Kavieng), marry each other, and consider that they share the same general culture. Gradually, I realized that they did not have much opportunity to see each other from a broad perspective, and it is not surprising that most of them did not know in what ways they were like or different from their neighbors.

First impressions often yield primary insights, and first impressions are gained during the early days of field work, when most interactions concern the problems of the anthropologist's daily living conditions: food, shelter, water, hygiene, working equipment, communication, transportation. Thus, it is not surprising that it was in relation to me and my attempts to settle into residence and achieve a daily living routine that I first noticed the differences between New Hanoverians and New Irelanders. And it was in trying to cope with the different situations, both at the level of maintaining my own water supply and at the level of obtaining esoteric information, that I felt that I finally came to some kind of understanding of the two cultures.

From my first day in New Hanover, life was easier for me in many ways, both personally and professionally. New Hanoverians recognized



my wish for intervals of privacy because (I found out) they shared it. One of the situations that I found most difficult in New Ireland was the considerate and generally silent reluctance to leave me alone. I finally insisted on sleeping alone, but I gained this privacy at the cost of slight offense and unceasing efforts. Whenever I came back to visit from New Hanover, some of my best women friends and informants had moved into my house, which was really theirs; and renewed efforts had to be made to regain privacy, so that I could do my work. In New Ireland I felt constantly the strain of being polite and of "being together," usually with very little conversation. I was fed and attended to and served, almost wordlessly. But I was helped and trusted and accepted, and I returned gratefully to Mangai to be taken care of when I got the mumps in March, 1967. By the end of my field work, I felt deeply obligated to many people in New Ireland, personally involved and committed to them as friends.

New Hanoverians left me alone in many ways. With the exception of one family, no one ever gave me anything to eat in Lavongai, and I did not find it possible to eat regularly with the people as I had in New Ireland, even though I brought tinned food to contribute to the meals when I was invited. Getting the help I needed in carrying water and supplies was a constant struggle. However, the help I really wanted, of course, was help with my research, and in New Hanover that poured forth. I filled up tape after tape with interviews and conversations. New Hanoverians lacked the elaborate plastic arts for which New Ireland is famous, but they were never at a loss for words, or for wit and wisdom. They wanted me to tell their story to America and the world, and I said that I would try to do so. I enjoyed their company, and they mine; and when I left, we owed each other nothing.

The successive periods of research in New Ireland and New Hanover enabled me to understand the cultures of each far more fully than I could have understood either had I spent my entire time in one place or the other. There are two major reasons for this:

1) I was able to subtract myself as the white observer in both places by contrasting my roles in them. I had thought that New Irelanders were restrained and careful in my presence perhaps because I was a European, and they had learned to be careful with the people they called "master." However, after my experience in New Hanover, where I was treated without any special deference, I was able to go back to New Ireland and to see that the restraint in people's behavior there characterized their relationships with each other, as well as with me.

2) The behavior of each people stood out for me when it contrasted with that of the other. For instance, I had written in my notes that New Ireland babies did not seem to cry very much, but I was not sure about this because I did not know how much babies cry. I found out in New Hanover how much more babies can cry, in any case, when I observed their perpetual howling. Finding this comparative measure helped me to see that any standard I used, whether from my own culture or from the conclusion of some systematic study, was ultimately comparative. I could then see that I had been using my own culture as a standard in some cases, and other cultures as they have been studied by other anthropologists as standards in other cases; and that no amount of quantification, which I felt obligated but unable to achieve, could sort out the significant categories I needed in order to make a systematic description and analysis of what I wanted to know, viz., what the people were really like. To know what they were really like, it helped me to see what they were not like. For instance, I had paid insufficient attention to New Ireland

food-sharing customs, assuming that all Pacific islanders share food with visitors, until I went to New Hanover and observed the absence of this common sharing. I gradually began to accept the use of each culture as a whole, patterned standard against which to describe the other, each culture providing within itself a model that was not (not yet, anyway) rendered lifeless by the manipulations of some simplistic anthropological theory. The comparative method is, as I had forgotten at the time, the classical method of anthropology.

Even though I felt that I had grasped the fundamental values of the two cultures when I left the field, I still sought all the confirmation I could find. I was very fortunate in being able to talk with Hortense Powdermaker at the American Anthropological Association meetings in 1968, not long before she died. She wanted most to know from me what changes had taken place since she was there, and she was surprised that things continued to be so much the same as they were during the time of her study in the 1930s. I wanted most to know from her what her impression of New Irelanders had been: did she think when she was there that they were the good, kind people they seemed to be? I was very pleased that she took my question seriously and thought a moment before answering: "Yes, I thought so."

As I sorted through my notes and cards over the months and years that followed, I became much more certain that I had finally understood, but it wasn't until I returned in 1972 and found I could carry on discussions with informants about the nature of their societies and could, at last, ad lib in these cultures that I really felt sure that I had found their lode stars.

### Presentation of the Data

In this account I present the data at various levels of abstraction in order to make available to the reader a full range of my observations and interpretations. Some readers may wish to speculate at a level below (in the sense of underlying) most of my observations, e.g., at a psychoanalytic or nutritional level; and some may wish to speculate at a higher level of abstraction than I carry my interpretations, e.g., at the level of general systems theory. I intend to give both interests data on which to speculate.

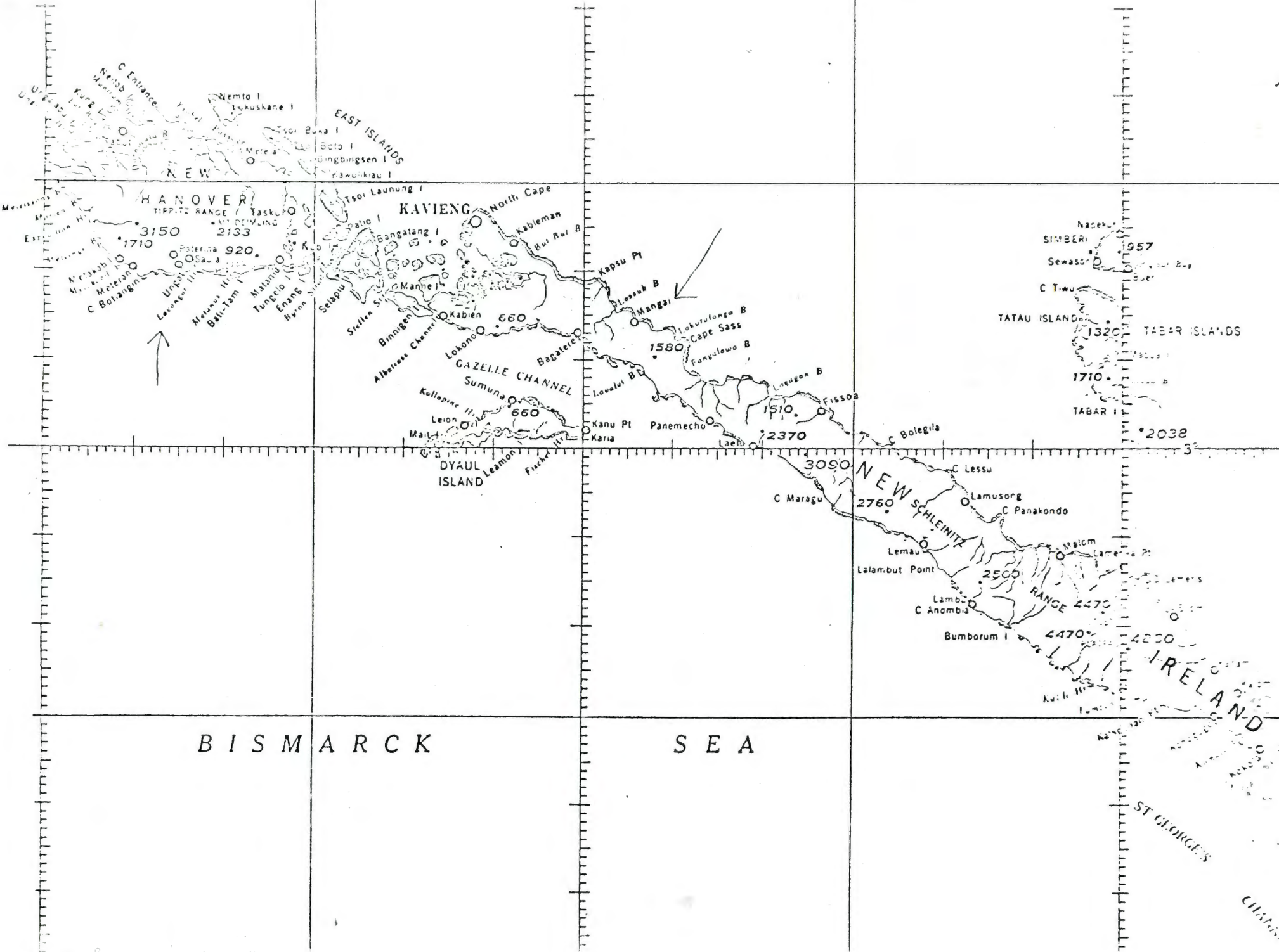
I have misgivings about presenting a great deal of verbatim material and about relentlessly making known my own place in the collection of the data and my own process of discovering patterns. I think that these misgivings derive from academic biases that support privacy, modesty, anonymity and irresponsibility behind the false fronts of "objectivity," "confidentiality," and "professionalism." Within a scientific frame of reference, there is no intellectual justification for presenting generalizations masquerading as "abstract analysis" without also presenting the procedures, operations, and events (scorned as tediously repetitious, trivial, "concrete detail") from which, for better or for worse, these generalizations derive.

The anthropologist must always be at least present, and often active, in any situation in which information is gathered; and to omit one's own role is, thus, to omit a fundamental aspect of every situation reported. The failure of anthropologists to demand as a minimal condition of our science the publication of data leaves us justifiably embarrassed among other scientists, as well as among humanists.

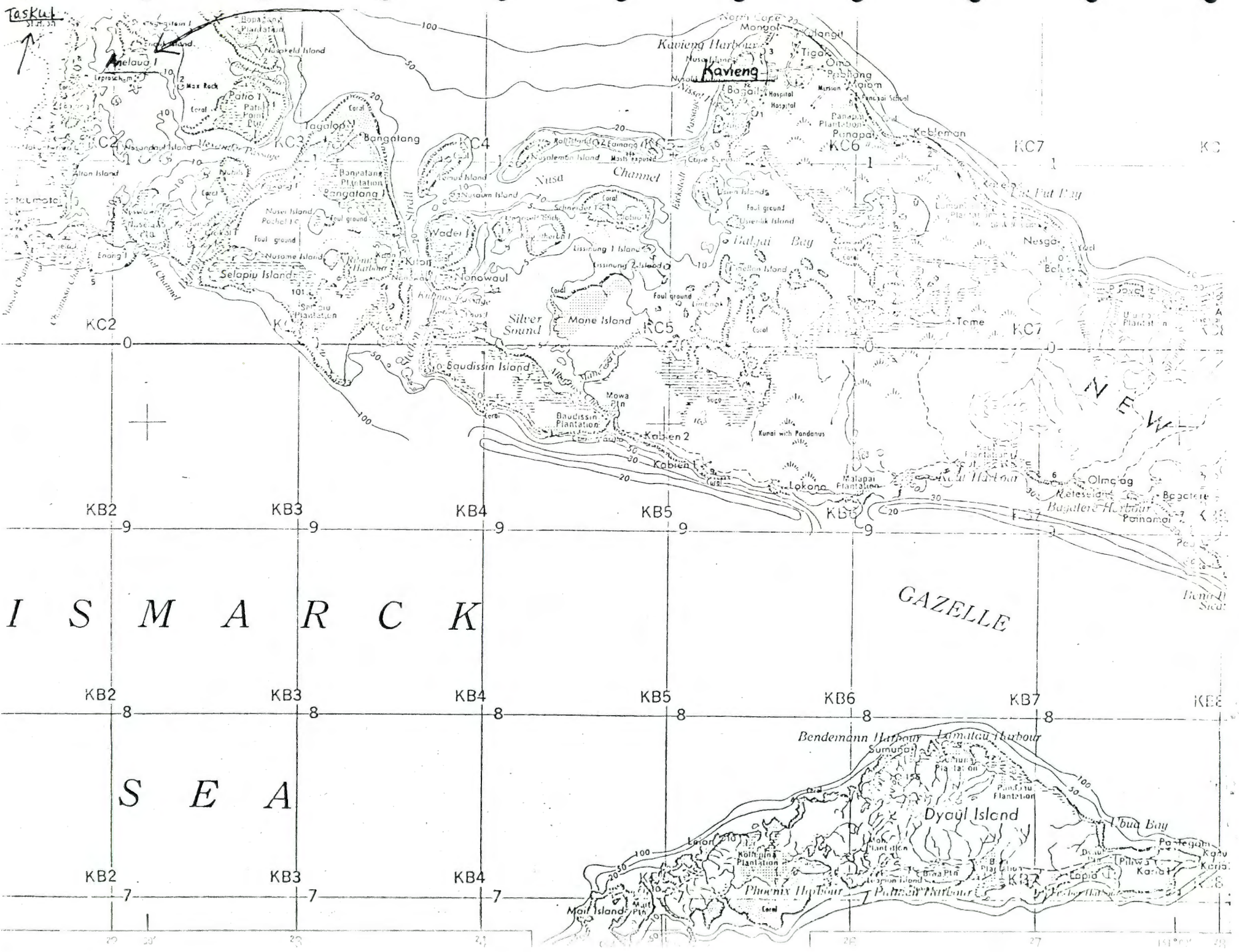
The analytical humanist must have data with which to work, just as his fellow scientists do. It is in trying to understand what people

mean, in all their various forms of expression, that anthropologists are ultimately dependent upon the qualitative approaches of the humanities. Here again, data that reproduces as closely as possible that which it represents must be demanded by any honest scholar. To learn about an artist one must, among other things, see his art; and, failing that opportunity, see or hear the best possible reproduction of it. And in order to apprehend a culture, one must have access to, amongst other things, its manifestations; and, that opportunity failing, to the best possible reproductions of them.

The applied humanist, also, must demand the opportunity to hear the people whose society and culture are reported speak for themselves. The ethical implications of misinterpretation, which must in some degree be present in all science and art, have been much discussed as colonialism, of the early 20th-century variety, has dwindled under attack. There is no way to eliminate scientific, ethical, and artistic error: it is awareness, however dim, of this inevitability, probably more than any other factor, which has made anthropologists hide behind abstractions that touch no one, for good or evil. The anthropologist who reports historical events, personal encounters and translations of interviews and speeches, increases his own ethical liability, especially with regard to invasion of privacy; but he also gives the people about whom he writes, and their descendents, the chance to interpret the comedies and tragedies, beauty and ugliness, successes and failures of their individual and collective lives to others and to expand, or protest, reverse or deny my account. It is I who have decided in the end, without asking any of my informants for help or approval in most cases,<sup>14</sup> what of our lives together to make public. I have decided, after much thought, to take this particular kind of ethical risk not just out of respect for







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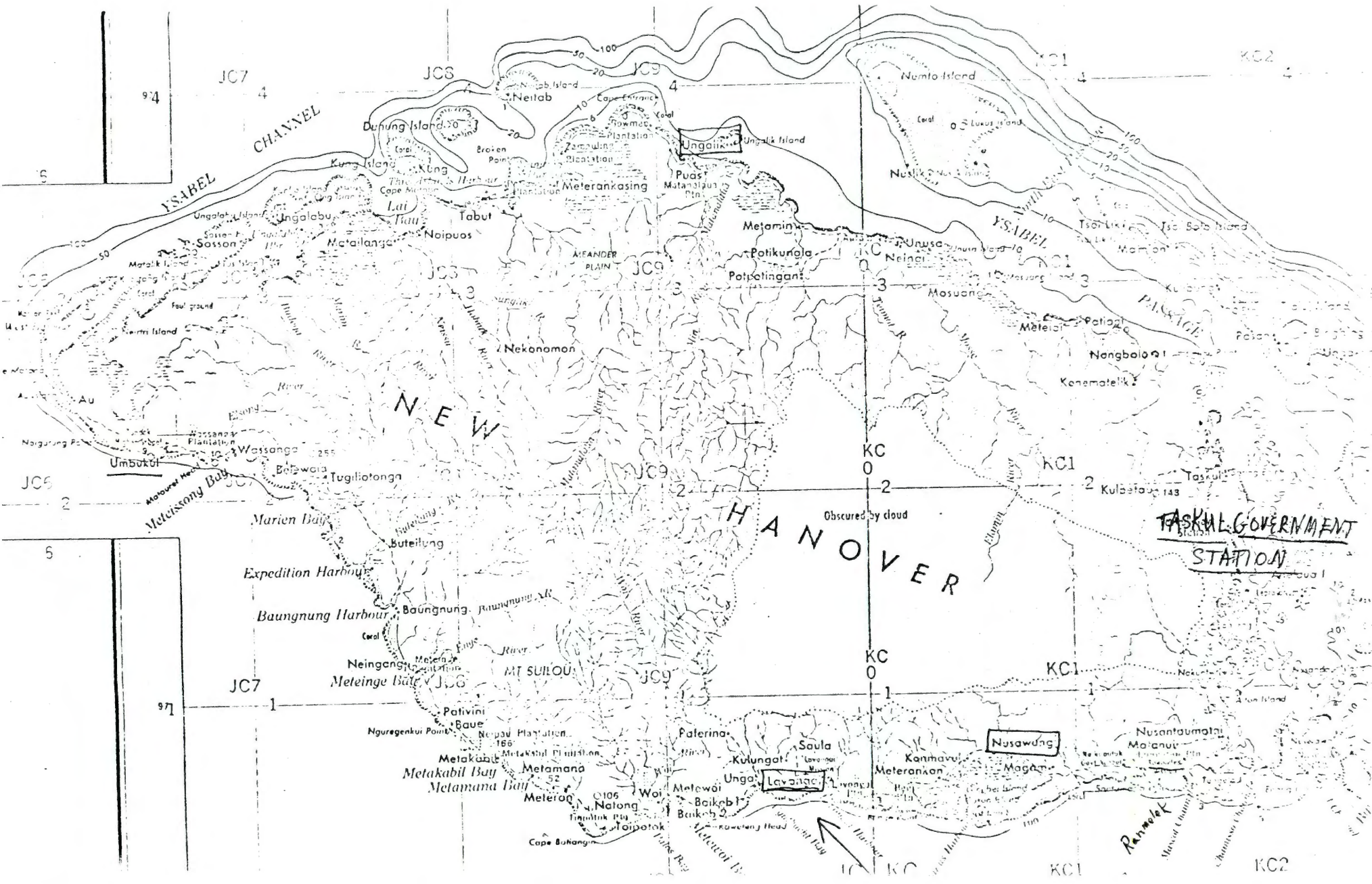
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art and science, which are best served by truth, but out of the deepest respect for the people about whom I write, their lives and their cultures.

I offer this justification for presentation of unusually large amounts of raw data: I want to provide the fullest possible context for each aspect of culture described. It has been said that sociologists and psychologists have sacrificed significance for the sake of precision and that anthropologists have sacrificed precision for the sake of significance. I would like to try to sacrifice neither.

#### The Setting: History and Description

##### The Kavieng District, 1965-67<sup>15</sup>

Kavieng is the Port of Entry and Administrative Headquarters for the Kavieng District, which includes New Hanover, northern New Ireland, and several other smaller islands. In 1965-67 it contained a few Administration buildings along the water front; hospital facilities (separate for natives and Europeans); two European stores of one large room each (Burns Philp and the New Guinea Company, formerly Carpenter's); about fifteen Chinese shops; and perhaps fifty European houses. An air strip which accommodated DC-3's nearly every day in 1965 was extended to receive Fokker Friendships less frequently in 1966.

The population of some 600 is partly indigenous but includes about 150 Europeans (mostly Australians, but also Dutch, Germans, French, Algerian, English and others) and half again as many Chinese, as well as a few of mixed parentage. Visitors, who are largely business or government workers, may be lodged at a small hotel, or at the private, exclusively European Kavieng Club.<sup>16</sup>

Two primary schools (one under the auspices of the Roman Catholic mission) which conform to a syllabus based on that of Australia, but

altered to include local history and conditions, are located in the town. There is also an Australian-curriculum primary school, chiefly designed for expatriate usage but also attended by a number of students of indigenous and mixed parentage. There are five High Schools throughout the District under government and mission supervision.

Mission headquarters in Kavieng include a large Roman Catholic Mission complex, comprising a church, offices, and convent; the Methodist Overseas Mission (now the United Church) church and residence; and a Seventh-Day Adventist church. The Catholic mission maintains merchandise, engineering, educational and medical departments in addition to their religious services.

Kavieng has a small, modern court house, containing three rows of benches for the public, for use by magistrates of the District Court. It is also used by Judges when the Supreme Court reaches, as it does only infrequently, Kavieng on circuit.

The town has a deep-water wharf for ships, drawing up to 36 feet in a good all-weather harbour protected by small islands. Approximately 12,000 tons of copra, the chief export, are shipped through Kavieng each year, with an additional 13,000 tons being exported through the nearby big port of Rabaul in neighboring New Britain. Goods arrive in Kavieng on a large Burns Philp ship approximately every six weeks, or on one of the ships owned by two Chinese trading firms serving this area. The European population is usually acutely aware that a ship is due as shortages of routine foods and other items develop and the store shelves become empty.

The area was governed in 1965-67 by the Department of District Administration (DDA), which is headed by the District Commissioner (DC), who supervises men of varying ranks. Patrol Officers of this Department

were, in the past, the adventurers and explorers who changed the map of New Guinea from "uncontrolled" into "controlled" areas.<sup>17</sup> Their duties in 1965-67 were largely administrative and police activities. Other departments of government are Public Health, Law, Lands, Surveys and Mines, Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries, Forests, Customs and Immigration, Posts and Telegraphs, Welfare, and Business Development. In addition, the following Government Instrumentalities operate on a semi-commercial basis: Copra Marketing Board, Plant and Transport Authority, and the National Broadcasting Service.

#### History of Contact

Although Europeans sighted New Ireland from time to time during and after the seventeenth century, it was not until 1867 that Lt. Phillip Carteret, R. N., commanding H. M. Sloop Swallow, landed at English Cove on the south coast and established that it was a separate island.

Both German and English trading posts were set up in New Ireland in the 1870s. In 1884, the Imperial German government annexed what is now the New Ireland District, just ten days after the proclamation of the British Protectorate over the south coast of New Guinea. Under the German Administrator, Bulominski (1910-13), 210 miles of road were built, primarily down the east coast of New Ireland. His name and activities are well remembered by the people, especially those of New Ireland, but also in New Hanover. George Brown established the first Methodist mission in the Duke of Yorks in 1875; and Vunapope, the Catholic Mission headquarters near Rabaul, was founded in 1852.<sup>18</sup> But there are, amongst the living in New Ireland and New Hanover, those who remember "when the missions had not come yet." The Lemakot Catholic mission station near

Mangai village was established in the early 1900s and rebuilt after it was completely destroyed during the war,<sup>19</sup> while the Lavongai Catholic mission station near Lavongai in New Hanover was not established until the 1920s. The Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart entered the District in 1901, and was well established in central and north Neu Mecklenburg (New Ireland), as was the Methodist Missionary Society over the whole District, when the Australians occupied Kavieng on October 17, 1914. An Australian Military Administration remained in control until 1921, when a civil administration took over under a "C" class mandate from the League of Nations.

The German administration everywhere is known for the economic development it sponsored. It began the first government coconut plantation on the island of Nusa, between New Ireland and New Hanover, in 1900. The Australians continued this development until in 1940 there were 164 plantations which produced 20,625 tons of copra.

Many men who were old in Mangai in 1965 had worked in the gold fields in New Guinea when they were young, in the 1920s and 1930s, usually for three-year terms. Few had worked on plantations elsewhere, nor did they work on New Ireland plantations managed by Europeans, preferring to develop their own. Some middle-aged men had been away to school or in the army, or at least to the west coast of New Ireland to work on the road.

A few old men in New Hanover had been away to work when they were young, but many middle-aged men had been away from New Hanover only for brief visits, and some have never worked for wages on a plantation or as a boat's crew or in any other regular job. Most who had worked for wages had done so only briefly and infrequently. One reason New Hanover men did not go away to work is that for a while, in the 1930s, there was restricted movement to and from the island because of the

reported prevalence of leprosy. According to native informants, the doctors tried to prevent people from leaving New Hanover and tried to return men from there back to their homes. Whatever else this "quarantine" meant, it surely kept European recruiters from looking for labor in New Hanover. In the late 1960s, the leper hospital at Analaua was closing down, as new medical knowledge reduced the fear of contagion and patients were sent home with their medicines unless they were very ill. The reputation for leprosy in the 1930s has no doubt had a significant influence on the history of contact here, but it does not fully account for the inexperience of the people with the outside world.

#### World War II

Everyone in the area around Kavieng at the time will always remember the early morning hours of January 21, 1942, when the Japanese bombed Kavieng and, two days later, landed 5,000 troops in 40 ships. Australian women and children had been evacuated, but many men remained and were taken prisoner. Some were shot in New Ireland and New Britain. Others died in June 1942, when the Montevideo Maru, carrying 900 prisoners of war to Japan, was torpedoed by an American submarine near the Philippines.<sup>20</sup> A few made narrow escapes.<sup>21</sup>

During the war, the people of Mangai and other coastal villages in New Ireland went into the bush to live. They remember it as a hard time, especially so because they developed tropical ulcers, which they could not cure without European medicines and from which some of them died. They made friends with some of the Japanese and even married them. One Japanese man in particular was remembered very fondly in Mangai, a man who had lived with them and brought them medicine for their sores. One of the characteristics people often mentioned when they told me about

their days with the Japanese was that they did not have Sundays: they worked every day.

The Japanese never landed in New Hanover, perhaps, as is widely believed, because Sister Clematsia marched her leprosy patients down to the beach at Analaua to wave their poor sick limbs at a ship that seemed about to land, which then turned and sped away. But people saw ships out at sea, and sometimes there were shots about which people later made up songs. Evidence that they did not also make up the shots presented itself in the bullet holes that marked the church and the convent at the Lavongai mission.

Some men told me stories of trying to help their former European masters and friends who were incarcerated in Kavieng, but everyone had to appear to follow Japanese orders. Those who did not, it was said, had their throats cut.

After the Japanese surrendered in August 1945, Australia again assumed authority for the Kavieng District, then as part of the Trust Territory of New Guinea. Redevelopment progressed rapidly in the 1950s. Aided by government grants, veterans came back to the plantations to restore and increase production of copra to the 25,000 tons exported in 1965-67. By 1970, there was a total of 51,000 population in the New Ireland District, 900 of whom were nonindigenous: half European, and half Chinese or mixed-race. A large majority of this total, 41,000, lived in New Ireland, while the second largest group, 7,000, lived in New Hanover.

Urged or pressured by the United Nations, Australia began to prepare Papua and New Guinea for self-government and independence. Progressively greater representation was allowed to indigenous persons until, in 1962, there was an unofficial majority in the Legislative Council. Large grants

were made to the country by Australia to help overcome the destruction of the war and to develop resources and services. Self-government was granted in 1973, and full independence was achieved in 1975.

#### Styles of Culture: New Ireland and New Hanover

The styles here outlined were not obvious. My understanding and descriptions of them were built up gradually, piece by piece. To some extent, each style is defined in terms of the other. The following statements are summaries: illustrations of the evidence from which these summaries derive compose the body of this book.

I name the New Ireland style "group-oriented," and the New Hanover style "individualistic"; but if I were comparing New Ireland to the Zuni, I might find the New Ireland style better named "individualistic"; and if I were comparing New Hanover to the Shoshone, I might find its style better named "group-oriented." By operationalizing these definitions through detailed illustration in the following chapters, I hope to make it possible for students of other cultures to analyze them in some of the same categories I have used if they so wish, and to refine and extend or refute the interpretations given here.

#### Similarities of Structure and Culture

The people of New Ireland and of New Hanover share many characteristics with other Melanesians. They practice shifting agriculture and subsist mainly on root crops and, increasingly, on sago, fish, chickens, and pigs. Some in both places work for wages or produce cash crops and add rice and tinned foods to their diet.

Most Melanesians have some form of ceremonial occasion built on reciprocal relationships and the exchange of pigs and other goods. New



Ireland had and has such occasions in abundance, while New Hanover probably had such occasions rarely and is perhaps reviving them.

Compared to, for example, the peoples of the Amazon, the populations of both islands are settled. Compared to, for example, the Polynesians, both groups have simple material cultures. Compared to, for example, Balinese and Javanese, both groups have relatively uncomplicated social relationships, undirected by specific etiquettes or requirements related to social status or group membership. Both groups are, in short, in many ways, what we would expect Melanesians to be like.

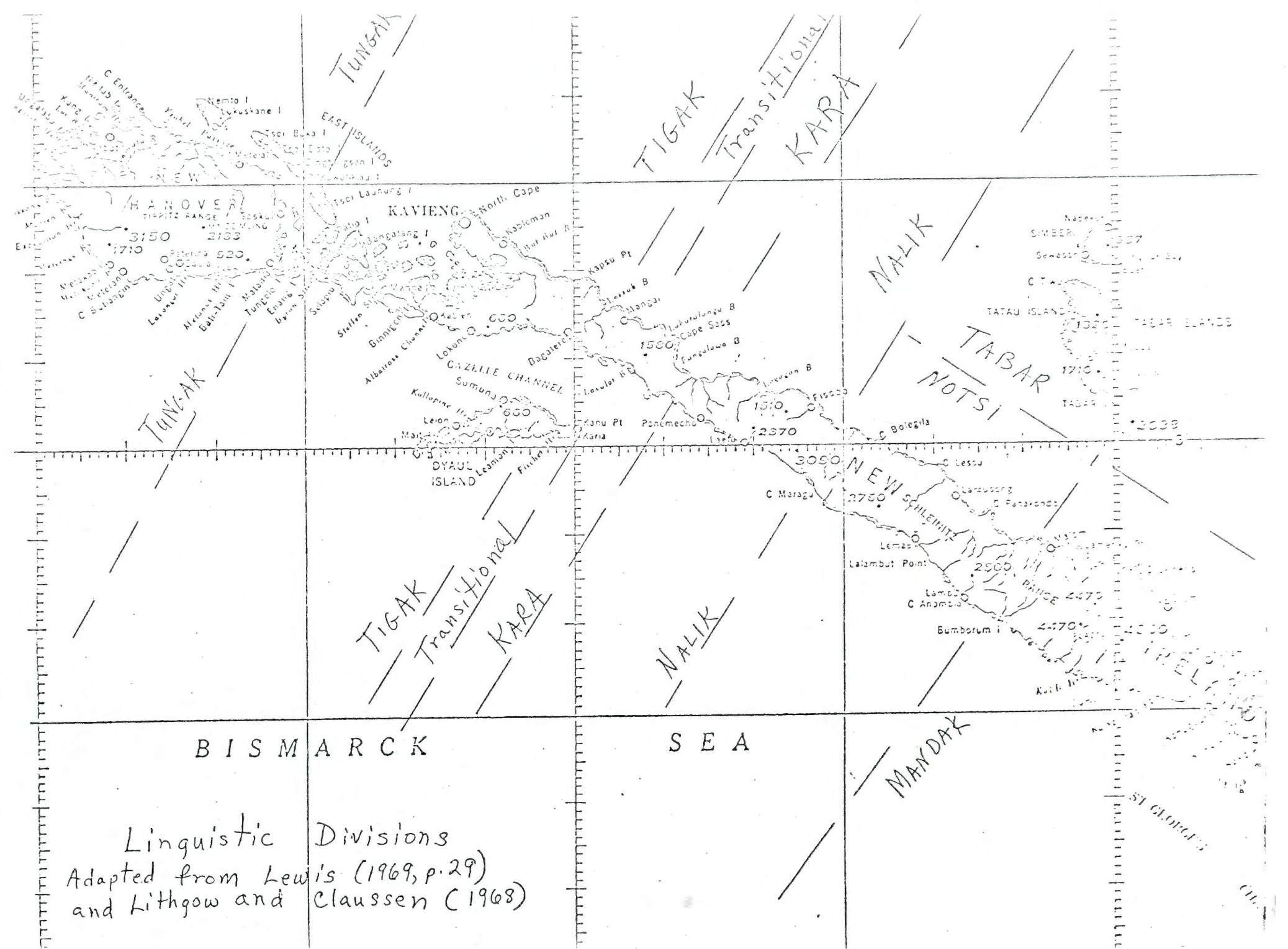
In both New Ireland and New Hanover, there are about a dozen exogamous matrilineal clans, each dispersed among several or many villages. Though they function very differently, they are of fundamental importance in ascribing kinship status in both places. In both islands, people live primarily in coastal villages of 100-200 people, which are subdivided into hamlets wherein reside groups of kin and affines.

In neither society is there any centralized authority, or any traditional authority at all, other than that granted to Big Men, whose status was and is achieved in particular situations. In neither society was there any institutionalized leadership of the people in relationship to supernatural forces before the missions came.

In both societies, exchange involved the use of a standardized currency made of red shell, and in both societies its continued use with regard to marriage, where it has given way to Australian currency in some other situations, implies that it has a ceremonial as well as an economic status.

#### Structure and Culture: New Ireland

The major groupings of people in New Ireland can be defined in terms of kinship, locality, language, and modern political divisions.



Language and Modern Political Divisions

The people in northern New Ireland speak several different languages.<sup>22</sup> The three most northern of these, Tigak, Kara and Nalik, form a subgroup in that they are administratively part of the Kavieng District, while their fellows further south are administratively part of the Namatanai District. The first syllables of the names of these three languages have been used to give the name to the Tikana Local Government Council, begun in this area in 1957.

The use by the Administration of language groupings as a base from which to determine political divisions has perhaps led to some false identifications of language type where there has been population movement. Residents of Mangai and of the neighboring village, Livitua, were considered by the Administration to be part of the Kara language division, and they so considered themselves, although they (and outsiders) believed that their two villages shared a distinct dialect. All along the road, clusters of two and three villages are said to have distinct dialects which set them slightly apart from others. The reclassification by Lithgow and Claassen cited above puts Mangai in the Tigak language area, a view with which I concur. My research into language was minimal, but included, as all anthropological study must, the study of kinship terminology. The kin terms used by the people of Mangai and Livitua were the same as those of the people of the Tigak villages and clearly distinct from those used by the people of Lauen village, just beyond Livitua. Lauen, Livitua and Mangai act as a unit in many ways: they all consider themselves to be Kara speakers, and they form a single constituency from which they select a Local Government Councillor to the Tikana Council. They are much intermarried, help each other with malanggan and other work, and Mangai and Lauen, which are Methodist, feast each other on

Christian holidays. Informants from central Kara villages did occasionally say that Mangai language was not Kara. Mangai residents claimed that Mangai basically spoke Kara, but spoke a little of several languages. In all villages, people understand some words, at least, of several languages, and all (men, women and children) speak pidgin English.

Pidgin English is the language used throughout the northern part of New Guinea, the Highlands, and the islands off the north coast not only between native peoples and Europeans, but amongst native peoples themselves who share no other common language. It is increasingly used in Papua, which, however, continues to use Motu as a lingua franca.<sup>23</sup>

#### Kinship and Locality

The people of the Tigak, Kara, and Nalik language groups all have several, and the same, matrilineal clans. Further south are matrilineal moieties.<sup>24</sup> Chinnery gives the village of Fatmalak as the southern limit of multiple-clan organization.<sup>25</sup> He lists sixteen named matrilineal clans (along with the bird associated with each) of which he had heard, giving locations for ten along the east coast road. I knew of these same ten clans: six of them owned land in Mangai village, and two others were represented by residents who had married into the village but did not own land.

Multiple-clan organization extends, then, from Kavieng about seventy miles down the road to Fatmalak, where the Nalik language is replaced by Notsi. Mangai, about thirty miles from Kavieng, is in the middle of this area. West coast villages are said by New Irelanders to correspond roughly to east coast villages in clan structure. These matrilineal clans are exogamous, and the rule holds for members of a clan regardless of the locality from which they come. There were a few known cases of marriage between members of the same clan from widely separated villages,

and people did not talk much about them. The marriages were wrong, but no specific sanctions were invoked against either husband or wife.

The clans do not function as corporate groups. Resource ownership derives without qualification from the mother's mother, and with qualification from the father's mother. Most lands are jointly owned by local extended families containing members of two or three clans. In addition, all lands have potential claimants who have moved to other localities.

Matrilineages rarely function exclusively in relation to resources. Within the village of Mangai, every clan has at least two segments considered to be "different lines"; but these "lines" of a single clan are involved in joint ownership of resources with "lines" of their own or of other clans, so that it is the extended family, rather than the lineage, that functions as a corporate group.

In some cases, however, these joint ownerships by two or three lineages or clan segments are viewed as transitory, while the matrilineage, whose association with the land and existence as a corporate group may be equally transitory, is viewed as a group separate from the extended family.

The lineage is a transitory group because genealogies are only three to five generations in depth. Rare is the old man who still remembers the name of his mother's father, and none remember the name of mother's mother's mother. When people move away, ties are remembered, but within a generation of the move they can no longer be traced. People in Mangai know that they have relatives through their mothers or fathers in Luberua to the south, or in Kableman to the north, or on the west coast; and Mangai village in general is considered to have relatives on Simberi island, in the Tabar group. But except for recent immigrants

and recent marriages, these ties are not traced. In Mangai the Mokaangkai clan has its clan equivalent in Tabar, but it is only this equivalence that is remembered. Tabar clans are associated with different kinds of sharks, while New Ireland clans are associated with different kinds of birds. Clan names vary somewhat throughout New Ireland in different language areas, but the associated birds remain constant and confirm the unity of the clan. The fact that the name of a single clan varies somewhat while the associated bird remains constant may account for the fact that people view the moities to the south as equivalent to the clans of the north. It is said of Lesu and other more southern villages that they have only two "birds" (in pidgin English, "pidgins"), while in the north there are many "birds." However, for purposes of exogamous marriage, the two systems are separate, even though the moieties of the south have the same associated birds as two of the northern clans.

Marriage is accomplished by an exchange of resources and currency between the relatives of the bride and groom, each side giving approximately equal amounts. Affinal bonds are of fundamental importance and are maintained beyond the death of one, and sometimes of both, spouses. Marriage with a cross-cousin (mokok) of a different clan is considered a good marriage, but it is not prescribed.

Malanggan ceremonies for the dead structure economic, political and social relationships. Memai are Big Men, installed formally in that status, who organize malanggan. They have no bounded constituency, either of kin or locality; but their influence is defined mainly in local terms. Malanggan gatherings have been described by Kramer,<sup>26</sup> Groves,<sup>27</sup> Chinnery,<sup>28</sup> Powdermaker,<sup>29</sup> and Lewis,<sup>30</sup> among others. They are typical Melanesian gatherings in that they feature exchanges of pigs and shell currency,

singing and dancing, and ritual. They have elements of church, market, political campaign, and carnival.

Malanggan is a time to remember and then to forget the dead, several years after their deaths. It is a powerful institution that has not broken under outside pressures. It disappeared, along with Sundays, during the Japanese occupation of New Ireland, but after World War II, malanggan (and Sundays) reappeared, and, by 1965, flourished.

#### Style of the Culture: New Ireland

New Ireland culture "follows the known path." Cultural patterns are formalized, institutionalized, ritualized; and individuals follow easy, known precepts (give, help) that maintain the functioning of the culture. The individuals who make it work express satisfaction with this culture, though it does not foster individuals at the expense of the group. New Ireland culture maintains and expands the group by including outsiders without losing insiders. There is a place for everyone, and everyone is helped to take his place.

New Ireland culture manifests its orientation toward the group in the relationship between basic social groupings and basic subsistence resources. This relationship is evident in residence patterns, land ownership patterns, and work groups, in marriage, and in social, economic, and political structures and functions of malanggan ceremonies, which draw together people from afar (in time and space) for exchanges of pigs and valuables, and for sharing food.

The style of integration between individuals within groups and between groups is egalitarian. How they stay together and why they want to can be seen in the underlying regularity and meaning of all their interactions. New Ireland stops people from being "outsiders": the weak

are made strong, and the strong have their strengths used up laterally rather than vertically, so that they do not rise above the group. They are its servants, not its masters, and so gain their authority. Children, who all begin as outsiders everywhere, are honored and wooed into the culture: they go first in everything, and they rarely cry.

Disputes are not allowed to split the group, which nurtures public healing where division threatens. The mode of interaction is giving: people do not worry about receiving in return, but only about giving enough. The medium of interactions are help and food and being together, the giving of oneself, of one's presence, to an undertaking. The direction of interactions is ever outward and inclusive: when you want to give, you must "go outside," and you must "lose, lose, lose."

Emotional relationships between kin are channeled by institutionalized structure in explicit detail, in terms of taboos on overt acts (e.g., talking, touching, verbalizing personal names) and clear obligations (e.g., contributions of pigs, shell currency and food on specific occasions). When individuals do not follow the pattern, the matter is hidden by forgetting or by reinterpretation, and the pattern remains secure. Strong spontaneous emotional responses are not often seen, but neither is there evidence of strong emotional suppression or tension. New Ireland culture provides formal institutionalized channels for the expression of emotion: wailing, to help the bereaved cry at funerals, and malanggan, to help them finally terminate their grief, years later.

The individual in this culture must be responsive to his fellows. Physical and personal responsiveness is manifest in daily doings, conversations, activities. People must be careful, so as not to offend; slow, so as to be careful. The responsive style of body movement, or kinesic style, typical of New Irelanders may be described as careful,



controlled, slow, detailed, and responsive. These terms also describe the famous malanggan carvings of New Ireland, as well as of their less famous decorations, and the style of their singing and dancing.

At the individual level, social and emotional interactions are structured by explicit cultural institutions; at the population level, the distribution of subsistence resources is structured by explicit cultural institutions. The institutionalized modes and media of interaction in this culture create and reinforce tendencies toward egalitarian integration of groups, wherein each individual securely belongs. The whole pattern is expressed in the arts, and in a thousand ways in daily life: explicitly and inexplicitly, it is communicated to succeeding generations and to other outsiders. Frequently repeated patterns--restraint, reserve, detail; interest in process and repetitive process rather than in goals, interest in giving and receiving, in helping and being together; incurious about the whole, unquestioning about the rituals--these are the redundancies in New Ireland that describe the style of the culture.

#### Structure and Culture: New Hanover

The Tigak and Tsoi islands divide New Hanover and New Ireland. The culture of the Tigak islands is in some ways more like that of New Ireland than like that of New Hanover, although the absence of malanggan is important. The islands share the Tigak language with northern New Ireland. The Tsoi islands, like New Hanover, speak Tungak.<sup>31</sup> New Hanover is also called "Lavongai," a term used both to name the entire island of New Hanover and also to name a large coastal village, where I lived. Europeans may also use the term to refer to the Lavongai Catholic Mission adjacent to the village.<sup>32</sup>

The people of New Hanover belong to twelve matrilineal clans distributed unevenly around the island. The rules of land ownership are similar to those of New Ireland: a person may use his father's land if he gives a pig or a mias on the death of his father, but he cannot, in theory, pass the land on to his own children.

This law may have functioned more strictly in the past. In 1967, many people did not use their mother's land, and many had never visited it. This resulted from the strong New Hanover preference for viripatrilocal residence. All informants said that it was correct to live on the husband's father's land; and many were so residing. But, perhaps partly because people had moved down to the coast from the bush more recently than had New Irelanders, most people were merely living on land that was in some way associated with the husband's father, who may himself have been born in the bush.

Land was not closely subdivided (outside the residence area) in New Hanover as it was in New Ireland. Theoretically, a person coming from another village could use some of the unused tracts within large areas said to be owned by a particular clan. In fact, there was plenty of land, which partly accounts for the low sense of "ownership" in New Hanover compared to New Ireland. Or perhaps the low sense of ownership derived from the absence of an ownership group in New Hanover: many individuals had "claims" to a particular piece of land, but these individuals did not form a group which jointly owned the land.

The unit of production and consumption in New Hanover is the nuclear family. A combination of circumstances has kept groups from forming. The combination of the virilocal residence with matrilineal clans means (unless the women are selected all from one clan, which they are not) that children grow up with children of other clans. Unless

their mothers are from the same or nearby villages (as they are often, but not always), the children will not know their mother's land. The confusion is compounded by polygamy. The fathers of several Lavongai village men and women had three, four, and five wives, all from different places, but all brought to the place of their husband, and all housed under the same roof. Sometimes these women had been married and had had children before they entered the polygamous household; and when their common husband died, they married again. With each marriage, the woman moved to the place of her current husband. Thus, all her children, while of the same clan, were half-siblings to each other, may have been brought up in different places, and may be brought up with other children of their fathers who are not of their own clan, nor children of their own mother. As is the case with a kindred, each child has his own set of half-siblings: only those born of the same mother and father share the same "group." Bilateral groups are formed in bilateral societies sometimes through regular association with a particular piece of land;<sup>33</sup> but no carefully defined land areas exist in New Hanover around which groups that have continuity over time can form.

The only group into which an individual may claim land, other than as an immediate descendant of a user, is the local clan cluster, a weakly recognized collection of the people in a single village who belong to the same clan. Each generally uses land which he claims individually, but his land is often said to belong to the clan of his predecessor there, usually his own or his father's; and sometimes other persons of that same clan have some claims there, too. But so do persons of other clans. Each individual generally claims a plot and hangs onto it, and the reference to the claim of land as land that belongs to such and such a clan does not reflect any strong political reality.

Marriage is accomplished by a one-way payment between two individuals: from the groom to some man of the bride's family, her father, if he is alive and if she is living in his house. The groom must raise ten mias for an unmarried girl, and he gets it wherever he can. If a woman leaves her husband, whoever received payment for her must refund the mias. Cross-cousin marriage was said to have been a preferred marriage in the past, because a man could trust his cross-cousin not to poison his water, since she was "one of the family." This kind of marriage was also seen as related to the consolidation of resources, as it was in New Ireland.

Kinship terminology in New Hanover, as in New Ireland, follows an Iroquois pattern. However, in New Hanover the strong avoidance pattern is between cross-cousins of opposite sex, rather than siblings of opposite sex, as in New Ireland. Cross-cousins of the same sex show respect, according to some informants. In the days of fighting with spears, cross-cousins (if on opposing sides) avoided engaging in battle with each other.

Exchanges of goods and services and monies were and are carried out in New Hanover between individuals, not organized by any group efforts. There was and is trade with some of the smaller islands, carried out impersonally for money, formerly with mias, today usually with Australian currency. There were some gatherings where people ate communally, and where people ate food prepared by others, but no lasting ties came from such events. Similarly, male seclusion, which brought some men together and made a few men Big Men, vaitas, created no reciprocal obligations and no enduring alliances.

Style of the Culture: New Hanover

New Hanover culture offers its individuals little in the way of formal institutions and requires little in return in the way of rituals or maintenance activities from its carriers. In the absence of known paths, each person may, or must, find his own. "We are like little streams coming off from a river," one man told me; "each one goes off in a different direction."

New Hanover fosters the individual at the expense of the group and of other individuals. While this is not explicit ideology, there is some admiration for the man who does well for himself at the expense of others, even amongst those who paid a small part of the cost. This individualistic orientation is manifested in the relationship between basic social groupings and basic subsistence resources. These relationships appear in patterns of residence, land ownership, work groups, marriage; and in social, economic, political and symbolic structures and functions of the (now defunct) maras gatherings, which separated out insiders, who were excluded from any other sort of participation.

New Hanover used to have the institution of maras, known in at least two or three (but no more) villages. Big Men secluded young boys, in order to "make boys into men," and to make men and boys into warriors in the old days. There was no precise clan or village structuring to these secluded events, but there was strict sex structuring: women brought food to the secluded spot and left it for Big Men to collect and carry inside the enclosure. Some men now grumble that this institution fell to the criticism of the mission, but it was not widespread, and it could not have been strong. However, it was sponsoring maras that made a man vaitas: a Big Man. There were two such men alive in New Hanover in 1967.

The style of integration amongst individuals in New Hanover is peck-ordered. Interactions involving exchange of goods and services are atomizing rather than unifying and preclude any sort of group formation into which some are included and from which some are excluded. Behavior is stylized and conventionalized, of course, but in the absence of explicit structuring, New Hanoverians view themselves as self-made men, each possibly quite different from the others. As people work out their relationships, the weak (the physically handicapped, the visitor, the children) get weaker, and the strong are hard to find. Bullies rise and usually fall, having nothing with which to reach out beyond their personal spheres.

The whole pattern is expressed in every aspect of daily life. As in all cultures, the style of culture is communicated to children from the beginning, so that by the time he is three, a little displaced New Hanoverian is killing pet birds, while his New Ireland counterpart is swinging in a sling on his grandmother's back.

The culture would not have survived if dependent children had not been fed, and they are fed. Food is an important medium of interaction, as well as of sustenance, in New Hanover as it is in New Ireland. In New Hanover, it is used to reject, as in New Ireland it is used to accept. Children are fed, when father is full and finished, or after mother scolds them, and with admonitions, in any case. Food and other things do get distributed, to some extent, in New Hanover as in New Ireland; but the mode is taking, rather than giving.

New Hanover tends to make each individual an outsider, after the age of two or three years, even in his own home. Children have a brief moment upon the stage until they are weaned. Then they are likely to be last in everything, crying.

Individuals in this culture need less to respond (as New Irelanders do) than to dodge and charm; and, failing these, to plead and cry. They want attention from their fellows, but it is the Self, not Togetherness, that is the stuff of life to them (as Togetherness is for New Irelanders, who have made a success of it). Physically, they are assertive, playful, and somewhat destructive, in relation to people and things. Assertiveness, sometimes clumsiness, characterizes the New Hanover kinesic style.

Disputing is a significant mode of integration in New Hanover, and a frequent one within the nuclear family. Strong spontaneous emotional outbursts occur. Loud laughter, loud crying, loud scolding may be heard, day or night.

There are no formal channels for the expression of emotion in New Hanover, although there used to be gatherings where people sang and danced. At funerals the bereaved cry alone, and there is no further ceremony for the dead.

Emotional relationships between kin and affines are not standardized in behavior or in ideology. People are somewhat interested in discussing the varying personalities of their kin and friends, a subject that New Irelanders are either unable or unwilling to discuss. In New Hanover, in the absence of institutionalization of behavior, the personal habits and styles of one's companions become a matter of serious interest on which survival could depend. In New Ireland, anyone would give you food if you were hungry; but in New Hanover, who would, and how do you bring him or her to it? Fear of going hungry (which they will, if they depend on others to feed them) is one important reason why New Hanoverians do not like to make journeys and do not like to go away to work.

At the individual level, social and emotional interactions are inexplicitly structured and isolating; at the population level, the

distribution of subsistence resources is inexplicitly structured and isolating. Individualistic patterns are expressed in the arts of New Hanover: their songs are narrative, their stories tell of isolation, and they have only occasional plastic arts.

Frequently repeated patterns--assertiveness, provocativeness of a hostile kind, impatience for results and dislike of process; directness which defies ritual; interest in being given things, being helped, being protected; curiosity about the whys and the wherefores, persistence in exploring alternatives to their own existence--these redundancies form the style of New Hanover culture.

#### Cultural Change and Persistence

In 1964, New Hanoverians made a bold attempt to achieve an alternative to their culture by starting a new politico-religion: the Johnson cult. The Johnson cult has slipped away, but it fueled a new politico-economic movement: T.I.A., Tutukuvul Isukul Association, the United Farmers Association. For a while, New Hanoverians poured their energies into these "new" forms, while New Irelanders enriched their traditional forms with new sources of wealth from cash-cropping.

The individualistic style of New Hanover culture dominated the Johnson cult, but there was very earnest and explicit determination that it should not dominate T.I.A. The group-oriented style of New Ireland culture was constantly under pressure to give way to the conveniences of modern self-sufficiency, but New Irelanders persisted in all their entanglements that made their culture valuable to them.

Those who have attempted to bring changes to people of another culture who seem to need them know better than do theoreticians who operate at a safe distance that cultural values, or patterns, what I



am calling "styles," tend to persist. Social scientists often give style only a brief glance as they hurry on to "hard" data that deal "realistically" with "material" factors. Ironically, there is no "hard data" to support them in this emphasis. Cultural style has time and again defeated the well-intentioned innovator, and what some might see as the weight of material advantage. Style, too, has weight. As Lomax has said, "The principle hypothesis and finding of this study" (cantometrics) is this: "that song style symbolizes and reinforces certain important aspects of social structure in all cultures. For the first time, predictable and universal relationships have been established between the expressive and communication processes, on the one hand, and social structure and culture pattern, on the other."<sup>34</sup> The arts, rituals, and symbols of a society are all part of expressive behavior and, as Arensberg makes explicit in his concluding chapter to Lomax's book, may be expected to share the characteristics of the song style of that culture. If expressive style carries this load, it must be investigated as part of the substantial structure of culture, not as a nonessential ornament to it.

#### Types of Culture: Further Theoretical Foundations

The distinction between individualistic and group-oriented cultures is one which has been made by many scholars of various backgrounds over the centuries. That of Tönnies is perhaps best known amongst social

scientists today. He wrote of the difference between Gemeinschaft and Gesellschaft, a community within which emotional engagement with one's fellows is present as distinguished from a society in which it is absent. "The theory of the Gesellschaft," he wrote, "deals with the artificial construction of an aggregate of human beings which superficially resembles the Gemeinschaft in so far as the individuals live and dwell together peacefully. However, in the Gemeinschaft they remain essentially united in spite of all separating factors, whereas in the Gesellschaft they are essentially separated in spite of all uniting factors."<sup>35</sup>

Many scholars noted and discussed this distinction long before Tönnies made his contribution. In his forward to Charles Loomis' translation of Tönnies' Gemeinschaft und Gesellschaft (Community and Society), Sorokin reviews some of these studies. He points out that the theory of two different types of society, or two different modes of mentality, in its essentials . . . did not originate with Tönnies. Like many fundamental categories of social thought, it is in a sense eternal, appearing long before Tönnies and reiterated after him. The Gemeinschaft type of mentality and society was extolled by Confucius . . . . In his theory of the main stages of human society he differentiated the Gesellschaft type by the term 'Small Tranquility' in contra-distinction to that of the 'Great Similarity,' or Gemeinschaft stage. Plato in his Republic and Laws likewise gave a full portrait of both types of society, as well as of human personality. His ideal republic, especially the personality and social regime of the guardians is clearly and definitely of

the Gemenischaft type, while his detailed picture of the oligarchic or capitalistic society and man is a conspicuous example of the Gesellschaft type. Aristotle and, after him, Cicero, in their analyses of the true and false friendship, gave us in clear-cut form the classical outlines of the two types. The same types are found running through the works of the Church fathers, especially those of St. Augustine. Here the theory of the Church and the "City of God" as the corpus mysticum of Gemeinschaft type is contrasted to the "society of man" depicted along the lines of the Gesellschaft type." Ibn Khaldun's "analysis of both types is one of the most penetrating, detailed, and enlightening."<sup>36</sup>

The distinction is again found in the works of social contract theorists, such as Hobbes, where the state of nature was a state of war of all against all; and Rousseau, where the state of nature was a state of natural harmony. Philosophy becomes sociology in the studies of Durkheim, and the distinction between the two types of society is given a more empirical dimension in his analysis of the mechanical solidarity that characterizes small, homogeneous societies in contrast to the organic solidarity which characterizes heterogeneous, large-scale societies.

Historians have been interested in the two types of society as they have replaced each other over time. For example, H. G. Wells distinguished between "a community of faith and obedience . . . and a community of will . . . . For thousands of years the settled civilized peoples . . . seem to have developed their ideas and habits along the line of worship and personal subjection, and the nomadic peoples theirs along

the line of personal self-reliance and self-assertion. Naturally enough, under the circumstances the nomadic peoples were always supplying the civilizations with fresh rulers and new aristocracies. That is the rhythm of all early history."<sup>37</sup> Kenneth Clark tentatively accepts this distinction and makes explanations of art and civilization on the basis of the contrast between "the world of restless curiosity and the world of system and order."<sup>38</sup>

Again from the world of art history, where cultural style is confronted more often than it is in other disciplines, we find a comparable distinction made by Arnold Hauser<sup>39</sup> between the art styles of the Old and New Stone Age. His description again distinguishes between the innovative, exploratory mode, which looks to the "living experience," and the conventional and schematic, which seeks to make the actual "conform" to the cultural categories, or symbols, available.

In political discourse the two types of society have been noted and lauded or condemned. Adam Smith and his followers have preferred and defended an individualistic, capitalist type of society, while Marx and his descendents have pleaded for and predicted communalism. Perhaps it has required the refined analysis of literature to note that the proponents of ideology do not always embody the social characteristics they espouse. Eugene Debs declared himself fundamentally communal when he said, "While there is a lower class I am in it. While there is a criminal class I am of it. While there is a soul in prison I am not free."<sup>40</sup> But Edna St. Vincent Millay would probably not have accepted him at his word. She observed in one of her plays,<sup>41</sup> "I am become a socialist. I love humanity; but I hate people." The socialists she knew lived in urban industrial society, however, and many have observed that

most people, not just socialists, do not attain a high empathy of togetherness in the modern, technologically advanced world.

The interest in contrasting types of society has been continued in anthropology in the work of Mead, Benedict, and Redfield. They have contrasted, respectively, Cooperative and Competitive, Apollonian and Dionysian, and Folk and Urban societies. While their work is very well known, it has not yet come together, or remained together, in anthropology to form a tradition, or frame of reference, within which others may make cumulative efforts. The study I have made might well be considered as independent documentation in support of the findings Mead reported in her study in 1937, which she sums up as follows:

There is a correspondence between: a major emphasis upon competition, a social structure which depends upon the initiative of the individual, a valuation of property for individual ends, a single scale of success, and a strong development of the ego.

There is a correspondence between: a major emphasis upon cooperation, a social structure which does not depend upon individual initiative or the exercise of power over persons, a faith in an ordered universe, weak emphasis upon rising status, and a high degree of security for the individual.<sup>42</sup>

The work of Alan Lomax and his colleagues has given precision to the definition of these two types of societies in the cross-cultural work they have accomplished together in the Cantometrics Project. He has developed an elaborate, systematic and tested contrast between cultural styles named "individualized, little integrated" at one end of a continuum, and "groupy, integrated" at the other. Along this continuum he relates expressive style to complexity in culture, measured with the help of the Ethnographic Atlas<sup>43</sup> classifications. His analysis of expressive style

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begins with folk songs and extends to include other kinds of artistic expression as well as movement pattern in work groups and in everyday life. Whether in song or social structure or daily routines, "The facility with which members of a collective act in concert and nicely coordinate their actions--their level 'groupiness'--is a significant feature of any social profile. Extreme groupiness lies at one end of a scale, and individualism or social diffuseness at the other."<sup>44</sup>

Lomax's work lies at the recent end of a long series of works in this area of which I have merely reminded the reader here. A study of these discourses will show, I think, substantial agreement. Generalizations recur in literature written from vastly different perspectives, even including that which describes the cultural perspectives directing research in the natural sciences.<sup>45</sup>

Despite all these independent contributions which probe comparable but distinct phenomena and find the same forms, we have not accepted the clear presence of the structures delineated. Despite recurrent sightings, we have yet to capture and tame the beast. The following account is, I hope, a clear description of habitats and habits, and solid evidence from which to proceed to whatever the next task may be.

C H A P T E R    T W O

MANGAI VILLAGE

Residence, Resources, and Related Social Groupings

THE SETTING

From Kavieng to Mangai Village

People say that, before he had the road built (1910-1913), Bulominski used to ride his horse down the coral reef along New Ireland's northeast coast. In 1965-67, Mangai village was thirty miles down the Bulominski road from Kavieng, and getting there required cars and trucks rather than horses. As there was no public transportation,<sup>1</sup> getting up and down the road was a problem of social relationships as well as of transport and finances. Most European planters had their own vehicles and gladly gave each other, and any European, whatever help was needed. Planters often also gave rides to their native laborers, and to others who asked. Missionaries and school teachers always filled up their cars with pupils and, if there was room, villagers and others. Government men in government vehicles were usually less available, even to each other.

Natives as well as Europeans drove trucks belonging to plantations, missions, the Cooperative Society, and a few villages; and into the backs of these climbed villagers who waited on the road (or on the verandah of the Cooperative Society in Kavieng), hoping to see a driver

they knew. As a last resort, or for visitors, or for wage-earners returning home to the village for vacation, there were taxis owned by an Englishman or by one of the Chinese family businesses. The ride to Mangai was ten dollars (Australian) in 1965-67.<sup>2</sup>

Four miles out of Kavieng is a kind of suburb, which in 1965-67 contained KopKop agricultural station and fair grounds, and the Methodist (Liga) and Government (Utu) high schools.<sup>3</sup> Beyond this point there are coconuts on both sides of the road, their stands broken by clearings containing several villages, and by rivers crossed by wooden bridges in mostly good repair. The scenery seems monotonous until history creates distinctions: the Lossuk river, for instance, crossed by a metal bridge, still has resident crocodiles, one that George of Mangai shot in 1966; and another that tragically drowned Lasi, a fourteen-year-old girl from Mangai who was washing there just after dark in May, 1974. The villages, too, are quite distinct for the residents along the road. People in Mangai know or are married to or are parents of or somehow involved with (perhaps there is a friend in one who gets crabs for you) people in all these villages, where the Tigak language is spoken. Wally Lussick's plantation, Katu, is just past Lossuk, and everyone knows who Master Wally is: he was born in New Ireland, played with New Ireland children as a boy, and likes New Ireland food. Of course he speaks pidgin English very well. New Irelanders elected him to represent them in the House of Assembly in 1968.

Mangai is about five miles beyond Master Wally's house. Coming along the road from town, one enters Mangai village across a fifteen-foot long, almost-two-car wide bridge. (One day the car of two Australian teachers went into the Mangai river when it could not quite meet successfully the Mangai truck going the other way. No one was hurt seriously.) Commonly



a few children may be sitting on the edge of the bridge, or women may be washing themselves or clothes or children in the clean cold water. Women and children walk further upstream, beyond where people bathe, to fill their bottles (a dozen old glass liquor or cordial bottles) for drinking. (Sometimes they may fill their bottles at the iron tank at the school or Aid Post, but the water is not cold, and is really only all right for making tea, many people think.)

### The Village

Mangai looks much like the other New Ireland villages along the road: there is an open area of rows of houses called "camp;" and there are several separated, smaller clusters strung out on down the road for perhaps three-quarters of a mile. Each of these separate clusters is a named hamlet, and camp, too, is divided into named hamlets; which are not, however, clearly separated to the unfamiliar eye.

Most of the houses are on the beach side of the road. What clearly distinguishes Mangai from other villages is a large clearing on the bush side containing three concrete brick and plank structures: the Aid Post, the Tikana Local Government Council house, and a residence for the Council clerk.<sup>4</sup> The Aid Post had two plank sleeping rooms for TB patients, who needed to be near the "doctor boy" in order to "drink medicine." This medical assistant also tended to a line of the sick every morning, often with a "shoot" of penicillin, or with aspirin, malaria pills, or bandages to cover sores.

Even though villages are European constructs, they have become relevant in traditional activities, e.g., in the organization of malanggan activities. But there are not the sharp lines between villages that official maps would suggest. Mangai is very close--geographically,

socially, linguistically, and historically--to the next village beyond it, Livitua; and any undertaking of either of these villages is likely to involve both. This generalization excludes church activities: Mangai is Methodist, and Livitua is Catholic. Mangai often works with the next village beyond Livitua, Lauan, in Methodist activities. All three villages form a Local Government Council sub-area together, electing one amongst themselves to represent them all in the Council. Traditionally, however, Mangai and Livitua are especially close. The kinship terms used in the two villages are those of the Tigak language, while those of Lauan are markedly different. When I questioned Mangai informants about these differences in language, they said that people mixed the languages together, getting some words from here and some from there. All three villages say they speak Kara, which is the division to which the government officially assigns them.



#### The Hamlets

The map of Mangai village (Map 6) shows where the hamlets are in relation to each other and to the road and to the beach. "Camp" (the pidgin word, presumably derived from the same English word) is a completely cleared and densely housed area which came into existence here, and all over New Guinea, in response to orders from the colonial governments, which needed to have people living together in one spot so they could count them and tax them. Now camp continues to exist partly because the government still expects it, but also because people like it. Parents grew old and died here, and it has a cemetery, and people belong in its hamlets as in any others. I am tempted to say that the younger, gayer crowd lives in camp, but close examination does not really bear out that impression. Respected elders live in camp. People have radios and drink

whiskey and beer in camp, but these imports from the European world are equally evident in at least one of the hamlets outside camp. Still, camp, with its store and church (two "public" buildings) and high density of houses and people offers a "downtown" ambience; in contrast to the hamlets outside camp, which are visibly bounded by bush and which contain only a few houses.

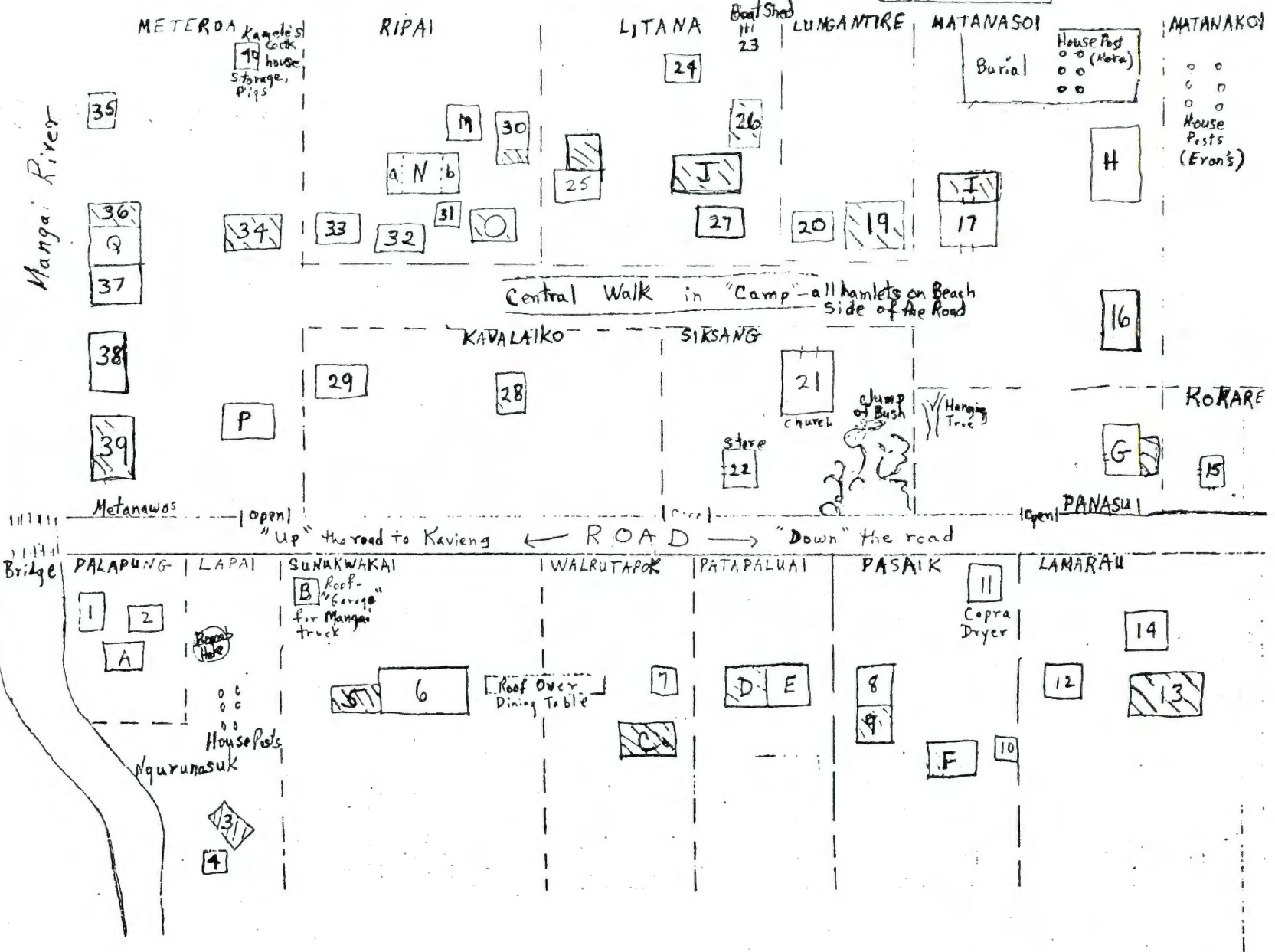
In Mangai as in other villages in New Ireland, people view themselves as residents first of these small hamlets, the names of which are in constant use in conversation. It is with these hamlets that people associate their history in Mangai: one and only one of these hamlets is "home." The "home hamlet" is an important concept in New Ireland. Informants soon taught me to ask not, "What is your place?" ("Where are you from?") To this question New Irelanders answered, "Do you mean my true place?" The answer to this question is the name of the informant's mother's hamlet, usually pronounced with a warm smile and a nostalgic tone that dramatize how the informant feels about his mother, his childhood, and his hamlet. When, later, I went to New Hanover, I soon learned to quit asking, "What is your true place?" The answer there was, "What do you mean, my true place?" I returned in New Hanover to asking just, "What is your place?" the answer to which was usually a casual account of places the informant had lived, starting with where he lived at present.

In New Ireland, it is these hamlets that people own, along with ground in the bush for gardens and sago. Sometimes these resource grounds are said to belong to a hamlet rather than to any group of people. It is to these hamlets that women bring their husbands and where they bear their children; and wherever they may lead their lives, it is to the cemeteries of these hamlets that people return when they die.

 Cook House (Ground Floor)  
 House "Verandah" (on posts, floor 3-4 feet above ground)

Houses Gone in 1966: 1, 10, 15, 18, 28, 31, 32, 35  
 Numbered Houses: 1965  
 Lettered Houses: 1966

Beach and Sea

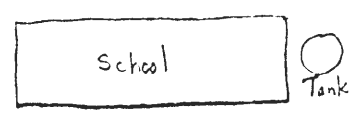
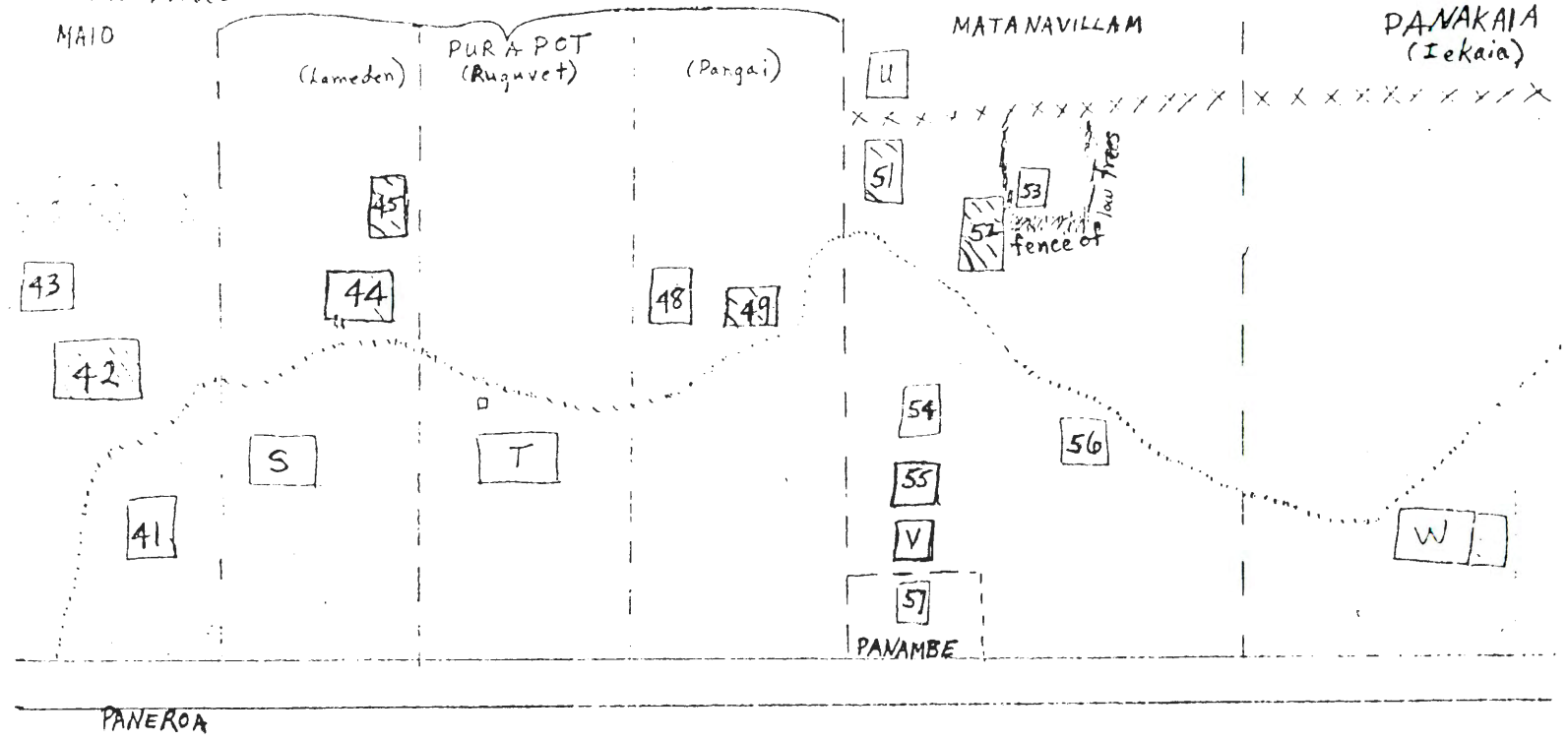


Separated by DUSN.  
The path is shown  
thus: .....

# Beach and Sea

111 (1100 40)  
48, 54, 55, 57

(100, 100000)



63 - old cookhouse  
built for malangan-gathering

PANAKAIA

X X X X

69

63

66

67

PANAKAIA-  
PANEVAL

X

65

62

61

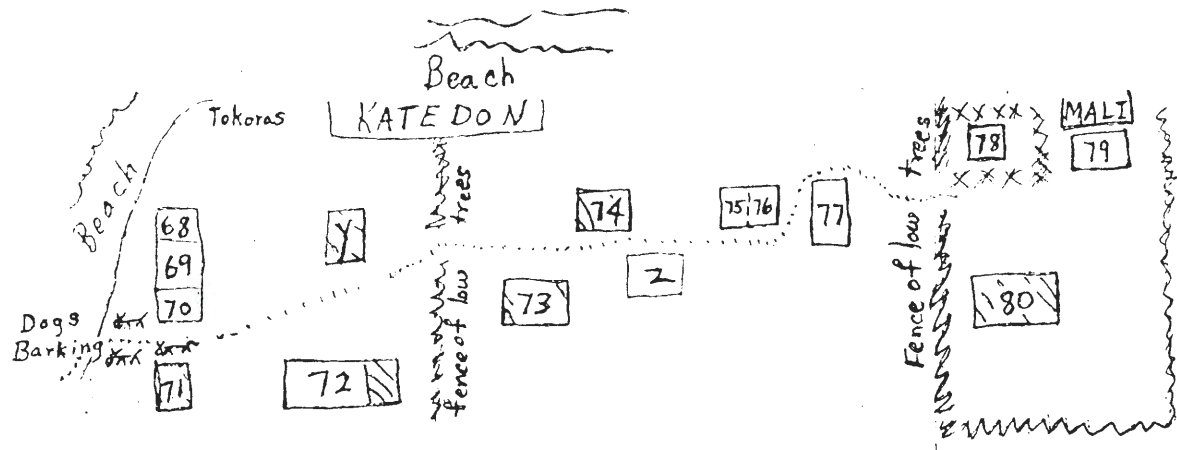
60

59

58

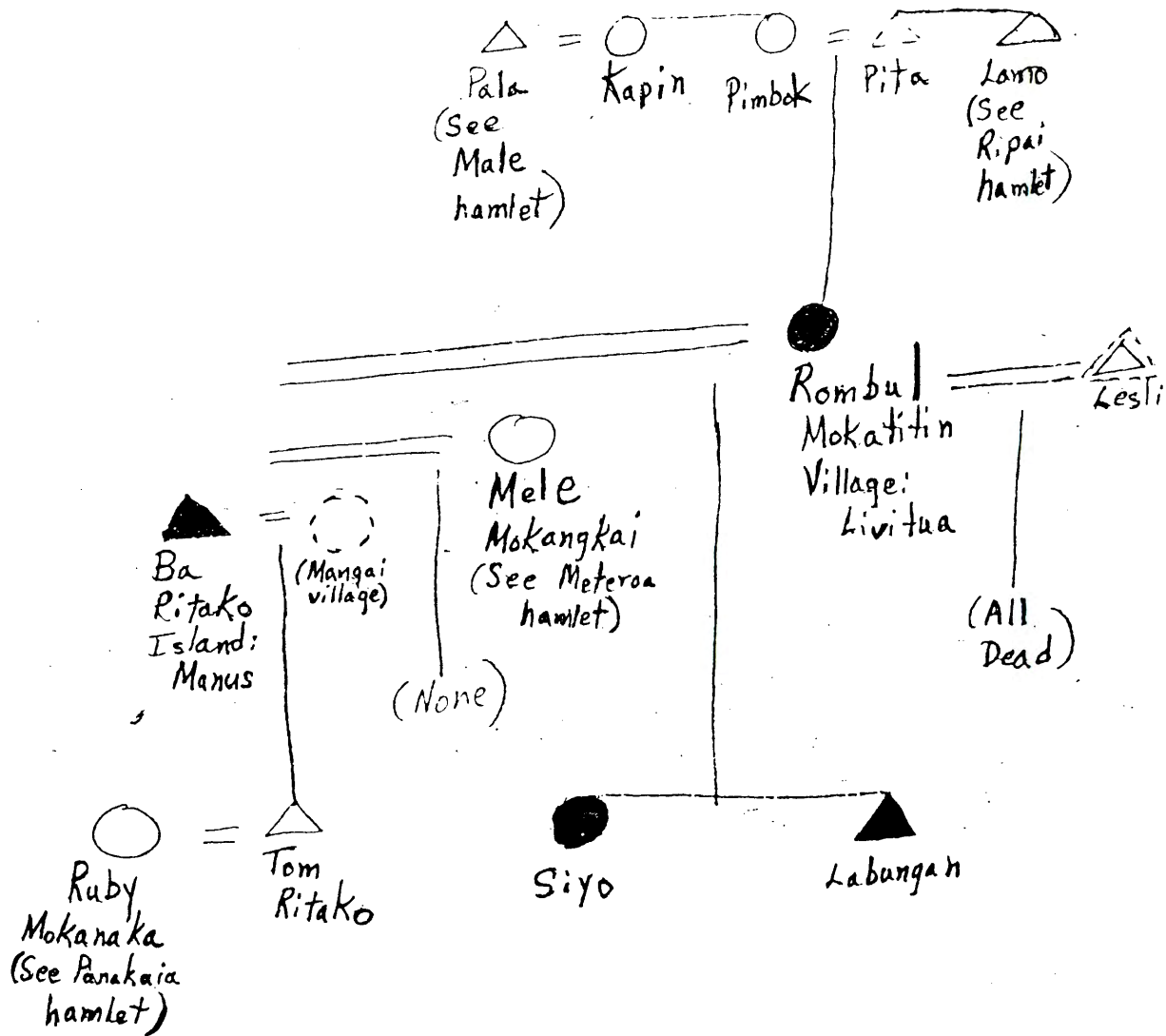
Road

T<sub>0</sub> AAI



KALIS →  
 (Border hamlet  
 between  
 Livitua + →  
 ← Mangai  
 villages)

PALAPUNG





△  
Pasingan  
"Papa" to  
Lamo. From  
New Hanover  
island

△ = △  
Lamo  
Mokaqkai  
Hamlet:  
Panakaia

△ = △  
Bosiak  
Mokatitin  
Hamlet:  
Ripai

▲  
Welakamus  
Mokatitin  
Hamlet: Ripai  
(See Ripai  
hamlet)

●  
Marau  
(See Litana  
hamlet)

●  
Misipal

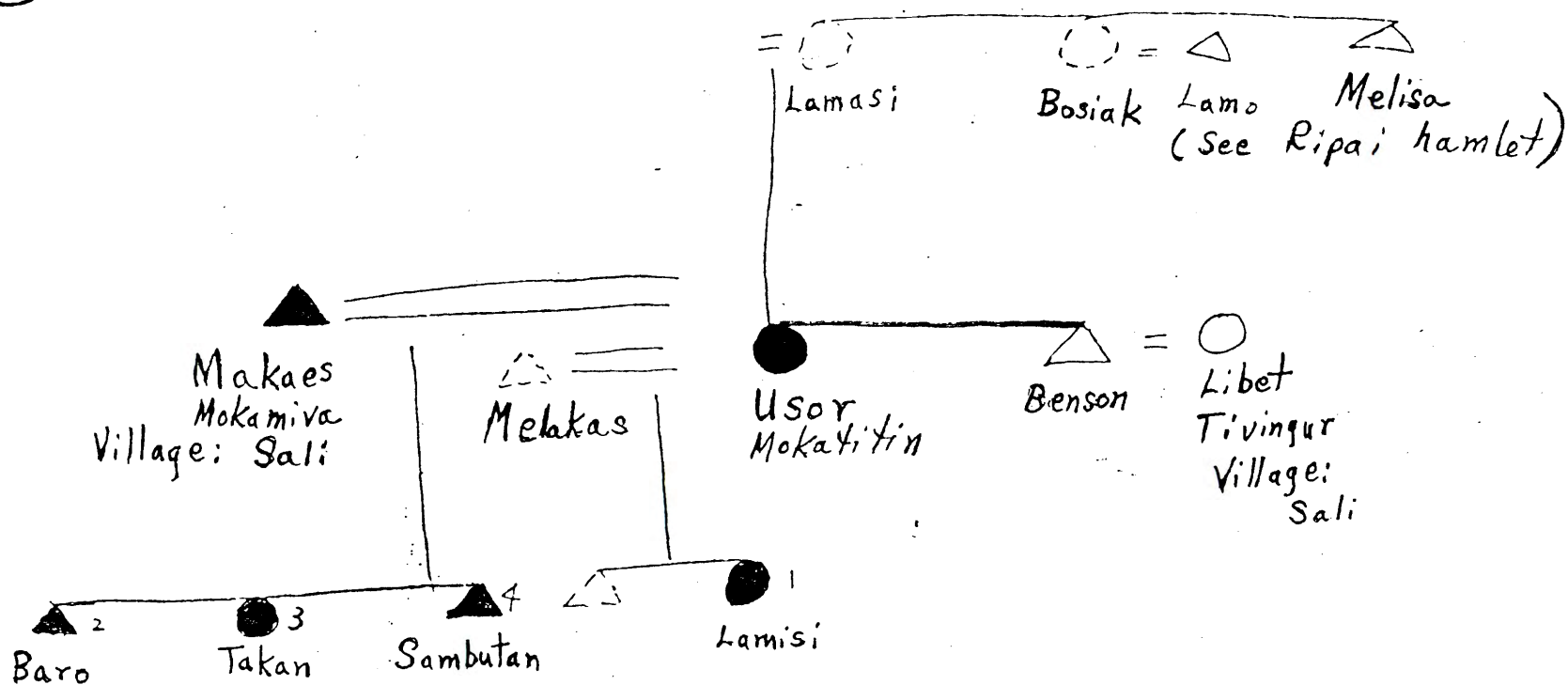
▲ = ●  
Kamele  
Mokatitin  
Hamlet:  
Meteroa  
(See Meteroa hamlet)

●  
Langas  
Mokamuna  
Village: Lovolai  
(West Coast)

WAL RUTAPOK

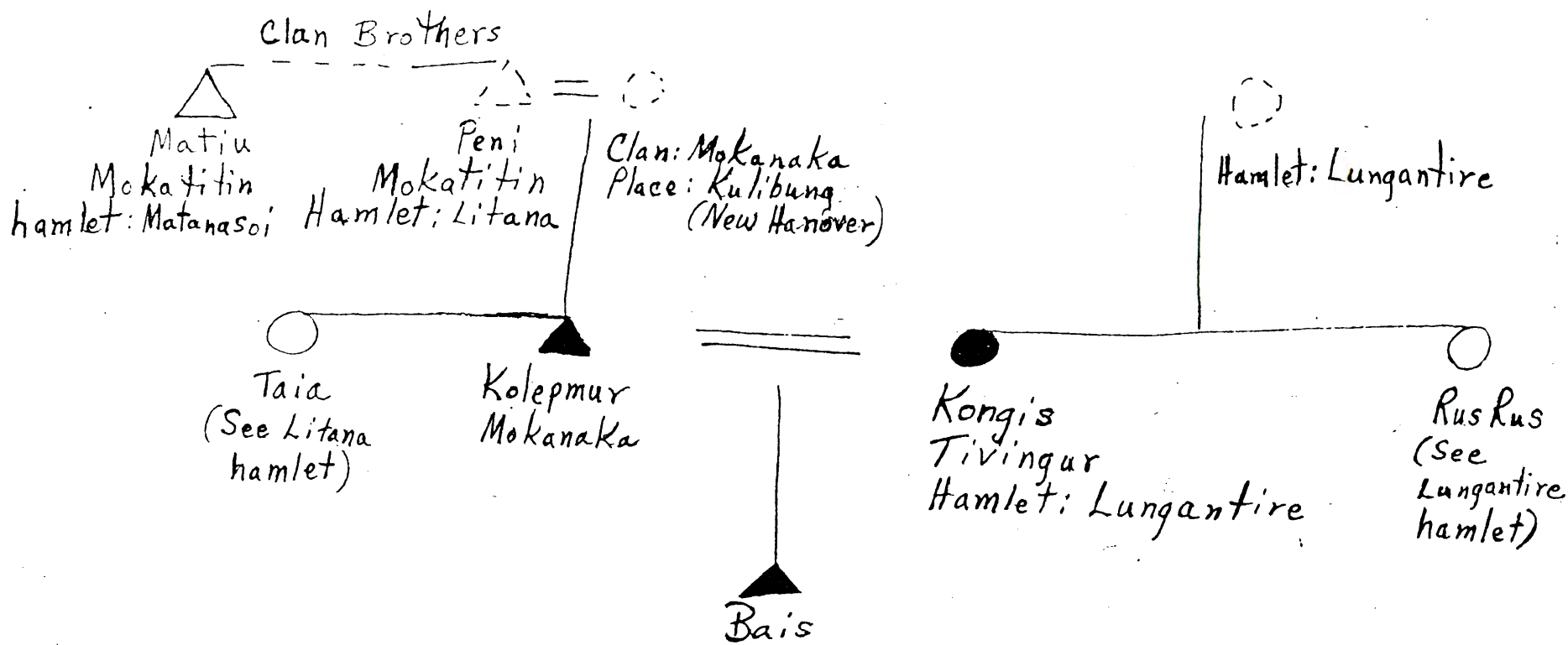
1965  
House  
7

1966  
Houses  
7 + C

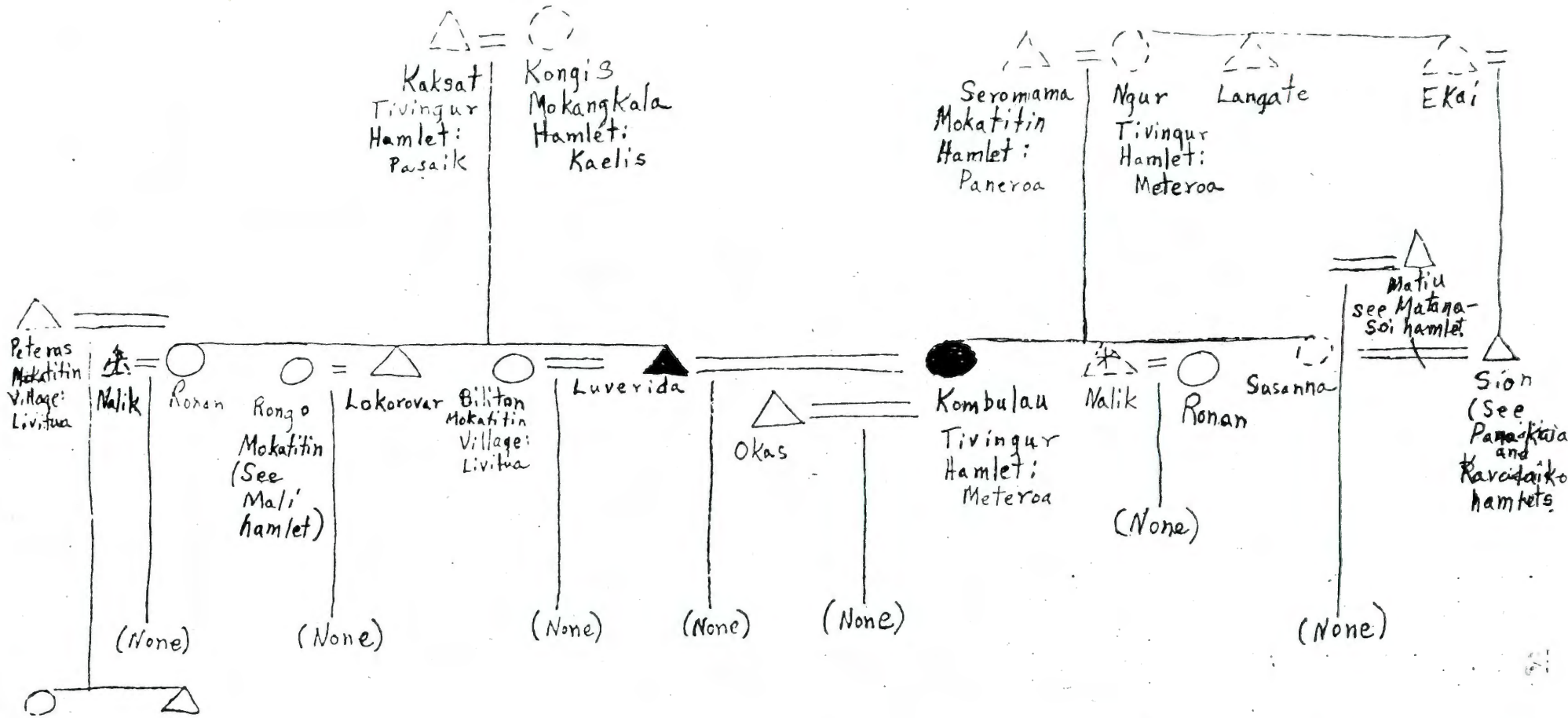


PATAPALUAI

1966  
House s  
D and E



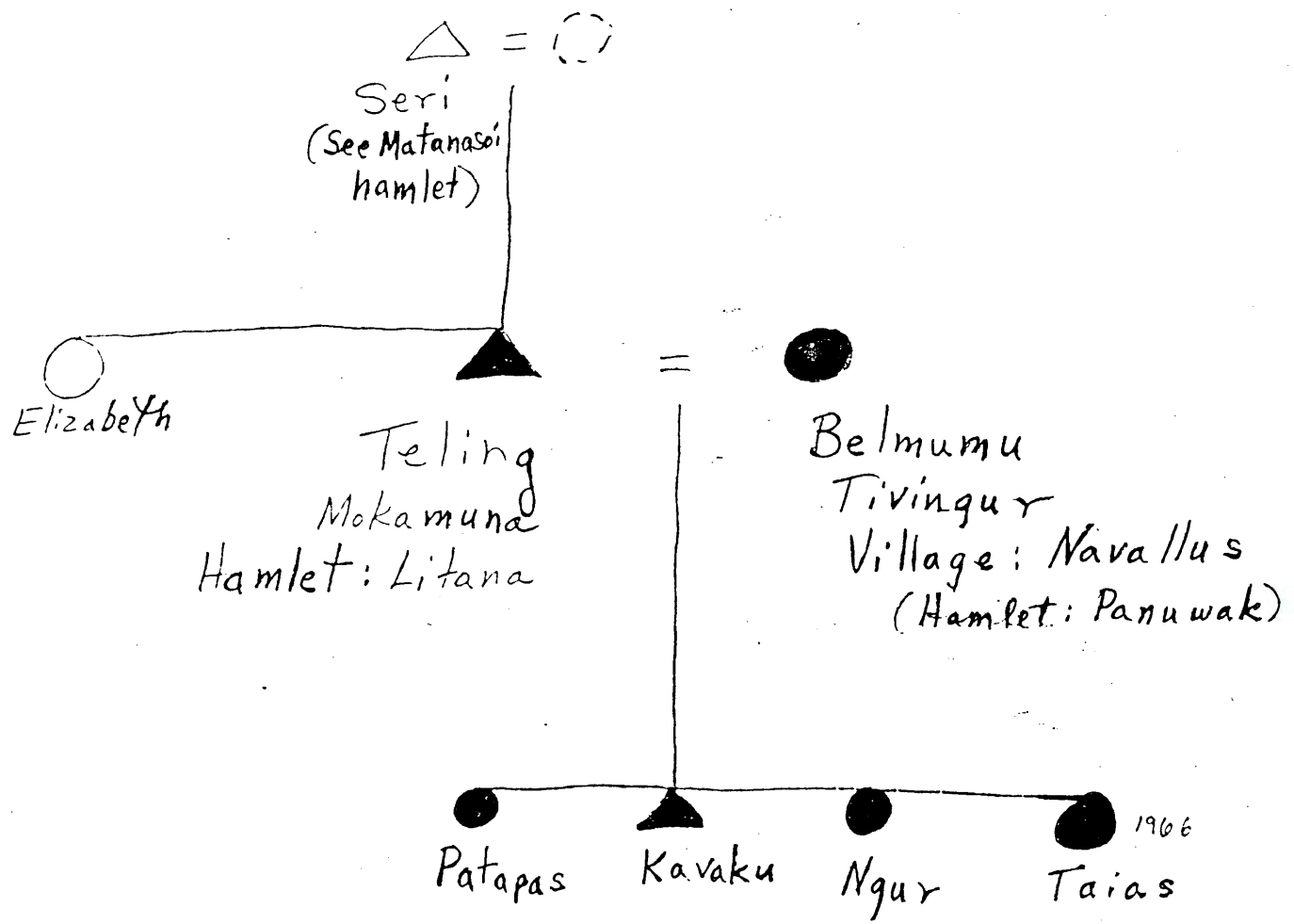
PASAIK



△ Nalik, the same man, appears twice

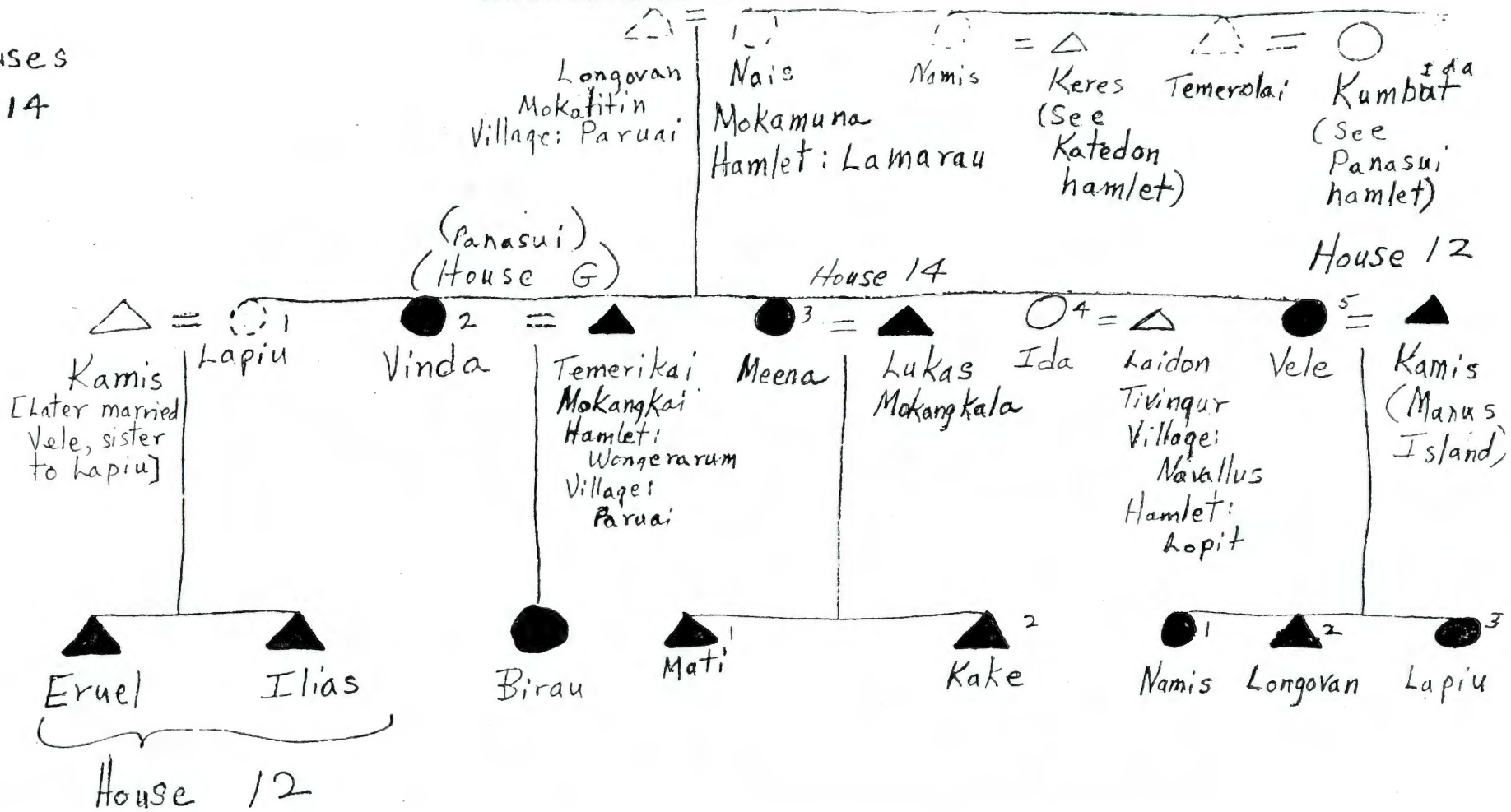
PASAIK p. 2

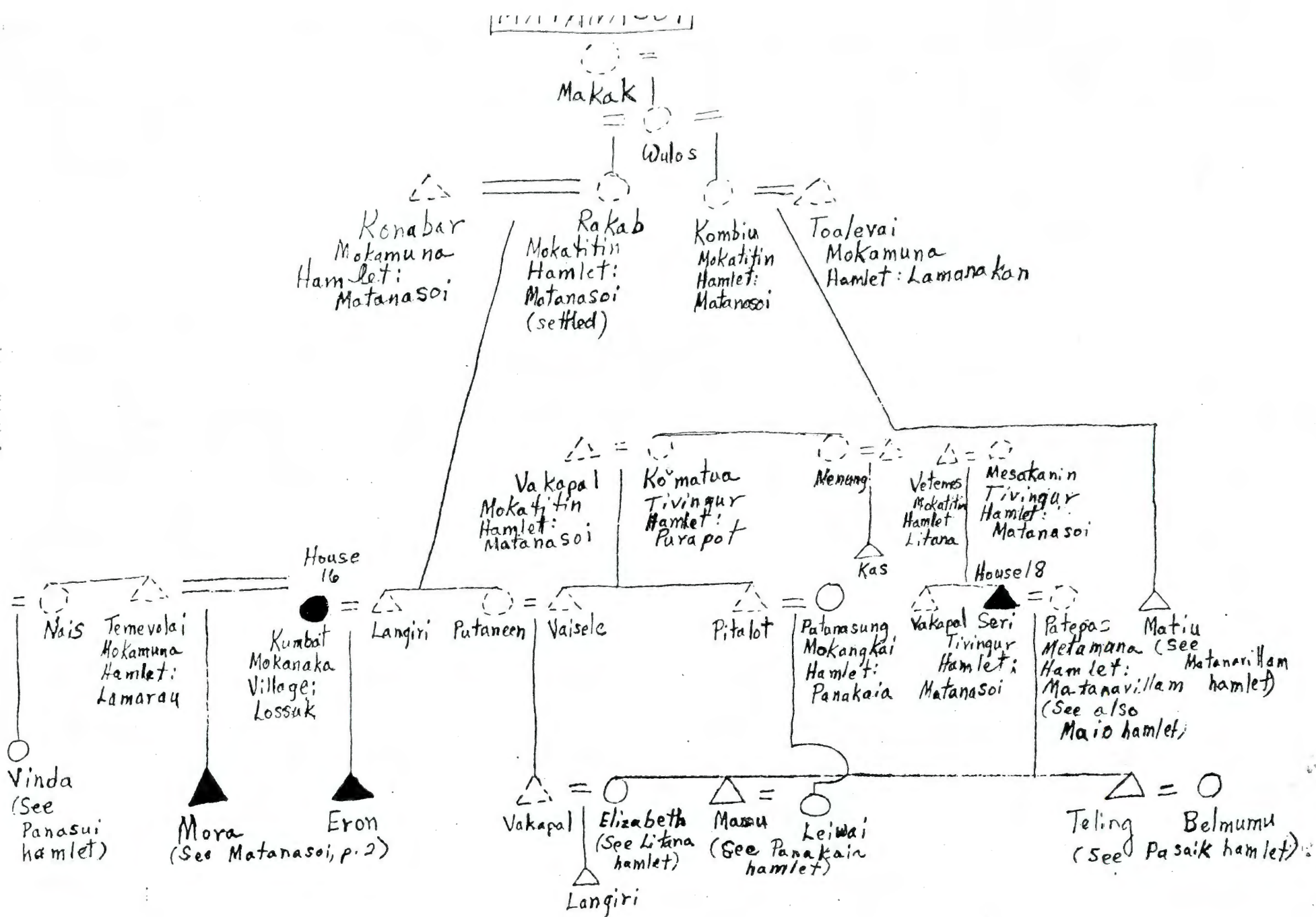
House  
F



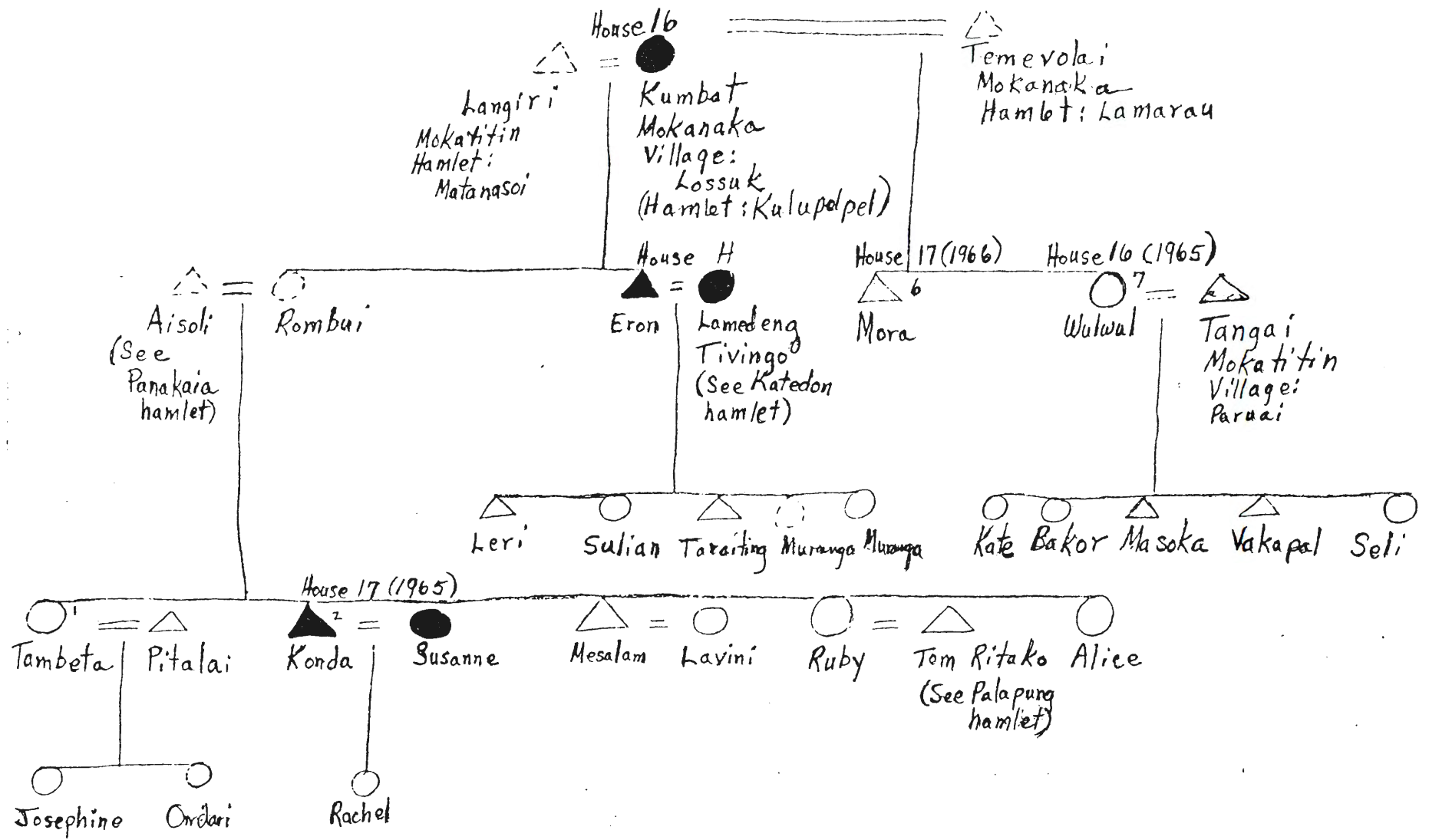
LAMARAU + PANASUI

Houses  
12, 14



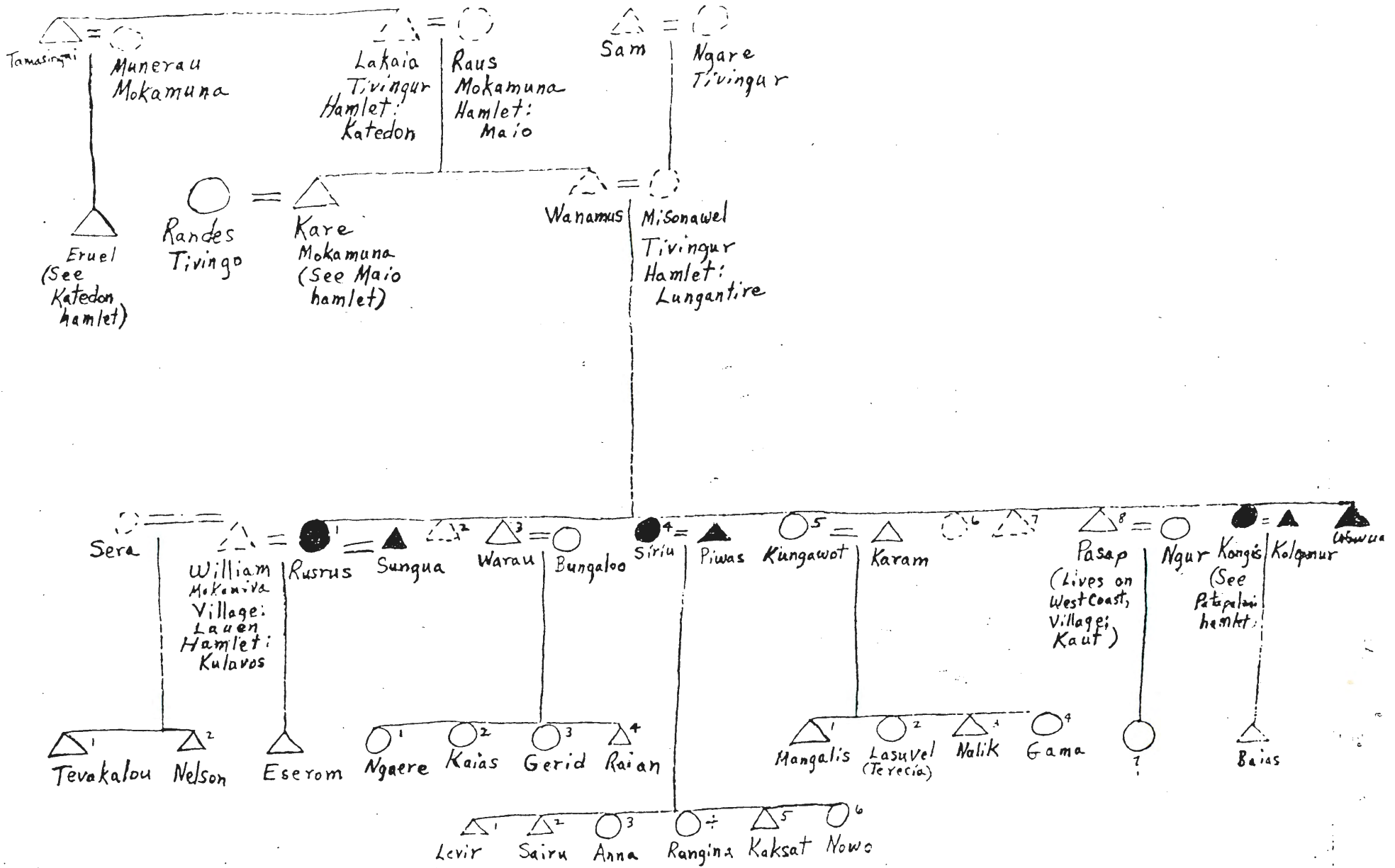


(MATANASOI - p. 2)

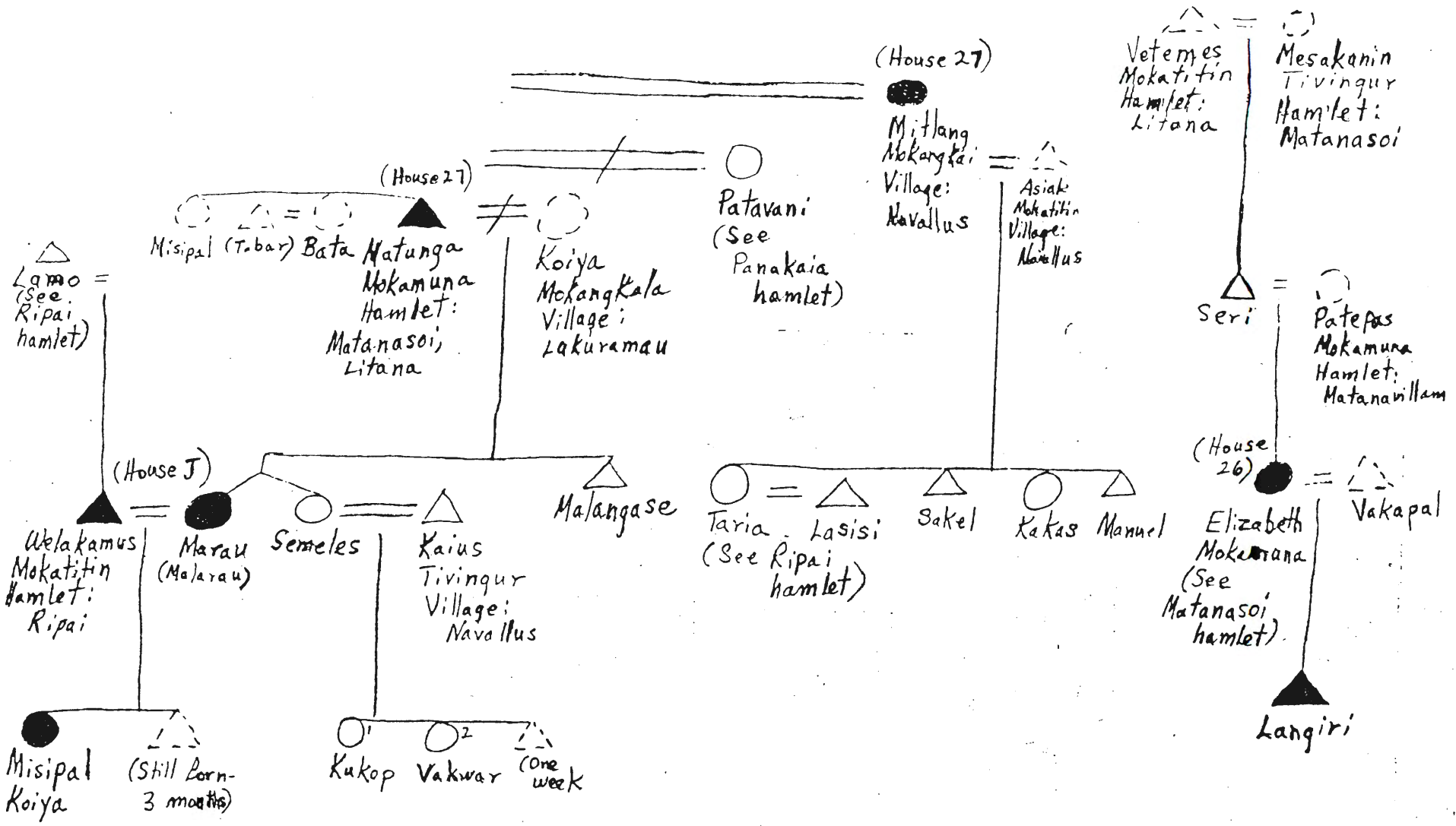




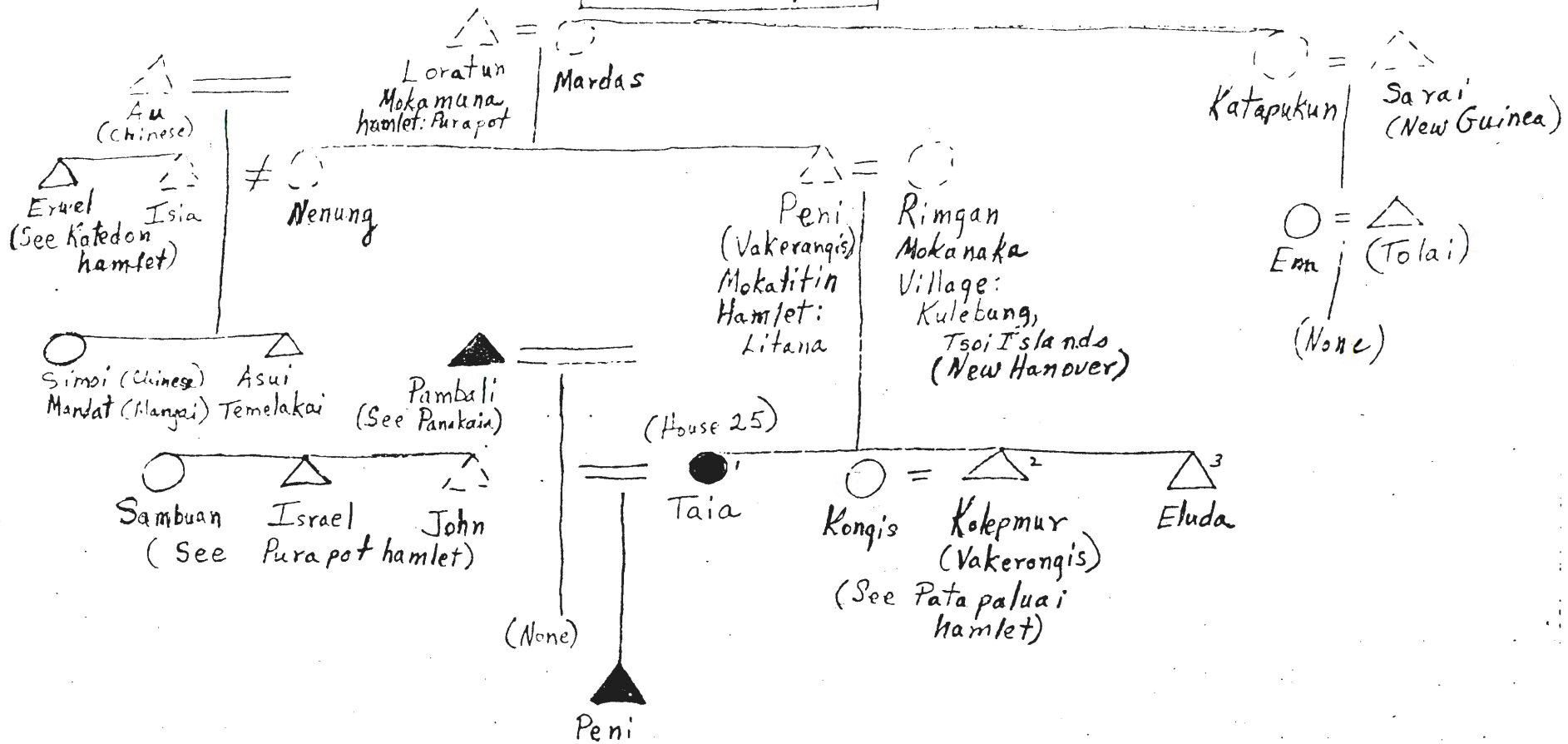
# LUNGANTIRE

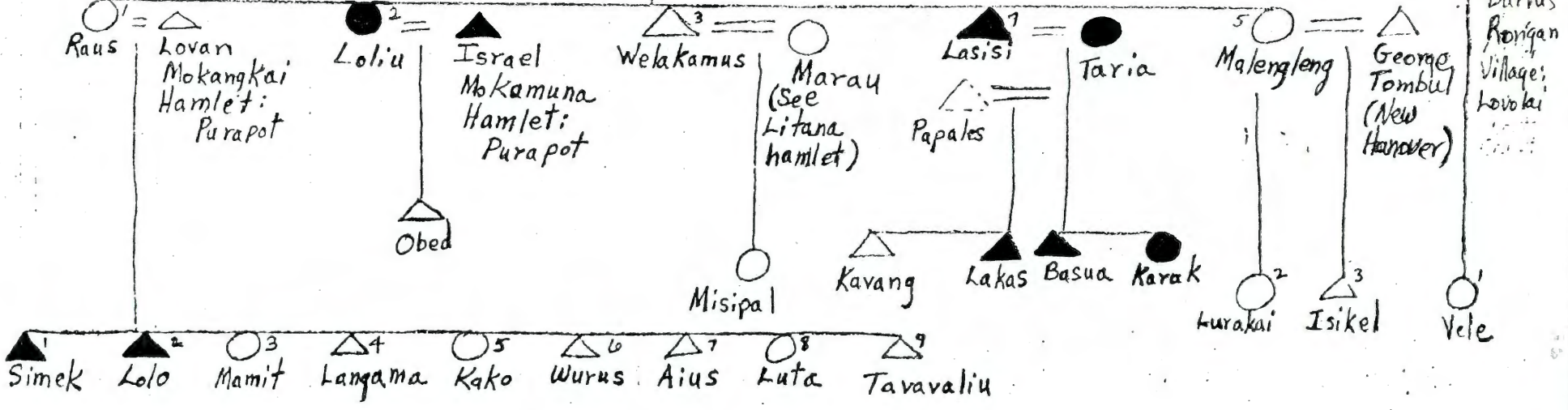
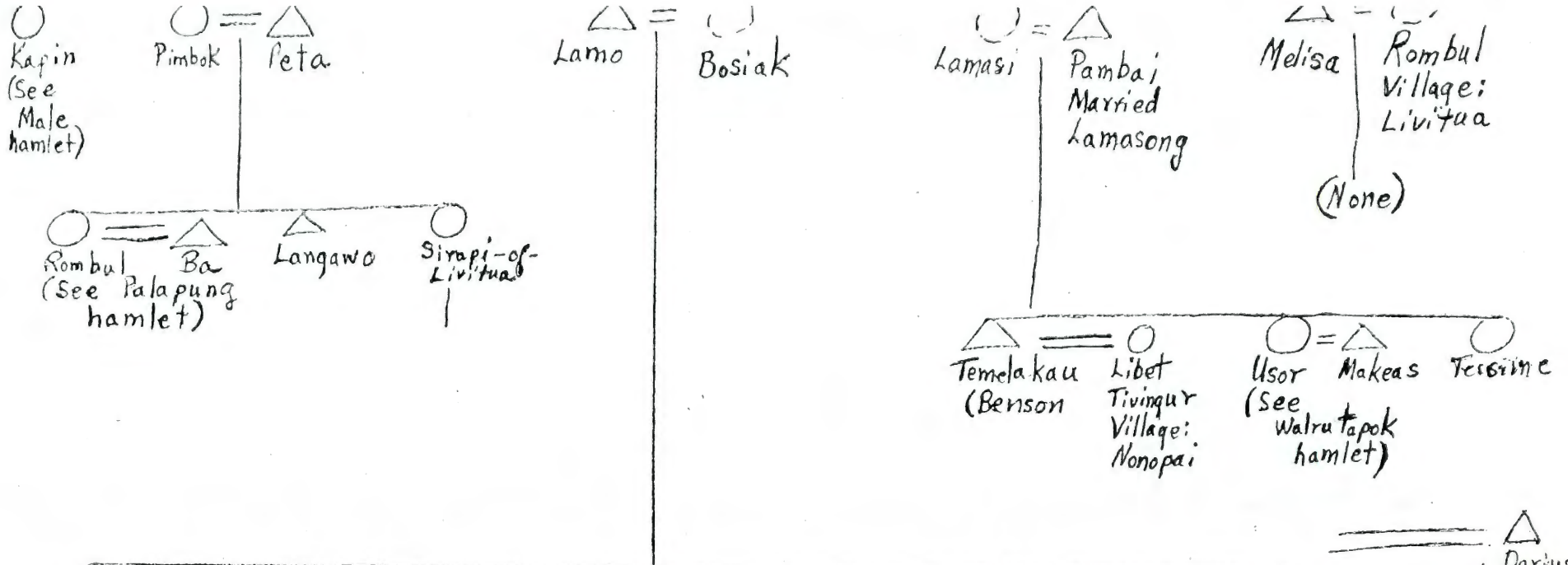


# LITANA

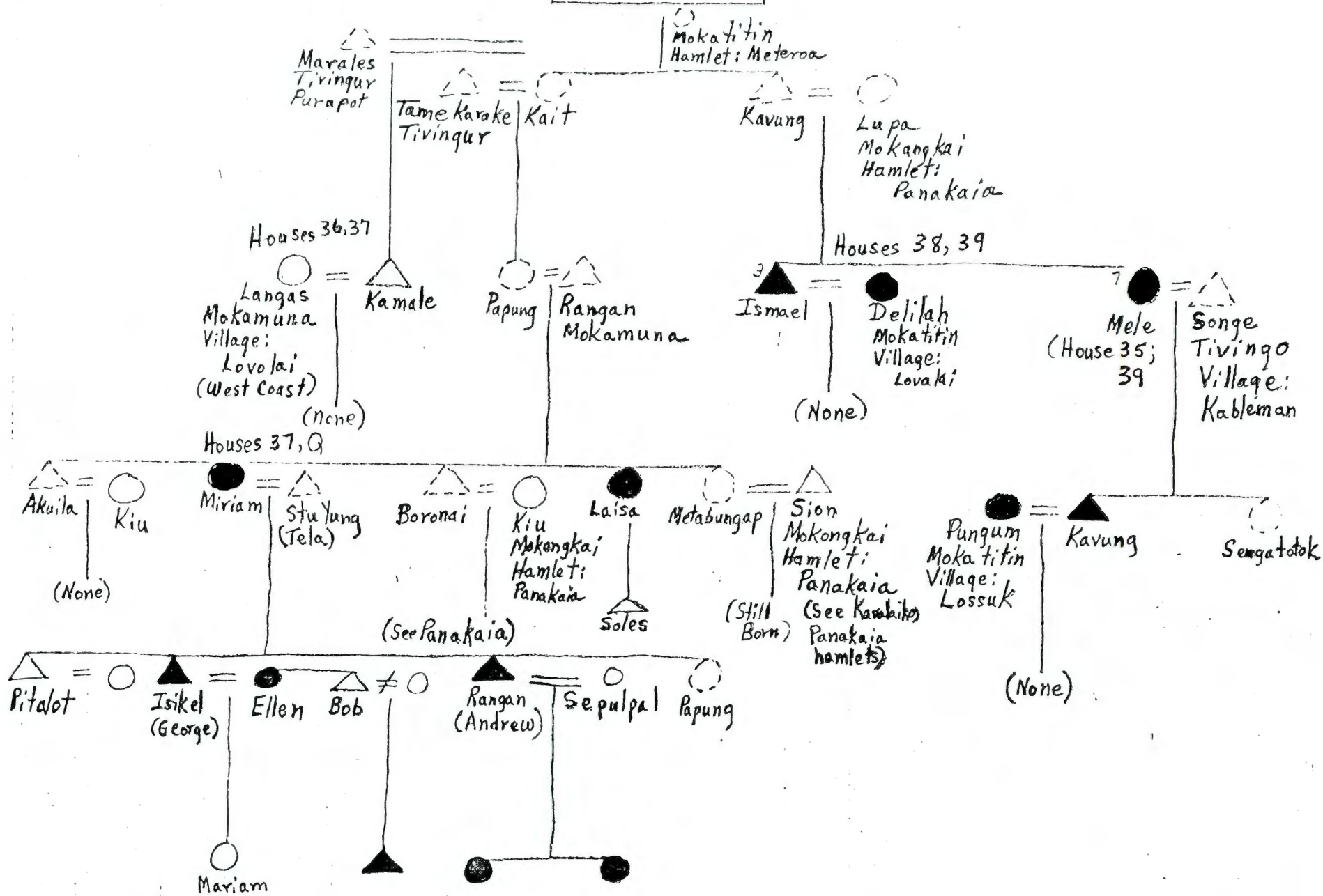


LITANA - p.2

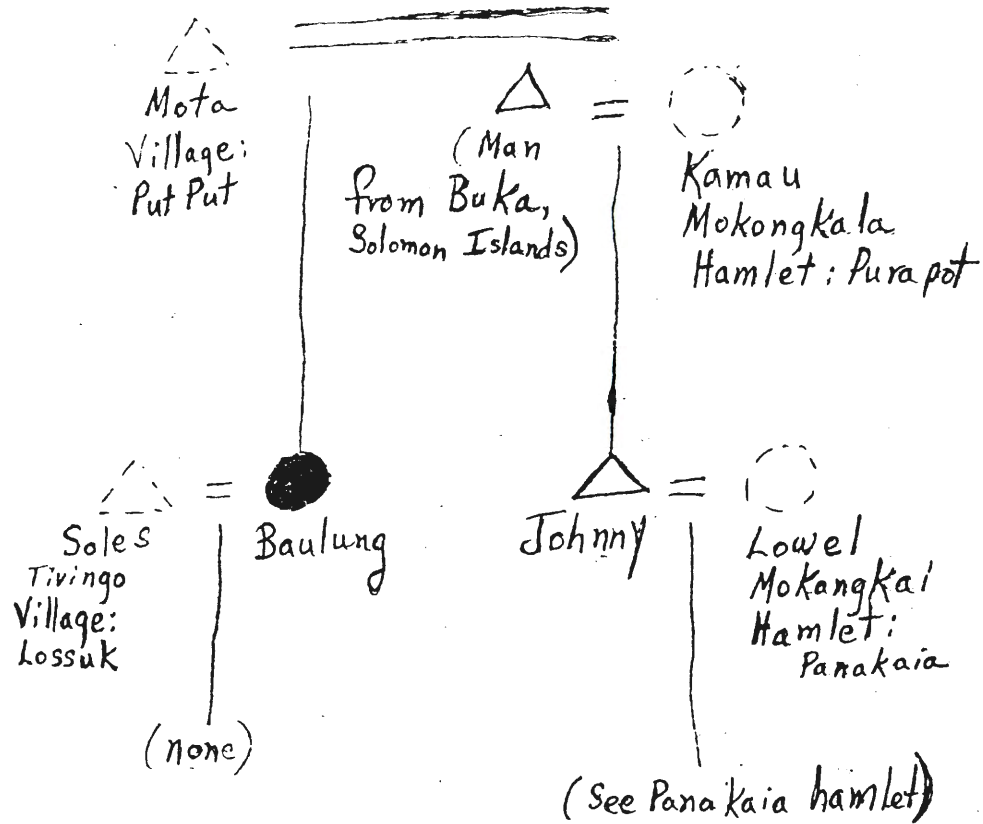




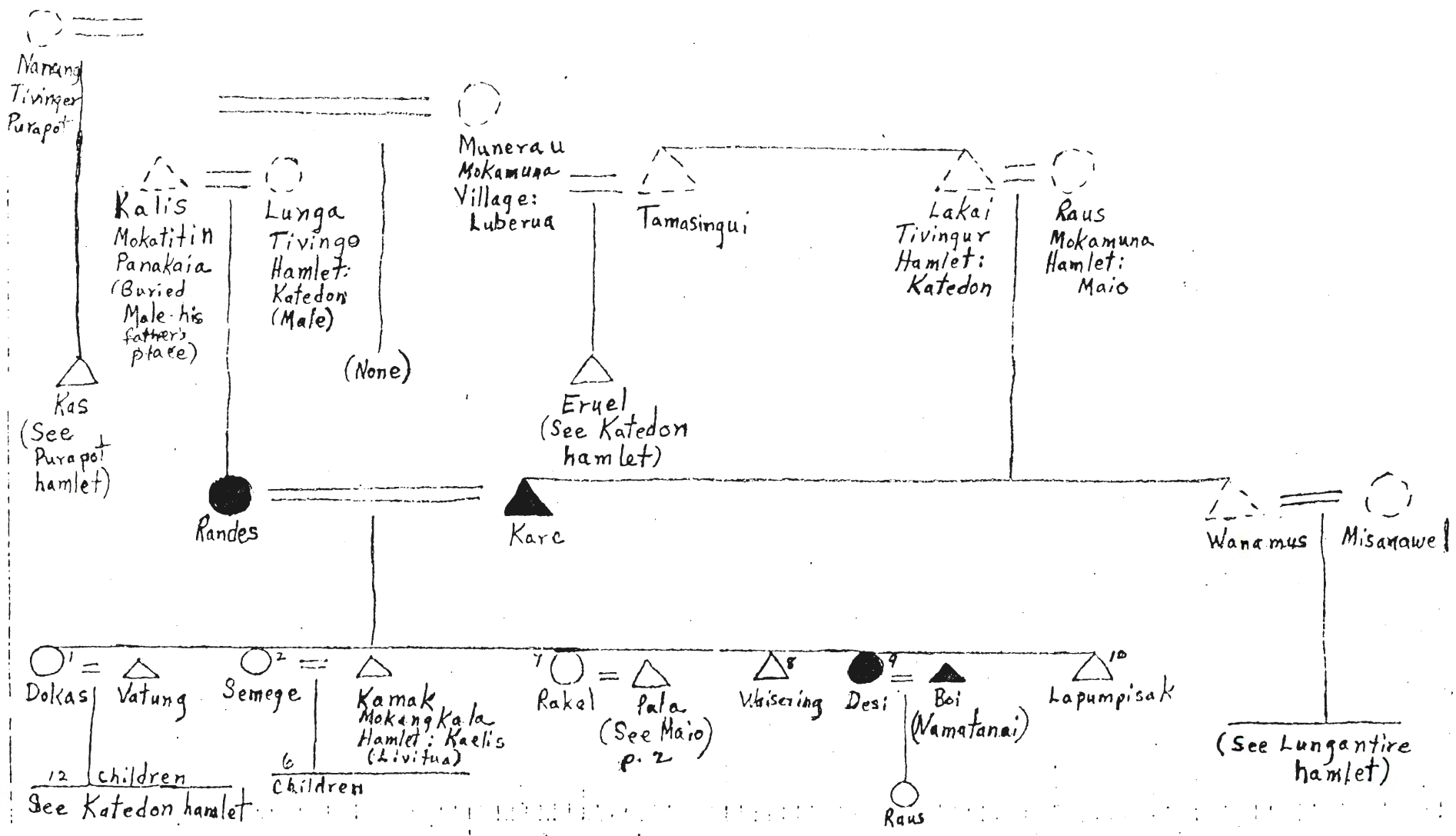
# METEROA



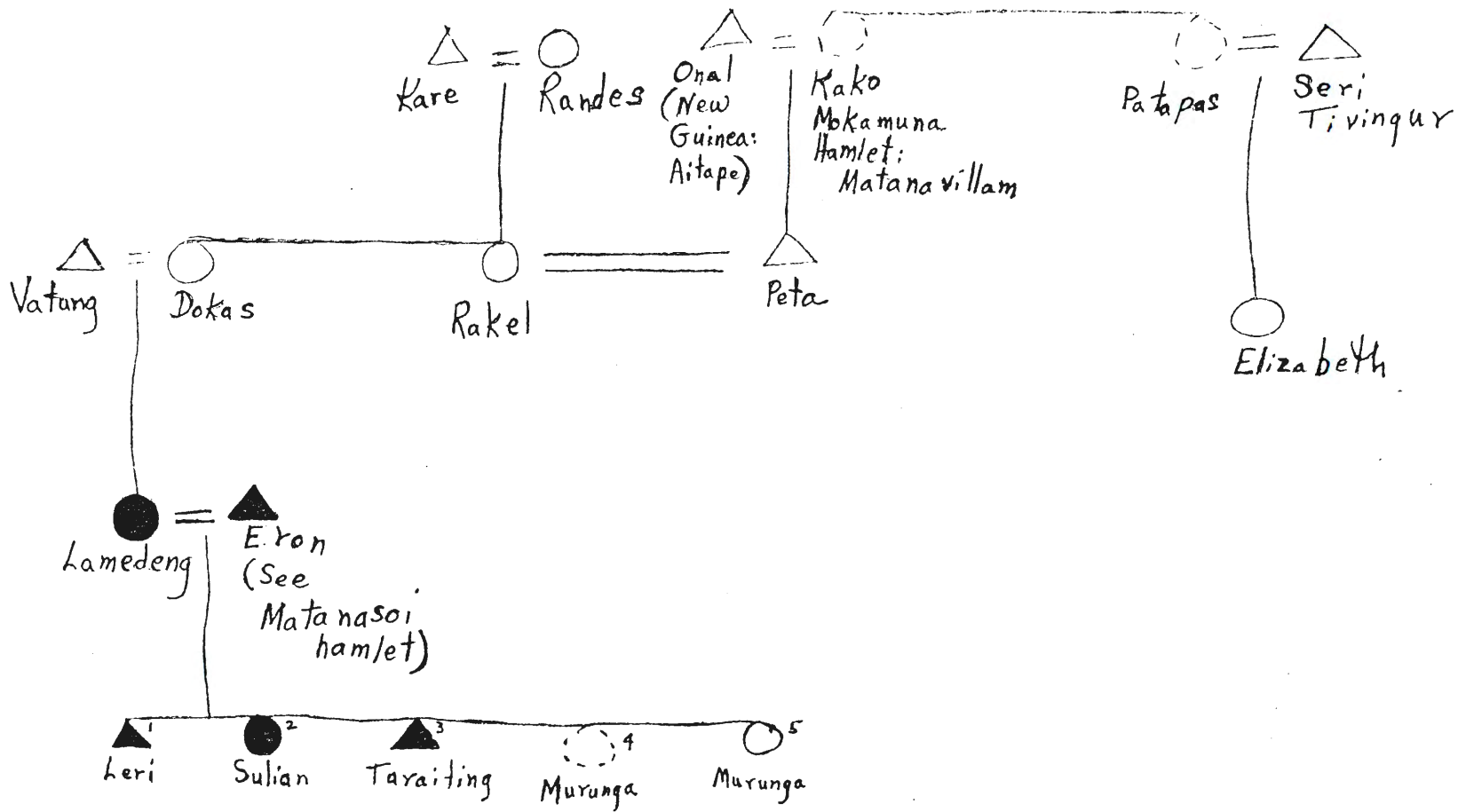
METEROA-p. 2



[MAIO]

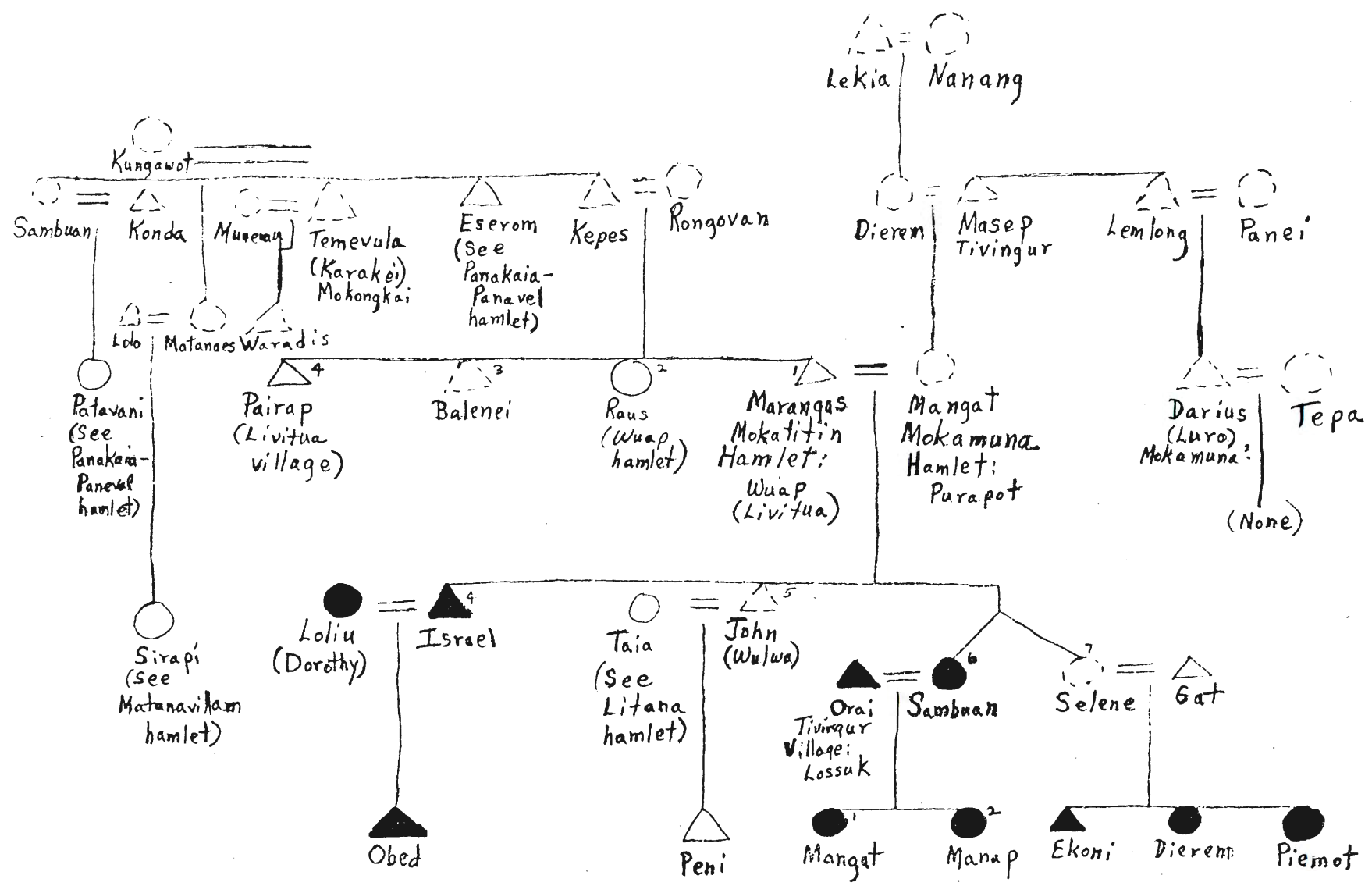


MAIO-p. 2

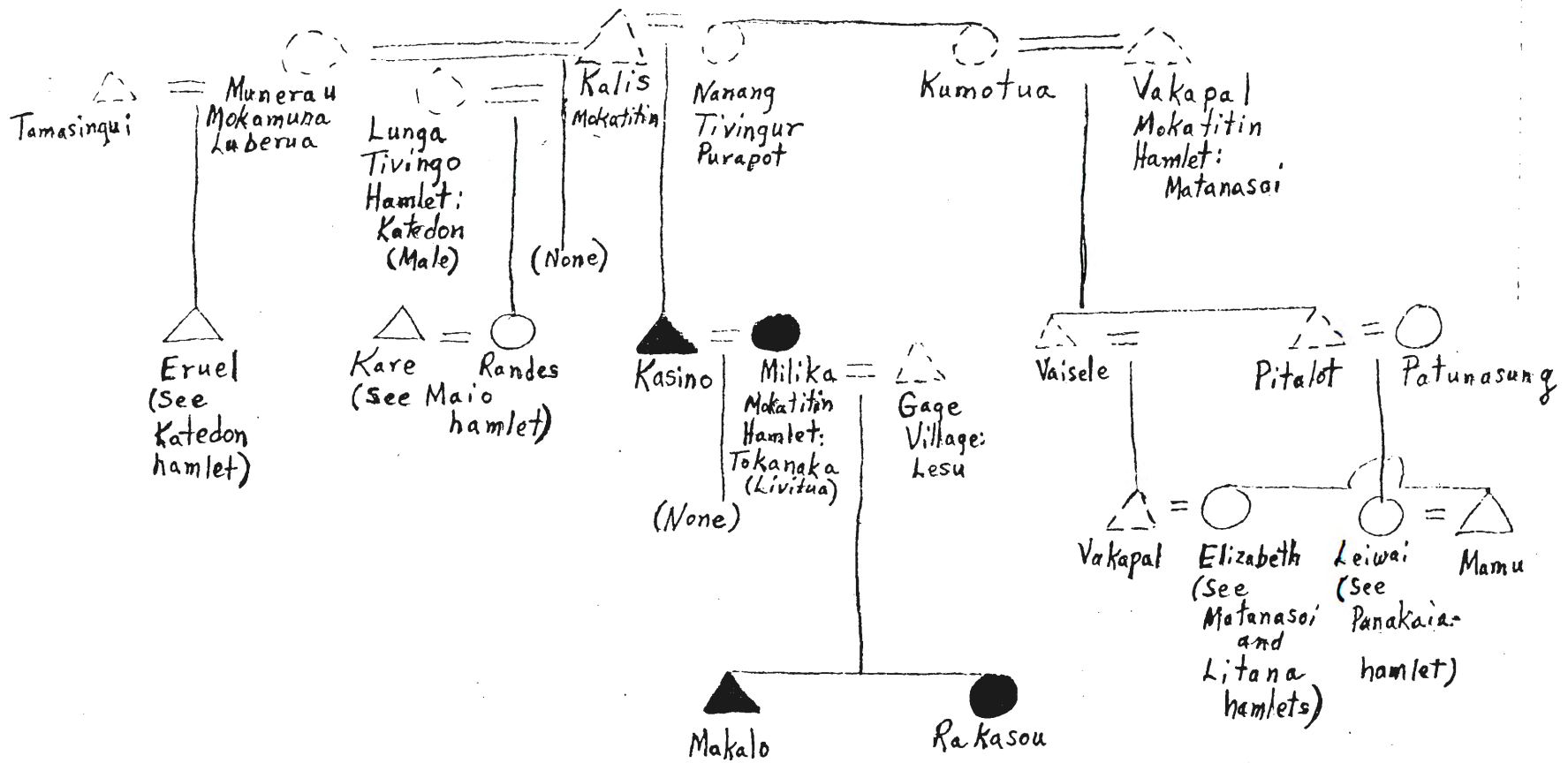




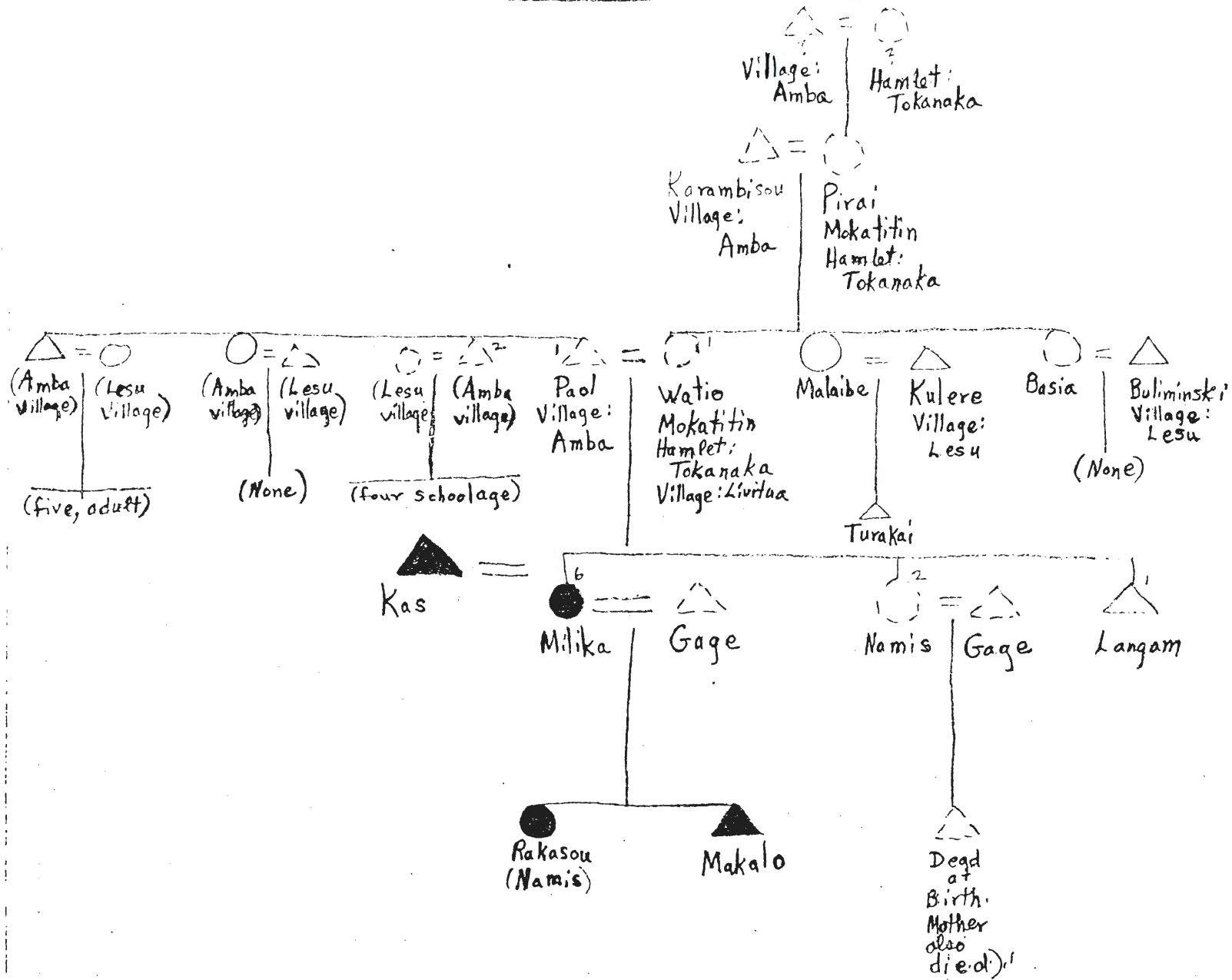
# PURAPOT - Lamaden



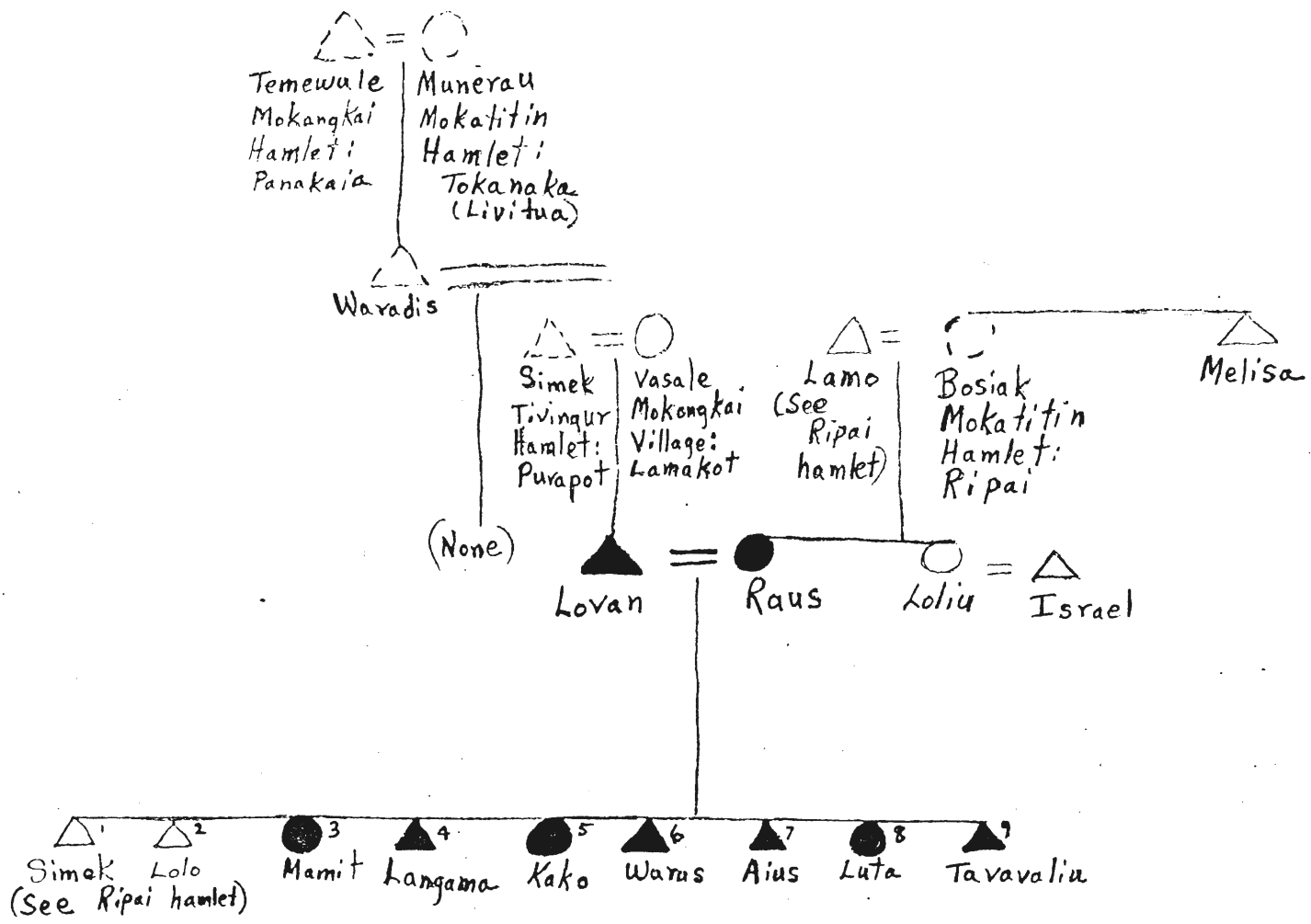
# PURAPOT - Rukubek



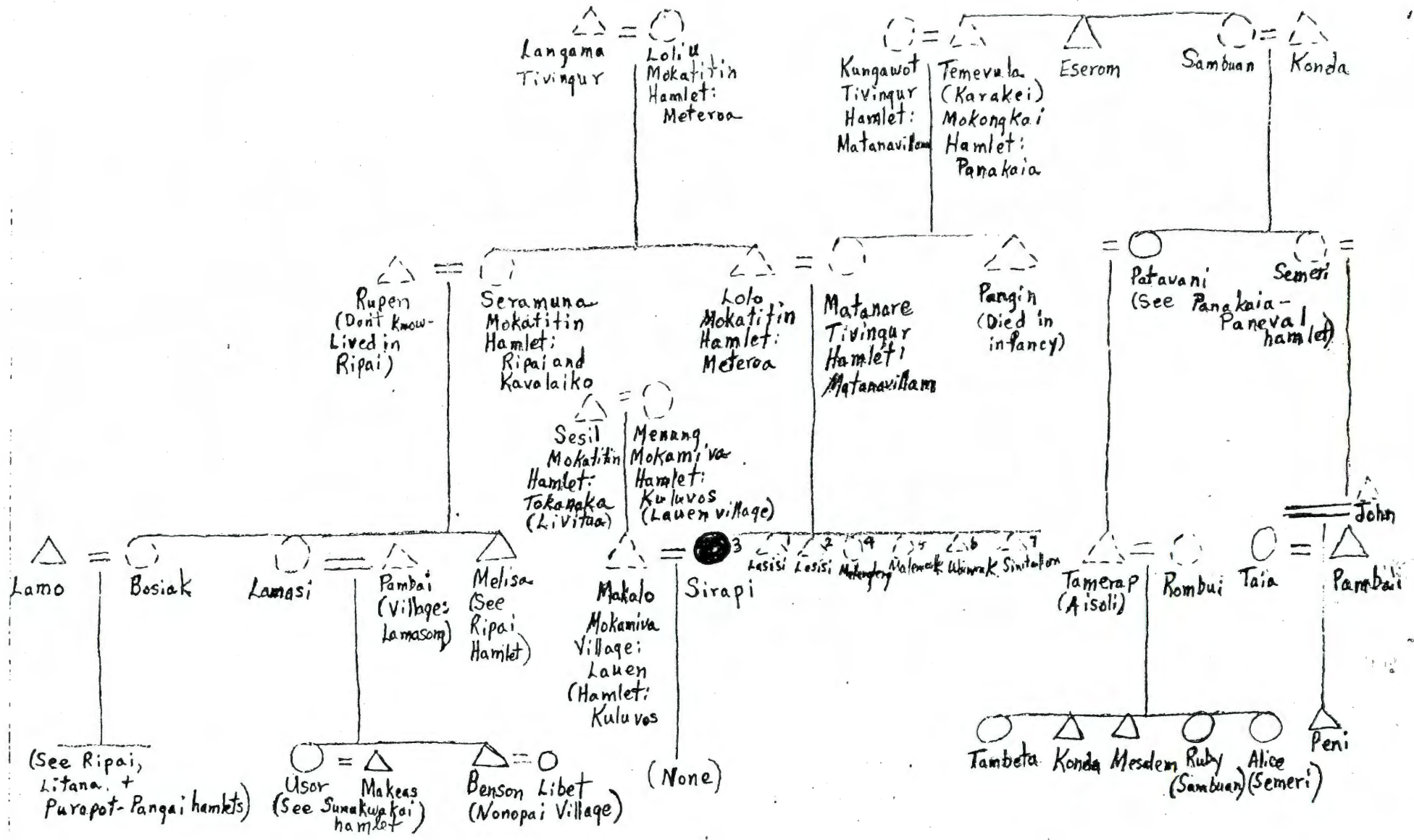
PURAPOT - Rukubek - p.2



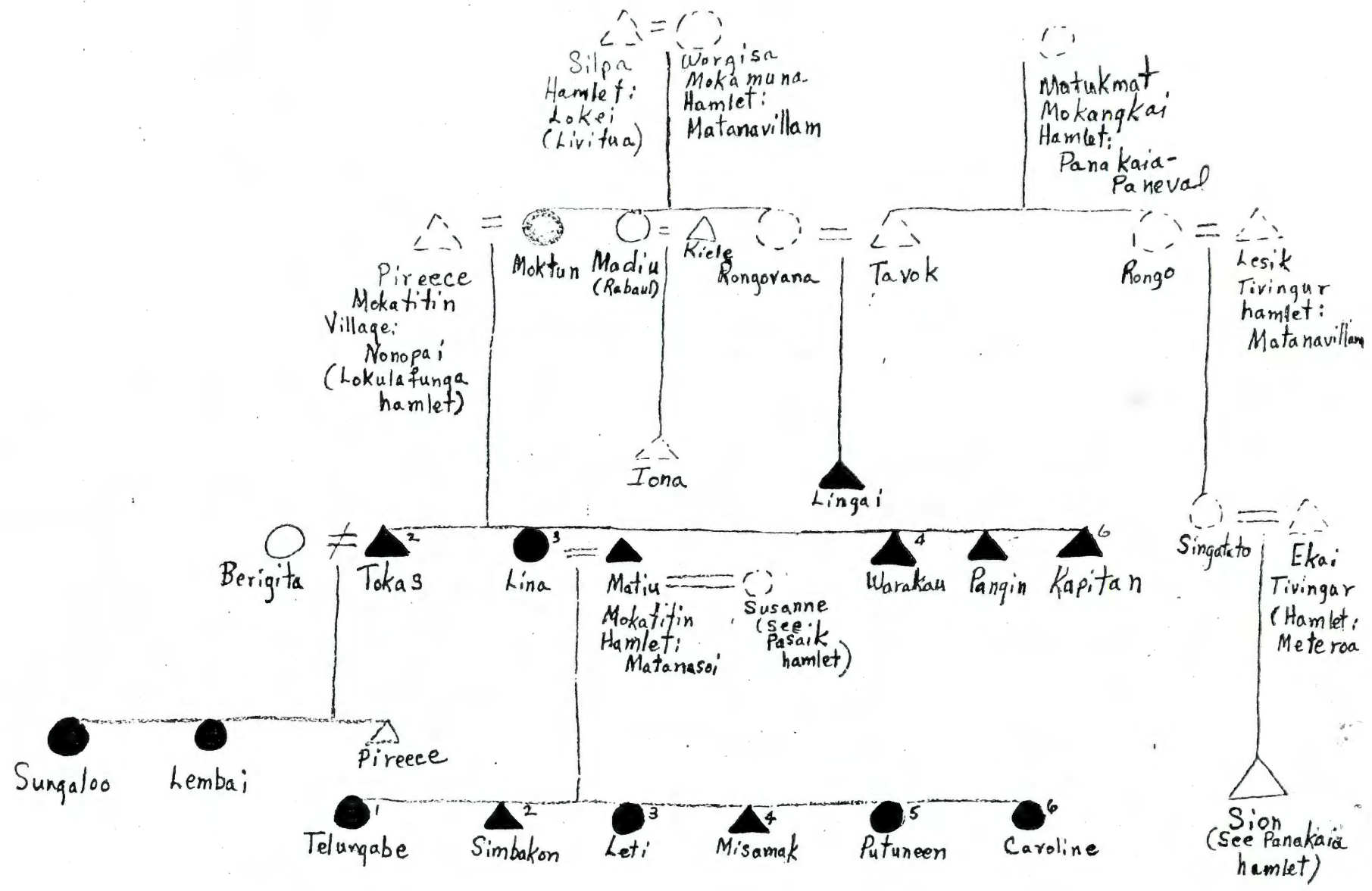
# PURAPOT - Pangai

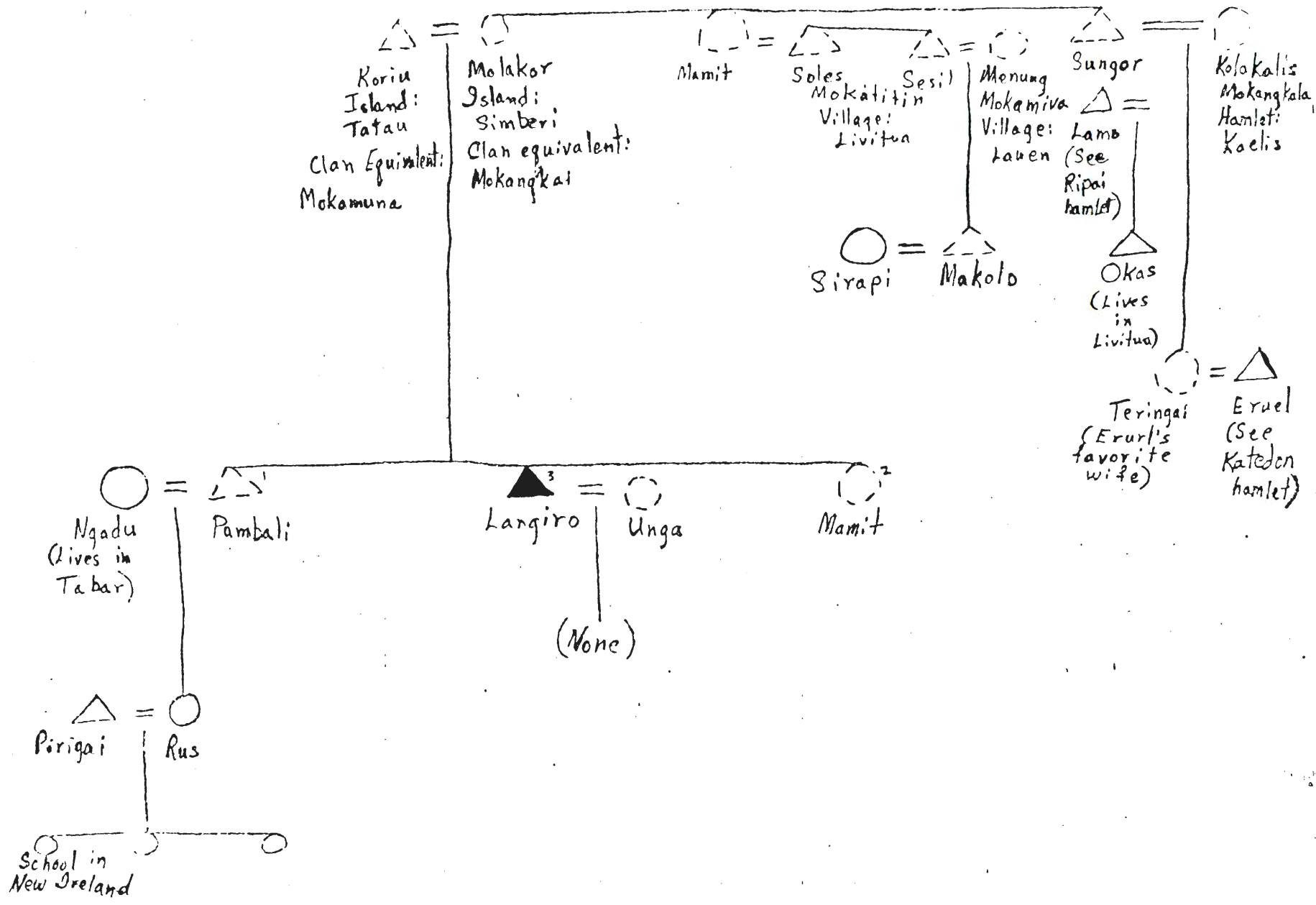


# MATA NAVILLAM

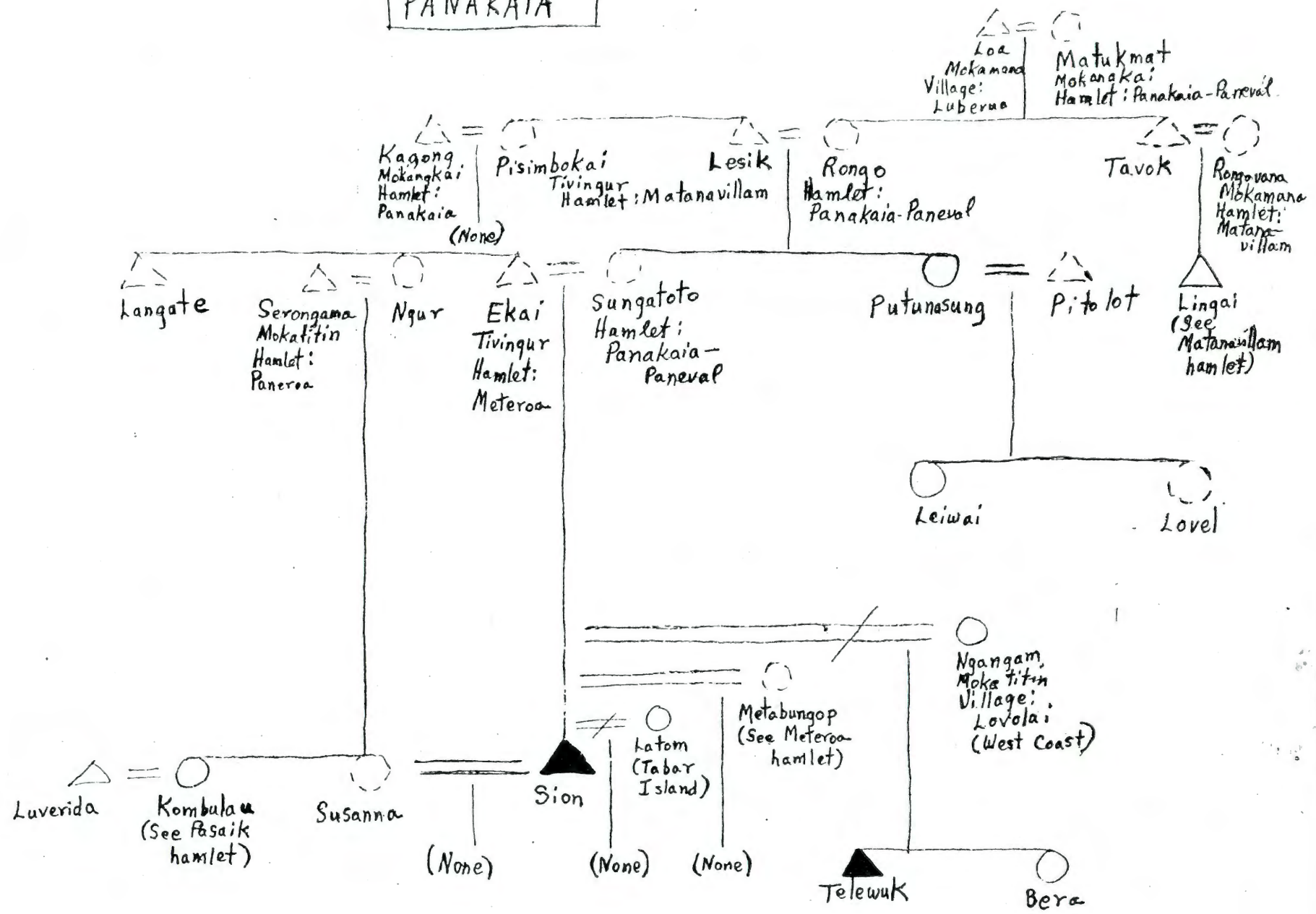


MATANAVILLAM - p. 2



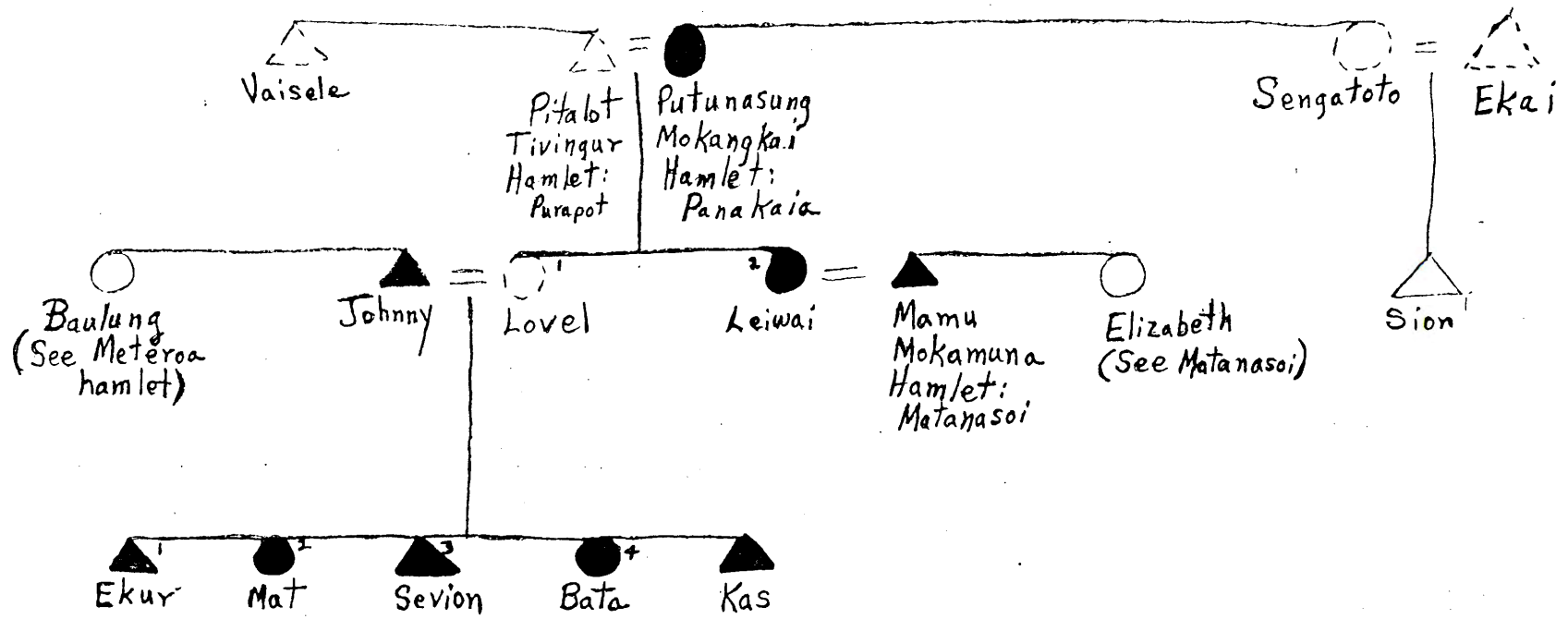


# PANAKAIA



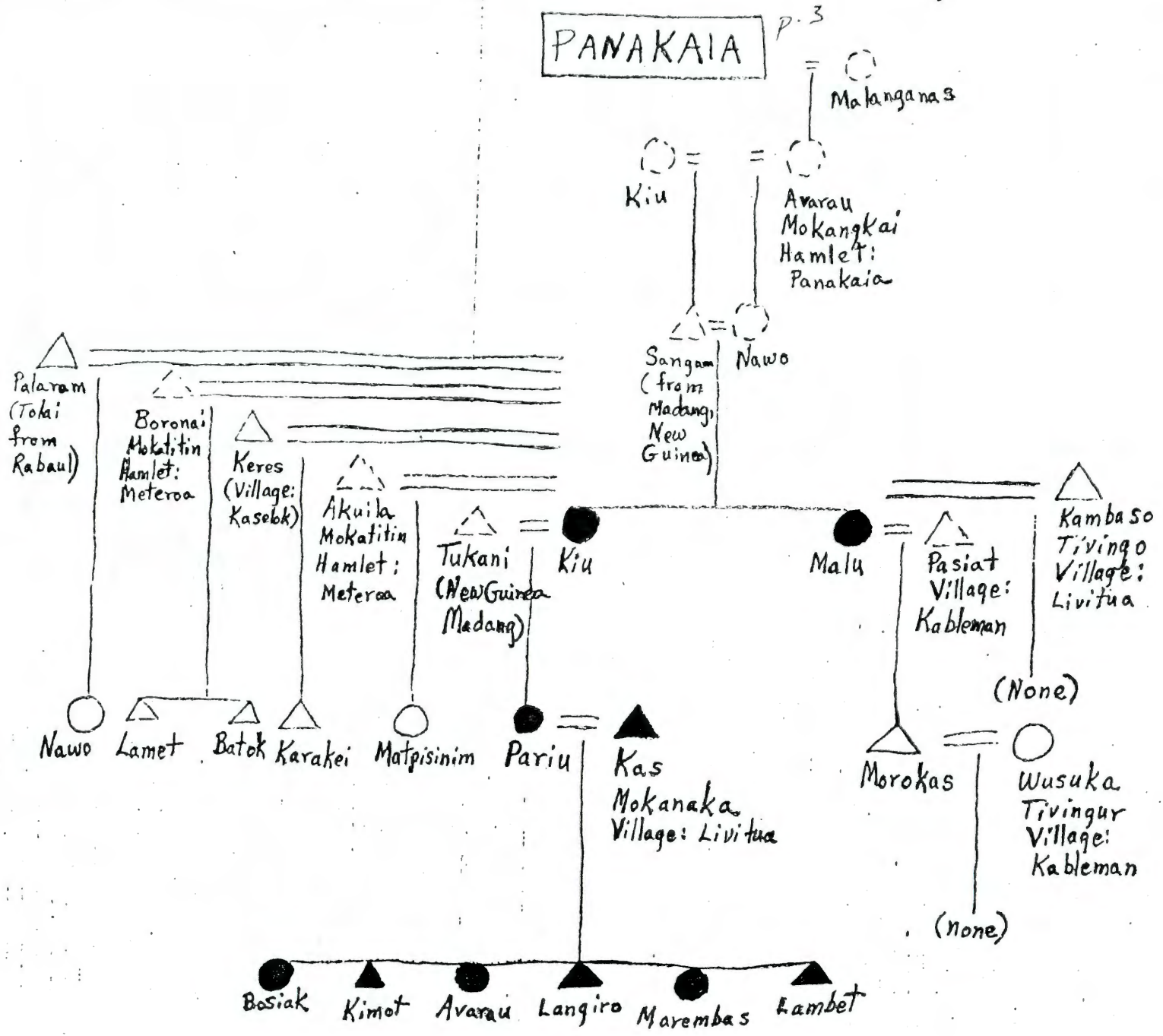


PANAKAIA P.2

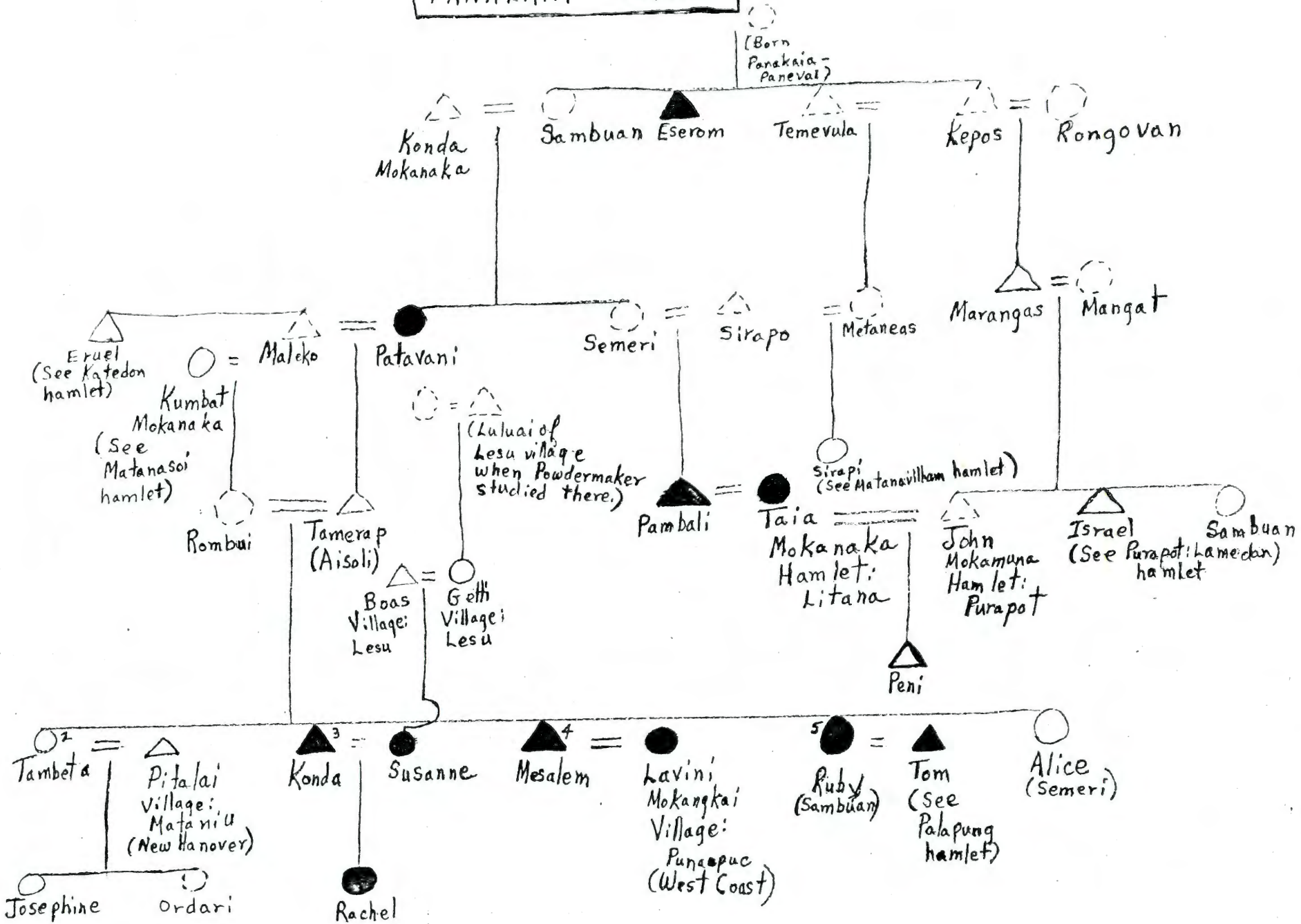


# PANAKAIA

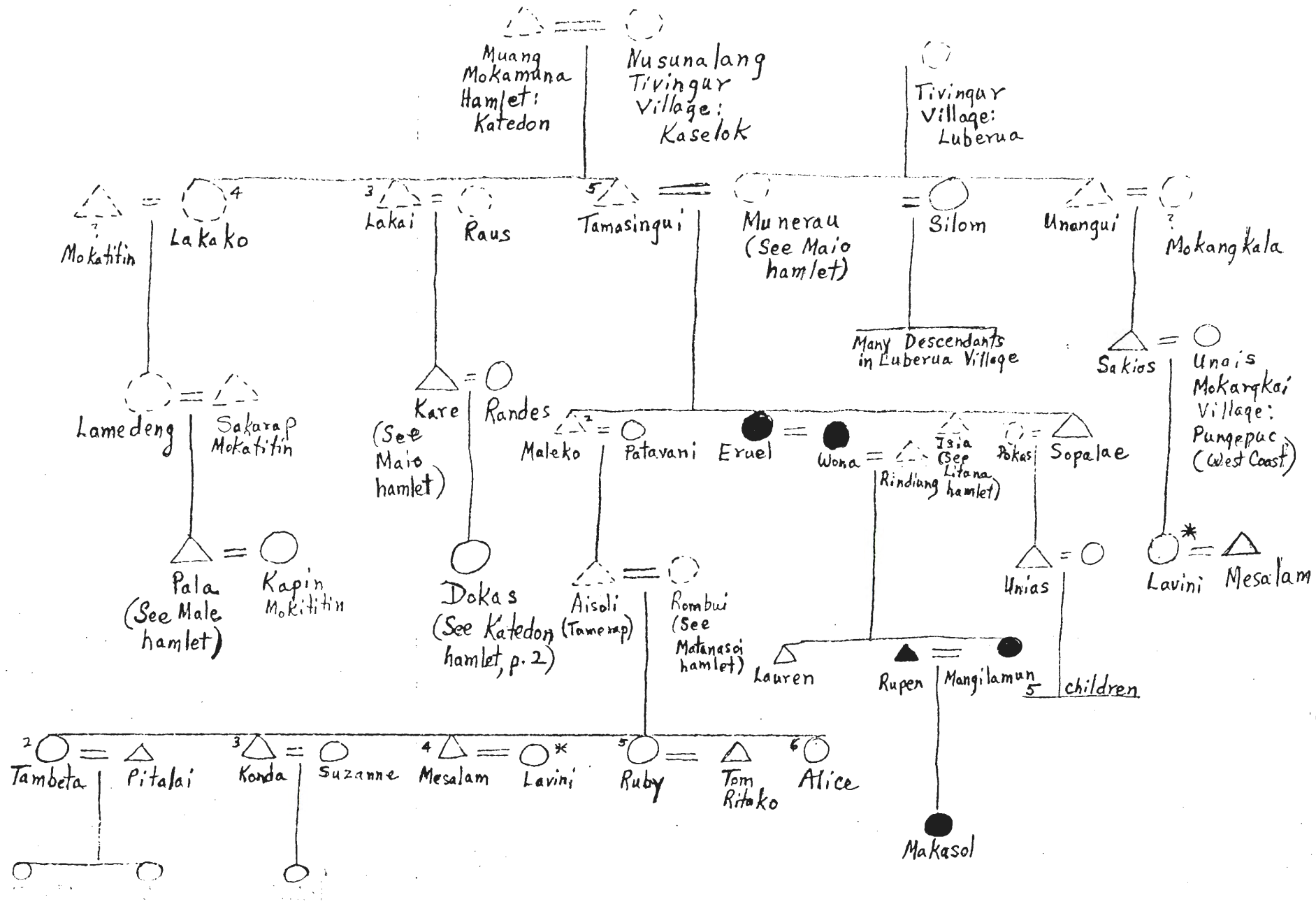
p. 3



# PANAKAIA - Paneva I



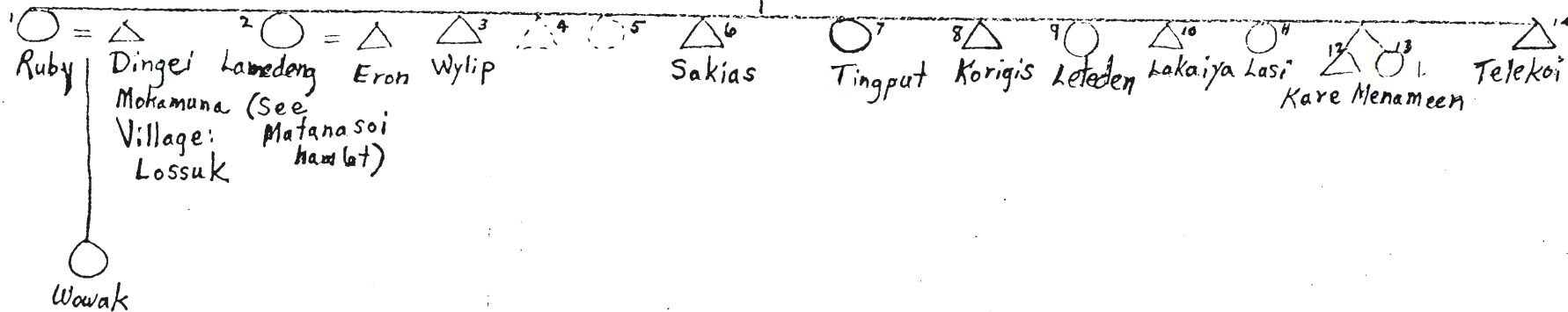
# KATEDON



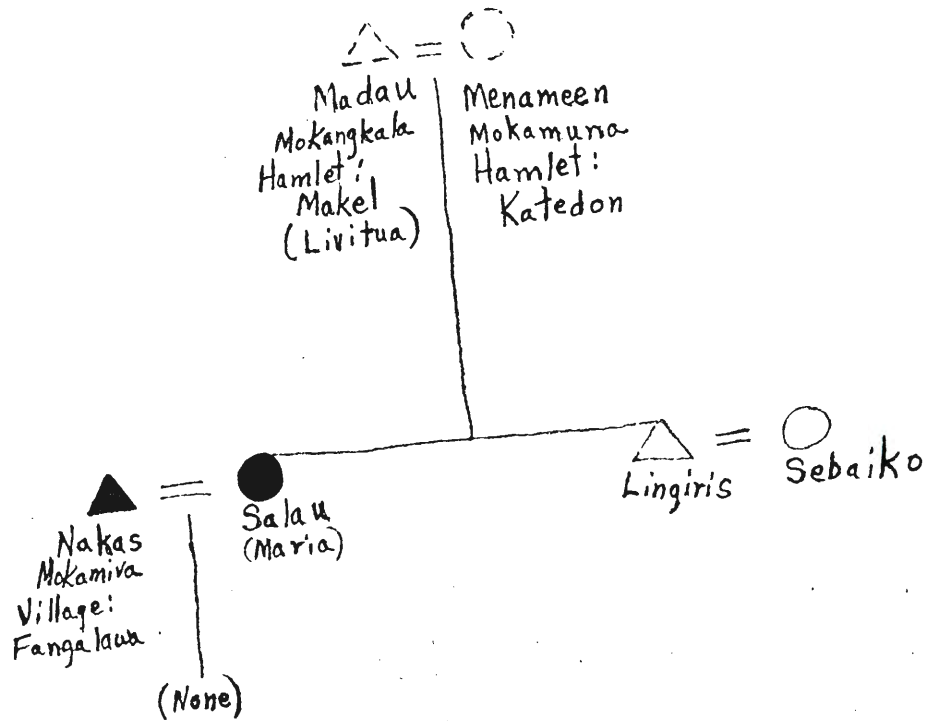
KATEDON p.2

△ = ○  
Kare = Randes  
Tivingo  
Hamlet:  
Katedon

▲ = ●  
Vatung  
Terigau  
Village:  
Namatahai = Dokas



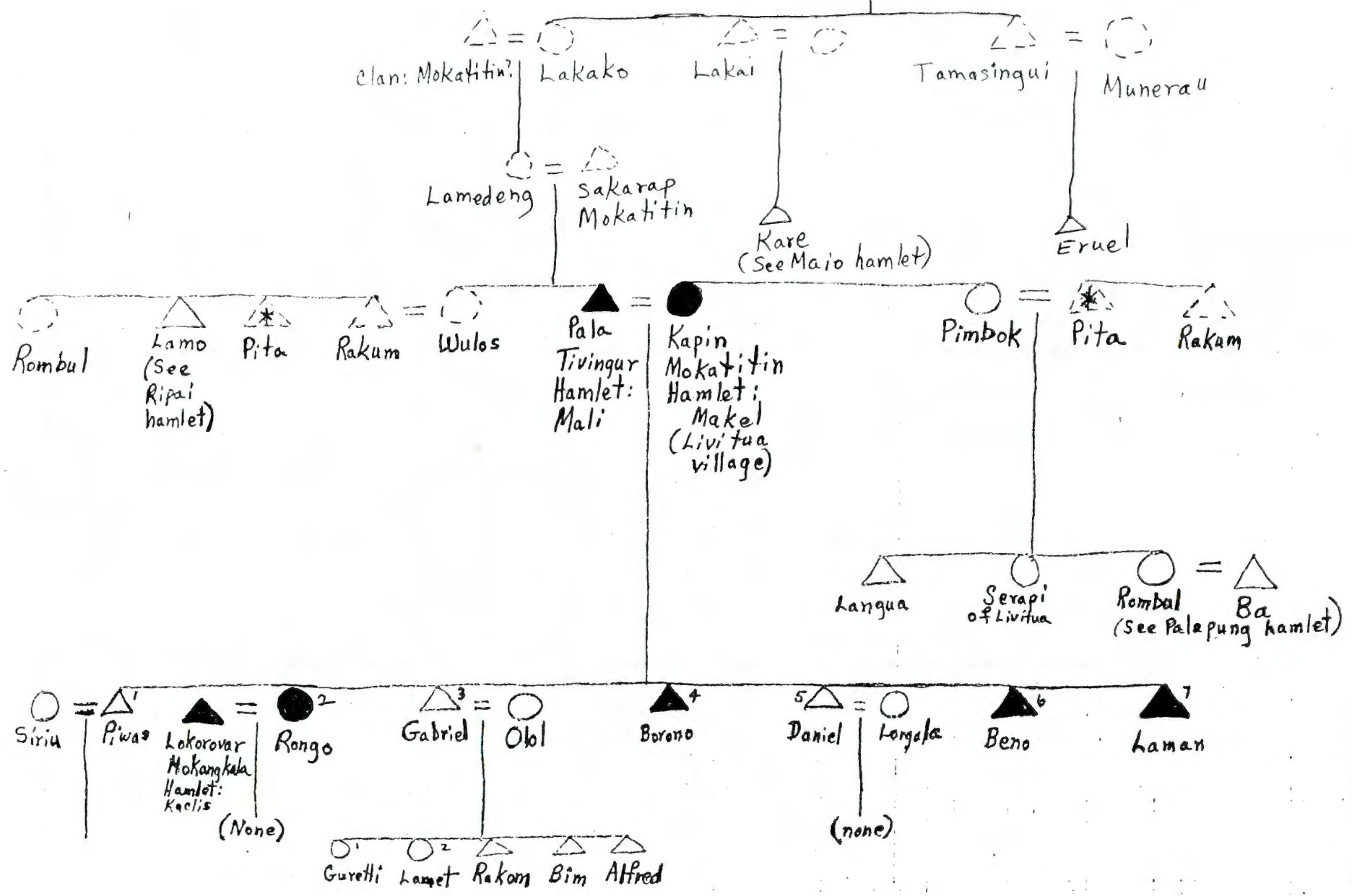
KATEDON p. 3



**MIALI**

Muang  
c. Mokamuta  
H. Katedon

Nusuhalang  
c. Tivingur  
V. Kasolok

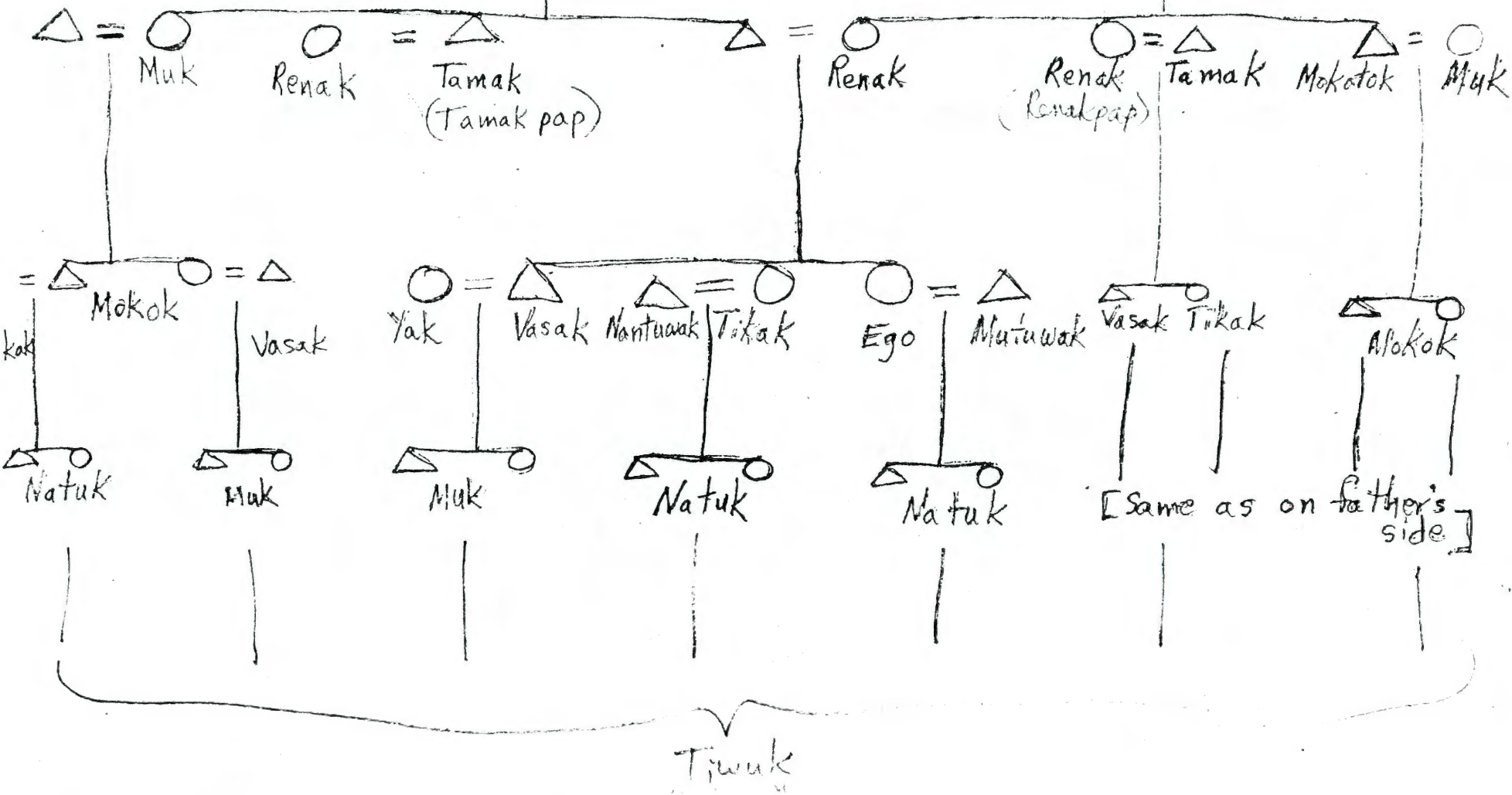


# Mangai-Livitua, New Ireland: Kinship Terminology

## Female Ego

$\Delta = \bigcirc$   
 Tiwak | Tiwak  
 "Yaya" | "Yaya"  
 [Pupu] | [Pupu]

$\Delta = \bigcirc$   
 Tiwak | Tiwak  
 "Yaya" | "Yaya"  
 [Pupu] | [Pupu]





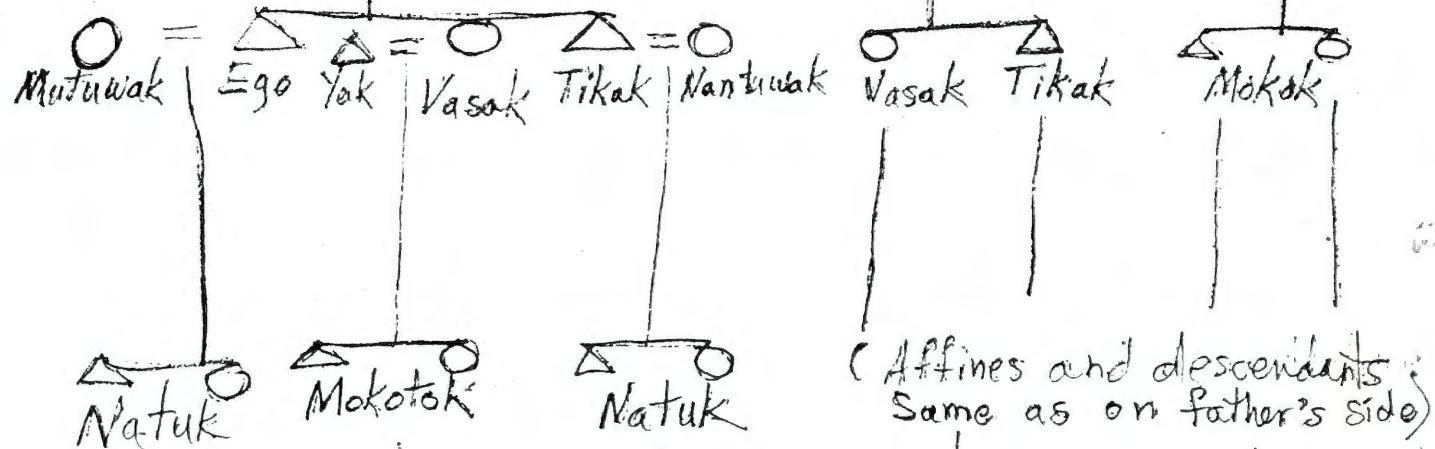
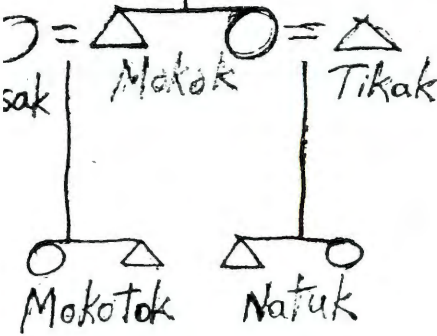
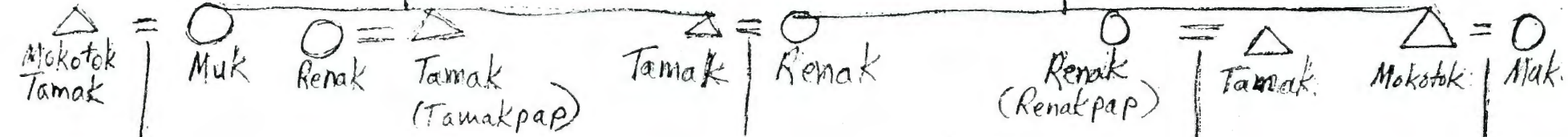
# Mangai-Livitua, New Ireland: Kinship Terminology Male Ego

△ = ○  
 Tiwuk  
 "Yaya"  
 [Pupu]

○ = △  
 Tiwuk  
 "Yaya"  
 [Pupu]

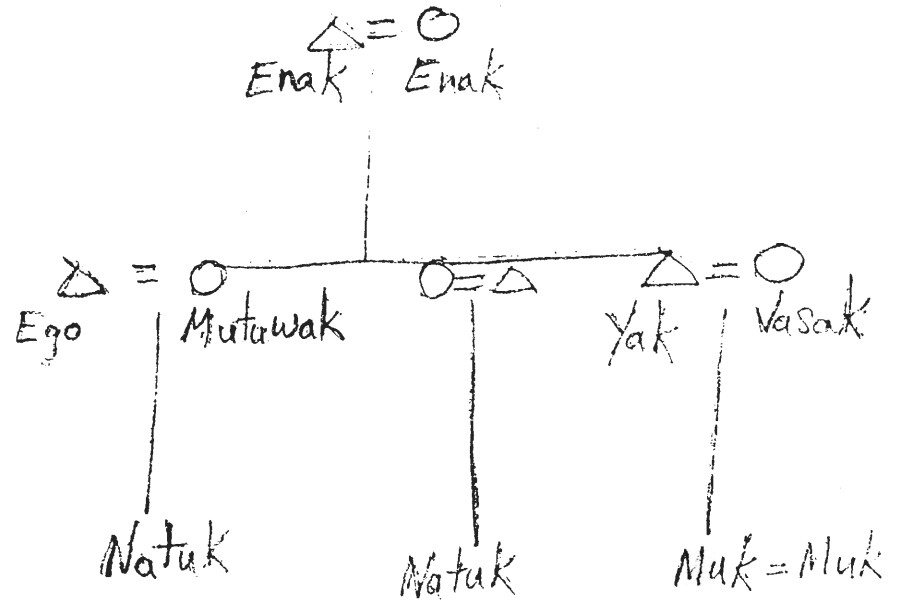
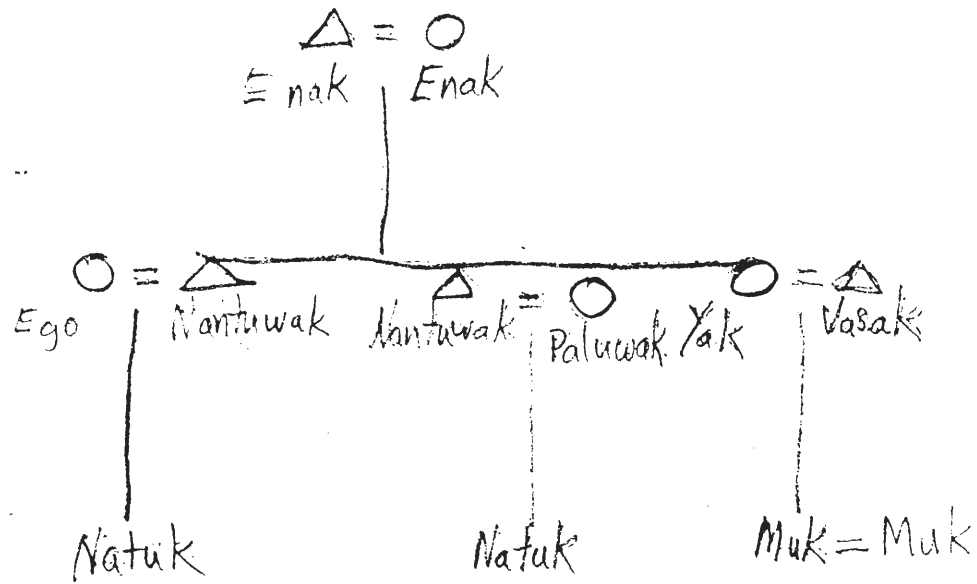
△ = ○  
 Tiwuk  
 "Yaya"  
 [Pupu]

○ = △  
 Tiwuk  
 "Yaya"  
 [Pupu]



(Affines and descendants same as on father's side)

# Mangai-Livitua, New Ireland: Affines



SOCIAL GROUPINGSKinship and Structure: Matrilocal Extended Families

Nearly everyone who lives in Mangai has a long history in the village, or in a neighboring village; back perhaps only one, but more likely two or even three, and in only one case four, generations. That is as long ago as anyone knows anything about the area: it is within the memory of the living, a clearly defined human scale that is appropriate for this culture, which in many ways adjusts inconspicuously to the needs of its carriers without abandoning them to their own contemporary devices.

An examination of the relationships among people and between people and resources in Mangai shows that the basic functioning corporate group is the matrilocal extended family. Residence hamlets and resource sites are owned and inhabited by one, two or three related matrilocal extended families, which may be of different clans that "married each other before." When the families jointly owning property are of the same clan but of "different lines," as the people say, we could describe the group as a single matrilocal extended family or sub-clan composed of one, two, or three lineages.

Kinship and Style: Group Orientation

The matrilocal extended family is not just a "corporate group" in a social, economic and political sense: it is much more. It is the rock on which New Ireland's group-oriented cultural style is built. In this basic group children learn to trust, work with, give to, and enjoy other people in groups. Over time, even from day to day, the faces in the group change; but some people in it will grow old together where they were young together, welcoming new members who keep the group strong, grieving

together over their lost dead, knowing they will finally bury each other. Perhaps it is the personal security of each individual in such a group that allows them to remain open, always willing to take in a stranger, or an orphan, or an old widower, or a new baby.

The nuclear family is there with its primary obligation to its own members, but in New Ireland it neither lives nor dies nor cooks nor works nor owns alone. Nor is it likely ever to, as extended families are open at every node and on every occasion to join up with another person or another group: for a day's sago processing project, or a garden that will last several months, or even a house that will last several years, or a marriage that will last past the death of the spouses.

There are ways to be alone, and people find them and need them and allow them. Some need them more than others, and some allow them more than others. But there is no sense of coercion, just a sense of a known way of doing things, a known path, and the pleasure of the company along the way. We may analyze the structure here more appropriately by asking not whether the net of the group spreads too far and holds too tight, but whether it embraces all who want to be in; and the answer is that it does. Not once did I see in New Ireland the Melanesian "rubbish man," moving around unwelcome from place to place; or the irritable and perhaps sullen loner who has moved off into the bush with his or her nuclear family to avoid the contacts and obligations of group life. The map of Mangai shows no hamlet far away from the others, and no individual houses that must be described parenthetically as somewhere off the map.<sup>5</sup> The matrilocal extended family leaves no nuclear family, let alone any individual, unattached, out of place, or without somewhere to belong.

New Ireland culture is group-oriented with regard to how it manages its living arrangements, how it rears its children, how it distributes ownership rights in residence sites and subsistence resources, and how it accomplishes the tasks of survival and of social organization. All of these manifestations and determinants of New Ireland's group-orientataion can be seen in the structure and function of all its groups, large or small, in whatever activity; but perhaps most fundamentally in the extended family.

### EXTENDED FAMILIES OF MANGAI

#### Introduction

The kinship charts which follow can be arranged to show nine extended families in Mangai. I think the people would be astonished to see these constructs which they helped me to make, for a variety of reasons. First, they avoid abstract analysis of any sort. Second, they avoid bounding groups of any sort, and would feel that I had left out many people in each family. It would be possible to connect the entire population of the village (with the exception of the old New Hanover man, Pasingan) on one kinship chart. But then on the other hand, all informants did give me genealogies that were smaller<sup>6</sup> than the extended families as I show them. I have pieced them together, but not just to satisfy the unnatural craving that anthropologists experience for kinship charts; rather, in order to understand the larger perspective each individual has of his social alternatives and possibilities which people reveal not in their genealogies but when they work together in groups: the small groups of daily work, or the large groups which produce a malanggan ceremony together.

Finally, I think many New Irelanders would be surprised to see my kinship charts for them because they do not like to do genealogies and have not thought about them. They liked to tell me of their relationships to other people who were present, but (with a few exceptions) they did not like to do systematic genealogies. Perhaps genealogies gave them too much to remember or forget, too much pain for the dead, or shame for the tabooed names, or for their own memory gaps. People giving genealogies usually looked very neutral and casual, but for a variety of reasons, they were not.

A discussion of the culture of New Ireland must, in any case, begin with a full understanding of the structure of its foundation, its matrilocal extended families residing in their particular hamlets. This is not just a bare analytical unit: it is the stuff of life to New Irelanders. It is where they live, where they gain their identity: it is Home.

Extended Family Structure and Laws of the Land: Ownership, Inheritance, Transfer

I) Laws and Values The matrilocal extended family is brought about and maintained in strength not by inflexible residence ideology but by adherence to four explicit laws governing the acquisition of land and other resources. Exceptions come about through following the ultimate maxim of this culture: that no one shall be excluded, and that ways shall be found to include those who wish to be included. Informants are readily articulate about the four land laws. What I have called their "ultimate maxim" is a generalization about their values that I have derived from observing their behavior toward outsiders and their disapproval of exclusive behavior in other cultures when they hear of it.

II) Legal Aspects People in New Ireland all agree about their laws of land ownership:

1) A person owns all his or her mother's lands. Thus, a woman passes all her land to all her children.

2) A person can use his or her father's land while the father is alive. After the father's death, his children may go on using his land only if they give pig and shell currency to their father's relatives to whom the land belongs. People cannot pass on their father's land to their own children. Thus, a man can pass on his land to his sons and daughters only for their own use during their own lifetime, and on condition that they pay pig and shell currency to the landowners.

3) In the old days, according to the custom called kiut, if a woman was strangled and burned with her husband's body at his funeral, the ownership of his lands passed permanently to her children.

4) A person may buy the lands of others to whom he is not related at the death of one of the owners. Generally a person must make several payments (each called pul) to the relatives of the deceased at successive deaths in the same family before his pay is considered final (kattom). (However land sold to Europeans for a single payment is usually considered to have achieved kattom status because of the large amount of money transferred.) When someone dies in the buyer's family, the original owners may pul back their land if they wish.

New Irelanders say that these are strong laws, as strong as the laws of the European world. These land laws define three legal ways to acquire land in perpetuity: from the mother (by right of birth); from the father by the mother's suicide at his death; or from non-kin by a final kattom payment to the family of deceased landowners. Temporarily,

land may be legally acquired from the father by presentation of pigs and shell currency to confirm use; and from non-kin by shouted bids of shell currency, "like at an auction," on a piece of land at the funeral of any co-owner (even a baby) of it.

III) Residence Ideology Land passes directly from mother to daughter; one's mother's hamlet is one's "home" hamlet, one's "true place" and a count of households shows a plurality of them are situated uxori--matrilocally. Nevertheless, residence ideology is not uxori-matrilocal: it is, rather, ambilocal, allowing and encouraging residence in either spouse's hamlet, or even in both at once. People never said that it was somewhat more proper to live in the wife's hamlet, even though most people did that. The explicit rule was more accommodating to father: people never wavered from their stated view that it was equally proper to live in either the wife's or the husband's place.

Lovan's teenage daughter, Mamit (Purapot hamlet), confused me in 1965 by answering "Yes" when I asked if she lived in her father's place; and "Yes" again when I asked (thinking I must have misunderstood) if she lived in her mother's place. She saw my confusion and sought to clarify thus: "I live both places." Her several siblings slept variously in her father's hamlet (Purapot) with their parents, or in her mother's hamlet (Metero) with their maternal relatives. The hamlets are only a five-minute walk apart.

IV) Practical Aspects Informants readily articulated the four basic land laws stated here, as well as their ambilocal residence ideology. In order to study how these were used in practice, I undertook lengthy, systematic interviews toward the end of my stay in Mangai with



members of each extended family who knew where their land was. My object was to see who was living where in terms of kinship and marriage, the land laws, resources, descendants, life histories, and alternatives available. The laws were regularly referred to by informants in giving their accounts of their land holdings to explain why and how they and others held a particular named piece of ground. I did not go to see or measure these pieces of ground, but depended on the names given them as a way of identifying them in discussion. The names of ground in the bush were only occasionally repeated by different informants owning different plots of ground, which I take as evidence confirming informant's statements that every little piece of ground has a name. There was general agreement on the names of residence hamlets, although people sometimes knew names for subdivisions of their own hamlet that were not generally used by all villagers.

Analysis of this data after I left the field suggested a few general patterns that were being followed by people which were not laws, but were, rather, alternatives followed to satisfy interests not attended to by the laws. Tendencies developed among alternatives to accommodate differential reproduction rates for nuclear families, extended families, sub-clans, and clans; and for males and females within these groups. People's choices were influenced by their present need for resources, and by the extent of their responsibility for anticipating those of the next generation. Their knowledge of their alternatives was affected by individual differences in capacity, interest, experience and opportunity. The residence pattern reflects the natural life span of a thatched house, as couples tend to build alternatively in the hamlet of each spouse. During

an individual's span of occupancy of any one of the generational levels within an extended family, he or she may live in two, three, four, or even more hamlets; but most came home to die.

These tendencies among alternatives affected the structure of social groups and their pattern of settlement. However, none of them weakened the basic law requiring resources to pass from mothers to daughters. The spirit of the law of matrilineal inheritance is never violated. The exceptions allowed from its letter probably in the final analysis strengthen the law by making it possible to live with it.

Examples of the kinds of practical factors which influence people's use of resources and choice of residence location appear in the following descriptions of particular extended families residing in the hamlets of Mangai.

#### EXTENDED FAMILIES OF MANGAI VILLAGE, 1965-67

Some of the matrilineal extended families formed in relation to matrilineal inheritance in Mangai in 1965-67 are described here in order to illustrate some of the major analytical points I want to make; and also to introduce some of the cast of characters, especially those with leading parts, in the malanggan activities described in Chapter III.

##### Tivingur Clan of Lungantire Hamlet

Rusrus, a woman of about forty years of age<sup>7</sup>, and all her younger siblings got the hamlet Lungantire from their mother, who was of Tivingur clan. This matrilineage owns Lungantire along with the old Tivingur clansman, Seri, to whom they cannot trace their relationship, but who is considered to be of "one line" with them. Two clan sisters older than Rusrus, Sirapi and Kombulau, belong to other lines of Tivingur clan in Mangai village; but they often help each other, spend time

together, count on each other, and may be becoming one line through adoptions among them. However, at present they are not considered co-owners of Lungantire hamlet. Those who are owners can best be classed as a matrilineal extended family of Tivingur clanspeople.

In 1965, Rusrus, whose last husband had died three years before, lived in her mother's hamlet with her youngest married sister, Kongis (age 20), and Kongis' husband, Kolepmur. By 1966 Rusrus occupied the same two houses (Houses 19 and 20) with her new husband Sungua, a Sepik worker from Wally Lussick's plantation at Katu, who had come to labor and stayed to marry. The marriage was going well, and Sungua participated vigorously in local events (see Chapter III). Rusrus said some people had criticized her for marrying a non-New Irelander, but never mind: she wanted a man who would work, and Sepik men knew how to work! Sungua could and did use Rusrus' land, but he also used some that belonged to Kasino (Purapot hamlet), a Tivingur clansman who is considered to be of a different line from that of Rusrus. However, as a Tivingur, he is considered to be a kinsman; and when Rusrus asked for his permission to use the land, he gave it. The land is near Katu plantation, and Sungua and his fellow laborers planted local foods there with which to vary the rice diet that is the lot of plantation labor.

Otherwise, all the land resources (except that of their spouses) that Rusrus and her siblings use come from their mother though Mangai is also their father's village. Rusrus was careful to tell me, "I sit down straight on the ground of my mother. If I were to sit down on my father's ground, later there would be talk."

Two of Rusrus' brothers live in their wives' villages, her oldest brother Warau (about 35 years old) just in neighboring Livitua; Pasap (about 25) on the West Coast. Her youngest brother, Wowuak, is

away at High School. Since their mother died at his birth, Rusrus has been like a mother to him, feeding him tinned milk which cost two shillings a tin in the days when it was very hard to raise that much cash.

Two of Rusrus' sisters, Siriu (age 30) and Kunguwot (age 28) lived with their husbands in nearby Livitua village in 1966, and continued to use their own lands, as well as those of their husbands. Siriu had recently moved from Lungantire, where one house was still referred to sometimes as hers.

Rusrus' youngest sister, Kongis, who lived with her in 1965, had moved by 1966 across the road into Patapaluai hamlet with her husband, Kolepmur, and their first child. Patapaluai hamlet is ground which Kongis considers to belong to Kolepmur. It came to him circuitously. The father of Kolepmur and his sister, Taia, was Peni; a Mangai man who was a Methodist missionary to Kulibung, in the Tsoi Islands. There he met and married the mother of his children. She died when they were very young, and Peni brought them back to his home village, Mangai, where many helped to care for them. When Peni also died soon thereafter, the children were raised by Peni's Mokititin clan brother, Matiu, who is also a Methodist missionary. Matiu (Matanasoi hamlet), who then had no children of his own, now has six. However, he has done more for his adopted children than he could do for his own: he has given them land free, he says. Patapaluai is one of the many pieces of ground which Matiu can claim through his own complex connections, and Kongis and Kolepmur live on it for several reasons: Matiu could and did offer it to them, it was unoccupied and it is near Kongis' own resources and her home hamlet, which was getting crowded. Yet when I asked Kongis

why she lived in Patapaluai, she answered simply this: "It is Kolepmur's ground."

Her answer is sufficient explanation when taken in the context she takes for granted. As has been pointed out, residence ideology does not specify preference for living uxori-matrilocally, but inheritance ideology clearly specifies matrilineality as the only kind that is permanent and inalienable. Analysis of all cases of married couples living virilocally revealed that some of them were young women with very young children. I sensed a note of pride and perhaps special assertiveness in the tones of two of these women when they told me, "I live in my husband's place," "I follow my husband here." In Kongis' case, as in others I think, since both spouses are from the same village, and since other sisters are maintaining the homestead ties, as Rusrus is; it does not matter much where a couple puts its house. And when it does not matter much, I got the impression that living on the husband's ground represented a kind of congenial female deference to the male. New Ireland protects and compensates the weak, and males are in a weak position in the structure of kinship and residence. The whole line of children belongs to the wife's clan, and will belong to her lands without question: so, to "make things square," as they sometimes say in other contexts, they live while they can, without jeopardizing the children's interests, on the husband's home territory.

Kongis and Kolepmur lived, for the time being, viri-patrilocally (Houses D and E). His position is far weaker than that of most men, as he does not have any land, really, in New Ireland. His land is really in Kulibung village in the Tsoi Islands, others told me. Perhaps that only makes it all the more important that he and Kongis live where they are both able to say: This is Kolepmur's land.

More prosaically, while mother's land is inalienable, claims to father's must be tended and made visible in various ways. Eventually all the land goes back to father's clan, but he can show an interest and gain use of it for himself and his children during his own lifetime. This factor doubtless carries weight, and may have influenced Kongis' residence with her husband on his ground. However, a full analysis suggests that what people consider really important is the establishing of their children on their mother's land. Attention is not given to father's when it is time for children to get to know mother's resources.

But if mother's land is inalienable, why bother to get to know it? The practical aspects of land ownership are what are involved here. Where, after all, is it? and where is everyone else's? Rusrus told me of land of hers that is used by others: one piece by Seri's children, who also own it; and another which has been planted in coconuts by Matiu. When I asked Rusrus if Matiu had to pay her (in return for his use of the land for coconuts) Rusrus gave this answer: "I don't know about him (what he thinks). If he knows about it (that she is part owner), he may make a present. If he doesn't know about it, by and by we will talk. Matiu doesn't understand well, he follows his mokotok (mother's brother) there." Rusrus means that Matiu thinks he is planting up the land of his mother's brother, which is pursuing the straightest possible inheritance pattern. Matiu may not know (she is giving him the benefit of the doubt) that Rusrus' line, too, has claims on this land; and that he must pay them in return for his taking over long-term use of the land solely for himself, by planting it in coconuts.

Rusrus herself has no daughters to inherit her land. Her first three marriages (to a New Irelander, from Putput village, who died; to a Sepik laborer who went back home; to a Japanese soldier during the war, who saved many New Ireland lives with his medicine) produced no children. She has a son by her fourth marriage, to William of Lauen village, a big man who is dead. I shall write much more of him, for it is the malanggan for him and his brother Makalo, Sirapi's husband, that occupies Chapter III of this book. During the lifetime of William (who died in 1962) Rusrus lived in his village, and helped to look after his two sons by his previous marriage to a woman who had died. These sons are now grown and away at work. They consider their land to be their true mother's land, in Lauen village. Thus Rusrus lived viri-matrilocally in the past; and she now lives uxori-matrilocally, though she has no daughters to make this kind of residence crucial.

But her sister Kungawot has two daughters, and sister Siriu has three. So far Kongis has only one son, but all these women may have more children. The proliferation of girls in this family will be partly accommodated by the semi-adoptions undertaken by the two childless Tivingur clanswomen, Sirapi and Kombulau, who are considered of "other lines." Kombulau is looking after two of Siriu's children in Passik hamlet, which "belongs to Tivingur: " and Siriu herself has been something of a daughter to Sirapi since Siriu's mother died during the war. Sirapi has already passed on some resources to Siriu, and Siriu often helps Sirapi as a daughter should.

Mokamuna and Tivingur Extended Family of Matanavillam Hamlet

Sirapi's genealogy traces her connection to two strong lines in Mangai: the Mokititin clanspeople of the "camp" hamlets of Ripai, Kavalalko, and Meteroa, who are descendants of her father's sister; and Mokangkai clanspeople who are her neighbors in Panakaia hamlet, who are descendants of her mother's father's sister. She, I think, never thought of them in these specific terms, and it was in fact years later that I saw that they could be so described. Sirapi acknowledged her relationships with all these people (and everybody else, not so easily traced) with pleasure; but she shared all her land holdings with the Mokamuna clanspeople, to whom she cannot trace her connections who share her home hamlet, Matanavillam. These are the relatives of Muktun; a widow like Sirapi, but older. Sirapi calls her by name now, but Muktun is "mother" to Sirapi. Their connection does not appear on any genealogy, but they are related to lines of Mokangkai clanspeople of Panakaia hamlet; not one to which Sirapi traces, but one to whom her line connected back one or two or three generations beyond the remembered ancestors of each line. Now it is just known, each by the other, that "we count them;" and that Matanavillam belongs to Tivingur and Mokamuna clans together. But somehow it belongs more to Sirapi, who is "boss here," everyone agrees. Could it be that the Mokamuna clanspeople are descendants of a brother whose children should have left their father's home? If so, this kind of origin of the joint ownership of lands by two clans in this hamlet has been carefully forgotten, ratified now by time as it was perhaps long ago by pigs and shell currency.

Sirapi is the last of her line, but old Muktun's line of Mokamuna clanspeople fills Matanavillam with people: old Muktun herself



had only one daughter, Lina; but Lina, with husband Matiu (Matanasoi hamlet) has six children, four of whom are girls. Muktun's three unmarried sons also live in Matanavillam with her and her fourth son, Tokas, who came home with two of his children when his wife left him.

Old Lingai, Muktun's dead sister's son, had been away for many years, perhaps forty, working for white men as cook and house servant. He is genealogically classificatory brother to Lina, but some people told me he was brother to Lina's mother, Muktun, to whom he is much closer in age. Lingai had never married: now he is "retired" and has come home to his mother's place, where he was born, and where he no doubt intends to die.

In 1965 and 1966 Sirapi lived uxori-matrilocally here in a house (House 52) built for her upon her return to her birth place after the death of her husband, Makalo, in 1963. Though his mother's place was in Lauen village, and her mother's in Mangai (Matanavillam hamlet), they spent most of their married life living between the two villages, in Livitua village, Makalo's father's place. It was here that he spent most of his childhood and youth, partly in the care of a Livitua couple; and probably he just preferred to stay where he felt most at home. Nevertheless, in death he returned to the cemetery of his mother's place: Kuluvos hamlet in Lauen. It is the malanggan events for Makalo and his brother William (Rusrus' husband), which took place in Kuluvos hamlet, that is described in Chapter III of this book.

Sirapi and Makalo had no children of their own. Once when I asked Milika (Purapot hamlet) who would take care of Sirapi, Milika told me that Sirapi had looked after so many people in the past that there would be plenty to look after her in her old age: "They must hear her

requests." She was not really old in 1965; perhaps fifty or fifty-five; but she suffered from "short wind" (probably TB) and arthritis in her ankles. She did not complain much, and she was still able to carry heavy bundles long distances.

Perhaps there were many willing to look after Sirapi, but in 1966 she was still looking after other people. In her house slept two old widows (Moktun, and Vasale: Purapot hamlet); occasionally Elizabeth (Litana hamlet), a young widow whose mother was born in Matanavillam; a string of women visitors who came to help less hospitable or less able people with various works; extra young girls who came home from school with Mangai friends; and, in 1966, the daughter of a Sepik laborer at Katu who wanted to live in Mangai so she could go to Mangai school. One day she came to Sirapi's and said: "I have no place to sleep." Thereafter she slept at Sirapi's.

All these people had to be fed. Sometimes they would be fed by other people. The "regulars" who ate from Sirapi's cooking pot were the old widow Vasale; the rather fussy old bachelor Lingai; another old man, Langiro, from the Tabar Islands; two or three of Lina's children or brothers who happened to be around; and the anthropologist. Sirapi always ate from the saucepan, and from the fish tin I brought every night, even though I kept bringing extra plates and spoons. I now think this was a sign to others that if they came near Sirapi would have to give them the last of the meal, her own part.

Langiro is from Simberi, the Tabar Island to which Mangai people consider themselves related. Although clans have different names in Tabar, and are associated with sharks rather than with birds, they all have New Ireland equivalents; and Langiro is considered to be of Mokangkai clan.

He used to live with the Mokangkai clanspeople in Panakaia hamlet, but they became cross; and Sirapi said he could put his house in Matanavillam. In 1965 he and Lingai slept in Siriu's old cook house (House 56), but in 1966 they had built a new one (House V). In 1965 Langiro was building his next new house back in Panakaia with his fellow Mokangkai<sup>8</sup>.

Moktun, who looked after Sirapi some when Sirapi was a child, sleeps in Sirapi's house, but generally helps her daughter Lina cook and eats with Lina's family. She helps look after Lina's children, and in 1966 seemed to be constantly with the "displaced" second last child, Putuneen.

Lina's four brothers shared a small house (House 53) behind Sirapi's in an enclosed area in 1965. In 1966 they had rebuilt and moved viri-matrilocally into Siriu's old cook house formerly occupied by Lingai and Langiro. There were only two brothers sleeping there much of the time, as one worked in town and one was in the army (PIR) in Port Moresby. Tokas' wife had run away to another man, and their two oldest children, both girls, came with Tokas to be cared for in Matanavillam<sup>9</sup>.

Siriu is the sister of Rusrus who was more or less adopted by Siripi and her husband during and after World War II. Siriu and her husband, Piwas, lived for a while in Matanavillam (Houses 54 and 55) before moving to Lungantire and then (about 1964) to Piwas' place in nearby Livitua village. Siriu and Sirapi still help each other a lot, and treat each other almost, but not quite, as if they were real mother and child. Siripi has already shown some of her ground to Siriu and her children, who are considered "a different line" of Tivingur clan. However, history will probably forget this, and Matanavillam will continue to be a home for Tivingur clanspeople.

Mokamuna clanspeople will continue in Matanavillam hamlet through Lina's daughters. Lina and her husband are settled uxori-matri-locally, and it is unlikely that they will spend any time in his home hamlet, Matanasoi, which is in camp and crowded. In Matanavillam Lina's large family can live together and provide mutual assistance. When Matiu, who is a missionary for the Methodists,<sup>10</sup> was assigned to Kulungit village near town in 1966, their school-aged children remained in Mangai with grandmother Moktun and all their other kin. Lina went with Matiu some of the time and remained in Mangai some of the time. Her brothers provide manpower for the hamlet.

Important manpower comes, too, from another source: from the sons of Sirapi's clan brother, Pala (Mali hamlet), and from Lokorovar, the husband of Pala's childless daughter Rongo. I rarely saw Pala, nor heard his name (which was taboo for Sirapi to say): but it was that relationship, I was told, which explained why Rongo helped us so much, and why so many fish arrived in Matanavillam; from Rongo's six brothers or, especially, from Lokorovar. This family did not share in Matanavillam resources, but regularly contributed help to the people of this hamlet.

Sirapi knows a great deal about the resources of Mangai people. She gave me many names for the land she owned, some of which came from her mother, some from her father. Sometimes, but not always, she said: "This ground belongs to me and to Lingai, to Tivingur and to Mokamuna together." Once she said: "This piece of land belongs straight to Lingai." She said it with a generous smile. But when I repeated it to Lingai he took it, apparently, as an attempt to define their lands separately. He said his line and Sirapi's line share all land, and he was quite upset at the possibility that Sirapi had told me otherwise.

I reassured him. Then, later, I asked Sirapi again. She said, "Yes, we own all the land together." But it seemed likely that Mokamuna clan owned some of its lands only because Sirapi permitted this interpretation. She had shown much of her land to Lina and her brothers already, because, as Sirapi said, "They hold the children of Matanavillam."

I had a house built for me in Matanavillam in 1966. I was settled in Kasino's brick house (Purapot hamlet), which in general was a great advantage to me in my work. Still, its wondrous corrugated iron roof collected the sun and rendered motionless all things organic under it for a couple of hours at noon every day. I said I needed a house to catch the wind where I could work during the heat of the day. Sirapi, always my mainstay and protector, said she would have Lokorovar (Rongo's husband) build a house for me in Matanavillam.

Lokorovar was not a big man in Mangai, but he was a very big man to me; because it was he who, in 1965, casually uttered a brilliant, highly general analysis of the art of his culture (see Chapter VI). Of less importance, but still memorable, it was Lokorovar who rushed to the bush to find something suitable when it was decided that we should have a Christmas tree in Kasino's house where I was living. And, of course, it was he who, with the help of old Langiro, built my thatch house. I gave him forty dollars for the work; after the fashion of New Ireland exchange, he returned ten dollars, and I returned again five dollars. Construction progressed slowly, but I was able to work on the small finished verandah before the whole thing was done. I had barely established a few things in my "House Wind" when, upon my return from a short trip to New Hanover, I found Langiri, Elizabeth's teenage son, sleeping, matrilocally, in it.

He had apparently lost his regular sleeping place when other people shifted, and he had been sleeping here and there with other young men. Eventually (as my stays in New Hanover became longer) Langiri took over this house and I abandoned subtle efforts to regain sole possession on my returns to New Ireland. I worked on the verandah, and made no mention of noticing all his things in my house. He, in turn, made no appearance at the house when I was there. Thus, our respective ecological niches had the same spatial, but different temporal, dimensions.

Elizabeth could have had a house built here, in her mother's hamlet. She sometimes slept in Matanavillam, in Sirapi's house. She spent a lot of time with her yak (sister-in-law, Leiwai, who was both married to Elizabeth's brother and classificatory sister to Elizabeth's dead husband) next door in Panakaia hamlet; and quite a lot of time with her young women relatives of Pasaik and Patapaluai hamlets. She spent a few months away in Rabaul, where Muktun's aging but lively sister, Madiu, lived. Many Mangai women stayed with Madiu in Rabaul, and reported that she was a very good person except when she had had too much beer, at which times she would order them all to clear out.

Not long after I left New Ireland in 1967, Elizabeth went to Port Moresby to help the adult children of Aisoli (Panakaia hamlet) with their children and housework. She seems to like to wander; and unless she marries again and settles down (which the women say she does not want to do) she may keep wandering for a while. But when she is old, she will probably come back to Mangai, where Matanavillam people will welcome her home. In 1971 I wrote (Billings, 1971, pg. 113), "They continue to put pressure on old Madiu to come home, and when her husband dies in Rabaul, she just might come." In 1972 I found her in Matanavillam, a widow, sick

and weak, but still lively of spirit. In 1974, I found her old sewing machine marking her grave, next to Sirapi's, in the Matanavillam cemetery near the beach.

Mokangkai Sub-Clan of Panakaia Hamlet

Panakaia is the home of Mokangkai clanspeople from way back, and here many of them are still gathered together. Old Lamo brought up his children here, and he is said to be "boss" of Mokangkai and of Panakaia; but his children are grown now and Lamo has followed them to his dead wife's hamlet (Ripai) in camp. The people who remain in Panakaia consider themselves to be of three lines, at least for some purposes.

Most questions about Mokangkai and Panakaia hamlet are referred to the ancient lady Patavani (House 65). She lives uxori-matrilocally in Paneval, a section of Panakaia that used to be fenced off in the days when Patavani's male ancestors from Tabar lived here. Mokangkai people are not truly Mangai village people, I was told. They bought Mangai land "with their lives." This means, according to the custom called kiut, that a Mokangkai woman (or women), killed herself or allowed herself to be killed upon the death of her Mangai husband, and the land thus came to belong to her and her descendants. Thus Patavani says that she is kiut to a portion of Purapot hamlet; and Kas, of Purapot, says "Yes, yes, she thinks she is kiut here and I allow her to go on thinking so;" as though it were a matter of slight importance nowadays. But none of the Mokangkai people say that they are kiut to Panakaia, nor does anyone else say that of them, except in explaining their history. Panakaia is considered fully theirs; perhaps because there are no other claimants to that hamlet, and because so much time has passed. Ancient Patavani's even more ancient

mother's brother, Eserom, was born in Panakaia, and so was his mother. But it is remembered that long ago his mother's people came from Lasuwa, a little place near contemporary Lauan village. This all happened before missionaries came to New Ireland. In 1965 Eserom had his own house (House 67), but it was gone in 1966: he was often ill, and he slept in Patavani's house (House 65).<sup>11</sup>

Patavani's first husband, Maleko, was the father of her only child, Aisoli; who was father of the five children who use his name as a surname in their very successful lives in the European world. Aisoli and his wife, Rombui (Matanasoi hamlet) both died while their children were very young, and the care of them fell to the grandparents and others. Now they are grown and non-resident most of the time, but they divide their time between Matanasoi and Panakaia hamlets when they are home. Thus, in 1965 a holiday house was built for Konda and his new wife<sup>12</sup> in Matanasoi; and in 1966 a big house was built in Panakaia (House X), with the help of their Matanasoi kin, for all the children and their spouses. This house gave opportunity for quite a reunion: Konda had just come back from a United Nations trip to Turkey. Mesalem, who teaches in a Mission college in Rabaul, came home with his wife (a distant relative from the West Coast) and children before he went off to Australia. Ruby, one of the first women dental assistants in the Territory,<sup>13</sup> came home with her husband, Tom Ritako, who also grew up in Mangai (Palapung hamlet). He was then working in the Administrative College, and was to become Warden of Students in the University of Papua New Guinea, which opened in 1968. The youngest of Aisoli's children, Alice, was the teacher for the young children at the Mangai school at the time. She lived first in Matanasoi (House 17) and then in Panakaia (House 66) so that she could help her feeble elders. The



oldest, Tambeta, and her New Hanover husband, Pitalot, were in Mangai on and off all year round, because both worked for the hospital in Kavieng: she as a nurse, he as a driver for the TB ward. They were quick to send the hospital truck for anyone showing any symptoms that needed attention.

According to New Ireland land laws, the ground for all these children of Aisoli and Rombui is really in Lossuk village, the home of Rombui's mother, old Kumbat. She still lives, quite properly, on her dead husband's ground in Matanasoi. When Rombui and Aisoli died, many people in Mangai helped their children: Sirapi (Matanavillam hamlet), as a relative of Patavani's and as one indebted to her for care in childhood, helped especially to care for Alice. Another relative on the father's side, Eruel, took an interest in his dead brother's grandchildren and paid for Konda's school. Relatives on the mother's side helped, too: Eron paid for his sister's son, Mesalem, to go to Mission school. The Aisoli children are sentimentally attached to Mangai, though their land is really in Lossuk, where they have never lived. Mangai will undoubtedly help these orphans: Alice was writing down the names of land areas which Patavani wanted to give them, her only heirs. True, they are heirs through her son, and no matter how many pigs they give, theoretically fathers cannot pass the land on to their own children. Patavani will probably, as undisputed elder and savant of Panakaia, do as she likes, and the next generation will deal with whatever problem may remain unresolved. In many ways, Patavani acts as though she were mother to these children rather than grandmother: she, rather than Ruby's mother's mother (Kumbat) received the marriage payment from Tom's father, Ba Ritako (Palapung hamlet).<sup>14</sup>

Patavani's sister, Sameri, was the mother of Pambali, who in 1965 lived in Panakaia (House 66) with his wife, in the house into which Alice subsequently moved. In 1966 they moved to camp, to Taia's father's hamlet; but Taia continued to work with the women of Panakaia.

Another Mokangkai branch occupied the central part of Panakaia. Malu and Kiu are true sisters whose children are nearly grown up. Malu has only one, her son Morokas, by her first husband; and that son lives most of the time with his wife in her village (Kableman) now.<sup>15</sup> Malu lived uxori-matrilocally with second husband Kambaso in the same two houses (Houses 58 and 59) in 1965 and 1966 until one of them, her cook house (House 59) caught fire and burned to the ground.

Kiu has, according to other people, had a succession of husbands, each one of whom has produced at least one child. When she gave me her genealogy she mentioned only the father of Pariu, a man from New Guinea, like Kiu's own father; and Boronai, to whom she attributed all the other children. Most of these marriages did not last: only Akuila died while still with Kiu. His brother, Boronai, then "came and got Kiu," and fathered two children before he ran off with a girl from Nuseilas island, where he died. Sometimes the women teased Kiu about liking men too much! In 1965-67, however, she had no husband, and lived uxori-matrilocally with her unmarried children (House 61).

Kiu's eldest, her daughter Pariu, lives uxori-matrilocally in Panakaia with her husband in a house (House 62) which in 1966 had been renewed and covered with the much-desired roof of corrugated iron. Such a roof frees the occupants from constant repair duty, and also from the white powder that sifts endlessly down from thatch rooves, the work of insects.

Old Putunasung slept in Kiu's house. She is classificatory sister (not genealogically traced) to Kiu and Malu, considered "another line;" but she is true mother to Lovel (House 60 in 1965) and Leiwai (House W, 1966). All were settled uxori-matrilocally. By 1966, Lovel had died, been cremated at her request according to the old customs, and buried in Purapot cemetery. Her sister Leiwai had married Mamu (Litana hamlet) and moved into Lovel's house to take care of the five children who were left behind. Leiwai was decorating with beautiful woven paneling a new house (House W) for her new family. Lovel's husband, Johnny, spent most of his time ten miles down the road, where he had for years worked as a house servant for the Peter Murray family at Baia plantation. In 1967 it seemed likely that Johnny, who was deeply grieved over his wife's death, would eventually come to live with his children, as he had few ties elsewhere: he and his half-sister, Baulung, are the last two descendants of Matanapai, an area between Mangai and Lossuk villages that had long ago been conquered by their stronger neighbors. Both Johnny and Baulung had spent much of their lives working for Europeans, and both lived in Mangai in 1966.<sup>16</sup>

Sion is Leiwai's classificatory brother, being the son of old Putunasung's sister, now dead. Sion lived viri-matrilocally in Panakaia in 1965 (House 64) with his young son. He had long before left his wife, Ngangam, on the West Coast (Lovolai village) with their young daughter after Ngangam did something that made him so angry, he told me, that he put her out of the house.

Sion has been married three times before, twice to Mangai women; and must be in his 50's. He had never produced children before, but he must have produced this one, because Televuk looks just like his father. Sion has been divorced for a long time; Televuk is eleven years old, and Sion

carried him back to Mangai as a babe in arms when he left his last wife. There are many women in Panakaia to help look after Televuk, but he spends most of his time with his father. Sion declares that when he was young he was quite a man with the ladies, that all the women liked him too much! But he is through with all that now. He has been to the school run by the Cooperative Society to learn how to be clerk for the Cooperative store, and in 1966 he was building a house, into which he eventually moved, in Kavalaike hamlet, just next to the store. People are always wanting to buy things--sugar, cigarettes, kerosene--at all hours of the day and night, and Sion is accommodating. He fills the sugar bag right up to the top and only charges a shilling. The store seems destined to go the way of all, or most, Coop stores, to termination by the Cooperative Society officials for lack of funds. Sion's residence in Mangai, however, will be secure: he has plenty of land and plenty of relatives. When Televuk grows up and marries, his children will use his wife's land, not Sion's or probably Televuk's mother's land on the West Coast. Sion used to be a missionary for the Methodists, and he has spent a lot of time working for Europeans, which may explain why he seems to know less about his land than do some other people. He says he is a "rubbish man," (a concept he probably learned in New Guinea); but he says it with a grin and a philosophical foray into the virtues of New Ireland custom, which does not, he claims, allow anyone to be poor. "Hallelujah, give us a hand-out," he came into my house singing brightly in English one day, "Hallelujah, I'm a bum."

At present, Panakaia appears as perhaps the "purest" case of the matrilocal extended family in Mangai. All residents claim this hamlet

through their mothers, and (except for the in-marrying spouses) are of Mokangkai clan. Yet they are of "different lines," and they do not seem to function any more as a unit than do people of other hamlets who are related but of different clans. In future, Aisoli's children, who are of Mokbanaka clan, will no doubt maintain claims here, and the grandchildren of present young residents will probably say, "Panakaia belongs to Mokangkai and Mokbanaka together."

Mokititin and Mokangkai of Meteroa Hamlet

In Meteroa live the descendants of a now dead brother and sister, Kavung and Kait. The name of their mother, just two generations away, has been forgotten. The descendants of the brother cannot really pass on their land, nor have they anyone to pass it to: they will, probably, leave this hamlet, as they should, to the descendants of women of Mokititin clan.

The long dead Kavung married a woman of Mokangkai clan from Panakaia hamlet. Only two of their children, now both over sixty years old, have survived to old age: Ismael, who is a leader in village and church affairs; and his sister Mele. Despite several marriages, Ismael is childless. Mele, after six marriages, has one grown son who, after some years of marriage, has no children. This son, named Kavung after his grandfather, was living in Mangai in 1966 in order to act as Committeeman for the Local Government Council; a position to which people elected him probably mainly to bring him back to Mangai from his wife's village, neighboring Lossuk. However, he declined a second election to the office and went back to Lossuk.

Thus the descendants of the brother Kavung are old or else have gone to live elsewhere. Mele's son can live here, but it is only his mother's father's place. He is not really part of the ownership group for the hamlet and its associated resources, and after his mother and mother's brother die, Kavung will provably emphasize his ties to Panakaia. The descendants of the long dead sister, Kait, will probably dominate this hamlet for some time to come. They have some resources that are "outside the system," that they do not have to share. Kait's daughters' daughter,

Marian, married the Chinese planter who bought the land across the Mangai river, toward Kavieng. He has long been dead. He was, Sirapi told me when I asked, a good Chinese man who helped the people. Their two sons, George and Andrew, now have families of their own, and they want to start using their father's plantation. Marian's mother's brother, the childless old Kamale, has been looking after the coconuts for years, while he and his wife lived in Meteroa, Kamele moved across the road into a hamlet that he had partly sold to Ba of Manus island. The conflict over this ground is discussed below.

In this hamlet, then, we see joint ownership of the residence by people of two clans who can nevertheless be considered a single matrilineal extended family if we look back to the long dead woman (whose name has been forgotten) of Mokititin clan who gave birth to the long dead brother and sister, Kavung and Kait. The brother's line, or, as New Irelanders would be more likely to say, the line of children from the in-marrying Mokangkai clanswoman of Panakaia hamlet, seems to have come properly to an end in Meteroa hamlet. Sister Kait's descendants have fared more fully, have left, and have come back to overflow Meteroa hamlet; but with the children of sons. Doubtless some sort of accommodation will be made so that Meteroa will not stand empty in the future; and there are several kinds that can be made, all properly within the laws of New Ireland culture. For instance, Mokititin clanspeople from the neighboring hamlet of Ripai can probably claim Meteroa. The death of the woman Bosiak, whose descendants now live in Ripai, was used by an outsider (Ba: Palapung hamlet) as an opportunity to buy (pul) land away from Kamele of Meteroa; a circumstance which indicates a connection between the Mokititin clanspeople of the two hamlets which was not otherwise mentioned to me.

Mokititin Extended Family of Ripai and Kavalai'ko Hamlets

A large group of Mokititin clanspeople live in two adjoining hamlets in camp, Ripai and Kavalai'ko. They are the married children and old bachelor brother (Melisa) of the dead woman Bosiak. Lamo, her old widower (a Mokangkai clansman from Panakaia hamlet) lives with them. Bosaik's young grandsons, her daughter Raus' children who were brought up mainly in their father's hamlet (Purapot), came to live here in 1965-66. Usor, a daughter of Bosiak's sister, lives across the road in Walrutapok, probably a "spillover" hamlet, of which there seem to be several in Mangai; hamlets to which no one really traces their beginnings, but near crowded settings to which they do.

These people share resources, and do not claim or trace relationships to other Mokititin clanspeople, though there is evidence (see above, Meteroa hamlet) of not long distant relationship with their Mokititin neighbors in Meteroa hamlet. At present, then, these people form an extended family settled and structured matrilocally. Bosiak's son Lasisi and his wife will probably move to her village when their children, who are babies, are older. Of the daughters of the family, only Raus has lived most, though not all, of her married life in her husband's hamlet (Purapot). But old Melisa, Raus' mother's brother, could be seen most days on his way to Purapot with coconuts to help feed the pigs; so Raus continued to be included in the community of her extended family, though she lived perhaps a quarter of a mile on down the road.

Four Clans of Matanasoi Hamlet

Several related families are bound together by their mutual claims to the residence hamlet, Matanasoi, and to some of the lands which in the past have been cultivated or otherwise exploited by those who came before the present generation.



Groups from three related clans (Mokititin, Tivingur, and Mokamuna) claim this land, apparently amicably; though the present residents are mainly of a fourth and "outside" clan, Mokaneka, descendants of a Mokititin father with clear claims to this ground. These are the children and grandchildren of old Kumbat, who has a right to live here (House 16), viri-matrilocally, because she is the widow of Langiri; whose Mokititin ancestors, all female, are known back four generations. This depth of genealogical knowledge was unique for Mangai, and I think it is significant that it is Kumbat who supplied (to me and, earlier, to Matiu) this information. After all, she has children, grandchildren, even great-grandchildren and they are not using her land in Lossuk village. Except for coconuts: Kumbat's son Eron has been with his mother to Lossuk to plant coconuts.

Kumbat told me that her second husband, Temevolai, came to look after the children after Langiri died. He fathered two more to look after. Temevolai also reinforced Kumbat's right to live in Matanasoi, because he is a member of the owning Mokamuna line, most of whom now live across the road in Lamarau. Thus all of Kumbat's children have rights to Matanasoi through their fathers; rights which they therefore cannot pass on to their own children. Nonetheless, a house was built for one of these grandchildren, Konda, when he and his wife came home for Christmas holidays. (See account of the children of Rombui and Aisoli above, Panakaia hamlet).

Matiu, who lives with his wife in Matanavillam hamlet, is a Mokititin clansman who calls Matanasoi home now, and he knows the history of Mokititin claims here. Kumbat told him the name of the most distant ancestress known, Makak; but Matiu was confused about the order of the names of women descended from her, and apparently he left out a generation in his own line when he gave his genealogy. Rakab (according to Kumbat's

genealogy) was his grandmother (not mother's sister), and is the person who actually showed Matiu where his ground in the bush is. Rakab's mother, Wulos, "married around and about" and has descendants by different husbands. Matiu's own mother did not have the same father as did Rakab, but, as in all the genealogies I collected, fathers are forgotten when mothers are still remembered.

Rakab and her generation (according to Matiu) did not belong to Matanasoi, but to Nomekalo, a little place near Katedon hamlet about half a mile down the road. Mokamuna clanspeople then owned Matanasoi, and it was these Mokamuna men who married Matiu's Mokatitin female ancestors. "Marriage came and got them and brought them to settle in Matanasoi," and now Matiu no longer has rights to Nomekalo. These rights are completely lost, and his "name" now is at Matanasoi, he says. Among the descendants of these Mokamuna-Mokatitin marriage, Matiu is the only Mokatitin who survives. The Mokamuna survivors are all girls, four of five sisters who lived to bear children and who live in Matanasoi (one) or across the road in Lamarau (two) or in a nearby village (one). "Mokamuna called us to Matanasoi," Matiu told me: "All right, it belongs to us now." To Mokatitin, and the Mokamuna sisters, and even to the Mokbanaka descendants of Kumbat and Langiri (Matiu's Mokatitin brother) as far as Matiu is concerned. He doesn't worry, he told me. Matiu even urged Eron (Langiri's oldest son) to bury his drowned baby in the Matanasoi cemetery, which he did. It seems, then, that Matiu wants to allow the descendants of his dead clan brother, Langiri, to fully use the resources of their father. (This does not mean, it should be noted, that they can pass on these resources permanently to their own children.)

No one disputes the claims here of the old man Seri, who is classificatory father to the Tivingur siblings (Rusrus, et. al.) of Lungantire, next door. His mother's place was Matanasoi. The history of intermarriages between Mokatitin and Tivingur in Matansoi is implied in the repeated use of the names Vakapal (over four generations) and Langiri (see kinship chart), names that first appear for Mokatitin males, but later for a Tivingur male (Seri's dead brother) and a Mokamuna male (Seri's grandson). There is no rule about the passing on of names: whoever wishes to may suggest a name, usually of some relative or friend who may or may not be dead. Kombulau told me that Tivingur claims Matanasoi through her mother's two brothers (see Pasaik hamlet), Vaisele and Sairu. Sairu appears on no genealogies, but his name has settled on Siriu's second child, who sleeps at Kombulau's house; and several people mentioned that he had shown them some of their land.

And the Mokamuna sisters (see Lamarau and Panasui hamlets) know that they have claims to resources associated with Matanasoi. Apparently, they do not know them well, because they suggested that I ask Matiu to explain them to me.

Sometimes people speak as though Matanasoi resources are jointly owned, but this is true only for some lands. Sometimes people are careful to make distinctions, as when Kumbat assured me that she uses only the land of Langiri, and none of that of her second husband, Temevolai. About other lands, Kumbat couldn't understand why I would ask whether it was Mokatitin or Mokamuna land: "The two are married," she said, and "they hold the land together."

Kumbat's eldest son, Eron, and his wife Lamedeng, lived uxori-matrilocally in Maio hamlet in 1965, the hamlet of his wife's mother's father who, with his old wife, still lives there. There were, at that time, old posts from an earlier house of Eron's in Matanakoi, (next door to Matanasoi and owned by the same group). In 1966 he and his wife, Lamedeng, had moved into their still unfinished new house (House H) in Matanasoi, his own father's hamlet. Eron is in a somewhat ambiguous position, along with Kumbat's other descendants: they have never lived in Kumbat's village, Lossuk, and I suppose they simply do not want to go there. Eron himself has every right to be here, but his children eventually cannot stay. Maio hamlet has plenty of space, and they can no doubt live there again if they want to; but they cannot stay there, either. Eventually, Lamedeng and her children will have to follow her mother, Dokas, back to Katedon, where things are sure to get crowded; Lamedeng is the second of twelve children, of whom six girls survive.

Extended Families of Katedon

Representatives of three clans own land in Katedon; Mokamuna, Tivingur, and Tivingo. The latter two clans are clearly distinct in their associated birds if not in the sound of their names. There are five extended families co-resident here who function basically as five different lines. When I put their genealogies together (which they did not do), I see that three of them are direct descendants of a Mokamuna clansman named Muang, said to be of Katedon.

He was Eruel's father's father, and Eruel finally remembered his name when we were on our way to my house one afternoon after he had finished telling me his genealogy. Eruel tended to emphasize his father's side, perhaps because he is living on his father's land.

The other descendants of Muang are Pala, who lives in a section of Katedon called Mali; and Dokas, who lives in the main section of Katedon, but whose mother, Randes, gives her true place as Mali.<sup>17</sup>

Eruel told me that his father's mother was from Kaselok village which is halfway to Kavieng from Mangai; "She married and came to Katedon, the place of all her children." True, the place of all her children; but technically it should not be the place of her children's children. Eruel kept tabs on his land in Kaselok as well as on his land in Mangai.

Eruel's section of Katedon (technically but rarely called "Tokoras," meaning "gather koras," a shellfish) was separated by a fence of wire and trees from the rest of the hamlet. This physical separation reflected the social separation which Eruel maintained with uncommon efforts. His place was the only one in Mangai guarded by yapping dogs, who discouraged visitors. At the sound of their alarm, Eruel had to come out and shout at them and throw a few stones to make them scamper back timidly.

Actually, an instance of necessity taught me that I could make them tuck in their tails and retreat with a clenched and shaken fist and a human version of their fierce growl.

In 1965, Eruel's own private house (68) where he kept a little "power bundle" that he showed us once was falling down; and in 1966 a new one (Y) had been built across the way. There Eruel kept his carvings, which he showed me, and I presume his power bundle, which he never showed me again. He lay down here, too, during the day, and slept here at night. Eruel has lived here, viri-patrilocally, much of his life.

There were remains of houses (69 and 70) that had seen better days, as evidenced by scrapy iron roofs and walls, but by 1965 these were, as Eruel said, just houses for the pigs; which wandered in and out of them. The house (71) wherein Wona, Eruel's wife, slept in 1965 was just a roof in 1966. Then she slept in the only other habitable house (72) along with whichever of her two children was staying in Mangai. Usually this was her daughter, Mangilamun, with her husband and their little girl, Makasol, to whom Eruel was much attached.

There have been many marriages between persons of Mokamuna and Tivingur clans in several hamlets of Mangai: Katedon, Purapot, Matanavillam, and Matanasoi in particular. Eruel is considered part of the same line as the four Mokamuna sisters who descend from Matanasoi (see Lamarua and Panasui hamlets), and one of their children was given his name. I was surprised to learn of this relationship, as I never saw any outward signs of it, except for the name. Another old man of Katedon (his mother's hamlet), Keres (Tivingur clan), once was married to the mother's sister (deceased) of these four Mokamuna sisters, on whose verandah I once saw him sitting; but he has no children. Keres was not interested in giving me his genealogy and finally avoided it. Sirapi (Matanavillam hamlet) "counts him" amongst

her Tivingur relatives, but he does not appear on her genealogy or on any other. He slept, viri-matrilocally, alone in a large house (73) which got its roof one day in 1965 with the help of the whole village.

If the people of Mangai wanted to do so, I think it would be easy for them to produce genealogies that connect all of them over and over again through kinship and marriage. Probably that is why they were less eager than I to pursue genealogies, and why I "discovered" relationships that they seemed to have forgotten: e.g. one between Eruel and Rusrus (Lungantire hamlet). When I was writing Rusrus' genealogy, I asked her routinely if Lakaia, her father's father, had any siblings: and she said, "Oh, I don't know;" using a tone of voice New Irelanders use that let me know that the question is of remote interest and will not receive their attention. But Lakaia did have a brother, and that brother was the father of Eruel, as I found out by comparing genealogies. Did Rusrus "not know" because the rain was over and she wanted to leave? or because Tamasingui (Eruel's father's name) is a taboo name for her? or because she was bored doing genealogies? I think both Rusrus and Eruel had decided to "forget" their tie. Rusrus did it by "forgetting" Eruel's father, Tamasingui, on her genealogy; while Eruel did it by not mentioning that Lakaia had a son, Wanamus, who was Rusrus' father.

The system requires this kind of mutual suppression of information: pretending not to know, pretending not to care; not knowing, and not caring. No one told me that, but I think this interpretation is required to account for the difficulty I encountered in obtaining information. Furthermore, it is consistent with the values of New Ireland culture, as well as with the structural requirement for sparse genealogies.

In 1965 Dokas and Vatung lived in the main section of Katedon (House 74), but early in 1966 he was appointed Mangai missionary and they moved into the missionary's house, across from camp. As the Methodist

authorities like to keep missionaries moving around on the theory that a prophet has more honor outside his own territory, the mission will soon want to transfer Vatung. He will probably plead that he wants to retire, at least temporarily, and return to Katedon. Vatung is from Namatanai, 150 miles down the road; but Dokas and Vatung have been fruitful and multiplied and will probably settle their progeny in her village. A new house (Z) was built for them, in 1966, and Dokas was already sleeping there (having left Vatung at the missionary house); partly, it is hinted, to avoid adding another to their line of twelve living children.

Dokas' mother, Randes (Maio) was born in the Mali section of Katedon. Their clan, Tivingo, is known to have come from Kableman and other villages halfway to Kavieng; but this particular branch has been in Mangai a long time and seems to be fully established. It is destined to fill Katedon in the future, as Randes has three other daughters who have daughters of their own, and neither the Tivingur nor the Mokamuna lines in Katedon have produced female descendants. Only Pala has produced children; six sturdy young men, and a childless daughter.

The couple that shared the main section of Katedon with Dokas' family in 1965, Salau (Mokamuna clan) and her husband, Nakas (from Mamatanai) have produced no offspring; nor has Salau's brother, Lingiris, who married into Livitua village. However, the resources of Salau and Lingiris will not go directly to the Tivingo heirs to Katedon, because Lingiris has carefully designated relatives (e.g., Kasino, whose father had connections to Katedon) to inherit each piece of his land when he and his line die. He told me that if the other claimants are also dead, then the land will be sold at the funeral of the last survivor. Lingiris seems to have thought this all out more than do most people. Explaining that he had no children, he passed on to me his beautiful family kepkep (the famous clam and tortoise shell pendant of New Ireland) in 1965, after he knew of my interest in preserving New Ireland art objects.



TABLE 1

1966UXORIMATRILOCAL

Usor-Makaes  
 Kombulau-Luverida  
 Vevele-Kamis  
 Meena-Lukas  
 Vinda-Temreikai  
 Rusrus-Sungua  
 Lamo  
 Loliu-Israel  
 Melengleng-Darius  
 Laisa  
 Miriam  
 Sambuan-Orai  
 Sirapi  
 Malu-Kabaso  
 Kiu  
 Leiwai-Mamu  
 Pariu  
 Patavani  
 Dokas-Vatung  
 Salau-Nakas  
 Lina-Matiu

1965

Lamedeng-Eron  
 Kongis-Kolepmur

VIRIMATRILOCAL

Kumbat  
 Seri  
 Welakamus-Marau  
 Melisa  
 Lasiai-Taria  
 Matunga-Mitlang  
 George, Andrew  
 Kamale-Langas  
 Kavung-Pungum  
 Kare-Randes  
 Kas-Milika  
 Lingai  
 Eserom  
 Keres  
 Pala-Kapin  
 Tokas  
 Darius

1965

Pambali-Taia

1967

Israal-Loliu

UXORIPATRILOCAL

Taia  
 Elizabeth  
 Mele  
 Desi-Boi  
 Rongo-Lokorovar

VIRIPATRILOCAL

Kolepmur-Kongis  
 Teling-Belmumu  
 Eron-Lamedeng  
 Mora  
 Ismael-Delilah  
 Lovan-Raus  
 Eruel-Wona

OTHER

Ba  
 Pasingan  
 Langiro  
 Aisoli  
 offspring  
 Sion  
 Taores-Ewodia

ANALYSIS OF DATA: RESIDENCE, RESOURCES, AND RELATED SOCIAL GROUPINGSResidence Choices in Mangai Village

Detailed investigation of residence in Mangai village (see Table ) shows that 39 of the 52 households of the village are settled matrilocally and 12 patrilocally (on the land of the mother or father, respectively, of either spouse). No household is on land to which its members are kiut. One outsider is settled on land which he has bought in the New Ireland way, by "pulling" it at funerals.

A further analysis shows that of the 52 matrilocal households, 21 are established on the wife's mother's land (uxori-matrilocally), and 18 on the husband's mother's land (viri-matrilocally). Of the 12 patrilocal households, 5 are settled on the wife's father's land (uxori-patrilocally) and 8 on the husband's father's land (viri-patrilocally).

Here follows an analysis and discussion of this data with a view to interpreting it in relation to the structure and style of New Ireland culture.

Uxori-Matrilocal Households

Twenty-one of the 52 households identified in Mangai village followed, in 1966 (see Table ), the residence pattern of least resistance and settled uxori-matrilocally. All but two of these 21 households contain children: 19 are households composed of nuclear families, parents with children who, by so locating, are bringing up the children on the land that will always be theirs. While no informant in 1966 related their residence choice to the presence or absence of children, this factor was readily acknowledged when I mentioned it in later field work in 1972.<sup>18</sup>

Of the two households in this category that do not have children one is that of Salau and her husband Nakas. His village, Fangalawa, is about fifteen miles down the road, where this couple has sometimes lived.

At present, Nakas is the only man without children who is living in his wife's place. She has abundant resources, and neither she nor her brother (who lives in Livitua at his wife's place) has children. I do not know why this couple lives here, beyond the speculation that the tendency to alternate residence in each spouse's hamlet where possible drew them.

The other childless household is Sirapi's. As described above (see Matanavillam hamlet), she lived most of her life viri-patrilocally in Livitua village, but came home after the death of her spouse in 1963.

17

Viri-Matrilocal Households

Lamo, who has also (like Sirapi) lost his spouse, did not go home after her death; but he had many children, daughters who stayed in their mother's place, and he still lives uxori-matrilocally in their midst. But some old widowers, with (Seri, Matanasoi hamlet) or without (Melisa, Ripai hamlet; Keres, Katedon hamlet) children, did go home or stay home. And some old bachelors came home (Lingai, Matanavillam hamlet; Darius, Purapot hamlet) or stayed home (Eserom, Panakaia hamlet). And one divorced young man (Tokas, Matanavillam hamlet) and one divorced old man (Sion, Panakaia hamlet) came home with some of their children. Thus, the 13 households superficially classed as viri-matrilocal are reduced to only 12 when men without wives (but with households) are subtracted from the category.

Of the 12 remaining households, four are old couples whose children are not affected by their parents' present residence, either because the children have grown and married and left (Matunga-Mitlang, Litana hamlet; Pala-Kapin, Mali hamlet; Kare-Randes, Maio hamlet), or because they never had any children (Kamale-Langas, Metero hamlet). Pala and Kare and their wives are probably choosing the less crowded alternative in returning to the husband's place; and Matunga and his second wife were living viri-matrilocally temporarily, after Mangai called Matunga back from his wife's village

to be Committeeman for the Local Government Council.

A young couple, Kavung (see Meteroa hamlet) and his wife moved to Mangai temporarily also because Mangai elected him Committeeman. He rejected a second term and this couple (who are childless) returned to her village.

Of the remaining seven households living viri-matrilocally, six are couples with growing children whose residence in their father's hamlet does not, for various reasons, affect their access to their mother's resources. In two of these cases (Israel-Loliu, Purapot hamlet; Pambali-Taia, Panakaia hamlet), both spouses are from Mangai village, and each couple shifted from the hamlet of one spouse to that of the other during my study. In a third case (Kas-Milika, Purapot hamlet), the mother is from nearby Livitua village, where she continues to cultivate her gardens with her children. George and Andrew (whom I have listed as one household, as they alternated their residence in Mangai) are married to part-Chinese women without land in the New Ireland system. The resources in which these families are interested are the coconuts planted long ago by their Chinese father, and their access to them comes from rights gained in the European, not in the New Ireland, system. However, their wish to live on their mother's land, which was already partly occupied by an outsider (Ba, Palapung hamlet) who had gained rights in the New Ireland way, did create a mild dispute (discussed below). In the fifth and sixth cases (Welakamus-Marau, Litana hamlet; Lasisi-Taria, Kavalaiko hamlet) of young couples living viri-matrilocally, the children of both these couples were just babies in 1965-67. They will probably move to the wife's village in due course, as the children grow older, because the villages where the mothers own land are too far away

for the mothers to walk to the gardens. Marau may well put off going to Luberua: her mother has long been dead, and her mother's sister died in 1966; and Mangai is the home of both her father (Matunga) and her husband, Welakamus, who is often absent at his work at Baia plantation. All these factors will probably not prevent Marau from taking her children home some day; she told me proudly how glad her clanspeople are there that she and her sister are swelling the ranks of Mokangkala clan, which has always been big in Luberua village.<sup>19</sup>

Taria's mother has recently married Marau's father, Matunga (see above), and perhaps Taria is here partly to be with her mother. They are both from Navallus, half way to Kavieng, to which they will probably return as Taria's children grow. But she will probably spend considerable time in Mangai, too: her husband, Lasisi (Ripai/Kavalaiko hamlets) is the only young man in Mangai who has been installed as a big man, a maimai. Since many young men leave the village nowadays, Mangai will probably try to keep Lasisi involved in its affairs.<sup>20</sup>

All cases discussed so far do not pose a threat to the passing of land through maternal lines--at least, not yet. There were only two cases in Mangai where it looked as though a genuine transfer of property through the male line might occur; and both come to light through investigating the circumstances of two old widows, Vasale and Kumbat, who have remained with their children in their husbands' village rather than going back to their own. Only one of these widows (Kumbat) has a house and hence appears here as a viri-matrilocal household. This case has been described at length (see Matanasoi and Panakaia hamlets). It is Kumbat's deceased daughter's children who might some day want to claim land through their mother's father. These are the five offspring of Aisoli who have gone out into the European world with great success, while continuing to contribute

to the village. They will probably be accommodated in some way, not because of their strengths but because of their weakness: they were orphaned when very young.

#### Uxori-Patrilocal Households

The five entries in this category name people whose residence was temporary and posed no threat to anyone's resource claims or use. Elizabeth (Litana hamlet) disappeared from this category as she disappeared from Mangai; first to Rabaul, then to Port Moresby where she helped to look after the children and houses of Aisoli's offspring. Elizabeth's teenage son, Langiri, came to live, perhaps somewhat improperly, in the absent anthropologist's house; but very properly in his mother's mother's mother's hamlet, Matanavillam. Desi and her husband also left Mangai to return to his place, Namatanai, 150 miles down the road. Ultimately, however, she will probably move back to her mother's mother's hamlet, Katedon, to which her sister, Dokas, has already returned.

Mele (Metero hamlet) lives in her father's hamlet because she is following her brother and, for the time being, her son Kavung.<sup>21</sup> She is old and unmarried and her only child is a son and childless: she could live anywhere. In any case, she and her brother, Ismael, are ten minutes' walk from their mother's hamlet, Panakaia, and they use her resources.

Rongo and her husband are middle-aged and childless. They were living in her father's hamlet, Mali, when I first knew them, but Rongo and her mother also had a house in her mother's hamlet in Livitua. Her husband, Lokorovar, sometimes slept with his brother (who had two wives: see Marriage section) in their mother's hamlet, Kaelis, which marks the boundary between Livitua and Mangai. This case first made me aware that multiple simultaneous residence was a well-established pattern.<sup>22</sup>

Taia was living in her father's hamlet in 1966, but in her husband's in 1965. Her mother was a Tsoi Islands woman (see Panakaia, Matanasoi, and Lungantire hamlets), and she and her brother Kolepmur were orphaned young in Mangai. People find ways to include her: for instance, Sirapi helped her name her ground for me. She often worked with Sirapi and other women of Matanavillam, to one of whom her adopted father Matiu is married. Her only child is a son, and his children will find their land through their own mother when the time comes. Taia will not need to have any land to pass on, as she has no daughter to pass it to. Her weak position makes it easy to include her.

#### Viri-Patrilocal Households

Of the seven couples in this category, six offer no challenge to matrilineal inheritance. Two couples (Eron and Lamedeng, Kongis and Kolepmur) lived in the wife's hamlet in 1965; shifted to the husband's in 1966; and may well shift back again some day. Both marriages are intra-village, so resource use is not affected.

This is not the case for Teling and his wife, Belmumu (Pasaik hamlet), whose home village (Navallus) is too far to walk to for gardens; and in 1966, it seemed that they would probably have to move to Navallus some day.<sup>23</sup>

Mora's presence in this category is misleading. He is not married yet, and he is simply living in his mother's hamlet in the house built for Konda's holiday visit (see Panakaia hamlet).

Ismael's household is viri-patrilocal, but he is old; and when he dies he will leave behind no children to claim the residence, or the resources of either of his parents, both of whom were of Mangai village.

Eruel is firmly settled on his father's father's land, but he, like Ismael, has no children who might wish to inherit it. He continues to use some of his mother's resources in Luberua, and of his father's mother's in Kableman village.<sup>24</sup> His present wife, Wona, gets help from her Livitua kin, and her daughter will inherit Wona's resources there.

Lovan is the only man in Mangai who has planted (permanent crops: coconut and caocao) on his father's land, with every intention of passing this land on to his sons. He has no sisters, and no sister's children competing for the land; and his father's clansmen, in particular Kasino of Purapot hamlet, have given permission to Lovan to settle in return for the pig and shell currency which Lovan and his mother, Vasale, have many times given them.

As mentioned above, Vasale, like Kumbat, is an old widow who has remained in her husband's village with her child. She did not have a house in 1966-67, but if she had not had a quarrel with her daughter-in-law, Raus, she would have had one with her son in Purapot. Or perhaps it was the lack of a house that precipitated the quarrel. In any case, she slept in the little end room in Sirapi's house next door in Matanavillam; but she could be seen in late afternoon every day, feeding the pigs, sweeping, and pulling out grass around Lovan's house. He is the only child she ever had.

Lovan has an assertive personality. He speaks publically a lot in other villages, though he is not an installed big man (maimai). He has begun to encourage people to bury their dead in the Purapot cemetery, saying that he will eventually organize a malanggan ceremony for them. He is also a carver, the only man in Mangai who helps Eruel make malanggan. In 1971 I wrote of Lovan that, "Mangai needs him. He lives viri-patrilocally, and he plants viri-patrilocally, and he gets away with it."<sup>25</sup>



In 1972, Vasale was alive but very feeble. She lived in a house next to that of her son, and never came out anymore. In 1973 Vasale died. To everyone's complete surprise, Lovan took her body back to Lemakot, her home village where she had not lived since she was married. Kas told me everyone had expected Lovan to bury his mother in Purapot, and to again obligate himself to organizing a malanggan for the dead in that cemetery. Kas said they wanted Vasale to be buried there also because she had lived there, and they wanted her grave nearby so they could go to the cemetery from time to time and "be a little sorry." There were no relatives in Lemakot now to care for her. Kas was so angry about Lovan's letting Vasale go back to Lemakot that he told him that when he, Lovan, died, his children could no longer stay in Purapot. "You're no good," Kas told Lovan. It was, after all, land that belonged to Tivingur clan, where Lovan stayed only by permission of Purapot hamlet's Tivingur clansmen, among whom Kas is prominent. Lovan's father, Simek, was a big man of that clan.<sup>26</sup> Probably the quarrel will pass. Lovan had become far too ill with emphysema in 1974 to initiate a malanggan, which may have been a factor in his decision to bury his mother in her own home cemetery where someone else would be responsible for organizing the malanggan work. Lovan and I did not talk specifically about a malanggan for Purapot, or about his quarrel with Kas. However, he told me that his mother had been old, that she had lived long and well amongst her grandchildren, and that one could not be too sorry for one who dies in this way. When Vasale felt her death near, she herself had told her relatives to leave her: "My ship waits at the passage. Let me go now!" Perhaps he felt that her death did not require long mourning terminated by a malanggan.

Lovan's children can use the ground of their mother, Raus; but she is from a large family of girls, Mokatitin clanswomen of Ripai. Given the New Ireland dislike for conflict, it seems likely that Lovan's children will be using their father's father's land in years to come. I have no data that indicate clearly how long they will go on paying Kas or his kinsmen for the privilege. Perhaps the absence of data itself indicates that such transfers of wealth do not continue into subsequent generations. On the other hand, however, **Lovan's** son, named after his grandfather, Simek, has already given pigs and shell currency to Kas.

#### Non-Institutionalized Factors Influencing Land Use and Ownership

In practice claims to land are acquired through a personal sequence of events, some of which are well known to everyone, some only to an individual or a few individuals. People own land which they use, and which they do not use; about which they know, and about which they do not know. Their choice of residence is influenced partly by their need to claim their resources, but partly by other factors as well, as discussed below:

1) Ownership, Use and Children Land that a child grows up with will be well known to him or her, and others will remember to whom the land belongs when the owners have been seen there day after day, year after year. The pattern of planting in each other's plots as they are cleared means that many others besides the owners will have gone down the same path to plant together in gardens that belong to one or several amongst them.

a) This practical consideration no doubt partly explains the tendency for the presence or absence of children to affect residence choice. People said that they could live either on the wife's land or on the husband's, but in fact couples with growing children nearly always lived

on or near the wife's land. This allowed the children to grow up using and learning their primary resources. They nearly always spent some time as well residing on the father's land, thus making visible their claims; which were weaker than those of their father's sister's children.

b) Old couples without children and without heirs need not concern themselves with confirming the claims of the next generation. Residences which are not uxori-matrilocal constitute more than half the total number of households in the village, but nearly all of these are temporary in the long run; that is, in relation to the next generation. They are temporary because they have no children, or because although they have a son he had gone to live on his wife's land; or because although they have daughters they are childless; or because although they have fruitful daughters, they have gone back to their mother's place; or if they are still residing at their father's place, the grandchildren are young yet and are still expected to return to their mother's mother's land. In all these instances in Mangai, residence away from the uxori-matrilocal land does not affect a growing child's chance to learn well his own mother's resources.

c) People seem to prefer to live in their own hamlets. The fact that most couples without children to instruct live in the husband's hamlet supports the interpretation that while children's needs are given first priority, men's preferences are given second priority in this regard. Even young couples with young children accommodated the husbands when they could. This tendency may be seen as a particular example of the way New Ireland gives to the weak: men are in a weak position with regard to the passing on of resources.

2) Ownership, Non-Use and Group Membership Most people have some land which they have never used.

a) Sometimes some diligent elder took pains to show the young before he or she died. I think Sairu must have been such an elder, because Kombulau (Pasaik hamlet), Matiu (Matasoi hamlet), and Rusrus (Lungantire hamlet) all mentioned that Sairu (Tivingur clan) showed them land far out in the bush.

b) People own land that they have neither seen nor heard of from any elder, at least not yet. Many people claim land in general which they do not know in detail: it is not necessary that each claimant be shown the land personally. Knowledge of the land is held by one person on behalf of a whole group. For example, the four sisters of Mokamuna clan (see Matanasoi hamlet) suggested to me that I ask Matiu about their land, as he would know. The individual need merely know that he is accepted as a legitimate member of a group of claimants, and that he may depend on one amongst them all to know and to share. (Trusting someone else to know and also to share is a general characteristic of New Ireland culture.)

c) What if the one who knows dies? Clearly, each individual has a different universe of knowledge, and in fact no one completely transmits his view. However, people make efforts; and Sirapi had shown her land to her Mokamuna clan co-residents, and to her adopted daughter, Siriu. But if she had not made this special effort, and had gone suddenly to her grave (as she did, early in 1968), there are other people who know: at least in general, and at least in theory. No one ever claimed to me that he or she did not know his or her land because an ancestor had died suddenly; though some said that they knew less than others because they had been away at school or at work. Still, for example, when Baulung (Panakaia hamlet) came to live in Mangai village as an old woman, having spent her life working for

white people and then married into Lossuk village, Sirapi told her and the anthropologist at the same time where Baulung's land was; because Sirapi had known her mother, who died while Baulung, in her early teens, was working for a white woman in Rabaul. (Baulung continued to go to the gardens and for sago with other people, and to use their resources.)

3) Ownership and Selective Forgetting The land laws are supported by selective forgetting, which in turn allows flexibility in residence choice. Short genealogies, differential emphases on kinship connections and on various aspects of life history, and avoidance of discussion that might lead to conflict are techniques of forgetting which New Ireland culture uses to maintain order and other values.

a) Selective forgetting may help to explain, for instance, the commonly unquestioned circumstance that two clans often jointly own a hamlet. It is possible that the children of a brother and sister remained together in a hamlet while later residents forgot exactly how the brother's wife's clan got there. Co-residents of two clans are said to be descended from "two mamas;" and if those two women were respectively sister and wife to the same man, no one remembers. In this way land may be permanently transferred to a man's children over time without anyone remembering what happened, and without challenge to the land laws. In genealogical accounts, mothers are commonly remembered when fathers are forgotten; even two, and certainly three generations hence.

b) Even when a hamlet is owned by only one clan, selective forgetting may have played a role in its history. Practical considerations affect the definition of the clan or sub-clan as a single corporate unit. Clans are said to be composed of "many lines" which are not co-owners of resources. However, when one "line" has no descendants, and another

previously separate line has many, some of the many children may reside, part-time, in the childless households whose resources they will then eventually inherit. Gradually the two lines merge, and property remains in the same clan. This kind of flexibility in the definition of sub-clan unit contributes to the redistribution of resources to accommodate differential population growth without requiring any unsettling redefinition of land ownership in relation to clans or to the land laws. The facts of common clan-hood and of semi-adoption legitimize these improvised descendants in relation to co-owners of other clans with whom they come to share resources.

This same opportunity to regard any two segments of a clan as a unit when matrilineal inheritance can be manifested by so doing allows people to pass the father's land to his son if the son, or even the grandson, marries a woman of his father's, or his grandfather's clan. The children of this couple will be allowed to use the father's father's land, even though previously his clan segment and that of his grandson's wife have been defined as "different lines" with regard to resources.

4) Residence and People People appear to prefer or expect variety in their residence locations, perhaps because it gives opportunity to multiply the relationships that are the foundation of this group-oriented society.

a) New Irelanders rebuild their thatch houses about once every seven years, not adjacent to the old house (as they do in New Hanover), but in the hamlet of the other spouse, or the other parent, or someone else. The Aisoli children vacationed in Matanaoi hamlet in 1965, and in Panakaia in 1966; a common pattern which avoids provoking jealousy in one set of kin by spending too much time with another. Sentimentally as well as practically, moves back and forth are usually not difficult, because many marriages are within Mangai or just into nearby Livitua.

b) The need of particular kin of either sex or any age for help may influence their relatives to become co-residents. Thus Israel and his wife moved to his hamlet (Purapot) in order to help one of his sisters, Sambuan, look after the children of her twin sister who had died. (However, Israel did not move to Purapot until he needed to build a new house.) And Alice moved from Matanasoi to Panakaia to help look after her feeble elders when Taia and Pambali left Panakaia to move to camp.

#### Acquisition of Land Through Kiut Claims

In the old days, before the German colonial government and the missionaries put a stop to it, a mother could secure her children's rights to their father's land in perpetuity by allowing herself to be strangled and burned on the funeral pyre of her dead husband. One informant granted, in response to my question, that it had been possible that a woman could be strangled by her clansmen whether she wanted to be or not, in order to secure her husband's land for her own clansmen. There is no evidence, however, direct or structural, to support this possibility.

It is possible that this custom, kiut in the local language, arose somewhere where there was a land shortage; but there is no memory of land shortage in Mangai. There is a strong memory of depopulation, a time when there were very few children; a period of history easily documented from various external sources.<sup>27</sup> But there is no external evidence for land shortage in New Ireland, and there is none today.

The custom was explained to me by both male and female informants as a woman's response to the loss of her husband: she thinks of the many fish he has brought her, and shell currency he has given her, and all the gardens he has cleared for her, and she thinks she will not find his like again. It is better that she should go with him rather than take another

man, who may not be so good to her.<sup>28</sup> But it is not just for the memory of her man that she dies: she "dies for her children," as they say when explaining kiut. This was the common interpretation. Only a cynical anthropologist accustomed to a Western perspective would ask beyond it, or ask at all.

There were kiut claims to land in Mangai in 1965-67, purchased so long ago that few besides old Patavani (Panakaia hamlet) knew that it was Malau, the mother of old Eserom, who had died. Kiut claims receive full respect. In practice they do not exclude the original owners from the land, but merely add the kiut claimants to those who have perpetual rights. Patavani gathers some coconuts in Purapot on the basis of these claims. Her age and feebleness and general service to many people would probably have allowed her this small privilege in any case; but then one cannot be sure, because there was a dispute involving the grounds of Patavani's mother's brother, the even more aged and feeble Eserom. Kiut claims to Purapot hamlet were also respected for Lamo (like Patavani, a Mokongkai clansman of Panakaia hamlet). Israel (Purapot hamlet), who was married to one of Lamo's daughters, said that Lamo had relinquished his kiut claims to Purapot hamlet; but no one doubted that they were Lamo's to hold or to give.

No one in Mangai claims any significant portion of his or her resources through kiut: there are only these two small claims made by Patavani and Lamo. Either it was infrequently invoked, which makes sense; or else kiut, which was a long time ago, made claims which were less secure than claims through birth, and which have not survived. Ties through mother were spoken of to me in 1965-7 casually or lovingly, but kiut claims were asserted with a touch of belligerence. Perhaps the insecurity is due partly,



or mainly, to the passage of time. Everyone knows or knows of one's mother, but kiut ties refer to the mother of someone who is now forgotten, at least in most cases: it is known that the mother of Mavis, of Paruai village, now too old to come outside the house much, died for him.

Acquisition of Land Through Pul-Kattom Claims

When someone dies, whoever comes to the funeral (the burial or cremation) may "bid" on the deceased's belongings: his bicycle, his lamp, his land. Informants compared this custom to the European auction, which they have seen in Kavieng; but there are differences. A bid at a funeral merely "pulls" the object of the bid. (The local word is pul, the pidgen English word is pul, and "pull" seems the best translation into English.) One makes a first payment on the lands or goods, a pul, at a funeral; but unlike the European auction, a single payment does not complete the transfer of ownership. A second distinction from the European auction is that, unless there is debt to be paid, the European family decides what resources of the deceased are to be sold. In New Ireland, by contrast, the family of the deceased "cannot be cross," and "cannot sing out," when someone puls the resources of the dead at his funeral. The family of the deceased must wait until the situation is reversed, until someone in the family of the buyer dies. Then the previous owners can pul back land, lantern, bicycle, and so forth, from the family of the more recently deceased. However, if members of the same family continue to die, the buyer can pul and pul and pul until finally he "has finished paying" and has achieved kattom: final payment. This same system regulates the transfer of malanggan carvings: if payment by the recipient at a malanggan ceremony is not enough, the carving will be considered only "pulled;" and it must be "pulled" again at

subsequent malanggan ceremonies if kattom is to be achieved and a full transfer of the carving occur.

Kattom payments are supposed to yield permanent transfers, but these transactions are subject to qualification and interpretation. A series of payments called pul precede the final kattom which finishes the transfer; but who is to say when enough has been paid? It is a kind of barter: both parties must be satisfied, in public. There may be a long time between pul payments, and new situations will re-structure understandings. In effect, then, kattom is hard to achieve: but pul allows for temporary use.

One man in Mangai lives on ground which he has "pulled" from its owners: Ba Ritako, a man of Manus who has lived in New Ireland for a long time, is married to his third New Ireland wife, raised fine children in Mangai, and in many ways contributed not just to Mangai but to New Ireland. He is well-known to local Europeans, mainly for his efficient organizing of labor to unload cargo from the big ships that come into Kavieng, but also for the help he tried to give Europeans when the Japanese occupied New Ireland during World War II.

Ba lives in Palapung hamlet, which originally belonged to Kamele's line of Mokatitin clanspeople in Meteroa hamlet. Two members of Kamele's line died successively: first Bosiak (Ripai hamlet) and then Laisa's infant (Meteroa hamlet). The Mokatitin clanspeople of Ripai and of Meteroa hamlets do not trace relationship to each other, or claim that they are of the same "line " but this is one of several instances that indicate some acknowledgement of substantial ties between them. At each death, Ba "pulled," with only one or two strings of shell currency, and with five

shillings. Token payments of this size are appropriate, and no one can be cross or ask a bigger payment. Kamele can only wait for Ba to die. Eventually, theoretically, Ba could buy the land completely and forever; kattom, not just pul.

In 1966, Kamele's clan sister, Marian, and her two grown sons with their families returned to Mangai, and to Meteroa hamlet. It was crowded. George and Andrew put pressure on Kamele to take his land, Palapung hamlet, back from Ba: an improper act, according to New Ireland custom. Palapung hamlet is back a little from the road, hidden a little by trees, off by itself away from other houses and conveniently right next to the river. George and Andrew could bring their half-caste wives there, live more or less away from the other villagers, avoid the high rents in town, watch over their Chinese father's coconut plantation (adjacent to Mangai), and drive back and forth to their jobs in town every day in the village truck, which would ultimately be paid for with passenger or freight (copra) fares. It was through Andrew's urging that the village put their funds together and acquired a truck. It was the source of endless mechanical and financial problems, with which George more or less cheerfully dealt; but it solved many social and transportation problems when it worked and had gas. Mangai villagers were glad to have George and Andrew and their families living in the village.

But Ba is a respected resident of long standing, and married to Rombul, of Livitua village. When Kamele discussed the dispute with the native chairman of the Demarcation Committee, he hung his head and said it was not he but his grandchildren who wanted Ba to leave. He was ashamed to press his claim, but apparently felt bound to at least bring it to a

higher authority. When it became known that Kamele wanted Ba to move and let Kamele take back his land, Ba said publically, at the regular Monday morning meeting of the whole village: "These is plenty of talk, I am ashamed. Maski (never mind), I can go to my wife's village." Within a couple of months, public opinion seemed definitely with Ba. Kamele must wait for Ba to die. But in 1974, Kamele died, and Ba still resided in Palapung; while George and Andrew had gone off to seek their fortunes elsewhere, at least for the time being.

Even the eternal bond with mother's land is strained by the pul-kattom system, which is valued as a way to include outsiders. However, the feeling that you cannot shake off your mother's land, that it is inalienable, is part of what affected the dispute between Ba and Kamele. Everyone felt that Kamele should be able to have the land, his mother's; back: it is just that he ought to wait for Ba to die, they said.

The land where the school was built in Mangai was still referred to as Lingiris' land, even though everyone acknowledged that the government had paid a great deal of money for it, plenty to constitute a kattom payment. Sentimentally and conversationally, this land from his mother continued to belong to Lingiris. But pul-kattom transfers, while (like kiut) not common, are respected. The known path is followed, and gives clarity and trustworthiness to the system for insiders and outsiders alike.

Unresolved Conflicting Claims

Many people have many claims that they do not exercise, and most of these go unresolved. New Irelanders avoid conflict whenever possible with regard to land as with other matters. (This characteristic is discussed in Chapter IV.) The following example illustrates the New Ireland way of suppressing conflicting claims in the interest of maintaining cooperation.

There are many Tivingur as well as Mokamuna clanspeople with claims to Purapot hamlet, but then there are many Tivingur-Mokamuna marriages. One of the Tivingur claims that has now been solidly made is that of Kas, who has built a brick house on the Rukubek section of Purapot.

There was no dispute about this land, but different people told me different things about it. Sirapi said that this part of Purapot belonged straight to Kas, but on another occasion she said that Lungaro, a very small place near Kaelis (the border hamlet between Livitua and Mangai) was Kas' true place. On one occasion a group of women informants agreed that this section of Purapot was Kas' true place, and my genealogies help to confirm this in showing Purapot as the true place of Kas' mother's sister. Kas himself just said that Purapot was his true place. He is an excellent sociologist for his own culture, but he has spent many years away, and freely admits that he lacks the detailed historical knowledge that some other people have. He was the young orphan of old parents, which also blocked one avenue of detailed family knowledge.

There were other claims to Rukubek. When Malu (Panakaia hamlet) was telling me about her land she mentioned the Rukubek section of Purapot as one of her pieces of ground. She said her grandfather had planted it. She said it is where Kas has put his house. Her grandfather used to live

there, and it belongs to her. I asked if Kas had to give her money, and she answered: "I don't know." I said, "He hasn't yet." Malu: "Yes." I asked, "Did he ask you?" Malu: "Yes."

He must have asked Israel, too, because Israel (Purapot-Izmeden) told me he had given Kas permission to build his brick house in Rukubek. Israel's sister, Sambuan, was present during my interview with Malu. As we walked home together afterward to Purapot, Sambuan said: "Rukubek does not belong to Malu. I think Malu is not thinking well. It belongs straight to me. A male ancestor of hers (Malu's) married a female ancestor of mine, and perhaps he planted coconuts and Malu thinks she owns them." I asked Sambuan if either she or Malu are kiut to this ground, and she said: "No. Lamo (Ripai hamlet) is kiut, but he gave back the land because he has no children."<sup>29</sup> "By and by," Sambuan said, "this land will belong to all my children. It doesn't belong to Malu!" Only in this last remark did she **allow** her voice to show slight indignation: but there would be more to follow, I thought, if it became necessary.

Later I asked Sirapi about the Rukubek section of Purapot. She said it belongs to Malu and Kas (both her relatives), and to Lamo. "No," she said confidently, "it does not belong to Israel and Sambuan." Israel had listed it to me as amongst his lands, nearly three months before I spoke to Malu (and then to Sambuan and finally to Sirapi) about it. "It belongs to Kas, all the way to the beach," Sirapi said. Then she added: "Where Vasale is, too, belongs to Kas." (She meant where House 49 is, where Vasale's son Lovan and his family live.<sup>30</sup>) Somewhat contradictorily, she went on: "Vasale married and had a child (Lovan); all right, the son sits down there now, and he is boss of Purapot because he is 'blood' to Purapot" (i.e., because his father is from Purapot). On **other occasions** Sirapi said that

Kasino was boss of Purapot. She was given to blowing up all claims to keep happy as many people as possible.

Sirapi went on: "Lamo showed Kas this place, because Kas was little, he went away to school, so he didn't know."

I have summarized the claims that I know about to one small uncrowded lot, the place where is the brick house that Kas built, and that I lived in. The people in conflict about this area are in daily contact, and often work together. Sambuan does not seem to work with any other woman but Sirapi regularly. Sirapi often goes with Malu, and Sambuan with them. Kas and Israel are best friends, being of like mind, like education, and having fled New Ireland together during the War. Malu's close Mokangkai relative, the ancient lady Patavani (Panakaia hamlet), looked after Sirapi, Sambuan and Kas at some time during their respective childhoods. Malu made her claim in front of Sambuan, who only disputed it later, to me, trying to make it look as though Malu had just made a careless mistake. I cannot imagine that in the future these people will take each other to court. It is much more likely that the people will share and drop their claims than that they will break their relationships.

#### Non-Owners

Land rights are not people's major concern. If people were primarily interested in land rights, they would have let Matunga and Kavung (see viri-matrilocal households) stay in their respective wives' villages, instead of pressuring them to come back to Mangai by electing them committee-men. Sometimes people chided me gently for my fastidious concern with kinship, and I wonder if anyone but the anthropologist ever figured out that Kavung was living on his mother's father's land in Meteroa. In any case, they

wanted him to stay in Mangai; but he did not stay. Many studies of matrilineal, matrilocal societies have shown that men of the matriline, who must marry away, must not marry away too far; for they are needed in authority roles back home, where their mothers and sisters still live.<sup>31</sup> Matunga and Kavung were elected to such roles, and brought back home.

But people without matrilines in the village, like Lovan, are encouraged to stay. Lovan is a leader, but people without leadership ability, without anything in particular to offer the community, are also welcomed. Pasingan, from New Hanover, was such a man. He came to Mangai many years ago, before World War II; and Lamo, who was then luluai, along with Wanamus (Rusrus' father), who was then tultul, said he could stay. They were busy with government work, and they wanted Pasingan to help with their other work. He lived at first with Wanamus, then later with old Ngadu and her husband in Purapot. But now he is old and no longer makes his own house, and Marau looks after him in Litana. Why does Marau look after Pasingan? "She looks after him, that's all," I was told. They made a garden together out in the bush, on land Israel let them use. After all these years, he is still an outsider, however. Sion gave him one pound for taxes, because, he said, he is able to feel sorry for a man who belongs to another place and has no money. Even though he has neither married nor bought land, as Ba did, Pasingan finds a place in the Mangai community. It was typical for a New Hanoverian to avoid responsibility to the community, and it was typical of New Ireland to overlook his failures and focus sympathetically on the weakness of his situation.

There is really only one way to become an insider, however, and that is to allow three or four generations to pass. After four generations in the same place, a line becomes "well-entrenched:" no one remembers



before it was here, except in a pleasant, irrelevant story-telling way. That is how Israel, who is very much an insider, remembers that his mother's line came from Luberua village, a long long long time ago.

Ambiguities in the System

People of the Western World who live far from the world's rustic scenes, but not far from the madding crowd in the confusion of which they think they see the source of their own, sometimes earnestly believe in a myth of the noble credulous savage. He supports their need for a scene somewhere of order and clarity, where unknown forces are controlled by unquestioned rituals. A slightly adjusted version this myth is often known to the noble savage, but he applies it to the world of the wondrous white skins, whose orderliness and efficiency and ritual manipulation of unknown forces has produced the like of speedboats, and whose physical endurance is manifest in his ability to continue to work at a desk in a hot room all day.

The truth is that Europeans often do not know exactly what they are doing with all that paperwork, and New Irelanders often are not quite sure where their land is; so that several people may quite innocently think they own the same piece of land. Land ownership, as stated above, reflects a personal sequence of events, and one person may not realize that another person has had that same or an equivalent experience. Thus Rusrus thinks she may have to tell Matiu that she also owns a piece of land on which he is planting coconuts (see Lungantire hamlet). He does not know, she says; he thinks he is following his mother's brother, the safest possible path. What he does not know is that Rusrus is following maternal ancestors there, too.

How did Matiu and Rusrus get to be respectively over fifty and forty years old in the same village without each knowing that they owned land jointly? It is possible that they do both know, and that they are just saying nothing in order to avoid a conflict. Or perhaps each is not sure what the other thinks, and they do not want to embarrass each other by bringing up the subject. It might seem that lack of knowledge of land and kin are the root of Mangai's land conflicts.

However, I think the reverse is more likely. Detailed knowledge would complicate, or even subvert, the system. Perfect knowledge and awareness would perfectly shatter all the myths with which Mangai muddles through. The order and efficiency of the system lies not in its exhaustive cataloging of claims, but in people's willingness to adhere to the basic maxims of giving and helping. Decisions can be taken in terms of the higher value, i.e., distribution to those with less, rather than in terms of perpetuating some historic structure. New Irelanders suppress exploratory behavior in favor of accepting, including behavior: better that the facts should remain unknown and conflict avoided. One of their major myths, which the anthropologist unknowingly challenged at first, is this one: I don't know. We don't know.

I don't know, I was away at school. We don't know, we were away at work. Oh, that was before my time! The ancestors knew that. I was so little then. I was just too young to understand when people knew about that. Ask so and so, I think he knows.

Fortunately, as it turns out, he doesn't know either.

#### Demarcation Committee

During the period of my field study, there were no major conflicts about land, partly because people were waiting for the Demarcation Committee members to come and hear cases; and for the officials in Port Moresby to

make final judgments. They knew that "many people will be cross" about the decisions. Perhaps that is why they seemed not to know that "Moresby" was waiting to hear their judgments: they kept waiting for "Moresby" to tell them who really owned the land; and, I presume, to get the blame for the decisions. (In New Hanover people realized that everyone would be cross about land if the Demarcation Committee came, so they decided simply to refuse to allow them to come.)

The few small disputes I witnessed (see Chapter IV) were heard by the Local Government Councillor with a view to ending the quarrel, rather than to making a decision about resources. But with the Demarcation Committee set on marking land now and for all time, real disputes about boundaries must follow. Land means coconuts, and coconuts are the only road to cash for most people. In the old days, selective remembering functioned to maintain a fairly equitable distribution of resources, and their orderly transfer to the next generation without also transferring the gains and losses of one generation unalterably to the next.<sup>32</sup> In those days, the major resource was land, but now it is coconuts. New ways to maintain fluidity in the system will have to be found, but they have not yet been found. Currently it is not fluidity but stability, a new kind of static relationship, that is sought, in compliance with government orders.

The government originally sent out orders for people to get back on their father's land. Enlightened officials realized that for New Ireland this order should specify mother's rather than father's land. The government is closing its official eye to other traditional legitimate modes of claiming both land and coconuts. Individuals could always own coconuts their fathers had planted for them, for the life of the individual or the tree. But coconut plantations do not end with the death of a single tree, and now a new kind of permanence has to be dealt with. It is true

that the nearest thing to a permanent relationship with the land that New Ireland has is mother's mother's land, and so they are trying now to think only of this law. The preceding analysis has shown how much more forgetting they will have to do in order to achieve this.

SUBSISTENCE PRODUCTION: TECHNIQUES AND WORK GROUPS

The people of New Ireland practice slash-and-burn farming techniques to produce a typical array of Pacific island crops: taro, sweet potatoes, yams, and bananas. They also process sago. They own pigs, but also hunt wild ones occasionally with dogs. There are plenty of fish in their sea, and even young people seem to know well how to catch them in various ways.

In the following account of a malanggan, more will be reported about the working arrangements of the people of New Ireland. It will suffice to state here that they work together, no matter what the task. This makes technical sense for some work, which makes it tempting to say that communal labor is required for it. Close examination and comparison with New Hanover shows that this is not the case. People work together because they like to, and because they think that that is the right way to do things.

Sago: New Irelanders generally try to finish processing a sago tree in a single day. Several men and several women go together, the men to chop out the inner pulp of the trunk of the sago palm which they have selected, the women to wash the pulp in "canoes" which they construct out of the fronds of the tree. The "canoes" are set up near the river, from which water is drawn and poured over a portion of sago pulp, which is then squeezed through a fine net made either of cloth from the store or of bush materials. It is hard work, wringing the sago pulp and

separating out the fiber, standing all day over the canoe. And people often feel sick the next day, because working in the swampy areas where sago grows causes a reactivation of their malaria, they say. Still, the next day the women return to the canoes, pour water off the starch precipitate which has by then settled, and pack it into bags neatly sewn up from sago palm leaves. In these bags, sago may be stored in the roof of a cook house, where it dries, for as long as a year.

Sago has become something of a staple. It is always available without planning long ahead, and it never disappoints as gardens do, or rarely: one time Malu went back to get her sago on the second day and found that a pig had eaten it.

Sago is best when cooked in a mumu with coconut and perhaps some green leaves, but it can be cooked in a hurry either rolled in a ball, which is then set right against the ashes of a fire, or spread out in a frying pan and stirred over a fire.

The group that goes together to process sago may contain a core of closely related relatives, but there are usually other more distant kin, or newcomers, or visitors who go along. One day a group from Matanavillam hamlet went to process a tree. Lina's four brothers did the men's work, and there were four canoes, one each for Lina, Semeles, Muktun together with Belmumu, and Kongis together with Sirapi. Muktun and Sirapi, being elderly, probably did not have to do much of the hard work, although they no doubt did some. Belmumu, Semeles, and Kongis are three young women who are related to the people of Matanavillam through their clans, Mokamuna and Tivingur. Kongis is from Mangai, as is Semeles, but Belmumu is from Ngavallus, and is living in Mangai because she married a Mangai man. Semeles usually lived in her husband's village near Kavieng, but she happened to be at home visiting her sister and her father, Matunga.

Gardens: As with the processing of sago, men and women went together in groups to plant and care for gardens. After an area was cleared and burned over, a fence had to be put around it to keep out pigs. This was men's work. Women then planted together. If taro was to be planted, two women worked together, each with a digging stick, to dig the deep hole needed in which to put a taro top saved from the last taro eaten.

People told me, when I asked, that taro and sweet potatoes were not as big as they used to be. One person speculated that the land had been somehow damaged during the war. Others thought that they used to walk out further into the bush years ago, where the land was less used. No one walked further than an hour's journey into the bush in 1966-67.

Whenever a person decided to clear and prepare a garden area, friends were invited to come along and plant. Thus, individuals had crops planted in several gardens on land belonging to several people at any one time. There was also a company garden, an area planted together by the whole village. Still, it was possible that, during times when there was only hot sun and no rain, that all these crops would burn in the sun. Mangai was lucky to have plenty of sago to carry them through such times.

Fish: There are plenty of fish in Mangai waters and on the reef, but some places are marked with "taboo" sticks to prevent trespassing. Sambuan said that when she wanted fish she had to go on the reef adjacent to her hamlet, Purapot, but that she found plenty of fish there. When the reef was dry, she could go with her basket and catch them with her knife. School children sometimes picked up shellfish on the reef and cooked them themselves.

Men, often accompanied by women holding lanterns, sometimes went in large groups at night to spear fish on the reef. They also

went in groups during the day, manipulating nets to surround the fish and drive them into a basket. A catch made by a group was cleaned and then divided amongst all who helped or came near or wanted some.

Kamak knew how to catch sharks by shaking a kind of rattle in the water near his canoe, but, as far as I know, he only caught two while I was in Mangai. He did not often have time to go on shark-fishing expeditions.

Pigs: Nearly everyone has one pig, and many people have two or three in various stages of development. Pigs are needed for taking to funerals, or occasionally for small family ceremonial occasions. Big pigs are needed for taking to malanggan of those to whom a person is closely related or indebted for past pigs and other services.

Pigs are out and about during the day looking for food, sometimes (too often) finding it in someone's garden, into which they have managed to break, through the bamboo fence; but at night they come grunting home, looking for the four-to-eight coconuts that will be offered to each of them in the hamlet where they are fed. People often feed pigs that belong to other people while their own pigs are also fed elsewhere. This situation results from the custom of buying a pig when it is small, perhaps for one or two pounds, and then collecting it one or two or three years later. It is difficult to move pigs from the place to which they are accustomed; so they remain in the place of their birth until they are killed by a car on the road or until their time comes to play their role in a ceremony.

House-Building: Men usually built the foundations of their houses themselves, with help from perhaps another man or two. But when it was time to put a roof on a house, this task was announced at Monday morning meeting, and the whole village would spend the day collecting leaves,

sewing them on poles, and, finally, attaching them to the house. Sometimes it looked to me at about 5:00 p.m. as though the roof would not be finished, and suddenly many people were there helping, sewing up, climbing on the roof, and by sundown it was always finished. Although attaching the finished rows of leaves was men's work, men and women, young and old worked together to sew the leaves around the poles in neat rows, and to collect the raw materials.

#### Work: Attitude and Values

Work is of unquestioned value in New Ireland, and people work hard. Still, they rarely appear exhausted, and they do not often complain. Plans to go to a garden together are made more with the air of an outing together than of drudgery.

People generally work together. If anyone needs help, people will give it. Community projects, such as planting a garden for the missionary, for the doctor, and for the whole village always draw enough people to do the job. The grass at the Council house had to be cut, and the women and school children attended to it. I almost never heard anyone mention the names of people who failed to help, but some general remark about how few helped might be made, followed by a list of those who did help.

#### Working for Money and Mias

The only way to earn mias is to raise pigs or own malanggan carvings or be asked to make cement for a malanggan ceremony. Mias is used only in this ceremonial context to buy these exchange items.

Nowadays, the people of Mangai earn money primarily through the production of copra. There is a copra drier in Livitua, and there have



been functioning ones in Mangai. One can also sell coconuts directly to the Chinese traders, whose trucks, driven by local men, go up and down the road seeking to buy them, eight coconuts for one shilling. Women often stand by the edge of the road waiting for a trader with whom to exchange their eight coconuts for cigarettes, ten cigarettes for one shilling.

Some of the young men can make a lot of money quickly by helping to unload the big ships that dock at Kavieng. Ba Ritako is the boss of this work, and he takes as many as thirty young men from Livitua and Mangai to do the job. Sometimes, I was told, this work interferes some with local communal labor needs. And sometimes men pay other men nowadays to do these jobs, e.g., processing sago for a malanggan, in their absence.

MARRIAGEMarriage and Group-Orientatation

The structure of marriage in Mangai illustrates themes that recur in New Ireland culture.

Marriage is a group project. Other members of the group besides the bride and groom may encourage or suggest or arrange the marriage, and infants are sometimes promised to each other. The group as a whole helps in the exchanges that are fundamental to a marriage at its beginning, throughout its duration, and after the death of one or both of the spouses.

Marriage is accomplished for young people by the exchange between their relatives of food and mias. Some say the amounts are equal, some say the man's side pays more. The marriage is considered established when all the payments are made and when the two eat together. The man must make a house for the two, and they will not live together until he has done so, regardless of the status of the other elements of their marriage.

Food is important in marriage as in other New Ireland institutions: eating together for the first time is the act of intimacy which marks passage into the new state for bride and groom. It is a most appropriate symbol for this society, where a readiness to share, as well as a style of production which assures plenty, creates the trust and security which make this culture possible.

Several factors influence the choice of a spouse. Marriage creates bonds between groups which other people continue in subsequent marriages, following known paths between villages, clans, extended and nuclear families. Sometimes repeating ties between groups prevents the dispersal and division of resources. People know this and value it but

do not consider it more important than individual preference in selecting a marriage partner, at least not now. Marriage, including simultaneous and successive polygamy, has to do with creating families and relationships between kin groups. It does not have to do with political power for an individual big man, or with the creation of political bonds that serve the interests of groups at the expense of the individual. Often individuals find that they want to follow the paths suggested by others, by the culture; to marry a particular relative or clan or village.

But everyone agrees that individuals must marry according to their own wishes. If they do not, the marriage will not last; and it is important that the marriage should last, especially if there are children.

There are brief marriages among the young or old which do not produce children or lasting ties, and which no one worries about. When divorce occurs where there are children, they are not abandoned by either parent, or by grandparents and other kin. In the few cases I saw of divorce some children lived with one parent and some with the other, but there was much moving back and forth.

If one spouse dies, it does not end the relationship between their kin. At malanggan exchanges earlier affinal ties of widows and widowers are activated even if they have remarried, and even if there were no children. Ties may be retained more directly: a sibling of the dead may replace him or her in the marriage, not in response to rules of levirate or sororate, but in response to the need for a spouse and a parent in that family.

Children make a marriage important and are given priority in this as in other contexts. But couples need not have children to make their marriage important. Nor do individuals need to be married in order to be important. Everyone is part of the larger family and the larger group and may help with the tasks of raising children, burying the dead, and maintaining relationships among the living. Men who marry out do not marry

far out, and they continue to be important members of their consanguineal extended families; which, as has been argued above, is the rock on which this culture is built.

The following case histories illustrate many of the points made above, and provide a basis for the interpretation of some quantitative data presented below.

### Case Histories

#### I. Lovan and Raus

Lovan stopped in one night just to talk. He was on his way home from camp, where he had been just "greasing." It was late, 10 p.m., and presumably his wife and children were asleep in their house, which was just beyond mine. I was up working.

Lovan was talkative, as I only saw him on one other similar occasion, and I took notes on our conversation. I would have thought he had had a drink in camp, except that he and others all said that Lovan did not drink.

Apparently people in camp had been talking about some newlyweds, who talked all the time. "Talked about nothing, in the fashion of the newly married, plenty of talk."

I asked about marriage, and who it was proper, in kinship terms, to marry; and Lovan said,

"Your true mokok (cross-cousin), like Kanda and his wife (third wife) Kaute, that is a taboo marriage; because they are one skin, truly of one blood. Now suppose it is outside a little, a mokok is all right to marry. This is the skin of another man."

"This kind," Lovan went on (classificatory mokok) "like your sister (Sirapi) and me. They can't sleep or lie down in front of you, or talk playfully about women (if they are male cross-cousins) in front of you.

They must have shame. She (Sirapi) and I were young at the same time, but we didn't talk playfully. She is 'blood' (related through her father) to all this line (Lovan's children). One child, Lolo, is named for her father. When she was little, she cooked taro (for me). All right, then she grew a little bigger and she understood about this taboo (between mokoks)."

Lovan went on: "I was just ready to marry, and Simek (his father) died. 1941. I think it was just before the war. We bought my wife in March, number 16, Saturday. I think we paid forty mias. Ismael, Israel, all Mokangkai (clan), we all got up together at Wongararum in Lemakot (Lovan's mother's willage). Temerikai (Mokangkai clan), Lasisi (his bride's brother), all of Wuap village. All her (Vasale, his mother) brothers and their mokotoks (mothers' brothers and sisters' sons) in Navallus, they all came, and brought mias, pig. The fashion of buying a wife, it's just like buying a pig: fasten her with tanget (leaf), mias. One big pig came from Lemakot, one from Navallus. Two belonged straight to me."

At the start of the marriage, Lovan and Raus ate from a basket. Vasale sent it to the mother of Raus. Then Vasale and Raus exchanged. Lovan and Raus then ate in their house, that he had already built. I asked about the fathers of the two. Simek (Lovan's father) had just died, and Lovan said nothing of Raus' father (Lamo, who had been luluai of Mangai). Takapan, a big man of Lemakot and formerly Paramount Luluai for years in northern New Ireland, helped, along with another big man of Lemakot. "We were learning the fashion of marriage: eat, both together, in the house, 'grease.' When the pay comes up, later, then you are married." This event took place in Purapot, Simek's place, where Lovan and Raus lived in 1965-67.

"Sometimes we two (Lovan and his mother Vasale) would go to the house of Lamo in Panakaia (the hamlet next door). They all would invite us. And they would visit us in Purapot. When it was time to sleep, I took her to the house of all in Panakaia. Plenty of times she came to visit, and she would leave when it was time to sleep. When the pay came up, all right, I no more went to Panakala; we two stayed in Purapot."

I noted that Raus had married the clan of her father, and Lovan responded: "That is not a strong rule. This one about mokoko is hard." He and Raus were married on the basis of the wishes of the two of them, Lovan volunteered, with a shy smile. "We were children together, and she always used to come and ask me for things, all kinds of things, and I always gave them to her. And they said: 'I think when they grow up, they will make something true of this.'"

On another occasion when I was talking about marriages with Israel he told me that Raus had been married in church to Vatung, who was the missionary from Namatanai (and who is now married to Dokas). Then Dokas "came and got him" while he was inspector of schools at Liga. Lovan had been married first to Dokas, and the two had already lived together. Then he married a woman called Stili of Navallus, and finally Raus.

These later marriages have been lasting and fruitful. Lovan helped Raus deliver their tenth child, of whom eight survive, in their house one night in 1965 while the other children slept. Their own first spouses, Dokas and Vatung, have had fourteen children, of whom a dozen survive.

## II. Israel and Loliu

Israel told me about his marriage on two occasions. His mother had "marked" Loliu for Israel. She gave a promise to the mother of Loliu, and these two mothers gave food to each others' babies. When the mothers died, the grandparents continued to exchange food. Israel had shame, and he did not talk to Loliu.

Israel was born in Purapot, and his twin sisters at Sambutei, their father's place in Livitua. His mother died when he was about 12 years old, he thinks; before the war, when he was away at Liga (mission) school.

In 1943 Israel was too young, he said, to be in the PAB (Papua Australian Battalian). He went to Port Moresby where he was trained as a Medical Orderly. He finished school in 1944 in Lae, then went to Bougainville where he worked with a microscope doing laboratory and dispensary work. He continued this work after the Japanese surrender in 1945, and returned to Rabaul July 16, 1946; and then went on to assist a doctor (with whom he went to Guadalcanal in 1943) in Namatanai (southern New Ireland).

Meanwhile Loliu had gone with a man named Ando during the war. Then she did not like him (Israel laughed when he told me this) and she came back after the war, in 1946, to await Israel, with whom she had been promised. Israel came back to Mangai on leave in 1946. "I didn't know about Loliu yet. My relatives bought her."

He continued his work, but became angry that his pay was not what others of his rank were getting. He quit work in 1947, and refused to go back when they asked him.

Israel's father had bought Loliu, but she still lived in her own place. Israel lived in the bush then with all his grandparents (Ngadu and her husband **Ekonie**: Purapot, and Belung, an old man now of Livitua), and with his friend, Kasino (Purapot). They had three houses, four counting

one that broke down. And still Lolliu stayed in her own place. In order to be married, there must be mias and also they must eat together.

Even after his marriage, Israel said, he stayed for a long time in a Men's House, while Lolliu went to the house of her grandparent.

Then he built a house, and then she came to it. He built a house in Purapot; the one I (the anthropologist) have seen, he reminds me, the one completely broken down, on the beach.

Israel's father, old Marangas wanted Israel to marry Manit; the daughter of Marangas' sister, and thus his true mokok. "True," said Israel, "it is better to marry the clan of one's father, it is good to marry mokok." For example, such a marriage would be one between Israel's son and one of Sambuan's daughters. "Today, however," Israel went on, "people marry around and about, according to their likes.

"The reason for this marriage between mokoks was to allow people to sit down straight on their own ground, to stay all the time in this place, the place of the father and the wife both. Today, we don't have this."

Israel's feeling, he says, is different. He is "blood" to all of Marangas' sister's children, and he was ashamed to marry his own blood. By "blood" he means the "business" (clan relatives here) of his father, all his father's mokotoks (sister's children). Israel thought, "She is my blood. I would like to marry outside a little. She is too close." This is only Israel's fashion, he hastened to add. He did not get it from European ideas. Yes, he had heard of European doctor's views, but this was Israel's own idea. Lolliu is his mokok, but outside.

Israel's father was cross, and said Israel did not respect him. Israel told his father, "Yes, I respect you. I just know it's no good, that's all." In answer to my question he said that his father was not cross with his mother for having "marked" Lolliu, not at all: "He bought Lolliu for me," he pointed out.



To pay for Lolliu Israel thinks they gave eighty mias, because she has a big family. All the "business" (here clan relatives in a larger sense) of Israel's father and mother, including some from Luberua village, helped give the eighty mias. Lolliu's family made a return payment that was small, just twenty pounds, he thinks. (Since mias counts as five shillings in ceremonial exchange, twenty pounds is exactly the equivalent of eighty mias, at four mias to the pound. Mias is an honored currency, however, and seemed to be not for sale for any amount of Australian currency. However, both families no doubt used both currencies in the exchange.) Today, for a young woman, very young, a man might pay about twenty pounds, Israel said; and a woman's family might return about ten pounds. "But before, we didn't have big money," he said (as though he had told me that his family had paid less than people would nowadays.)

This incident illustrates the unreliability of information about absolute measures, even with an intelligent, articulate, and educated person like Israel. The important point, in similar accounts, is that the man's side is (nowadays) thought to pay a slightly larger amount. However, some accounts indicate that the exchange is of equivalent amounts.

One day some of the women were telling me about marriages. When Israel and Lolliu were mentioned, I indicated that I knew that his mother had "bought" Lolliu. I should have said that his mother had "marked" Lolliu. Sirapi was quick to contradict me. "No! Israel's mother did not buy Lolliu for Israel, we all bought her. Elizabeth's mother (Patapas of Matanavillam hamlet) kept Israel along with Elizabeth (after the death of Israel's mother). Israel went to school just here (before he went away to Liga). And we all bought Lolliu. He has forgotten."

In these comments Sirapi demonstrated that helping in a marriage exchange is not just a routine contribution to a group obligation; but a participation remembered firmly and in detail. After the death of his mother, the people of Matanavillam hamlet helped Israel to attain a successful marriage. While New Irelanders seem to be constantly involved in effortless giving in large groups, this incident suggests that the giving requires effort, and that the efforts are remembered.

### III. Incest and Marriage

Kas had bought a beautiful guitar for Wylip, the son of Kasino's half-sister (they share a father), Randes. One day I asked Milika what relationship Wylip was to Kas and she said they were mokotok. She answered thus: "Kas counts Wylip as mokotok. He's not like Robert and Pamela<sup>33</sup>, they don't count their relationship. Kas and Randes are brother and sister because they have the same father. So, also, are Robert and Pamela. (They have one father, but they have different mothers and therefore belong to different clans.) But Robert went and got Pamela, and took her to his house and slept with her. Mary (who is full older sister to Pamela, and therefore also half-sister, younger, to Robert) went and hit her and hit her. She really made her savvy! (i.e., taught her a lesson)."

Milika went on to say that Sirapi had heard that Robert was "already married" to someone (besides his wife). She heard that talk, and then told Francis, Kas and Milika. Rongo (who must also have been told) then told the wife of Robert. They all were puzzled as to who the girl could be, because there was not a single one who had no one; every woman in the village was already married.

At this point in the story I interrupted to ask if Pamela was the same young girl who had recently married Kenneth, the young man in the Army in Port Moresby: and Milika said yes, that same one. The mother

of Kenneth had gone to great trouble to prevent the marriage. She had heard that Pamela took money from men, and she had apparently been expelled from Lemakot Catholic school for having sexual relationships with men. When Kenneth brought Pamela to his mother's house, she would not let them stay. When Pamela and her brother were found sleeping together, I wondered how much more Kenneth's mother knew than I, and perhaps other people, ever found out.

Milika went on: "Then one morning Pamela was gone from her sister Mary's house, where she lives. They are full sisters, one mama, one papa; thus both half-sisters to Robert. When Mary found Pamela gone, she decided to go to Robert's hamlet, to see if she was there. The two had slept late, the sun had already come up, and Pamela had been ashamed to leave the house; so she just stayed completely in the house.

"**Robert stood** at the front of the house. Both his mother and her mother came and spoke angrily to him, but he would not move." Then Mary came, ousted Robert, dragged Pamela out of the house and beat her up--yes, in front of everyone, they all watched. (Note: the hamlet where this occurred is small, and probably only those mentioned and perhaps a few others were present.) Now Robert has run away. He says he will take Mary to court for hitting Pamela. Mary and the other women said, "You have done a wrong thing, because Pamela is married, and you, too, you are married, and you are brother and sister (vasak), too."

Milika told me that Robert's wife is staying at her own place now, another hamlet in the same village.

In the old days, Milika told me both at the beginning of her story and then again at the end, the girl, Pamela, would have been killed by her own "business." But later it **turned** out that perhaps Milika and I

were both accustomed to see this particular kind of incest as more wrong than the local New Irelanders found it. Milika later made clear that in Lesu, where she is from, people evaluated this wrong act in a rank order different from that of at least some of the Mangai people.

Some time later, Milika and I met the Father's Brother (FB) of Robert and Pamela, who was a clan relative of Milika's, when we were all walking on the beach. She told us that all the women reported that Robert and Pamela were already married, that the patrol officers had married them. They said that Robert did not have to pay for her, that the pay for his first wife would serve the purpose. This was unclear to everyone, because Robert's wife and Pamela are not of the same clan. After the court, in front of the patrol officers, Robert's wife and Pamela fought, with their hands.

FB said nothing. I asked him if he had talked to Robert, and Milika said, "The two were cross." FB started to explain to me: "You see my brother is the father of both of them, and Robert has already got a child by his wife." Milika interjected: "He has two children," and FB added, "Yes, and another in school."

Milika: "I think he belongs to another man."

FB: "Yes."

DB: "But Robert looks after him?"

FB: "Yes. If he did not have children, well--but he has children already."

Later, as we walked along, FB mumbled to himself; "Like dogs, marrying around and about." FB stressed the importance of the fact that the people involved were married, and that there were children to be considered. The fact that the new marriage was an incestuous one was either of less importance to him, or else he was playing it down because he was ashamed.

Kenneth's two brothers wrote to him about this, and Kenneth has written back that he wants his money returned. He has given less than the whole sum, he says: he has only "marked" her. Kenneth gave the payment to the brothers of Pamela. Milika says she does not know whether or not Robert was one of the brothers who received the payment. (There is only one other true brother, and he lives on another island.)

The marriage between Robert and Pamela was evaluated by Lovan in a later conversation with him about kinship rules. He talked about the taboo on marriage between true mokoks, saying that the term properly applies only to the children of true brother and sister. I asked him what is the reason for this taboo and he explained, "My mokok is the daughter of my muk (father's sister), and she has got the blood of my father through her mother. Mokoks 'out at the border' (i.e., further away genealogically, whom Lovan called magmaukaug) "all right, this kind I could marry," he said. (Note: This was the only time Lovan or anyone else used this terminology.) "This one in Matanavillam (Sirapi, who is his mokok), I can't talk playfully with her. She's like a sister (vasak), the feeling is the same. But today, some do it, some marry. Peter wants to marry FB's daughter, his true mokok (his mother is FB's sister). Robert and Pamela, that is the number two wrong. This of Peter, that is the number one wrong, because FB is his true mokotok (mother's brother). My blood and that of my mokok is one blood. Mary and Pamela and Robert all have one father, and Mary and Pamela have one mother. Robert has another mother. Mary practices shame customs with Robert, the two have one father. Previously Pamela called Robert 'brother.' Now the two make trouble."

I asked if the girl could have been killed in the old days, and Lovan said yes. I asked if anyone could have been killed in the case he described of Peter and FB's daughter, and Lovan answered, "With regard to mokotok, this behavior would have been enough to oust him. Some would have killed him. There is no rule."

When Milika and I were talking with FB I said that I had heard that FB's daughter and Peter wanted to marry. FB said, "I don't know." Peter is the son of FB's dead sister. I explained that in my culture Robert's marriage would be considered wrong, but marriage to a mokok (first cousin) is not considered very wrong, and not wrong at all by some. Milika said, "Yes, with us on the other side (in the Lesu area, where there are matrilineal moieties) marriage to a mokok is not considered very wrong." FB did not clarify his own views on the subject.

Later I remarked to Milika that I thought the father of Robert and Pamela, who was in a hospital outside New Ireland, would be very sorry about all this. Milika answered, "Yes, it would not be good if Kenneth tells him!"

It is interesting that Milika thought that this news might not have been told to the father of Pamela and Robert. I take this as evidence in support of the interpretation of New Ireland culture as one built on reserve. The overriding desire to prevent quarrels puts a premium on control and restraint, on the courteous remark rather than the honest one, or the joking one. Better still, say nothing at all.<sup>34</sup>

Perhaps that is why gossip and joking are not common in New Ireland. One of the few jokes I heard there was made about Robert. Kas' young relative Wylip came over to my house with Milika one day, and Milika brought up the subject of Robert and Pamela, telling us that the patrol officer said he had not married them. Wylip, mocking what

Robert might say to Pamela as his wife, "Maski (nevermind) that you are 'sister,' first cook dinner." Everyone laughed. The joke underscores the importance of cooking food and of cooked food as symbols, generally, of relationships in New Ireland. In this case, it points to this symbol as a basic one in marriage. It is taboo for a man to take cooked food from the hand of his sister.

#### IV. Luverida, Kombulau and Biliton: Simultaneous Polygamy

There was only one polygamous marriage in Mangai in 1965-67, that of Luverida to both Kombulau of Mangai (Pasaik hamlet) and Biliton of Livitua. All three were childless.

Biliton lived in Livitua, and Kombulau lived in Pasaik, land that belonged to her but also to her husband's father. Kombulau had been married to a man in Livitua who left her. Then for a while she "stopped nothing," stopped alone, a sorry state for a woman, or a man, to remain in. Luverida came and married her, apparently with the blessings of his first and continuing wife, Biliton. Biliton and Kombulau are "very good friends," one informant told me, and they work together in some gardens.

I can only speculate about why Luverida married Kombulau. First and foremost, I think, among his motives must have been the hope for children, which neither he nor his brother, Lokorovar, have produced. Then, too, Kombulau needed a man, and she was one of the women he might well have married in the first place, because through her and her offspring he and they could claim his father's resources.

Whatever the motives, the marriage occurred. Still there were no children. After the fashion of New Ireland, another woman was sorry for Kombulau, and gave her two children to look after. The mother of these

two children, Siriu, is a close Tivingur clan relative who is classificatory daughter to Kombulau. By giving Kombulau her children to care for, Siriu has put them onto land that they can properly claim as both Siriu and her siblings (Kusrus et al, Lungantire hamlet) and Kombulau acknowledge joint claims to land in the bush, as well as to Pasaik. Still, I have noticed that Kombulau loves to tell of the children who sleep in her house, while Siriu merely acknowledges the situation. In other cases, too, the joy of the "foster parent" was not shared by the real parent. Thus, it would be wrong to say that Siriu has given her children to Kombulau in order to secure Pasaik. This would not have been necessary. She must have given them to Kombulau because otherwise Kombulau would have had to sleep alone sometimes, an intolerable situation. Luverida is said to sleep in his own place, Kaelis, with his brother, Lokorovar. It is not unusual for married couples to sleep apart some of the time, even in a monogamous marriage (such as is Lokorovar's to Rongo), or even in a marriage with many children to look after; such as is Dokas' to Vatung. (Some women said that Dokas moved to her home hamlet and left her husband in the missionary's house in hopes that her fourteenth child would be her last.) Sometimes two happily married spouses will each have his own house, perhaps partly because of the overlap of time required in building new houses; and partly because people like to live in their own little places. The houses in Pasaik (houses 8 and 9) belong to both Kombulau and Luverida, but she and Siriu's children are the most steady occupants.

#### V. Wowuak: Successive Polygamy

Wowuak was a feared warrior of the past who "caught a woman, then threw her away; then caught another, then threw her away," Sirapi told me. He was not married to more than one at a time. The same cavalier



treatment of wives was attributed by some to Ismael, but he was not a highly assertive personality. He was childless, and so was Wowuak.

#### VI. Adultery

There were no public accusations of adultery (other than those regarding Robert and Pamela) in Mangai in 1965-67, if by adultery is meant voluntary sexual relations between someone who is married to someone other than his or her spouse. There was a public case, however, about the kind of marital infidelity that New Irelanders apparently feel jealous about and consider worthy of judicial action: in 1965 a man (Robert's father) who had been three times married made a garden for his second wife, and their present spouses were both angry. A meeting was held at once with the committeeman of Mangai, and the second wife had to pay five pounds to the third wife to "buy her shame."

Making a garden for another woman apparently constituted marital infidelity for this food-focused culture. There was no indication that the infidelity had been sexual. The only sexual infidelity of which I heard was from one woman who was casually "befriending" a man in another village. Her husband was "befriending" other women while they were in a tenuous situation of semi-separation. Her husband's women friends did not worry her, she said (and she seemed to consider her own male friend irrelevant). But what did worry her, and make her furious, and make her refuse temporarily to take her husband back was that he did not help her enough with her obligations to provide food and other services for a malanggan in which she was closely involved. They reunited when he hired some men to plant a coconut plantation for her children, a reconciling settlement negotiated for this couple by her mother's brother.

Marriage: Summary and Analysis

In these examples several characteristic patterns recur: the use of food as a symbol in marriage as in other New Ireland institutions; the use of exchanges of pig, shell currency and food as a way of building and maintaining relationships; the reliance on the group to muster the material and non-material resources necessary to create and sustain a social relationship; and the importance of children in stabilizing marriage.

When a marriage produces children they seem to direct the course of events for the family. But children were not mentioned by anyone in their stories of their marriages. There are lasting childless marriages in Mangai which underscores this point. There were also some divorces where there were children.

Neither Lovan nor Israel made anything of the early brief marriages of their own or of their respective wives. Lovan did not even tell me of his. Marriages are made not of brief affairs, but of exchanges between families, of having a house together, of eating together, and of having children to raise together.

With all the emphasis on the group in marriage, the individual's wishes are nonetheless respected. Israel stated his wishes in general rather than in personal terms: he did not wish to marry his true cross-cousin. Lovan stated his preference in very personal terms: he and his wife had evolved their marriage from a childhood friendship.

Food: Israel and Loliu were promised to each other by their mothers, who exchanged food along with the promises. Lovan and Raus were actually married when they ate together, an act of intimacy that is taboo for most members of

the opposite sex, including siblings. Wylip's joke about Robert's incestuous marriage with his half-sister depended on the strong taboo against a man taking cooked food from the hand of his sister as though she were his wife. Lovan said that Sirapi, who was mokok and therefore "like a sister" to him, used to cook taro for him when she was younger, but as she grew older she understood that this was taboo.

Even marital infidelity was identified in the act of a man producing food for a woman who was not his wife. And a woman was less concerned about her husband's sexual behavior with another woman than about his failure to help her produce food for her children and her malanggan obligations.

Exchange: As with other exchanges in Mangai and northern New Ireland, the marriage exchange is essentially egalitarian. Some, like Israel, said that the man's side paid more, but the evidence, like Israel's, was not clear. Perhaps the woman's side pays less at the time of marriage, but there is a custom of a woman's family giving a little feast and pig to the husband's family as the years pass to "reciprocate the husband's help to the wife's family." Siriu, who had been married at least ten years, and her family gave such a feast for Piwas and his family. These occasions no doubt also recognize that all the children continue the wife's clan and not the husband's.

The whole malanggan institution (described in Chapter III) is based on exchanges across affinal lines, even after the death of one or both of the spouses.

Group Sentiments: People feel involved in the group efforts that make marriages, as Sirapi did, when she insisted on her role in getting a wife for Israel. Where there is failure in a marriage, other relatives are asked to help, as the wife's classificatory mother's brother was asked to negotiate

a reconciliation, which he did when there was trouble between a couple who had been married many years.

And when a woman felt that her husband had been unfaithful to her by making a garden for another woman, the other women and men of the community gathered around her and made the demand on her behalf that the other woman "buy her shame."

When brother and sister were found in what was taken to be an incestuous relationship, another sister and the mothers of them all as well as the brother's wife took a lively interest in the affair. But most other people were careful to stay out of this quarrel, which was potentially too disruptive. Peace in the community was more important than taking sides in what was viewed as mainly a family affair.

Multiple Marriages: There is no local ideology associating many wives with male prestige. One man told me that he knew of an old woman in a village further south who had had two husbands simultaneously.<sup>35</sup> I find no evidence that simultaneous or successive polygyny was associated with political power. The Mangai women seemed slightly disapproving of Wowuak's behavior in taking several wives in quick succession, and the attempts by Robert and his father to take women inappropriately met with clear criticism. The men were viewed not as powerful but as powerless: they were not even credited with primary responsibility for their acts. When Robert's father made a garden for another woman, his wife demanded five pounds from the woman, not from her husband. His indiscretions were paid for by the woman who allowed them, just as Pamela received the beating from Mary for indiscretions which were also Robert's. Eventually he went back home more or less unsullied while Pamela was out making her way as a prostitute. But she would have no doubt been accepted with open arms had she chosen to come home.

Both Robert and his father were respected, not for their relatively flamboyant personalities but for their generally good services to the group. Their assertiveness did not make them big men: it just embarrassed everyone. They both went back to their wives.

Robert's behavior was considered particularly reprehensible because he left not only a wife but children; to whom he also returned eventually. Only Luverida had two wives simultaneously. He was praised because he "came and got Kombulau" (the second wife), who otherwise might have been alone. In the cases of Wowuak and Ismael, and Luverida as well, a succession of spouses was associated, for both men and women, but especially for men, with childlessness; and also with the death of a spouse. Successive or multiple marriages derive, I suggest, from the desire for children rather than from the desire for power.

Divorce: I have not given divorce figures for Mangai because my data is not reliable in this area. Informants tended to skip over marriages that seem unimportant for one reason or another; perhaps because the liaison was brief and there were no children. I have shown these marriages on the kinship charts where I know about them.

Informants may have skipped over these marriages because they felt some shame about them. They did not tell me themselves about them, and on the two or three occasions when other people mentioned these marriages there was light joking about someone who married "plenty of times!" In one case a woman was teased in her presence about "liking men too much!" But her husbands had either died or left her, so I think the joke was a way of dealing with an unhappy situation.

Selective remembering operated in this matter as in others to reinforce the myths and values of stability; as when Lovan did not tell me about two early marriages he had without children, but only about his marriage

with the mother of his ten children and about their childhood preference for each other.

Only one adult that I knew of (Marau) had been brought up by divorced parents; and only two parents in Mangai (Tokas and Sion) were bringing up children alone because of divorce. One other parent (Laisa) was bringing up a child alone because she had never been willing to accept a husband. Kiu had had several husbands, but had apparently brought up her children most of the time alone.

None of these people were really alone, of course; all were part of extended families whose members were co-resident and helped with all the concerns of raising the children.

There is no indication that one sex is more likely to leave a marriage than the other. Tokas' wife left him, but Matunga left his wife. Sion left his wife because she did something so terrible that he put her out of the house. The house was her house on the West Coast, however, and he soon left it, carrying his son as a babe in arms back to his matrilineal extended family in Panakaia hamlet. Both men and women who leave their spouses, or are left by them, have a place to go back to where they will be welcomed by whatever other members of the extended family are currently living at home.

Children: Children go first in all situations, a theme for which evidence is developed elsewhere (see Chapter IV). Having children tends to sustain a marriage, though childlessness does not necessarily end a marriage. Sirapi and her husband, Makalo (who died in 1963) were married, each for the first and last time to each other, when they were young; and their lifetime marriage produced no children. Sirapi died early in 1968, less than a year after she helped to give a malanggan ceremony for her dead husband. Lovan told me Sirapi did not live long (five years) after her husband died because she missed him so much.

Kamele and Langas, too, spent their long married years together, and each was married only to the other. She told me shyly of how he found her when he was working on the West Coast road near her village, Lovolai. He died about 1970.

Rongo and Lokorovar had a clearly affectionate childless marriage ended only by his sudden death in 1974. Despite childlessness, Melisa and Keres each had only one wife, both long dead; though it is not clear that Melisa's marriage lasted throughout the life of his spouse. Ismael and Eruel, on the other hand, are childless and each has married several times.

All of the childless people were involved in helping raise other people's children, both in the past and in 1965-7; either the children of the extended family, or orphans who were taken in for care.

Remaining Single: All the women in Mangai except Laisa, who was about 40, either were or had been married, and Laisa's case was ambiguous; she had a son and had lived with a man who was not its father when he was born, but had not married. There were two old bachelors: Eserom and Lingai. There were quite a few widows and widowers of long standing who had not remarried, and some young ones, like Elizabeth (age about 40) who had been single for some time but who might remarry some day. All of these people had secure places within extended families.

Individual Choice and Group Structure: Marriage is a relationship between groups, but everyone said clearly that unless the marriage results from the wishes of both individuals it will not last. Thus at one time Ba (from Manus) wanted to marry Meena, whose sister was already married to another man from Manus; but "her mind was set on Lukas" and she married him.

It is no accident that in this society the wishes of the individual often follow structures already available through prior group ties. Repeated

ties between villages are counted here below for the living (Table ).

Most of the villages with whom the people of Mangai marry are nearby; which confirms the expected picture for a matrilineal, matrilocal society where men want to remain near their own extended family groups so they can go home and, among other things, act in their capacity as authority figures.<sup>36</sup>

When marriages are repeated with villages that are relatively far away, probably the main factor promoting these marriages is simply the enhanced opportunity to meet at gatherings involving both families. That is how Milika explained four generations of marriages between the women of her hamlet, Tokanaka, in Livitua and the men of Amba (next to Lesu) village. (See Purapot hamlet kinship charts.) This certainly explains the third marriage between Mangai and Lovolai villages: the young Lovolai man (Darius Malenge) is a relative to a woman (Langas) who has been married for many years to a Mangai man (Kamele).

There have been repeated marriages between clans. No purpose would be served by counting the current ones. People are aware of these repetitions and, for instance, occasionally accounted for the presence of both Mokamuna and Tivingur clans in Katedon and Matanavillam hamlets as the result of repeated marriages between the two clans. If true cross-cousins were to marry generation after generation there would be a succession of marriages between two co-resident clans; but most people seemed to think that such a marriage was too close. Marriage between cross-cousins was considered a good marriage so long as it was not too close; partly because people thought, as evidenced in the accounts of Israel and Lovan, that it kept land matters straight.

People have classificatory cross-cousins in many clans whom they could marry, but it was seen as particularly good for people to marry someone of their father's clan and thereby continue to have access to his lands through his mother's clan. Kas explained to me in 1965, prefacing his remarks with



the comment that I probably would not understand what he was going to tell me, that it is good to marry "back along the 'leg'(road) of your father;" because it "consolidates land holdings."

Most mature people understood why cross-cousin marriage was desirable in terms of resources. Nowadays, Kas told me, people just marry around and about; but in the old days, there were high clans and low clans, rich and poor, and you had to marry your own kind. The last proper marriage in Mangai, according to Kas, was that between Elizabeth and Vakapal.

But even back in the good old days, Kiu's mother, long dead, married a man from the Madang area of New Guinea; and Kiu followed that dead-end road too for her first marriage. There is no land to be gained or consolidated from this kind of marriage. But New Ireland women have their own land, and they do not need to worry much about such things. And Kas himself has been married three times, each time to women from far away. It seems likely that even in the good old days people married whom they liked often enough to prevent the development of the kind of stratification Kas described. In each village, there were some clans that were stronger in numbers and in resources than other clans, but these positions were almost certainly fluid. If lineages or clans had consolidated high positions and become ranked, New Ireland would have developed institutions of hierarchy instead of the relentless leveling system it has, a complex and stable egalitarianism.<sup>37</sup>

Marriage ties have been repeated in Mangai not only between villages and clans, but between extended families and nuclear families. There were no cases of siblings of one family marrying siblings of another, but there were several cases of a person coming into a marriage to take the place of a sibling who had died. For instance, when Lapiu, who was married to Kamis

of Manus, died, Kamis "came and got" Vevele, her youngest sister (Lamarau hamlet). Vevele has looked after her sister's two sons, and she and Kamis have had three more children, the last named "Lapiu" for her dead sister.

When Lovel (Panakaia) died in 1966, her sister Leiwai came with her new husband Mamu to look after Lovel's five children. By 1973 Mamu (who was younger than Leiwai) had left the marriage, and Leiwai had married Johnny (who was much older), Lovel's former husband and the father of the children.

In 1965-7 Sambuan (Purapot) was not happy with her husband; and by 1972 she had left him to marry the former husband of her identical twin, who had died at least ten years before, and for whose children she had been caring, along with her own, in the intervening years.

Kumbat said that her second husband was the brother (classificatory) of her first, and that he "came to look after the children" when his brother died.

These actions are not taken in response to levirate or sororate rules, as there are none; but rather (so it is said, and so it seems) to take care of the children of the dead sibling. These marriages make sense in terms of the priority given care of children and the needs of the group as a whole.

Sambuan's remarriage, which required her to leave her own husband and the father of her own children, shows that there is more to it than just fitting into the group. But in many of these instances, people come to fill in family roles where someone is needed just as they take up a sago chopper that someone else has laid down so that he may rest; just as one person takes part of the burden that another is carrying, or one of the betel nuts, or a cigarette from someone's mouth or from behind his ear. Just as women are

suddenly there helping when another woman starts to cover her oven, and just as other men appear when a man lifts a log into place to build his new house; just as they so often come to take a vacant spot on the mat, so they come to take a vacant spot in a marriage. It is less revealing to speak of particular motives in these situations than to think of general responsiveness to the group: to its structure and function, to its stability, its wholeness, and the expectations of its individual members.

Institutionalization of Behavior: Kin and Affines

New Ireland culture provides kinship categories which are associated with specific guidelines for behavior, and also provides ways of extending kinship categories to everyone. This kinship system, like all others, cannot be applied in practice as a logical system because it results from complex individual histories, each with its own logic. Each individual can view his relationship to other people from many angles, and individual choices and behavior depend on such circumstantial considerations as whether or not you grew up together, how close you live, who else in your respective families married each other and where they live, your respective ages, and so forth. Nonetheless, people seem quite clear about how they should behave with other people once they have decided what category they belong to; but perhaps if they are not certain, they remain silent or leave the scene.

The only really "easy" kinship relationships in New Ireland society are those with real and classificatory mothers, fathers, grandparents, grandchildren, and siblings of same sex. Some degree of avoidance is practiced with all affinal relatives: the taboo is especially strong between mother-in-law and son-in-law. Within the extended family, there is strong avoidance between siblings of opposite sex. Cross-cousins of same sex are careful to respect each other, while those of opposite sex avoid each other. There are no prescribed joking relationships, but there is occasional joking

amongst the women, especially between affines; and sometimes about the taboo they are breaking by joking. (If there is comparable joking amongst the men, I did not see it.)

Consistency in terminological designation is certain only between any two people. For instance, a man may marry a woman who calls a second man "father," thus making him "father-in-law" to the man she married. However, her husband may have called this man "grandfather" all his life, "along another road," and he will not then change from his easy relationship to a taboo relationship with this man, unless he is his wife's real father; in which case the long personal easy relationship will color the strength of the taboo, in any case.

Taboo relationships are a prominent part of New Ireland society. People who are taboo to each other do not speak each other's local names (although those who can write may write them, and everyone can use anyone's mission name), cannot touch, cannot remain in the same house together, cannot talk playfully in front of each other; cannot talk jokingly about the opposite sex to a taboo relative of the same sex, cannot give to or take from each other food or cigarettes or betel nuts, cannot lie down in front of each other, cannot look each other in the eye: in short, they cannot do or say anything smacking of personal intimacy in relation to or in the presence of each other. Some taboo relationships are stronger than others, and taboo relationships are always stronger between persons of opposite sex, between people of about the same age, between people who grew up together, and between real rather than classificatory relatives.

The strong taboo regulating the relationship between siblings of opposite sex has been mentioned above in describing the incestuous relationship between Robert and Pamela. This taboo was consistently practiced, so

far as I could observe, by all but the few who were living their lives largely in the European world. The children of siblings of opposite sex call each other mokok: that there is a strong taboo between mokok, especially those of opposite sex (who are, according to Lovan, like sisters) has been discussed above. Another strong taboo derives from this basic one between brother and sister: that between a woman and her brother's children, especially his sons and especially his eldest. She calls them, and they call her, muk. A man need not avoid his sister's children in the same way: on the contrary, he is their mother's brother on whom they may depend for help and advice. But his wife avoids his sister's children, the mokotok of her husband, whom she calls, reciprocally, muk. In summary, women call the children of their brothers (who are of another clan) and of their husband's sisters (who are of another clan) muk, and the term is reciprocated. They do not speak each other's names, even when referring to someone else who happens to have the same name; they do not give them food or touch them or remain in their presence; and women wear a head covering (nowadays usually a scarf tied around the head) to show respect and shame for these relatives. This taboo, like all others, operates variously in response to circumstances: thus, Sirapi calls the names of three of the sons of her clan brother, Pala, but not of the other two. She works closely with Pala's daughter, Rongo.

When I asked a group of women why they were taboo to the children of their brothers, Sirapi answered: "We are following the ways of the ancestors."

Schneider<sup>38</sup> points out one possible source of brother-sister avoidance or respect in matrilineal societies: "In matrilineal descent groups there is an element of potential strain in the fact that the sister is a tabooed sexual object for her brother, while at the same time her sexual

and reproductive activities are a matter of interest to him." This factor may partly account for New Ireland custom: it is noteworthy in this respect that the taboo between a woman and her brother's children is less strong or does not operate with his daughters, and is strongest with the brother's eldest son, who is closest in age of all his siblings to his father's sister.

I think that another of Schneider's propositions is more relevant to the New Ireland situation: "Matrilineal descent groups depend for their continuity and operation on retaining control over both male and female members."<sup>39</sup> This is so, Schneider suggests, because the males are needed to play authority roles. New Ireland does count on men to play authority roles, but the authority is slight and shared among adults of both sexes and with extended family members of other clans. Men tend to stay near their mother's hamlet for a variety of reasons: a marriage may have been prepared for them with the girls growing up next door, who may be of their father's clan; the men will find it easier to become memais in their own villages, though they will not gain much respect until they have had that status validated elsewhere; and men want to stay near their own resources.

For a variety of reasons, Mangai men marry close to home, and because of this, as Schneider points out, "Isolated communities (or smaller groups) consisting of matrilineal core and in-marrying spouses are extremely difficult to maintain."<sup>40</sup> Several matrilineal extended families that are co-resident have developed together into an ownership unit in many cases in Mangai; which implies, as has been pointed out, the possibility that the children of brothers have been allowed to become co-owners of the family resources in the forgotten past.

In New Ireland, it is to this circumstance rather than to the universal prohibition of sexual relationships between siblings in conjunction with either matrilineal or patrilineal descent groups that we should look for an explanation of brother-sister avoidance: their children are competitors for their resources, resources that belong finally to the daughters of the sisters. These daughters may marry the sons of their mothers' brothers, but they may not: some people think first cousin marriage is "too close." True mokok treat each other with respect, if of same sex; avoidance if of opposite. But a woman completely avoids the children of her brother.

The attitude of New Irelanders toward children (discussed in detail below; see Chapter IV) is protective, attentive, devoted. Children come first. Women care for other women's children, and sometimes childless women are given the gift of a child by a woman who has several. And yet women must avoid the children of their own brothers, especially as they grow up. I suggest that if women were allowed to develop the warm personal relationships with their brothers' children that they have with their sisters' children, they would find it emotionally very difficult, embarrassing and shameful, to deny land to their brothers' grown children. I suggest further that there is some jealousy and tension between a man's wife and his sister (see the discussion of disputes) in relation to his children. The avoidance patterns makes clear that it is his wife who has control.<sup>41</sup> A woman has to hang herself at her husband's funeral in order to gain rights to his land, which belongs to his mokotok (whom she avoids) for her own children in perpetuity. It is for these mokotok of her husband, as well as for her brother's children, that a woman wears her scarf.

She wears a scarf, and she cannot call their names; and she cannot touch them, or give them food. She is thus barred from developing

the close personal ties which would make it hard for her to follow the rules of resource ownership. New Ireland culture provides easy lists of avoidance rules, simple rituals, a known path for each individual to follow. Along these paths one may safely give generously, even to strangers, without fear of substantial loss or of shattering conflict. In the end, it is the group that is supported and maintained: the social structure, the culture, and the population as an integrated whole.



STYLES OF CULTURE

Chapters Three, Four, Five

## CHAPTER THREE

MALANGGANINTRODUCTION

"Malanggan" is the name for the New Ireland ceremonies for the dead, and also the name for the carvings used in them. Malanggan carvings are among the most admired Pacific art objects in the western world.

Malanggan ceremonies are similar in general to feasts elsewhere in Melanesia. The Melanesian feast and its functions are well-known, as is the Melanesian Big Man who makes it and is made by it. While there are many variations within the Melanesian pattern, there are also constant features: exchanges of pigs and of valuables; big men who achieve their leadership positions mainly in relation to these exchanges; an absence of hierarchy over time in all aspects of culture, including those which regulate access to basic resources; and reciprocity between known parties (rather than tribute to a distant chief, or purchase in the impersonal market) as the characteristic mode of distribution of goods and services. It is in the area of ethos and the structural arrangements which support ethos that New Ireland seems non-Melanesian, in that it protects the weak, restricts the strong, and frowns on individual egotism. Even in this regard, however, there are Melanesian precedents: the Arapesh (Mead, 1935) protect the weak and play down assertive male roles; and the Orokaiva (Williams, 1940) cooperate together over long periods of time to produce events reminiscent of malanggan.

Malanggan is the final ceremony for the dead. It can only be organized with the help of a big man, a nemai; and usually it will only be sponsored for a dead man who was of some importance, at least in his family; and when several dead await final rites. The lesser dead in the same cemetery, or perhaps in the same village; are "finished" along with the big man, and the relatives of all the dead help with the work of the ceremony.

Chinnery wrote in 1929 (p. 6) that malanggan had "scarcely a hope of surviving the present generation," and Groves regretfully reported in 1933 (p. 351) that the ceremonies were "doomed to certain and early extinction."

And yet malanggan flourished in 1965-7. The people of Mangai were involved in four feasts where malanggans were displayed during January-February, 1965: and in ten from July to May, 1966-67, in two of which Mangai played major roles. Why have they continued?

Their raison d'etre has never been fully understood. Groves, who wrote that malanggan was certainly the religious aspect of the culture, recognized the all-embracing integrative nature of the institution, and urged the mission not to interfere. Powdermaker carefully avoided concluding that malanggan are religious ceremonies: "Their exact significance is still not quite clear. We know that they are to honour the dead, that they are taboo to women, that they are surrounded with very elaborate dances and other ritual, that wealth is necessary to make the feasts accompanying them, and that much prestige comes to him who holds the malanggan rites. We know too that they have come from the far past. In the ritual speeches, and in the more informal discussions about the carvings, there is scarcely any mention of the dead, in whose honour they might be made. Mention is made of the

former ownership of them, how the present owner learned the rites . . . and how his clan relatives helped him. Whether in some far distant past they were more intimately associated with the dead than they now appear is a matter for speculation." (pp. 134-5).

Powdermaker states that while it is difficult to define a malanggan, it always had to do with initiation of boys, which included circumcision. This observation, made in 1930 in Lesu, was repeated in that village in 1954 by Phillip Lewis (Lewis, 1969). But in Mangai and northern New Ireland there was no male initiation or circumcision. Both boys and girls used to be secluded and "brought out with malanggan," but this custom was abandoned long ago in response to the demands of government census takers.

However, various other ritual events were marked with the display of malanggan objects in 1965-7. I observed or heard reports of the following:

- a) the cutting of a widow's hair, signifying the end of her mourning;
- b) the naming of a baby, "just like baptism;"
- c) installation of a man as a memai, a big man status. No malanggan in particular marked this event, but it occurred at ceremonies where malanggan were present for other purposes;
- d) the lifting of a mira, a taboo on the use of a place;
- e) the burning of the house and other remains, "rubbish," of the dead.
- f) the decoration of the graves of the dead during final rites, usually some years after the death.

Malanggan carvings are used for these various ritual events, but only when they are used to decorate the graves of the dead for final rites are the ceremonies themselves called "malanggan." People bring pigs, food,

malanggan, shell valuables (mias), and entertainments in the form of songs and dances to these.

Malanggan Observed, 1965-7

I was present for the last day of malanggan ceremonies in several East Coast villages: Panapai, Livitua, Lauen, Sali, Lakuramau, Laopul, and Lasigi. All of them followed a standard pattern except the one farthest south, at Lasigi. In that case the honored dead was not yet dead. He was Dori, an old man from Tabar who had become the richest man in New Ireland. He had three trucks and a European style house, and many "lieutenants" around him. Dori was blind, and considered that his eyes were "dead," and that he would like to have his malanggan before he died. He sat up on the hill in his house while people from neighboring villages came and sang and danced and ate. Dori had the freedom of the old and venerable, the freedom to outrage custom. He died four months later.

Lasigi was in southern New Ireland, where there are matrilineal moieties, as in Lesu, and other differences from northern New Ireland. The two malanggan ceremonies I observed most fully, from their earliest preparations, were in the north; in the two villages that were Mangai's closest neighbors: Livitua and Lauen.

Here follow brief summaries of the Wuap malanggan, which Nicolas Peterson observed in 1965 (Billings and Peterson, 1967); and of the Livitua (Tokanaka hamlet) malanggan, which I observed in 1966. I then present a full report of the events of the malanggan in Lauen village, Kuluvos hamlet. Following the chronological accounts of these malanggan is an analysis of their structure and function in relation to New Ireland culture and the people who keep it going.

Some may wonder if it is necessary to include so full, so long an account as that of the Kuluvos malanggan, as bloated with names and genealogies as a Russian novel. I hope that the concurrent remarks interpreting subject matter covered in adjoining paragraphs, as well as the subsequent analysis, will help to direct the reader's attention to the general point for which I think each particular datum provides evidence; and also to convince the reader that no data provided is pointless.<sup>1</sup>

#### Cast of Characters

Many persons who took part in the malanggan in Kuluvos hamlet, Lauen village were also present and active at the malanggan in Tokanaka hamlet, Livitua village, and at Wuap. The index of persons and the kinship charts for Mangai and Kuluvos identify the major participants in both ceremonies.<sup>2</sup>

Index of Personal Names: Participants in the Malanggan at Kuluvos

Brief descriptions of the individuals mentioned by name in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan are given below. Most of the information given in the summary is given again at some point in the text. However, some of the information given below is background information which is not repeated elsewhere.

Kinship charts identifying participants at Kuluvos are referred to in the index (e.g., "Kuluvos, p. 3" refers to the Kuluvos charts, p. 3).

BEONG: An old memai of Nonopai village. (Age: 70.) Clan: Mokamiva. I saw Beong in two malanggan ceremonies in 1965, and again at four in 1966-67. His role at Kuluvos was small; but he is still active, an important Big Man.

BUNGALOO: Mokangkala, married to the brother of Rusrus. (Age: 30.) (See Lungantire hamlet, Mangai. See also Kuluvos, p. 7.)

EMANUEL: Mokangkala of Medina, married to the sister of Emi. (Age: 40.) He is a missionary in Paruai. His home (his mother's place) is Medina village, twenty-five miles further down the road. Melisa asked him to make the cement monument for William. (See Kuluvos, p. 1.)

EMI: True sister to the dead William, classificatory clan sister to the dead Makalo. She initiated the malanggan. (Age: 50.) (See Kuluvos, pp. 1, 2, 5, 6.)

EPHRAIM: Mokatitin of Nonopak village. (Age: 40.) Ephraim was active in two malanggans in Nonopai in 1965 and in at least two I saw in

1966-67. He always seemed intense and serious and was not interested in being an informant. The malanggan he brought to a gathering in 1965 was spectacular, featuring his sister's 10-year-old daughter live in the center of a vavara. This semi-living malanggan is the only one I ever saw attract the attention of an audience. Ephraim was invited to make the cement monument for Masapal, but later he did not do so.

EPITA: A missionary to one of the islands near Kavieng, he (age: 40) is married to a sister of Kavok. Lauen village is his home. (See Kuluvos, p. 2.)

ERUEL: Memai of Mangai (Katedon hamlet). (Age: 65-70.)

ESAU: Mokatitin of Lauen. He lives in Sali, the home of his wife, Lowel. (Kuluvos, p. 5.)

FRANCIS: Mokanaka of Livitua, classificatory brother to the dead Makalo and to Livitua memai Lasuwot (Kuluvos, p. 6). He often speaks for Livitua, though he is not a memai. His wife left him for another man. (Age: 45.)

ISMAEL: Ismael has been "marked," and will be memai when Eruel dies. (See Meteroa hamlet, Mangai.) (Age: 65.)

ISRAEL: Israel is closely related to some of the Livitua people in this malanggan, as well as to the Mangai people. (Age: 45.) (See Purapot-Lameden hamlet; also Kuluvos, p. 4.)

ITO: (See PISKANT.)

KAIPOK: A Mokamiva of Kuluvos who has never lived in Luluvos. His mother married and went to her husband's village, near town: Omo.



Kaipok and others from Omo were invited by Emi to bring a malanggan of some sort to the event in Kuluvos.

KAMAK: A Mokangkala of Kaelis hamlet, Livitua. He is not a Big Man traditionally. He is the only uneducated New Irelander along the road who has a brick house. (He does not wear European clothing: I never saw him even in shorts, which many uneducated younger men wear.) He is the only New Irelander in this area who knows how to make canoes. He hunts shark, successfully. (Age: 45.) (Kuluvos, p. 9. See also Maio hamlet, Mangai, the home of his wife, Semege.)

KAMBASO: See MALU.

KAMNIEL: A Mokamiva of Kuluvos who has never lived in Kuluvos. His mother married and went to the West Coast, to the village of Panemeko. Kamniel married back to the East Coast, into Wongerarum. He is a memai. (Age: 40.) (Kuluvos, p. 1.)

KAPIN: Wife of Pala, mother of Rongo and six sons (see Mali hamlet, Mangai. Also Kuluvos, p. 2.) Kapin's home is in Livitua, and her family is involved in this affair along many lines.

KARABUSO: Mokotok of Tavakariu, from Wongerarum. (Kuluvos, p. 1.)

KAS (KASINO): Tivingur clan, relative of Sirapi's (Purapot-Rukubek hamlet). (Age: 50.) Kas was among the first group of New Irelanders to be educated for work other than mission work. He is the head teacher in Mangai's school (which takes children up to Standard 3).

KASE: Mokamiva whose ancestry goes back to Kuluvos. He lives in Nonopai. He is a memai and played an important role in the proceedings

at Kuluvos. (Age: 65.) He is mokotok to the two honored dead, William and Makalo.

KAVOK: Mokatitin from Livitua. He is married to one of Taito's three daughters. His brother Sakarap and Rongo's brother (Mokatitin) Daniel, all of Livitua, are married to Taito's other two daughters. Further, another brother of Kavok, Meleke, is married to Taito's dead brother's daughter, Marie. Taito is Mokatitin, like all his sons-in-law, who tend his coconuts and produce his copra. Wuap is considered by the administration to be part of Lauen village. It is small, and seems to be controlled by Taito alone more than other villages are controlled by any single man. He will doubtless succeed in passing on his resources to his daughters' children. Kavok also uses the resources of his own father in Lauen, where he and his tamboos and their wives all live. Kavok was invited by Emi to make the cement for Makalo at Kuluvos. She was reciprocating a promise made by Makalo to Kavok before Makalo died. (Kavok's age: 45.) (Kuluvos, pp. 2, 3, 4. Kavok has a traced relationship to Mangai residents Sirapi and Sambuan's family.)

KOR: Mother of the dead child Mare. (Age: 25.) (Kuluvos, p. 1.) An Australian patrol officer fathered her children, but Tavakariu married her before the second one was born and is thus considered socially the father.

LAKSIA: The young boy from New Hanover who came to Mangai to live with the grandmother of Tambeta (Patavani of Panakaia-Paneval) whom he knew in town. He often ate at Matanavillam. (Age: 17.) He had gone to attend high school in Rabaul but arrived late and was not admitted. Back in New Hanover (he will be discussed again in connection with the

account of New Hanover), he got into trouble with the Johnson cultists. He was helpful and well liked in Mangai. (In the report of the Kuluvos malanggan here, Laksia disappears into town and into jail. I found out later the jailing was a result of his being charged with theft by a girlfriend in town.)

LAMSISI: Son of Lapuk. (Kuluvos, p. 12.) (Age: 55.)

LAPUK: A dead Mokamiva memai of Kuluvos, from whom William got memai status. He is buried in the Kuluvos cemetery. His son, Lamsisi, was present and active in the malanggan for his mokotoks. (Kuluvos, p. 12.)

LASUWOT: The memai of Livitua. He initiated a malanggan for the dead of Takanaka hamlet in Livitua in October 1966. A Mokatitin classificatory brother to Taiot, he made the cement for Taito's wife, for whom Taito held a malanggan early in 1966. Lasuwot does not seem to be an ambitious man. Though he is older than his brother, Kanda, he was glad to hand over the malanggan for their dead mokotok, Waradis, to Kanda. Unfortunately, Kanda got jaw cancer and spent over two years in the hospital. (He returned, well, in August 1967. Lasuwot reluctantly led a malanggan in October 1966, when others urged him to face his responsibilities. Kanda was not expected to live.) (Lasuwot's age: 55.) (Kuluvos, pp. 6, 7.)

LANGASIN: Mokangkala of Livitua, presently married to Pepa, the old sister of Makalo's dead father. (Kuluvos, pp. 5, 6, 9.)

LEPILIS: Lepilis and his wife Salome are from Medina village. They lived in Mangai in 1965, when he held a job as caretaker and constable for the Council, which met in a brick house in Mangai. He was obsequious

to Europeans and mildly laughed at by the local people sometimes. His best friend was Lingai (Matanavillam). Lingai had worked a long time for Europeans, and, doubtless, this is what he and Lepilis had in common. Lovan (who asked Lepilis for a malanggan) and Lepilis both wanted to be "bigger" men than they were in the traditional system; and I think that is what they had in common. (Lepilis' age: 60.)

LEVI: Mokamiva of Nonopai, a memai. (He is not well known in that capacity.) He is mokotok to the two dead, brother to fellow memai of Nonopai, Kase. (Levi's teen-age son was selected to go to university in Australia. When that son, Noel, was home on vacation, he told me that some men were putting a lot of pressure on his father to build a "white man's" house for the son, who would no longer be willing to live like a kanaka, a native. Noel, like all members of the educated elite in New Ireland, protested strongly that he wanted only to come home and to be at home as usual. Pressure on Levi due to this circumstance may have affected his behavior during the malanggan.)

LOVAN: Mangai's spokesman, who is not a memai. (Age: 50.) (Purapot-Pangai.)

MAKALO: Mokamiva of Kuluvos. He lived all his life in Livitua, his father's village. He is one of the honored dead. He was married to Sirapi (Metanavillam hamlet, Mangai.) (Kuluvos, pp. 1, 2, 4, 6, 12.)

MAKEAS: Mokamiva from Sali, brother to Pape of Nonopai. (Makeas lived in Mangai, the husband of Usor: Walrutapok hamlet.) Ultimately, he was invited to make the cement for Masapal. (Age: 40.)

MALU: Mokangkai of Mangai (Panakaia hamlet), who helps Sirapi and Rusrus because of her connections to Tivingur. Her husband, Kambaso,

was more visible than usual at this Kuluvos malanggan, perhaps because he is Tivingo (see Masapal.)

MANGAN: Brother to Mano, the husband of Emi. (Kuluvos, p. 5.)

MANO: Husband of Emi, sister of the two honored dead. (Kuluvos, pp. 1, 5.)

MASAPAL: The epileptic young man who had a seizure in the water and drowned in November 1966. Mangai people went to the funeral. Most closely involved were clan relatives of the dead boy's mother: Tivingo old lady Randes. At that funeral I met a woman, Rakel, from Kablemen village who brought a pig to the Kuluvos malanggan. She is also Tivingo. Simeon, the true brother of Mangan and Mano, brought two pigs to Masapal's funeral and participated as a leader in the Kuluvos malanggan. (Kuluvos, p. 10.)

MATUNGA: Mokamuna from Mangai (Litana hamlet). Classificatory brother to Sirapi, who asked him to bring a malanggan for her dead husband, Makalo, and for his brother, William. Lovan, his mokok and Mangai's spokesman, helped. (Age: 50.)

MAVIS: Mokamiva of Paruai, a very old man, and a memai. Francis asked Mavis to bring a malanggan to Kuluvos for both Makalo and William.

MELANGAS: Mokamiva whose mother came from Kuluvos originally. She married into Omo village, where Melangas lives. Emi asked him (her clan brother) to bring something to the malanggan. He and his relatives brought a singsing (song and dance).

MELEKE: Mokatitin of Livitua and Lauen, brother of Kavok (Kuluvos, pp. 2, 3.)

MELISA: Mokatitin of Nonopai, whose father and wife are Mokamiva of Lauen. Emi asked him to be "boss" and memai for this malanggan for her two brothers. Melisa's mother was from Nonopai. She married twice, both times to Mokamiva men. Melisa's wife called the dead "brothers"; and they were therefore his tamboos (yak in the Mangai language, efak in the Lauen-Nonopai language). (Kuluvos, p. 11.)

MILIKA: Mokatitin of Tikanaka hamlet, Livitua village. She is mokotok to Lasuwot, wife to Kasino (Purapot-Rukubek). She and Sirapi were my best friends and informants. (Age: 30.)

PALA: Tivingur of Mangai (Mali hamlet), whom Sirapi counts as brother. None of the other old Tivingur men played this role. Pala's children regularly helped Sirapi in their role as brother's children (Rongo and her brothers).

PAMBALI: Sirapi's young mokok (Panakaia-Paneval), just back from a year in jail for negligent driving.

PAPE: Mokamiva from Lamakot village, married into Lauen.

PAPE: Mokbanaka son of Kaute of Livitua, third wife to Kanda. (Age: 30.) (Kuluvos, p. 7).

PEPA: Mokatitin sister to Makalo's dead father and muk (father's sister) to Lasuwot and Francis. Very active in this malanggan as well as in the earlier one in her home hamlet, Tokanaka, despite her many years. (Age: 75.) (Kuluvos, pp. 5, 6, 9.)

PISKAUT: Mokamiva of Livitua, teacher in the Catholic mission system who married a Highland New Guinea woman during his last assignment.

She is the terror of Livitua because she fights with knives and nearly severed the foot of a young Livitua lass with whom she thought Piskaut was having an affair. Piskaut and his brother, Ito, are the sons of Balenei, one of the men for whom the malanggan was held in October 1966, in Livitua. They helped a great deal for that one, Ito telling me that he did so because he loved his father very much. However, their education (Ito is also a teacher) takes them out of the village too much for them to accept leading roles in malanggan activities. (Age: 30.) (Kuluvos, p. 3.) They are also mokoks to Kavok.

PITALAI: Mokamiva from Lauen, who is currently Local Government Councillor representing the villages of Mangai, Livitua, and Lauen (including Wuap). He made cement for one of the dead at the Livitua malanggan, and played an active role in representing the ancient and incapacitated Mavis in the Kuluvos malanggan.

RONGO: Muk (brother's daughter) to Sirapi (see Mali hamlet, Mangai. Also, Kuluvos, pp. 2, 5).

RUSRUS: Tivingur of Mangai (Lungantire hamlet), last wife of the honored dead, William. (Kuluvos, pp. 1, 2, 4, 5.)

SAKARAP: Another brother of Kavok. (See Kuluvos, p. 2.)

SAMBUAN: Mokamuna of Mangai (Purapot-Lameden). Her father is true brother to Kavok's mother, both of Sambutei hamlet in Livitua (Kuluvos, p. 4). (Age: 40.)

SAMUEL: Mokamiva of Nonopai, one of the group of Nonopai Mokamiva brothers (classificatory) to the dead. (Kuluvos, p. 12.) He is married to a Wongerarum woman who is sister (classificatory) to Lamsisi, with

whom Smauel requested a pig during the Kuluvos malanggan. He turned out to be an important person.

SEMELES: Sister to Piskaut (see description under his name; also, Kuluvos, p. 4).

SIMEON: Tivingo brother to Mano, husband to Emi. He is a memai with many connections to the major participants in the malanggan in Kuluvos, his father's place. (Kuluvos, p. 5.) He was active at Masapal's funeral (see "MASAPAL" in this index).

SIRAPI: Tivingur of Mangai (Matanavillam hamlet), wife of the honored dead, Makalo. She, along with Milika, was my best friend and informant. (Age: 60.) (Kuluvos, pp. 1, 2, 4, 6.) She is mokok to the boss of the malanggan, Melisa, through her Mokatitin father, Lolo.

TAITO: Mokatitin of Wuap, memai of perhaps greater power than any others in the area. In 1965, we witnessed a feast leading up to the malanggan he gave mainly for his wife early in 1966. He is connected to many people of Mangai, Livitua, Lauen, and Nonopai, but perhaps his most important connection at the Kuluvos malanggan was his son-in-law, Kavok. (See the description under Kavok's name.) (Age: 75.) His dead wife was Mokamiva, and he was classificatory father to the dead men. (Kuluvos, pp. 2, 3.)

TANGAI: A representative of old Mavis in Paruai, his own village. He is married to the sister of Eron of Mangai (Matanasoi hamlet). (Age: 35.)

TAVAKARIU: First son of the dead William by his first wife, now dead, of Wongerarum. He is a clerk in an office in Madang in New Guinea, and came home only for the malanggan. At first it was said that he would



be given memai status, but he refused on the grounds that he did not know the job and was not going to be at home. He is now married to Kor, the mother of the child who drowned near the last day of the malanggan. (Age: 25.)

TULEBUNG: Son of Emi who works in Rabaul for the Electric Power company. He came home for the malanggan, and he accepted memai status. (Age: 21.)

WILLIAM: Mokamiva of Kuluvos, the true brother of Emi, who has first place of honor at this malanggan. He was a memai who was very angry with Taito when he died, young, perhaps about 50 years old. Rusrus was his wife at the time. (Kuluvos, pp. 1, 2, 4, 12.)

WULOS: Classificatory daughter to Vasale (hence, sister to Lovan) from Navallis village, where Vasale has relatives. She was often in Mangai, sometimes with her husband and their adopted son, Kambakaso. They stayed in Matanavillam hamlet when in Mangai.

Explanation of the Symbols: Kuluvos Kinship Charts

Male	Persons important in the proceedings at Kuluvos are shaded in on the charts.
Female	

Broken line indicates death

Marriage

Consanguineal relationship

Classificatory relationship

The first name under the symbol is the personal name.

The second name under the symbol is the clan name (preceded by C).

The third name under the symbol is the hamlet name (preceded by H).

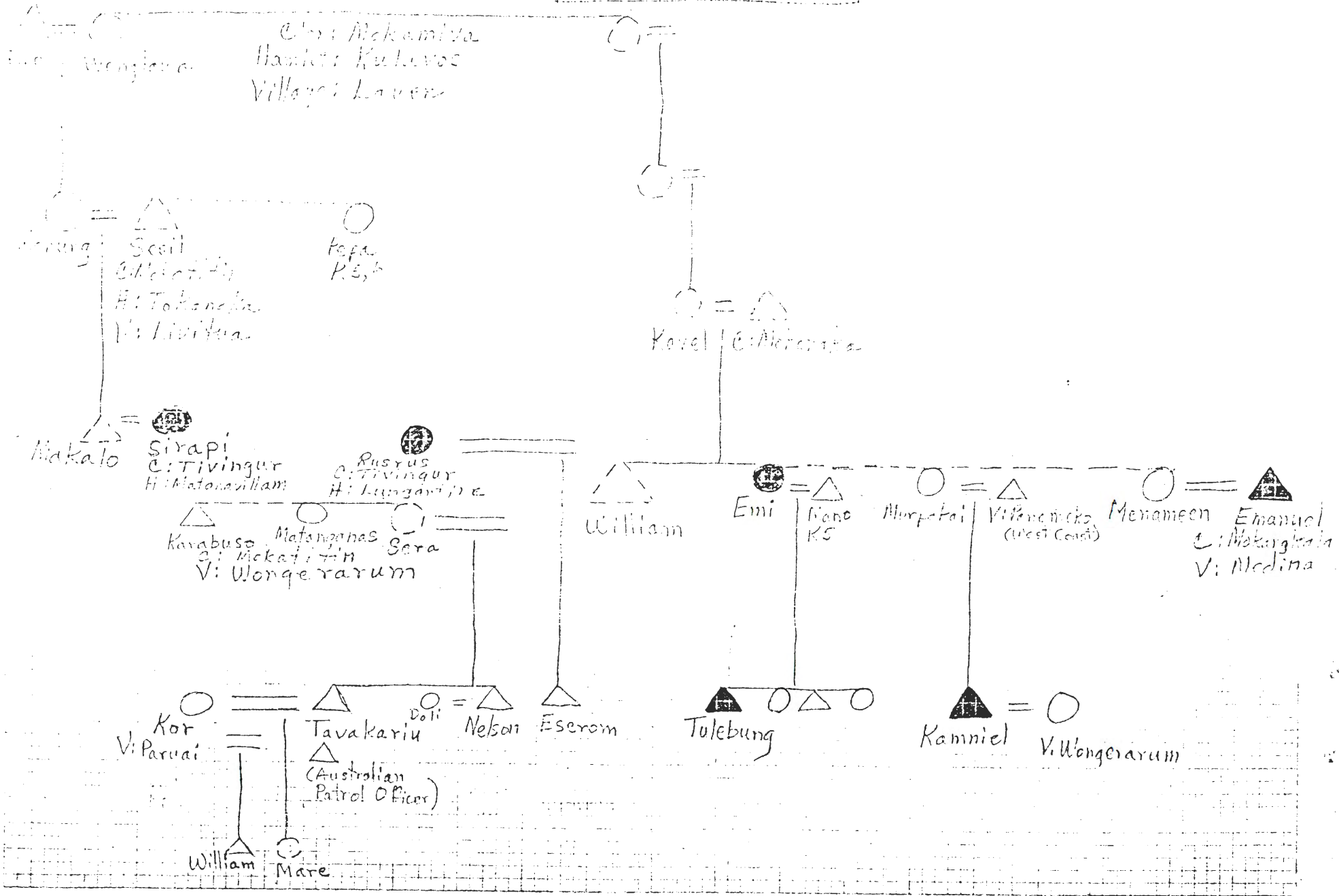
The fourth name under the symbol is the village name (preceded by V).

Where fewer than all four are known, the letters C, H, and V alone will suffice to indicate the category of name given.

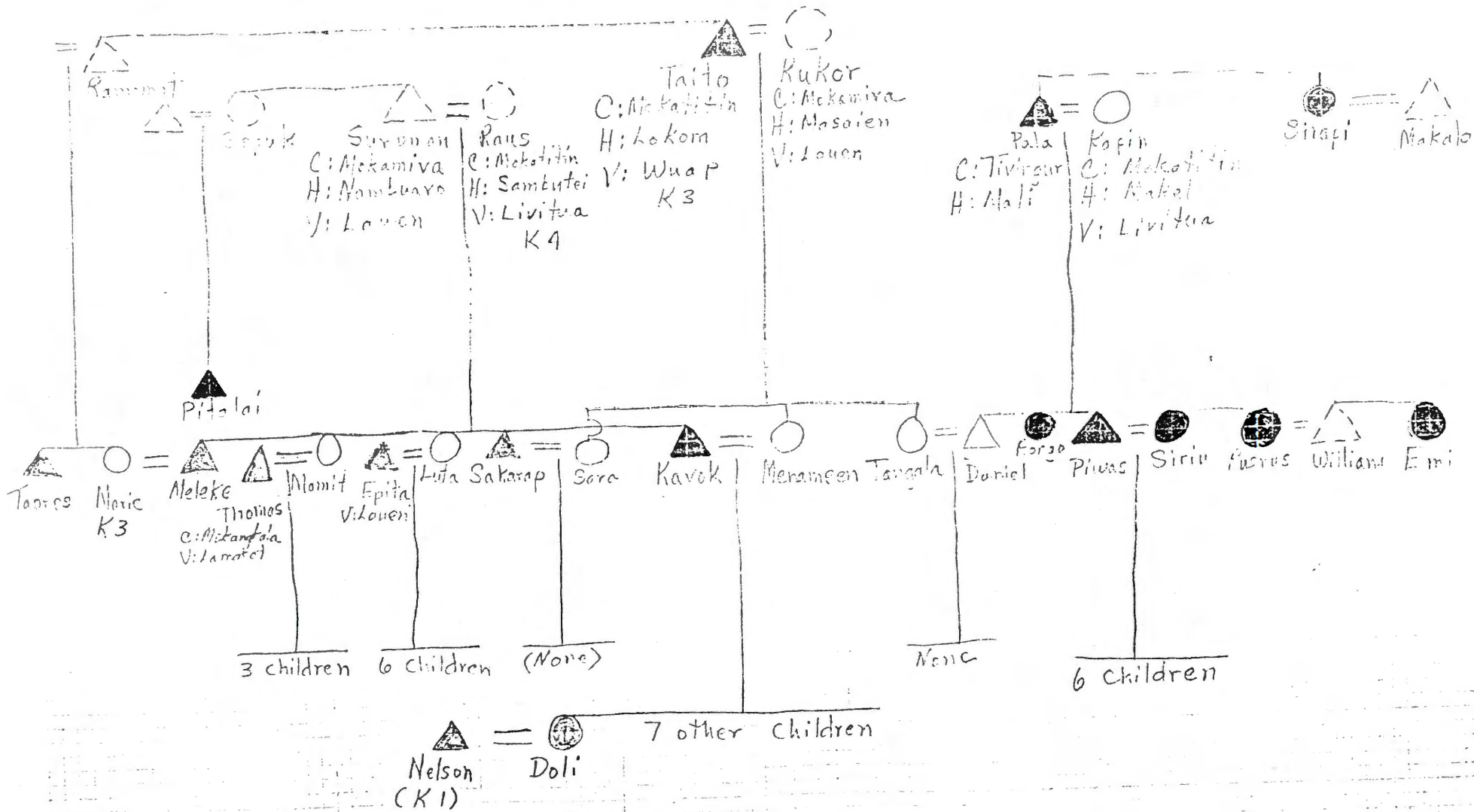
The letter R before a name indicates that place of residence is shown.

Where only hamlet is indicated, the village is Mangai. The individual's connections are more fully given in the charts for Mangai hamlets. Further information in the Kuluvos charts is indicated thus: K6 means "See Kuluvos charts, p. 6)."

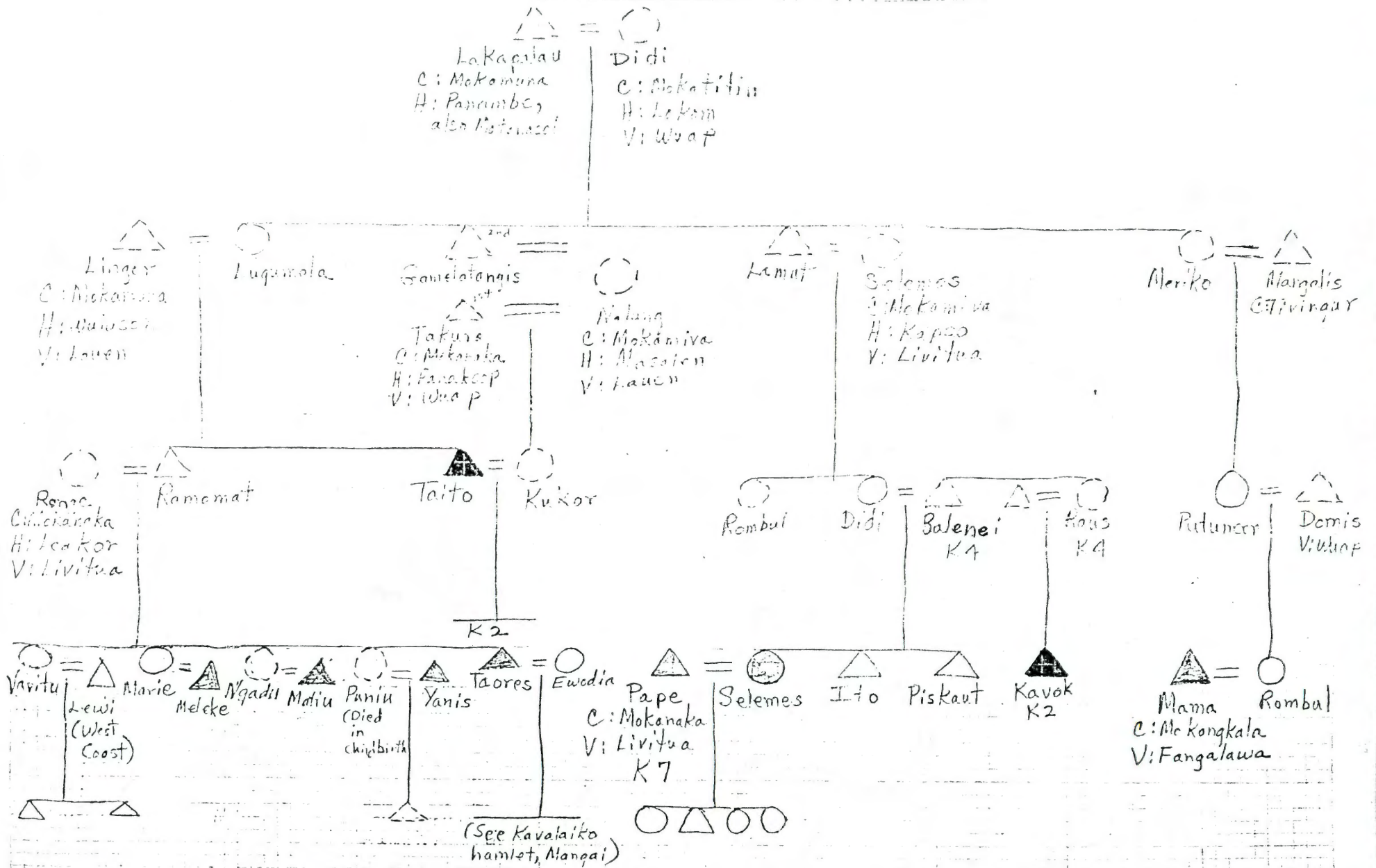
Where more than one marriage is shown, an earlier one is shown lower on the page than a later one.



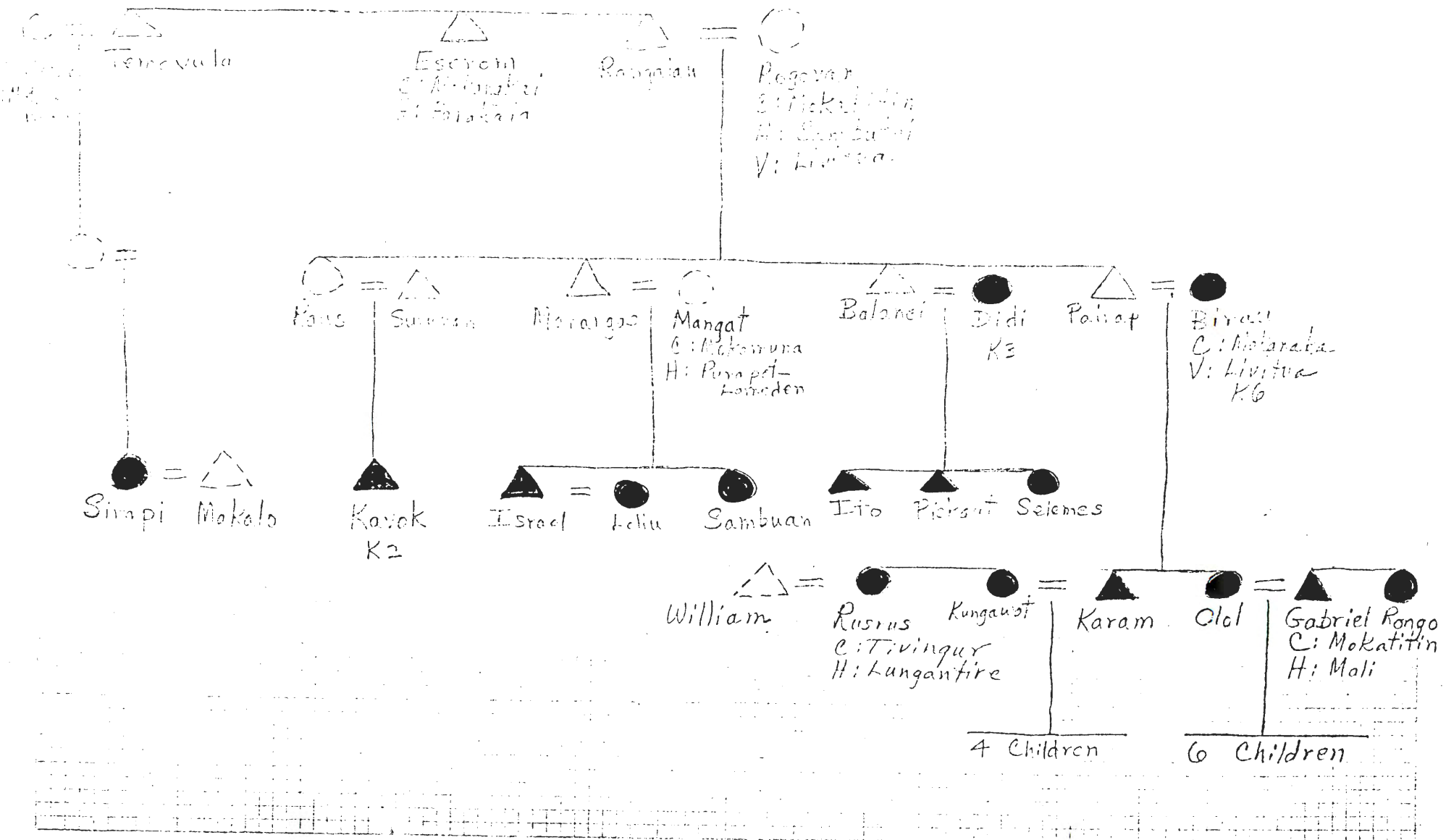
KULUVOS - PAGE 2



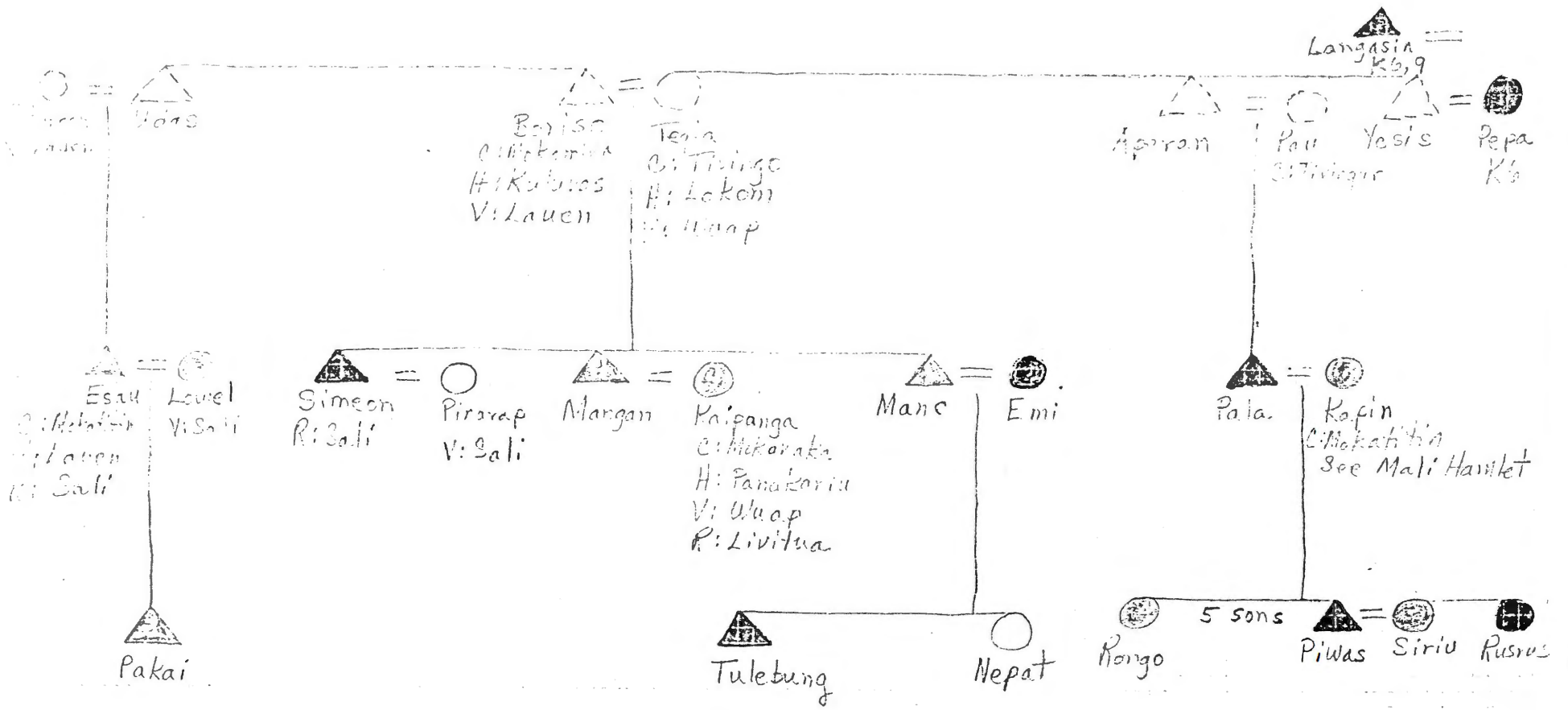
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KULYOS - PAGE 4









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





# KULUVOS - PAGE 6



 =   
 Paul = Didi  
 C: Makalitin  
 H: Tokarika  
 V: Livitua



 =   
 Linaasin = Pepa  
 C: Makalitin  
 H: Tokarika  
 V: Livitua  
 K9  
 =   
 Yosis = K5

 =   
 Temepal = Lemunge



 =   
 Sesi = Menung  
 C: Makamiva  
 H: Kuluvos  
 V: Laven



 =   
 Soles = Menung  
 C: Makamiva  
 V: Livitua



 =   
 Baimbal = Silaka




 =   
 Onika = Periau




 =  =  =   
 Emi = Manis = Mangan = Kaipurga  
 K5

 =   
 Sirapi = Makalo

 =   
 Francis = Binau

 =   
 Binau = Painap  
 K4

 =  =   
 Kati = Kanda = Lasuwat

 =   
 Rakasou = Vakuar Serere  
 K8  
  
 Pengas

  
 Karam



Silakal  
Bainbai  
Cikakalin  
Cikakalin  
Cikakalin  
Cikakalin

Sekunge  
Cikakalin  
H: Jaiou  
V: Lilitua

Lasuact

Nenung  
Cikakalin  
H: Kachis  
V: Lilitua

Pesa  
Cikakalin  
V: Lilitua

Konda  
Kaute  
Cikakalin  
V: Lilitua

Lania

Pankum

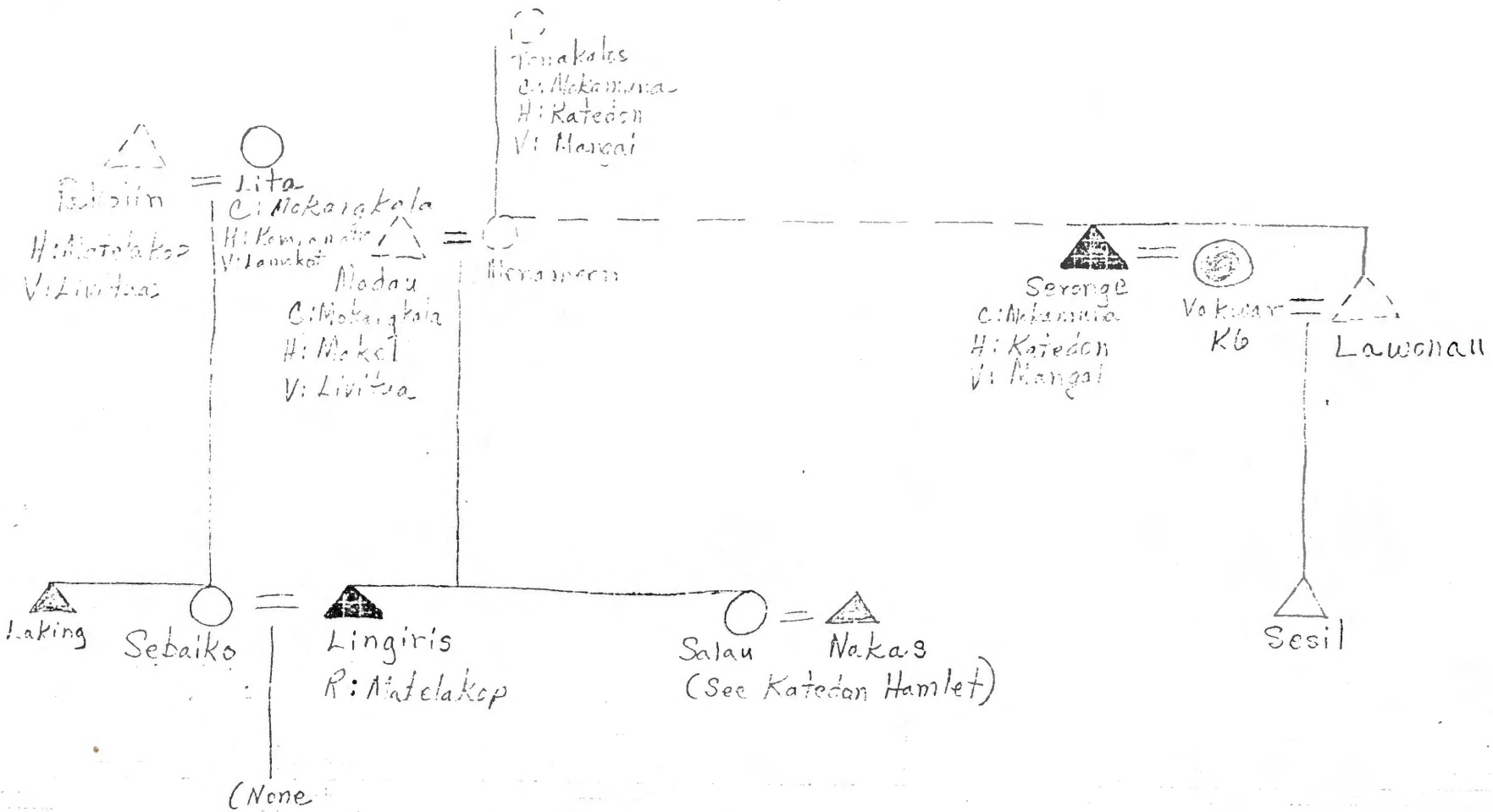
Rakrsou

(4) Died) Melakaul Milikan Bainbai

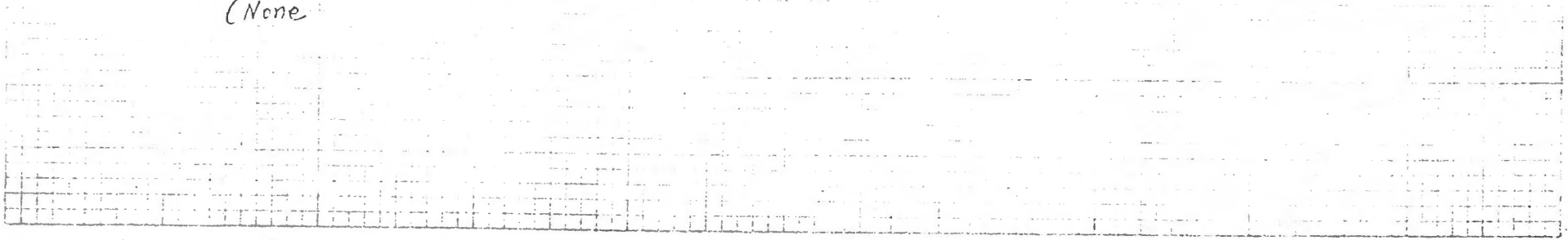
Kavalison Pusrus Waru Bungaloo Tapi

Pape

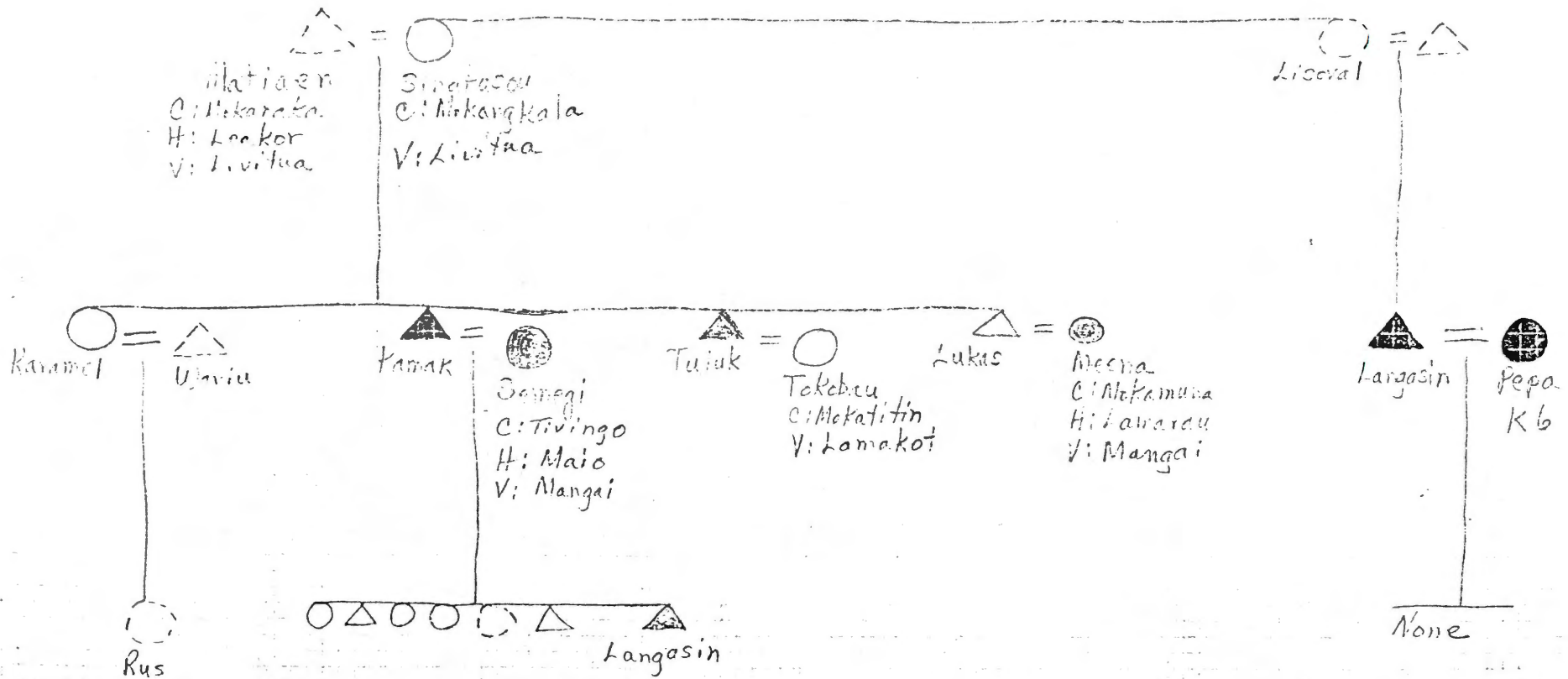
Pengas



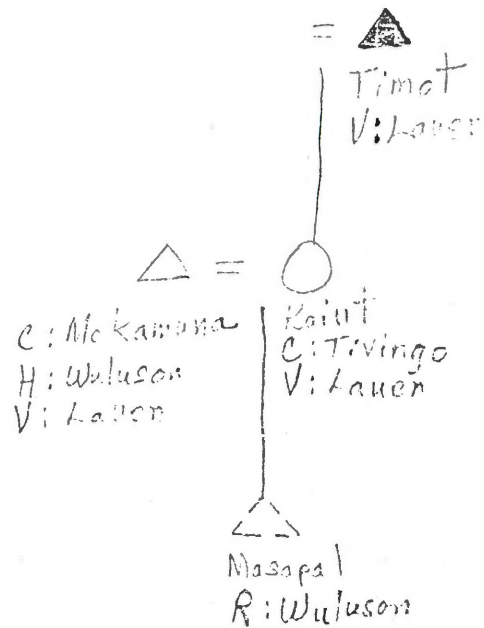
(None)




# KUIUVOS - PAGE 9







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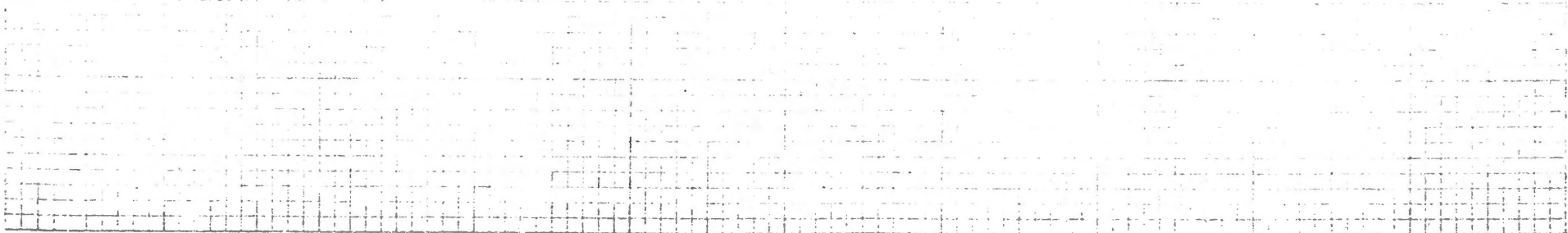


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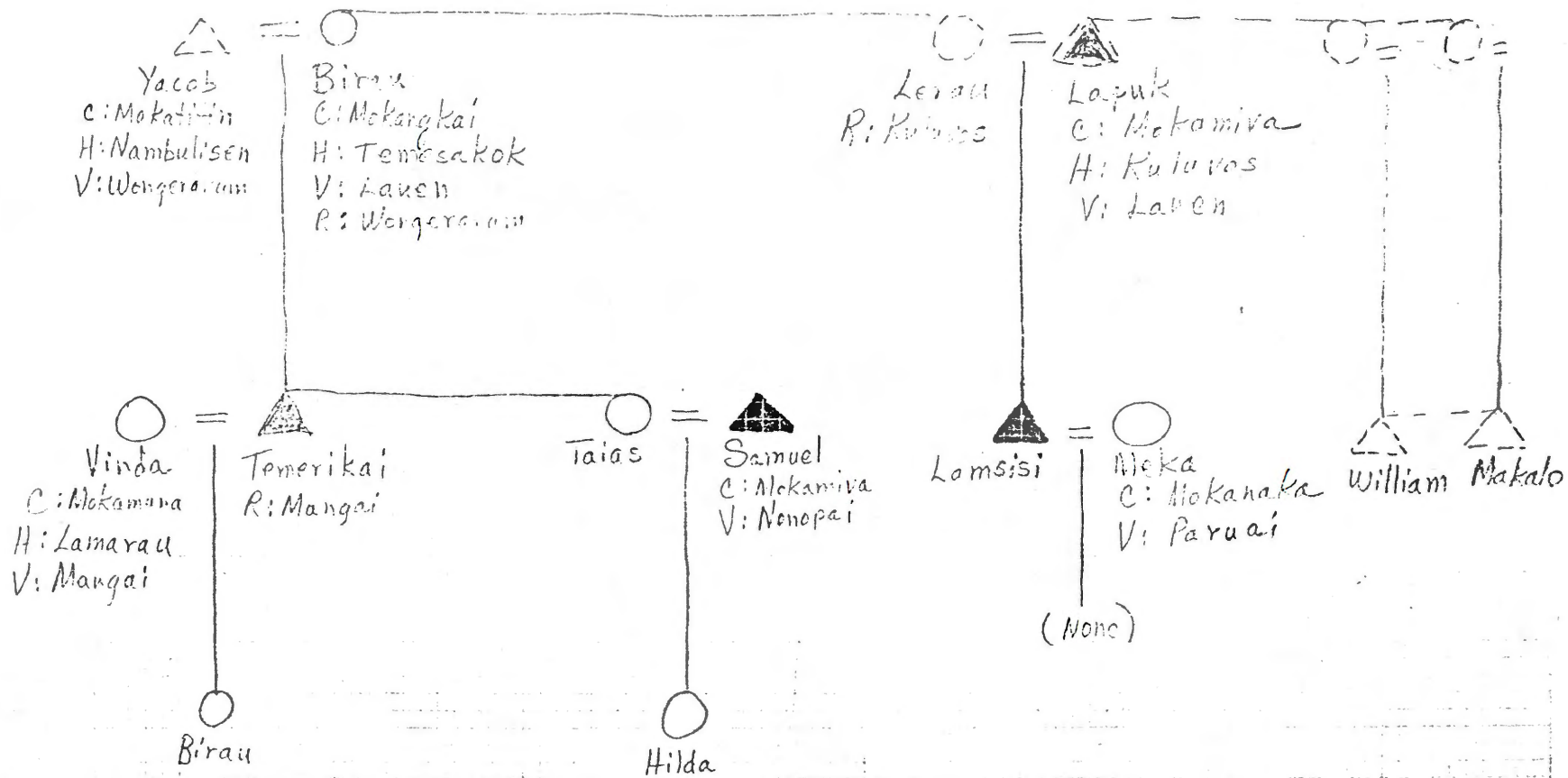
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C: Mokamiva

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Melisa      Teiya  
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V: Lauen



# KULUVOS - PAGE 12



MALANGGAN AT TOKANAKA HAMLET, LIVITUA VILLAGE

The events of the malanggan at Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua village came during September and October, 1966. The big man whose burial in the Tokanaka cemetery mainly structured the activities of the malanggan was Waradis, a Mokatitin clansman of Livitua village whose mother was from Katena hamlet, just across the road from Tokanaka. He was classificatory mokotok (mother's brother) to the brothers Lasuwot and Kanda, who were expected to sponsor Waradis' malanggan. They are also Mokititin, but of Tokanaka hamlet.

Waradis married three times (first to a woman of Luberua, then to one of Livitua, and finally to Vasale, Lovan's mother, of Mangai). Waradis died in the hospital in 1962 in Rabaul, and his body was sent back to Kavieng. Big men of both Mangai and Livitua went to town in the Livitua truck to pick up the body.

Lovan wanted to bury his stepfather in Mangai (Purapot hamlet), but apparently he was not prepared to make an issue of it. He accepted one pound (Australian currency) from Waradis' mokotok (Kanda and Lasuwot, his sister's sons) in token payment for release of the body from Purapot; and Waradis was buried in Livitua, in the Tokanaka hamlet cemetery. (The prior right of the clansmen of the dead is generally acknowledged; which does not mean, however, that there are no quarrels. While I was in New Ireland conflict between claimants of a woman's body in Lakuramau village resulted in a kind of "tug of war" over the casket, and the throwing of sticks and stones. The women's clansmen finally obtained and buried the body.)

Waradis had been a big man: luluai in Luberua village, and memai both in Livitua and in Mangai. In February, 1965, Kanda told the anthropologists, privately, that while his brother Lasuwot was the elder brother, he, Kanda, would lead the malanggan for Waradis because he had "good ideas." (He inserted this English phrase into our conversation in pidgin.) But Kanda had a large cancer developing in his mouth, a type that develops typically inside the cheek where people insert a lime-covered pepper bean to chew with their betel nut. About a year later we heard that Kanda had gone to hospital, first in Rabaul, then in Port Moresby.

When I returned to Papua New Guinea in July, 1966, I visited Kanda in the Port Moresby hospital, and he put a long message on my tape recorder for me to take to New Ireland. There was much discussion when people heard it: it was instructions about what to do with Kanda's two big pigs which were being grown for the malanggan for Waradis. Lasuwot told me that it was time for the malanggan to be held, that the people were ready and urging him to start; but that he wanted to wait for Kanda. By the end of July, however, people had begun to put up new cook houses in Livitua, and some people told me that Livitua could not wait for Kanda.

In early August, Lasuwot said there would be a malanggan, and whether or not Kanda came would be for the doctor to decide. Lasuwot was still hoping he would. Lasuwot himself was not a memai, he said, and he did not expect to be one. He had told people (he said to me privately), "Maski"(never mind), if you want to work something over us two (that is, if you want to install Kanda and me as memai to take the place of our mokotok Waradis), you can do it. But I am not here (in this leadership position) on the basis of mias and pig (i.e., he has not initiated the exchanges necessary to make himself a formally installed memai); I am here on nothing, that's all."



I asked him then if someone were going to make a malanggan carving and he said he did not know. However, he added (by way of explanation to me) if someone does make a malanggan, it must not come from Livitua, it must come from outside. Then Livitua will buy it. Then it looks good. Everyone can help bring a malanggan, and all can help buy it. "We do not think about paying back, and we do not call the amount of pay," he said.

On Sunday, October 2, 1966, Sirapi told me that Lepilis (who had been until 1966 caretaker for the Council building where Nicolas Peterson and I lived in 1965) and his wife Salome would be coming up from Medina village for the malanggan. "The two remained with the Council for a long time, and Waradis, he looked after them. He did not forget about them, with fish, with sweet potato; and now the two think of him still."

The next day, October 3, on Monday morning line, Lovan asked that all Mangai buy a malanggan from Lepilis to take to Livitua. Ismael stood up and said that he did not have a pig, so he had hesitated to talk about a malanggan. However, since Lovan had started talking about one, he, Ismael, would say that he thought it was a good idea. He noted that Lovan had a pig, and that Kare also had one. Furthermore, Waradis had been a big help to Mangai, and Mangai should be strong in its support for this malanggan.

Later I overheard Sirapi telling Alice, with some enthusiasm, that on line it had been decided that Mangai cannot just go in with Livitua; that Mangai must bring a malanggan of its own. (She meant that Mangai could not just help to buy whatever else Livitua was buying; that Mangai must buy something of its own. And yet the obligation seemed to be social and moral, rather than a debt defined in economic terms.)

The next day Lasuwot was at my house and I asked him to tell me about the plans. It was at this time that he first explained his views about the bringing of a malanggan by Lepilis. Differing opinions on this matter continued to flourish on into the later ceremony at Kuluvos. I give a full account of it (though my informants might prefer that I not do so) because it exemplifies and illustrates the kinds of conflicts that are intrinsic to the malanggan system, and that must come out, or else "hide," in every malanggan. Each participant has his own debts "stuck to his skin," and some may be repaid only by not repaying others. This account also shows that New Irelanders do not sit back and drift on their well-organized traditions, but must continually struggle with the tensions among conflicting interests in order to maintain their group-oriented culture.

Lasuwot said that Lepilis had already brought two malanggan for Waradis: one was a fish carving, which he had taken for the burning of Waradis' house and clothes in Purapot. Lovan, Vasale, and Wulos had bought that one. Kanda had asked Lepilis for the other malanggan for Waradis; and he had brought a vavara style (target-shaped) malanggan to Tokanaia, where Waradis also had a house that had to be burned. (Waradis also had houses in Mali and Panakaia hamlets in Mangai, which were burned without malanggan.) Lasuwot said they had lost plenty of mias to Lepilis, and that he did not want to lose any more until Lepilis "straightened" his debts. "Later he will not invite me (to bring something, and thereby return mias and money to Lasuwot). I lose, lose, and lose and he sits down and has a happy time, and then he does not repay. A lot of money and mias I have not got!" Lasuwot went on: "If he (Lepilis) comes again, it will be another debt. If Lovan wants him, that is his business. He can have him come to Purapot, not to Tokanaia."

Theoretically Lovan could bring a malanggan to Livitua and buy it with the help of Mangai only. But Lasuwot knows that he would look greedy if he did not help buy at his own malanggan ceremony; so he has to prevent the malanggan from coming.

Another thing: Lasuwot is a little bit cross with Lovan. "Lovan got plenty from Waradis, because Waradis lived with his (Lovan's) mama. Lovan should have shared: checkbooks, mias, pig." I asked Lasuwot if Lovan is a little greedy. "Yes, greedy. He must be ashamed, if he does not clear well all debts." I asked if Lepilis is greedy. "I do not know," Lasuwot answered, "we are friends." But, he went on, Lepilis has an unpaid debt to Lovan of another sort. Lovan paid for the whole fish malanggan, but Lepilis has not finished bringing the whole carving. (Later Ba explained to me that a man could leave off a little finger or foot and then the buyer would have to buy a second time in order to fully control the whole malanggan.)

Lasuwot was not inviting anyone to bring a malanggan, he told me. He had asked for a cement monument, and he had asked for Yaraka (of Faruai, teacher and councillor, Mokamiva clan) to bring it. I asked if he was repaying something (as I had heard from other people) and he said no: he asked Yaraka for no special reason, just in response to his own true thoughts about who he wanted to bring the cement. He said it was true that Waradis and his line had made the cement for Yaraka's father, but that debt belonged to Lamo, Siraci, and Lovan; not to Lasuwot. He asked Yaraka because he wanted to ask him. I asked why Kanda had sung out his request to Lepilis, and Lasuwot said: "The two are friends. They used to 'grease,' (talk), play, eat together."

A week later Lasuwot made a public speech at one of several preliminary feasts, in which he said that he did not want anyone to bring malanggan because he, Lasuwot, was a Catholic; and the Catholic fathers, as everyone knows, have tabooed malanggan and said they were sinful.

Lepilis himself was present on that occasion. I asked him about the malanggan he had brought to Purapot and to Tokanaka, and he said that one had been the fish he had told me about when he saw it in my book. (In 1965 he recognized the fish from Medina village pictured in Jean Guiart's Art of the South Pacific.) That one, he said, he had taken to Lovan "but Lovan did not 'kill' it." (That is, Lepilis regarded the malanggan as still his own, because Lovan had not yet paid enough for it. From Lovan's point of view, this meant that he had lost mias for nothing, unless he could get Lepilis to bring the malanggan again and Lovan could then finish paying for it.) The vavara that Kanda and Lasuwot had bought, Lepilis said, was kattom (bought completely). "I cannot work it again. Lasuwot won it," for twenty-five mias and two pounds.

Among the other dead being "finished" at the Tokanaka malanggan was Balenei, the father of the two Livitua teachers, young men in their twenties: Ito and Piskaut (See Kuluvos genealogy chart, p. 3). Kavok, who became important in the Kuluvos malanggan, brought a pig for buying Balenei's cement, which was made by Pitalai; councillor for Mangai, Livitua, and Lauen villages.

A third dead was a child who had drowned: the little girl of Taores and his New Hanover wife, Ewodia. Taores belonged at Livitua (see Kuluvos genealogy chart, pp. 2, 3), but he had been living in Mangai, where he was clerk and manager of the Cooperative Society store. Piwas made the cement for the child. On the first day of payment, Francis (a classificatory mokotok of Taores, and a big man, though not a memai) said that the cement-making had been "put close" (in terms of kinship and locality) to Taores because Taores, though he belongs at Livitua, "does not sit down easy." Therefore, Francis said, we cannot pay much for this cement (and one need

not pay people who are close as much as one must pay someone who is "outside"). Later I asked people if Francis was cross when he made this speech, and most people said no, he was not cross. He was just explaining why Mokanaŋa (the clan of Francis and Taores) had not called on someone "outside" to do the work. But one person said that Francis was cross, because Taores had gone to New Hanover, and he had not even held fast a pig for the cement of his child. Subsequently he returned with his wife and her mother, and they all participated in the malanggan, an institution with which Ewodia and her mother were not familiar.<sup>3</sup>

There was a fourth dead, a woman, from Tabar. A letter was sent to her brother. Finally an answer came, saying that he and his "line" from Tabar would come, but not until the last day. People thought rather badly of this attitude. The Tabar woman had died in Kavieng, during World War II, but she had lived for a while in Livitua; and when she died, Livitua offered to bury her. In 1966, there were no exchanges of pig, nias, and money for this woman, but several people from Tabar did come during the last week of the malanggan. The men who were making cement crosses for Waradis, Balanei, and Taores' dead child also made a cross for the Tabar woman.

There were 29 pigs and about 600 people on the last day, and there was plenty of pig to go around. But it was a good thing that Kanda's son, Pape, did a little pig magic over the cooked pigs (a few words, a cross of ashes) to ensure the sufficiency at the feast, because there was no pig left over to be divided among those who helped to buy it.

Later Lasuwot told me that it was a very successful malanggan; that everyone had said that the place was full, the men's house on the beach was full, all the cook houses were full, and everyone had plenty to eat. "I steered it well," he said. Then he referred to a malanggan in another village

which was not "steered well." The memai who steered it, however, later told me that his malanggan "beat them all," and left no doubt that in his mind it was better than the malanggan at Tokanaka. Apparently evaluations of the success of a malanggan, as of any undertaking in any society, varies with the viewpoint of the commentator.

## THE MALANGGAN AT KULUVOS HAMLET, LAUEN VILLAGE

### Introduction: The Dead and Their Celebrators

In August, 1962, William of Kuluvos hamlet, Lauen village, died. He was buried in the cemetery of his home hamlet. In April, 1963, his clan brother, Makalo, died; and was buried beside his brother William.

Makalo had planned to convene a malanggan for William, and had begun preparations to do so. When he suddenly died, there were no men of their clan, Mokamiva, left in Kuluvos hamlet to initiate a malanggan for them. Toward the end of 1966, Emi, the sister of the two men, decided that she would undertake this ceremonial work; and Melisa, the son of a Kuluvos man of Mokamiva clan (himself a Mokititin clansman of Nonopai village) came to help her organize it. He was a well-known memai. How he came to be "boss" of the malanggan was the subject of continuing discussion.

Makalo had been the husband of Sirapi, and William had been the husband of Rusrus: both Tivingur clanswomen of Mangai village. Emi asked these two women, her yak, to help; and they agreed to do so.

### Data Collection and Presentation

I was able to follow the events of this malanggan in detail from nearly its beginning, and with an understanding founded on experience. Sirapi was my main informant, general helper, and best friend. Rusrus was an outgoing woman, articulate, and one of my first friends in Mangai. When I observed the final events of this malanggan, in April and May, 1967, I had otherwise completed my field research in New Ireland; and I knew the names and clans and hamlets of everyone from Mangai and Livitua, and of most of the people from other villages who participated. Furthermore, I had the perspective drawn from nearly three months' work in New Hanover.

I recorded data in notebooks, on tape, and on 35mm slides. I present here a chronological account of the proceedings of this malanggan, taken more or less directly from these records. I have rearranged my notes for clarity; I might have written and taped, for instance, four entries about the ownership of a particular pink pig, half a dozen on the relationships of Melisa to other people, three on the process of making a mumu (stone and earth oven), and so on; these various items intermingled sporadically in my records. I have pulled them together; but I have retained some of the randomness of sequence that reflects actual events and my own process of discovery, which continued with the writing of this account. I found, for instance, that a very ordinary incident turned out to be crucial, and only a photograph identified the actors whom I had not noticed at the time.

Presentation of the data in this "raw" form allows me to show how malanggan activities structure time and focus interest. Furthermore, events remain somewhat in the context (social, physical, emotional, et cetera) which partly defines their meaning. Analysis of the data appears both concurrently and at the conclusion of the account.

Background: Previous Malanggan at Wuap

William was already dead when I first lived in Mangai, but I heard a great deal about him. In February, 1965, Taito of Wuap initiated a ceremony to end a mira (taboo) on his cemetery imposed by this same William just before he died. Nicolas Peterson attended this ceremony.<sup>4</sup> He reported that there had been rivalry between Taito and William to initiate a final malanggan ceremony for the cemetery at Waup; and when William thought that Taito had behaved improperly by planning a feast without telling William about it (so that he could also prepare to make a good showing), William in



anger imposed a mira on the cemetery. This meant that Taito had to give a little feast to remove the mira before he could proceed with the final malanggan ceremony. Perhaps William hoped to be able to take control of the final ceremony by that time, or at least to be ready with food and other contributions.

But things did not work out that way. William, much younger than Taito, died. Taito still had to remove the mira, and he did so in a ceremony which some people said was "wrong." He bought a malanggan from his own people, which constituted "putting the money back into his own pocket." He therefore did not have to wait long for his people to rebuild their resources; and he initiated the final malanggan early in 1966, before I returned to the field. People said they had to hurry, as Taito was old and might die at any time. But Taito was alive and well and active still when I left the field at the end of 1967.<sup>5</sup> Whereas it had been the case that, according to one informant, "No one knows who goes first in Wuap" in 1965, by 1966 Taito no longer had a rival for the number one position in his home village. Everyone said that his malanggan went well and was a big success. Some visiting University students from Australia were present and added their appreciation to this event, which distinguished it from others and which made people feel especially good about their accomplishment.

#### Kuluvos Malanggan: Preliminary Planning

In February, 1965, just before I left the field after my first period of research, Sirapi produced a long malanggan carving from storage in the rafters of her house. She had bought it from someone in Livitua who had helped to buy it at a malanggan ceremony in Tabar; and she had planned to use it for a ceremony for her husband, Makalo, sometime in the future. However, she said that she could get another, and, having noticed my

interest in malanggan carvings, she offered to sell it to me. I paid her twenty Australian pounds (about \$US42) for it.

When I came back in mid-1966, no progress had been made toward planning the malanggan for Makalo. But on October 1, I learned that plans were underway; and that the malanggan would be for both Makalo and his brother William, who had died within a year or two of each other. I discovered this indirectly when Sirapi did not take her big pig to the malanggan at Tokanaka. It must wait, she said, for the malanggan for Makalo.

I heard nothing more about Makalo's malanggan (and had given up hope that I might see it) until Wednesday, January 18, 1967. Sirapi told me then that there had been a meeting in the hamlet where he was buried, Kuluvos, to make plans for the event. On Sunday Sirapi planned to go to Lauen for another meeting: the first one to which she had been invited.

The meeting was held, however, not the following Sunday but the following day: Thursday, January 19. It was held at the house of Emi, sister to the two dead men. Big men were there, and they scheduled the malanggan for William and Makalo for April.

I asked Sirapi for how many people (who have died) the malanggan would be held. Just two, she said; then added that she thought now that perhaps one more boy would come into the malanggan. Later I learned that she referred to Masapal, the teenage epileptic who drowned in Lauen village in November, 1966. We had attended his funeral.

I asked her if all the gardens were ready, and she said yes. She was called in just to hear the plans, rather than to confer. She will be expected to help, but they (at Kuluvos) are boss. Sirapi told me that Livitua village, the village of Makalo's father where Sirapi and Makalo

lived most of their married life, had already done some "work" in response to Makalo's death. The very old lady Pepa, muk (father's sister, in this case true father's sister) to Makalo, had asked "the husband of Semege" (Kamak of Livitua) to bring vavara malanggan for the burning of Makalo's house.

At this early meeting about the malanggan in Kuluvos, several big men conferred. Sirapi mentioned to me only that Lamsisi was there "helping" with the talk. He is (like the dead men) Mokamiva clan and belongs at Lauen, but he married and went to PutPut village, near town. One function of malanggan never explicitly stated as a purpose was already evident at this early stage: it reunites the clan as the men of the place, married away, come home to work together again to help give a malanggan.

After these early meetings I left Mangai to work in New Hanover, and have no further information until late April, 1967, when I returned to New Ireland.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1967

Working Together to Prepare Food, a Malanggan, and Entertainment

We are sitting in my house in the evening, talking. Sirapi came over, followed by two of her Matanavillam hamlet group: old Langiro, who, having been cross with his fellow clansmen in Panakaia, came to Sirapi to be fed; and young Laksia. Both are "outsiders," Langiro from Tabor and Laksia from New Hanover. The latter was wandering around in town not knowing quite what to do with himself, and Tambeta Aisoli (whose husband is from New Hanover) sent him to Mangai to her grandmother, Patavani. He often drifts over to Sirapi's house to eat, and he likes to come to my house.

This evening Lovan has also come, which means that Sirapi, his mokok, has to sit in the kitchen, just inside the door. She and Lovan are supposed to avoid each other, which is probably one reason why Lovan rarely comes to see me. When he does, he makes a lot of noise and comes with a flourish and plops himself down in the best chair. On one such occasion, Sirapi made a slight snort of disgust as she ambled into the kitchen and sat on the floor. But tonight we are all a bit jovial, as I have just come back from more than two months in New Hanover. There is more conversation than usual, partly because Laksia is talkative, even more so than most New Hanoverians.<sup>6</sup>

Today Laksia went to help wash sago in Lauen village. It is Emi's sago, and Rusrus and Wulos (Lovan's classificatory sister from Navallis village) were there helping. They are remaining there to sleep, so they can help with the sago.

LOVAN (to DB): "We washed two sago trees in Lauen. We waited for you but you didn't come." (He is teasing, but typically many comments of this sort let the returnee know that he or she has stayed away too long.) "All the young boys of Mangai went Tuesday to sapal (chop out the inside of the sago trunk). They will go again another Tuesday."

Sirapi says that they have done three trees this week. She has been staying in Mangai in order to feed the men who are making the malanggan for Mangai to bring to Kuluvos. I ask who is making the malanggan and Sirapi names four old men of Mangai: Keres, Pala, and Seri, all Tivingur clan; and Matunga, one of the Mokamuna clan members to whom Sirapi is related. None of these people any longer knows the genealogical "road," but they know they are tigak (brothers) and vasak (brother-sister).

Lovan says that he held fast a pig yesterday, so he is "boss" of this malanggan from Mangai. Mias and money were added to the pig to lakau (buy) the malanggan from Matunga, who got it from his sister in Tabar; who got it from her husband, who belongs there (in Tabar). By and by it will be bought many times, Lovan says. Yesterday (Lovan says) we started; and Sirapi begins to list the names of those who helped to buy: Kambakaso (Wulos' 5-year-old boy), Caroline (Lina's one-year-old daughter), old Langiro, and so on.

Sirapi went and sat in the kitchen door when Lovan came, but she and Lovan are talking. They are talking about how much has been paid to Matunga: four pounds plus nine mias (red shell strings of currency). Lovan tells me: "We bought it, along with everyone."

SIRAPI (to DB): "By and by the father of Simek (Lovan, whose name it is taboo for her to say) will talk strong to Emi and the husband of Leiya (Melisa, also taboo to Sirapi, who is boss of the malanggan) that they cannot burn the malanggan; it must come to you (to go back to America).

Other things will be brought to the malanggan. Emi sent out requests for two cement monuments: from Melisa, for William; and from Kavok, for Makalo. Emi also sent a request to her brother in Omo village (near town) to bring a malanggan, for both William and Makalo. And Mangai's malanggan will be for both the dead big men. Sirapi's big pig will be cut free, for Makalo.

Already people are coming to help, or have sent help. Pitalai, the New Hanover husband of Tambeta, sent a big bag of sweet potatoes to Kuluvos, and Tambeta herself sent a letter saying that she would send money.

And Pasap, the brother of Rusrus who now lives on the West Coast (Kaut village) where he is married, has already come with his wife, Ngur, to help.

Why is Lovan in this? I ask. He is mokotok to Nakalo. I ask: "Along what road?"

LOVAN: "From the time of our ancestors."

DB: "You don't know well the (genealogical) road."

LOVAN: "Yes (I don't know). They all got their fathers from one clan." (In giving me his genealogy, Lovan, who seems very intelligent, thought hard for the name of his father's mother, but he could not think of it. He knew nothing, as is common, of his father's father, nor name nor hamlet nor even clan.)

DB: "Laksia, I think New Hanover is not as strong in its clans as New Ireland is."

LAKSIA (emphatically): "Yes!"

DB: "Sirapi, I would like you to tell all to get a singsing (song, dance) ready for the malanggan."

SIRAPI: "A memai can vorkarai (organize, boss), not me."

DB (teasing): "You're a memai."

SIRAPI "No, just all men. A woman can't maimai (talk)."

Saturday there will be a meeting to set a day for the making of a fence (tavetau) around the cemetery at Kuluvos. (This is a ceremonial event which brings together a wide group on which the success of the malanggan depends. It constitutes a second stage in the discussions and planning.)

The malanggan has not yet taken everyone's attention, even those closely involved. Kas told me this morning that his wife Milika, along with Israel and his wife Loliu, had gone with David to help with a malanggan at Lovolai village on the West Coast. David is a young relative of the Lovolai in-marrying wives in Meteroa hamlet. Kas wanted Milika to go, he said, because David has helped here in Mangai; and Kas thought it would not be good if David felt that they did not return his help.

Laksia has been helping here, but his mind is on another matter. Tomorrow the "string band" of Mangai will go into town to play in the new Civic Hall, and will sleep there. Last Saturday Mangai played football in town, and they were invited back to play again at Kop Kop (near town). The string band is to play to open a play ground in town, but Laksia is worried that it will not be too good: there is only one guitar. (I know that New Hanover young men, like Laksia, are much more interested in guitars than are New Ireland young men. If Laksia has noticed this in general, he does not say so.) Tokas asks me to go photograph them.

Laksia is still worried about many things beyond the malanggan. He was a cultist in New Hanover, and he wants to understand things. This evening he asked me to tell him about everything, and why peoples of the world are different from each other.

#### FRIDAY, APRIL 21

##### Funeral in Lauen Village

We had all planned to go to Kuluvos today, but someone, an old man, died in Lauen; and we all took the day off for the funeral. Lasuwot said they should hurry with the cement for this man, so that he could be included in the malanggan. But they buried him elsewhere in Lauen, on Mokatitin clan ground; not in Kuluvos, on Mokamiva ground; and apparently wanted to delay "finishing" him.

Sirapi did not come back with us to Mangai. She stayed in Lauen at Emi's house, to cook pig.

#### SATURDAY, APRIL 22

##### "Clean the Place"

I got to Kuluvos early. A good chance to count the bags of sago hanging in eighteen neat rows, separated into three groups: 5 rows, 6 rows,

7 rows, each of about 200 bags, totaling 602. So far.

Today people will come for a formal event: cleaning the cemetery. As is the case for any gathering, there will be eating, and there are three houses full of women working to prepare food. One house is Emi's; one is her sister Menameen's; and one belongs to Kamniel, a Mokamiva man who married into Wongerarum hamlet of Parurai village. He belongs on the West Coast, I am told, because his mother lives there now; but she really belongs at Kuluvos, and, therefore, so does he.

The Mangai village women are working in Emi's house: Rusrus, Sirapi, Vasale, and Lina. There are twelve women altogether, and Sirapi tells me that the others are our yaks (sister-in-laws, me being counted as Sirapi's sister). All are scraping taro with kois, shell scrappers. These have a rounded indentation and work far better for this job than the knives they all own.

A dozen men are carrying logs to the beach to construct a big roof-covered mumu in which to cook pigs. (They will need logs around the outside, and they will have to bring in stones, large pieces of coral rubble, and fire wood.)

Someone brings some betel nut. One of the younger men says, smiling: "Just for all the big men." Everyone laughs, and one of the big men, Taito, says: "For everyone." From Mangai village Matunga, Pala, Langiro and Rongo's round-faced smiling young brother, Beno, are here. Also another older brother of hers, Daniel. These are all Sirapi's "menfolk" in various ways (see Litana, Mali, and Matanavillam hamlets). Simeon of Livi-tua and Parurai villages, Meleke of Nonopai village (Mokamiva clan brother of the dead), and Taito of Wuap village, all big men, all are here already. Emanuel, the missionary from Medina, is here.



Taito and Pala sit down and "grease." Langiro sits with them, not greasing.

Taito and Pala are talking when I approach them tentatively and ask what is being made. "House to cook pig." End. They offer no more, I cannot think of anything else to ask, except what is everybody's name. (Pala is generally non-communicative, even by New Ireland standards. Taito seems to avoid me, Sirapi says because he is ashamed that he has never brought me food. I feel he preferred to talk to Nic, my male colleague in 1965). I sit down, say nothing, watch. They go on in local dialect. Here they do not translate for me as they do in New Hanover. (I think it is because they are so involved in their own ways that they do not quite realize that I do not understand them, even now. When they do translate, their conversations are often very straight-forward descriptions of what did happen, what is happening, without analysis: again, because they do not need analysis, and it does not occur to them that what they are doing is not "obvious" to me. I certainly think most of them try to help me, want to help. They are a bit shy and reticent.)

Three men are trying to erect a main log. All are considering, giving advice. A lot of laughing here, with Taito et al. Taito laughs, says in pidgin, but to his age-mate Pala; "In a little while they'll ask us to finish it (the pig-mumu house)."

I sat nearly half an hour before the men made an attempt, successful and interesting, to talk to me. Taito asked about Lavongai: Do they have plenty of pigs in Lavongai (New Hanover)? They have few, I said, unlike New Ireland.

It is much hotter here in New Ireland than in New Hanover; though today is better than yesterday, which was unbearable. Even on the beach here where there is a good wind, there is that like-to-sleep wind; or is that the social atmosphere? I feel about to fall in a faint. All movements are so slow. I saw two kids kicking a coconut and a pig-bladder ball, but five others were just sitting in the sand.

The men started the pig mumu this morning, and now, 11:30 a.m., the main frame is finished.

I start away from the beach, toward the houses where the women are working. On the way I pass Siriu and two other women examining the tops of taro, tied in neat bundles and set up on a "bed" made to receive them.

DB: "You are looking at what?"

Siriu: "Stick taro."

DB: "Yes, but for what?"

Siriu: "Another kind" (and her voice goes down, closing the subject).

DB: "You have plenty of kinds!"

No response. This reminds me of the time I tried to get Sirapi to tell me how taro we were looking at, distinguished by eleven different names, were different. "Different markings," she said: and there the matter rested.

I am not sure if people are more shy with me than when I left in February, or if during my stay in New Hanover I have forgotten how shy they are. Here (but not in New Hanover) there is a funny tension indicating one does not dare make a mistake. Yesterday I wanted Sirapi to go first leaving Alice's house, and she wanted me to go first. (Alice Aisoli, who calls Sirapi "mama," was at this time the teacher at Paruai school, in the village next

to Lauen.) I said: "You know the road." She said: "Now I know the road here? I don't know!" But she must have been in Paruai literally dozens of times. And Sirapi is assertive by New Ireland standards.

One of the secrets that underlies so much of the behavior of these people, I now think, is that often they are worrying about just what any European visiting a village worries about: where is there good water? who will feed me? where will I pekpek (defecate)? where will I sleep? am I doing something foolish? will I get caught in the rain? will I be cold? will I get fever? will others laugh?" "We are lucky in Mangai, another woman told me, "if you want to pekpek there is plenty of bush nearby. But in Livitua, we are longlong (crazy), there is no bush nearby." They never really solve these problems; they just muddle through, partly because shyness prevents them from confronting them; and partly because available solutions are more difficult to achieve than the discomforts are to endure. Europeans often say "the natives" do not mind riding in the open on the backs of trucks; but I have ridden with them, and they mind! They are cold and miserable, and they do not like to get their clothes wet and dirty. But alternative solutions are costly and unreliable; so they shiver, and sometimes joke, and carry on.

Siriu's baby cries. Rusrus says "kamus, kamus," (finish, finish) and tries to distract it. It soon stops. "Put on your laplap for Dorothy," she keeps telling it as she keeps trying to fasten a small towel around its waist. (Of course I have told them many times that I do not care: clearly, it is they who do. But they had given up all this long ago, as I recall. I have become strange again in three months' absence.)

Another woman takes the baby and wraps the towel around it again. Then Rusrus takes the baby back, and does the towel a third time. The child is not yet two years old. They are enjoying the whole procedure, and the baby is, of course, content. They are mumbling and cooing at it: "Dorothy has come back from Lavongai, put on your laplap."

Emi struts slightly, waving a stick, just for a moment, in imitation of a band leader. Everyone laughs. (Just this small show of ostentation is enough to arouse laughter.)

When I came up from the beach where I had been sitting with the men, the women outside Emi's house with Sirapi (but not Sirapi) and the women inside, including Rusrus, called out (it seemed independently) "Pistoen! Pistoen! Pistoen!" which means "Follower of men! Follower of men! Follower of men!" This has become a common accusation against me; only teasing, but still somewhat upsetting. I do lots of things that are brazen, of course, and some of the women seem to me to be jealous of my freedom. They would also like me to come and scrape taro with them. But I have other work. I have discussed this with Sirapi, and I think that is why she did not put pressure on me this time by joining in the chorus of "pistoen!"

Rusrus tells me to sit on the mat; then Sirapi sits, pats the mat next to her. I sit. Some of the women are lying down in the house, and they fix a bed for me and I sleep. When I get up, I sit with the women outside the house. The women suggest that Sirapi and I should go wash "in hiding" so that we will wake up well. We were about to go when a little half-caste child, William (about 5 years old), appeared. They pointed him out, saying "Look, his skin is like yours." I invited him to come sit on my lap, and they told him very quietly to do so. He was staring at me. He came and sat down. A patrol officer of Madang is the father, and he sends little William

money, the women said. A blond, but blessedly dark-skinned sister, younger (about two years old), appeared but did not seem to notice me much. Little William was very quiet, sat apparently comfortably on my lap for a long time (which no New Ireland child had ever done before), then leaned over and threw up. Rusrus calmly came and led him away a bit, held his hand while he threw up a bit more at a distance. Sirapi covered the vomit near me with sand; others did likewise with the distant little spew. No words, no alarms. I felt like a big scary white monster.

Then Sirapi told me to wash, so I washed. She and another woman, our "pupu" (grandparent) Sirapi kept telling me, came along. I went along the beach, and when I came back to them, "pupu" said to me: "Did you wash? You gamon! (lie, fool)." Then she said I was a "number one meri" (good native woman), asked for a smoke, asked what had happened to my black purse (that she had seen and liked before), asked me to give her one--all in that order. Then they two washed.

What is so stultifying about life here? Middle class? Hard work, and therefore no time and inclination to cogitate? or to play? No openness to new experiences which would force people to cogitate on something. As I write, Sirapi and our pupu talk. Pupu asks me if my father is alive. Yes. Mama? Yes, and brother. Sirapi then goes on in local dialect, hand on face, doubtless saying (as she has so often) how my brother's daughter had taken my round face. Perhaps it is this protective possessive interest which I find sometimes so oppressive and depressing. There is some denial of privacy in general that makes it hard. (But it is more than that. I have again the desire to read madly intellectual things--this desire, as a continuing overwhelming thing, passed in New Hanover. They cogitate there.) On the other hand, when I got mumps in New Hanover, I came "home" to Mangai and appreciated the protective attention I got. In New Ireland, they get you, like a protective

mother. I feel I am much indebted to them, that I can never repay them; and that makes me feel very guilty all the time. (In New Hanover, they owe me nothing and vice versa.) Still, since my sojourn in New Hanover, I am more than ever awed by New Ireland culture. It is a thing of beauty, respected by its people, and worthy of respect.

When we get back to the cook houses, Mangan (one of Emi's sisters) is holding a sleeping little William. His mother, Kor, is in the hospital having another baby. (No one would hold someone else's sick child in New Hanover.) Old Vasale points to William and says to me: "You have seen this man here?" He makes a little cry. I think seeing me has upset him again. "Now what is it," says Mangan, as she picks him up, turns him around away from me, rocks him like a small baby. They have wrapped him in a towel.

Two older girls (about age thirteen) and two younger girls (about age ten) sit near, the two younger staring at me and giggling. They stop when I look at them. (I have never had that happen before. If some adult had seen them they would have been promptly dispatched for their bad manners.)

(New Hanover does not regard me as so Outside. Because Inside is less well-developed and less intensely structure, I think. Everyone is "outside" in New Hanover. They do try to take me in here. I would not get any work done if I did what they want me to do to be Inside: work, move, be Together. I have noticed that when New Hanover people meet they shake hands, and talk a little as Europeans do, crossing the barrier. Silence is embarrassing. In New Ireland when someone comes to visit, we go and sit with them and give food. There is little talk. The barrier is not so much crossed as dissolved. I remember an occasion at the Tokanaka malanggan when the mother of Ewodia arrived from the Tsoi Islands, near New Hanover. Pepa asked us to go sit with her. And that is what we did. A little parade, with food, and then we sat in complete silence, for ten to fifteen minutes.)

It is 2:30 p.m. and the mumu are ready; but the men all work yet, sewing up the roof, down on the beach. Wulos said: "All the women are ready, but the men "humbug" (loiter)."

I ask Wulos: "Why are you in this work? Whom do you follow?"

WULOS: "Emi. I call her mama. She is sister to Vasale. And we two, Sirapi, and I, looked after Makalo (when he died) in the hospital, at Lemakot."

Wulos volunteered this long, informative answer. She had startled me from the first time I met her, in Mangai, because she was different from the other women: very talkative and analytical. Vasale, whom she calls mama, has many relatives in Ngavallis village, where Wulos lives. To find out exactly how they were related, I asked Wulos to give me her genealogy. I expected it to be a full one, in view of Wulos' bright talkativeness, but still I was surprised: it was about five times bigger than any other genealogy I collected, covering fourteen pages; each name given with bright comments. But Vasale was not on it, nor was anyone else in Mangai.

She had also surprised me by asking me for many things right from the beginning, and big things, much more expensive than Sirapi or any of my close friends asked me for. Where others asked for a cigarette, Wulos wanted a tin of cigarettes that cost seven shillings and six pence (about one dollar). Then she wanted a flashlight (torch). In retrospect, I see that other people asked me for token gifts, signs of friendship and intimacy; whereas Wulos really wanted the particular things she asked me to get her.

There was another factor that made Wulos different: her adopted son. I said that little William was the only New Ireland child who ever sat in my lap (even though it apparently frightened him so he threw up). This is an exaggeration. Putuneen (Matanavillam hamlet) sat on my lap once,

before she was two, for about a minute; but somehow she did not fit comfortably and she got up carefully and went to her mama. And Wulos' adopted son, Kambakaso: unlike other New Ireland children, Kambakaso ran to meet me, played around me, sat on my lap. He also ran around playing with a little toy his father had made him, just a tin top nailed to a pole. I would have simply written in Kambakaso as an exception in New Ireland if, upon my return from New Hanover, I had not noticed that Wulos shakes her head to mean "yes" the way New Hanoverians do. (Since it is a clear "no" in my culture, I had had ample opportunity to get to know it well through misinterpreting it.) I mentioned to Wulos that she said "yes" the way they do in New Hanover; and she explained that she had been brought up there, where her father was a missionary for ten years. I now see this background as explanation for her behavior and that of her child: it has much of New Hanover in it.

Sirapi is outgoing, for a New Irelander. I think she and Wulos get along especially well. Wulos said both Sirapi and Makalo are mokok (cross-cousin) to her. When Makalo died, Wulos said, he was getting ready to give a malanggan for his brother William. Wulos and her sister Milia had already processed two sago trees. Makalo had asked them to do this work. Then this sickness took him, in the bush; and he went and died. That is how it happened, Wulos told me, that she was nearby to go to the hospital with Sirapi, to sit with Makalo.

Sirapi listened to this talk. She then told me that Makalo had made this house here in Kuluvos, to be used to cook in, for the malanggan or cement of his dead brother William. Sirapi helps her yaks (sister-in-laws) here, the Mokamiva clanswomen of Lauen, with whom she never lived. She does not help the Livitua village Mokatitin clanspeople, Makalo's father's



relatives, with whom they lived throughout their married life. The Livitua women are cooking in another house, just a roof now, being built for them. Once when Sirapi and I were sitting in Livitua she volunteered that we were sitting right where she and Makalo had had their house. She pointed out the stone wall he had helped to build, and the tree he had planted. The house had been burned, with a malanggan. She smiled quite tenderly on that occasion. Every other time I have ever heard her mention Makalo, she has been matter-of-fact, as she is now, in telling about the disrupted plans for William's malanggan.

This cook house where Sirapi, Rusrus et al now cook, that we have been calling Emi's, was built by William; and it was here that Rusrus and William lived when they were married. (I wonder why they did not burn it ceremonially. Perhaps they will when it wears out. It is very big and well-made. I feel I should not ask: they may feel they should have burned it.)

The young man here with long sideburns is Tavakariu, William's first son by his first wife, who died before William married Rusrus. He is a clerk in an office in Madang, and has just come home for the malanggan. Divorce does seem to break marriage ties, but death does not. So many people have been married to so many other people who have died; but they seem to be maintaining all these marriage ties.

Rusrus' present husband, Sungua, the Sepik laborer from Katu plantation, is here helping. Yesterday the women told him he was helping well. They seemed to be reassuring him.

At least four children, aged about seven to ten, have been sitting here, sometimes looking at me, doing nothing visible, for nearly an hour. This is a characteristic of New Irelanders of all ages: the

ability to sit content, together, waiting. It is now 3:30 p.m. William's little blond sister, aged about two, has been here since before 1:00 p.m., with a few breaks. She has changed her clothes, and I saw her fuss once for something; on the lap of Matanganas, who is "grandparent" to the child.

Sirapi and Wulos are going on in local dialect, and I hear names and ask what they are saying. Sirapi (who probably would give me a watered-down version) nods to Wulos to answer.

WULOS: "I was talking crossly about Matunga, saying he must give money from this malanggan to his two daughters. The malanggan belongs to Bata, his sister, who married in Tabar, and Matunga brought it here. It does not belong straight to him. I will scold him this afternoon, he must give to his children."

DB: "Has he no clansmen who want it?"

WULOS: "None!"

DB: "His clan. . .?"

WULOS: "Mokamuna."

DB: "Who is another Mokamuna?"

SIRAPI: "Lina (who just sat down here), Elizabeth . . ."

DB: "But they belong to another part of Mokamuna?"

WULOS: "Yes. One center of the place of Mokamuna (gestures one way, sweeping) and another center (gestures the other way) of the place of Mokamunas."

Sirapi says nothing. She never said anything cross about Matunga to me. She claims with pride that she does not know this fashion, being cross. She would have no reason to suspect that Matunga would not share with his children. And Wulos is wrong about one thing: Elizabeth is in the same Mokamuna line as Matunga. This excited interest in being cross must be the New Hanover coming out in her. I was excited and cross a few times

about European customs here until I gradually realized (through getting no response) that this kind of behavior makes New Irelanders uneasy.

Emi asked Melisa to bring the cement for the dead, but it was Sirapi who asked Matunga, she now tells me, to bring a malanggan. Sirapi says that she talked to Emi and Emi agreed not to burn the malanggan I want to take to America. However, Sirapi says, I should talk to "the husband of Raus" (Lovan), "the husband of Leiya" (Melisa), and to Taito. I ask why: are they going to help buy the malanggan? No, it is not that; it is just that they can help you, too, Sirapi tells me. She knows that my attempts to buy vavara malanggan have mostly failed. Most people think vavara give you sores; and old Beong, one of the big men of Nonopai, told me he was sorry, but they had had a man die from contact with a vavara and it was just too risky. So he burned his.

Kase, the important old Mokamiva clansman of Nonopai, arrives by bicycle.

I go down to the cemetery to see who and what is there. There are a few broken stone monuments, some crosses. Pitalai (councillor for the villages of Mangai, Livitua and Lauen, and cement-maker for the Livitua malanggan last October) comes to explain things to me. "In this cemetery," he says, "all the cement crosses are from after the war. We carried the bodies down (from the bush), just like we carry pigs."

DB: "Are these all Mokamiva dead?"

PITALAI: "Oh no! Some from Lemakot village and other places. (He did not say what clan.) There is one big Mokamiva man here; Lapok, mokotok to William and Makalo. And the father of Takapan is here." (Takapan was one of two paramount luluais for many years in New Ireland. He is old and smiling and full of stories about his deeds in the European world and his recognition. He is often at funerals and malanggan.)

Inside the old cemetery fence, the men are cutting down trees, including one coconut tree, to "clean the place." That is what our gathering today is for, formally: to Clean the Place, meaning to clean up the cemetery. The men are puzzling over a tree that is "lunai," leaning against another tree, not falling to the beach.

It is 4:25 p.m. The house for cooking the pigs in is finished. "It isn't a very good house, it is just for cooking the pigs, then we'll break it down." They got the roof already made (which saves a couple of days labor by at least 15-20 people). It had been used to make sleeping quarters in Nonopai for a mission meeting that came and went.

Many men have come now. From Mangai: Matiu, Matunga, Warau Rusrus' brother), Pala, Nakas, old Langiro of course. Most of Rongo's brothers (Pala is their father), who are usually to be seen where there is work, are here. Other big men: Taito of Wuap, Simeon of Nonopai, the missionary Emanuel, Lasuwot of Livitua. I teased Lasuwot and Matiu when they arrived: "All right, work is done, food is ready now, now the Big Men come." Lasuwot is a big man reluctantly and Matiu is not one traditionally, and both work hard. I would not have made such a remark to some big men here.

Suddenly there is pig-buying in the cemetery. It always seems sudden. People are milling around and suddenly they are in intense groups. The men keep going out of the cemetery enclosure, getting money from their women I think.<sup>7</sup>

There are three small pigs. I ask Matunga: "Whose pigs?" He answers: "Taito and sister." I thought he meant Taito's sister and he, seeing that I was puzzled, whispered quickly "Sirapi." (She is taboo to him, and he should not, politely, call her name.) Matiu and Matunga brought one of Sirapi's medium-sized pigs stretched between their two bicycles this

morning. Matiu and his son, Kolepmur, held fast the pig this morning.

(Matiu's wife Lina had come to wake me to come see.)

The men are cutting the pigs. Pala is cutting a pig's head that he got yesterday at the funeral.

Melisa, who is boss of this malanggan, arrived about 4 p.m.; and half an hour later, in the midst of the pig-cutting, he began to talk.

MELISA: "Taito. Kase. Lasuwot. Matúnga. Alamuk (tamboo). Lamsisi. Council. (Melisa calls Pitalai thus rather than by name, probably because Pitalai's name is taboo to him rather than to identify his status.) Kamniel, Kavok. Matiu."

He is holding a big bag of sago. He speaks in local dialect. Lasuwot translates for me.

MELISA: "This meal is to schedule everything that will come up for this malanggan. This meal is to bring us together to clean the place."

Matiu says grace, and then we eat. (Only once did I ever see anyone eat before grace was said, a signal that all have been served; and then it was just a furtive nibble.) Then Melisa went on with his speech.

MELISA: "I will speak pidgin because Dorothy is here, so that she can understand.

"I like this week (to start things), but I ask you. I called all you big men. It would not be good if I put down your thinking. It is something for you and me and all of us to decide together. Suppose you worry a little: as for me, I do not. That is my idea, just what I, one person, think. I don't want anyone cross, or any talk.

"I want us to 'brother' good. I would like everything to be straight, to all turn out well.

"What day will you work, what day will you rest. You think, you mark the day, on what day will the fence be built.

"Also, I thank you, all young men of Lauen who have worked hard to get up everything well here--and all of Mangai who helped, and those of Livitua too.

"I would like everything to run straight and look good. (He repeated that.) I would not like for there to be 'hot bellies,' for there to be people cross. All must run straight."

(Later I thanked Melisa for speaking pidgin for me. Kase made the next speech, and he spoke pidgin.)

KASE: "This Monday is coming up. Now what work is there for Monday? You all think about this week. There is one sago palm left I think. I'll check first. May 11-12 is a meeting of NINSA (New Ireland Native Society Association, the Cooperative Society.) I don't know what day. I got this by letter, I ask, that's all: for this week, what work is there that we have to get done?"

A man stands up to speak and I ask Lasuwot who he is. He cannot think of his name and has to ask someone. It is Kamniel, the Kuluvos hamlet man whose mother long ago moved to the West Coast and who has himself married back to the East Coast, into Wongerarum village.

KAMNIEL: "True, Melisa put this week for (building) the tavetau (fence). But it is hard for me, I think. Maski (nevermind) about the fence as far as I am concerned. Because I have no sago. I am surprised by all this. It would not be good if I blocked your idea. But I have plenty of work. If you want it to go quickly so that it will finish quickly--all right. But I cannot. (Still,) it would not be good if I blocked your idea. As for me, just one person, I have not got (food ready.)"

Taito now speaks in local dialect, and Matiu translates for me.

TAITO: "I think of the talk of Kamniel, that he has not sago ready. Pala and I look at the sea, it has not yet become dry reef completely so that fish can be caught well. And fish are a most important thing for tavetau (ceremonial buying of the fence, the tavetau).

(At the time, I was just barely able to keep up with what, superficially, was going on. But in retrospect I wonder: is this a delaying tactic?) Melisa talks again:

MELISA (Summing up what each has said): "Kase, go. Kamniel worries. Taito, can wait a little.

"Now me, myself, I got this thing started. I want it to hurry up. Work together, that's all, with regard to everything. There should not be one man who says: 'My sago is not ready.' I want everyone to work together. I am crazy with a man who says: 'Me, myself, I want to wash sago and put it in front of my house.' Why? The place is fast with sago!<sup>8</sup> It would be enough (suitable) if we just work this (the tavetau gathering) with food from the ground. If we haven't got anything in the ground (taro, sweet potatoes), then we think of sago. We have two kinds of things: true food and sago. And we have plenty of food now. If we were having a big 'singsing'--but this is just a little something.

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"Kamniel runs about with all (kinds of) work. I know, This is not something to think badly of Kamniel about (because he is not ready with sago). I have brought my thinking back to him (now).

"It is the last week of April now. I marked Thursday, but something stopped us. Kamniel can ask men from Wongerarum or Faruai. But, if he does, they'll say: 'What is "stuck to my skin" (obligation) that I should go work? The line from Lauen did not go to help with the malanggan in Paruai.' They will not think badly (of Lauen)? (Rhetorical question.)

"When there is a malanggan, it isn't something that has to do with pay: it has to do with help. I talked clearly on line, and was cross Sunday in church. Wartabar is an important thing (the Methodist church annual collection, with songs and feasting): I don't want to keep a man from that.

"Lasuwot, Matunga, Pala are here. You can talk. Kamniel has talked, Kase has talked. This is not something that concerns me alone."

KASE: "I talk again. I know Kamniel has no sago. All right, according to my thinking, the day for this (processing his sago) is Monday. I think badly a little of Melisa regarding the 'house.' (He refers to Melisa's sarcastic remark about Kamniel wanting to put sago in front of his house.) Monday, Kamniel. Wednesday, all women work for a little meal. Thursday, cook. Saturday, make the tavetau. You all cannot just say 'Yes.' Talk as you will. This, then, is my thinking; it has come out."

He sat down; then got up again.

KASE: "Regarding the sago in front of the house. We (you and I) think of all men who come from outside: when a man brings two baskets of food, give him two (bags of) sago. I want Kamniel to (be able to) have sago."



KAMNIEL: "I would like Monday to prepare my sago. If I ask Paruai, there will be talk. I will ask a line from Laven. All right-- Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday--you must think.

"In answer to the talk of Melisa: True, we should work together. But my wife has this thought yet. And me, my wish is to close the 'eye' (front, entrance) of the road (to our house) with sago."

LASUWOT: "Melisa called on me. I want to talk a little to memai brother Melisa. I am not cross. Taito, Melisa, all very good talk. There is no bad talk.

"Rest a little. Plenty of talk remains yet, has not come out yet. I am not cross. But I have a thought that is with me, that has not come out yet. But I say this: 'The skin has got hair.'" (Matiu says this means that he has a pig and will bring it.)

Lasuwot sits down. He does not usually talk, and probably would not have if Melisa had not called his name. Kamniel gets up again.

KAMNIEL: "I want sago, but all right: if I don't have it, all right too. It would not be good if I held you (from doing what you want to do). If I do, you will say 'one month, two months, when will this finish?' Now I talk directly: suppose I have not got sago, I will not think badly. That, that's good (i.e., it is all right for them to go ahead without Kamniel's being ready with sago.)

MATUNGA (talking very quietly and in local dialect): "I'm not a big man, but two mamas stop in (my) place. (He means Sirapi and Rusrus, who are his sisters. Here he calls them mothers. I do not know why, unless it is just a short form of teknonymy, which allows him to omit the names of their children. Sirapi has only classificatory children.) I support the talk of my two tamboos. Maski (it doesn't matter), I will follow their talk." (He means Melisa and Kase, his tamboos.)

A young man gets up now. He is Kaipok, a brother of Makalo and William, Mokamiva. He is a true Kuluvos person, but his mama married and went to Omo village, where Kaipok grew up. (He is one of the men from Omo from whom Emi requested a malanggan.) He spoke briefly.

KAIPOK: "You talk of fish and sago. I want to know what time (we will come for the tavetau)." (He means he is not interested in all these details, only in getting on with the schedule.)

MELISA: "All right, everything is straight now. About the cement, it is already clear. Kavok and another tambo straight (Emanuel) (will make the cement).<sup>9</sup> A malanggan will come from Mangai. Another something will come from Omo. Anything else you want to talk about? Is something wrong (that we ought to talk about)?"

SAMMY: "My sago, I bought a team (for next week) from Mangai. Missionary Emanuel, too, he bought a team (last week) of Mangai people." (Yes, Matiu tells me, Emanuel gave them pay. I do not know how much, but often in these cases it works out to less than one shilling per person.)

There are some giggles, earlier and now, at the odd squarking of a dog here. (The mood of the meeting does not preclude such lightness.)

MELISA: "All right, this is the last time we will talk about tavetau. Before, Kase put Nonopai (to do the work of making the fence.) And them, too, Mangai. I don't like to make another place worry. I would like all Livitua to come. (Note: when the event occurred I could not see that anyone but Nonopai villagers got paid. The others, including Livitua, all came bringing bamboo and other fence-making materials, too, but only Nonopai people were paid. No one was cross. (I think they accepted a distinction between bringing the fence-making materials and being the

Foremost Official Bringers of the Fence-Making Materials.) I don't think too much about getting bamboo. I call Mangai, Lauen, Nonopai now to bring bamboo. Me, I have none." (This must be merely a symbolic statement, asking for their help. He gives them the stimulus: weakness; and expects their characteristic response: help.)

Matiu tells me Kaipok has lived a long time down (in Omo) and has lost the language here; "but he really belongs here," (That is, this is his mother's birth place where her land is, and therefore his.) Remarks of this sort make me wonder if it is really only for me that they are speaking pidgin; or am I a convenient excuse. They seem to think it is shameful not to know: the names, the way, the language, even if there is no possible way for them to know. They pretend to other people that I know the language, and my saying that I do not is felt to be not honest but rude, a rejection. The pressure on people like Kaipok must be much greater; and neither he nor anyone else "inside" would be able easily to admit that he did not know his own language. (Matiu tells only me, who also does not know the language, about Kaipok.)

Melisa is walking back and forth now:

MELISA: "I add my talk to that of Kaipok and all our brothers. Pape, Sakerup, Meleke, and Letas (all Mokatitin clansmen of various villages), all are strong to get this work up. They are already tired. The 'skins' (bodies) of all pain. Pape has a big sickness, yet he works. (Melisa is still pacing.) Now: why this hard work? We think of these two pupus of ours (Makalo and William). They grew up on this ground. Two children of (woman's name). If she had not had two children I would not be here beating you (driving you to hard work).

"Everybody--all the women, too--all work, all are strong. I myself, I was first to chop out sago pulp. There is not one Kuluvos person who chopped sago first. You sat down, that's all.

"I wanted to lose (lose money, mias, pigs, etc.) over this thing, but my thinking was blocked. Nelson (William's second son by his first wife) came up to me, and Tulebung (Emi's son), too. They asked me to make the names of these two all right (honor their names, clear their names) by working something over the father of Nelson.

"All right, tavetau (fence) come from Lauen. Get also some from Livitua. Tavetau come from Mangai. Tavetau come from Nonopai. But I have already told you: I do not have a 'name' (official role) for this. I'm not thinking of cement (which would give him a 'name' if he made it, as Emi asked him to, therefore giving him the right to make it). I have a malanggan. I'm not a child (of the place). (That is, he is not acting in that capacity.) I am memai, foundation (pidgin: ass), boss of the place.

"(We do this work) in order to 'kill' (the past associations of) this place, so you can play about here.

"Line from Lauen: Monday, sago of Kamniel. The sago of Sammy: I think the line from Mangai, Monday. Tamboo (Emi's brothers in Omo), Saturday or Friday (for the tavetau).

"I had a question: 'Why plenty of sago? You are repaying whom?' The answer: 'In order to close the entrance of the road with sago.' Very, very good! I do not want any man to come, sit down, look, and say, 'my belly pains' (with hunger): and he sits down, and the sun goes down. Will it finish like this? A man carries a bag of food to (your) house; (if) he is filled up well with your food, this is really very good.

"Now you talk about food at the entrance to the path to the house. A man comes a long way, he can carry back food, and be filled up well here. That is very good. Line from Livitua, Mangai--I want you to say you are full up well at my place: 'I had good and enough, more than enough of sago

that came from Kuluvos. I had good and enough, of taro or sweet potato that came up at Kuluvos. Abus, abus, abus (meat and fish).

"All right. Monday, sago of Kamniel and Sammy. Tuesday, all women go get a little food in the bush, and leaf. Thursday, start to cook. Shake hands, Friday. Saturday the malanggan of my tambo (Kaipok) will come, and all the bamboo of those places I already called. I am sorry for all brothers who feel pain--the skin (body) pains with hard work.

"This, that's all, my little talk."

Matiu murmurs "Thank you."

VASALE (Lasuwot translates for me): "Thank you. All right, all little rubbish meals will come up, as you say." (Vasale probably takes what would be extra privileges for someone else. She is very old, a bit senile sometimes, but very bright when she is not. Right now, she is not. She is either playing down the women's role, or making a sarcastic remark in reference to Melisa's saying that no more food was needed, that this was just a small meal anyway, not a big important one. I think she was being lightly sarcastic.)

Melisa talks around a bit in local dialect, then says: "Come from Mangai on Saturday. I want everything to turn out well."

Matiu now takes it upon himself to explain something to me:

MATIU (to DB): "It was a big thing before, all women had to sit down and hear, too. It's not something that has to do just with the men. You know--all the men, they talk, that's all; the hard work goes to the women. All the men, they run about, that's all. You know, you sit down with all the women. Before, the memai could walk about in front of all the houses (wherein the women were working) giving talk." (I saw Lasuwot do that before the Livitua malanggan.)

KASE (in local dialect, translated by Matiu to DB): "I say all right to all this talk of Melisa's."

The crowd mumbles "giro paliu," "thank you" (literally, "good,very").

While all this was going on, Lasuwot was telling me, with pleasure, that his daughter had been home for two weeks. He was sad that she had left again. She is a young nurse trained at Lemakot Catholic Mission ten miles down the road from Mangai. She was sent back to Lihir Island where she had been before and where, according to Lasuwot, they wanted her back. Sister Clematsia, head of the Lemakot hospital, wanted her there, too; but Sister "was sorry for Lihir" and sent the daughter back there for another year. Lasuwot is more open than most about missing his grown children and his wife, who died a few years ago. He had a memaihood thrust upon him when his younger brother, Kanda, got jaw cancer. Kanda wanted the work, but Lasuwot did not. (Both told me this, and it seems true.)

While Lasuwot may be among the least interested in these matters, it would still be correct, I think, to interpret the level of importance and involvement in this meeting as being about that of a routine faculty meeting at a routine University. There will always be some to whom some decisions are very important, but the meeting itself is something of a chore for most. One thing distinguishes these New Ireland meetings: excellent food.

Next day Sirapi told me that Taito's line had bought Sirapi's pig, and Sirapi's line had bought Taito's pig. No one seemed to know anything about the third pig. Eruel had not known that a pig was to be held fast at Sirapi's yesterday, and that is why he did not come. He was a bit put out about missing a chance to eat pig. (He eats only lean pork: the fat makes him sick.)

MONDAY, APRIL 24

Mangai's Malanggan

Milika asked me today if I knew there was a malanggan being made in Matanavillam. (Matanavillam is Sirapi's hamlet, where Matunga is making a malanggan of vavara style.)

DB: "Yes."

MILIKA: "Does Lauen know?" (She is asking if the people in charge of the proceedings in Kuluvos hamlet know.)

DB: "Yes, Why?"

MILIKA: "Melisa said he did not want them."

DB: "No, he knows. Why, is he Catholic?" (Lasuwot had said he did not want malanggans at the Livitua malanggan because he was Catholic and the fathers would be cross. Later it turned out that that was largely an excuse.)

MILIKA: "No, Methodist. He's a missionary."

DB: "Why did Sirapi ask Matunga (to bring a malanggan)?"

MILIKA: "Who knows."

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

Mangai's Malanggan (con't.)

I went to Matanavillam to photograph the vavara malanggan being made there. It is a target-shaped object, about three feet in diameter, constructed of rope (made of fiber, marita in pidgin English, twisted into rope of about one inch in diameter) spiraled out from the center. According to old Langiro (who is from Tabar), here helping Matunga, the idea of vavara first came to a woman in Tabar who, when she squatted to answer nature's call in the bush, noticed a small insect of this spiral form. She went home and told her son, who then made the first vavara of this form.

(This story reminds me of other stories and instances, where I have noticed that people say they do something because someone thought of it, or because someone showed them how. No explicit evaluation of the activity is made. It is enough, apparently, that it is something to do that someone once initiated, however casually. This story presents vavara as a pleasing design, without symbolic intention; which is what other informants said it is.)

Matunga then adds that this vavara does not belong straight here, in New Ireland. It comes from a long time ago, and from Big Tabar island. His sister, Bata, got this vavara (named Karavas) from his tambo (i.e., her husband), who belongs in Tabar. He gave it free to Matunga, because Matunga had already worked (paid for and all the rest) this malanggan. I ask on what occasion. Matunga says he made this malanggan before for Lakia, mokotok (mother's brother) to Matunga. Wurus, of Tabar, a brother of Langiro's, taught Matunga and Keres how to make Karavas.

Several interpretations could be explored here, but no further data was gathered. Everyone seems very certain that malanggans came from Tabar. Their source in this distant island probably gives them the higher status due the exotic. It could also mean that there is not likely to be anyone around who will know whether or not Matunga is using this malanggan improperly. I did not understand Matunga clearly: how did he gain rights to this vavara? I never heard of anyone using a malanggan free across the marriage bond. That is the very bond that evokes exchanges. But Matunga's sister and her husband are both dead. Matunga is not an ambitious man, and as it turned out he was only taking this malanggan to show, not to sell, in Kuluvos. Or was he?



MONDAY, MAY 1

A Work Day in Kuluvos

Milika and I started out for Lauen (about five miles from Mangai) about 10 a.m., but we did not get there until about 2 p.m. We rested in Livitua village along the way, waiting for a young woman there to bring Milika the betel nut she had requested.

When we got to Lauen some women were already working, but the Livitua women had just arrived, with taro. Another new cook house has been put up for them. They started using it when it was just a roof. Now it has "walls" about three feet high, made of bamboo split and laid down horizontally, instead of the usual vertical direction. That makes enough wall to keep out pigs and wind.

In Emi's house the women helping her and Rusrus and Sirapi are scraping taro. Bungaloo is here working with Rusrus, each yak (sister-in-law) to the other (Lungantire hamlet). Also here are three Tivingur clanswomen: Kombulau, Kongis, and Siriu, the last two being true sisters to Rusrus. Sirapi looked after Siriu when her mother died during the war; but Sirapi, childless, in this way got herself a family. Kombulau is also childless, and it is Siriu's children that she looks after. Milika could be here, as classificatory yak (and friend) to Sirapi, being married to Tivingur clasnman Kasino; but instead she is with her mother and the other Livitua women in the Livitua cook house.

Sirapi (who has been sleeping at Kuluvos) asked me, when I first arrived, to bring the basket of kouis (shell scrapers) from her house in Matanavillam when I come tomorrow; but a little later Vasale (who shares Sirapi's house in Matanavillam) appeared with the needed utensils. Vasale was sitting on the road just outside the village when we came in, her legs giving her pain, as usual. Now she has come in, with the scrapers, and is sleeping.

This evening, back in Mangai, Sambuan told me that she had sent taro to Kuluvos today, with Wylip (Kas' mokotok). Sambuan is related to these events through several kinship roads, but she usually helps Sirapi. Sambuan and a couple of other women were the only ones that "heard" (answered) the call on line today for people to go cut the grass around the school. I mentioned (thinking that I was being polite) that I had seen many of the women working in Lauen village. Yes, she said, a bit scornfully; but some just stayed (and did nothing). She named several in response to my asking.

Sambuan does work harder than most. She and Sirapi (who were good friends, though they did not speak to each other for two months when they were "cross" in 1966) were outgoing and generous. They took responsibility, along with Kas and Milika, for the feeding and care of the anthropologists soon after our arrival in 1965, and resumed the burden whenever I returned. One time Sambuan (my neighbor on one side) and Sirapi (two hamlets away on the other) mentioned casually that it was a good thing that they were here and alive while I was doing my work, because if they were not, who would look after me? Had so-and-so, my other neighbor, ever brought me anything? And I had to admit that she had not, though her husband once brought me an egg, and then asked for a packet of cigarettes. Still, that family had many mouths to feed, and the mother often seemed very tired. Sirapi and Sambuan remained on good terms with her. Their reproaches behind her back were not meant to turn me against her, but rather to make sure that I appreciated the continuing efforts of my closest supporters.

TUESDAY, MAY 2

Another Work Day in Kuluvos

I walked to Lauen today with Milika and Sambuan. A big truck load of women (Francis' truck for which Termerikai paid) went off to Lauen without us, passing us on the way. Milika kept fussing all the rest of the way that I should not give them all cigarettes for nothing, since they did not want to sing out, "Hey, you come up on the truck!" I said that the truck had been loaded full (which was true); but I granted that they could have taken our baskets and her leaves. I was not sure the driver saw us.

When we got to Lauen we sat a while on a little bench that the men have put up. Behind us was a great bed of taro (about four feet by fifteen feet). Sungua (Rusrus' Sepik husband) said the taro, piled neatly with its trimmed leaves blowing in the breeze (the way they like to see it) was brought on Thursday.

Yesterday when I was asking Sirapi about who was helping and who was not she said: "I think they will all come tomorrow." And they did. Belmumu, Malu, Kongis, Elizabeth, Loliu, even Sambuan have not been here helping, and they are here today.

In Emi's house, I notice that the women tend to be working with their true sister-in-laws (yak): Sambuan and Loliu (married to Sambuan's brother, Israel) are working together on sago; Bungaloo with her two yak Kongis and Rusrus, to the brother of whom she is married. Taia is married to Pambali; the clan brother of Malu and Leiwai, with whom she is working. But Kombulau is helping her Tivingur clan sisters, her tikak, not her yak.

Emi herself has been mainly over in the big new cookhouse with women who are mostly from Nonopai village. But she comes back to her own house from time to time. Once when she came back, I was sitting with Sirapi, trying to help scrape taro. First Emi, then Bungaloo, went out of their way to step over food near us, food that I was preparing. I did not know how to interpret this so I ignored it. Sirapi began to laugh: "Look, didn't you see Bungaloo jump over the food here?" I responded then with feigned anger, as is proper when one is teased. Bungaloo went first over the food again, and then Emi. Emi went on to a little dance, letting her arms dangle loosely, finally giving a few slight swings of her behind. All women present, and there were plenty, roared with laughter. They prompted me to say to Emi: "Have you no shame in front of your two tamboo (meaning Sirapi and me)?" Sirapi, Bungaloo and others then kept repeating this.

Sirapi made me go walk over Malu then and out the door with her. I was resistant. Please, she said, dragging my hand. So we did. Then she laughed outside. I did, too. Others did not. I think they were not sure what we were up to (and neither was I); and because of my reluctance (which they gleaned from the slightest gestures) there was a pause that was sustained. The mirth was over.

Later I gave Emi a stick of tobacco. "Thank you," she said. No fooling about. She was either too tired to play, or perhaps regaining her Dignity, her reserve.

The boys from Malaria Control came about 11:45 a.m. Tokas talked to one of them, then went up to Emi's house and said to the women within: "Hey, you all come and drink medicine!" The women, especially the old ones, were shouting out for cigarettes from the boys. (I gave them cigarettes when the boys did not, but I realized later that

of course getting the cigarette was not the point. It was the personal interaction that was sought.) The boys were there to spray houses, and the women were being very cooperative. Nevertheless, the boys did not insist on spraying the houses, which would have meant carrying out all the food; and also being careful that babies and dogs did not eat the poison spray. When I asked, Emi said, No, she never had any mosquitos in her house. I never saw any mosquitos in any native house, only in European ones which are comparatively stable, closed, un-sprayed, and not regularly filled with smoke as native houses are. Yet people seemed to fully accept the government's good intentions, while trying to dodge the consequences. Milika said people would lock their doors and run away into the bush when Malaria Control personnel came to the village.

The Malaria Control boys were fed. They were not all New Irelanders. New Ireland takes in outsiders, even when they are doing the wrong thing: like spraying your house with poison; or, in Sungua's case (described below), making even lightly critical remarks about technical problems. Sungua was a Sepik, and seemed to me to be quicker, more talkative, and more interested in results (not just in process) than are New Irelanders. On this day at Lauen I saw an example of the clash of cultures on a small scale.

One problem which I had noticed, and apparently Sungua had too, when many people come together is this: what is there to drink? The household supply of bottles of water, brought from the river, is soon gone. But having to go to the river every time you want a drink does not bother New Irelanders much, for three reasons: first, it is all part of the whole process of being and working together, so it does not seem like an annoying interruption of the work. Second, they do not drink much. Third, only by going to the river can you get your drink cold. Still,

people would have drunk more at these gatherings, perhaps, had water been at hand. On this day at Kuluvos, the men were scraping coconuts, which they had first broken open, letting the water go on the ground. Sungua, grinning, called out: "Hey! Don't just throw the water away. Some woman get a saucepan! By and by all you women will drink where? Semeles! Saucepan!" Semeles ambled across to where the men were scraping coconuts, without a saucepan; picked up a coconut and drank its contents. Then she ambled away again.

Rusrus, Sungua's wife, leaned out the window, trying inconspicuously to get Sungua's attention: "Pipe! Pipe," (smoke, smoke) she half-said, half-mouthed. He ambled over, reached under his laplap into his pants pocket for a smoke. (Interpretation: Rusrus had given him something to do to cover this awkward moment, and had also shown solidarity with him by asking him for a cigarette.)

About 10-15 minutes later, Semeles reappeared with a wash basin. Warakau, who was scraping coconuts, called out with a straight face: "Hey! Let's wash."

SUNGUA: "The little ones (coconuts) with eyes must come outside (into the wash basin)!"

Semeles went back and sat down at her work. Five minutes later Kongis (Rusrus' sister) brought another basin, same size and so forth, but I see water dripping from it. It is clean. (Interpretation: a request such as Sungua's cannot be ignored, even though he is an outsider. It must be fully and well met. The insulting dirty basin was supplemented by a close relative, when a less close relative was being just slightly rude. Of course Semeles thought Sungua both rude and barbaric: who would drink coconut milk from anything but the coconut?)

After another five minutes, Sungua poured a coconut into the basin that Semeles had brought.

Bais (Kongis' young child) starts to cry, and first his father (Kolepmur), then his mother, takes him up. Wowuak (the very much younger brother of Rusrus, whom she raised--on canned milk which cost two shillings a day--when their mother died giving birth to him) is holding the child of his older brother, Pasap. Pasap's wife has been helping Sirapi and Rusrus in the cook house. When I ask they say yes, they came back to Mangai just for the malanggan. (They live in Pasap's wife's West Coast village, and Rusrus did not know they had had a baby.) Thus does malanggan bring the men back home.

This morning Lina brought food she had cooked for Emi. Emi had sent food to Matunga and the others helping him, because they are making a malanggan. That is the fashion: the malanggan-makers are to be fed. They are making the malanggan in a tiny "lean-to" type house in Matanavillam hamlet, and Sirapi is feeding them while they do it. Actually Lina has been feeding them while Sirapi stays in Lauen village; and Lina cooked food as a representative of Sirapi's line in Matanavillam to reciprocate the food Emi had sent. There are many jobs, and not all of them are to be done here in Kuluvos.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

"Lakau Tavetau" and "Lakau Semel"  
(Buy the Fence) (Buy the Cement)

This is the day to lakau (buy) tavetau (cemetery fence). This is the day Kamniel thought his sago would not be ready for, if it came any sooner. I do not know how much of this sago around here is his. But he should have had plenty of time, because the lakau tavetau was planned

for last Saturday; and had to be postponed because someone died in Nonopai. This is the first I have heard of this death.

Pig Exchanges

There are nine pigs cooking in the mumu: two from Emi, one from Lingai and Sirapi (the one Lingai tends in Matanavillam), one from Kamale (Meteroa), one from Siriu, one from Manu (Emi's husband), one from Kavok (who is bringing the cement monument for Makalo), and two (one wild, and one that belongs to the village) from Levi, a big man of Nonopai.

The general plan with regard to pigs seems to be this: a malanggan, and its preliminary proceedings (like today's lakau tavetau) needs pigs. Pigs are brought to the leaders and hosts of the ceremony, and to people who have been invited to perform services. Making the cement monument and bringing a malanggan are the major services requested. Nowadays cement seems to be considered more important for the economics of the situation than malanggan. Pigs may be brought to anyone, however, with whom one wishes to begin an exchange, or to whom one is indebted for a past gift; to help him, or to help him help someone else, at the malanggan.

The pigs must be brought the day before the meal so that there is time to cook them. Sometimes a man of the place from where the pigs come will make a speech over it when the pig arrives at the malanggan. He will announce to whom the pig is given. That person, who may or may not know that the pig is coming (he probably has some good hunches if not actual plots) must then get his people together to "buy" the pig. Little groups gather on the ground, hushed and more intense than during any other activity. One person writes down the names of those who "help buy." First the mias comes out of purses, baskets and pockets; and when there seems to be no more forthcoming, the money comes out. When no further shillings come out, the



collection of money and mias is take without ceremony to a leader of the group that brought the pig.

One mias (one string of red shell currency) is considered equivalent to five shillings in this context; but the mias remains more valuable, more honored, and first. When a big man talks, he dangles a string of mias, not a shilling. No price can be called. It is said that people give "whatever they want to give." In the old days it was a great shame if anyone called for a particular price for anything. In fact, pigs draw from about three to six Australian pounds, plus five to twenty mias. The size of the pig does not seem to influence the price. However, since great pigs are saved for great occasions, the greater sums tend to change hands over the greater pigs. But the greatest sums sometimes go for the small pig of a young person that people want to help.

The buyer or one of his helpers will cut the pig when it is cooked and ready to be served. All the pigs are cut at one time and served to all the assembled guests. If there is any meat left over after everyone is decently served, it is divided amongst all those who gave one mias or five shillings to help buy the pig. (At the Livitua malanggan there was none left over; eventually at Kuluvos, there were large chunks for each of those who helped.

It took me some time to figure out all this, though it is a quite ordinary Melanesian exchange. Like most anthropologists, I come from a culture that weighs and measures and is founded on a profit motive; and I found it took some time to shed my assumptions, to apply Melanesian generalizations to particular situations. But even when I had laid my capitalist expectations to rest, I still never understood more than two or three of these transactions while in the field. Retrospective study of tapes and notes has clarified the sources of confusion:

1) To "buy a pig" means to "exchange a pig" sometimes, but other times it means to purchase a pig. I used the latter interpretation when I should have used the former.

2) I would be told that we are buying a pig. A mias or shilling would be thrust into my hand, and I would march with the others to lay down this currency next to a pig. Then someone from the group to whom we had given a pig would come and take away that pig which we had just "bought" (or so I thought). I kept thinking I was not watching closely enough. It was only at the Kuluvos malanggan that I finally understood that we were not buying a pig but rather adding money and mias to our gift of pig; which drew an immediate return gift of only money and mias, delivered inconspicuously into someone's hand.

3) People are in different groups for different purposes. Within a small group, a pig may be bought from someone who is "one of the family;" and then the whole group, including the individual from whom it was originally bought, will take the pig and give it to someone else. Sometimes these two operations are not separated in time; for example, once Lovan was selling a pig to Sirapi and Matunga and at the same time Lovan and Sirapi were giving the same pig to Matunga.

An example of two transactions going on more or less simultaneously occurred at Kuluvos on this day, Wednesday, May 3. All the pigs, I was told, will be bought by Emi's line of Mokamiva clanspeople at Kuluvos. (Eventually I learned that anyone who wanted to help could help, and persons married to Kuluvos Mokamivas were certainly expected to help.) Then my informant added: "And all Mokatitin clan will buy the cement." Why? Emi had asked that the cement come from Mokatitin clansmen Kavok and Melisa. Why should Mokatitin be buying the cement? Eventually I learned that Melisa had passed on the privilege given him of

performing this service, the making of the cement, to the missionary Emanuel, a Mokangkala clansman from Medina village. Mokamiva clan at Kuluvòs would still have to pay Kavok for making Makalo's cement; but Melisa's Mokatitin line in Nonopai village would take the lead in paying Emanuel for making William's cement.

At this first formal meal of the malanggan cycle, nine pigs were exchanged, dispatched, and consumed (see Table ).

#### Rain, Waiting, and Everyone Helping

Shortly after the pig-buying, the garamut (slit drum) began. One person tells me (when I ask) that the garamut is to notify people to get ready; others say it is just someone wanting to play the garamut.

Piwas, Rongo's shy eldest brother (and husband to Siriu) comes and invites me to the men's house nearby, to shelter from the very light rain. (New Irelanders run or stay inside at the first drop of rain; New Hanoverians walk about freely in the rain. Both groups experience rain as cold. Are New Irelanders more sickly? or less accustomed to uncomfortable physical stimuli? Perhaps cold rain seems aggressive to New Irelanders; whereas for New Hanoverians it is fun, a changed setting, a chance to play. I saw one New Hanover woman once hold her hand under a pouring rain spout, apparently just for the experience.) Piwas makes polite conversation: he tells me that the people have not come yet with bamboo. It is 12:45 p.m.

Eruel left Mangai by bicycle about 10:00 a.m., just before Milika, Sambuan and I set out, walking. He is not here yet. Some men are here, I notice now, with bamboo; waiting to join the "parade" when the others come.

We are waiting out the drizzle and I have time to look around. The people here who have continually participated in helping are: Ba (perhaps in recognition of his son's marriage to Ruby Aisoli, or perhaps to help his wife's Livitua village kin); Usor, who is the daughter of Sirapi's father's kin; Tivingur clanswomen Belmumu and Kombulau; the latter's husband, Luverida; Kongis and Siriu (both helping their true sister, Rusrus); Taia and Pambali (who is counted as close to Sirapi); Matunga (Mokamuna clan brother to Sirapi) and his wife Mitlang; Elizabeth (whose mother was from Matanavillam) and her son Langiri. From Ripai and Meteroa hamlets, home of Sirapi's father's Mokititin clanspeople, Loliu and Israel have regularly helped, as have Kamale (who brought a pig) and his wife Langas. Ismael and wife Delilah, Randes and the Purapot hamlet group: Milika, Sambuan, Lovan. Everyone from Matanavillam and Panakaia (except old Patavani, who is too old to go out of Mangai; and the husbands of Malu and Pariu, who work for wages in town and are gone a lot. I scarcely ever saw them.) Also among the regular helpers have been the Tivingur clan connections in Katedon and Mali hamlets: Eruel and his wife Wona, Keres, Pala, his six sons and daughter Rongo, and her husband Lokorovar. This is nearly everyone in Mangai!

Still, it would be wrong to see the group here entirely in village terms, and ignore the kinship obligations being fulfilled at this malanggan. Old Tivingur men Keres and Pala became much more visible in this malanggan for the husbands of their clan sisters Sirapi and Rusrus than they have been at others. (At other gatherings, Keres usually came to eat, but Pala sometimes did not even do that.) For this malanggan,

Pala was here at every main function and gave mias; and Keres helped (or at least was present) to make the vavara malanggan. Pala's "team" of sons, along with the "team" of Muktun's sons from Matanavillam and the young men (brother and son of Elizabeth) of Panakaia, were everywhere doing the heavy work.

The Main Event: Lakau Tavetau

Now I am told that we have two purposes today: we must lakau tavetau (which was scheduled for last Saturday but postponed because of the Nonopai death); and lakau semel, buy the cement, the event originally planned for today.

The rain is over, and the men from Nonopai are coming from down the road, each carrying over his shoulder one, two or three long pieces of thick bamboo; or else a bundle of sticks to use as vertical posts; or another kind of sticks, the bark of which is peeled to make rope with which to tie the fence together. The men sing as they come. They are also cutting down trees.

The Mangai men finish their preparations, and start along the road from the opposite direction, also singing. Both sides cut down a lot of trees, more than I have seen cut before, inside the hamlet and along the road. Ten, about, on the Nonopai side. They have brought them along into the village, probably to be burned. That is what happened at the Livitua malanggan.

Tokas is cutting down trees, now attacking a big one, about eight inches in diameter. Usually they settle for the very small ones. Mangai's big men come first: Ismael, Matunga, ancient Lamo, and Lovan leading.

Matiu explains to me that the meaning of cutting down trees is this: it is a "picture" (symbol) of removing everything that the

dead man planted. This occasion was one of the two times anyone ever offered to explain anything symbolic to me in New Ireland. (Matiu is a missionary, and probably he is used to explaining symbols when he gives sermons on Biblical texts.)

All the men of Livitua are coming behind the Mangai group, but Mangai and Livitua are waiting, letting Nonopai go ahead. (Note: Nonopai was the group originally asked by Kase to bring the bamboo. Throughout the proceedings, Nonopai seemed to take first place. But no one acknowledged this.) Of all the men, young and old, Lasuwot is the only one not carrying anything, and Eruel is the only one (as he often is, in many ways) carrying a decorative plant instead of the usual bamboo and sticks. He carries the great coleus plant over his thin shoulder.

Quite a few of the men have decorated themselves with lime powder and leaves.

Meliša, who is boss of this malanggan, meets the incoming groups. He walks around in a circle, shouting out "Ah! Ah! Ah!," after the fashion of memai. He carries four strings of mias and a leaf of office in his hand, also after the fashion of memai. He shouts out that a malanggan is to be held at Kuluvos and that he is now buying the fence. He then shouts out the names of people, starting with big men, and sends shell currency to them, one string at a time, carried by the women of Kuluvos. "Lasuwot: kattom!" meaning, "Lasuwot: bought altogether!" (i.e., this single payment constitutes full payment for Lasuwot's bringing of bamboo today). There will be no further payments for the tavetau. For other elements in the malanggan--for the malanggan and for the cement--there will be several lakau (payments) before the lakau kattom (final full payment) on the last day.

Now Kamniel steps up and begins to shout out. I cannot hear him well, but I hear "Kuluvos. . . malanggan. . . pirin." Pirin refers to respected old men, both alive and dead. Kasino told me once that pirin used to mean something like God; which sounds like the ancestor worship one can read about in New Ireland, but for which I see no clear direct or indirect evidence.<sup>10</sup>

Lovan now adds to the general clamor, stepping in, interrupting, also with leaf and shell currency. He trembles slightly. (Is he slightly nervous?) He begins to call out names; and then another man whom I do not know begins to call out names.

Kase (Mokamiva clan of Nonopai, a big memai who has connections through his father here in Kuluvos hamlet) is talking now and giving currency to women, who take it to the Nonopai people. Kase must be acting in his capacity as a man from Kuluvos: otherwise, he would just be "putting money in his own pocket," as they say. Or maybe he is doing that: but it seems unlikely.

Everyone with mias is going with it to the Nonopai people. Nonopai men are standing, but the Livitua and Mangai people are sitting down. Lovan gives a string of shell currency to Vasale, his mother, and sends her with it to Simeon of Sali, a brother to the husband of Emi.

Simeon is the memai I have photographed many times over the pigs, here and elsewhere. The Nonopai memai Beong, with his great mound of white hair, is here. (For whom is he in mourning that he does not cut his hair? I once asked him. "All my brothers," he said.) Samuel, another big man from Nonopai, is here. (Note: Samuel was not noticed by me again in the proceedings, but he had a profound affect on the outcome of the event.)

Pambali and wife Taia, and Sirapi and Bungaloo, are huddled together here, all digging slowly into their purses and baskets for mias. Rusrus gives money to Lovan, he holds it up, gives it back to her and calls out her name and the name of the Nonopai person to whom she wants to take it. She carries it over, taking Siriu's child along with her, holding the child by the hand.

I am not sure, but I think Mangai has not got paid anything for its bamboo.

Time now, 2:45 p.m. Some woman just pressed tobacco into Lovan's purse. (Lokorovar once told me that was enough to make trouble between a man and his wife. But this was a public gesture.) Lovan smiled, and she mumbled something about a cigarette. Matunga comes over to tell me to watch the bamboo coming in now. Mangai takes theirs in first, with Nonopai slightly behind. But I did not see that Mangai was paid. It all went to Nonopai.

DB: "Matiu, did they buy from Mangai?"

MATIU: "They were all at one time, it went here and it came there."

The place is "fast," as they say, so full people cannot move, which is a measure of success for this kind of event. It is not really crowded, of course, but there are at least two hundred people here: 35-40 men from each of the villages, Livitua, Mangai, and Nonopai.

#### Making the Fence: Status, Cultural, and Individual Differences

As they go down toward the cemetery on the beach, Lasuwot is carrying two bamboos. The big men seem to go ahead, but they are not exempt from physical work. Carrying the bamboo is of course only a token involvement in physical work. Usually the leading big men are busy



talking and organizing; but I often see them lift or carry, partly to make the point, I think, that they do not consider themselves above this kind of work. One old leader from Medina was very explicit to me about this. Luverida carries bamboo, balancing it on his shoulder with one hand, his other hand holding onto the hand of one of Siriu's children (one of the two that lives with him and Kombulau in Pasaik hamlet). Thus do the children learn.

Cracking and whacking, as the men cut down trees still, and begin to cut the bamboo to size, making the fence. Everyone laughs as a small tree nearly falls on Laksia.

Laksia (the New Hanover boy) is standing here eating. It seems out of place, and I do not recall ever seeing anyone eat in public like this in New Ireland. The injunction to share food is too great. And in any case, this is a time for work. Laksia finishes his snack and mumbles: "Now I finished eating, now I'll go fasten the fence." And off he goes. He hurries very fast in helping when he finally starts. He tries to beat Langiri, it appears, in tying up. New Irelanders work at a steady, slow pace. No one ever appears to hurry or compete. People move faster in New Hanover.

However, there is something near to hurry going on here now in building this fence. There are at least as many men outside watching as inside helping. About half and half. Counted: 35 inside, 45 outside, about five of these latter getting coconut leaves on which to put the food later on. This fence is going to be finished in no time. Time now: 2:56.

But there's quite a bit left to do. They're making the fence bigger than they intended. The little trees used as vertical supports will take root and form the permanent fences I have seen around Mali hamlet and between parts of Matanavillam and Panakaia hamlets.

They used Eruel's big plant as a vertical in the fence. Imagine before, when they lived in the bush, going back to an old place where they had buried a big man. Going back three-four years later when they had pigs ready; cutting down the trees on the way, making a fence around the grave: to "put the mark of man on the place," as they sometimes say. The mark of man soon disappears in the bush.

Laksia comes and says a few words to me, then goes to find betel nut. It is 3:13. He did not stick to it as long as the others, who are still plugging away. Old Beong is in there, leaning on a tree, but I do not think he is doing anything. Neither is the young man near him, who must be about twenty years old. He is a sullen unhappy youth who took a cup from us on our first day in Mangai. Kasino took it away from him and brought it back. Ba is working, as always: he is a Manus, and he looks now, as often when there is work to be done, more serious and intense than New Irelanders usually look as they work. It is generally the younger and middle-aged men who are working, some who always work: three of Rongo's brothers and her husband, Lokorovar; Tokas and his brothers. There are some who rarely do communal physical work, and who are sitting on the beach now: Taito and Lovan, both big men. But big man Lasuwot often works. I saw big man Eruel carry half a pig once, though he looked as though he might die of it, and I wished someone would help him.<sup>11</sup> Matunga works: he is not a traditional big man, but he is committeeman, and he is playing a big man role (bringing the vavara) at this malanggan; and he must be over fifty years old. Ismael, old and a memai; Lingiris, old and not a memai; Kambaso, middle-aged husband of Malu who works in town and is rarely in the village: all are helping to make the fence.

Pambali is helping. He has just come out of jail in Rabaul. People welcome him warmly: "Oh Pambali! You have come back!" (He was in jail for a year for driving while intoxicated, hitting and killing a man from Ngavallis village. Such accidents are becoming common, and people express distress over them and over drinking in general.)

Some men are putting down leaf "plates" in the now nearly enclosed cemetery. We will eat inside the fence, as we did at the Livitua malanggan. It is 3:17 p.m., and only about twenty men are finishing the fence. Makeas and Tokas, Kambaso. Old Beong of Nonopai is sitting on the new fence, still inside giving moral support. Lovan and Ephraim, both "big men" who are not memai, watched for a while from outside.

The garamut has been going all through the fence-building. One old man who has been at the garamut most of the time is resting, his sides heaving. The fence seems to be finished. Time: 3:24 p.m. Yes, the last of the men is leaving the fence. The fence is done.

#### Buying Pigs Again, and Cement, Before We Eat

Now we eat. I count 127 men inside the enclosure and on their way in. Fancy cooking for them. (This is one of the "little rubbish meals" Vasale promised that the women would prepare.) Some women have now come inside the fence to help buy pigs. Emi was the first woman into the enclosure. We are going to buy pigs before we eat.

It is 3:48 p.m. Men and women are all inside the enclosure, buying pigs. The starchy food has been cut up and is being eaten by flies. I counted 127 men; there are fewer women: 40-60, only 40 inside the fence.

The presentation of the pigs begins. The pigs have all been brought from the mumu and lined up in the cemetery. The pig of Sirapi and Lingai will go to Kavok: we all go to add shell money to the pig, our names called by Lovan, as is usual. Sometimes the caller stands by the pig, but Lovan does not this time. Okas of Livitua called out Sambuan's mias. She is dressed up with a yellow scarf on her head: who are her affines or muk (for whom these scarves are worn) here all of a sudden? I have never seen her wear a scarf before. Kavok must give back money and mias, and Lovan calls out to him: "Never mind hiding anything!" The people with mias go before others; children before adults, and women go before men, in general. This pig goes to Kavok for making Makalo's cement.

Now a pig that is to go to Emanuel, who will make the cement for William, is presented. Emi "sang out for" Melisa to make the cement, but he in turn called on Emanuel for this work. Emanuel (Mokangkala clan) is from Medina village and a missionary in Paruai; important in this malanggan because he is married to Emi's sister, Menameen, who has a house here in Kuluvos.

This pig is, however, from neither Emi nor Melisa. It comes from Pasaik hamlet where Kombulau has looked after it for Siriu. This pig, then, comes from Rusrus' supporting group, and is for the man who has made the cement for her dead husband. People of Mangai go up to add money and mias to this pig: Rusrus first, then her sisters<sup>12</sup>, then the other women of Mangai village. Siriu's little boy Steven (about four years old) goes up alone, runs back. They are shy, but not allowed to be too shy to give. For both this pig and the preceding one, I find that there is a representative from every nuclear family in Mangai.

Now another pig for Emanuel, this one from the Mokamiva clanspeople of Nonopai village: Levi brought it and Kase calls out the names. Both are Mokamiva big men from Nonopai village. But Emi goes first, followed by all the line here from Kuluvos and the rest of Lauen, and then the line from Nonopai village. Thus Emi joins with Nonopai village, or they join her, on this gift to Emanuel. In other exchanges, Emi and Nonopai are on opposite sides. I am gradually realizing that these exchanges are a maze of "cross-cutting ties"<sup>13</sup> several layers deep.

Emanuel comes now to collect his pay. I suppose Kavok must have collected his. I did not see him.

It is worth noting that when I asked Sirapi earlier what we were going to buy here today she said: "Yes, today we buy." And I said: "Buy what?" And she said: "Pig." Now I realize that we are also buying the cement. It is just next to impossible to find out in advance what is going to happen. Sometimes they do not know, but more often they just do not realize how much I do not know. Or maybe they think (as Kas did about marriage rules) that it is all much too complex for me to understand, which it is in all its glorious detail. Then, too, I am a nuisance. I feel sure, however, that Sirapi is trying very hard to tell me what I want to know. The only thing she is purposefully silent about is anything having to do with people being cross.

Kavok now gives pig and mias to Emanuel. One cement-maker thus gives to another, his rival in a way for available resources. One wants those resources in order to be able to give: it is giving, not accumulating, that counts. Kavok is helped with this gift by Lauen village people, by memai Kase, and by Marangas, the dramatic, balding memai from Panapai village.

There is a tenth pig here now, a tiny pig, next to which Kavok puts some mias. It was probably killed by a car.

Now a pig for Matunga from Kavok, helped by Mangai and Lauen villages. Melisa, holding mias, makes a little talk about Matunga bringing the malanggan.

Kase now speaks of a pig which he (and his line: this pig was provided by Levi) is presenting to Kavok. There is some confusion as to which pig is which, and over which pig Kase is presenting to Kavok. How they know which pig is which all the time I will never know. Of course they do not always know, as now; and three pigs ago, when the women were discussing (to help me find out) amongst themselves whether or not a pig came from Levi. Someone sometimes watches the placement of the pig in the mumu. That is one way. Or they tie something on the bundle, or add some other marker.

Now Kase goes up and stands next to one pig, so the people know which one it is they are to add money and mias to for Kavok, for making Makalo's cement. The whole line from Mangai goes. Only Sirapi's marriage out is at stake. All other marriage ties in Mangai are taken for granted for this transaction. All Mangai is helping Sirapi buy the cement for her husband. Lovan calls again. Lina handed him a mias, he called her name, gave it back to her, and she went up to the pig. Tokas (Lina's oldest brother) went up this time: I have never seen him go before. Once a long time ago when I asked him if he were going to some malanggan feast he said, smiling: "No, I have no money to go to such things." Anyone who comes may eat, of course; what he meant was that he would be ashamed to go without giving money. But he must have been making an excuse, because everyone has one shilling, and even five shillings. Tokas often helps unload ships in town, and he must have money. Matiu says he will give one shilling on this one; so it must be respectable to give only one shilling

even on an important pig, even when you are an important relative (as Matiu is to Sirapi). Or perhaps he was speaking metaphorically: the expression "one shilling" sometimes means "a little money" in general.

Melisa has given no pigs. The two pigs from Nonopai village came from Levi (who later played an important role behind the scenes in this malanggan).

It starts to rain, and we are crowded under shelter. People move back, as always, as if by magic, to make a place for me and my tape recorder.

The last pig to be bought is from someone in Lauen village to Ephraim, for making the cement of Masapal: the drowned boy buried here with Makalo and William.

There are three more pigs, two from Emi, and one from her husband, Manu. They will be "cut for nothing," cut free. Thus they add meat and elegance to the feast without starting an exchange with someone.

Melisa is squatting over each pig, holding part of it. A young informant whom I do not know tells me: "He is doing a "singsing" (ritual words, sometimes sung) that belonged to our ancestors. When he gives everyone pig now, there will be plenty." I always wondered how they knew there would be enough food, and here is the answer; they do not know. I find out that the young informant is Iavos, of Kuluvos, a tambo to the two honored dead. Iavos goes on, "They (the pig-buyers) remember the mias and money we brought (to help buy), and they give us a piece of pig, to amat with us for our mias. Amat means to "finish" (or 'kill') this mias."

What is finished is an obligation about which they feel guilty, or at least "troubled." Melisa expressed this kind of obligation as something "stuck to your skin." But people do not say that others owe them things: for instance, here Iavos says the obligated person "thinks of" or "remembers" the money or mias brought to help him. Thinking of it, or remembering it, is enough to prompt him to action, apparently. But people are careful to say of these things: "He can give to us if he wants to. I cannot ask him to give to me." It is known that some people "think badly" of others, probably for not fulfilling presumed obligations; but it would be very bad to speculate on these matters, as to who might be thinking badly of whom. Only an anthropologist would show such bad manners as to ask about such things. And there is a risk, too, perhaps; of poison.

#### Distribution

Now Melisa is making a speech over the starchy foods. He started by calling the names of the big men. The men start to get the food now, to distribute it. Matiu tells me what Melisa is saying: "Melisa talks of this feast. It did not come about from one big man. It came about only from the thinking of one woman. Emi. She thought too much of her two brothers, and she worked this thing. It did not get started with one man, or a big man; not at all. But Emi, herself, she talked about this: maski (it does not matter), if it goes badly (pidgin: bagarap), if you all are hungry, maski (nevermind), you cannot think badly. It is just something that came up from the mouth of a woman, that's all. If a man called it, then, then you all could live well within it." (Melisa is just repeating Emi's modesty, or being modest for her, I think. He is making a host's apology rather than ridiculing women, I think.)



DB (to Matiu): "Is he saying that if a man calls a feast, all pigs will come; but a woman, never mind if it all goes badly?"

MATIU: "Um (yes). A man who is a talker, he can talk about something, it can be good."

And yet, as the feast went on, it became clear that it was going well. Was this just one more instance of New Irelanders going to the help of the weak? Or did women help women?

I go to watch the pigs being cut up. I ask again who brought and who bought, and now someone tells me that the pigs brought by Levi were first bought by Kase and then passed on to Kavok and Emanuel. Kavok is cutting one of his pigs himself, and Thomas of Livitua, who is his tambo, and who always seems to be willingly doing the nastiest work, is cutting another. Thomas is a gentle, smiling, handsome man who has had twelve ulcers cut out of his stomach and still has a lot of pain.

The smell of the greasepaint, the roar of the crowd. This is the roar of the crowd (on tape) as people get someone to represent them settled by their "plates" (leaves) and the food is delivered. All the young men, and even Lovan, are helping to deliver. Umm, the sago looks especially good. (Good sago has lots of coconut chunks in it, and is not hard and dry at the edges. Sometimes there are bits of greens in it that give it a tang, like parsley. It tastes a bit like a macaroon, but it is drier: just right to go with a big chunk of pork roasted with the blood in and dripping great pieces of pork fat.) It is 4:30 p.m. About fifteen minutes ago Yaraka arrived, after school I suppose. (Yaraka is Councillor and big man and teacher from Paruai village, one of Kasino's classmates when they were amongst the first New Irelanders to go on to High School in the Government system.) Yaraka made the cement for someone

at the Livitua malanggan, and he made a speech complimenting Livitua for being able to carry out the old traditions very well; and saying that the children must be taught these things. The Government now formally encourages the teaching of local songs and stories in the Government schools.

Matiu and I are sitting together now to eat. That means we are sharing a plate. No one ever gets a plate alone. I usually sit with Eruel, partly because we like to sit together and partly because he thinks they will give me pieces of meat without fat, which they usually do. Eruel's stomach has been off for about twenty years now and he cannot eat pig fat. When we (Nicolas Peterson and I) first met him he claimed to be subsisting on Carnation Condensed milk, at two shillings a can. But he can eat lean pork and dry potato and sago. Not coconut. It is certainly true that he looked ten pounds heavier and ten years younger when he came back from a month in Rabaul where he lived with a young relative of his who works there and ate entirely European foods.

Eruel also liked to sit with me because I let him carry away all the food, until Sirapi told me it was my responsibility, since I was the only woman allowed to sit with the men, to bring away my share of food to give to her. I tried to do this, but the logistics of the situation often failed me: one had to be ready with a leaf basket, which everyone else could whip up in five minutes, but for which I always had to wait. Someone always made me one, of course, but sometimes Eruel had gone off with most of the food by then, saying he would give some to Sirapi (his classificatory daughter, and a good friend).

So it was a bit of a relief to sit with Matiu. Matiu and I eat from the same pot, in Matanavillam hamlet, so I did not have to worry about my responsibility to get as much food as possible, politely, for my consumption group. Matiu and I have seven great chunks of sago, like half-loaves of long bread; and five potatoes. All taro so far. Everybody else has just as much. Seven on the leaf here behind me for Ba and another man. That leaves seven for Makeas and another man. But now I see they each have their own "plates," and each will have seven. (Eruel says of the leaves: the plate of the kanaka is good, you do not have to wash it, just throw it away into the sea. Kanaka is a term for natives which they consider derogatory in varying degrees nowadays.) Eight more potatoes just arrived. The potatoes are cut in half, but the taro are whole.

Melisa called Eruel first, then Lasuwot, when he made his speech. I did not hear who else he called. Eruel and Lasuwot are each first, without challenge, in their respective villages. I think there is also a tendency to call first the person from farthest away and work toward the village where the event is taking place. Melisa seems to look around and call the big men who are present, honoring people who are big in the present situation who would not be called in other circumstances: e.g. Matunga.

Eruel is here, but sitting toward the back of the men's house on the beach. It was raining. Looked like more rain--he probably wanted to be safe. If someone paid him to do rain magic for this event, I do not know about it. Someone earlier said that some people could stop the rain, and I mentioned Eruel. "Yes," this person said, "Eruel: give him pay, and by and by the day must be all right."

Matiu got up to go help deliver meat, and I am left here as a "marker" for our plate. He delivered the first marvelous-looking chunk to me; but ultimately, of course, to himself, to us. This can be a strong motive for helping with the meat. Helping deliver meat is the only dirty work (of a communal nature) that I have ever seen Lovan do.

Our plate is almost overflowing here; the first time I have seen such plentitude. "Only something a woman got started," and a little rubbish meal. This is the first time I have seen the plates overflow. This is really plenty, plenty, and all the meat is well-done. (No one but the rude anthropologist asked why the meat was not fully cooked at one malanggan we attended. When the meat is not fully cooked, we have to take it home and cook it some more. Sometimes the women are hungry and stop and cook it along the way home.)

Consumption (At Last), Distribution (Continued) and Exchange (Considered)

Melisa says grace, in Kuanua (the language of Rabaul which is used by the Methodist Mission). No one has nibbled until now. Now we eat.

Not all of us. Some of the men are still doing their work. Great big bits of extra pig are going to Tuluk (of Livitua), Matunga and Lovan, Eruel and Lamo, Simek (Lovans son). Kavok called out some of these names. I thought the extra pieces of pig go to the ones who help buy, but Kavok is giving to those who helped give him the pig, or perhaps gave him some of the mias and money that came with it. Probably just another case of return, return, return, back and forth. If I asked why Kavok gave the pig to these people, any informant would say, "I don't know," or

"I think he wanted to." I wouldn't dare ask Kavok himself: he is the only person in New Ireland who has shown slight annoyance when I tried to ask questions.

Melisa is talking, shouting out: "Arakok! Arakok! Arakok!"  
 Matiu translates voluntarily: "It is good! It is good! It is good! Rest now. Have a good time. Tomorrow (Thursday, May 4) start to make the box (the wooden box mold into which cement will be poured to make the cement monuments.)"

Melisa is pacing up and down, after the fashion of memai:

MELISA: "Friday (May 5), start with cement. Saturday (May 6) finish cement altogether. Monday (May 8) go get leaf. Tuesday (May 9), make a mumu. Wednesday (May 10), break open the cement (i.e., take it out of the wooden molds). Thursday (May 11), think about pigs. Friday (May 12), Saturday (May 13), finish entirely. Malanggan. Thursday (May 11), make mumu; Friday (May 12), open (display) cement. On Saturday, finish. The preceding Friday night (May 12), dance, drink around and about; by and by everyone will be lying about on the beach, and flies will come on top of the mouths of all."

MATIU (to DB): "Now he's just joking."

Melisa pauses, then goes on:

MELISA: "Now why. All this sago you all have worked is plenty, more than enough. And food--by and by you all will do what with it?" (It is a strong speech, and probably refers to his earlier near-quarrel with Kamniel.)

DB to Matiu: "Before they all wanted to wait--for plenty more sago--but our baskets aren't big enough! A little bit more can come inside, eh?" (I am making sure that my basket for Sirapi has as much as Matiu's basket, just in case.)

Lingiris comes by and invites me to come along to the beach with the men to wash our hands. Women are not supposed to go to the beach at this time. I am allowed to go because I am outside the system. And a weak European that has to be given special consideration.

Lingiris and Laksia and I walk home together. Laksia has his bicycle, or someone's, and has our baskets hung on it. Makalo and Simbakon (sons of Milika and Lina, respectively), both about twelve years old, tease and hang on Laksia. He is a bit annoyed. (Laksia, and other New Hanover men who have been in Mangai for various reasons, are very popular with New Irelanders. Laksia has become a kind of "hero" for these boys, a phenomenon I have not seen amongst New Irelanders. If Laksia had grown up in New Ireland, his expressiveness, wit and charm, which amounts to ostentation in New Ireland, would have been quietly and consistently discouraged in favor of the virtues which sustain the group and draw attention to the individual only over the long, long haul. In New Ireland culture, it is deep and lasting Virtue that pays off. Pasingan, the old man from New Hanover who has lived in Mangai for years, may have been charming when young, too; but he never became a big man. Never even a husband and father. Never, in fact, even a grown-up. He is still protected in Mangai, and needs to be, as though he were a child.)

I am trying to find out from Lingiris who gives pigs to whom and why. Lingiris says that Sirapi gives her pig only because she wants to, because she thinks of Makalo (her dead husband). She gives it to Kavok. He must repay it with mias, but half only. Similarly, Kavok gives Matunga a pig (for the malanggan), but he only half repays it. If the malanggan belongs to you, straight, you can show it for nothing; whereas if you request it from someone else, you must pay the owner.

Laksia volunteers that in New Hanover, they bury the dead and eat a meal, and that's all. All on one day. Relatives come from elsewhere on that day, that's all. He said: "We're like you (Europeans); when they're dead, they're completely dead. That's the end of it."

SATURDAY, MAY 6

"Buy the Box"

This is the day we are to finish buying the cement, they say. I drove to Lauen today, having rented a truck in town yesterday to help me get back and forth easily during this last week of the malanggan work. Lovan rode with me, playing "white man" all the way: "You must wait on the road! I can't come and find you in the house! Bloody benzine (gasoline, petrol) goes for nothing!" Mangan (Emi's husband's brother) of Livitua, who also rode with us, was audience, along with me. We stopped at Semege's house (the only native brick house, besides Kasino's) on the way, to pick up a pig. "All right," Lovan said as he walked into her house, "pour the tea."

Lovan also fussed and complained, in good humor, about the light rain and Eruel: "Why is someone making this rain? Get Eruel to stop it," he said, but he was joking. When Eruel finally got to Lauen today he told me he was cross that I did not wait for him. I told him I would take him back to Mangai.

Pigs and Rewarding Lifetime Help

There are four pigs here today. They were brought by Taito, Bungaloo, Piwas, and Telengebei, who is the daughter of Lina, and is about thirteen years old. She calls Sirapi "mama," which is doubtless why she has brought her pig. Bungaloo is married to Rusrus' brother,

and Piwas is married to Rusrus' sister. Taito is a big man. Lovan, when I asked, said Taito brought the pig because William and Makalo were his children, through marriage: Taito's dead wife was Mokamiva.

I am trying to find out who brings pigs and why. Pambali told me yesterday that he will give a pig to Sirapi to reciprocate her having looked after him when he was a child. She is his distant cross-cousin, only a little bit taboo; if one wants to, one can marry such a person, he told me.

Yesterday Pambali and Kasino discussed with me the local word for reciprocate (in pidgin, bekim; from "back it"): amouli. Kas translated it into English as "reward." For example, Kas said: "For a long time you eat in one place, then you want to reward it." It is noteworthy that he chose the word "reward" rather than "repay." New Irelanders prefer to think in terms of the more freely given "reward," rather than the more obligatory "repay."

#### Who Makes the Cement Monuments?

I also want to know why particular people were requested to perform the services of making the cement. Emanuel, Kavok and his brother Meleke, and Kavok's true mokok Piskaut (who is the teacher in Livitua and often comes to feasts in a white shirt) are here working on the cement.

I asked Kavok directly: "Why did Emi ask you to make the cement?" Kavok said that Emi is mokotok to Kavok's dead father, Suraman. I ask: "Is she repaying something?" Kavok says that he asked Makalo to make the cement when Suraman died. That is what she is repaying. (Kavok is Mokatitin clan: Emi and Kavok's father are Mokamiva. This would mean that Kavok asked a Mokamiva, Makalo, to make cement for another Mokamiva, Suraman. No one found this objectionable; so they must have been considered different "lines.")



Then I asked Emanuel why Emi has asked him to make William's cement: was she repaying something? Emanuel said no, that she had asked him because he married a Mokamiva clanswoman; Emi's sister, Menameen. Emanuel is Mokangkala, and he belongs at Medina village, the place of his mother.

There is another man working with Emanuel, Francis Welakamus of Ngavallis, who is helping because he is mokok to Pape (Mokamiva of Lemakot, who married and lives in Lauen village), who is tamboo (brother-in-law) to "the two who sleep" (William and Makalo).

Emanuel, Kavok, and Paper (Emanuel tells me) are all tamboo to William and Makalo: yak in Mangai dialect, efak in Lauen dialect. I ask if it must be a tamboo who makes the cement, and Emanuel says no, one can ask others. He then explained: "They asked us tamboo, straight, because they will not have to repay. If this pay does not come up well, there will not be any talk. If Emi had brought this request to another bisnis (pidgin: clan relatives, used loosely to include other relatives) and the pay did not come up well, because they were short of mias--if (the request) goes to another bisnis, they will have to want much more mias." He is saying that asking your true tamboo is really keeping it "all in the family;" and you do not have to worry the way you do if you really go far outside.

I ask Emanuel if the custom is the same in his home area and he says "Yes, it's the same except that in Medina, when they see all the mias that Emi sends, they would repay it right away." Here, Emi's mias will be repaid on the final day, Saturday. The bisnis of Emanuel and Kavok must join together to repay, to help. "Because Emi has lost plenty of money. So we give back, so she will have some." Again, New Ireland equalizes, strengthening the weak.

We Buy Again, and Note the Nuclear Family

We got here about 10:30, and it is now 11:00 a.m. This meal was to be a "morning" meal. Matunga says we are waiting for the rain to come and go. However, there is much work to be done yet.

Now we buy everything again. Lovan calls, and Mangai and Livitua add money and mias to Bungaloo's pig. It will go to Melisa, along with Emanuel, for making William's cement. Kas is here today, and he goes first, with a mias given to him by Luverida. Then Belung (of Livitua) gives a mias to Warau (Rusrus' brother, husband to Bungaloo), who goes up with his little child by the hand. Steven, age three, goes up alone again.

Now Lovan calls names for people to add money and mias to the two small pigs here for Kavok. Virtually everyone here goes up. One pig belongs to Telengebei (Lina's 13-year-old daughter), and one is now said to belong to Beno. Previously this other pig was said to belong to Piwas, the older brother of Beno. This is now a familiar phenomenon to me: often a pig is said to be owned by the member of a nuclear family who is a peer of the informant. Thus, a woman will almost always say that the pig belongs to the woman of the family, and a man will almost always say it belongs to the husband. If you ask either one of the spouses, each will say "It belongs to me." Part of the explanation for this phenomenon, then, is that a woman will usually get her information from another woman, and a man from a man, and so on. In addition, everyone is taboo to many more names of the opposite sex than of his or her own sex. In the case of Telengebei, she is a child; and everyone knows the pig was cared for by her elders. But no one said so. It is important that the pig be considered the property of the child. The underlying basis for this phenomenon is that there is no individual ownership of resources within the nuclear family.

### Mangai's Malanggan

Last pig now, Taito's, for Matunga. Lovan calls out "for the malanggan!" Sirapi and Pala go first. On other occasions, for buying the cement, Sirapi has not gone up. She gives her money and mias for others to take, so they will look generous. So will she. Furthermore, the group will look large and strong.

Matunga makes a brief speech over his pig, in which he says that the pay is enough; never mind Mangai now, the malanggan goes to Lauen now. He goes on: he is giving this pig to Lovan to repay Lovan the pig with which Lovan started the malanggan-making in Matanavillam. That gave Lovan "name," or ownership title, to the malanggan; and Matunga's returning the pig terminates Lovan's "name" with regard to this malanggan. Matunga thus kattomed Lovan.

Later Lovan explained that nine mias and four pounds came for this malanggan; and that he agreed that it could go "clear" now (i.e., it no longer belonged to him). "It's good for helping the work in this cemetery," he tells us all. He says that he will not make it easy--the pay was short! But Matunga wants to help and make it easy for the hosts; they came to Mangai because they cannot go to their own village. (But they did not really want to spend a lot, so they were counting on Mangai to behave as though they were one of the family. Matunga would; Lovan, good-naturedly, would not).

### Livitua's Malanggan

There is a fifth pig here that I was not told about earlier, and now Francis is talking over it. He says that this pig, provided by Langasin (of Livitua) is to go to Mavis (Paruai village), to get a malanggan from him. Francis begins calling names, in a hurry, and all the Livitua line goes; women first, all with mias.

I ask Langasin what kind of malanggan it will be? (I was still checking to be sure that the kind of malanggan owned was of no consequence.) Langasin said he could not know, they had not made it yet. I asked who had requested the malanggan? Lasuwot along with Francis requested one from Mavis. And Langasin held fast a pig. I asked if Mavis was here. No, he has not come yet. (Mavis is a very old man, and in fact he never did come. He cannot leave the village he lives in. He is the man whose mother "died for him," according to the custom kiut, many years ago.)

Now all the Livitua men go up with mias. I ask Wulos: "Did you all know there was going to be another malanggan?" And Wulos said: "No, we just found out today."

Men from other villages go up to give to help buy this malanggan, so they must be supporting it: Pitalai, Taito, Manu (Emi's husband). Manu is from Livitua, but in this malanggan he is mainly identifying himself with Emi's group.

#### Counting Mias, Cutting Pig, and Being Seen

They all count their mias and money. Matunga tells me he has five pounds ten shillings and three mias. Emanuel tells me he has six pounds ten shillings and six pence and seven mias. How much there is is not regularly a public announcement, and sometimes people do not count it right away. And it is a bit rude for me to ask.

Pitalai and Francis are counting for Mavis: four pounds twelve shillings and six pence and eight mias. Pitalai is standing in for Mavis because "I married there and they were all 'losing' (to Mavis); so all right, I'll wait (and pick up the money and mias for Mavis)." Pitalai, as Councillor, is also expected to fill in generally in public roles.

Pitalai now cuts Mavis' pig. Lovan is cutting the one Matunga passed on to him. Emanuel and Kavok are personally ripping the leaves off their pigs. It is considered an honor, and must be done either by the one who buys or by someone he sends for the task. (New Ireland generally weighs activity heavy against words. Who owns the pig? I ask. "Kavok cuts it," is the answer. Important relationships are highly visible in activity. Thus, money and mias are publically given in a little drama wherein each individual carries his gift across an open space, following the calling of his name, and lays it down next to a pig. And the pig is cut by the man who receives it, or someone closely identified with him.)

We Eat, and Hear the Memai

The food is not yet served and Melisa gives a talk. (I have noticed that the memai often does not eat at these feasts. Melisa is often talking; but Lasuwot did not talk so much at the Livitua malanggan, and still he just sat, not eating. I asked him about it. Lasuwot said: "When everyone else has eaten, I will eat." I have seen Melisa eat at these meals, and I think it is not bad manners to do so; just very good manners to wait.)

MELISA: "Arakok. Arakok. Arakok. It is good. It is good. It is good. Eruel. Matunga. Lovan. (All from Mangai). Lasuwot. Francis. Peterus. Kamak. (All from Livitua). Taito. (From Wuap). Kase. (From Nonopai). Kamniel. (From here, Kuluvos)." (The order followed here was this: he started with the acknowledged memai from each place, then mentioned the other men who are playing big roles in this malanggan. He started with the village farthest away, and worked up to Kuluvos, skipped it, and went to the other side, to Nonopai; then came back to Kuluvos.)

Melisa starts to speak in local dialect, but after a minute or so someone I do not know shouted out "talk pidgin." And Melisa went on in pidgin. (Evidence, I think, that conducting proceedings in pidgin benefits others besides me.)

MELISA: "On Tuesday, (May 9), pig: to take away the mold from the cement. Or on Monday (May 8). Finish this work of putting luklakau (pay) for the cement, Wednesday (May 10). (He repeats and repeats. And he has told us this schedule once before.)

(Sirapi is outside the fence. Many other women have stayed inside the enclosure, to hear.)

"All right, one thing: about the promise of the two pigs. One stops here, and belongs to Tulebung along with his mama; and one stops in Matanavillam. According to my own wishes, about these two pigs, I would like that the bones of these two pigs be thrown away inside the fence (of the cemetery). Because these two pigs were promised. They were promised in front of the graves. Now me, I don't want a man to cover up meat from these and go away with it. I want all to eat it all inside the fence, and all the bones, too, must stay inside the fence. I don't want anyone to carry it away a long way.

"Now that's all, my little talk is finished. Thank you."

I asked Melisa what he had talked about, and he began at the beginning, repeating the big men's names (omitting Peterus and Kamak) that he had called in exactly the same order (indicating that it was not a fortuitous one.) His tone and pauses group the men in villages. He told me: Wednesday (May 3) we ate a line of pigs. This was to make the tavetau (fence). Today, the feast is to make the (wooden) mold and to put the cement inside of it.

"Regarding this work, I look at the strength of all of Mangai, over these two graves. They have all done something, they are like a picture of the strength of the two men formerly husbands of the two women of Mangai. Now I look at them today, and they come, in this way: with good work."

I ask him to explain about the two pigs: are they somehow taboo? Melisa says no, there is nothing taboo about them. It is just that they have already marked (set aside) these pigs for the front of the grave. (He does not explain further; but the implication from this and later remarks is that these pigs go symbolically to the dead rather than to anyone amongst the living. There was no mystical implication: just symbolic.) I ask if they were promised at the time of the burial. Melisa says no, later. "Afterward they thought: 'I will designate a pig, I can put a malanggan along with it.' All right, then they got the pig ready." I ask who promised, and after some confusion (due to my relentless failure to remember that many people cannot say many names, and due to my incorrectly guessing Rusrus when I did remember name taboos) I find out that the two are Sirapi and the mother of Tulebung: Emi. (Sirapi's pig for her husband, Emi's for her full brother, William.)

Someone said grace, and we began to eat.

#### People Become Cross

While we were eating, Francis talked:

FRANCIS: "It's not enough that Emi should give Makalo mias. She must get a man outside, because she must lose, lose, lose, lose, after the fashion of Makalo! It's not enough! I must get a man from outside, in order to return the fashion that Makalo had toward me. By and by I will really lose!" He tells a little more about Makalo being a brother to him and their having been raised together.

Kavok, who is aloof at best, is now walking back and forth, clutching his little basket-purse, looking ferocious, with several days growth of beard on his face. He makes a very strong speech, in quick, high tones, in local dialect. All the women have left, except Wulos and myself.

Meleke, the brother of Kavok, kibbitzes some. Everyone else is quiet. Lovan, sitting near me, mutters to no one in particular: "Why didn't he want me to work something? He said it was a sin for me to bring a malanggan to Lauen." (Lovan is referring to the fact that Lasuwot, supported by Francis, stopped him from bringing a malanggan to the Livitua ceremony for Lovan's stepfather, Waradis, on the grounds that that Catholic church thinks, officially, that malanggan are false gods. Many priests no longer think this, but it remains policy. Lasuwot's real reason was that he did not want Lovan to proceed with his plan of getting the malanggan from Lepilis, who had not proved reliable about reciprocating.)

All go on eating while he talks. Some wash their hands at the beach. Lovan goes over to confer with Melisa. Taito and Kamniel share a laugh. Kavok has been carrying on now for fifteen minutes (time now: 12:30 p.m.). His manner is indignant, and the point of his speech is this: Livitua should not be bringing this malanggan. The people who are to bring things (including Kavok himself) have long since been selected, and Livitua should not be suddenly bringing in this new malanggan, uninvited.

Kavok takes himself very seriously. Others are looking around, vaguely enjoying the performance, unperturbed. Whatever else this new malanggan means, it probably means that Kavok will get a smaller amount of mias and money than he otherwise would. Now people will have to divide their resources to include helping for the Livitua malanggan. This rivalry



between Livitua and Lauen to "work something over the death of Makalo" did not start now: it started with Makalo's death, as came out later on.

It is 12:35 p.m., and Lovan leaves the enclosure. Shortly thereafter, Kavok finishes talking.

Melisa says a few words in local dialect to those around him, then begins, calmly, to speak to the public, in pidgin:

MELISA: "Kase; Pakai; Kavok: Lovan.

"First, Pakai; second, Mavis; third, Kase. These, all belong straight on this ground, this place. What kind of man from a long way away shall I ask to work something in this place, Kuluvos? (The question is rhetorical. He means all these people have rights here.)

"Because this thing, this is how this thing got started: me. And Kavok. We two, children of this place, or men of this place. We two got this thing started.

"But hear this well: you know, him, this tamboo who is here (the dead William), he wasn't all right with me before (i.e., we weren't on good terms). He had a big anger, and his thinking was really fouling about, about me. All right, he died. Some men had thoughts like this: me, I killed this tamboo. Because I am a man of poison. Because we two were always cross, and our relationship was not straight.

"All right, I sat down (lived) right inside Lauen. And me, I kept looking a little at the kind of thing the mother of Tulebung wanted to do; because a big worry stayed with her. Mavis, did he come to help her? Kase, did he come to help her?" (Pause, long). "No." (Slight pause.)

"Now we who belong away (from Kuluvos), I got up this thing. I belong to this family. Kavok is Mokatitin (clan), and me too, Mokatitin, Nonnem. (A word in pidgin that underlines the affirmative: "You bet," or "My oath.") Kavok is Mokamiva, and me too, I'm Mokamiva?" (Another

rhetorical question. Note here an instance of the tension between identification with the clan of the mother and that of the father. In this case, it is a tension between the children of the women of the clan, who are Mokamiva; and the children of the men of the clan, e.g. Melisa and Kavok, both of whom happen to be Mokatitin. Note also the typical New Ireland conception: Melisa did not, by his own words, rush in to seize power, but to help someone in a weak position; Emi, a woman alone, without a man of her own clan--Kase, Mavis--to help her. The alternatives are also here, as elsewhere, conceived in terms of "outside" and "inside." These terms refer both to clan and to locality, and they may also refer to participation in an activity.)

"All right, Lamsisi (of Kuluvos), he went down and he talked to another tambo (of his own and of Melisa--all these Mokamivas are his tambo, because he is married to a woman of Mokamiva clan)--him, here, that you heard (Kaipok of Omo). He (Lamsisi) came and told him: things are ready, now what are we waiting for?

"All right, tambo got up, he came at holiday time, on Christmas day. All right, they came and stood up here, with others too. Now as for me, I was on my way, I wanted to go to Namatanai. Now did they all hold a meeting after I left? Did they all ask Kase? Now did they all ask Mavis? in order to get up this meeting, about this, so that it could get started?" (Pause.) "No."

"I came back from Namatanai, and they all said: 'The meeting can get started now.' Now as for me, I was in Namatanai and I heard talk that the meeting--that they had a meeting about getting this thing started. And I came back from Namatanai, and they called out to me: 'There will be a meeting.'

"Did they bring this talk to Mavis?

"Did they bring this talk to Kase?" (Rhetorical questions. Pause.)

"Why didn't Mavis get this thing started, and why didn't Kase get this thing started? or whoever else is near, too. Why me, of another clan, Mokatitin, why should I come and get this thing started in another place?" (Note that Melisa is further justifying his leadership on the grounds that he was asked, or invited. There is an obligation to serve, but also an obligation, sometimes stronger, to request service. A leader should be called by the people he serves. Some think as Kavok said: Who invited Francis and Livitua village to bring a malanggan?)

MELISA (continuing after a short pause): "On my hard work, on my strength, on my help. I don't know what kind of idea the mother of Tulebung (Emi) has that she called straight to me--and Emanuel--and Kavok.

"Kavok you have already heard: a promise remained from before, and I think they wanted to reciprocate (hesitates) whatever thing he, Makalo, had done for Kavok. All right, Makalo himself promised this brother of his, William, that by and by Kavok himself would come and 'kill' (eradicate the obligation) whatever thing there was from before. Him, Kavok, did he ask Makalo for it?" (Rhetorical question. It would be rude to ask.)

(Here again, people should take responsibility and perform services in response to being asked. People should not seek these positions for themselves.)

MELISA (continuing): "Now you all square all these things, who wins and who is wrong.

"Now as for me, I'm not saying that I am cross, and I am not ousting you all from Livitua, because of your thinking, no (i.e., their

deciding to bring a malanggan.) But you all already got up something here, at Tokanaka (Tokuwana hamlet, Livitua village, where Makalo lived and died). Now I didn't know (clearly) that you would ask Kase (to help). This was something having to do with all Tokanaka; and me, I don't know: straight or not straight? (i.e., Right or not right?)

"Now you all have asked whom? Thus, now Lovan comes and says he, yet, will work something."

(That is, Lovan now thinks that if Francis is going to "crash the party" with a malanggan, he, Lovan, will, too. Francis and Lasuwot prevented Lovan from bringing a malanggan to Tokanaka with the excuse that the Catholics do not approve of it; and now they are exposing their deceit. Lovan's assertion works as a sanction against Francis' "unauthorized" action in this way: by showing that if one person can "break the rules," so can everybody.)

MELISA (continuing): "Is this wrong (Lovan's bringing something) or not wrong; me, I don't know. But about this foul-up of yours, there is no man who has gone along the straight road (i.e., done everything properly). There is no man who has already worked something over the death. (That is, no Mokamiva big man took on the responsibility; and Melisa is therefore doing the right thing.)

"All right. Here's the last thing I have to say. There is talk that I trick. Kavok told you you are not capable (of finishing this properly). I think as Lovan said: You and I, will we win or not?" (This is a challenge.)

From the audience, a more enthusiastic and audible "Giro, giro," "good, good," than usual; and some applause. (The challenge accepted. The group claims thus that they can buy extra malanggan if Francis and Lovan want to bring them.)

Kavok, after a two-three minute pause, made a brief low talk in local dialect (I could not find out what he said), then slipped off to the far end of the cemetery. Melisa half-laughs. Taito has turned his back to Kavok, and speaks briefly. Eruel says a few words, and people seem surprised when he starts to speak. Melisa is smiling. Luverida says a few words. I ask Piskaut what is happening. No response. Now Melisa has walked over near me, and I ask him what is happening. He tells me this: Kavok said that Makalo had promised Kavok he could come and work the cement for William. The two were ready, and Makalo died. This promise remains, and the "two mammas" (Sirapi and Emi) abide by this promise; and Kavok is working the cement. Kavok is cross because Livitua called for a malanggan (which is competitive with Kavok's cement, for money, mias, and "name"--reputation). Makalo had worked the cement for Kavok's father, and Makalo wanted to reciprocate by asking the same service of Kavok. Melisa then added his interpretation of Kavok's anger: Kavok wants to be the only one to work something.

Now Kase has started talking:

KASE: "We must straighten things, and then do them." (Most people are gone. They finished eating and then left. Young boys are cleaning up. Whenever a quarrel comes up, New Irelanders leave the scene; whereas in New Hanover, a quarrel collects an audience.) Lovan has come back, and talks briefly:

LOVAN: "Me, I am not cross--not at all. (But) I think you cannot do this. It is taboo. For what do I say, 'I can do this,' and you say, 'I don't want you to.'" (He means that they have no right to stop him.)

FRANCIS: "I don't like it that you, Lovan, talk and then go. You come back." (Francis is smiling.) "Hey! Come back!" (Lovan says a bit more.)

FRANCIS: "Come back and hear. You can't be cross, then go."

LOVAN: "I want to be cross and then go." (His tone is half-jesting.)

(These two, Francis and Lovan, are both non-memai who play big men roles: Francis for Livitua, Lovan for Mangai. Both are much more expressive, and self-assertive, than a New Irelander is supposed to be. New Ireland needs a few of these, but the system could not survive more than a few, or even a few not kept in check. Here, when they seem to be on opposite sides of a dispute, they are more playful than all the rest of the group. They are playing a game with each other, one they both like to play: but the group will pay the cost. That is perhaps why they are smiling while other people are leaving and some people are angry. But their fellow-villagers are glad to have men who will "go first" for them.)

Francis goes on with the discussion, public for anyone who will listen:

FRANCIS: "We had already asked Lepilis. All right, Lovan, too, he asked Lepilis. He comes fouling this work of another place. He wants to get Lepilis again, so it will be the two of them again. Get Lepilis how many times?" (The question is rhetorical. He is referring to Lovan's wanting to get a malanggan from Lepilis for the Tokanaka malanggan, when Livitua had already got Lepilis for an earlier occasion for which Lepilis had not yet reciprocated.)

FRANCIS (continuing): "Lepilis belongs in another place. Our lakau (pay) will all go to another man. We give to Lepilis, then I don't know. Me, Emanuel, all, we have no talk (no quarrel)--if Lovan had his own malanggan, we would have no talk. We don't want--you lose completely, something that belongs to Lepilis.

"Today, it is enough to follow the fashion of Makalo. We are happy, too, that you all have got up this thing, and we (now) come inside. I don't know why Lovan is cross. The cement, it's already clear in the eyes of everyone. There's no one who says anything about this." (Thus Kavok need not go on justifying himself, because all accept his right to bring the cement. Makalo used to bring malanggan, and now Francis, after the fashion of Makalo, is reciprocating, bringing one to Makalo for the last time.)

(To go outside, or not to go outside: that is both the risk and the adventure. Kavok is close to home, and safe, and owed, and promised.)

Now Matunga speaks briefly:

MATUNGA: "I don't work for no reason (i.e., on his own initiative. He was asked). I want to support the mama of this child (Emi, the mother of Tulebung). Two mamas here (Sirapi and Rusrus) would like that one little something comes (to honor their dead husbands). I can bring a pig. I can bring a malanggan. (He stamps his foot.) I can ask him (Kavok). (He means he can support the invitation to Kavok rather than to Francis et al, who may have felt they should have been asked to make Makalo's cement in Livitua.) It's not taboo for me to do so. We are already cross about this talk, me and sister (Sirapi)."

Francis is sitting down, and calls out without getting up:

FRANCIS: "You help whom? Do we stand up behind a woman?"

When Francis said this, Rusrus appeared, coming toward the fence, talking loud and fast. Lovan called out "mok, mok, mok, mok, mok, mok" ("quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet"). Francis and Rusrus go on at one time, both talking loud and fast, she furious. Kaute and Pepa,

both old women of Livitua, now begin to yell. I hear Francis say, over the general noise, "Lepilis didn't come up alone, he came with two men. This wrong came from you all, not from here (Kuluvos). Now we (of Livitua) have got another man." (It seems as though the heart of the quarrel lies in who was asked to help. Livitua, or some people from Livitua, especially Francis, is left out, or feels left out. Lepilis is being used as an excuse on all sides: he is not a big man traditionally, and probably could not repay even if he would.)

Erue! yells: "Hey! Kapul! (Women!) Women can't talk about this talk concerning men. They just make talk that's not good (i.e. they don't understand, their talk is irrelevant)." (I smiled at Erue!, and he smiled back, benignly.)

Kavok is now sitting on the edge of the fence.

FRANCIS: "Melisa and missionary (Matunga) are wrong. Their talk isn't appropriate for all. For Lovan, that's all." (He means only Lovan should not bring a malanggan.)

I hear Sirapi yelling far in the background. People seem really cross now. Rusrus and Pepa, an ancient lady who often has a pipe clamped between her teeth, yell; at a distance, but at each other. For about five minutes their mutual yelling is the only local activity. Then Rusrus turns to Francis and they exchange some more words.

Melisa now gathers a bunch of leaves. He is near me, and he asks me: "Have you seen these before? Fufus." He holds the fern leaf (raring) that they eat, and a big solid green leaf, fufus (pidgin), called arundun (local dialect.) "If there is a quarrel, the memai will go and 'kill' the quarrel with fufus."<sup>14</sup>

Melisa then strides out to the center of the gathering, waving the leaves. Four times he calls out "fufus!" Then he goes on:



MELISA: "We have already finished with this kind of fashion. (He means that being cross belongs to the dark days of their "savage" past.) You know my father was a memai. My brother got the work, but he brought it to me: he did not know how to talk. When papa and brother died, I wanted to take the place of my father. I worked. I did not get this place for nothing. All right, all thoughts and feelings (pidgin: bel) are out; now it's a matter of doing the work. The quarrel is finished. You just attend to your work now.

"I talk clearly in front of Lasuwot, Matunga, Eruel. According to my thinking, this thing that a woman has got up, I want it to go straight, so there will be no anger.

"The meeting is finished. Kavok has spoken about the promise. With me, Emanuel, Kase, all is clear. We said just that suppose Mangai wants to work something, that's all right.

"I came up to the mother of Tulebung (Emi) and the old woman of Matanavillam (Sirapi). They said: 'I think there is a pig here, and a pig here.' No malanggan in addition to the cement, because then there is jealousy. What, were they two men who were nothing, they have not got malanggan? All right, now I think of one malanggan for decorating the cement. I asked everybody, and all said all right.

"Me, I am boss of cement; and Kavok, he is boss of cement. I am boss. I want this thing to look good. Decoration. I no more think of Kavok, I think of me, boss, I don't think 'Where are the things (money, mias) of William and Makalo.'

"My father--true, he did not die in good times, he died during the war. I worked hard over this death.

"If I die, should my wife work something? She has worked hard to give me food. Everything of mine can remain with her.

"About the two (women)--one married (Rusrus), one single (Sirapi)--I think: it's all right, I can ask Mangai to help.

"The child (of William) lives in Kuluvos. I am sorry for the son here.

"Kavok, his feelings have turned bad. As for me, no (that has not happened).

"Paruai, Sali, Nonopai (villages); and Mavis. All are inside. As for Francis and Lasuwot, that is straight. There's not something wrong there.

"It's not good that you all be fighting about. I wanted to ask Livitua, but you had already lost to Kase and Nonopai (at the earlier work for Makalo in Livitua).

"I think Kavok is cross because he has a debt. He thinks: how will he 'win' over this debt? Me too, I have plenty of debts-- at Paruai, Nonopai, and so forth. I don't think of them."

Francis gets up to speak:

FRANCIS: "All right, about these thoughts. I talk clear; this (idea) came from me yet. We two Makalo and I, we ate together. I didn't live with Belung and Didi or with Lamut and Kuve: I lived with Sesil and Menung (respectively, Makalo's father and mother). I have told you, we two, Makalo and I, were together truly. We held fast a pig, and Kavok lakaued for it." (He goes on a bit more, in local dialect.)

KASE: "It would not be good if I, a man of Kuluvos, did not speak. I am no longer cross about this thing that nearly ruined (pidgin: bagarap) everything today.

"Makalo said to me that he was ready; then he died. Now I already knew, I am clear. This readiness did not belong to us all together. There was no meeting. But as Emi saw it, Emi wanted to go ahead so that

this preparation did not just go for nothing. She asked me and Hamniel. We were not ready, but we said: 'You go ahead. It wouldn't be good if we spoiled your plans.'"

(Thus Emi did the "polite" thing, and also the safest thing, and asked her own clansmen first. They were not ready. They did not feel left out, or that plans were being made behind their backs, so that they would not be ready; as William had felt, just before he died, about Taito's malanggan preparations in Wuap village.)

KASE (continuing): "With regard to Kavok's being asked, that is a matter of reciprocity. With regard to Emanuel, I don't think about repaying anything. This thought came up in this way: Emanuel belongs at Medina. He has not got bisnis here. He has not got a man who repays at (his own) place. He works hard for this place: do you see brothers here? No, Emanuel, that's all. He stays, stays, stays: the sun goes down, he stays still at work."

(Thus Kase helps a man in a weak position, an outsider without help from his own. Emanuel's position will be strengthened, and of course so will Kase's: because Emanuel will be a faithful, and now moneyed and miased, follower.)

KASE (continuing): "Kavok, he just changes slightly this promise of Makalo's (Makalo had promised Kavok that he could bring William's cement; instead, Kavok will make the cement for Makalo himself.)

"I said: vorkarai (leadership, speech-making, organizing, governing: pidgin English) to Melisa. I can't hold it. He holds all here, he carries all here. Men who are strong under me, I must give them to him. Melisa doesn't talk here for nothing (i.e. on no basis)."

(Thus Kase said that he will cooperate, not compete, with Melisa. I think he did, throughout.)

KASE (continuing): "I look today: fouling about (i.e. going wrong, not going straight). Look at all the women. They don't get mias for all their cooked food packages (i.e., all the food, scraped, prepared, covered with leaves, tied, cooked in the mumu). I put them (the malanggan and the cement) nearby, because suppose it goes badly (pidgin: sapos i bagarap), it's all right, it's straight, just something to 'finish the name' (i.e., perform the last rites in someone's name)."

(Kase here makes clear that malanggan performs an obligatory ritual purpose which can be carried out, and must be carried out, with or without associated social, political and economic activities.)

KASE (continuing): "I talk to you about Mangai. (He refers now to Lovan's proposed malanggan, not to the "authorized" one that Matunga is bringing.) If you think of another little something (that you want to bring), all right, that's your business.

"Also, you know: the strength (i.e., everything he had) of Makalo stayed in Livitua. How much mias? I was tired from walking back and forth to Livitua (i.e., he had visited regularly); all right, Makalo died. I stay here (i.e., I don't go there any more. He wants to point out that Makalo, though he belonged at Kuluvos, lived and worked mainly in Livitua.) If you put his strength here, in Kuluvos, it goes straight, it fits well (i.e., it is fitting).

"I am not cross . . . I talk to let you know what I know.

"I am a man, I am a Christian (straightens up, chest out, clenching his fists). I do not return a wrong. I am not a young man. I am an old Christian. God cannot be cross with you and me, if we do something wrong. God is not like that. That's all (I have to say)."

All is silent. Kase goes and sits, holding his little basket up as he goes.

It is 2:10 p.m. Kavok says a few words in local dialect, calmed down now. Pitalai and Francis are laughing.

LJVERIDA: "Everything that was up for discussion is out now. We have nothing more to talk about now."

MELISA: "I talk clearly now about on what day we will finish this. Francis talks of something big now, but I do not want to change the day from Saturday. I promised April, and it's already the next month. By and by where will it go, to Fatmalak? (Fatmalak is a village perhaps fifty miles down the road. For a joke, Melisa has substituted spatial for temporal distance.)

"No man can change it any more. Saturday, Saturday. Whatever you are 'pulling' you must have it ready."

I go to talk to Sirapi, for her views and explanations. Sirapi tells me that Kavok is her brother. Their two mothers had fathers who were brothers: Mokangkai brothers of the old bachelor Eserom. Sirapi was sorry that Livitua did not think of Kavok (i.e., they are not helping to pay Kavok, but starting their own exchange with Mavis). Kavok had requested a malanggan from Makalo and Livitua for Kavok's father, Suraman. Kavok sees that Livitua has not held fast a single pig to help Sirapi (i.e., to help Sirapi by presenting a pig to Kavok for Makalo's cement). Livitua does not think of this debt (to Kavok). They hold fast a pig, but it goes to Mavis. Kavok is cross because he is sorry for Sirapi (says Sirapi). All Mangai is behind her, but there is not one person in Livitua who helps her, she says. The quarrel is not over the use of malanggan in relation to the Catholic view of them. A vavara is just the decoration of a malanggan, and Father is not cross because it is burned quickly, got rid of quickly.

I ask what the women were cross about, and Sirapi tells me that Rusrus was supporting Kavok, and Pepa was supporting Francis. Then she added, smiling: "They weren't cross, they were 'big-mouthing; (shouting), that's all. We do that kind of thing."

MONDAY, MAY 8

A Suicide Attempt, Malanggan-Buying and Another Death

I took the women with their leaves to Lauen in my truck this morning. (N.b. this is right on schedule.) Malu, Elizabeth, Sirapi. (Sirapi had been back in Mangai for 'the weekend', for Sunday, when there is no work. That, they say, is something they learned from the missionaries: no work on Sunday. The Japanese did not know about Sunday, and worked hard every day.) That is Sirapi's close group. I had not known how Malu got into the group, but I assumed it was through Sirapi's Mokangkai connections two generations back, which are maintained mainly through Patavani; who at one time or another seems to have "looked after" half of Mangai, including Sirapi. It turned out, however, that Malu sees her obligation here as derived from a Tivingur relative.

Milika came along for the ride, and rode back with me to Mangai. On the return trip, she told me that Lina had come to find me last night to take Warakau to Lemakot (where the Catholic Mission hospital is). I had gone to town. Warakau and his brother--yes, Tokas (both brothers to Lina) fought, over nothing, Milika said. (Milika is tambo to Tokas through his broken marriage.) They were crazy from drinking, and Warakau ate 'rope' to die. It is a kind of vine, called mal in local dialect, and used to catch fish. Warakau could no longer talk, and the Mangai truck was found and it took him to Lemakot. The Sister (nurse-nun) said she was not "enough," and they took him into Kavieng. "He's not very much all right, he doesn't

really eat." I asked why he did it, and Lillo said, "I don't know, I think someone talked badly."

While I was working in Mangai this morning, Lovan came in, plopped down, eating. "Have you got hot water?" He asked. Yes, would he like coffee? Yes. ( I am still not quite used to the enormous change that has come over him since he heard me speak very vehemently against some of the practices of Europeans in relation to the natives here. He used to walk right by my house, he could not find time to give me his genealogy, and he called me "nissus", the pidgin term for all white women, with a touch of scorn. Now he is at ease. He is the only one who has had this reaction to hearing my occasional barbs about European behavior. The others in Mangai seem uncomfortable if I say anything "cross" about the Europeans; so I always have to conclude with something nice, with which they then agree. Many Mangai people seem to have a kind of "protective" attitude toward the local planters, definitely toward those who have been here a long time. But not Lovan. He does not like feeling inferior to them, or to the educated Mangai boys when they come home. He is just a few years older than Vas, Eron, and Israel, who went on to school: Lovan did not.) Lovan tells me, jokingly, what he will say to Lasuwot: "What, isn't it a sin now? You said a malanggan was a sin in Livitua."

Lovan does not know why Livitua selected Mavis to bring their malanggan. "Mavis is not 'inside' this, he doesn't work to help Emi," Lovan said. (Thus he does not "count" as a Kuluvos person for present purposes.)

I ask Lovan to explain to me what Kavok said yesterday. According to Lovan, Kavok said this, to Francis: "You, Kanda (Lasuwot's younger brother, away in Port Moresby with jaw cancer), Lasuwot were given pigs

before, you cut pigs before (from Emi) at the malanggan for Malalo (not a full-scale malanggan, because they did not have his body; but they "worked something" to burn his house). Now you don't help Emi. Now you don't repay Emi." (That is, Livitua has brought no pigs to Emi.)

As for Mavis, Lovan says, Francis just asked him for no reason: he did not want something reciprocated later, and he was not repaying anything. "You can't ask a man on the border! (almost outside)" Lovan said. (But he did: Lepilis. Or did he think Lepilis "inside" because of his many years' residence in Mangai?)

Lovan went on muttering, not quite serious: "I'm going to take them to court, to Father."

I then say to Lovan that I could not talk much to Favok because his "face was strong" (set, hard): and Lovan says that his thoughts and feelings were not out yet.

DB: "Is he a good man?"

LOVAN: "A good man, he doesn't talk." (He doesn't talk: i.e. he doesn't talk badly of other people.)

Lovan goes on, considering the merits of the case: "Three things (i.e. the two cements and Matunga's malanggan) are enough to help this place. Emi, Kase, Melisa, Taito, they asked us. Our malanggan (he means Matunga's now, not the new one from Lepilis he himself was threatening to bring last Saturday, May 6) didn't come because Mangai wanted it to. Emi is boss of this work." (He means that Mangai is bringing a malanggan that has been invited by Emi.) At the time of the bamboo (tavetau) and of the cement (i.e. time to lakau, pay, for them), Livitua did not throw away mias and money, Lovan tells me. This was according to the wishes of all--yes both Francis and Lasuwot: they did not want this mias to go to Lauen and to Mangai. They should have asked Emi and all first: "If they liked the idea, all right: if not, they can't do it."



Milika also told me this morning, on our return trip from Lauen: "Plenty of quarrels come up with a malanggan."

DB: "All are jealous?"

MILIKA: "Very, very jealous!"

#### Suicide Attempted

This afternoon, about 2:00 p.m., just before we went to Lauen, I went over to Matanavillam beach to wash. Lina was there, on the beach, making a new koi (shell scraper). I suppose the Matanavillam koi have all gone to work at Lauen. She is grinding an edge of the shell on a stone, with sand and water. Suddenly I remembered what Milika had told me this morning. Lina has said nothing.

DB: "Your two brothers fought."

LINA: "Yes."

(pause)

DB: "Is he all right?"

LINA: "Yes."

DB: "Where is Tokas?"

LINA: "At the hospital."

DB: "Good."

(I conclude that it is not possible for me to find out from her what happened; if indeed she knows. She probably would not be so gross as to ask. Only the anthropologist has no manners. But she is learning some.)

Warakau is about twenty-five years old, not married. He has been in the Army, where his younger brother is now. I have noticed Warakau being more assertive than most New Irelanders: he jumped up and made a salute to the patrol officer taking census, and he jumped into the front seat of my car when I said I could take another person up front. (Usually there is

a pause and then someone gradually edges out the others who want to sit in front. It should not be done ostentatiously. It should appear casual, not grabby.) Warakau is very smiling and full of energy, and seems to want some attention, and some fun.

#### Trying to Find Out in Kuluvos

This afternoon we went to Lauen village: Lovan, Eruel, and I in my truck. (The other day when we passed Eruel, going the other direction, Lovan said: "Eruel likes money too much." But his tone was casual, almost joking; not critical. Some other people sound more critical when they say the same thing.)

Eruel tells me (he realizes more than others do that I do not know things) that today we will lakau to Mavis. Luverida has held fast a pig.

DB: "Why (Luverida)?"

LOVAN: "You and I cannot know yet. We'll go find out."

When we get there, Lovan walks up to Kase and starts a conversation. Meleke (Kavok's brother) is here, too. They are standing near a bench, on which Eruel sits down. He pats the bench next to him for me to sit. I do.

LOVAN (to Kase): "Suppose it were a man inside, all right. But your mouth can't just run for no reason to just any place (i.e. you cannot make a request from a place that is unrelated to events)."

They are talking in local dialect, Lovan and Eruel exchange a few words; Meleke grunts occasionally; but Kase and Lovan are carrying the conversation. No one offers to explain or translate. I will ask later. They are, in any case, discussing the merits and demerits of Livitua's action in asking a malanggan from Mavis.

I go to watch Emanuel and two others working in the cemetery, finishing the cement. Kavok was standing outside, but followed me over the fence to watch. They have built a "wall" of coconut fronds now, so that

their work, as it nears completion, is no longer "open to the public."

They show me a photograph of William that they will put, behind glass, in the cement monument.

DB: "He was a young man (when he died)." (I had heard this from others.)

KAVOK: "He was young" (as though, "Of course, what else?" Is Kavok one who suspects that William was poisoned?)

I go to talk to the women. Sirapi tells me that by and by we will eat a pig that our Tivingur clan sister Kombulau will bring. (I now realize that this is no doubt the same pig that Lovan told me about, which he said belonged to Luverida, the husband of Kombulau.) Since Kombulau and Luverida are very close to Sirapi, it seemed odd to me that they should give a pig to a 'cause' Sirapi opposed. (It will be recalled, she felt that it was too bad Livitua people were doing this thing of their own instead of helping Kavok.)

A bit later I asked Sirapi:

DB: "Why did Luverida hold fast a pig? Is he related to Mavis? or to Francis? or what?"

SIRAPI: "To help Livitua." (Sirapi is always the perfect lady, and in some ways not a good informant. The cynical anthropologist almost missed the most important piece of information here: Sirapi consistently put the unity of the group ahead of her own immediate interests. She probably asked Kombulau and Luverida to give a pig, and certainly approves it. They are so closely identified with her that their action tells the world: Sirapi is not cross, even though Livitua has not helped her.

We Women Talk and Tease

Sirapi and some other woman here are making faces at me and talking, and I insist on a translation. The other woman said, Sirapi tells me, "Oh, sorry (emotionally moved) about Dorothy; by and by you will carry a child with white skin who will sit down ontop of plenty of money." (It was interesting that her thoughts went not to how much money I had, but to how much my children would have. This reflects the typical New Ireland focus on their children.)

DB: "Sirapi, where did you get your new headscarf?" (I had given her some, but this was not one of them.)

SIRAPI: "From you."

DB: "Gamon (a fib; fooling rather than lying)! You're a big important woman, but you know how to gamon."

The women there laughed; six of them sitting together, not talking much. I wondered if Sirapi had really forgotten which scarves I had given her. I wondered if they really do remember all these debts they are supposed to remember.

SIRAPI: "Susannah here has been in Lavongai. With a missionary."

DB: "Oh--where?"

SUSANNAH: "Noipus and Lungatan."

DB: "Lungatan--master White's place?" (It is the name of a plantation, not a village.)

SUSANNAH: "Yes."

DB: "And is the fashion of New Hanover the same as the fashion of New Ireland?"

SUSANNAH: "It is not! (pidgin: nogat!)"

She and Sirapi share a light laugh. I said something briefly, hoping to urge her on; or did I just look at her hopefully? all to no avail, of course. The subject, an unkind one, was closed.

Then Sirapi picked up the subject of the head scarf again. Perhaps she had forgotten, and now remembered:

SIRAPI: "Elizabeth got it from the master who belongs to you two." (Perhaps forgotten, or perhaps Sirapi thought I might be angry.)

I made a fist at Elizabeth and she made one back and everyone laughed. (The "master" was a planter Elizabeth had met at my house. Whenever Europeans stopped to visit me I tried to make sure that everyone continued to feel welcome. Elizabeth had told me she was interested in this particular man, partly teasing and partly making sure that I did not mind. I think the women may share their men, just like they share everything else. Sirapi was always asking me to bring home men "for us two," because neither she nor I was married.)

Sirapi asked me about the food she had given me yesterday (before I went to town). I told her I had gamoned Master Wally, at whose house I stopped to eat on the way into town; I had told him that one of the women who helps me in Mangai had sent it to him. I told her he was pleased. Fifteen minutes later, without identifying her subject (but I knew what she meant) she said: "Tomorrow you go to the meeting (Demarcation Committee), and Wednesday I'll give you some food to take him (no name mentioned); because his mama carried him (gave birth to him) in Kavieng, and he eats all our food, shell fish, everything." New Irelanders are more pleased than most peoples perhaps to be able to give someone good food and have it well received.

#### Men Join Us

We are all just sitting around. Kambakaso is the only child playing, with a toy. (He is the one whose mother was raised in New Hanover.) Lovan is sitting here with his mama and another old lady, talking to his mama, all with their backs to each other. Eruel and I laugh at a dog fight.

Erue! says: "All men are cross, and now all dogs, too, are cross."

(Erue! is the only New Irelander I met who volunteered such philosophical remarks.) I ask how everyone is related to everyone else: Erue! and Sirapi agree that they are papa and child; and Erue! says Siriu is child to him, too. (Sirapi, who also calls her child, says nothing. But perhaps they are figuring along different "roads.") Pambali is Sirapi's magmaog or mokok (she says they mean the same thing), as is the "father of Tambeta." Why does she call the name of the one and not the other? "Because Pambali came along behind. I held him when he was little," Sirapi says. Malu, it turns out, is connected to all this not through Sirapi's Mokangkai kin; but because Sairu, a dead big man of Tivingur, was her classificatory father. Erue! says all his magmaog are dead.

#### Another Death

Erue! now asks me: Did you know that a child died in Paruai today? No, I did not. Yes, he went on, it "drank saltwater" (drowned in the sea). They are making a box (casket) for it here, in the cemetery (using, I suppose, the tools that had been accumulated for building molds for the cement monuments.)

I had vaguely wondered why there was so much hammering going on there, when the wooden molds were no longer needed. I had been in Lauen more than an hour. I had been in the cemetery where the box was being made. I had been sitting with people, doing nothing. And no one had thought to tell me. Except Erue!.

The child already walked about. It belonged to Tavakariu, the eldest son of William's first wife.

We Buy Livitua's Malanggan

At last it is time to buy the pig. There is only one pig today. This is sort of like a fund-raising dinner, and we will see now, who are the supporters of Francis.

Francis calls out the names, as people go to the pig and add mias and money to it to be given to Mavis for the malanggan he is to bring. (Mavis is not here. Tangai, who will represent him, is here.) First the women of Livitua go, as usual, then the men; including the mad Chimbu who ran away from his plantation a couple of months ago. He showed up in Livitua, and they found work for him amongst their coconuts; and now here he is, helping with the malanggan. (In New Hanover he would have been sloughed off. People would have ignored him; he would have been, at best, taken to the mission. In New Ireland, they did not tell him to move on, or not give him food, or even leave him out of the "party," the malanggan. Sambuan made fun of him once, rejecting his amorous advances but telling him he would be well-received if he followed that little path: which he did, to Bungaloo's house. Sambuan giggled about that. I do not know about Bungaloo. But people in Livitua took him in and gave him work.)

And now some Mangai people go up: Sirapi first, then Lovan, Matunga, Rusrus' husband Sungua. Eruel gave one shilling (a rather mighty gesture from him). Lovan did the calling, and he called me first, thrusting into my hand a mias from somewhere.

(So here we are helping Livitua. Yesterday Sirapi supported Kavok's view, and so did Rusrus, that Livitua should not bring this malanggan, which they have ordered from Mavis. And today Sirapi and Rusrus' husband are helping the culprits. But Kavok is not helping. He is here somewhere, but he is not helping.)

Now Pitalai and Tangai, both acting for Mavis, go to Langasin (both of Livitua) respectively, with mias and money for their pigs. (Pitalai is true mokok to Kavok, who appears to be still cross over this.) Langasin contributed the pig Saturday (May 6), and Luverida contributed the pig today; both pigs to go to Mavis for his malanggan. Lovan and Francis now explain to me: each pig-bringer got two mias and five shillings to "take away the belly" of the pig, to make the name (the "title") of the pig go to the Paruai line (Mavis' line). They cannot buy the pig altogether, because this pig is partial payment for the malanggan. (This return payment is in keeping with their general principle of giving back something, at least a little something, even when the burden of the payment is coming to them.)

#### The Child's Body Arrives

Taito is starting a speech, holding a potato. I am about to go to hear him, but I hear wailing. The child's body has been brought, and all the women gather inside the cemetery at the fence around the body to cry quietly. One older woman cries very hard, then another, for about five minutes. Rusrus is holding the body.

Emanuel seems to be making the casket here, inside the cemetery. Sirapi comes late into the enclosure: predictable. She's not much for all this formalized crying.

Kavok happens to be standing near me, and I ask him who the child is. She is the child of the dead William's eldest son, Tavakariu, and his wife Kor. When I see the body I recognize the little blond child whom I watched, and who watched me, the other day; the sister of little William, who threw up after sitting on my lap a few minutes. They all say that she is Tavakariu's child; he is pater. The genitor of little William and of his dead sister is an Australian patrol officer, who sends money from Madang.



Kavok goes on: Kor "befriended" a masta (white man, the patrol officer); then she felt she was pregnant again, then she married the son of William.

Little William is playing around here while the women cry over his sister's body. She is wrapped in a blanket, and looks very ordinary. I wonder if he realizes she is dead.

Rusrus is still holding the body. She looks quite stricken. The little girl is, through several marriages, her grandchild; and she looked after her once for a while in Mangai.

"Oh, a number one (first-class) little child," Lovan said when he saw her.

They have put a colored blanket first, then a white sheet inside the casket.

Rusrus gestures the flies away from the dead child's face, and cleans its nose the way they are forever cleaning children's noses.

The mother, Kor, is sitting near, but not looking at the dead child. She is holding its leg, patting and lightly squeezing it. Her face is impassive.

The child is placed in the casket and carried down toward the beach.

#### The Child's Death Is Included

Taito has finished his speech, and I missed it. It was about the drowned child. Then Melisa spoke in local dialect, and Lovan translated for me: About this little child of Tavakariu's, it is all right with Emi, it is her wish, that this child come inside too, in this cement work. Melisa, he wants this too; because there is not anyone to stand behind Tavakariu (in his dead mother's village, Wongerarum). True, he is the child of

William, but when Melisa looks to Wongerarum, there are not plenty of people to stand behind these two sons of William (Tavakariu and Nelson, his younger brother). It looks as though his bisnis is not enough to take care of this. Now: Is it all right with everyone for her to come inside this work, which will make it easy? This is Tavakariu's thought. When Melisa looks to Mangai, he says, (he sees) that Mangai is capable, Mangai can stand behind Rusrus and her child (by William) in the work for William here. But when he looks toward Wongerarum--there is no man who stands behind William's son that comes from Wongerarum. For this reason, he does not want to give the (dead) child to remain (to be buried) in Wongerarum. She must come here to Kuluvos. That is Emi's wish, she wants it.

DB (to Lovan): "She wants the child to stay in this cemetery (Kuluvos)."

LOVAN: "Yes. Then she will have a name, along with her pupu."

DB: "Her pupu William."

LOVAN: "Yes, him. Mangai is straight, it is good help that comes (from Mangai) to stand behind Eserom (Rusrus' son by William)."

(It occurs to me now that in their view Rusrus is here mainly to help her son. It is a child-centered culture in other ways.)

LOVAN: "Melisa said he was happy, too, about Mangai, that Mangai gives truly good help. . . and he said, 'Thank you very much.'" (Lovan is pleased. His attention has turned to the role he and his village are playing.)

I tried to find out about something Eruel had said in 1965: that a malanggan must come to an end if someone dies in the midst of it. It may be that this was true only if someone died when the time of play (which used to go on for months, I gather) had come. Lovan does not understand my question, which is unclearly stated, and says:

LOVAN: "If a man dies at the time close to the time for a malanggan, the man goes inside too, so he can finish along with the others. No good to have to work hard again later."

More Pigs Promised

The garamut is being beaten, by the old man who was beating it for the tavetau (not everyone has equal skill) and by Pitalai. It is 5:45 p.m. Someone tells me that the garamut beats to announce talking about pigs. A line of nok (in pidgin; in local dialect, sila), the slim stems of single coconut leaves, has been stood up in the sand. My informant tells me that whoever has a pig can go and get one.

Taito speaks, and then tells me (at my request) what he said: A man who has a pig, and wants to give it to whoever, he can give it. He can get a nok here, and give it to the man whose pig he has (i.e. to the man to whom he intends to give the pig),

Little William is jumping around, counting the nok, showing no signs of his family's tragedy.

Some people take the nok. Matunga takes two.

MATUNGA: "Two pigs, Pambali's and vasak's (sister's, i.e., Sirapi's)."

Matunga tells me Sirapi will buy Pambali's pig.

DB: "And Sirapi's?"

ERUEL: "She cuts it for nothing, she is sorry."

Kavok takes one, says (in pidgin) that he will look for a pig to come. Lamsisi of Kuluvos (the son of the dead big man Latok, mokotok of "the two who sleep," who is also buried here; and from whom William "got memaihood") takes two nok. One he gave to Kavok, to whom he will give

a pig he has requested from Ngavallis. The other represents a pig Emi will give to Emanuel.

Lovan calls out that Rusrus gives to Kase. Samuel calls out that Tolei gives to Melisa. Someone calls out that the child of Turkai will give to Tolei (the child of Turkai is a classificatory sister of Vasale's and lives in Wuap. Tolei is a boy of about twenty years old.)

There are great gaps as we wait for people to take the nok for the pigs. It is 6:10 p.m. Taito put up the sticks about forty minutes ago, and the first one was taken about thirty minutes ago. Simeon of Sali says now that he wants to pull out one nok, but it is already dark: maski (nevermind), tomorrow.

TAITO (Erue! translating): "The place is already dark, so we'll do this tomorrow."

But we are all still sitting here, and Lovan indicates there is work yet.

Erue! says, to me: "The work is finished?"

I say, "All right, shall we go now? Are we done?"

LOVAN: "Not at all. (He is playfully snappy.) Go and find out from your sister (Sirapi)."

ERUE!: "Achi!" (Erue! has eaten and is clearly ready to go home. Erue! is always wanting to go home. He really is not very well.)

#### Funeral Plans, and Malanggan Goes On

I go ask Francis and the Livitua people where Lasuwot is. He has gone to hold fast a pig, a pig that belongs to Francis, for Mavis tomorrow. There will be the funeral in the morning, and the feast in the afternoon.

I see that the child's casket is in the men's house on the beach. The box was made by all the Kuluvos people, I am told. There is a lamp

hung in the men's house, and the only person in there, sitting behind the body, is the mad Chimbu. He does not seem crazy anymore.

Lovan teased about my waiting for him: "All right, when I am ready, then you will go." He laughed. I said, "Yes, I'm the driver for Lovan" (the role of "driver" is one the natives usually play for the Europeans). He laughed one of his surprised laughs that starts Wheee!

It's 7:00 p.m. and dark. Melisa makes a speech, outside the cemetery fence, among the cookhouses. Pitalai translates for me:

MELISA: "Here now, this death comes, and has already gone inside the malanggan. It is not necessary to go and get plenty more pigs. These pigs that have come are enough to bring this death inside the malanggan tomorrow. Now everyone cannot think of holding fast more pigs (for the death). So, that's all: I just had this one thing to say."

Melisa is walking up and down, and people are shushing children.

He pauses, then goes on:

MELISA: "In the morning this death will be buried; and during the day, food will be cooked to get ready for Wednesday, the day when the cement is taken out (of the mold). Tomorrow during the day, all cook then; after the death has been buried in the morning."

I asked Pitalai if there would be an auction in connection with this death, as is usual. At first he said yes, hesitantly; then no, there will be no kattom, because this death has already gone inside the malanggan.

Pitalai tells me that plenty of people will come Wednesday, because the time of opening the wooden mold of the cement is a big time.

On the way home Milika said of the child's death that it was "just like Lamedeng's child's death." That child also "drank saltwater." This is either a very common kind of death (Taores' child died in the same way when he lived in Mangai), or else this is a culturally stereotyped explanation;

or both. Milika said she thinks maybe the other children "shoot them into the water." (I wonder if Milika, who is more expressive than the Mangai people, is the only person in Mangai who would openly project such an aggressive explanation?) Rusrus told me later that she thought the child had died of something else, because there was no water in its mouth, and it is dry reef time.

On the way home I also learned that I had missed the arrival, in his truck, of Malembes, Emi's brother (another one) from Omo. Tomorrow he will start to prepare his contribution to the malanggan.

TUESDAY, MAY 9

Funeral and Tobal Semel

Complexities: Everyone Helping, Giving

I brought a lot of people in my truck this morning, but mostly food, leaves, dry coconuts, and the pig of Sirapi and Alive (still not her big pig), which I collected at Panakaia hamlet.

The pig was held fast by Laksia and young Wowuak (Rusrus' young brother.) Matiu organized me to get the pig. Malu had been feeding it. Alice's ownership probably derived from a money contribution to its purchase. (Alice is a teacher, and, like me, she has money. She perhaps never saw the pig, just as I never saw the pig Sirapi maneuvered me into owning, by getting money from me which she gave to Wulos, who went on feeding the pig. Only the title of ownership had changed.) Operating in this piece of work thus were factors of kinship, clanship, marriage, locality; but two outsiders, Laksia and I, were integrated into the group where we could best contribute. Holding fast a pig requires, first and foremost, strong young men; and in that capacity Laksia worked with Sirapi's young clansman, the young brother of Rusrus. Getting the pig from Mangai to Lauen usually

requires, nowadays, wheeled transportation; and this I was able to provide.

We got to Lauen about 9:00 a.m. Francis was sitting holding the child of Pape (of Livitua), his pupu. As I approached them, Lasuwot, got up and insisted on giving me his kerosene tin to sit on. (There are two striking characteristics of New Ireland Big Men manifested in this simple scene. One is that even when events of important social and political and economic consequences are underway, Big Men, even assertive ones like Francis, can be seen holding children. The second is that in New Ireland it is the biggest people who themselves make the sacrifices, are most eager to serve, and most "humble." Lasuwot is one of the three or four biggest men here, and there are several others sitting on kerosene tins. But it is Lasuwot who jumps up to give me his. At first I thought this kind of attention was a response to a kind of deference to Europeans, but now I know that it is not: not just that, in any case. In this context, I am like a child who needs help, and Lasuwot is giving it. Europeans cannot sit on the ground as well as natives can; therefore I am in a weak position in relation to Lasuwot, and he will make us equal. In New Hanover, people pass work and service down a pecking order based on brute strength; in New Ireland it is the top people, not the bottom, who do the work. It is Sirapi herself who sweeps my house nearly every day.)

Old Kaipunga and her husband Mangan (of Livitua, he the brother of Emi's husband) are looking serious, dropping a shilling in a paper bag. Clearly they are straightening money matters. I think many debts are forgotten, but maybe not: they remember every banana anyone ever gave me. I am beginning to, too, as I come to know and feel the people and the implications.

10:15 a.m. and work goes on apace. A truck comes from Kaselok village, a big truck. A small truck from Kavieng comes and goes, and only two got off. A Landrover from Medina village has been parked here since I arrived this morning.

### The Funeral

Suddenly the funeral for the dead child begins. I do not recognize the missionary. (I asked Rusrus who would perform the service for the dead child, and she said, very sweetly, "the missionaries;" as though "who else?" Usually the missionaries are somebody's relatives. Often New Irelanders focus on the role rather than on the individual, as in this case, but there is certainly no indifference to the individual. As with the avoidance of the use of a personal name, it is his terrible specialness that prevents the use of his name, and this very specialness that makes a big malanggan in his name years later. It is hard to get names, and rude to keep trying: but, by the same token, fundamental to understanding this culture.)

The missionary reads the prayer in Kuanua (the Tolai language used by the Methodist mission). All join in all verses of a hymn in Kuanua. Then the missionary prays in pidgin:

MISSIONARY: "Thank you for this day. We got up in the morning, and we meet in your great love. We see the sun come up, along with a lesson which comes up with it: light comes into the earth, everywhere, that all can work and see things, because we have clearness.

"We thank you, our Father, because we all hold good life today. All right, we sit down here together in this place, we come together in order to bring one sister of ours. You have called her now to go back again to the place that she had left.



"We think of our life on this day, and how busy we are in this life. We have so many things around us (to do). But in this place, we have read (in the Bible), you have told us clearly that our life is not very strong. About our life, God has compared it to the leaf of a tree. We walk about as flowers of the grass. Now we think that this ground that we walk on belongs to us; but it is not truly our ground, that we shall by and by stay forever. In this life that we stop in now, we look at everything on this earth that we shall not be able to understand well. As we see it, sometimes we are cut short for no reason in the middle of our lives.

"Now we come to you, our Father, our sitting down here in this place is to bring one little sister of ours, that she go back again into the hole of death. Our thoughts go back to the father and mother, these two, on this day."

While this prayer is being made, Kor, the mother of the dead, hears her new baby yelling, and goes outside the cemetery fence to it. The stepfather Tavakariu and his little stepson, William, are here. Little William is on the lap of his father, sitting on the side of the cemetery toward the beach, where the men are sitting. The new baby is in a beautiful basket (European style, probably something bought with money the patrol officer from Madang sends for his contribution to his children). There are twenty-five women and nineteen men here at the church service. Rusrus is not here. She is probably still in the cookhouse. She was sitting briefly with Kor this morning. Rusrus no longer looked stricken.

The missionary goes on:

MISSIONARY: "About the life of these two, these two (parents) are so very sorry about this child that has got up and left them. But we ask you, our Father, it would be better if you can sit down with these two, and help their thoughts, so that they can be clear about our lot in this life;

we cannot stay forever. Now we bring these two into your hands on this day, better that you can remain with them, and clear their thoughts.

"Help all the people, too, that have come to gather all together on this day. There is a big affair under way in this place. Now we call on you, it would be better if you can look after us in all kinds of work that all can hold on this day. Some are able to go up into the trees, some can go down into the sea, or some can go about here in this place. We would like that your spirit be amongst us on this day, so that we can complete our work well.

"We would like that you yourself come into this service of ours so that we can feel that the work of the spirit stops amongst us.

"Help all these men, too, who have sorrow in this place. It is too much to call each one by name. We would like that you stop with all, and help all with their vorkarai (prayers). Everything that all feel on this day, it would be better if you yourself can clear their thoughts of all, that all can feel that you stop amongst all.

"All right, it is too much that we can talk to you about everything; but we think back about all the things we have done before your eye, that are not straight. And we ask you, our Father, it would be better if you can be sorry for us, and send out all these things that have made us go wrong. Now clear our thinking that by and by all will be well, by and by we can straighten our walking about or our sitting down in this life.

"All right, there is too much for us to talk to you about. It would be better if you come and we and you are together on this day. We ask all these things, and we believe in your name, our Savior, Amen."

The crowd joins in the Amen. This missionary is fast and matter-of-fact. Not more than forty years old, I think. The Lord's Prayer follows in Kuanua, and then the final hymn. It is 10:40 a.m.

The mother, Kor, is still attending to the needs of the person that wants something and sings out: the new baby. (New Irelanders like to be asked for things, or needed. They are responders, in known channels. They are amazingly sensitive to other people's physical and psychological discomfort. When they see people looking unhappy, they surround them with people, attention and chores.)

There are two missionaries here. Maybe they came in that car from Kavieng. (I guess I will not try to find out.)

Kor has come back into the cemetery. It is 11:00 a.m. She was sitting nearest the coffin, now has (unostentatiously) sat near the back, near the fence. (She would not push her way forward, even at the funeral of her child.)

MISSIONARY: "This life does not belong to you and me. It is not the same as the life of the world. (Now he goes on in local dialect, and I hear the word pirin; which used to mean ancestors. It could mean God nowadays. This missionary must be a local man.) If something spoils our life, we can get up again, and by and by we will sit down well with God.

"God brings and God takes back again. He has spoken thus."

The missionary then tells the story of Job. Rusrus is here now, and Kor is gone again. I don't see anyone else but Rusrus here from Mangai. (Is this letting the missionary take care of the ritual aspect of things? At other funerals I have noticed that close female relatives go on cooking rather than come to the service. I think they avoid putting themselves in situations where they might lose control of their feelings.)

Now they start to nail down the lid of the box, and one old woman in an orange blouse starts crying right away: "Yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya" (pupu is pidgin for the local term yaya, the informal tiwuk, grandparent or grandchild). Kor is back. She sobs without making any sound, but I see that her sides heave. She covers her face with her blouse, and stands near her husband, who is in front of her, at the foot of the grave.

(Many Europeans here say that the natives have no feelings; that it is rare when one cares that someone has died. There are cultures that are supposed to foster a low intensity of emotions; but this, I feel sure now, is not one of them. It is interesting that the local Europeans, so many of them of British background, do not recognize the Stiff Upper Lip on a New Ireland face.)

Wulos' husband and two others shovel, filling in the hole. Rusrus sobs, does not go to watch. She stands just inside the enclosure.

I do not see little William. They have planted a dainty plant at the head and foot of the grave. Rusrus has quit, is going out. The true mama is not leaving. 11:15, and the grave is half-filled.

Taito is here. Melisa was here, has gone. Two young Mangai men are here now, Wowuak and Simek.

Now they are planting two big plants as is usual at top and foot of the grave. The mother breathes hard, but has quit sobbing. Her older child, a girl, comes and takes her hand, and they leave together.

I ask Eruel where Melisa is, and he calls out to Kor as she leaves the enclosure: "Hey, where is Melisa, did he leave?" She says no. (Thus does Eruel make his contribution to her return to routine.)

Emanuel is helping to fill the hole. I get a chance to talk to the missionary. He is Epita from right here, Lauen village, and is now a missionary on Nusa Island, near Kavieng. He belongs here, he tells me, and is here for the malanggan. He is married to Kavok's sister, Luta. I suppose he spoke little in the local language because missionaries are accustomed to doing their services in pidgin.

### Lakau Everything

I find Melisa. He tells me that today's meal is for Tobal Cemel: taking the cement out of the plank molds. And also for the funeral.

And now we will lakau for Matunga's malanggan. There is a pig here to go to Matunga for the malanggan, brought by Karabuso of Wongerarum. He is mokotok (mother's brother, in this case classificatory) of Tavakariu (son of the dead William, stepfather of the dead child). I wonder if he was stirred to action by Melisa's public statement that no one from Wongerarum was helping; or perhaps by the child's death. Or perhaps he was already helping.

Kor, with new baby and big black umbrella (often used by mothers of new babies) comes to join her group inside the enclosure. Her group gives money and clothes in a REXALL wrapping to Kamniel, who passes it on to Lamsisi. It is shirts and mias and money for the men who made the box and dug the hole.

In addition to Karabuso's pig for Matunga, there are four other pigs here today to be bought and eaten (see Table ).

One is from someone in Livitua for Mavis, for his malanggan. I ask Langasin (of Livitua, who brought the first pig for Mavis) who brought this pig. "It belongs to Francis," he says. Pape (of Livitua), who is standing near, says, "It belongs to me." Pitalai says that this pig for Mavis will actually go to Tangai, the young man who has been standing in for Mavis.

Another pig was held fast by Emanuel, and goes to Kavok. Kase stands by this pig, says "Kavok," and a long line from Lauen goes up to add money and mias. And now Livitua goes up, too. (Is this the first time Livitua has given to Kavok? At any rate, they are not prolonging the quarrel.)

Kase now moves over and stands by the pig Lamsisi held fast for Emanuel. About twenty Lauen people go, and then Livitua goes again. Eruel goes with a shilling. (Lasuwot never goes I think. But everyone knows it is some of his mias and money that goes with Livitua people. Eruel likes the histrionics of it all.) Kavok deposits a mias in the heap for Emanuel as he goes to collect his own.

A pig is here to go to Tulebung for making the cement for the dead child that was just buried. Taito tells me that the pig belongs to Eli of Wongerarum. Eli is taboo to Tavakariu, and pupu to this child. I say: "He is pupu, then as are the two dead big men," and Taito says "Nonnem!" ("Right!") (Taito always seems a little offended to find out how little I know.)

Again, the Parau people "buy the belly of the pig," this time for two mias and ten shillings. They took it to Francis, who passed it on to Pape. (So it must be Pape's pig. It is interesting that even Langasin did not know that. Each knows only his own role, except the big men.)

#### Plans Changed and Unchanged

Melisa makes a speech now:

MELISA: "About this day that I marked for breaking the mold from the "skin" (outside) of the cement: this event was planned for tomorrow, Wednesday. But now, something has come up. All right, we are not doing what we said we would on this day, because of something we all know about (i.e., the death).

"All right, about these four pigs now, for taking away the cast from the skin of the cement. All right, I marked Wednesday and Saturday (for pigs). But we haven't come to these days yet, and we haven't changed them yet. But what we were to do Wednesday we are doing today (the work we were to do).

"But Saturday, that day, let it stay the same. Let's not change it.

"These four pigs are for taking away the cast, and work inside the cemetery fence, or work in connection with the cemetery. On Saturday, the last work; to finish our work for the graves. Saturday, all men will work a big luklakau (exchange) for everything: malanggan and cement too.

"This food now is for taking away the mold. True, we marked this last lulalau for Wednesday. But something (the death of a child) came up, and it thus cut this day. Now my thought is: omit this (Wednesday's luklakau). My thought, that's all. When the meal is finished, if you want to straighten this day, you all Big Men, and all men who are bossing this work, you can all talk: shall we stay with Wednesday still, or I don't know, or what. I don't know, what shall we do. Shall I put it in the middle-- Wednesday, Thursday, Friday--I'm just calling for no special reason (just suggesting alternatives).

"Now another thing. A thought for all Mangai. I think they all looked at this work of calling Tulebung (to make the cement for the dead child). Now it's true--it's not something to be cross about, or something to change one's thoughts. Not at all. It's like this, true, it's something that belongs to our place. We all know. Before, according to our custom, this thing cement hadn't come up.

"Now according to our own custom, we all know that malanggan is one very important thing of ours. It functions to 'kill' everything completely (settle all obligations, so that everything is 'square,' as they say). But now, 'the clear time' has come up, the government has come up, and all the missions too have come up.

"All right, this fashion, custom of ours, malanggan, has grown cold now, it is slack now. We all think of cement now, it is one very important thing.

"All right, as I said yesterday, this death has gone inside the malanggan, and this is one very important thing to all of us ourselves, and before, too, to all of our tumbuna (ancestors).

"But--we all can understand, thus, about Tulebung. . . some who understand this have left I think. (He is explaining why another thing was added to the malanggan after he discouraged Lovan from bringing another malanggan: because there needs to be cement for this child, cement being as important now for us as malanggan used to be for our ancestors.)

"Now, too, as for me, I am a little sorry for Tulebung. Because he has not got something given back into his hand. Thus, he has thrown away, thrown away, thrown away, and it is as if he worked for nothing.

"All right, now Karabuso had a good idea. He thought of Tulebung, and he wanted to give a little something into his (Tulebung's) hand, so that he, too, will have something. It is not good that he should lose, lose, lose, lose. Now true, he has not worked to get something that will stay with him (i.e. that has not been his motive). He has worked only that something comes and then goes back again. He hasn't worked for some-  
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thing like we used to think of before. All right, everyone here has good



thoughts: thus we put our hand to go toward Tulebung, this is a good thing. It is not something to be cross about. This is what I think, and this is what I say: it is good.

"That is all. Thank you."

I thanked Melisa for talking pidgen. I asked him about Tulebung, and Melisa told me (what I already knew) that Tulebung is mokotok (sister's son) to both William and Makalo. He belongs here, Kuluvos, but he works for the Electric Power Department in Rabaul. He heard that something was being done about his two mokotok and he came to be together with everyone. Tulebung will go back, next week Melisa thinks. He is just a young man.

(This talk I had with Melisa was the first time I realized who in kinship terms Tulebung was, and I never was sure which one he was during the work. I suppose one reason why I did not find out for such a long time was that my major "identifiers," the Tivingur women, were all tambo to him; because he is mokotok to their husbands or along some other road. He is a very important person here who just disappeared, for me. (There is another important man moving around here, Samuel, that appears only twice, briefly, in my notes. He is also of Mokamiva clan, and the same explanation for his "disappearance" may apply. But there are other factors, personal ones. Neither Tulebung nor Samuel ever said anything, for instance, in public, or to me.)

It is 11:45 a.m. and someone says grace. The food has been delivered.

Paulo of Wongerarum makes a little talk: "Francis and Pape get the head of the pig they brought." Lovan and Taito, sitting near me, say that is the custom at malanggan.

I asked Lovan about some mias that I had seen transferred and he said, "Everyone is cross." (It is their custom to exchange mias or money to terminate a quarrel.) I looked at him and he was laughing; so I said, "You mustn't fool (gamon) me!" He said: "You eat first, talk later. No good the pig gets cold."

#### Omo Performance

After we ate this noon a man came to me and asked me to come and photograph the work of the Omo people. They are bringing a song and dance, called Bukbal, that uses headdresses. They asked me to come to photograph the "bones" of their work. I followed him to a small clearing in a little area of uncut bush not far from the village and near the beach. A dozen men had put up a half-finished house, and were working in and around it. The "bones," i.e. delicate cane framework, of the headdresses were propped up awaiting covering and decoration. (I went back every day after this day to photograph their progress, and was rewarded with my only chance to see the construction of the famous "hair" of New Ireland art. It is the inner bark of a tree, which peels off in sections of long fibers. These fibers must be carefully separated, dyed, clipped, and sewn into place. The whole procedure is long and requires the patient, careful, detailed, repetitive attention that I had come to view as typical of New Irelanders.) These men had already been working for two days, and expected to be working for the rest of the week. They would bring this mobile malanggan Saturday to the last day's events. (New Hanoverians, I thought, would not spend this much time, let alone this kind of patient effort, on anything: non-utilitarian or even, perhaps especially, utilitarian.)

Other Important Events and Emotions Continue During Malanggan

I went back to the village and sat with Sirapi for a while. She told me that Warakau (the boy who ate fish poison) along with Wulos' husband is making the little fence-trap needed for catching her big pig for the last day. I ask: "He has come back?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, last night Pitalai (Tambeta's husband, who is the driver for the hospital) brought him.

DB: "What happened?"

SIRAPI: "I don't know, I was staying in Lauen at the time."

DB: "Did he eat 'rope'?"

SIRAPI: "Yes" (shaking her head, with a kind of laugh, as though 'whatever will they do next?')

DB: "Do you know of other people who have done this?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, many, I know of many who have eaten 'rope' to die. Peta, the brother of Lamo, died in this way. He was ashamed because he and his wife were cross, and everyone talked badly. Some people went to get fish at Katu (plantation). Peta ate 'rope', went in the canoe, and fell down in the big reef. Ismael saw him, went to get him, and he was dead."

DB: "What were they (he and his wife) cross about?"

SIRAPI: "His wife always had cross words for him: cross, cross, cross, all the time she gave him talk that was no good ('bad-mouthed' him)."

DB: "Did other people outside always talk badly of him?"

SIRAPI: "No, his wife, that's all."

(There really is a lot going on here, even when people seem to be just sitting and staring into space. Death, attempted suicide, quarrels, anticipation of drinking and love-making coming up for the last day of the malanggan. And an end to mourning, a real emotional experience for

Sirapi, probably a lesser one for Rusrus. Sirapi seemed reluctant at the Livitua malanggan to let the Kableman memai remove her taboo to taro, in preparation for this malanggan which finally completely terminates her mourning. But she is holding out. She will give her big pig free, because she is "sorry." Perhaps there is so much going on emotionally for them that they have to be "reserved," to suppress expression of most of what they feel; just like they have to forget kinship ties and select which road to choose to those they remember. Perhaps this reserve is a consequence of a system that keeps everyone involved with everyone else. They never seem bored. New Hanovers are outsiders in their own homes, not "involved," and often seem bored.)

There is a meeting of the Demarcation Committee members for Northern New Ireland this afternoon in Nonopai. I take Melisa in my truck, and Eruel and Laksia come along for the diversion. (Also Eruel wants to make sure he gets a ride back to Mangai. But there are other ways he could get there more quickly.) When I said I was going to the meeting in Nonopai, Eruel and Laksia each independently said "I want to go. I have not seen this meeting." (They are the only two whose curiosity, "exploratory behavior," is such that they would think of such a motive. Perhaps Eruel just wanted a ride home, and perhaps Laksia just wanted a ride in my car. He is from New Hanover. Eruel, the artist, the big man, the magician: the deviant. He is assertive. Whatever their motives, at least they sought diversion. The others do not seek or seem to want it.<sup>16</sup> Eruel expresses emotion more than do the others. He said, "Oh, sorry" about the dead child today. He and I are the only ones who do. He said it to me; perhaps he would not say it to his compatriots. It is too obvious; it is "schmaltz." But Eruel is the only man who goes to the body and cries with the women at funerals; so perhaps he says "sorry" and makes other expressions of the sort to other New Irelanders, too.

Kase, Melisa, and other big men of the area are all representatives to the Demarcation Committee, and all went there and talked. This committee is making momentous decisions about land tenure in New Ireland. Thus these men have other things on their minds besides malanggan now. This came as something of a surprise to me: they seemed fully involved in the malanggan.

Melisa rode back with me after the Demarcation Committee meeting to find out about two pigs he had heard had come from the West Coast. Melisa said that the West Coast would lakau tomorrow.

Matanavillam Hamlet: The Extended Family As A Unit

I went back to Mangai after the Demarcation meeting. I found that Lokorovar had sent me fish, which I gave to Muktun to cook for us in Matanavillam hamlet, asking her (which I felt was rather bold) for sago to go with it. (Now that Sirapi is staying in Lauen village, it is a good chance for me to find out if it is only Sirapi who will help me, or will co-residents? The individual or the culture. I have found on a few occasions when Sirapi was sick that her various relatives--Muktun, Kombulau-- have come to fill her place in helping me. Milika and Sambuan have been doing things for me all along, but I usually eat at Matanavillam, taking whatever food Milika and Sambuan have given me along with me.) Muktun must have asked her son Warakau to cook the sago, because when I came back from washing he was frying the sago, with Muktun watching. (I wonder if this is an extra attempt to involve him in everything now that he is back from the hospital.)

Warakau had re-worked a little catching-fence made earlier by Piwas (for another pig), and with it he intended to catch Sirapi's big pig. I said (always trying to find out how they feel about things, and rejecting the European view that they have no feelings): "I am sorry about

the pig;" and someone said, "Yes." Then I said: "But it is old;" and someone else said, "Yes."

A line of four men (who came in Master Wally's Landrover from Katu plantation, where Sungua works or used to work) was at Matanavillam helping Sungua make a new little enclosure in which to catch Rusrus' pig. (It is a pig-sized three-sided and topped enclosure into which the pig is invited to eat his last supper. His legs are grabbed, pulled out from under him, and tied.) Thus Rusrus' present husband, Sungua (a Sepik laborer), along with his friends from a plantation labor line, helps Rusrus perform her duties to her last husband's kin and to her son by that marriage.

Tonight the pigs were fed in these little enclosures, just to get them in the habit of coming here. (It is clear to me that no one enjoys this job. There is no sense of triumph in the catch. It is all done very matter-of-factly.)

Matiu, smiling and watching, said of the "line" from Katu: "Everyone wants to have friends to back him, a line." (It was sort of touching to see Sungua's line. I realized that, except for Rusrus, he is usually alone.)

After dinner Lina asked me to take her the ten miles to Lemakot Mission Hospital with baby Caroline and husband Matiu. Caroline has had diarrhea and vomiting, Wulos told me. Seventeen children sick in this way had died in Nonga (Rabaul), they heard on the radio. Lina seemed a bit scared. She had first gone to the local doctor, Igua; then decided to go to Lemakot. She asked me to stop on my way back to Mangai after I left them at Lemakot at Peter Murray's plantation nearby and leave word for Lina's half-sister, who works there. (Lina did not mention why she wanted this sister, of whom I had never heard, notified; but I realized later that it must be because this woman is near the hospital and may be able to get food

to Lina. The European world is always scolding these people for not going to the hospital when a child dies of diarrhea. But many times children live through diarrhea, and when they go to the hospital it is a real hardship. They may have to wait two or more hours on the road for a ride; or, if they know where a truck is that they can hire, they may pay one pound for it. But the hardship is yet to come: there is no clear way for them to sleep and eat at the hospital. They do not have money to sustain themselves by buying food for long periods of time. And how shall they cook it? There are thatched houses for such purposes at Lemakot, and people feel much more "at home" at mission hospitals than at government ones: still, the best hope is to have a relative nearby who will help, and people who live near Lemakot must find this a constant drain. This incident tells something of the context in which malanggan takes place today. If there is any mystical, magical, or religious meaning in malanggan, it goes along with a total commitment to Western medicine. A total commitment, but within the typical Melanesian pragmatic frame of reference: if it works, I will use it.

I stopped at Lauen village again then, on my way back from Lemakot, partly to tell Sirapi about Lina and Matiu. They have been playing a big role in this malanggan, but of course no one is indispensable. All the women are still working, some by the light of a big lamp, some by small lanterns, some just in the light of the glowing coals of the mumu. (At the Livitua malanggan, I saw them working by lamp light to prepare food parcels until 2 a.m.) I said to Sirapi and the other women: "Oh, you work so hard, all the time, and you don't rest a little."

SIRAPI: "Yes, and we don't eat well."

DB: "What!" (The women do not come and eat with the men--and me--at these feasts, but they can surely help themselves "in the kitchen," and their men are supposed to bring them pork. The pigs' legs are taken

to the women before the pigs are put in the mumu, and cooked at once "for the women." When I first learned of this custom I was not sure how this was to be interpreted, so I said to Sirapi, in a neutral-to-cheerful tone of voice: "Oh, the women get the legs of the pig." And Sirapi said, "Yes;" and came as near as she ever does to expressing a negative or complaining point of view: she wrinkled her nose. But I know the women get a lot of the pork, too; and of course so do the children. If it is not well done at a feast, all the meat goes home in a basket and is given to the women to be re-cooked; or, if only the women go to a feast, as seems to happen fairly often, the women may cook some of the pig on the way home for themselves and the children who are along. In any case, I was unsure about the pork distribution, so I was very interested when I thought Sirapi was on the verge of expressing a complaint.)

SIRAPI: (quickly, because she realized that I had misinterpreted her statement): "Because we don't feel like eating. We eat a little, and then we're not hungry. Our 'bellies' (mind, fellys, interest, attention) stay only on work."

It was 9 p.m., and they were just finishing the last mumu for the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

Lakau Semel: Kattom

(Finish Buying Cement)

Lovan, Eruel, Sambuan and I arrived about 9:30 a.m. this morning in my car. Matunga and Pengas (an old man of Logogun village who often plays the garamut) are beating the garamut, for no particular reason.



More Pigs? Whose?

I hear now for the first time that there will be three pigs eaten today. (I wonder for the first time if I might have been deliberately misled. Last night two people who did not want me to go to Lauen today, because they wanted me and my truck in Mangai, told me there would be no feast today. They said one of the pigs had died and they had eaten it right away. Perhaps they were only teasing, because I make sure I never miss a pig. Eruel was hoping I would go to Kavieng and take him along for the ride, and Lina thought she might need me to take her child to the hospital. I begin to see that my not being able to afford a car all the time has some advantages. I would certainly have had to take someone to the hospital nearly every day; if not someone who was sick, then someone who needed to take food to someone who was sick.)

Lepilis and his wife Salome are here from Medina. They will stay now until the end. Lepilis went right over to Lovan to confer, as soon as we arrived. Matiu told me that they will hold fast Lepilis' pig in Matanavillam. Lingai has looked after it all this time since Lepilis lost his job in Mangai in 1966. He had been Council Constable since 1957. (All those coconuts that Lingai has fed the pig! About eight a day. The "name" of the pig can be transferred for one to five pounds, and the person who feeds it for two to four years, at the loss of one shillings' worth of coconuts a day, gets no glory. But then I suppose most people have a pig that is being fed somewhere else, and they themselves feed someone else's pig; so it probably all comes out even in the end. Lingai has been feeding Leipilis' pig. I thought it was Lingai's. Sirapi, I now learn, has been feeding Lingai's pig, as well as her own big one. Sirapi and Alice had the pig that we are going to eat today fed at Panakaia by Malu. I do not know who is feeding Malu's pigs, but probably someone else is.)

10:40 a.m. and everyone from Mangai is here, even those who are not "regulars." Eron, Ismael, Vatung, all here. All the Mangai women, some crouched in the shade of the men's house on the beach. I do not see a single Livitua person yet.

These are the three pigs for today, according to Sirapi: her own (she does not mention Alice this time), for Kavok, for Makalo's cement; one from Lowel (a woman of Sali), and she does not know to whom; and one from the West Coast. She does not know any more about the West Coast pig.

Lovan stands next to Sirapi's pig and calls our names, and we lakau Makalo's cement. We go in this order: me, Sirapi, Pambali, Rongo, each with a mias. Eruel gave one mias. I never saw him do that before.

Even Sion is here. Somehow they all knew it was their day to help.

Sometimes Lovan calls the name first, thus: "Pambali lakau cemel: kattom!"

DB to Sirapi; "Kattom means 'it is finished now', right?"

SIRAPI: "Unh." (Yes.)

DB: "Bought entirely now."

SIRAPI: "Unh." (Yes.)

All the line of Lepilis and everybody went up. "Kattom" means we have lakaued all we are going to for this cement for Makalo. But nothing seems final about these things, sometimes.

Melisa gives a talk over the second pig. Esau (who is the husband of Lowel; again, Sirapi referred to the wife as owner, Melisa names the husband) brought this pig. He is mokotok of Taito, and he lives in Lauen village. His pig and all mias from Lauen people are to go to Matunga.

I thought perhaps Mangai people would not go up to lakau again to Matunga, but after the Lauen line went up, Mangai went up again, led by Sirapi with one mias. Why? "For Makalo," says Sirapi; and "to help Lauen," says Wulos, when I ask them each separately.

(If there are whole groups operating against each other here, it must be next to impossible to figure out what they are. I never could. The principle seems to be to all come together and give to the chosen few who are "bringing something." But they all know that that individual will have to share the loot with his "group" in the fullness of time. In this case, all the mias and money are moving to Mangai. When the time comes for Mangai to reciprocate to Lauen, Matunga will be expected to hand out the mias, if he has not done so already, distributing it amongst his group.)

Now Timot, the Lauen missionary, a slight white-haired soft-spoken man, talks for the cement for Masapal, the epileptic who drowned. Money for his cement is put by a post, not a pig. "Turn cement--kattom," Timot calls out. Pape (of Nonopai) will make it. Lauen went first for this, Mangai behind. Before they said Ephraim of Nonopai would make it. There must be a problem here, but I do not know what it is. (I never could find out.)

The last pig will go to Tulebung to make the cement for the child buried yesterday. The pig was brought from the West Coast yesterday by the brother of Kor (the child's mother) when he and his "line" came for the funeral. Tulebung started to pick up his money and mias after only the West Coast people had gone up. Lovan mumbled "finished?" Tulebung seemed unsure about what to do. Then all the Mangai line went up.

Have People Just Put Things Back Into Their Own Baskets?

Melisa has already spoken over the starchy food, before all the pigs were presented, and now it is time to eat. Taro and sago; there's been no sweet potato. Is that a lowly food? They say not.

Sirapi is not staying for the eating as the other women are. Some have gone out, but many from Mangai are still here, within the cemetery enclosure. I ask Wulos why all the women are here to eat. Wulos says: "Melisa said it was all right, he was sorry for all women who work hard." (Some of the hardest workers are not here--Emi, Sirapi, Rusrus are not here. Too conservative?)

Melisa makes a speech now:

MELISA (shouting out): "Arakok! Arakok! Arakok! Now what is the meaning of this talk? Good.

"Plenty of you who sit down here, and some (who are not here), they say, for instance: 'Some people here and away, they get something to fill up (their baskets) with, something to go back inside their own baskets. He does not bring it to a man who goes a long way! He does not shoot it to something that goes a long way! It's enough, only, to catch it again and he goes in front of the house and brings it back inside again, into his own basket.'

"But this talk I think is nothing. It does not fit!

"Lovani! Now me, I call this pig to go to Mangai to finish the work of all on the malanggan today. Now it looks like this: one thing has come up good, as I see it and in my thinking, about something they (Mangai) all did: they do not keep anything! They shoot back anything that comes back.

"I look where, I look at the lakau of all (i.e. of everyone in general, not of Mangai). All wait for something to go back into their own hands! (But not Mangai.) They all catch it, then they all throw it away back again. (He means that those who are accusing Mangai are themselves guilty of making it look as though they are giving, when they are really only giving back to themselves. Mangai gives again whatever they receive.)

"Now--and this is the last thing I have to say--it is this: it is really good, the work of all. The help of all inside of this very busy work. As for me, I say thank you for this kind of thing I see; for the strength of all and the work of all.

"But now you, some of you, sit down, you talk, and it is said: Mangai catches it again and goes and puts it back, it goes inside of the basket. Not at all! Those of you who made this kind of talk, you, yet, you are doing this. You catch, that's all, and you shoot it about and you gamon (gammon, pretend) about, and it goes back inside of the basket that belongs to you. But I look at Mangai, it does not do this. I watch here in this place: some men (some of the rest of you) do not do things the way Mangai does.

"It is Mangai alone who got up this thing. I do not see a single person of Lauen! Now I do not see it in a single person from wherever--there, just Mangai, gets up this thing. Mangai for cement; Mangai again for malanggan. They don't laze and do nothing for a single thing!

"Only all this talk that you all make, it is just talk, based on nothing. You are the ones who are doing this kind of thing.

"A man who uses his malanggan to put back into his own pocket 'shoots' it (sells it) altogether; and (the buyer) gets pay back, later. But this malanggan of Matunga's, I catch it but (not permanently), only in order for it to come to decorate the cement.

"Some people are saying this kind of thing: 'These two brothers (William and Makalo, the dead), what, these two have no malanggan? Now these two did not work malanggan for others?' So now this malanggan of Matunga comes to sit down, it does not come in order to sit down altogether at Kuluvos--not at all! It comes just in order to sit down on top of the cement. Now eventually Matunga will catch it back again to go back again to Mangai. It does not come to sit down here permanently.

"Now I talk clearly in front of you all, as I see it, and in order to say, thank you--for good work from all of Mangai.

"Now that's all, my talk is finished now. Thank you.

"The time for the finish of this, on Saturday, for this work on cement. It is this that initiates this work: inside this work is cement, only, not malanggan. Now, that's all."

(It is much cheaper to "rent," pul, a malanggan for decoration than to "buy," kattom, one. Melisa is telling people to spend their money for the cement, not for the malanggan.)

DB to Lovan: "The malanggan, it has not 'died'? (meaning that the debt incurred by Melisa has not been paid fully).

LOVAN: "Saturday it will die--die completely." (Is Melisa's talk a challenge to people, implying that they cannot pay for both malanggan and cement? Or is he acting in his capacity as boss, telling them where to put their money, and putting a stop to more money and mias going to Matunga? I think it is the latter. But Lovan is not giving up for Mangai's malanggan.)

Matunga makes a short talk, holding up mias, in local dialect; and then tells me what he said. He brought a pig to go to Melisa. This pig goes for Matunga's malanggan, to bring it back. "The work in malanggan is like this, this is the fashion," Matunga explains to me.

DB: "Thank you. I see you hold your mias on a knife."

MELISA: "Um." (Yes.)

(I wanted to know if there was any special reason why he did this, but I did not ask further. I thought that if I irritated people constantly with small questions they might become unwilling or unable to answer more important ones.)

Melisa calls Pakai, the son of Esau, to send the head of the pig to the man who brought it. (I do not know where Matunga's pig is. He must have known what was going to happen today, since he was ready with a pig. Or did he just return that of Esau, who, for Melisa's side, gave a pig to Matunga for the malanggan. When Matunga returned a pig, to Meslia, Melisa passed the head to Esau, who exchanged it for two mias. This is another example of their kind of exchange: wherein a big thing is given, a slightly smaller thing returned, and again a slightly smaller thing returned again from the original giver; and so on and so on until the process finally stops. This is their mode of "barter:" people are able to politely adjust their views on the values involved. However, this particular exchange, with the pigs' heads, is quite standardized I think. I have seen a pig bought with a process of returns like this where there was "price adjustment" going on. Of course what is being bought is not the pig alone, but also, primarily, the social relationship.)

Melisa's Instructions: Cement, Not Malanggan, Bosses Here

Melisa says grace, and everyone else eats. Melisa talks again, striding back and forth in the fashion of memai:

MELISA: "Arakok! Arakok! Arakok! I call it Good! Good work comes up inside of the village Lauen, at the place Kuluvos. I call it good!

"Everyone comes down to help, because of the kind of work that stops inside at Kuluvos. Now I call it good, that all come: from the Nalik (language) area, for whatever work stops at Kuluvos. I call it good, whatever

kind of work belongs to Lemusmus (West Coast), that they all come, that their help comes up at Kuluvos.

"I am very sorry (emotionally moved)! Some people came up on Tuesday; some people again came up on Wednesday, today; now tomorrow again, Thursday, some people again will come; up until Friday. They all leave their relatives (pidgin: bisnis) (I.e. they all leave the safety and comfort of the bosom of their families: a venture into enemy territory which must have been, in the old days, quite impressive).

"There are plenty of kinds of work that come inside now. Everyone can sit down well, everyone can be happy well. Or else not. What thing will they be able to be happy about? Suppose there is good food, all can be happy. And suppose there is whatever kind of thing is needed in order to sit down and 'grease' (talk, gossip) together and be happy together for whatever kind of thing--then this affair of mine is all right, my thoughts must be good.

"I don't want something that everyone will be cross about! I don't want that there should be, eventually, thoughts that are not good about whoever and whoever.

"Altogether, hear! The malanggan of Mangai<sup>17</sup> is finished.

"You fasten your malanggan in order to come put it to show to whom? You work on (the basis of) nothing. You catch something belonging to you in order to go inside your own basket. You have not got any good reason!

"About this work of your coming together here, for cement. Mangai helped to start, cut down trees inside the cemetery, with a pig? Together with Taito! Together with the mother of Tulebung (Emi)!



"Then you started working to clear (the malanggan). Did you work to the finish? You work (on the basis of) nothing. If you had cleared your work first, you could work. Your work has no way for it (i.e. there is no way your work can get done: probably meaning there is insufficient resources to pay for both malanggan and cement.)

"I talk straight in front of you. (He is shouting.) I, for one, only me, I say I am boss at Kuluvos. I am boss at this little place. You did not help me to come out in front of the house--here, the pig was here. (He means they did not help him "come out" as a memai. His installation, over a pig, was here. He probably refers to his early "marking" as a memai, rather than to his installation as an adult.) Now I stop, I stand here, and I talk. You don't have a single man who has done this (i.e. you have no memai.) Something was to be done, and it came along here. Following the 'mouth' of whom? Following the 'mouth' of me. Now if I want to do something, I can do it.

"Suppose someone wants to 'kill' my thinking. You must put something (money, mias) on top of the cement first! It is that, cement, that bosses this work; not malanggan.

"Now, about the last work of yours and mine, on Saturday. I talk clearly to all women and all men: whoever has got (money or mias), cement only must finish on Saturday. It is the mark of this work, cement only, not malanggan. I talk strong about cement, because Taito thought clearly about it first, when he spoke in the cemetery. He (Taito) is my tambo! He is my tambo! He is the tambo of Kavok! He is the tambo of Kavok! We two (Melisa and Taito) do not work (on the basis of) nothing (i.e. illegitimately). Taito, and Kavok, and me, we do not work (on the basis of) nothing. We are strong on top of the government) of this place. It comes here, it comes here (to us) up to today (from the ages). If you understand the meaning of this, that's your business.

"All right, now I talk clearly in front of you all: the malanggan of Mangai<sup>18</sup> is finished. Now I talk straight in front of you all, Mangai has won over all of you (in contributing work). You all talk, just talk, that's all, about Mangai putting back into its own basket.

"Emanuel works cement!

"Kavok works cement!

"The cement must stop. We don't get something (the malanggan) in order for it to stop. We get it, it goes back. I talk strong about the cement: we cannot get it and send it back! No: it must stop altogether here.

"All right. There isn't much time now. Today, the most important thing is this: you know about this 'banana' of yours--Dorothy doesn't know this way of calling it, that means 'pig'--if someone feels his 'banana' (is ready), he must bring it now, today. And tomorrow too. There is no time now. Only two days now (are left). Today, Wednesday; tomorrow, Thursday, Friday altogether everything will 'die' completely.

"Now there are some nok I made ready yesterday in the afternoon. Now they come up (for discussion). Thirteen nok. (Pause) Now I said yesterday in the afternoon: I am not working something with the Lovolai area; and I am not working something that goes into Kabin. Because Lovolai (people) are brothers, some stop here, and we walk to go to Lovolai. Some women from Kabin, too, they stop. Now suppose you were going to Kabin (a West Coast village)--well, some know well how to paddle; well, they could paddle there. Or walk. Some would be afraid, that they might capsize in the sea; and they would think, 'All right I will stay here (I won't go).' But, on the road (the East Coast road, where Kuluvos is), you are not able to block whoever wants to come. By leg, by bicycle, by car. How many cars

will come up here on Saturday now in good times? (i.e. if it is not raining).

"(This place) will be full up with men, women, all children, whoever. Are you capable of winning over all? What kind of talk comes from you? Where are all the things now that you have been 'pulling'? (i.e. has the talk that comes from you been honest? Where are the things you promised?) Things go and go and go and go and go--plenty of time or plenty of days go by. Now think about this: the feelings and thoughts, and the talk of a man about what kind of thing he comes for. He does not come for no reason. He stops to see you, and he stops on the basis of your work. Now what kind of thing can he go back with, and what kind of news can he bring back when he comes back from you? (In other words, people are able to visit here because of your preparatory work. What will they say about it, after they've gone back home?) How do you feel about this now.

"All right, now I want plenty more (pigs). One line (of nok) now today. Now you all cannot go yet. Sit down now, take them (nok) out again. (He puts down another line of nok.) There--that's the last work now, in order to finish this preparation of ours today. Eight nok stop here, which will make it twenty-one altogether."

Nearly everyone is gone. There are about twenty men here, about four women from Medina still here.

#### THURSDAY, MAY 11

##### An Unhurried Day in Lauen: Melisa's Views, Sirapi's Pig

Father Kelly from Lemakot Catholic Mission stopped in before I left for Lauen today. He asked if Warakau had died, and was surprised to hear that he had not. He said it was about 5 a.m. when George brought Warakau to Lemakot last Sunday morning in the Mangai truck. George said that Warakau had eaten fish poison about midnight, after he and his friends

had been drinking all day. He and his brother fought on the truck coming back to Mangai from Kavieng. Sister Clematsia at Lemakot tried to make him vomit, stuffed a tube down his throat, and got no response. She gave him a heart stimulant, but thought he would not live till they got him to the hospital in Kavieng.

Sambuan also stopped in before I left to give me some taro, which I took with me to Lauen. She had got it from her husband's garden, on the boundary between Mangai and Lossuk (his village); and Master Wally's car brought her back from there. I asked her why there was no sweet potato at this malanggan, wondering if perhaps there was some ritual explanation for its absence. Sambuan explained, however, that the sweet potato, which had been growing in the "company" (village) garden, was now all gone.

Melisa Explains Things: Malanggan, Memai, Marriage

There is no public event in Lauen today, and I have a chance to talk to Melisa. He belongs at Nonopai, his mother's village, but his father was from Lauen; although from another hamlet, not from Kuluvos. Melisa is Mokatitin, but both his father and his wife are Mokamiva. He tells me that he married a woman of Mokamiva clan so that by and by everything (land and other resources) would not be lost, all would come back; and everyone would not be cross with plenty of bisnis with conflicting claims.

I ask him if everyone understood this function of marrying back into the father's clan; and he said some understand, some do not. It is not a strict rule, and some do not see the consequences.<sup>18</sup>

Then Melisa explained for me what yesterday's speech was all about, and what the problem is. (In his explanation, he talks as though it were Livitua's malanggan he terminated yesterday. I have his speech on tape, and he said "Mangai" three times. But on two other occasions he said Mangai when he meant Livitua, and then he corrected himself. Some parts of his

speech seem directed at Livitua, some at Mangai. In any case, the speech has important information about the ethics of malanggan-bringing in it. Melisa may have also talked against Livitua's bringing a malanggan, and he may be telling me of that talk, instead of about the one against Mangai's malanggan, to be polite and careful: because he knows that I am a Mangai resident.)

Melisa began by saying that he, Emi and Sirapi are boss of this work. (N.b. if I had not been from Mangai and a special friend of Sirapi's, he probably would not have included her as a boss. He usually does not in his public speeches. It is very typical of New Irelanders to flatter those present.) He said that at the start Emi, Sirapi, Kase, and Kamniel had had a meeting. All wanted Kavok to work, to keep Makalo's promise. If a man wants to work something, he must meet with the bosses of the malanggan, and ask them, Melisa told me.

Francis did not do this. I ask why. Melisa said: "I don't know. I think he wanted to work on his own strength, and his own wishes. He has no respect for a boss."

I ask him about the purpose of malanggan. He said (referring back to our earlier conversation about marriages arranged to secure land) that malanggan is not the same thing as trying to strengthen claims to resources. Malanggan is to set minds at peace about the dead ("mekim isi tinktink long man i dai" in pidgin).

I asked him if malanggan had anything to do with the spirit of a man, and he said: "We don't think of his spirit. We think of his fashion (i.e. the kinds of things he did). We think of his life, not of his spirit, and we want to reciprocate." I said I had been told that before the missionaries came people did not believe that people had spirits, and he said "Yes, before we didn't know that man has got a spirit." Some, he went on to say, believed in marsalai (bush spirits, ill-defined), and that you could

call on them to help through the use of kororavar (a plant that according to Melisa burns the mouth when eaten) and kambang (lime, which tingles and which, according to contemporary medical thought, causes jaw cancer in those who chew it with betel nut).

The local term rongan does not refer to marsalai but to tambaran. (Throughout the Territory, and in Mangai too, many people use this term to refer to the ghosts of the dead. If rongan means the spirits of the dead in New Ireland, the existence of the word contradicts Melisa's statement about people not believing in ancestor spirits before the mission came. This contradiction occurred in every conversation I had with New Irelanders on the subject. Perhaps the mission had convinced them somehow that they had not really believed in the spirits of the dead before the mission came. Or perhaps they felt they had believed in a different kind of spirit. I think the beliefs, traditionally, were not clearly defined.) Melisa went on: "Marsalai is the same as God, Kalou in Kuanua (the Methodist mission language). Rongan is the same as spirit, the spirit of a man who has died. All were afraid before. A man who died still stayed in his place."

(In 1965 I asked Kanda of Livitua, Lasuwot's younger brother, if the spirits of the dead were aware that a malanggan was being given for them. He thought a bit, then said, "No, they don't know.")

Melisa then went on: "I forgot to say this: malanggan is the basis (pidgin: ass) of our business (economic system). If a man does not work malanggan, he has not got money. Some men have mias, money, and some have not. I (Melisa) have plenty, because my father got plenty of malanggan. He bought them in Tabar. But Francis, for instance, he must request (a malanggan) from a long way, and he must get up a big affair and mias to 'kill the road' of the malanggan, so it will belong to him (i.e. he has to buy it in a complicated and expensive way)."

I asked Melisa if his father had bisnis in Tabar. No, he did not; but he requested them from the "factory," that is, the place where everyone made malanggan .

(Melisa's information must be taken in the light of other information on these subjects. Some would say a malanggan has no value unless it is bought from "outside," as Francis is doing it. Francis said, in public, that a man must be got from outside. But Lovan said: You cannot just go outside to just anyone, you have to get a man inside. Melisa is the only person who indicated that malanggan could be picked up at the "factory," without regard for any social relationships. This same set of alternatives are a source of dispute in connection with memaihood: whether it is better to get it "inside" from your own clan, cheaply; or "outside," from someone else, to whom you must "lose, lose,lose." Lovan also said, when I aksed how they knew who had malanggan, that everyone has malanggan. Melisa says some do, some do not. My view is that not everyone had a malanggan all the time, but everyone had access to someone who had one or could get one. Thus Sirapi asked her classificatory brother, Matunga.)

Melisa continued: "There is another road for getting malanggan. You can ask your bisnis to bring them. Or you can ask the bisnis of your child (n.b. this is your wife's bisnis, but it is here conceived as your child's bisnis).

"Before, they put kororavar and kambang in both the vavara and the carved wood malanggan. Then (a person who came near) could fall down from a coconut tree, or a shark might catch him, or a sore would come up. But this belief is no more 'hot.' The mission has come up, all know there is one God and so forth." He smiled.

Melisa said that he gave the cement work to Kavok because Makalo had a debt to him; and also because Livitua has not yet repaid a pig they owe Melisa (so he would not ask anyone else from Livitua). (Thus if one

wants to be called to service, one must keep others obligated, or at least keep clear of debts. That, at least, is the theory here implied briefly by Melisa.)

"The only thing wrong with what Francis did," Melisa explained, "was not the going outside--that is all right; but his not asking the leader." (In short, Francis challenged the operation of authority, which amounts to an attack on the legitimacy of all authority.)

I ask Melisa about the custom of buying the "belly" of the pig, and he said: "If I think too much came (along with the pig), I can return some: e.g. if ten mias came, I can return three, seven remain for buying the malanggan."

I asked Melisa about the calling out of names in order at the beginning of his speeches. He says he does this just to show respect. I say: "They don't have to be memai then? For instance, Lovan is not a memai." Melisa responded: "Lovan is a memai. A man who is not a memai cannot talk all the time as Lovan does. You see a man who always does the talking, he is a memai."

(All other informants, including Lovan, said that Lovan was not a memai. I wondered if Melisa really thought he was one. More likely he was just being big-hearted, and careful. Or lightly mocking?)

I tried to get Melisa to distinguish between Francis (who is assertive) and Lasuwot (who is not) in personality terms. I repeated what he had said about Francis: "Francis is a man who likes to work according to his own wishes and strength."

MELISA: "Yes."

DB: "But it surprises me that Lasuwot does this."

MELISA: "Yes."

But Melisa would not go on. (Analyzing personalities is rarely done here. It is impolite, I think, to suggest that someone is deviant,



or different, as it implies that someone is not conforming to the ideal; and it implies that someone is 'outside' the group. I asked Sirapi again why Warakau ate rope and she said "Ask Leiwai, she knows," I did not know Leiwai well, and since Sirapi seemed to think it was wrong or impertinent to discuss the subject I let it drop. One should not discuss the motives of other people. In the old days, such discussion might have been, I suppose, tantamount or antecedent to an accusation against that person of using poison.)

#### Sirapi's Pig

There is only cooking going on in Lauen today, and I go back to Mangai. At 5:00 p.m., pig-feeding time, the men finally held fast Sirapi's big pig that will go free to the malanggan, for Makalo. Undertaking the work are several men from Matanavillam: Matiu, Lingai, Warakau. Elizabeth's brother and son, Mamu and Langiri, are helping. (Mamu lives with his wife just next door, and Lingiri is sleeping in Matanavillam in my beach house now.) Also here: Lepilis (who is sleeping here now with Lingai) and Kas (a Tivingur whom Sirapi counts as close but non-traced kin). Siriu's husband Piwas is here. Old Langiro is carrying a bucket from the beach, helping with the part that does not require physical strength. Lovan estimates that Sirapi's pig weighs about seven hundred pounds.

Rusrus' pig is also being held fast, and went into its little trap before Sirapi's did. Rusrus' husband Sungua and her brother Warau, plus two of Sungua's friends, and also Wylip (old Randes' last child, now about twenty, in whom Kas has taken a special interest) wait until Sirapi's pig also goes into its trap before grabbing Rusrus' pig by the legs and upsetting it. Otherwise, they explain to me, Sirapi's pig would be frightened

and would escape. (In New Hanover the first pig into the trap would probably have been tied up at once, squealing and snorting and frightening the second pig away; if they bothered to keep pigs.)

Lepilis and Piwas tie up the legs of Sirapi's big pig. Matiu says to me: "Now if the mama of the pig is here (for such an occasion) she can cry." But Sirapi is in Lauen. (I heard an old woman in Livitua moan and cry when her big pig was taken.) Warakau has made a decorated pole on which to carry Sirapi's pig. Warakau seems very serious tonight. We all are.

The pigs are loaded on my truck and taken to Lauen. It is late, and no one is there, and no speeches are made. Vasale observes that Sirapi's pig is suffering from "short wind" and she comes and does a little ritual to help it breathe. Very gently, very caressingly, she rubs lime all over the pig's stomach, mumbling something. They reject my idea that pigs become "short wind" at this time because the pigs are afraid. No, it is because they are hot. The pigs are kept on the beach, in the shade, to keep them alive until time to cook them. Dead, they spoil very quickly.

Sirapi did not come near the whole thing. She knew we were there. Kas paid Malu two shillings for the use of her conch shell, which we blew upon our arrival at Lauen. The sound of the conch shell announces the arrival of a pig.

#### FRIDAY, MAY 12

#### Sirapi's Pig, Talk of Traditions, Francis' Views, Pigs and More Pigs

We arrived early this morning, about 9:00 a.m. There are a dozen pigs on the beach. I asked some men to help me identify them, and one said to the other: "Do you know who all these pigs belong to? Where is the mama of each?" The pig scene is more complicated today than usual,

as we approach the end; and what each person has been "pulling," as Melisa says, is either here or on its way.

Two more pigs have just come on a truck. Lovan and thin old Timot, as the men nearest the truck, go forward to help take the pigs down. The truck comes from Lakuramau village.

Lepilis' pig (which Sirapi refers to always as the pig of Salome, Lepilis' wife) is not here. It would not go into its little trap last night. Perhaps it was watching from the bush the fate of its colleagues.

#### Sirapi's Pig

Eruel and Sirapi are sitting together on a bench in the shade. They are both more open and assertive than their fellows, more willing to risk the unknown: Eruel for the fun of it, Sirapi to see if she can help someone. Once when we went to town they two sat in front with me (I was driving) and chatted continually. They must each be the only person of opposite sex, adult, that each could sit that close to and chat easily with. He is classificatory father to Sirapi, but I did not know that until I asked: they call each other by name, and Eruel is perhaps ten years her senior. When Eruel wanted to tell me what a wonderful wife he had had before, the one that died during the war, he said: "She was very good, just like Sirapi, always giving food to people." Sirapi has teased me about liking Eruel too much, and sometimes she says Eruel likes money too much; but her criticisms are light and affectionate. Now they are sitting on the bench, each looking off in opposite directions, not talking, Eruel wearing a bright new yellow laplap and his old felt hat.

Now all of a sudden Eruel gets up, comes out into the open, and makes quite a long talk in local dialect, shouting out, after the fashion of memai. I photograph him and catch it all on my tape recorder (which

unfortunately was not working.) Afterward I asked him what he had said, and he told me that he had announced Sirapi's pig: the pig had come free, as promised, to the malanggan for Makalo, because Sirapi was "sorry": grieved over the death of her husband.

Talk of Two Memai

I go sit down a bit with Melisa and Kase. I am interested to see them sitting together, because I have continued to wonder if they are fully cooperating in this venture. They are the rivals here, according to my interpretation of the structure and function of this culture (based in part on other studies of matrilineal societies): Kase a Mokamiva clansman of Kuluvos, Melisa the son of a Mokamiva clansman of another hamlet of Lauen village; and both of them mature (Kase about ten years older than Melisa), established, quick, able, experienced.

Melisa tells me about the organization of the malanggan again, with Kase listening.

Melisa tells me that Emi and Kase both requested that he take the leadership for this malanggan. They could have called Simeon: his father's place is here at Kuluvos. They could have called Kamniel: his place is here, and he is a memai. But Emi asked him for the first meeting. At that meeting besides Melisa and Emi, were Kase, Kamniel, Malabes (Omo village), Meleke (Nonopai village), Kosot and Lamsisi (both of Kuluvos). (All these men are Mokamiva who call Kuluvos home; with the possible exception of Malembes, who was born in Omo, but whose mother is a Kuluvos hamlet Mokamiva. Only Kase and Kamniel are memai. Kamniel is young, perhaps forty; Melisa about fifty-five, Kase at least sixty-five. Melisa is very well-known in New Ireland; the others are not.)

At this meeting Melisa asked everyone, and everyone said it was all right to get something started. Not present were Simeon, Kavok, Taito and "the two mamas:" Rusrus and Sirapi.

At the second meeting, the two, Sirapi and Rusrus, came "inside." All were asked a second time if it were all right to go ahead, and all said all right.

So Melisa went ahead and worked the first fence. Kase then explained that properly there are two fences to be made: one around the graves themselves (an area called wit) and one around the koa: the place where they used to burn the dead. (Kase has to think which terms to use in talking to me because, he says, the languages meet at Livitua, and Wuap catches some talk here, some there.)

We briefly discussed the former custom of cremation, less often carried out today due to objections from the Catholic church. Simeon's mother was "cooked." She had always said, ever since she was a child, that that was her wish. Melisa's own mokotok, Inmat, said, when he was dying: "Cook me in my own place." But they did not. Melisa did not want to, because he was a good man, and he had had a good life, over ninety years. Kase thinks Inmat found one hundred years; he was a big man already when Germany came to New Ireland. He was there at the last fight, Kase says: and then he and Melisa launch into a story of those last days of militant glory. Kase's father was there, too. It was during the time of fighting, Melisa tells me, that two children went from Lesu to Lunana in Tabar and brought back malanggan for the first time.

It is 10:00 a.m. and another pig arrives. Melisa gets up and talks rapidly and crossly to the women. He then tells me that he told them to finish "shelling" all the food, so there were be plenty. There is certainly a lot here still on the beds, "unshelled."

Francis' Views

Lovan asked me to take him back to Mangai to finish the malanggan. While I was gone I missed the arrival of three pigs from Livitua. Francis had talked and sung over them, I was told when I got back (12:40 p.m.). So I went to Francis to ask for a repeat performance. He was very obliging.

He said that two pigs came, one of his own (for Kamniel); and one of Kamak's (for Simeon, to repay an obligation). Francis told me that he had said this:

FRANCIS: "I look at myself in relation to these two pigs, and I think: what man is sufficient to talk over them? Me, I am no memai. No one fastened me with gorgor (ginger shrub) and with cane or some other thing like that, the marks of the memai. I am a man of no account. I am no memai. But I can talk. I can talk according to the fashion regarding a man who talked on these occasions; me, too, I am able to talk.

"All right, I call out thus: Kumbuk, Kumbuk, Kumbuk. The meaning of 'kumbuk' is this: I go onto the sea to catch shark. Then I hit a "bell" (made of coconut and shells) in the sea to make the shark come up; but the shark does not come up. The shark keeps coming up, then he goes away and about. He does not come up to me. All right, I think about what would be enough to pull the shark to come to me so that I can fasten him.

"All right, this talk that I'm making now has a meaning: any man, whoever is here, he can think about what kind of wrong he does inside this feast. And all fashions at this feast, I put inside this one talk only here: this 'singsing' (kumbuk). Any man who attaches meaning to this will understand it (i.e. if the shoe fits he can put it on)."

DB: "Wait, I don't understand well. What kind of wrong?"

FRANCIS: "This kind of wrong, like this: A man of this feast, he shouldn't try to get mias inside this feast here. Get mias and get money, he must not get them from all the other men. Him, he must lose (i.e. one should not try to make a profit).

DB: "I was going to come ask you last night at Livitua, but I was tired. You stood up in the enclosure here and you said this: that you follow the fashion of Makalo--lose,lose, lose, lose, lose."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "Explain about this fashion to me--lose, lose, lose, lose, lose."

FRANCIS: "Him, Makalo, he was a man of ours."

DB: "Yes, what kind of man was he?"

FRANCIS: "He was my brother."

DB: "Yes."

FRANCIS: "Now we two did not belong to the same bisnis."

DB: "You grew up with his mama and papa."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "They gave you food?"

FRANCIS: "Yes. My mother was one person, and his mother was another. All right, his father, and my father, the two were brothers. All right, at the time Makalo was born, and me, I was born, the father of Makalo and his mother held us two at one time."

DB: "Why didn't you stop with your mother?"

FRANCIS: "No. The mother of Makalo took me."

DB: "Um."

FRANCIS: "She knew; the brother of the father of Makalo, the two were brothers, they had one mama. All right, the father of Makalo,

he knew me, I was the son of his brother. All right, they took me too, and we lived together at the same time with them."

DB: "Who was born first?"

FRANCIS: "Makalo first, and me, I was born later, after Makalo. All right, Makalo's father and mother held us two at one time. They looked after us two, for food, for altogether everything completely."

DB: "You two were friends."

FRANCIS: "Yes. All right, time passed. He grew big, and me, I was big too. Together, absolutely everything. Suppose him, he got up something; me, I stayed close to him. Wherever I myself got something up, him, he stayed close to me. Altogether everything regarding us two, together all the time, all the time. All right, at the time when he died, now, I wanted him to go into the cemetery that belongs to us in Livitua."

DB: "Ah yes."

FRANCIS: "And I spoke out in front of everyone, at the time he slept in the casket, they hadn't buried him yet, I said, 'It would be better if I myself, me, I must hold Makalo in Livitua. I will bury him in the cemetery, and by and by I myself will work hard for him later, at the time for working whatever something for him.'

"Now them, all from here (Kuluvos), they did not want to bring him. They all were strong, strong, strong, and they won over us from down (in Livitua)."

DB: "His casket stayed in Kuluvos?"

FRANCIS: "It stayed, and they buried him, too. All right, his house, that's all, we have already worked a malanggan over his house. (His house was in Livitua 'camp.')

We burned this house, we stood up one malanggan for it. It did not belong to us, we got another man; him, that big man, Kutere, the father of . . . "



DB: "Milika." (Her father is from Lesu, but resides in Livitua.)

FRANCIS: "He worked it and we bought it. And there were--how many pigs--three pigs. One that belonged to me, one from Pepa (the sister of the father of Makalo), one that belonged to Makalo. It had lived here (in Kuluvos) and we bought it. We bought it from everyone here."

DB: "From Lauen (village)."

FRANCIS: "From Lauen. We bought it and it came here (to Livitua). These three pigs, we cut them for nothing, they didn't have to pay for them. One that belonged to me, one that belonged to Pepa, one that belonged here (in Kuluvos), but we paid everyone here for it.

"All right, we vorkarai (made speeches) over them, we cut them. Cut them for nothing (without pay).

"Now some pigs--there were plenty of pigs, but these three pigs were free. Went for nothing. (There were other pigs that were bought).

"All right now, about this thing they all get up here (in Kuluvos), we think we are no more able to come help here. We can come and help with the cooking and with whatever something; but with mias, money, some of us cannot do more. Because we have already worked hard."

(He means that they cannot give money and mias to help Lauen. I think he is still annoyed that Kuluvos got the body, and the privilege of working the malanggan. And that Livitua was not asked to bring anything.)

DB: "Oh, now I understand. You have already worked hard in Livitua. You cannot give everything here."

FRANCIS: "Um. All right, we worked hard already in Livitua, and there were some from Lauen who helped us (in Livitua).

"All right, now again we think we would like to complete (the ceremonies over) the place; not this cement inside the cemetery, but the place where he (Makalo) walked about, outside. And I think he slept, too,

on it, at the time he died."

DB: "Where--in Livitua?"

FRANCIS: "(No)--on the beach here. At the time when he died from sickness, and he came and he slept on the beach in the box.

"All right now, it is the fashion of the place, suppose a death has stayed (i.e. a casket has been placed) in this or that part of a house, or on this or that ground, they must put a malanggan on it. On the 'soot of this fire' they have all sat by while they watched over him (the dead)."

DB: "Wait, now I don't understand well. The fashion of the place is that you must put a malanggan on the place where the casket stopped when he died?"

FRANCIS: "Um. They call this 'soot from the fire,' this custom. All right, we were thinking eventually they would work it, but they think only of inside the cemetery, where they buried him. But outside, they don't think of that."

DB: "Oh, now I understand. And that is why they make the little house for your malanggan outside the cemetery." (A small structure is in construction twenty yards outside the cemetery fence.)

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "'Soot of the fire.' How do you call this in local dialect?"

FRANCIS: "Veipit. That (little house), this belongs to us for our malanggan; and it stands up there for this reason (that he has just explained to me). All right, we think about this, we get up this malanggan of ours. It does not belong to us: we got another man, Mavis."

DB: "I know, he is the old man of Paruai."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "They strangled his mama (when her husband died)."

FRANCIS: "Yes. All right, we asked him, we bought this malanggan in order to stand it up over this place where Makalo slept."

DB: "Now why did your thoughts go to Mavis?"

FRANCIS: "My thoughts go to Mavis because we must lose. We cannot . . ."

DB: ". . . come inside."

FRANCIS: "Come inside."

DB: "Now there are plenty of men who are outside. Why do you go to Mavis? Do you know about the malanggan of Mavis? or is he married to your group, or whatever?"

FRANCIS: "No. He is a man whose clan (Mokamiva) lives here. His ground here goes along the beach here."

DB: "At Kuluvos?"

FRANCIS: "At Kuluvos. All of them, along with Kase--Kase of Nonopai. So (it's a matter of) clan, that's all. Just that before (some time ago), their mothers got up and they all married around and about, and they all live around at all other places now."

DB: "But all their mamas came up at Kuluvos."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

(Francis may be thinking in these terms, but others say that Mavis is not helping Emi; and that, therefore, he is not a Kuluvos representative, operationally, in this malanggan. Francis must know that, as he wants to avoid giving to the Kuluvos group, I think. I could have gone on and asked why he chose Mavis rather than other Mokamivas, but I felt I could not push him any further on this point.)

DB: "Now your thoughts go to Mavis because . . ."

FRANCIS: "He is a man of this place."

DB: "Now Mavis, is he your friend?"

FRANCIS: "No."

DB: "Now how do you know he has a malanggan?"

FRANCIS: "All men have malanggan."

(N.B. this contradicts what Melisa told me earlier, but supports Lovan's statement.)

FRANCIS: "Suppose I do not want Mavis, I can get another man, he has got a malanggan too."

DB: "Oh. All men have malanggan. Now, at the time when you asked Mavis, did you know what malanggan he had?"

FRANCIS: "I didn't know."

DB: "You asked him, said you wanted his malanggan: and he said 'All right, I'll get you one.'"

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "And when you ask (someone for his malanggan), you don't know if it's vavara, or wood, or whatever."

FRANCIS: "I don't know."

DB: "Do you know now (what Mavis' malanggan is)?"

FRANCIS: "I know now."

DB: "What."

FRANCIS: "This one is wood, that's all."

DB: "Wood. Oh good."

FRANCIS: "And, it's got flowers all around its borders."

VOICE (of a listener): "You'll take it to America." (He is teasing me a little for being so eagerly interested in malanggan.)

DB: "Yes, it will go to America."

FRANCIS: "Un. You will see it tomorrow."

DB: "Yes, I will look. You can't burn it!" (They never burn the wooden ones. They know that I have chased vavara in vain, finding them already burned when I came for them.)

FRANCIS: "No. If you like it, all right."

DB: "Yes. All right now, one thing more. This fashion, 'lose.' It is an important thing with you all."

FRANCIS: "It is an important thing with us."

DB: "Must lose, lose, lose altogether."

FRANCIS: "Um."

DB: "Now 'lose altogether'--this means you cannot go to relatives close to you."

FRANCIS: "You cannot." (Pidgin: "no inap," from the English "not enough." What is implied is this: you would lose face, or be ashamed, to go to your own relatives; you have not got the nerve, you have not got the face.)

DB: "And 'lose' means go a long way, right?"

FRANCIS: "Another man; go a long way to another man."

DB: "Now--by and by will Mavis come back again?". (That is, will Mavis make a return request?)

FRANCIS: "If he wants to."

DB: "If he wants to. According to his own wishes."

FRANCIS: "Yes. I cannot talk to him about it." (In pidgin again, I am 'not enough' to talk to him about it, or 'I am not up to talking to him about it.')

DB: "No, you cannot talk to him about it. Thank you Francis." I asked Francis why Tangai was collecting the lakau for Mavis, and Francis was not sure; Mavis is Mokamiva, and Tangai is Mokatitin, but Francis thinks perhaps Mavis 'came up from' (was fathered by) the Mokatitin line.

DB: "And who taught you this singsing that you did over the pigs? Did you buy it?"

FRANCIS: "No. It belonged to a big man of our own, from before."

DB: "What was his name?"

FRANCIS: "Bim."

DB: "Oh, I've heard of him."

FRANCIS: "He had a child, and he gave it to his child."

DB: "What was the child's name?"

FRANCIS: "Pakasak."

DB: "Pakasak."

FRANCIS: All right, this Pakasak, he knew it was something that belonged straight to my Big Men, and he gave it back to me. I didn't buy it. He gave it for nothing." (N.b. here is an instance of a "resource," the singsing, that was about to slip out to a son. However, the son recognized the prior right of the mokotok, his father's sister's son, his mokok; and gave it back. Probably he would not have if Francis had not made a claim.)

DB: "And Pakasak, is he dead?"

FRANCIS: "He is dead."

Socialization: Learning New Ireland Reserve

After talking with Francis, I went to try to say hello to Semege's baby. A few months ago he was the darling of Mangai. I liked him because he was still too young to fear and reject me. (Lamedeng's baby became afraid of me and she apologized, saying that when the babies pass a certain age they identify me with the white Sisters at Lemakot, whom they fear because of the various medical things the sisters do to them that hurt. In New Hanover, the children's lack of fear of me was explained, when I raised the subject, as a result of a similar situation: the children did not fear me because they were used to whites skins due to the proximity of the Sisters.) Semege's baby used to take my glasses off me and put them on himself. Now he is about to cry, just looking at them on me. I take them

TABLE

<u>Given By</u>	<u>Given to and Bought By</u>	<u>Amount</u>	<u>Cut By</u>
1- Kosot (Kuluvos)	Matunga and	20 <u>mias</u> four pounds and five six shillings	Piwas
2- Emi (fed by Yanis of Paruai who held it fast)	Emanuel		
3- Simeon	Emanuel	10 <u>mias</u> three pounds	Esau
4- Kamniel (large pig)	Melisa	12 <u>mias</u> five pounds	Ave, of Nonopai
5- Kamniel (small pig)	Melisa		
6- Tulei (Lauen village)	Melisa	13 <u>mias</u> five pounds	Daniel of Nonopai
7- Emi (fed by Esau of Sali)	Kavok		Kavok
8- Meleke (fed by his brother Timot)	Kavok		
9- Laua (Lamakot village)	Kavok	12 <u>mias</u> three pounds and fifteen shillings	
10- Kavok	Emi	20 <u>mias</u> three pounds and ten shillings	
11- Lepau (Fissoa village)	Emi		
12- Seronge (of Livitua)	Emi and Melisa		
13- Francis (of Livitua)	Kamniel		
14- Semege (Livitua)	Simeon		
15- Pengas (fed by Pepa)	Mavis		

TABLE (continued)

<u>Given By</u>	<u>Given to and Bought By</u>	<u>Amount</u>	<u>Cut By</u>
16- Rusrus	Kase (Mokamiva, Nonopai)	10 <u>mias</u> four pounds and ten shillings	
17- Pambali	Sirapi	20 <u>mias</u> two pounds	
18- Maturau (Nonopai village)	Ontimo (Mokamiva)	16 <u>mias</u> four pounds and ten shillings	Lasisi of Lemusmus
19- Timot	Beong and Meleke (Mokamiva, Nonopai)	10 <u>mias</u> five pounds	Robin
20- (West Coast)	Lamsisi		Maris
21- Pakulup (Lauen)	Samuen and Lasisi		
22- Rake1 (Kableman village)	Timot		Sammy
23- Lemusmus	Timot		Reris
24- Sirapi	(Free)		Matiu
25- Tulebung	(Free)		Tulebung and Esau



Interpretation

- 1- This pig was said to be for Lovan by some and for Matunga by others. This pig was a last payment for the malanggan; but since it was to come only to "sit down" to decorate, and not to belong permanently (until they wanted to give it away) to Kuluvos, a large amount of mias was given back to a Lauen representative. (No one confirmed this interpretation.) Pigs are cut by someone who helped buy them, usually by someone very close to the person to whom the pig was presented. In this case, Piwas (husband of Siriu--see Lungantire hamlet) cut the pig.
- 2- Simeon (whose father was from Kuluvos) is helping Emi (whose husband and  
3- is Simeon's brother) here as they both give pigs to Emanuel for making William's cement. Esau, Emanuel's "brother," cuts the pig.
- 4- Melisa received two pigs from Kamniel (one very large pig, one small  
5-  
6- one) for his leadership role in the whole affair. Kamniel is acting for Kuluvos, and Melisa is an outsider who came in to "boss." Melisa's Nonopai (his mother's village and his place of residence) followers produced a very respectable but not large amount for one of the pigs. I didn't find out what the pay was for the second pig; it was very small and may not have been bought. Two young men of Nonopai who helped Melisa buy were given the honor of cutting his pigs.
- Tulei is Mokangkala. He wants to give a pig to Melisa because Melisa gave him food and looked after him when he was a little boy. Melisa made a somewhat public display of paying Tulei, who looks about seventeen years old, smiled, held the mias up, made a little talk about having fed Tulei when he was a child, and then handed him the mias. (That he gave this young man without power more than he gave his fellow memai shows forth again the New Ireland tendency

to give more to persons in weak positions, to equalize. He is helping Tulei start his career. In some other culture, he might try to block the competition.)

- 7- Kavok received two pigs from Mokamivas of Kuluvos (Emi, who still  
8- lives in Kuluvos, and Meleke, who married into and lives in Nonopai).

Kavok told me how much he gave for Laua's pig and then walked away, ignoring my next question. Another informant told me that Laua brought his pig to present to Komoi, of Kaf Kaf. Laua brought it in order to clear the road to a place where he had not been before. He comes to this malanggan following his wife of Lamakot, who comes following Takapan, the Big Man of Lamakot, who is her mokotok. Laua's idea was that Komoi could in this way "have his name inside the malanggan." He would be an "insider," to whom a pig was brought. Both his name and that of the bringer, Laua, could come to the attention of the people in this area. However, Kavok, not Komoi, bought the pig. Probably, Komoi wasn't ready with money and mias. I don't know Komoi's relationship to Kavok, if he has any.

- 10- Emi received three pigs as one of the givers of the malanggan: one  
11- from Kavok, for which she gave a large return; one from a relative  
12- by marriage from Fissoa, about fifty miles down the road; and one for her and Melisa from Seronge, of Livitua. He brought it to maintain the good name of Livitua, which had been maligned (see below).
- 13- Livitua brought three other pigs, and Francis talked and sang over  
14- them: one of his own, for Kamniel. Kamniel requested this pig  
15- from Francis. It is the only pig that Kamniel received at this occasion.

Semege brought a pig to Simeon to repay one Simeon had given Kamak (husband to Semege) when one of Kamak's children died, some years ago.

The pig of Pengas cannot be repaid, because it is to kattom the malanggan, buy it completely, "kill" it. Here is another case where the old work in the name of the young, to bring honor to the young: Pengas lives in Rabaul, and his old pupu, Pepa (the sister of the father of Makalo) feeds the pig. If the pig originally had to be purchased from someone else, Pengas, as a wage earner, probably gave the Australian currency.

- 16- Kase gave Rusrus a respectable minimum for her huge pig.
- 17- Pambali received mostly mias, and the maximum amount given (in my experience) for his large pig, which he brought to Sirapi, to repay her for looking after him when he was young. (She calls his name even though he is mokok, because he is much younger; about forty.) When it was time to buy Pambali's pig, Sirapi got Pala (they're supposed to avoid each other, and usually do), and they sat down with Kapin (Pala's wife), Rongo (their daughter), Randes (Kas' half-sister), and Seri: Sirapi's Tivingur relatives and their near-kin. Now others soon joined them: Israel, Matiu, Marau (Matunga's daughter), Bungaloo, Kombulau, Olol (wife of one of Rongo's brothers). Seri gives one mias, Piwas throws in a mias, Israel throws in five shillings; Eruel is sitting apart from us and doesn't budge. Sirapi gives the money and mias to Rongo and me to hand to Pambali, and he says "giro" (Good; thank you).

He was given a large amount because he is "one of the family," and they really are putting it back in their own baskets in this case. Pambali will be expected to produce the mias for Tivingur and their in-laws when it is needed. He is just back from a year in jail, and the huge pig has been faithfully tended for at least three years by

- his wife, Taia; but in his name. He is now honored, moneyed, miased and welcomed (and held) back "inside."
- 18- Matura of Nonopai is giving to his in-laws. He is married to Mokamiva, and Ontimo is Mokamiva, brother of all Mokamivas here at Kuluvos. Ontimo is also Emanuel's tamboos (brother-in-law). Lasisi of Lemusmus is a West Coast relative of Ontimo's who helped buy the pig.
- 19- Timot is the father of the mother of Masapal, the dead epileptic. He is also, Eruel once told me, "first here in Lauen." He is not a memai. He is a missionary, and I have seen him performing that function quite frequently. He is a small, thin, bent old man with white hair. Nonopai brought pigs to the funeral of Masapal, and it may be these he is reciprocating. I was given various names for the recipient of this pig, but all Big Mokamiva Men of Nonopai. Robin, who cut the pig, is the son of the brother of Meleke, who is probably the main recipient of the pig. He was brother to Makalo and William.
- 20- Someone from the West Coast brought a pig to Lamsisi, son of Lapuk, the dead memai of Kuluvos. One of Lamsisi's tamboos, Maris, married to a mokotok of Lamsisi's, cut the pig.
- 21- Pakulup of Lauen village sent this pig, at the last minute, in response to a request from Samuel and Lamsisi because "the two had no pig," according to one informant. (N.b. pig number 20, above, was for Lamsisi.) The pig came in the truck of Francis.
- 22- Timot received two pigs. (Timot is described in connection with pig number 19.) One was from Rakel, a Tivingo clanswoman from Kableman village, near Kavieng. The dead boy, Masapal, is Tivingo, and Rakel and her group also came to his funeral in November 1966. Sammy, one of Timot's pupus, cut this pig. The other pig came from Lemusmus for the combined funeral and malanggan for the drowned little girl.

24- The pigs of Sirapi and of Tulebung will go free to the feast because  
25- they are "sorry." The pig that is said to belong to Tulebung has  
been raised by his mother, Emi, while he himself works in Rabaul.  
This is another case of the mother passing on the honor of giving a  
pig to her child. Matiu cut Sirapi's pig, and Tulebung (with the help  
of his classificatory father, Esau, who was present) cut his own pig.

off and offer them to him; he throws them down, his father (Kamak) and I laugh, the baby cries. Pape, who is also sitting here, says "Go to papa." The baby does so; Kamak takes him on his lap, holds the child's head to his chest, his eyes hidden, pats him. He used to be a wandering, adventuresome baby. Now he is a New Ireland child. He--and I--both move slowly now, and he is afraid of rapid movements. (I have only been back from New Hanover two weeks, but I have slowed down again.<sup>19</sup> This child is not yet two years old. New Ireland culture has a thousand ways of telling you to slow down and be careful.)

They are very explicit about keeping their children away from me sometimes. Warau's young baby is approaching me, and Warau keeps saying "Manei!" (Stand away! Keep away!) I never hear them telling their children to keep away from other people. But usually there are a dozen relatives around that they do not have to keep away from, and who keep them away from one amongst them who is, for instance, trying to catch a pig. I saw Mitlang lightly spank the hand of her eleven-year-old grandchild who was reaching into Matunga's basket of mias; but that is as near as I have come to seeing "discipline"; except for two stronger incidents, described elsewhere. If the children avoid me here it has to do with New Ireland culture; not with contact with the Sisters at Lamakot, I think. New Ireland sees me as different and outside, and that is very important to them. Children are afraid, adults overcome their shyness to offer extra help. Eruel is again an exception: a Lauen child, who had not seen me before, was watching me the other day and Eruel said, gruffly, to it: "What are you staring at?"

#### Big Men Work: More Evidence

I go to see what is going on around Kamniel's cook house. His group has dug a hole about five feet by five feet, and they are making a mumu separate from the one down on the beach. Men of his group (from Paruai,

Wongerarum and Lemusmus villages) are carrying stones for the mumu (coral rubble) that they got down the road in various places and brought here in a car. Kavok and eight other men are carrying a huge log for fire wood. (Kavok seems to want to be a big man. In 1965, Taito told Nicolas Peterson that Kavok would succeed him as memai.)

#### Suspense and Social Pressure in Pig Buying

People are gathering in little groups to buy pigs. Sirapi and her group gather first to buy Pambali's (see Table ). Then Sirapi and Rusrus go over to get in with Emi's group, which has to buy at least three pigs. Pitalai tells me that it is "Melisa's line" that is gathered with Emi. (When they say 'line' they include clan members who are close, as well as non-clan members who are close; and people married to them. It means "followers" in this context.)

Buying pigs is sort of a "waiting game." They count the mias again and again, move it around, pick up a string and stretch it out again next to the others lying on the ground, or on a leaf. They usually do not take money until they think they have got out the last mias.

Sirapi, still in Emi's group, laboriously digs out mias now, hers making fifteen lying here on the ground. Everyone is intense and serious. Who feels he is the next to give? Who can out-fumble whom the longest, until there is enough? Now Emi very slowly opens a paper of money, puts down five shillings. Tulebung, her son, is playing the 'clerk' role, writing down who gave what. Manu, her husband, is here, but not in the center of things; standing on the edge. Wulos, Lepilis and Salome, and Siriu are here. Other potential contributors from Mangai (Matiu, Pambali, Bungaloo, Eruel) are near-by, but do not join the pig-buying group.

I see handfuls of mias changing hands, and I find out, in some cases, how much (see Table ).

Melisa is smoking and looking perplexed in another group. Only ten men are in his group, and one woman. Of course these people in these groups sitting on the ground are representatives of others; or so I think. I have given money to Sirapi to use as she wishes, because I have not figured out yet well enough what to do. She hesitates to take it. I think she prefers me to give publically, to show that I am "helping;" but nevertheless she finally took some money from me to "help" her. I think she must have taken from others who, like myself, are not sure what to do with it.

Melisa does not smile, as he usually does, when I take his picture. He is spending a lot of time looking at the money, shifting it slightly, using the characteristic stalling maneuvers.

Sirapi now moves over to the group buying the pig that Kosot brought to Matunga. Lovan is here, and his mother, Vasale; and his classificatory sister Wulos (who does a lot with Mangai in her role of daughter to Vasale). Lovan's son Simek is clerk, writing down who gives what. Mitland (wife of Matunga) is here. Ismael is here, a Mokangkai clansman like Lovan and Vasale. I do not know of any other connection he especially has to this group, but he is, nominally, one of Mangai's memai. He may be thinking mainly of his Mokangkai connections to Sirapi. Pala is here, as clan brother to Sirapi (and thus also classificatory brother to Matunga); and he gives five shillings. (Five shillings count as one mias, but mias is really more highly valued than Australian currency in this context. Kavok gave me the single figure "twenty-seven" to describe what he had paid for a pig once. Then he relented: "twelve mias and the rest money." No one else ever combined them in this way.)



Everyone who got pigs is buying pigs, so everyone who should help is supposed to be here. There are few in the "buying groups," compared to the large number of people all around going on about their various works. I am not sure about the manners and morals involved, but I think people are supposed to show their faces in the groups, if but briefly.

Seronge of Livitua has just arrived with his pig. He speaks over it in local dialect, then tells me what he said:

SERONGE: "I talked of this fashion of all who make ridiculing remarks (pidgin: tok bilas) about everybody. And me, I said something like this, over this pig: 'You make ridiculing remarks about everyone, (saying) that they do not do something. Now I want to let you know.'"

DB: "That Livitua is doing something."

SERONGE: "Yes, Livitua is doing something."

DB: "And you said 'almuk.'"

SERONGE: "I am almuk (tambo) to Makalo."

Melisa is smiling, holding up mias, which he gives to Tulei (see Table ).

Lovan, then Simek, then Melisa take mias over to Kamniel's side of the hamlet here. And someone is going to Simeon.

#### Pig Killing and Preparation

The garamut has started. Lingiris and old Pengas again are doing it. I go ask Eruei what it is for. It is to call everyone to do all the work regarding the pigs, he tells me. It is time to put the pigs in the mumu.

I go down to the beach. Time to kill the pigs. Some people must have started already, because I hear the pigs squealing.

Three of Rongo's brothers and Lina's brother Warakau and Rusrus' brother Warau are carrying Sirapi's pig further down the beach. Its belly

is heaving. They are going to a horrible death, these pigs. (The Europeans here think that killing pigs by suffocation is cruel and shows forth the heathen savagery of the natives. I do not know what way of killing they think is humane. I timed the suffocation once, and it took five minutes for the pig to cease all movement, but it ceased all violent movement after two minutes. In the Highlands they beat pigs on the head, an act of assertive aggression. Suffocation must seem less violent to New Irelanders. Furthermore--and this is their point--all the blood stays in the pig. Roast New Ireland pig is thereby enhanced in qualities of both taste and nutrition.)

All the pigs are gathered here on a grassy spot. There is some poor pig's last squeal. Wowuak and Pambali are struggling under the weight of some pig, not Pambali's.

One small mumu here on the beach is already covered. It must be the one for Kavok's pig that died last night. They cooked it right away so the pig would not spoil.

Beno (Rongo's youngest brother), Warakau, and Matiu are preparing to kill Sirapi's pig, while Lovan and Seronge have a snack on the beach. Warau, Simek, Rongo's brothers, and a few men I do not know are here doing the actual dirty work. They are all non-rank people, and mostly young.) One of Rongo's brothers and Wulos' husband are here helping to kill Pambali's pig that Sirapi bought.

Lepilis is here fretting. He says Piwas will go with dogs for his pig. The pig must come, because he has already "got a name" with the two women (Sirapi and Rusrus, toward whom he nods). Then, including me, he adds: with you, and with her (Sirapi) and with her (Rusrus). Lepilis looks quite miserable, and calls out to Igua (Mangai's "doctor boy" from New Hanover) for a smoke, which Igua produces from behind his ear.

Matunga and Pitalai are cutting fire wood. They are both big men in the modern system: Matunga is committeeman for Mangai, and Pitalai is councillor for Mangai, Livitua, and Lauen. In some cases people have told me that men are asked to 'work something' in a malanggan because they have a position of leadership in the modern system, and will be therefore able to get things done. New Ireland, like other places in the world, did not put forward their real leaders to be pawns in the colonial system. But some of their luluai were and are respected for their positions in both worlds; and their councillors are quite often memai, or at least respected individuals. But then New Irelanders are pretty much determined to respect everyone. Lamo was luluai for Mangai for years; following Sirapi's father, Lolo. Both were respected. Lepilis was luluai for Medina; people seemed to vary in their attitude toward him. Perhaps he had worked for too many white men, for too long.)

Some of the people who do not come very often are here today: Eron is sitting with Pambali and Kavok, watching the pig scene. Some of the Mokatitin clanspeople from camp, Pungum and Loliu, are here today. Mele (also from camp but of Mokangkai clan) is here; and so is Lamedeng (Tivingo clan), Eron's wife.

The pig-killing is under way. Some men here are trying to kill with just crossed sticks stuck in the ground, between which they try to choke the pig. The usual method is to wrap a bicycle innertube (or, lacking a tube, a rope) around the pig's nose. Now these men have loosened the sticks and are starting all over again. Simek has started to kill Pamabali's pig by wrapping an innertube around its nose; and he is not using sticks. Warakau comes and bops Simek on the head saying, "Simek isn't up to this (Simek e no inap)," and smiling. The tube is not long enough or tight enough, and the pig is breathing in at the corners of its mouth and between the gaps. One of Rongo's brothers comes with a rope which he wraps around, tightening the whole

thing and covering the corners. The pig succumbs.

Sirapi's pig is still waiting with the sticks around its neck. Or is it dead. I believe it is. I will go look. It is dead.

I go back up to the cook houses. Rusrus and Sirapi are putting taro slices on the leaves in which they will cook them. I say: "Your two pigs have died." Rusrus goes on with the taro, but Sirapi stops, looks up quickly: "Is it dead?" I said: "Yes. It died quickly. I am sorry for some pigs. Some men don't know how to kill them and the pigs keep squealing." Sirapi gives a short laugh, not light-hearted. (And so much for my attempt, once more, to find out how they feel about their pigs being killed. Certainly the kinds of expressions that I make are not made by New Irelanders. Doubtless they have learned to adopt the impassive stance which all farm families that kill animals for consumption must learn. New Irelanders give names to their dogs, but not to their pigs; presumably in anticipation of this day when they will eat them.)

Down on the beach, four Omo dancers walk around wearing their head-dresses. "They are just showing themselves, that's all," someone tells me. Wulos, Rusrus and one other woman run to them. Wulos gives them food and one other woman run to them. Wulos gives them food and one shilling, "because they have been taboo (in seclusion), and now they come out in the open place," she tells me. "You can give them a little food or something." The women enjoyed running up to these men, laughing, giving them food. That is one of the great pleasures in New Ireland culture: giving food. Rusrus gave sweet potato, sago, and taro.<sup>20</sup>

(I have heard a couple of these women say, to no one in particular, but about me: "Oh, she has so much work." I am glad that some people have finally realized this, so they will not think badly of me for not working in the cook houses all the time.)

It is 4:30 p.m. The Omo men came through just as the last of the pigs was being hung up (with sticks between their tied legs, hung between two raised poles) for de-hairing. A huge fire burns briefly under them and then, singed, they are taken down. Someone calls a name, and someone responds, joking, "Yessuh, master."

The pigs are set down in several groups at this stage, and the men put Mangai's three (Sirapi's, Pambali's, Matunga's) together. Tomorrow all the pigs will be put in a single line. I suppose by then each person will know where in the line his pig is.

The men are brushing ashes off the pigs, some with leaves. Lepilis is wandering around, muttering that his pig may still come up tomorrow. He is quite upset.

Now the men begin to cut off the legs of the pigs. They are cooked separately, by the women. I go around asking everyone who is cutting whose pig. The answers do not mesh, without considerable probing of genealogies and connections, with what I have learned before. (Once one man mumbled: "What, do I have to cut and talk as well?" I pretended not to hear. That was at the Livitua malanggan. Here, Kavok is the only one who seems to resent me, but I do not like this job, anyway. I know they do not like to be bothered. But one is most likely to get a correct, or at least a convincing, answer about men and pigs when one man and one pig are together in the same spot.)

Warakau collects the twelve legs from our pigs and takes them up to Sirapi. Emanuel is pouring various kinds of innards on a leaf full of sliced taro. Kavok holds up a liver to be tied with a string, and it is then immediately transferred to a taro-filled banana leaf. Nothing is wasted. Tokas is out in the sea again (I have seen him doing this unpleasant chore before at other feasts) cleaning out the intestines.

Matunga and a white-haired memai from Lakuramau village are carrying more stones to the mumu. Lovan is just standing around. (Was a memai ever thus made?) There was no pig magic, so far, not that I saw, anyway. (I have only seen it once. It must be optional: like napkin rings. Grace is always said at feasts, but never, so far as I know, at home. It is more a signal that all may begin to eat, I think, rather than a magico-religious act. It is also, however, an acknowledgement of respect.)

The mumu is about seventeen feet by seven feet, about twice the size of Livitua's, for fewer pigs; and heaped with huge stones. There is strong reason to hope that the pigs will be well done.

I go up to inspect the situation at Kamniel's cook house. There are five pigs going into his pig mumu there; and there is a separate small mumu, being made by the women, for grease, liver, and so forth. (In this area, men make the pig mumu, and women make the mumu for the vegetable foods and small packets of fish, pig liver, and so forth. Milika, who has just a touch of the prima donna about her, tells me somewhat indignantly that in Lesu the men do all the heavy work: making the mumu, bringing the food from the gardens, bringing the firewood, carrying heavy bundles of leaves from the bush and so forth. All these are women's jobs here, and Milika found it very hard to make her shoulder learn to carry the heavy eval, sticks with burdens hung on both ends, that women carry here. In Lesu, the bundles that women do carry are put in baskets with big handles and hung around the forehead. But Milika conformed when she moved to Livitua. Milika told me that the women here laugh at her for not tying her bundles just right the way they do. Maybe that is why she works with her mother, rather than with Sirapi. Milika is helping the Livitua women make mumu around their cook house, and Sirapi and Rusrus are making mumu in Emi's cook house.

5:50 p.m. and another pig arrives. It is from Pakulup of Lauen, and it is for Samuel and Lamsisi, according to Pitalai. They asked Pakulup for it, because (Pitalai tells me) "the two had no pig." It came on the truck of Francis, and he makes a little speech over it:

FRANCIS: "Ai! Councillor (Pitalai); Lasuwot; Lovan; Lamsisi; Emanuel. We are surprised now, because we hear that a pig has just come up, and it is already dark."

DB: "Tell me about this, Francis."

FRANCIS (to DB): "This pig came late. They'll put it in a separate mumu. Lamsisi along with Samuel requested it to come to them."

Emanuel, who is standing near us, says to us:

EMANUEL: "There is no time now. He just made the request, just now. If he had asked earlier it (the pig) would have been held fast earlier. Now it will go into a separate mumu."

Francis looks tired. The women are staring into space, have been for the last two hours. But they all say they will dance tonight. Kaute said of course she will dance! Rongo looks tired.

Laksia just walked by. Yesterday I asked about him and Sirapi said he was in jail. We do not know yet what happened.

#### FRIDAY NIGHT (MAY 12)

##### The Party the Night Before the Last Day

We all went back to Mangai to eat, rest, wash, and put on our party clothes. We arrived back in Lauen about 11:15 p.m. Kas, Milika, Kas' young relatives (and friends) Wylip and Lamet all started out riding in my truck, along with many others, but Kas got out, and insisted that Wylip and Lamet come out with him, saying that they would walk: the truck is too full.

Milika said, after he got out, "He gamon (pretends)!" She wanted to turn right around and go back to Mangai. I drove on to Lauen, telling her that if she still wanted to go back after we got there, I would take her. She sat next to me, annoyed. After a while, she said (as much to herself as to me): "He was cross because the car was too full." Milika has been annoyed when other people demand rides in my car and other things of me and, in her view, use me. Her relationship with me is quite different from that of the others, mainly, I think, because of her individual life experiences; but partly because Lesu women are, I think from the little bit I know of them, a bit stronger than local women in various ways; socially and in personality. She does not ask little things for herself from me, not even for smokes. When she asks me for something, it is because she needs it and cannot afford it or does not know how to get it from the European world; not because she wants to give and take with me, or anyone else, to form a social relationship. I feel free to ask her for things, and she does a lot of the basic things for me without my asking.

We arrive at Lauen to hear Piskaut and the Mangai boys playing "Jingle Bells" on their guitars, and singing along.

Lasuwot came with us. He had said he would not come, but when I drove through the Livitua camp to pick up people, he jumped in, too, saying: "Oh, I want to sing too much."

We go and sit outside our (Emi's) cook house, and I tape "Jingle Bells." I interrupt this song on my tape to catch the Livitua women doing "Sinsinnuk," a traditional number, which they are singing just in their own cook house.



A group is coming along the road with guitar music, coming in a big group, just like a procession with a malanggan mask, or with a traditional song, or bringing bamboo for a cemetery fence. The group is from Lemusmus on the West Coast. Lingiris tells me that we must give them all money. He means we should slip a shilling to someone we know or like.

I say to one of them, "You are well-decorated!" and he responds, just audibly over his soft embarrassed laugh, "Yes."

Midnight at Emi's cook house. Kongis and her group of younger women are here. Some of the women are still in my truck: Milika, Wusuku, Loliu, a few others (hugging the home fires). Lasuwot is sitting just outside the Livitua cook house with a couple of his people. The others are all sitting in their cook house. Our people (from Mangai) are sitting in our cook house. In short, they have scarcely ventured from their own groups. (This is another manifestation of New Ireland "shyness," the low level of exploratory behavior: "following the known path." The Livitua women have a big benzine lamp outside their house (for the public) and just a tiny lantern within (for themselves). The mumu is reassuringly steaming away.)

The two Chinese "stores" (trucks containing merchandise that go up and down the road every day) are here. From what people tell me, it is not "mouli" (soft drinks) that they are selling. I am told that they sell a lot of liquor at these affairs, but I never see it and rarely any signs of it. There are plenty of people who do not drink, or who drink only a "taste" to show their sophistication. There are many cars here, lining the road. Tony Thomas (of English descent, aged nineteen) is here with a Thomas and Sons truck, rented by a village near town for the occasion.

When we got here the Omo men were building a "stage" on which to perform tomorrow. Why should they be doing this in the middle of the party? No people were ever less equipped, surely, for parties. They are much better at work: careful, routine, "ritualized" familiar work. (Reminds me of life on an American mid-western farm, where they play a game of Snap after dinner and then turn in.)

Suddenly, Kombulau starts a song: first she leads, then Sambuan (who often seems to lead) does. The ladies are singing for my tape recorder, as they often have; and they are competing with the young men's guitars. They are putting their all into it, and it sounds very good; as it always does. This is a traditional song, one they know well. They always seem to be ready and willing and happy to sing such a song, together. The children are all singing along, shouting out, smiling.

At some distance I am watching a group of dancers: two young men and a group of kids. I know, from what I have seen before and from discussions with Alice (the Mangai teacher) that they are doing their conception of the Twist, the "modern style" of dancing, in their view. All but the older young man appear to me clumsy: he is merely wrong. They are all jerks and stops, all angular, no flow, no grace: and all embarrassment. But Luverida, aged late fifties, comes and, while all yell with laughter, does it very nicely. (He has the confidence and the skill to do the Twist steps in New Ireland fashion, which makes it beautiful, sexy, and, to these young children, embarrassing. I saw Kanda--Lasuwot's brother with the jaw cancer--who is something of a dandy, for New Ireland--dance once like this and get a similar, but more subdued, response. It was a mission party. Probably no individual is supposed to be so good--stand out from the crowd--until or unless a party "gets off the ground.")

Sirapi sees that I am watching Luverida, and she says: "Luverida already is 'sparking'" (i.e. he's had a drink, enough to make him high and ready to play). He is certainly not drunk, from what I can see. Sirapi is ever-so-slightly mocking his ostentation. He is her mokok, slightly taboo. An hour later Biliton (Luverida's first and oldest wife) was dancing, also very gracefully, by herself. I said to Sirapi, "All the old people have 'savvy'" (i.e. know how to dance well); and Sirapi said, with just a touch of disapproval in her tone, "All the old people are 'sparking'."

I say to Yaraka, who is standing around with his white dog (called "Snowball"): "Yaraka, you do not want to dance?" (This is the form and the question repeated over and over on such occasions, as people try to get other people to go first, "let themselves go," start the action so that others can slip in and dance unnoticed. Actually, I suppose, they want to be noticed, but they do not want it to look as though they are trying to be noticed.) Yaraka said, smiling, "I can't dance in front of you two tamboos." (He referred to Sirapi and me. He is nantuwak to her, a brother of Makalo's.)

Kaute and a couple of Livitua women have come over to our cook house. (This is a step toward being adventuresome. Kaute is Kanda's third wife, and she is a bit adventuresome.)

I go to talk to Milika in the car. She says that one of the women has been drinking, but she in no way showed it (to me). Milika yelled to her: "Hey, why don't you come sit inside the car." Milika said then I would smell liquor on her breath.

Milika and I saw Beno slip on the road, and Milika said: "He's already 'sparking,' or completely drunk."

(Milika manifests a much more strongly negative attitude toward drinking than do most people. She views the problems she has had with Kas as being related entirely to his drinking: this takes his money, and leads him to do things she does not like.)

Milika stayed in my car until just before I left, about 2:30 a.m., to go back to Mangai. She only got out when Kas came and got her. (Why was she upset? She did not want Kas to drink, but she was upset also because she was disappointed. Perhaps she thought she was going to a dance with her husband, the way Europeans do, and the young New Irelanders follow suit. She, more than any other woman in Mangai, feels unsure of herself in these "semi-modern" situations. I think she wishes she had gone on to school herself and become a teacher, so that she could be independent; and she feels some jealousy about educated New Irelanders, and embarrassed lest she appear unsophisticated. To me, she seemed very intelligent, and sophisticated in understanding herself and the ways of the world: understanding enough to know what she did not know, and to want to learn. When Milika and I went to the Livitua malanggan together, she wanted me to show her how to dance. I said I did not know how, and that this was all her fashion, not mine. She and two of the other young, uneducated women said: "Oh no, this is your fashion here, not ours." The other women were content to sit and watch and keep out of the way, but Milika wanted me to show her how to participate.)

I have seen the educated elite dancing in European fashion, men with women; but at this party, even the educated elite dance only with members of their own sex, though the dance is some version of a European dance. Earlier Pitalai (age about forty) was wandering around holding hands with an older man, Langasin (aged about sixty); and now he is holding hands with some young man. In between times he held the tape recorder for me. I have not seen him dancing.

(At the Livitua malanggan, Kas directed a group of children to dance, and they did, looking stiff and scared but pleased. Kas ordered them in the tone of a drill sergeant, and led the dance himself in a drill sergeant's version of the twist on the drill field. His treatment of the children is very different from the New Ireland pattern, and perhaps it is the approach necessary to push **them** through their shyness. They did seem to enjoy their moment on the stage, which Kas procured for them.)

I do not see any husbands and wives together. People sit and move almost entirely with members of their own sex. Husbands and wives are seen together occasionally outside their hamlet, but it must be unusual, because I have noticed it. Bungaloo and her husband Warau (Rusrus' brother) walked here tonight late, alone, together. This morning Luverida carried Kombulau (his second wife) here on his bike. (Kombulau was smiling and laughing, with pleasure, I think, at Luverida's performance. I said "You have a good men, Kombulau," and she tapped my arm in feigned coyness and laughed.) It is possible for husband and wife to appear together in public, but they much more frequently appear with members of their own sex.

Warakau and some older man are now dancing "European fashion:" sometimes pelvis to pelvis. Malu et al are now laughing: "Oh, Warakau!," she calls. The older man claps ostentatiously for himself, and Warakau and some of the women join in. Malu cannot seem to stop laughing. (She may have had a spot too much.) The older man is Laving, a Tivingur from Nonopai; but Sirapi did not know his name (even though he was of her clan and she knows most names) and had to ask (for me). (They are all clearly uncomfortable with the new styles of dancing, but they seem to feel that they ought to make a stab at it. It's just so far from, and contradictory to, their own style: delicate, graceful, small, slight movements, done with a group, the individual disappearing within the group, each member of which makes identical movements.)

Laving is a clown. Warakau is trying to imitate him. Laving is doing a skillful satire on European dancing, using grace and control to mock the heavy movements of Europeans; Warakau is trying to suggest European heaviness through loss of control. New Ireland culture does not like loss of control, but the women are not ridiculing Warakau. They must realize that he is trying to take a step they would not dare attempt.

It is 2:30 a.m. and I am leaving. No one is coming with me. I am not surprised: they seem to need very little sleep. I tell Tony Thomas I will leave a thermos of coffee and a tin of cake for him on my doorstep to help him keep awake on the drive back to Kavieng. Later he told me he had stopped at my house about 5:30 a.m. with his sleepy passengers, who were not the last to leave Kuluvos.

#### SATURDAY, MAY 13

##### Malanggan: The Last Day of Ceremonies

I arrived at Lauen about 10:00 a.m. People are bustling about, finishing preparations for this and that. But some are asleep on the beach, on the benches, and I suppose in the houses. I see men and children, not women, sleeping publically.

Emanuel is completing the painting of the cement monument. It is a pointed monument, about eight feet tall, resting on a base of four steps. On each step, Emanuel is painting a name and date of death.

Also in the cemetery, some men are putting up a little fence to surround the place where the two free pigs will rest: those pigs brought by Tulebung and by Sirapi. Later, someone tells me, they will install two memai here: Tulebung and Tavakariu, respectively mokotok and son of William. There is a little stage here, about four feet above the ground, containing decorated pig-carrying poles in its structure, on which the memai will be installed.

Sirapi told me that Melisa had announced when I was not here last Wednesday that a memai would be installed on Saturday. He had said it would be Tulebung. Then Sirapi said, after I prodded her, that there would be two memai, both Tulebung and Tavakariu. Sirapi tells me, "By and by today they will decorate a memai. They will put on him reek (pidgin: tanget; English, Victory leaf shrub). They will put powdered lime on his face, fasten reek on his arm, put a kep kep (the well-known shell neck ornament of New Ireland) around his neck, give him labui (pidgin: gorgor; English, ginger root), and a spear."

Sirapi also tells me that Lovan has stopped Lepilis' pig from coming. Lovan has said that Lepilis should save the pig for a malanggan that Lovan will have in Purapot. There are three dead there now: Selene (Sambuan's twin sister), Lowel (Panakaia hamlet) and a West Coast woman's child who died at Lemakot hospital before it even had a name. The mother, Kuseo, has a relative in Mangai (Delilah, married to Mokangkai Ismael) and they asked Lovan if they could bury the child in the Purapot cemetery. (I remember when Sirapi tells me this story that Lovan said he had some of his own bisnis in the cemetery now, and that he was looking after other peoples' relatives who were not of his clan. Lowel, like Lovan, was Mokangaki. This is the first I had heard that Lovan planned to give a malanggan. There has been no malanggan in Mangai since just after World War II. This is a surprise. Lovan's actions at this malanggan must now be viewed in terms of his intentions for the future. Israel had told me that Panakaia hamlet wanted to bury Lowel, but Kas wanted her in Purapot, her father's place.)

### Malanggan Arrive

About 10:30 a.m., and there are few people here. Nonetheless, the Mangai malanggan is arriving. Led by Langiro, Eruel, Lovan, and Matunga, the men come singing. Lingiris and old Pengas are playing the garamut for them. A little house they have made is waiting, and in it they set up the vavara. I wonder if they have deliberately been unostentatious about the bringing of this vavara.

When the vavara is in place, I approach Lovan, who is putting the finishing touches on the installation. This, I hope, is my big chance to finally find out what one malanggan, at least, means. I had been completely unsuccessful in this quest, though it was one which I had pursued faithfully and with great interest. Lovan tells me the name of the vavara, where it came from, how it got here: all information which I already had. I point to the circles of paint, one yellow, one blue. Yes, Lovan says, a blue circle, and a yellow circle, and we bought the paint at the store because it lasts longer.<sup>21</sup> As I look at the carved head of a bird that projects from the center of the vavara I notice that it is upside down, and I say so: "The bird's head is upside down." Lovan seems pleased that I have noticed: Yes! The bird's head is upside down. I say: "Now, Lovan, why?" And he says, "Because that is the way this malanggan is made: the bird's head is upside down." I say, "All right, thank you, Lovan."

This interview was helpful in one respect, anyway: I conceded defeat. I know that I might as well give up seeking more detailed meanings, if this is all I can learn from Lovan; my friend and neighbor, an articulate, analytical man who is a carver and who understands art.<sup>22</sup>



There is nothing unostentatious, an hour later, when Paruai arrives with Mavis' malanggan, which Livitua will buy. They come, singing, from the far end of the village, which borders Paruai, and walk down through Lauen. They carry their malanggan on a kind of stretcher on the shoulders of four men. The malanggan is hidden under leaves.

Lasuwot talks, receiving the malanggan: "Ah!" He spoke in local dialect. Neither I nor those who were helping me to interpret were near enough to hear him; but the tape I recorded, transcribed years later, caught the words "Tulebung" (the name of the young man who is to be made a memai), "pirin" (respected elders, probably here the two dead) and, most important, these: "Pasal, Makalo! Pasal, William!" Pasal is a word often used to the children by some people: "walk about," or "walk along," or "walk away:" never "walk toward me." Thus, "Walk away, Makalo! Walk away, William!" He calls them "pirin," respected big men, in this case dead; but he mentions Tulebung. Tulebung will now take over the duties of big men amongst the living: walk away, big men who are dead. (I feel quite certain, from specific conversations such as the one described earlier with Melisa; and from an abundance of evidence of a less direct nature, that this talk of Lasuwot's should be interpreted as symbolic. There is no literal, detailed, mystical belief that the spirits of Makalo and William are present. Melisa attributed such a belief to his savage forefathers. Still, individuals doubtless vary. Informants vary. The culture may not be explicit: a culture without priests has no final authority in these matters, and even cultures with priests have no final descriptions.)

When Lasuwot finishes talking, Francis goes to stand where Lasuwot had been standing: near the little house which has been built by the Paruai people to receive their malanggan. Francis spoke partly in local dialect and said, among other things:

FRANCIS: "Makalo. Pasal te Makalo? Yung," which means "Makalo. 'Walk away' to Makalo? Yes." That is, do I say "go away" to my brother and friend? Yes, even I do.

Now the Livitua people go to the Paruai people to buy the malanggan. The old lady Vakwar goes first, to Simeon. Lasuwot hands a mias to old Pape (Makalo's father's sister), who takes it to Tangai (the young man representing Mavis). Francis calls the names, and one of Kamak's teenage daughters goes, and then Thomas, to the men of Paruai. Seronge gives another mias to Vakwar (his wife) to carry: Francis gives one to his sister Kaute. Luverida gives a mias to Francis to hand on to Luverida's first wife, Biliton; and off she goes, with her pipe, as ever, in her mouth. Lingiris gives to his wife (Simbaiko); Milika goes, Wona (Erue's wife, but where is Erue?) goes. And so on. When it all comes to an end, Simeon starts singing again, and the procession moves on toward the little display house.

But there is more work to be done. They have brought with them materials for constructing a screen of coconut fronds, behind which they will set up the malanggan. I notice that the men at the back of the group are not singing. They are probably just along to swell the ranks.

While we are waiting, we hear a little garamut. I ask the names of this and that and how the various decorations are made, and chat with Pitalai and Lingiris. Pitalai says to me, teasing me slightly, "You're

a woman of the inside of malanggan now. You're not outside now; you're inside now, for all work." (Thus again, inside and outside are important concepts; but used to include, even me, rather than to exclude.)<sup>23</sup>

They tell me that Sirapi's pig will be put on the little stage where the memai will be installed. I try to find out why Sirapi's pig was chosen: because it was free? or for Makalo? and so on; but apparently it was more a matter of proximity. The memai stage is near the graves; Sirapi's pig is to be near the grave of Makalo. Any pig at the feast may be used for the installation of a memai, and Sirapi's will be convenient. (That the stage for memai installation is near the graves of the dead cannot be a matter of convenience. It can only refer to the transfer of leadership from the dead to the living. To me, today, these associations seemed symbolic. That is, as far as I could tell, they do not "believe in" "ancestor spirits" in the sense that Hamlet "believed in" his father's ghost; or in the sense that some of the Irish playwrights have their characters "believing in" saints.)

DB (To Lingiris, Pitalai, and Emanuel): "Do they have to ask Sirapi?"

EMANUEL: "They must talk straight to Sirapi. But they must 'lose' here, it must go to an old memai." (His response indicating that Sirapi should be asked was mere courtesy, I think, in deference to my being one of Sirapi's "group." In Emanuel's view, the important aspect of memai installation is that a new memai has to give pay to an established memai. The pig is, I think, just decoration for the event.)

We are still waiting for the display of the Paruai malanggan. It is 12:10 a.m., and they arrived at 11:45. They have taken malanggan, stretcher-like carrier and all into the tiny display house, and the stretcher is being fed out again now. None of the Paruai men here is old Mavis,

the men now tell me (in response to my question). He is too old and not well, he is not able to come. (But he hath honor yet, or at least his group has power.) Simeon is leading this, along with the younger Tangai.<sup>24</sup>

They call this "big work," but it is also play. They cannot justify play, so they call this "work." (They do seem much less interested than I am in seeing the end result, the malanggan displayed. Are they bored? Undemonstrative? Jealous? In the old days, when you had to pay, they say, to see these things, perhaps they charged what the traffic would bear, and it was cheaper if you looked indifferent. I paid five shillings to see a man play the lanaut, a whistling drum, at the Lakuramau malanggan. He asked that price and I paid it. Or perhaps it is unseemly to show strong interest in a malanggan carving, rather like examining evaluatively the decorative details of a coffin lining, or of a badge of honor while it is being presented.)

In the old days, the men now tell me, smiling, people took very seriously all the taboos surrounding the making and display of malanggan. (But it is not really taken seriously now, it is more a game. Perhaps it was always a game; or perhaps the serious part then was what remains the serious part: the transfer of resources, which show forth and constitute relationships amongst individuals and groups. We tend to assume and presume that primitive peoples before contact lived in a state of Total Conviction and Commitment to their culture. The "slave to custom" idea has been put to rest amongst anthropologists, but it lives among some ex-"primitives" as part of their conception of their own forefathers.)

All the Paruai men have now disappeared inside the little display house, and have begun to sing. (This is an act comparable to one familiar to the western world where all the clowns get into one small car, or come out of it.) The garamut goes briefly: Lingiris tells me that they sing now to finish this work.

Simeon shouts out, first in local dialect, then in pidgin: "With this talk we now break open the enclosure!" And the men come out and break open the screen of coconut leaves that they had just built. Having hidden their work, they now reveal it, completed, with a flourish.

Simeon goes on talking (in local dialect; Lingiris tells me what he is saying): "Simeon talks about who had this malanggan first. It came from the island Teripas. Now it comes and sits down here. There is no big man who requested this: all the big men of this place, they are lost already. Now all the boats, all the canoes that used to come here from Tabar, they stay in Tabar. He talks metaphorically now," Lingiris says, "of this canoe that they used to call out to, that it should come ashore here. (Pidgin: Em oli tok piksa long dispela kanu i savvy singoutim em i kam sior hia.)

DB: "Just talks metaphorically." (I.e. there are no canoes from Tabar waiting out on the sea to be invited in that must go on waiting for want of a big man).

LINGIRIS: "Yes."

Beong, the old white-haired memai of Nonopai (who is always pleasant to me, and direct) now tells me that this malanggan belonged to him before, and he then brought it to Mavis.

DB: "When did you bring it to Mavis?"

BEONG: "When Mavis gave a malanggan in Paruai."

DB: "For whom that was dead?"

BEONG: "For all that were dead."

DB: "A long time ago?" (I thought perhaps he meant after World War II, when villages had malanggan for all who had died during the war in the bush.)

BEONG: "No, not a long time. During this year that has just finished."

The malanggan is set up, and people disperse. Lingiris comes with me to look at it. It is a woodcarving showing two men. It is in high relief on an oblong block, around the edges of which are small detailed designs.

DB: "Now tell me about this, Lingiris."

LINGIRIS: "This is a picture of the two brothers, Makalo and William." (Lingiris is making the picture fit the situation. Malanggan designs are fairly standard. If Beong took this malanggan to Mavis last year, for "all" who were dead, would it still be the same malanggan if it had three big men in it, or only one; or if they were walking instead of standing? I could not find out, with hypothetical questions.)<sup>25</sup>

DB: "And this (band around each head), is this just decoration?"

LINGIRIS: "Just decoration, to divide the heads" (i.e. serve a design purpose).

This malanggan, like all malanggan, uses some works of nature to add to the work of man: flowers, roots, branches, and so on. Lingiris explains that the branch used in this one is effective decoration because it lasts a long time; unlike another small part of the decoration, which he says will quickly dry out.

This malanggan, like many others, uses betel nuts around it. I ask Lingiris about this and hear, as I have heard before, that it is just decoration.

Lingiris and I go over to the Mangai malanggan and the cement monument next to it. Again Lingiris says the betel nut around this malanggan is not important (pidgin: samting nating); if a man wants to eat it, get it and eat it. (But I have never seen anyone do that. Perhaps it was more common in the old days during the revelry that followed the conclusion of the rites and exchanges.) At the corners of the little display house that Lovan and Matunga have built they have affixed the roots, cleaned and dainty, of two plants. Lingiris and, later, Matunga both told me these were just decoration.

Lingiris volunteers what others have volunteered before to me: that this thing, malanggan, does not belong to New Ireland, but comes from Tabar. "If they all want to see it they must bring a pig and mias. The malanggan is not brought for nothing. It costs big pay. If it is bought, a pig killed, mias: all right, a man can go and look, and they will show him their work." (As in other conversations with other people about other things, I note that it is taken for granted that the work is interesting and good. What is continually stressed is that those who know how will not show you, which is tantamount to teaching you, unless they receive a big payment.) I mention that some women are coming to look at Mangai's malanggan. Lingiris says: "Women can come and look now. The work is finished now." There are only a few women here, many others who do not come to look, and who do not show interest.

The cement monument has a hollow part, glassed over, in which the constructors placed a photograph of William, and the false teeth of Makalo. Lingiris tells me that Sirapi brought these teeth of Makalo. She took them out of his mouth when he died. He had got them at Vunapope Catholic mission hospital (near Rabual). I ask what they did with bones before. Lingiris said they had to be buried.

DB: "They did not hold the bones in the house."

LINGIRIS: "No. If a man wanted to do something with the bones, he had to get the head to do something with. For working whatever kind of thing (he wanted to work), all right, they had to get the face. Now everything (else) they had to put back in the ground."

Lingiris explained that the teeth could be saved even when a man was cremated: "The teeth don't 'light' (catch fire), they remain." And they could be saved by the family, and sometimes were.

The cement monument had four steps, tiered downward. The names of the dead and their date of death were painted on each step, and read thus, from top to bottom:

William Malabes

Died 19/8/1962

DANEL. Makalo

Died 25/4/1963

Aser. Masapal

Died 11/11/67

MARE. Sabuaag

8-5-67

New Memai, More Pay

It is 12:50 p.m. and Kase is talking. He says "All right, there is another memai again." (I did not understand that at the time, and no one explained. I just thought he meant that he was doing some talking. In fact, he had taken over the top spot in this malanggan, and become the leading memai for the rest of the occasion.) He went on to say that everybody must come together to buy malanggan, to buy cement. And after that, the singsing of Omo will come up.



And so we all pay everything again. This time the mias and money heaps into mounds: Emanuel's is on the top step of the cement monument, on which William's name is written. While people are still putting money on William's step, Kavok goes up and stands near the monument and calls out "the cement for Makalo." Emanuel collects his, puts it down, hands a mias to Kase and asks him to call out his (Emanuel's) name. He personally takes the mias to Kavok to kattom for the cement of Makalo.

Later Emanuel told me the amount he had received: 38 mias and 25 pounds. Previously, he told me, he had received (on one occasion) 17 mias plus 10 pounds 10 shillings and 6 pence; and (on another occasion) 7 mias plus six pounds. Totals: 62 mias, and 41 pounds 10 shillings. I did not learn how much Kavok received, nor how much either of them finally kept.

The pay for Masapal's cement is going to Makeas, the brother of Pape in Nonopai. (It is not clear to me why: but he is the third man designated to perform this service, all three from Nonopai or Sali. Makeas is married to Usor, and they live in Mangai.)

Matunga now stands near the malanggan. I hear him say, "Now I asked Kase . . ." (I still did not realize what had happened. As it turned out, many people did not seem to know. Probably some never found out, and did not care. Apparently, with Melisa no longer serving in the memai role, Matunga asked Kase if he could collect more for the malanggan, and Kase said yes. Was the malanggan bought completely, or was the pay just pay to the men who brought it, just for its display? That was unclear to me, and perhaps it was a decision that was avoided. But I think this one pay would be enough only to "pull" the malanggan to Lauen, not to kattom it there. Pigs and mias had already been exchanged in such amounts as to

bring the malanggan back to Mangai.) Simeon (who brought the malanggan of Mavis to Livitua) goes first with a mias for the bringer of the malanggan from Mangai. Then the Omo village brother of Emi, Melangas, goes: his "mobile malanggan" has not yet been displayed. Someone has put down an empty cement bag to receive the pay. Sakias and his line from Ngavallis village go. The Lauen line is not here, which would confirm my view that they are not buying the malanggan to bring it to Lauen. Livitua people go. Kavok--he waited a while, but he went. I think this is the first time he has given to Mangai for the malanggan. Kase sends someone with a mias now. A lot of people have disappeared, just "melted away," as they do, when the pay begins for something they do not want to pay for. (They do not like to be rude, so they just disappear.)

Kase talks about Makalo, saying that he has come back again to Lauen (his mother's place), that he no longer belongs at Livitua (his father's place). He was born, raised, secluded, brought out, married in Livitua: there he lived and died. Still, his body came home to his mother's land.

A young man I have not seen before makes a talk and gives several mias and several pounds--I am not sure to whom. Later I ask him to explain. He is Peta, and he comes from Tandes village, about one hundred miles down the road.

PETA: "I worked a malanggan for my mother, at Tandes; and Melisa came and helped. Now I reciprocate."

DB: "You return it. Did Melisa bring a malanggan?"

PETA: "We all worked a vavara, and he helped us with the buying. Now we help him with buying."

DB: "When did you come here, just today?"

PETA: "Yesterday."

DB: "And did you say that you gave big pay because you were not here earlier to help with the earlier occasions of buying?"

PETA: "Yes."

DB: "I heard you say something about the fashion of the 'white skins'."

PETA: "This malanggan--I know this work, the work of drying caocao. I dry beans. Now in this work, I've become friends with Melisa. That is the basis (pidgin: ass) of this thing (i.e. of Melisa's going there to help, and Peta's coming here). I'm not following. . . ."

DB: "You're not a relative or something--you are a friend, in the fashion of the white man."

PETA: "Yes. I'm not bisnis, following our own fashion."

(This instance perhaps points to the future course of malanggan. People may take "roads" other than kinship roads, and still find ways to come together to support malanggan.)

#### Omo Village Brings Its Performance

A very rough count indicates about 280 here. I have not gone over to Kamniel's cook house. It is 2:30 p.m. and in the distance we hear, at last, the singing of the Omo group. (I urge Lasuwot to come with me to see. Even the children do not hurry as I do to these events. But I think I am too pushy by New Ireland standards.)

All in the Omo group are wearing large, elaborate headdresses; and their faces are covered with powdered lime. They come singing. There are women in the group: there were none making the headdresses. The Omo group climbs up on their stage, and their leader speaks, harshly:

"Ah! You, all Kuluvos, where? Where are you, Kuluvos? Kuluvos, where? This is Kuluvos true here, or where are the true people of Kuluvos? You must watch us--by and by you will be happy afterward. But I cannot teach your tastes (form your preferences, tell you what to like), all of you. If you want to watch me, you watch me."

Merange, a memai whom I have watched speaking, very well, in his home village of Panapai (near Kavieng), steps forward, holding out mias to the Omo group:

MERANGE: "Ah! You come! There are two without men again for this thing. I am not inside, and I have no piece of ground here; I am outside altogether for this thing. Why did I come here? I follow after my father here."

He went on to talk about Sirapi's coming to his village, bringing warm packets of food of all sorts, and finishing thus: "I come because I am papa to her (to Sirapi). And I come here again to Kuluvos to find it littered with people. They know the two men used to go around to all places, on foot, to bring their help around to all places. Now I come here again and I am surprised a little to find that inside it is full up (with people). They have not got a man to go first for them, and (yet) all come again."

He gives Sirapi one mias, then he gives one to Rusrus. Kase gives one to Emi. Rusrus is in a headdress and has her face powdered with lime: Sirapi and Emi are not decorated. Kase gives Rusrus another mias, and she passes it on to another woman to carry over. Now they go over to the Omo group and give them the mias, to buy the singsing (song and dance). Sirapi gives her mias to some woman. Simeon walks across, gives to the old man of the group. Sirapi comes back to Merange, then takes five shillings across to the stage.

And so Merange and Kase go on passing out mias, Merange calling out in his dialect, "Buy the singsing: kattom!"

People are much more interested in these "live" shows than in the malanggan carvings. They press forward and stay to the end (about twenty minutes). During the singsing, on what looks like but does not seem to be a wobbly stage, there is enough movement to either break or knock off half the headdresses. Or was it the heat and the sweat pouring down their faces that provoked the performers into removing the headdresses? (Later, when I bought them, for two pounds each, the Omo men volunteered that some of the headdresses had broken during the performance, and they were a little reluctant to accept my pay on that account.) During the dance they all wore around their waists leaves that give off an amazing clean fresh fragrance.

Wulos is in this dance, and (she told me later) after she "went inside" the Omo dance she became taboo to work relating to the mumu. Rusrus went into the dance, too, but just today, I gathered. Sirapi put on some powder, put a flower in her mouth, and just "stood up" in the singsing. Later when I asked her about it all, she said they told her to stand near the stage and give mias; and then they told her to join the dance. (She did not say so, but I presume that this is another example of the New Ireland tendency to take people into the "work" that is going on in order to restore them to a "normal" or routine emotional state.) Sirapi seems to enjoy being in these things, but she thinks she does not have a good singing voice; and her ankles hurt her a lot, due apparently to arthritis. At the Livitua malanggan, she beat the garamut for the women's dances.

#### Where Is Melisa?

After the singsing I ask Sirapi where Melisa is. She answers: "I don't know about him." Then I ask Matiu and he says: "I think everyone is a little cross over the two pigs here, one that is Sirapi's and one that is Emi's;

about which is to go on the 'stage' here (the memai-stage)." Another man tells me: "Melisa had a little shame; so he stayed (at home), he didn't come."

I ask Matiu what they are saying about the two pigs.

MATIU: "Later they will put the two (Tavakariu and Tulebung) on the pigs, they will sit down on the pigs, and they will give the two the decorations (of a memai)."

DB: "Who will?"

MATIU: "Levi." (This is the Levi, a Mokamiva of Nonopai, who brought two pigs to lakau tavetau at the beginning of things, at the first gathering.)

DB: "Levi is a memai?"

MATIU: "Him too, he's a memai."

DB: "Oh. Now the two will get their memai status from Levi. Now--Melisa, is he cross about this, that they don't all get memai from Melisa?"

MATIU: "Him, he wanted to do it; then they all talked around about him, and now he doesn't want to come."

DB: "Now why did they all talk about Melisa?"

MATIU: "Oh, I can't know." (His tone indicates that I have asked enough.)

DB: "Ummm. Thank you."

I go find Lasuwot and ask him. He says: "They all talked plenty about the pig of Sakarap's. The quarrel just came up this morning." (He refers to the late pig from Lauen. Various owners are named for it.)

I go to find my most patient informant, Lingiris.

DB: "Do you know about this quarrel, Lingiris? Melisa hasn't come and he's cross about something."

LINGIRIS: "Um." (Yes.)

DB: "Now I didn't know."

LINGIRIS: "It just has to do with them." (That is, it is their business. He is telling me that he does not concern himself with such things, not that it is none of my business.)

DB: "Um, it's their business. Do you know about it?"

LINGIRIS: "I don't know."

DB: "No, you must talk straight to me so that I can know what kind of quarrels come up at malanggan. (Pause) Are they cross only about a pig?"

LINGIRIS: "They are cross about the malanggan (the Livitua malanggan that Francis got from Mavis). It's like this: he caught us (i.e. we were the ones that he was referring to) with the talk that we weren't helping, that we were just looking, and that we waited."

DB: "To give pigs."

LINGIRIS: "Umm. We came and got into it all in the middle. We didn't get in at the start of working everything (Melisa said)."

DB: "Yes, I heard this talk of Melisa's."

LINGIRIS: "All right, now we (Livitua) talked about this (accusation) and this is what we thought: we just got into this in the middle? We already worked hard in Livitua!"

DB: "Francis explained that to me, yes."

LINGIRIS: "Yes, that (that Francis told you about). But we came to help all here." (In other words, they in Livitua had gone first with the most, and came to Lauen, nevertheless, to help and give even more; and for that they received not thanks and praise but accusations that they came too late with too little.)

DB: "Yes, and some brought pigs yesterday."

LINGIRIS: "And that too." (One of those pigs was brought by Seronge, who is mokotok, friend, and constant companion of Lingiris. They are much

alike in looks and personality: small, modest, helpful. Each individual has a different view of any quarrel, and it is fitting that Lingiris and Seronge felt hurt that their efforts, always larger than most people's, were rebuked. Of course it was really Francis, who could take it, to whom Melisa was directing his harsh words. It surprised me a bit that unassertive people like Lingiris supported Francis; but then Melisa is perhaps in Lingiris' eyes not much different in personality from Francis, and village loyalties are of primary importance apparently.

DB: "And this pig that came up late at night yesterday, Francis talked over it--was that Sakarap's?"

LINGIRIS: "Sakarap's?" (No one ever mentioned this, but surely it is crucial that Sakarap is the true brother of Kavok; and Francis sent his truck for the pig.)

DB: "No, another name I think. Did you see the pig?"

LINGIRIS: "No, Dotty, me, I had gone then." (He saw his way out of this part of the discussion and he took it.)

DB: "Now what was the quarrel that came up that Melisa doesn't come?"

LINGIRIS: "That, about this, this thing--his talk."

DB: "And big talk of Livitua." (That is, Livitau talked a lot of him, and a lot of talk always means a lot of critical talk.)

LINGIRIS: "Yes. Then he looked--we 'answered' him then, and we came and won everything then. Just that, that's all."

(Did Melisa really think that he could shame Livitua, that they were depleted, especially since just six months ago they had a big malanggan of their own? This is Lingiris' interpretation: that Melisa accused Livitua, Livitua came back and "won," Melisa was ashamed and went away, or stayed away.)



DB: "Ah. All right, thank you, Lingiris."

Livitua Malanggan

I rush over to hear Lasuwot calling out names and sending mias to the Paruai people, to buy their malanggan (from Mavis). (A whole group of men here at first tell me that it is Omo's singsing that is being bought; then find out for me, then inform me correctly--I had by then figured it out. I mention this to indicate that many people who come to these things know very little about the details of what is going on.)

Lasuwot calls out "Simeon--kattom!" He has brought a pig in front of the malanggan and Lingiris comes to tell me (relieved to be back on this subject, I suppose) that the pig goes along with the pay for the malanggan to lakau kattom (buy completely). This pig, then (Lingiris explains) is free: they cannot send back pay for it.

DB: "Who brought the pig, do you know. . . oh wait, they're going to make a memai." (The pig was from Pengas--See Table .)

LINGIRIS: "Yes, go look first."

Installing a Memai

Lingiris and I run with the tape recorder to hear Kase talking over two pigs in the little fenced-in part of the cemetery built for that purpose. Tulebung (Emi's son) and only Tulebung, is standing with him. Tulebug wears a beautiful kep kep (shell ornament.)

KASE: "Ah! Hear this! (He said a few words in local dialect, then went into pidgin.) All right now you hear: You all look at Tulebung. Now I fasten him, that by and by he shall become a memai of Kuluvos.

"He shall take the place of me, my place here at Kuluvos.

"He shall take the place of William: William is dead."

"Now, this memai (status), as for me, I got it on the other side (of the island). It would not be good if one man said: 'You got it where?'

Now I talk clear, that you shall hear.

"This memai (status), me, I got it on the other side at Lupei, on a raised stage. And all the men of Kusori came down for it. The man, Gura (i.e. that is the man from whom he got memai status.) You all know of him: later he came and put one person at Wuap (on the stage).

"All right, then Nameteran, the father of Makadin, he took me on top (of a stage), and he fastened me, with this ginger root plant here. All right, then I got memai (status) straight at this time.

"All right, now these memai of mine, all have died. Not just half. Plenty of men today, they say they are memai, but their memai (i.e. those from whom they got the status) have not died. Those who gave to me have died, altogether. Now, at this time. All right now, now. I think of fastening him, this child straight of my skin, the hair of my skin. (They are both of Mokamiva clan.) All right now I will put him (into this status): this position comes onto him. By and by he, too, can stand up and talk. Suppose I died, then he can stand up and talk. He will perform this work, memai. Now I talk clearly about the road that this memai (status) has already travelled.

Kase goes on in local dialect, calling out "Tulebung!" and giving him each kind of decoration that marks a memai. He returns to pidgin as he puts a leaf into a band around Tulebung's hips: "Suppose all men altogether are cross, all right this darum is for you to run with, to break up this quarrel. The quarrel will end."

(In the background, people are singing. Again, not everyone is interested; in this case, in the installation of a memai.)

Now people begin to go up and give pay, just as they do for malanggan or cement or pig. The pay will go to Kase, pay for having given memai status to Tulebung. It seems to be mostly people from Kuluvos. Kase calls out, "The memai of Tulebung, they have all died!"

Now Kase leaves the cemetery and heads for the line of pigs toward the beach, running. He runs down to the far end of the line on one side, turns and runs back up the other side of the pigs. He stops in the middle after his fourth trip: "Ah!" He is holding a spear or paddle. He says a few words in local dialect, then goes on in pidgin (a bit breathless):

KASE: "What big man asked for this? Lapok. (He is the dead Mokamiva, buired here in Kuluvos, from whom William got memai status. The following are also dead big men of the clan.) Tuleman. Sarasak. And who just now before? Gavman? William and Makalo! Mandate (vorkarai) of Gavman! Mandate of Gavman! Mandate of Gavman!

"And this now, that you and I have come together for today, it has not got one man who bosses and talks for it. Something belonging to women, that's all. Now today you sit down together for it, we come here for this, at the call (summons, orders: vorkarai) of women, that's all.

"In order to end (this situation, without a man to lead), something strong stops here today (i.e. the installation of a new memai). Altogether, all are gone (the old memai); and the canoe, it wants to go on now. (He speaks figuratively: the ship of state needs a new captain.) There are no more (big men), and (the canoe) stops (i.e. is at a standstill).

"All right now, now all these things, you and I come here now in order to end it. Now I have finished speaking. The authority (vorkarai) of women, that's all: there is no authorized man (pidgin: no man vorkarai). Just that, the orders (vorkarai) of all women."

Samuel runs up when Kase is finished, and throws his arms around him, hugs him.<sup>26</sup>

Kase walks along the row of pigs, counting to 24 (missing 19). He says: "All right, now I cannot count those that have gone before. Hard work has already been done. A great deal of work has yet to be done. Plenty (of

pigs) have already gone, I think something up to ten." (His estimate is low. There have been twenty-three, and there are twenty-three more here.)

(This is the work Melisa should have been doing. This was to have been his big day. I feel sad about that.)

Kase has just given a mias to Tulebung, who has already taken off all his decorations. The feather that they put on his head during the installation is a Bird of Paradise feather (from Highland New Guinea). Levi is holding it now. In future it will be said that Tulebung got memai "down below," on the ground, on top of a pig. He would have got it "on top," on the little stage, I suppose, if Melisa have given it to him.

I go find Sirapi to ask about her pig.

DB: "Sirapi, it was your pig here that they made a memai on top of, right?"

SIRAPI: "Did they put him on top?" (She is surprised, so she must know about the quarrel and that Melisa did not do the work. I was not speaking clearly, and she thought I meant that Tulebung had gone "on top" of the stage, when I just meant that he had gone "on top" of the pig. Then she realized what I meant.) "No! These two pigs, they put them there (in the cemetery) because they will be cut for nothing" (i.e. it had nothing to do with making a memai).

DB: "Yes, cut for nothing."

SIRAPI: "There is no pay."

DB: "Yes. No, the pig did not go on top of the stage, it stayed down below."

SIRAPI: "Yes, because this man who made the stage, they were all cross while you and I were still in Mangai (this morning). They were all cross in the morning and. . ."

DB: "Melisa ran away."

SIRAPI: "Yes. They all went and stopped him (from coming) with one mias. Now he stops, he no more comes to see you and me."

DB: "'Stopped him with one mias.' I don't understand that, what is the meaning of it?"

SIRAPI: "They all stopped him because he cannot come here. He cannot come as memai for this feast."

DB: "Who gave him one mias?"

SIRAPI: (She whispers aside to someone, "Pisingasa," which I used to think was the name of half the population, but which instead means "call it," say the name. Sirapi is taboo to the man's name, but the other person here does not know what she is talking about so Sirapi goes ahead and says it): "Levi." (The fact that people go ahead and say names which are taboo when it is socially acceptable to do so, to help the fumbling anthropologist, confirms the social, rather than mystical, nature of the taboo. It is, as they say, a taboo that shows respect.)

DB: "Levi. Of Nonopai." (The man who, a few minutes ago, held the Bird of Paradise feather.)

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And Levi belongs to this place (Kuluvos)?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, and he was sorry for him (for Melisa), some men talked secretly about him, they "memaied" (spoke) behind his back."

DB: "They talked secretly of Melisa."

SIRAPI: "Yes." (Sirapi probably really believes this charitable interpretation, and who is to say she is wrong? She says that Levi stopped Melisa as a friend, to save him from public shame; not as a rival, to prevent him from fulfilling his single most important function at this malanggan, for which he would be most highly paid. Levi, a Mokamiva, belongs here; Melisa, his tambo, is the son of a Mokamiva father from Lauen.)

DB: "About what (did they talk secretly)--about this critical talk of his about Livitua?"

SIRAPI: "Now I don't understand well. By and by you go find out good from Levi."

DB: "Levi."

SIRAPI: "Yes, when the feast is over, then you go ask him."<sup>27</sup>

DB: "Now Levi is a memai?"

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And Melisa made the stage."

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And previously they all wanted, Tulebung wanted, that Tulebung should get memai from Melisa."

SIRAPI: "Yes, they wanted to put him on this stage--now, me, I don't know any more about this feast." (She means the whole thing has passed beyond her now. Or beneath her: she does not like to have to do with people being cross.)

DB: "All right. Then Kase gave it." (The show must go on.)

SIRAPI: "Yes. He gave to someone (not Tavakariu, does she mean?) and the stage just sits there for nothing."

DB: "Um. Thank you Sirapi. Now I'll go ask Kase."

### The Feast

I go back over to the pigs in the cemetery. Lovan and Simek are cutting Sirapi's pig, Lovan apparently teaching Simek (his eldest son) how to do this. Warau (Rusrus' brother) is hitting it with an ax. Emi's clan brother Ontimo is cutting this free one from Emi, with Kase's help.

I asked Lovan if he knew about the quarrel, and he seemed genuinely surprised. He said he would try to find out. (But of course he must have already been to Melisa, I found out later, to try to persuade Melisa to change

his mind and come back to the feast.)

It is 4:30 p.m. now. I have not seen Emi for some time, but there she is now, standing on the beach inside the fence with all the pigs; the only woman in there. I would say this has been a smashing success.

Rusrus goes by with two pieces of pig on a leaf, she looking perplexed. Rongo with one great piece, looking perplexed. They must be dividing up the extra pig now, the extra that is not needed to serve the crowd. (The extra goes to people who gave a mias or five shillings to help buy the pig. I suppose Melisa's asking that the free pigs be eaten entirely inside the cemetery prevents people from exploiting this situation and running off with half a pig that belongs, in theory, only to the dead; and, by proclamation, only to those in attendance.)

Sirapi told me that she spoke to "the husband of Leiwai" (Mamu) and told him he should get a piece of meat for me; which is why he suddenly produced one. He probably would not have otherwise. I do not know him well. All these things demand constant vigilance and intercession. Of course Sirapi will get some of this piece, but she would not ask for herself.

(The young European boy here today wants a drink of water all the time, wants to jump into the sea to cool off, thinks he cannot stomach the pig. He is being very polite about everything, but it reminds me of myself when I first came. Now these things do not bother me at all, and the food I have liked from the beginning. But seeing this boy's problems, and what a nuisance he is, reminds me what a nuisance it must be for these people to have a European, me, around needing special attention all the time.)

There's Emi wandering around with a piece of meat. We have got two great red raw hunks here. Warau has a huge piece of pig, going where? And a couple of women now coming from the pigs with huge hunks in both hands.

Emi's gone back into the fray; Sirapi and Rongo are standing together

looking at huge hunks of pig here, clearly trying to decide what to do with them. Matiu and some other people have put down some huge pieces of pig on the vegetable food leaves, and they are earnestly discussing their disposition. The women never got into this pig-distribution before, so far as I have seen. This is such a mess, a hostessing nightmare, I don't know how they can stand it. They do look perplexed, anxious, intensely serious.

I am just sitting here with our plate. Every piece of pig we've got has been brought by someone we know well. We're just getting big extra pieces now, not just the little ones that everybody gets. (Not little: about half a roast pork as we would buy it in a supermarket. These huge pieces are three feet long and five inches square.) Sirapi brought two, Rusrus brought one, Pambali brought two I think, Matiu is headed this way with some, and Mamu brought the first piece.

This may be something "got up" by "just women," but I have never seen anything like it. There is five times as much pig as I've ever seen at a malanggan before, there are mounds of taro, sweet potatoes, and sago; and despite Melisa's urging the women to "shell all the food" the other day, there is still a lot of uncooked food sitting on the racks built for it. A great success in every way, except that a quarrel did come up, and people were cross; and Melisa did not come.

SUNDAY, May 14

Mangai's Malanggan, and A Talk With Melisa

I go to Lauen to try to make sure that this time the vavara will not be burned, and that I will be allowed to buy it. I am told I must ask Emi and her sisters, Mangum (of Kuluvos) and Lowel (of Nonopai, wife of Esau), as well as Melisa. Also, I must ask Kavok, because "they all held fast pigs for this malanggan."



I drove on to Nonopai to find Melisa, to find out what had happened. I was not sure what reception I would get. I was relieved to find that he seemed very pleased that I had come. I said I was sorry I had not got to see him perform in all his decoration, and he offered to dress up tomorrow morning and come and stand on the little stage he had made, so that I could photograph him.

Melisa looked sad, and he remained in his house. I felt it was appropriate for me to say that all were sorry about Melisa, and that perhaps Tulebung was a "big head." Melisa said no, that Tulebung had been influenced by others to decide that he wanted Kase, his Mokamiva pupu, to give him memai; rather than Melisa, who is Mokatitin and classificatory father to Tulebung. Melisa said that Tulebung got it put in his head that he should get memai from his own clan. I said that Tulebung would have to read my book so that he would understand the fashion. Melisa laughed and seemed cheered; but he was careful to make clear that Tulebung did not do this on his own, that he acted in response to the urgings of others. I asked who had talked to Tulebung, and Melisa said, "I think Samuel or someone."<sup>28</sup>

Melisa said he was sorry because he had wanted to make "good news," to show me all about the "stage." Tulebung had asked him: if he wanted to change this promise, why didn't he talk straight? All was going well except for this one hidden talk that had not come out.

I asked if Sirapi had known about this and he said, no. Some others knew: Kase came with mias, and so did Lovan and Matunga (offering it to him, to "buy his shame," so that he could come back), but he refused to come. I asked if he would have come if Tulebung had come to get him and he said, "Yes, all right, I would have come if Tulebung had come for me."

I asked Melisa about the vavara, and he told me to first ask Matunga about it. I said I knew some people thought it should be burned and would worry if it remained nearby for a long time; so I wanted to take it now. Melisa said that was why I should ask Matunga first, because he (Melisa) did not know what Matunga had worked inside the vavara (i.e. what "power" was in it.)

When I told Sirapi what Melisa had said about the vavara she made light of the matter, said Oh yes, whatever Matunga had put into the vavara he will get rid of with leia (pidgin: kororavar, a plant) early in the morning. She told me I would have to get up very early to catch this. He will burn the little house in which the vavara is displayed. It cannot just be thrown away (without doing something about it.)

Sirapi reported that Kavok said it was all right with him (for me to take the vavara) if Melisa said it was all right. (I had passed on the task of asking permission from Kavok to Sirapi, as I found Kavok still difficult to approach.)

This evening back in Mangai Lovan told me what he knew of the quarrel at Kuluvos. He said it was Samuel who told Tulebung, and Ephraim who took word to Melisa: that Tulebung should get memai status from his own clan (of which Samuel is a member). Both are Nonopai residents, Samuel from the large hamlet (almost village) Sali. Kase had wanted Tulebung to get memai from Melisa, because it is stronger to get it from outside. (Lovan did not say so, but I suppose Samuel and other Mokamivas of Nonopai and Sali would have borne the extra cost of going "outside," of paying Melisa. The cost to them may have been less on their minds than the thought of how much Melisa was getting from various sources from his role in this malanggan. They probably did not want to give any more to the same man who already had so much. This is another instance of the New Ireland tendency to equalize, to give to the weak, and

give no more to the strong. Jealousy is probably an important part of the motive of those involved.)

I asked Lovan if it was good for a person to get memai from his own clan. Yes, he said, a young boy can get it from his own petin (clan), but a big man cannot. (Here is another example of the child being helped into the adult New Ireland world. The young boy is given a hand along the way by the big men of his own clan.)

Lovan told me that Tavakariu withdrew. He said he cannot now, because he lives a long way away, and he has not learned about this work of the memai, he has no understanding. Tulebung got it according to the wishes of all, Lovan said. They all want him to eventually take the place of William, his mokotok, at Kuluvos.

Lovan went on to explain that for a long time, there was no big man who came to Emi about getting this work started. Then Melisa went. Kase, Taito came to help. No (in reponse to my question), Melisa was not second after Kase: Melisa got this up, and Kase asked him to give memai to Tulebung. (Thus Kase went outside, but just a little bit outside; to a good friend from the same village, a tamboo, married to a Mokamiva. He did not go across the island, where he got memai himself; he did not go far outside.)

"All right, then this talk came up," Lovan said (referring to the critical talk that came up about Melisa giving memai to Tulebung ). Lovan went on: "'What for did these men--Samuel, Ephraim--come to cut off my work?' That's what Melisa said to us (Lovan, Matunga and Taito) when we went to see him. But Melisa said, 'It's all right, I'm not worried.'"

Lovan kept stressing that Melisa had said that he was not worried that he was not cross, that he was not a man of anger. Still, he would not give Tulebung memai now. They had all tried to get him to "turn his belly"-- change his mind, Lovan said, but he would not. Melisa had said that he just wanted this thing that he had got started to go straight: all right, now Kase can do it (give memai to Tulebung).

Lovan told me that Melisa had said, "I have no talk." (That meant that he was not going to say critical things about this turn of events and about the people who turned them. Melisa was being careful not to show anger. In New Ireland, it is shameful to be cross; not strong, as in New Hanover.)

#### MONDAY, MAY 15

#### Matunga Takes Down the Malanggan, and Melisa Talks About Memai

I arrive at Kuluvos to find Matunga spitting what looks like white mist at the vavara. "All right, I'll get it ready first," Matunga says, looking slightly annoyed that I caught him in an act that white people, I think, are supposed to think is silly. (Or is no one supposed to watch?)

Milika would not come with me: "I'm afraid of the malanggan," she laughed. "We get sores," she added. I said: "All right, maski (nevermind), I'll get sores." (Of course tropical ulcers are killers without European medicines. Many died of sores during World War II.) Milika said, "No! You are all right, you'll be all right," meaning that Europeans are not affected by these things that "belong to our place."<sup>29</sup>

It is 6:15 a.m. now and Matunga is whacking the little display house with a heavy stick, to demolish it. Emanuel has gone into the fenced area of the cemetery where the vavara is, but everyone else has gone on with the morning routine. Emanuel is helping Matunga: he carries a piece of roof outside

the fence toward the beach, to be burned. Matunga spit one last mouthful of leia (pidgin: kororavar) on the little house, then set fire to it with a lighted coconut frond. The smoke from the house, and from the pile of leaves detached from it and put at the edge of the cemetery, is all going out to sea. That was the plan, that is why this has to be done early in the morning, when the wind blows out to the sea. Then the smoke will not come into the village and cause sores.

The vavara is then loaded into the back of my truck, and I go to pick up Melisa at Nonopai. He has on all his bilas (decoration), and we go back to Lauen so that I can photograph him on the stage, whereon he had meant to give memai to Tulebung. While Melisa is getting ready on the stage, another man who happened to be in Lauen volunteered to me that there are many kinds of decorations for memai; but he mentions the same plants that I have listed before. I am trying to find out if there is standardization of decoration symbolism; and if there is, what it is. (Someone gave Nicolas Peterson a list in 1965, which I could not get repeated.)

I take some pictures of Melisa, and then ask him to explain his decorations. (I hand him the microphone to my tape recorder. He, like many others, seems to have in the back of his mind the idea that this might one day be used on the radio. Such things are used in pidgin English programs. This accounts for the kind of introduction he gives.)

MELISA: "I am Melisa and I will explain. I want to explain about this kind of decoration that belongs to all men that are called memai. Now these things are not chosen for no reason: they have got a reason or a way for them.

You see this decoration that I stand up in now, today. There is a spear, and there is something around my neck, and there are feathers on my head, and there is lime. I hold that which all big men eat: lime. To eat with betel nut. Now there is some betel nut, too, which I hold, along with some feathers.

"All this kind of decoration belongs to this kind of man, who is called memai. Now this kind of thing is not obtained for nothing: there is pay for it. If a man wants to go on top of this stage, and wants to put on this decoration, he must first put forward pay, to whomever has got this kind of thing; to a memai. He cannot get it for nothing. We call this (pay) lukoi (Nonopai), or lalakau (Mangai-Livitua), this pay that a man uses to obtain memai. It is the same kind of thing that belongs to malanggan exchange.

"All right. They brought this thing (memai) to me. I do not just do this work for no reason (i.e. without the authoritative basis derived from the process of selection and buying that he is describing). My own mokotok (mother's brother) himself, he put me on a stage, and he gave me all this kind of decoration. He gave me the feathers of chickens, a spear, lime, lalei (a leaf), and some decoration that I hold. And all these things, I myself bought. I brought mias to go to my mokotok, and I obtained this (status). A man cannot do it without basis (pidgin: no kan wokim nating). Suppose he stands up like this, before the eyes of plenty of people, and he follows the procedure (as described here), then all men can recognize him when they say: him, this man here, he is a memai. He cannot do this work without basis, with nothing.

"Now suppose a man does do this work without being properly installed, and he just stands up on top of a stage like this without having the authority to do so; by and by, it won't be a long time, this man will die, if he does this work without the proper basis. This procedure belongs to this kind of thing (this status): we know very well." (Pidgin: Dispela kain wei bilong dispela

kain samting: mepela savvy tumas. They know well that they must follow the known path, the known way, to a known status which is defined mainly in terms of the procedure required for obtaining it.)

"Suppose a man has stood up on a stage, and he has already bought (this status); and his name is clear before many men: then if he stands on top of the stage, he cannot die. But if a man stands up without having followed this procedure and performs the work of a memai, he will die.

"This kind of thing belonged to our ancestors, and it is our custom that runs the same (today) for all this kind of thing, when a man stands on top of a stage in order to talk.

"Now that's all. My little talk stands up here and is finished."

DB: "Now this feather, it comes from New Guinea, doesn't it?"

(He is wearing a Bird of Paradise feather.)

MELISA: "Yes. It doesn't belong to us."

DB: "Now your mokotok, did he give you this very feather?"

MELISA: "It was another one, this one here that belongs to a true fowl, eh? They use those yet, too. Now they also used those that stop around the mouth of the parrot, putting them in a line. That's not this kind here-- I think you have seen some on some men, this kind of feather?"

DB: "I think I have just seen pictures. I don't know much about them.

"Now this, on your arm, has it got a meaning?"

MELISA: "Yes. This is lalei (a leaf) here.

DB: "Now what is the meaning of it. Has it got power or what?"

MELISA: "This here has got power because it is the decoration of a man who is called memai. They all can put on lalei. Now if you put tanget (Victory leaf shrub) inside of this, the power is bigger."

(The lalei is a long leaf that looks like a white onion skin tied around the arm, and the tanget, a long green leaf, has its tip stuck into the arm band. Tanget is the plant used in cemeteries to mark graves temporarily, until cement monuments are provided at a malanggan. I did not carefully investigate its use, but I think it is commonly used for decorative purposes.)

MELISA: "This kind is the kind I used before when all men were cross."

DB: "Fufus."

MELISA: "Yes, fufus."

DB: "You hold this in your hand."

MELISA: "Yes."

DB: "And you put lime on your shoulder and face too."

MELISA: "Yes. The decoration of a memai."

DB: "One other thing I wanted to ask you. Some put memai to be installed on a stage, and some on a pig. Now what is this all about?"

MELISA: "Just as now Kase came and did this work here, down below, with a pig?"

DB: "Yes."

MELISA: "Now he did not install him on top of the stage here. This is another kind of 'road' here. . . . A man who has been given something (memai status) down below, he cannot stand up on a stage."

DB: "Oh. If you get it down below, you must give it down below, that's all."

MELISA: "Down below, that's all."

DB: "And you got memai on top of a stage."

MELISA: "As for me, I got (memai status) on top on a stage."

DB: "Can Kase stand up on a stage?"



MELISA: "He can stand up on a stage, but he did not make one. . . I made the stage, uh?"

DB: "Um."

MELISA: "Now at the time when the quarrel came up--all right, Kase was not up to putting Tulebung on top of the stage because the stage belongs to me still. Kase did not know about it." (Does he mean that Kase did not know what (special powers) had been used in its constructions?)

I asked Melisa about the use of pig-carrying poles in the construction of his stage, and he said that was customary. I asked him about what pigs were to be used for the installation of a new memai: i.e. did they have to be pigs brought by anyone in particular, or brought free to the feast, as they were in this case? He did not understand the question at first, but then said a memai could use any of the pigs brought to the feast. Melisa explained the custom of bringing pigs free to a malanggan in this way:

MELISA: "When a pig is free (to the malanggan), it may be used for whatever good a man does for all (the public good). . . . Just as before (when this man was alive) he gave freely to all whatever they liked."

DB: "Yes."

MELISA: "All right, at the time when a man dies, they think of the good work that this man of theirs did for them. All right, they want to make free, too, the repayment for anything before that this man helped them with." (It is not entirely clear who 'they' are. The referent is wider than just the surviving spouse, and must designate the extended family group that looked to this dead man as leader, and that ultimately owns resources jointly. The idea is a familiar one: the attempt to disentangle a gift of respect from economic purposes.)

DB: "All right, thank you very much, Melisa."

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ANALYSIS OF THE MALANGGAN AT KULUVOS

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INTRODUCTIONProcess of Analysis

As the Kuluvos malanggan drew to a close, I felt satisfied that I had been able to document it; but uneasy over my continuing failure to grasp it. What, after all, was it all for?

I would like to remind the reader that he has had an advantage over me: the speeches I could not hear as they were given, or did not understand as they sped by, have now been transcribed from the tape recordings I made and are presented here in translation. The names hastily scrawled as I ran from one event to an overlapping one; or as I proceeded methodically down a row of pigs, shame-faced but doggedly demanding identifications from reluctant informants hacking away at their prizes; have here been neatly laid out, embedded in all the genealogical and anecdotal richness I have been able to excavate for them from my notes. While the Kuluvos malanggan was taking place, I could not apprehend, directly, its meaning, its power to compel so great an endeavor.

But I had every advantage an anthropologist could have: the ceremony took place near the end of my field work, and it centrally involved my best friend and informant, Sirapi. I wanted to see some signs in her that this effort had something to do with her loss, with her memories of Makalo, her husband; his life, his death, her grief, her obligations. But I did not see any signs that pointed directly to this meaning, or to any other; most notably, perhaps to that which trips the social scientist's mind, the

significance of these deaths or any others for the structure and function of the group. Such references as were explicitly made to these matters seemed so small, too small for large consideration, too weak to push forward the mighty event I saw; too lifeless to enliven so many efforts of so many people.

I was not, however, without hope that I could somehow make sense of it all. I have done so now, several times. Each time I have re-examined and re-written my analysis, I have found many clues that further support my tentative understandings, and a few clues to other directions or deeper levels of consequence. Here follows, then, an analysis of the malanggan at Kuluvos in which I have a great deal of confidence, as well as some confirmation from New Irelanders consulted during my subsequent visits with them in 1972 and 1974.

#### Form of Analysis

Regardless of the task at hand, people tend to interact in characteristic ways that require for their interpretation a full understanding of the culture. For instance, New Irelanders tend to do much together, move slowly, talk little, and give often. I have called these patterns "Modes and Media of Integration," and I have sorted them out at the beginning because they are present at all levels of analysis.

I proceed then to view the malanggan from five perspectives: social, political, economic, psychological, and ritual. Under these headings, I consider the following kinds of data:

Social Aspect: how social groups based on kinship, locality, and the like create and are recreated by malanggan activities, and how such social categories as sex and age function here as elsewhere in New Ireland society.

Political Aspect: the network in which ties are evoked to bring together the large number of people who make a malanggan; and the

leadership, formal and informal, which organizes and guides the efforts of each to the effective effort by all which makes a malanggan successful.

Economic Aspect: how malanggan activities relate to the production, distribution, and consumption of basic resources.

Psychological Aspect: how some common characteristics of New Ireland personality are manifested, created, reinforced, expressed and served by events and behavior at a malanggan.

Ritual Aspect: what the Kuluvos malanggan means, in particular and in general; as well as how this form of expression is intrinsically related to New Ireland life. I claim here that the ritual aspect of malanggan is its primary one. While many other purposes and functions operate effectively in malanggan, they could be otherwise maintained; though malanggan would dwindle, no doubt, without them. Without its ritual purpose and function, however, malanggan would ipso facto disappear, having lost its meaning.

These five categories represent a low level of generalization appropriate to a preliminary scooping together of incidents, encounters and outcomes into divisions that sit comfortably in the anthropological field. In each of these five aspects of culture, I view the intentions and results of the malanggan at Kuluvos in relation to three patterns common to all of them: institutionalization, egalitarianism, and group-orientation. These three higher level generalizations describe comprehensive patterns that are the foundation of New Ireland society generally, and Chapter Four is devoted to their fuller, operational definition. Brief definition here will suffice to support the use of these terms to help elucidate the events at Kuluvos.

When I say that patterns of interaction are institutionalized, I mean that they are explicitly prescribed by law or custom, explicitly taught to the young and the newcomer, and widely known and understood. By

egalitarian, I mean that interaction patterns, whether institutionalized or not, tend to restrain the strong, bolster the weak, underscore the value of each individual's contribution to the whole; and to respect an individual's full quality as a person, whatever his individual attributes, in his or her public roles. Nonetheless, in New Ireland the individual learns from infancy to define himself in groups with others, to depend confidently on others, to take pleasure in skills of giving and helping others, to control ostentatious assertions that further the individual in favor of fulfilling the self in the communal life of one's fellows: and it is to the common features of this set of characteristics that I refer in the term group-oriented.

MODES AND MEDIA OF INTEGRATIONIntroduction

The modes and media of interaction that characterize relationships between individuals and groups at a malanggan are in many cases institutionalized: helping and doing things together, giving gifts of food, betel nuts and smokes, mias, malanggan art objects, and cement monuments. These same acts occur continually in non-institutionalized forms, as people help each other to achieve the ceremony they all know.

The egalitarian equilibrium toward which New Ireland culture tends finds non-institutionalized support in interactions wherein the strong help the weak and modify their own assertions of strength. Sharing whatever there is to share, whether it is power or a feast or a place to sit on the mat, gives everyone a chance to participate without display of aggressive demands.

Institutionally people are exhorted to give priority to the whole group, and non-institutionalized kinesic and verbal patterns invite everyone into it. Those who have been separated from it by grief and mourning as well as all outsiders are shown to a secure place with fellow travellers along the known path. Dissidents, egoists, those prone to quarrel or command are all bound equally into the group wherein they achieve their identity and play the part which serves the whole.

### Institutionalized Modes

#### Giving, Helping, Doing Things Together

The institutionalized acts of giving need not be catalogued; they occurred continually at the Kuluvos malanggan, and were the focus of all activities. Acts of helping and doing things together were intrinsic to public giving: whenever one individual or group gave, other individuals and groups helped them with pig, or mias, or with whatever was appropriate.

People characterized their roles in the malanggan as that of "helping," when an outsider might have interpreted them in many different ways: for instance, Melisa, Sirapi and Rusrus all said that they were there to "help Emi." Matunga brought the vavara to "help the two mamas" who would "like that one little something come" to honor their dead husbands. Melisa publically defined "helping" as fundamental, not accidental or instrumental, to malanggan when he chided Kamniel for wanting to prepare more sago of his own even though the group already had plenty. He said, "When there is a malanggan, it isn't something that has to do with pay: it has to do with help."

The institutionalization of "doing things together" was best illustrated on the first public occasion of both the Tokanaka and the Kuluvos malanggan: in each case, men of all ages and all villages came carrying bamboo with which they built a fence (tavetau) together around the cemetery where the malanggan was to be held. New Ireland weighs activity heavy against words; communicates by doing, and by doing publically. This emphasis on process is related to the New Ireland willingness to continually participate in the public parades at malanggan to "help buy:" pig, malanggan, cement, memai status.

### Verbal Communication

Some institutionalization of speech forms was evident at the Kuluvos malanggan, most notably in the oratorical style used by the memai. He regularly heralded his public speeches with an exclamation, usually repeated three times: "Ah! Ah! Ah!" On several occasions he went on to repeat, in exclamatory style, the expression "Arako!" (it is good!). Some of the men calling out the names of those who were giving mias used a formal, repetitive style, announcing the giver and sometimes the function of the gift: e.g., "Cement, kattom! (final payment)." These few formalized verbal mechanisms helped to create simple procedures whereby all who wished to participate could do so, and all who wished to hear what the memai was planning knew when to stop and listen.

### Non-Verbal Communication

Much of the order at the Kuluvos malanggan was created by non-verbal communication achieved by groups who are used to working together and watching each other. Some institutionalization of coordinated activities was evident at the Tokanaka malanggan, where distribution of pork to those assembled to eat was accomplished by a procession of 75 men carrying huge chunks of pork, walking single file around the village behind a young man carrying a pig's head. At Kuluvos and every other malanggan I attended, people fell into line to deliver their gifts of mias and money in parades which anyone could join. These simple, repetitive, public acts both displayed participation and taught newcomers, without verbal instruction, how to take their places in the group effort.



### Non-Institutionalized Modes

#### Giving, Helping, Working Together

These institutionalized forms of interaction all have non-institutionalized counterparts. Preparation for a malanggan requires months and then intensive days of planning, planting, processing, shelling taro, making mumu; all helping together. Early in the proceedings at Kuluvos some young men were making a half-house for the pig mumu, deferring to the advice of the older men watching. Old Vasale, despite great pain in her legs, walked the five miles to Kuluvos to help by bringing Sirapi the koi (shell scrapers) from her house in Matanavillam. One young man came to help Melisa not because of any traditional obligation but because, after the fashion of white men, they had become friends in business; but after the fashion of New Ireland, they helped each other with mias at malanggan. Probably the helping of friends in this way will gradually become an institutionalized part of malanggan exchange.

#### Verbal Communication

People used whatever means they knew to create egalitarian unity at Kuluvos. I noted in particular inclusive language and kinesic patterns. Pidgin was spoken not just for the anthropologist, but also for the persons in attendance from four other language areas. There are cultures who insist on using their own language, at whatever cost in exclusion, or specifically in order to exclude. But it is not surprising that many New Irelanders, who on other occasions were shy about speaking other people's languages, including pidgin, made the effort to do so at Kuluvos in order to include everyone present in the public communications.

### Non-Verbal Communication

Patterns of body movement that are not explicitly recognized as forms of communication by a culture are powerful modes of integration between people who share them. A study of New Ireland kinesics<sup>30</sup> gives further evidence of the group-orientation that characterizes the culture. The style of movement in daily life reflects their awareness of each other: New Ireland responsiveness makes it possible for them to work together in large groups well, without getting in each other's way, without bumping each other or dropping things or working against each other; so that, for instance, the men catching pigs at one time in Matanavillam hamlet coordinated their efforts without discussion so that both groups were successful. When a pig came in a truck to Kuluvos, men nearby who were neither its bringers nor its buyers went to lift the pig down with no words spoken.

People respond to the movements and situations of those around them non-verbally, communicating inclusiveness that keeps the group functioning as a whole. During the Kuluvos malanggan, Eruel patted the bench to invite me to sit down next to him, and the women similarly seated me on a mat. People moved back into the men's house to leave room at the front for me and my tape recorder when it began to rain.

New Ireland responsiveness requires a slow, controlled, careful style of movement; so that deliberately clumsy or ostentatious movement constitutes "clowning" and evokes laughter. Thus, while a dozen women were carefully processing food in the cook house, Emi provoked roars of laughter by swinging her hips in front of her tamboos. Similarly, Bungaloo stepped over the food I was preparing, and the women laughed: she was deliberately out of place, inappropriate, feigning clumsiness, and getting in someone else's way.

People arrange themselves, each other and things in relation to each other so that there is a place for everyone and everything: at Kuluvos, 602 sago packets hung neatly in rows from racks on top of which taro bundles stood in elegant lines, their leaves blowing in the breeze. People, too, tend to fall into lines when they go to place mias or money next to a pig they are helping to buy; a tendency so regular that it might better be considered an institutionalized mode of interaction.

Rows are seen again in traditional New Ireland dancing, and were seen among the Omo singers at Kuluvos. Some attempts to imitate European dancing, which is individual and requires relatively strong and uncontrolled movements, produced embarrassed laughter. However, when Luverida lightly mocked European dancing by performing its strange movements but with the control New Irelanders admire, there was appreciation. This slight variation, without a deviation in style, was appreciated as a speciality of the individual, where a deviation in basic style produced laughter or ridicule. Most people, who probably thought they could not achieve the successful amalgamation Luverida achieved, did not try.

New Irelanders notice kinesic style, and it is important to conform. It is somehow unseemly to move too fast in New Ireland, which is why I noticed it when Warakau quickly took the front seat in my car; and (as recounted in the Kuluvos report) why I felt myself slowing down when I returned to New Ireland from New Hanover. It is part of the local etiquette to move slowly and carefully and unostentatiously: and it is sanctioned by ridicule because it is a basic integrating mechanism, and as such has fundamental social and moral import. Milika mentioned that other women sometimes laughed at her

for not tying up food bundles in the same neat fashion that Mangai women typically followed. No doubt it was a more general careful conformity the women sought to produce; as Milika, from Lesu, was somewhat more assertive than most Mangai women.

Not Analyzing, Not Confronting; Not, In Fact, Even Talking

The New Ireland ability to sit for hours not talking presented a greater personal and intellectual challenge for me than anything else I encountered in the field.<sup>31</sup> I find it difficult to tolerate long, or even short, silences. New Irelanders, by contrast, so far as I could tell, experienced no discomfort not doing, and not saying, anything as time passed or went on around them.<sup>32</sup>

When they did talk, their remarks tended to be descriptive: a blow-by-blow account of who gave what to whom, who went where to get leaves, who is tying up the pig: or even who prevented Melisa from coming to be memai on the last day. I came to consider it a satisfactory achievement even to get this basic data from people.

Now, why? I am analytical, and I want to know why they are not. Is it a basic cognitive difference? Is it good manners to keep still, not to speculate, to dwell rather on interpretations of behavior at conventional levels of courtesy? Is it bad manners to talk about other people, will they poison you? Is no one but the anthropologist interested in what's going on? Or do they all know and assume I do, or assume I am too thick to understand, or prefer to keep things from me?

I think some of all of the above. Here, however, I will treat these characteristics together as another non-institutionalized mode of integration in New Ireland culture, one that allows institutionalized modes

to proceed apace without interference from sub-currents of interpretation or epicycles of extraneous analysis. What are people up to? They are up to exactly what they ought to be up to, neither more nor less. There is an attitude or stance of unquestioning acceptance of other people's good will and conventional intentions. These people are do-ers, and they want to get on with it.

#### Summary and Conclusion

New Ireland culture, like any other, offers a wide variety of techniques of interaction and modes of communication that are non-institutionalized. These inexplicit understandings are gained gradually and indirectly by persons who participate in the social life of the people over a long period of time. Since they are taken for granted by most, it is difficult for an outsider to learn them. New Ireland culture seeks outsiders, however, who do not share these non-institutionalized understandings. Malanggan is the major formal counterpart of the informal acts of inclusiveness, help, and giving that characterize New Ireland culture. Malanggan is a formal, explicit form of integration, with formal, explicit acts that are easily learned and performed. As detailed in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan, children and outsiders can and do participate in the malanggan mode of giving, and of becoming an insider.

## SOCIAL ASPECTS OF MALANGGAN

Malanggan, like daily life, is integrated in its social aspects in patterns that are institutionalized, group-oriented, and egalitarian. The roles that individuals play in malanggan are determined mainly by their social relationships defined by kinship and affinity, sex, age and locality. Social groups are called upon to play ritually established roles, and in so doing they reinforce their own structure and existence.

Its integration is group-oriented, in that malanggan serves the interests of the whole group as an open and expanding unit. If one person is angry and talks badly, this is everybody's concern. However, the group does not allow anger or dispute or those who might serve the interests of component units or individuals to split it. It is not possible to define a component group in terms of its participating individual members, because individuals activate "cross-cutting ties" and act with many groups.

The integration of malanggan is egalitarian, in that no component group or individual operates at the expense of another component group or individual in the long run. Groups that have been weakened by death are at the center of a malanggan, to renew ties and regain strength; and they will help another group to be in the center at another time when it is they who have lost members and ties.

### Social Structure and Organization

#### Kinship, Affinity, and Locality

The roles people play in malanggan derive from their social roles in everyday contexts. The malanggan at Kuluvos was given by the sister (Emi)

and widows (Sirapi and Rusrus) of two dead big men, along with the families of two dead children; with the help of the kin and affines of all.

The old Tivingur clansmen who rarely participated much in malanggan and who were not big men were much in evidence, and their names called sometimes by Melisa as though they were big men, during the Kuluvos malanggan because of their kinship with Tivingur clanswoman Sirapi. Matunga's untraceable classificatory position as her "brother" gave him the important role of bringer of the vavara. Brothers and mother's brothers, absent for long or short periods of time, to near or distant places, came home to help.<sup>33</sup>

The Kuluvos malanggan was built on affinal ties. It recreated interactions amongst the living who were related to the dead, most especially between the kin of the dead and the kin of the spouse of the dead. Rusrus played her social role as widow even though she had remarried, and her new husband helped vigorously. And when I asked Emanuel why Emi had asked him to make William's cement, he said it was because he married Mokamiva clan, Emi's sister, Menameen. He added that Emi did not have to ask a tamboo, but this way there would be no talk if the pay was not big. In preparing the food at Kuluvos, many women helped their yak: women to whose brother they were married, or who were married to their brothers.

Ripples from the Kuluvos malanggan affected which individuals played which kinship roles elsewhere: thus, while Sirapi was gone from Matanavillam, old Muktun (with whom I had had very little interaction) cooked for me, and Lina fed the malanggan-makers who were Sirapi's responsibility.

Friendship or its absence may enhance or de-emphasize these kinship roles, but the roles are played unless there is some more or less formally recognized rupture in a relationship which has yet to be mended. (Even women as close as Sirapi, Sambuan, and Milika had times of avoiding each other because

of temporary splits, usually between one of them and the kinsman of another.)

That the role of the "friend" is not one which existed traditionally in New Ireland was explicitly stated by a man who came to help Melisa, to reciprocate help Melisa had given him earlier. They worked together in the cacao business, and wanted to help each other, although they were not kin. The visitor identified his status as that of a "friend," following the custom of white men; who help people to whom they are not related.

In a society like New Ireland, "friendship" results not so much from like-mindedness as from accidents of circumstance and conditions of social structure which bring people together for a while or for life. Like-mindedness in important matters is assumed for everybody. What matters is what people do: whether or not someone gives and helps or does not give and help. Generally everyone plays the expected role.

Reciprocity very clearly is expected, as Kas made clear when he told me that Milika had gone, with Israel and Loliu, to help David with a malanggan his people were giving in Lovalai village: David had helped in Mangai, and Kas wanted Milika to return his help.

During the public and private proceedings at Kuluvos, individuals and groups were regularly identified by their clan and village membership: Nonopai will bring the bamboo, Mokititin will buy the cement, Livitua wants to bring a malanggan. Mainly because of name taboos, individuals were regularly identified by their kinship relationships: the husband of Leia, his sister, my tambo, two mamas.



Reserve and restraint between tambo no doubt operated in many ways, but only came to light for me when the restraint was broken to make a joke. Thus, Emi danced a little in the cook house, and the women prompted me to say, "Have you no shame in front of your two tambo?" And at the party the night before the last day of the malanggan, Yakara said that he could not dance in front of me and Sirapi, his two tambo.

The factor of age intersects the factor of kinship category and alters avoidance behavior. Pambali is Sirapi's mokok, but because she looked after him when he was a child, they do not observe the taboo that is usual for that category. They do not avoid each other, as Sirapi and her mokok Lovan do, and they even call each other's names. Age alone might not be sufficient cause for not initiating taboo behavior, but the fact that Sirapi "held him as a child" like a mother makes the difference for Pambali, and he brought her a pig in order to reciprocate that motherly act. That the taboo on calling names is social rather than mystical was indicated several times during the Kuluvos malanggan when people quietly spoke names that were taboo to them in order to fulfill another social task, that of helping the anthropologist. Social roles, social taboos, social behavior were thus altered in Pambali's case, as in others, by social circumstances.

#### Sex and Age

The universal institutionalization of roles by sex and age is found here in diminished form, in keeping with the egalitarian whole-group orientation that characterizes the culture.

##### a) Sex.

The women's role was specifically pointed out to a few women who got into a shouting match with the men over the issue of who should bring a malanggan. "You help whom? Do you stand up behind a woman?" Francis

asked, and when Rusrus began shouting at him in response to this remark, and Kaute began shouting at Rusrus, Eruel said, "Hey! Women! Women can't talk about this talk concerning men. They just make talk that's not good."

When Vasale responded to Melisa's schedule of feasts with the remark, "Thank you. All right, all little rubbish meals will come up, as you say," Matiu told me about the women's role. He said, "It was a big thing before, all women had to sit down and hear, too. It's not something that has to do just with the men. You know--all men, they talk, that's all; the hard work goes to the women. All men, they run about, that's all. You know, you sit down with all the women. Before, the memai could walk about in front of all the houses (wherein the women were working) giving talk."

Kase also made a remark that put the women's role in a favorable light following the shouting match between Francis and the women: "I look today: fouling about. Look at all the women. They don't get mias for all their cooked food packages." The implication is that the men are fighting about how much they will get, while the women work for nothing and do not complain.

Women are supposed to stay with women, and generally do at these large gatherings. When I did not, some women shouted "Pistoen!" at me to scold me for being a "Follower of men!" when I should have been performing my womanly role: shelling taro in the cook houses. But during the shouting match the women sided with the men who were their relatives and co-residents, and not with each other.

Men do not have men's clubs here, though there is sometimes (and they wish there always were) a men's house on the beach which, I was told, served the same purpose as a hotel for white people. Men did sit in these houses when they were available at malanggan, partly because they were on the beach where they caught the breeze and were cool; and also because the women

were occupying all the other houses, which were de facto their domain, with their hot and smokey cooking. The separation between the two sexes is partly social, there being often many members of the opposite sex who are taboo and who hence should avoid each other. But, beyond these taboos, it is largely utilitarian, not ritual or hierarchiacal. Here, as elsewhere, the division of labor follows the familiar sex lines, and, as Matiu acknowledged, women do most of the work. (Matiu's acknowledgement was gracious, and we must note that men also work hard and perform tasks that women have not learned, like cutting up pigs.) What is less familiar, especially in Melanesia, is the respect generally accorded women (along with everyone else), and their capacity to lead. While she did not do the talking or the organizing of details, it was publically stated that Emi was the boss of the malanggan at Kuluvos.

b) Age.

Age differences like sex differences determine some distinction in social roles, but they are mainly functional. The physical weakness of the very old and the very young may limit their physical capacity, but they are not exempt from ceremonial tasks. The account of the Kuluvos malanggan includes several instances where very young children carried mias, either alone or holding the hand of an adult, to help buy pig. At the very beginning of the proceedings, Sirapi named a baby (Caroline, about a year old) as one of the buyer's of Matunga's vavara. Telengebei, a girl aged thirteen, brought a pig to give. Even Eruel and other old men occasionally carried mias to help buy. A twelve-year-old boy, Tubei, received twenty mias, a very large number, from Melisa's group for his pig. A pig brought in the name of the young man, Pengas, who works in Rabaul, had been fed and cared for in Pengas' name for

several years by his old pupu Pepa. His absence from the village thus did not make him absent from its concerns, or leave him an outsider in this important event. Probably it was the old who usually helped the young with their ceremonial tasks: Sirapi had done most of the routine feeding of the pig that was said to belong to Alice. The young, on the other hand, took major responsibility for the physical labor, though perhaps not for the direction, involved in such projects as making the cemetery fence, carrying and killing the pigs, and making the temporary house to cover the pig mumu. Taito thought that the young men might soon ask for the help of the old in this last task, in a kind of good-natured exchange between the generations. But the old were by no means expected to abstain from physical labor: the old memai Beong helped to build the fence, and all the old men helped to carry bamboo.

The major ceremonial tasks were performed by men who were past middle age, but their age did not assign them to these jobs. Rather, their age gave them access to greater experience, which allowed them to know how to do things; and indeed it did seem as though nearly every man and woman who had attained old age was referred to as a "big man" or a "big woman," at least within their own families and hamlets.

### Summary

I did not see any general antagonism between the sexes or the ages, nor any marked status differences based solely or mainly on these attributes. Persons were barred in practice from opportunities to perform some work by sex and age characteristics, and women were barred in theory, as well, from becoming memai. They were not barred from leadership roles entirely, however, by this limitation. The relationships between persons of different sexes and ages, like all relationships, were based on respect and trust; and tended toward maintaining an egalitarian, whole group.

Outsiders and Weak Inciders

Four outsiders who were foreigners and who were in weak positions for that reason, were taken into the malanggan and given important roles to play. Laksia, from New Hanover, helped to process food and helped to build the fence and helped to bring the pig. Sungua, a Sepik laborer, was mildly ridiculed for his suggestion that coconut milk be saved in a basin, but his wife Rusrus and her sister made special efforts at once to support him. He carried out the crucial task of catching Rusrus' pig (crucial because sometimes pigs cannot be caught, as was the case with the pig of Lepilis; and Rusrus' pig, unlike Lepilis' pig, could not just as well be held over for a later malanggan).

As Rusrus' husband, Sungua's participation was determined by factors more important than his foreignness. The same cannot be said for the mad Chimbu: he had two points of weakness, his foreignness and his madness; and yet he carried mias, and he sat with the body of the dead child.

I was the fourth foreigner, and I was given every special privilege and service: the kerocene tin to sit on, the first coconut opened for drinking, the lean pork; explanations, interviews, translations, and most of the public speeches in pidgin. But my help was enlisted in earnest, too; and there was no way to remain an "outsider," even when, at times, I tried to do so. I drove the truck that I provided, and I helped scrape taro.

When Warakau walked into Matanavillam hamlet upon his return from hospital, he was immediately pressed into responsible service to help catch Sirapi's big pig. His return to his equal status within the group was encouraged by a return to routine. Similarly, immediately after the funeral for her

child, Eruel called out a routine question to Kor; an act which I interpret as an attempt to bring her back into her routine, non-special status within the group. Thus are people in weak positions helped to full and equal participation.

Children are "outsiders" in adult affairs, and in a weak position, in that they do not know, as a foreigner does not know, how to participate. At Kuluvos, they were shown how and helped, and they played responsible roles in the malanggan.<sup>34</sup>

The Whole Group: Many Ties Bind and Expand

There were no whole groups (Livitua, Mangai, Lauen, etc.) operating against each other at the malanggan: no opposition of clans, moieties, or villages. That was hard for me to see. I thought I should be helping one group, that I should be identified with my hamlet, my village, my extended family, Sirapi. But as I followed the people of my group, I could make no sense of their support: they seemed to be helping both sides in the buying and selling of, for instance, pigs. The point is that they were helping individuals, helping the exchange, and they would have been helping "both sides" except that "sides" do not remain segregated even during a single event. People help people, and no matter who you help, that is good. Once when I finally gave up trying to figure out which side to give with and went up and gave my shilling with what I saw as both sides, I heard Sirapi speak approvingly of me to someone: "She wants to help everyone."

Sirapi, whom Livitua had not helped, was among the first to help Livitua with its disputed malanggan; to terminate its status as interloper, and to bring the people of that village fully into the proceedings. When I asked her why one of her close relatives (Luverida, husband of Sirapi's close clan sister, Kombulau) gave a pig to Francis for the malanggan carving he would bring from Mavis, I overstructured my question thus: "Why did Luverida

hold fast a pig? Is he related to Mavis? or to Francis? or what?" And Sirapi answered simply, "To help Livitua." He, and then others, thus showed willingness to end the dispute. When there is dissention in New Ireland, the dissidents are included, not excluded. Eventually Livitua brought the controversial malanggan; and even Kavok, who was most distressed by the unwanted competition it threatened, helped to buy it on the last day. Thus the group was expanded and kept whole: Francis, who had been feeling left out of an event which meant a great deal to him, was allowed to play the important role he thought he should have. Francis felt outside: his push to be included was accepted by insiders, and he became one of them.<sup>35</sup>

New Ireland actions continually tend toward bringing "inside" not just dissidents but all outsiders, toward crossing what might be boundaries between groups many times, in many individual acts, so that the temporary and provisionary boundaries dissolve and the group is a unity. There were several specific references to "inside" and "outside" during the Kuluvos malanggan: most explicitly with regard to whether one should go "outside" or get someone "inside" the work to bring a malanggan. Lovan said that he did not know why Francis had asked Mavis: "Mavis is not inside this, he does not work to help Emi." But Mavis' village (Paruai) was brought fully "inside" the malanggan by this action. Lovan said Francis was neither repaying something nor expecting to be repaid: he had asked Mavis for no good reason, because Mavis was "at the border." But by Francis' invitation, Mavis and Paruai village were brought inside, their "borderline" status terminated. Going to the border is the more expensive, and perhaps in some senses the higher, road to take. Outsiders become, in some sense, insiders: the group is expanded, and yet remains whole.

A dramatic example of New Ireland's ability to maintain unity in a group is to be found in the sudden replacement of the leading memai on the last day of the malanggan. He did not try to mobilize a faction behind himself. He would have split the group had he been able to do so. He withdrew, the group remained whole (except for Melisa himself), and the malanggan went on. He did what his fellows approved: he avoided confrontation. No one said he was a coward, or weak, or that he should have fought for his rights. In fact, no one said anything at all: even Lovan, who was generally more assertive than most New Irelanders, pretended to me that he knew nothing of the quarrel, though he had been to see Melisa to try to end it.

#### Summary

The group is defined and maintained in its strength by malanggan exchanges, which reinervate ties of kinship, affinity and locality that have bound groups in the past but which might wither following deaths. The group is kept whole and expanded by going outside and adding to it; by blurring or dissolving boundaries (such as those of kinship, village, sex, age) within it, thereby keeping it as large as possible; by ending or ignoring disputes and anger which might divide it; and by keeping in its midst individuals (and those who follow them) who want to be in, even when some special concessions have to be made for them.



### POLITICAL ASPECTS OF MALANGGAN

Malanggan is institutionalized in its political aspect in that it is organized by a memai whose authority derives from his office, not from his personal attributes; and standard public procedures must be followed in order to attain that office.

It is group-oriented in that the sanctions of the group and the authority of the memai are used in ways that tend to keep the group expanding, prevent it from splitting apart into factions of any number, or from disintegrating into its individual members. The memai and all other participants should, and usually do, serve the group; so that the reverse may also be true, which it is.

New Ireland is group-oriented, but individuals are by no means lost in the group. It is through actions that indicate that each individual is very important, and as important as any other, that New Ireland culture maintains the loyalty and help and praise of its carriers. The weak are raised and the strong pulled back into the group. Socialist theorists will not find this paradoxical: the continuity and stability of the group secures the rights, protection, and freedom of individuals. Herein I am calling this egalitarian integration.

#### Leadership

During the course of the malanggan proceedings at Kuluvos, leadership roles were played by memai and by men and women who are not memai.

Memai: Legitimately Constituted Authority

Memai, e.g. Melisa and Kase, are men who have been installed in the status by other memai. Kase installed Tulebung as a memai on the last day of the Kuluvos malanggan, giving him the various insignia of office, which are prescribed; and explaining their symbolism, which tell something about the memai's functions in the society.

Kase first stated his qualifications as memai on this occasion in order to remind people that he occupied the status legitimately, that he spoke with the authority of the status of memai, and thus had the right to perform the installation. His qualifications consisted of a recital of the circumstances under which his own installation as a memai took place.

The prescribed procedure for attaining memaihood is "buying" it from other memai. Kase told publically the "road" his memaihood had travelled, a road that passed from one individual to another; their positions legitimized by their own memaihood, not by their relationship, whether kinship or otherwise, to each other. If men were kin to each other, memaihood might pass more easily, for less currency, than if they were not kin; but it was not their kinship relationship which validated the status. It was the group participating in the transfer of currency to an established memai on behalf of a man they wanted to see achieve the status among themselves.

Kase's recital of the history of occasions on which he received memaihood told something of the history of his leadership, but nothing of his subsequent activities. A memai is a memai because he has been formally installed, and he continues to be a memai until his death, regardless of his activity or inactivity in that capacity. When a man has followed the proper procedure he may continue to fill the role of memai, he continues to hold

office, regardless of his individual characteristics. Thus Mavis, old, and too weak to leave the house, hath honor still; and power, and his kin and co-residents and even the Local Government Councillor (Pitalai), who holds office in a different but similar system, will carry out the actual physical tasks for him, on behalf of the office they all respect. But a man who has not achieved the status of memai legitimately cannot perform these tasks on behalf of himself: as Melisa said, "Now suppose a man does do this work without being properly installed, by and by, it won't be a long time, this man will die."

When Melisa stopped a quarrel by "running with the fufus" there was neither physical force nor, so far as I know, threat of physical force in his action. He was using an institutionalized signification that the quarrel was to end. All sides could cease their efforts without loss of face or without loss of the argument, and with honor. They were bowing not to the will of each other, but to the authority they all respected: not the man, Melisa, but the office of memai which he filled. That it is the office which all respect and not the person temporarily in that office was succinctly demonstrated when Kase's taking over the role on the last day of the malanggan caused hardly a ripple in the proceedings.

The status of memai itself received no public justification. New Irelanders accepted memai as legitimately constituted authority, "our government;" and they accepted the legitimacy of the status as they accepted the legitimacy of other authority statuses, such as luluai, councillor, malaria control officer, missionary, and so on. I met no anarchists amongst New Irelanders.

Leaders Who Are Not Memai

But New Ireland big men are not unaware of the possibility that anarchism will develop. Melisa's concern about Livitua's bringing a malanggan was concern over just this possibility: it would have been all right, Melisa said, if Livitua had first "cleared it" with the bosses of the malanggan.

Francis did not say that a malanggan does not need a boss, however. He wanted to assert his own will, but he justified his position within the institutionalized system in doing so: he had a right to speak, he said, because his father had spoken at feasts. And he had a right to bring a malanggan to Kuluvos because Makalo had been his brother, and because the place where Makalo's body lay in Kuluvos had not been attended to properly in the plans made by Melisa and Emi. Francis did not question the role of a boss in the malanggan; only the wisdom of a small part of the decisions made in this particular case.

Lovan, similarly, did not assert that no boss should tell him what to bring and what not to bring. He said: "Why do you (Melisa) say I cannot bring something when I say that I can?" But he did not bring his malanggan, and he said that Francis should have "cleared it" first. He let people know that he saw through the excuses made by Francis, Lasuwot, and Melisa; but he complied, anyway, with the wishes of the organizers of the malanggan.

Francis and Lovan are men who are not memai who are, nevertheless, spokesmen for groups, accepted and used in that capacity. Not at Kuluvos, but at other malanggan Lovan justified his speaking at feasts by the same criterion used by Francis at Kuluvos: that he is the son of a man who spoke at feasts.

It is not at all certain why these two men are not memai. What was clear at Kuluvos, however, was that in order to become a memai a man (in this case Tulebung) must have the support of his group. It is often said that in order to "buy memai" a man must give ten mias to another memai for installing him in the status. But everyone has or can get ten mias. The important point is that the payment is public and, like all payments at malanggan, is accomplished by a line of individuals going forward to pay and manifest their support. Lovan and Francis are not memai because, for various reasons, no group has invited them to become memai. They may yet become memai: they are only slightly older than Kavok and Ephraim, both of whom appear anxious to succeed in the quest for status.

Summary: Institutionalized and Non-Institutionalized Leadership

Memaihood is thus an institutionalized leadership status. There are alternate, but definite, ways to attain the status. In this aspect of New Ireland culture, as in other aspects, there is a known path to follow. But it is also characteristic of New Ireland culture that individuals like Francis and Lovan are given honored places in the group. They speak, they lead, they say they are following their fathers, and they are not challenged; and their path becomes another known path for others to follow. They are respectable and respected members of the whole group, rather than leaders of opposition factions as they might be in other societies.

Women playing leadership roles met with mild resistance, mainly in the form of light ridicule from Francis, a few barked (and ignored) commands from Eruel, and a somewhat patronizing attitude from their male supporters (Melisa and Kase). But their leadership went completely unchallenged, if one judges by the success of the malanggan: attendance, though smaller than at the Livitua malanggan, was good, and there was much more food per person than usual, very well cooked. Exchanges of mias for pigs, malanggan, and

cement occurred at the usual rates. Melisa, in a speech to inspire the people to greater efforts in preparation for the last few days, asked: What kind of news can people take home from this malanggan at Kuluvos, about the hospitality they received? The news was very good. Still, women cannot be memai; and memai as a group rank above "just plain men" (pidgin: man nating).

#### Ranking Amongst Memai

Amongst memai, there is no clear ranking. Memai are, as a status, equal: there are no higher or lower memai, though some lead here, others there, and there are fluctuations over time in numbers of followers.

When Melisa called the names of memai and other leaders at the beginning of one of his public speeches, he did so in terms of their residential proximity, starting with those from farthest away. Some cultures would insist that the home folks be extolled first on such an occasion, but it is in keeping with New Ireland culture's propensity to give honor and preference to outsiders that those who have travelled farthest should be first honored. Within each village, the men who were either memai or who "go first" for that village were called first. Men who would not in all cases be big men, but who were playing an important part in the present proceedings, were addressed; and memai, too, rank differently in relation to each other depending on the role they have in a current event.

It is sometimes implied that older memai rank above younger memai, or at least that men who got their memaihood earlier rank above those who got it later; and informally this principle generally operates. Kase said that when he dies, Tulebung will succeed him as memai of Kuluvos; but also that Tulebung is already a true memai because all "his memai" are dead. More

clearly, Kase is about ten years older than Melisa, and was probably installed as a memai before Melisa was; and yet Kase acknowledged Melisa's position as stronger than his own in Nonopai village. When Emi asked Kase to lead the malanggan for William and Makalo, he declined, saying that Melisa "holds everyone here." Kase said that he would put his own men under Melisa's leadership, and there is every indication that he did try to do that. However, apparently some of Kase's following were unwilling to accept the rank order Kase saw, unwilling to follow Melisa as Kase himself did; because it was two men of Kase's clan and village who refused to go along behind Melisa at the end of the malanggan. The relative fluctuations in rank, as well as the general limitations on the power of memai, is illustrated in this instance.

At any given time some memai are stronger than others, but there is no institutionalization of these temporary placements. Thus, while William of Kuluvos had high status as a memai, his mokotok Tulebung starts again from the beginning. Kuluvos has not had a memai since the death of William, and it is not systematically required that each hamlet or family group have a memai. Tulebung was installed as a memai because a group of people who were able to provide the ceremony considered Tulebung to be an eligible young man that should be encouraged to provide leadership. He will have to participate successfully in many activities before he can function as a big man, as Kase and Melisa do. The fact that he is presently working in Rabaul does not mean that he will not eventually come home, learn his work, and do it well. Nearly all men of all ages in New Ireland have worked for Europeans for several years. This experience may increasingly become expected of local leaders.

### A Memai's Constituency

Memai status is not a position of leadership defined rigidly in terms of a particular group of people or a particular territory. Nowadays, however, there is generally considered to be at least one memai per village, and sometimes conceptions of succession in a locality are then associated with the status. Tulebung was viewed by Kase as succeeding to the status within the hamlet of Kuluvos, which in 1967 offered a constituency of two households. Those two households were able to draw support from many others, however, for the installation.

A memai can function as a leader of many different groups of different sizes and in different relationships to him. He has no single, clearly-defined group. Similarly, each individual has no one memai whom he or she regards as his or her only memai. During the malanggan proceedings at Tokanaka in Livitua, Sirapi paid Uliakis of Kableman village to remove the taboo that forbade her to eat taro. Merange of Panapai village spoke for her in relation to the group that brought a singsing from Omo village. Lovan performed for Sirapi and Mangai village the routine service of calling out the names of those who brought money and mias to help pay for pigs, cement, and malanggan. Eruel made the special speech that announced that Sirapi's pig had come free to the malanggan, because she was "sorry." Ties of this sort, between individuals in various roles and various places, expand the group and bind it firmly together.

Memai provide services, for which they are paid by their primary constituency: those who invited them. A memai may serve an individual, as Uliakis served Sirapi: she paid him two mias for this service. Melisa served the whole group at the Kuluvos malanggan, but he was invited to provide services by the Mokamiva people of Kuluvos. They were his primary constituency and employers; but two Mokamiva men from Nonopai were able to discharge



Melisa from his work. They could not have done this had not the Mokamiva people of Kuluvos consented to the discharge: Melisa implied this when he said that he would have come back had Tulebung himself come to ask him. Men of higher status than Tulebung--Lovan, Taito, Kase himself--came to ask Melisa to return to lead the malanggan; but he refused.

Servant or Master?

How then shall the function of the memai be viewed? Is he helping or controlling? Has he power or a valued skill? Is he servant or master of the group? I think the former interpretation is supported by the evidence.

The ship of state needs a new captain, but canoes do not have captains. They have steersmen. "Altogether, all are gone (the old memai); and the canoe, it wants to go on now," Kase said in installing Tulebung. A memai is often said to be one who "steers" activities. Lasuwot thought he "steered" better at Tokanaka than had some other memai at other malanggan.

I rarely heard the word "power" in New Ireland. Melisa did not use it during the Kuluvos proceedings. He said that the malanggan grew up on his strength, on his hard work; but he did not mention his "power," though I heard him use the word on another occasion.

The memai is a servant of his people, which means that sometimes he will make the final decision and "boss." At Kuluvos, people did not need a memai to force them to do things; nor has a memai control of any substantial force, or resource. They did need a memai to make a schedule and to notify and communicate, "to talk." They needed a memai to scold them (as Melisa chided the women for not preparing all the taro for cooking). They needed a memai who would run with the fufus when everyone was cross (but who would have the good sense to run only after the argument appeared to be dying down). They did need a memai to decide, after discussion, that no more time should be spent waiting for more people to produce more sago.

(Melisa's taking a hard line on this point, at first, made him appear to yield when he offered only one more day.)

Melisa sought group consensus for his decisions: "I like this week (to start things); but I ask you, I called all you big men. It wouldn't be good if I put down your thinking. It is something for you and me and all of us to decide together. . . I don't want anyone cross, or any talk."

Seeking consensus is the New Ireland way. That the white man is seen as authoritarian was implied and illustrated in Lovan's imitation of him: "Wait on the road!" and "Pour the tea!" It is from the white man, the Australian Administration, that coercion within New Ireland society comes today. In the early days, the white men (then German) shot or hanged people who disobeyed white men's laws. A public hanging in Kavieng is said to have terminated widow strangulation. During the Kuluvos malanggan, New Guinea policemen came to Mangai and destroyed things in Laksia's house and took him forcibly to jail. In the old days, before the white man came, coercion came in the form of raids and attacks by one or two villages against another. But these attacks were led by putunangaul, war leaders,<sup>36</sup> not by memai.

When Melisa's mandate to serve was challenged, he withdrew. There was no power struggle. A messenger brought a mias to Melisa and told him that Tulebung wanted to get memai from his own clan, and that Melisa's services were therefore no longer needed. Melisa, uncertain of his invitation, stayed at home; ashamed to push himself forward. His shame could not be bought by anyone but Tulebung, and he did not come.

People had different interpretations of why Melisa stayed away. Lingiris of Livitua thought it was because Livitua had shown him that his harsh words to Livitua were unwarranted. Livitua had "won," according to Lingiris. That was the facet of the situation that interested Lingiris.

But perhaps it is significant that neither Lasuwot nor Francis went to Melisa to ask him to come back. Melisa had tried to give orders to Livitua, and Livitua had ignored them. Some people supported Melisa in his attempt. I infer from this that a memai may try to give orders to the whole group at a malanggan, but that he is taking a risk in so doing. This is a borderline area of his function, and his "power" appears to be great or not accordingly as he is successful or not. The "bossing" function of memai is controversial, and will be considered right or wrong by different groups in different situations.

When I asked individuals why they were helping with a malanggan, there was no indication that they felt "forced to help" by the memai or by anyone else. It was difficult to get an answer to this question. They were helping because they wanted to help: that was the first answer. When I asked their kinship and locality connections to various people they gave the information but saw no special relevance to my original question. Finally I learned to ask: "Who do you follow here?" The answer was the name of an individual: someone counted as close kin. From there one could trace that person's connections to one of the main participants in the malanggan. But if the name of Melisa were mentioned by someone who "followed" him, it was only his personal connections that were relevant, not his status as leading memai of the malanggan.

A big man, then, has a "following" or "faction" only in the sense that groups are there, individuals held in a network of inter-personal relationships, waiting for whomever is ready to lead them. The group needs a leader with the ability to lead; and in New Ireland this ability is referred to as "the ability to talk." Some add that he must be able to organize. But the ability simply to talk well publically

and privately is more important in a small society where relationships are face-to-face relationships than it is in a society based on impersonal relationships. Melisa said that his brother was designated to become a memai, but that his brother did not know how to talk; and that therefore Melisa, instead, had taken his father's place. Ability to talk well is especially highly regarded in New Ireland, too, because the culture discourages the development of the ability: it is a kind of ostentation. Those who achieve the office of memai are respected for their leadership skills, because people know they must have someone to "go first" for them, and that this role requires uncommon initiative. Both Kase and Melisa manifested their considerable personal abilities not only as memai, but as representatives of their people at a meeting of the Demarcation Committee, a completely different arena of events. But men of high ability must be careful to present themselves as servants to other people.

Melisa himself stressed that he came to "help" Emi. Where were the men of her own clan? Did Kase come to help? Did Mavis come to help? They did not. Melisa saw that she worried, and he came to help. She had plenty of opportunity to ask other memai, for instance while Melisa himself was in Namatanai; and Emi did ask Kase, who declined in Melisa's favor. Emi chose to wait for Melisa to return, and she asked him to help.

Big men perform symbolic (at least) acts of humility in order to underscore their role of servant to the group. Beong, who is old, helped to build the fence around the cemetery, the bamboo for which every man, big or small, helped to carry to Kuluvos. A man who is really important has to be careful lest others become jealous: that is probably the major factor that influenced some men to stop Melisa from giving memai status to Tulebung. A really big man not only can afford to appear

in humble functions: he must do so, or he will lose influence. At Kuluvos, it was the biggest man of Livitua, Lasuwot himself, who gave up his "chair" (a kerocene tin) for me to sit on; and during the building of the fence around the cemetery it was the old memai Beong, not Lovan, for instance, who remained to help to the last.

#### Trust and Respect

"Power" in New Ireland does not come from a memai in control of some physical force, or in control indirectly of force through control of subsistence resources. He can at most "steer" the forces of society. Makalo has been dead for four years, but his promise to Kavok was respected. What kind of power does a dead non-memai have that his promise is respected? He has the power he derived from the nature of New Ireland culture, which organizes a society built on trust. Respect and trustworthiness are the foundation of this culture, and without them it would have to collapse. All individuals are not equally trustworthy, no doubt; but the malanggan I witnessed could not have taken place if respect and trust were not prominent characteristics of individual members of New Ireland society.

#### Group Unity

Modes of maintaining the group as a whole are institutionalized in New Ireland culture, and some of them were reported in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan. The group is prevented from splitting horizontally by the control of competition, of disputes; and by the activation of many ties between many individuals of varying groups, which prevents any group from operating as a closed entity. What anthropologists have called "cross-cutting ties" dissolve boundaries and knit the whole group together.

One of the functions of the memai is to control who brings what kind of object or performance to malanggan so that there is not too much competition for available mias and for available roles in the proceedings. Melisa tried to limit what people brought more than did Kase, who tended to favor letting Livitua bring its malanggan, letting Mangai bring its malanggan for kattom rather than only pul payment, letting the whole group wait until Kamniel had enough sago to give to the event. In the end Kase's more permissive perspective prevailed, perhaps because it was more inclusive, did not exclude anyone, even though it may have reduced the amount of mias that some of the leading performers were given. Since the profit motive is not honored, this reduction would be consistent with the system, and gives evidence that Kase's way of dealing with competition, i.e. letting all join in if they insist, is more appropriate than Melisa's way: trying to restrict the number of competitors.

#### Group Unity Preserved

However, if disputes occur despite preventive efforts, memai have as part of their role an institutionalized way to end them. There was dissension over Livitua's wanting to bring an uninvited malanggan. A shouting match ensued, which was ended when Melisa strode into the center of the gathering waving fufus leaves, and calling out, "Fufus!" If there is a quarrel, the memai will go and "kill" the quarrel with fufus," he told me later.

The very high value placed on the group, its unity and continuity, is manifested continually throughout the Kuluvos malanggan. In the political context presently under discussion, it is clear that values related to group unity dominated values related to individual power or authority. Melisa, for whatever private motive, withdrew from the malanggan when the "public welfare," the unity of the group, was threatened. This was

a major concern of Melisa's from the beginning: "I don't want anyone cross, or any talk. I want us to 'brother' good. I would like everything to be straight, to all turn out well," he said. And at the end, he said that all had turned out well except for "this one hidden talk that had not come out." Despite his disappointment in not being able to complete his performance on the last day, Melisa told Lovan and others when they went to see him that he was not worried, that he was not a man of anger: "I have no talk," he said.

The concern Melisa expressed was not for himself, but for the success of the group venture. Melisa had lost his mandate, but the group had not lost its structure. Kase, who was accepted both by Melisa and by his Mokamiva brother Samuel, took over the leadership. When his work was done, Samuel embraced him, while Levi (like Kase and Samuel, a Mokamiva clansman from Nonopai) stood by holding the memai's feather of office for Kase. The group effort went on without open dissension, and members of the group either did not see, or took no note, that another man "went first" for them on the last day. Kase simply announced, "All right, there is another memai again," and the planned events of the day went on as scheduled.

#### Egalitarian Unity

New Ireland culture prevents splits horizontally, but also vertically, in the group. People are prevented from becoming "outsiders" as a class, the strong above, the weak below. This is accomplished by not allowing the strong to become too strong, a ruling class; nor allowing the weak to become too weak, a depressed and oppressed lower class.

#### a) The Strong

The leveling tendencies in New Ireland culture prevented Melisa finally from gaining still more prestige and wealth, and directed these instead to Kase. Kase said that when Emi asked him to be memai for the

malanggan, he said, "The leadership to Melisa. I can't hold it. He holds all here, he carries all here." And yet one or two men who preferred Kase were able to convince Tulebung that he should get memai from a man of his own clan (Kase) rather than from outside (Melisa), and Melisa stayed home on the last day of the malanggan. There is no evidence that people who preferred Melisa also stayed home: Lovan, Matunga and Taito went to give Melisa a mias, to buy his shame, to bring him back; but when Melisa would not come, Lovan and Matunga and Taito went back to the malanggan anyway.

Melisa had been stronger than Kase at the beginning of the malanggan, according to Kase; but who was stronger at the end?

b) The Weak

The weak are not allowed to become too weak. The persons most notably in a weak position at the Kuluvos malanggan were the three women who initiated it. Several times it was publically stated, by the big men who were helping, that it did not matter if everything went badly, because this was just an affair run by women. Melisa said of the Kuluvos malanggan, "It came about only from the thinking of one woman. Emi. She thought too much of her two brothers, and she worked this thing. It didn't get started with one man, or a big man; not at all. But Emi, herself, she talked about this: maski (it doesn't matter), if it goes badly (pidgin: bagarap), if you all are hungry, maski (nevermind), you can't think badly. It is just something that came up from the mouth of a woman, that's all. If a man called it, then, then you all could all stop well within it."

Melisa and Emanuel were protective of the women in their remarks on this subject, but Francis was not. He lightly ridiculed the idea: what,



do we work for women? From the very successful outcome of the malanggan, I infer that people gave extra help to Kuvuvos, a little more than they might have had it been run by the strong. New Irelanders characteristically give whatever extra help is required to bring the weak up to the position of the rest of the group.

#### Networks of Relationship

The Kuvuvos malanggan, like all malanggan, was built on structures created by kinship and marriage, locality and friendship. It was initiated by the sister (classificatory sister to Makalo, true sister to William) of the two dead men in the Kuvuvos cemetery. Emi first called to help her men of her clan: Mokamiva. They invited a tambo, a man married to a Mokamiva woman, to be memai for the malanggan.

Then the widows of the dead were called: Rusrus was already remarried. Her role was that of widow, but also that of mother to William's son. Sirapi and Makalo had no children, but her role was not the less important for that circumstance.

Kin defined as close kin helped most, but nearly everyone from Mangai helped. The same was probably true for the other villages that were fully involved, through kinship and marriage ties, in the Kuvuvos malanggan: Mangai, Livitua, Wuap, Lauen (of which Kuvuvos is a hamlet), Wongerarum, Paruai, Sali, and Nonopai.

The malanggan brought home people who had left: Rusrus' brother Pasap (who has been living on the West Coast, where he married); Malembes, Emi's classificatory sister's son (from Omo, his father's village, where he has always lived); Kamniel's West Coast relatives (who came from his

birth place to support him in his mother's village); Kavok's daughter Doli and her husband, William's son Nelson (both of whom are teachers in New Ireland schools); William's son Tavakariu (who came home from a job in Madang); and Emi's son Tulebung (who works with the Electric Power Company in Rabaul); and others, all came to be together, to work together again at Kuluvos.

What are the boundaries, spatial and temporal, of the Kuluvos malanggan? In this single event there were villages represented from an area stretching one hundred miles along the East Coast of New Ireland, and there were at least two West Coast villages represented. People from five language areas were present. The men from Omo were reactivating ties that might have been dropped forty years ago, when the mother of Malembes married and moved to her husband's village.

Malanggan ties doubtless have a much longer history, but it cannot be recovered in detail. It would trace connections back to Tabar long ago: all agree that malanggan carvings came originally from there. Mangai village has ties specifically with the island of Simberi in the Tabar group. Old Langiro is from there, and old Ngadu of Livitua was married there for years. During the Tokanaka malanggan Milika waited anxiously for her (classificatory) father, Buliminski, to come. He did not, but others from Tabar did come to help with final rites for one of their kin buried in Livitua more than twenty years before. Ties with Tabar are by no means inactive. Considering the irregularity and difficulty of transportation between New Ireland and Tabar (two rough days apart by launch), New Irelanders go often. Most of the time I was in New Ireland there was a small group from Mangai or nearby just going to, or just back from, or in, Tabar.

People enjoy visiting other places, both new and familiar. Mobility requires the meeting of obligations in the places visited. In 1965 three men from Simberi came to Mangai to invite residents to attend a malanggan in their home village. The three themselves were required, upon entering Mangai, to distribute shell armbands (mapa) to lift a taboo that automatically fell on them for their failure to attend--and help--Mangai's last malanggan. This malanggan had been for, among many others, the brother of the Simberi men, who had died in Mangai during the war. The men from Simberi distributed eighty shell armbands, and some Mangai people were cross because they said that was not enough. (All the women reached the Simberi men early and exchanged mias for the mapa; so there was none left for the men when they found out the Simberi men were in the village.) Lovan spoke out about this custom, saying: "This is a strong law, strong like the white man's law! I do not like that you come with nothing!" If the Mangai people went to the Simberi malanggan to which they were invited, they too would have to come with plenty of mias to lift a taboo on their presence, resulting from their failure to attend several Simberi malanggan in recent years. All ended amicably with a little feast in Panakaia hamlet for the Tabar men; and a week later twelve people set out for Simberi, from Mangai and Livitua. Thus malanggan provided a framework, accepted and understood by all, within which, after an interval of twenty years, old ties were productively renewed. The standardization of conventions and valuables provided a secure, known way to make contact with people long absent and not well-known personally, and to obtain their trust and help.

The institution of malanggan extends and regulates social, political, and economic ties over a wide area in New Ireland and across to Tabar. How old are these ties? Has the white man's coming diminished or actually enhanced the tradition of malanggan? If either, I think the latter: New Irelanders regard the European presence as a great blessing precisely because it made possible safe visiting between villages. However, there are no stories of ambushed malanggan gatherings. A major function of malanggan in earlier days must have been the provision of safe conduct for people and goods and a "peace of the market:" the security now provided ultimately by a foreign government, but still primarily based on the institutions of New Ireland culture.

#### Summary

Leadership is provided by memai, men who attain institutionalized positions; and by men and women who have the ability and the will to assert themselves. In either case, leaders are servants, not masters of the group. They are primus inter pares, and they are not ranked among themselves. They serve different areas and different occasions, rather than different levels in a hierarchy. Various leveling mechanisms prevent the strong from becoming too strong, and the weak from becoming too weak, and thereby maintain the egalitarian balance that characterizes the structure of New Ireland culture.

Institutionalized modes of exchange are widely recognized, and create a means whereby ties are kept functional over many miles and many years. Thus is a wide network of bonds maintained, and a large group of people kept ready to unify when some among them call for a malanggan.

## ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF MALANGGAN

Malanggan is institutionalized in its economic aspect in that exchanges are carried on in established settings where standard procedures are invoked. A currency (which adheres to social, not just to material, relationships) is created, used, and standardized in this setting.

It is group-oriented in that the increased production of resources required for a malanggan is so distributed as to enhance and expand the group as a whole. Individuals act on behalf of groups, and finally of the whole group, in the work of producing and distributing. True, each person finally eats alone, but from a basket held by his consumption group.

Most remarkable, perhaps, is the egalitarian goal of malanggan, which seems to be roughly achieved. There is an explicit and fundamental injunction against individual persons or groups profiteering. Exchanges are supposed to be equal, either in the short run or in the long run. All who come will eat, without regard to the services they may or may not have rendered to the occasion.

### Production

The Kuluvos malanggan, like all others, stimulated the production of basic resources. Four years earlier, Sirapi and others began to grow their pigs. Sirapi grew hers specifically for the malanggan for Makalo. Lasuwot grew two big pigs for the Tokanaka malanggan for Waradis.

Pig-raising requires hard work. Every morning and every evening coconuts are sought on the ground, opened, scraped out, and fed to the pigs

when they come back from the bush each evening. The pigs are expected to supplement their diet with wild food found in the bush during the day.

Allowing the pigs to roam for food means that gardens must be fenced. Men work in groups to fence cleared areas in which they have plots. It is hard work, and often in vain: hardly a week goes by without someone bringing the discouraging news that a pig has broken through a fence, rooted up large areas of garden, and consumed what it offered.

Extra gardens are planted in preparation for a malanggan. Several months before the Livitua malanggan the whole village worked together to clear and plant a large garden specifically to supply the malanggan feasts.

The report of the Kuluvos malanggan emphasizes the hard work required to make a feast. Sirapi said at one point toward the end that the women were too tired, and too committed to their task, to eat properly. Their continual work was that of food preparation, often in a hot smokey house; but there were always trips to be made to the bush for leaves, food, and other supplies. Additional coral rubble had to be brought from somewhere for the many additional mumu required for the feast, and for mumu large enough to ensure that the food would be well done. Lina made a new shell scraper for her own use in Matanavillam after Vasale took the hamlet's whole supply to Kuluvos. Some of the material products of this labor will be left over when the malanggan is finished: roof materials, the coral rubble, even some food.

### Distribution

#### Forms.

Distribution at malanggan exchanges is accomplished through various forms of reciprocity, between individuals and between groups. At Kuluvos,

Emi invited Melisa and Kavok to bring cement, and Melisa passed the invitation along to Emanuel. Sirapi invited Matunga, and Francis invited Mavis, to bring malanggan. Emi invited her classificatory brother in Omo to bring something, and he chose to organize a song performed in elaborate head-dresses.

Some of these invitations were reciprocating similar ones, and some were not. It was said that Makalo had promised Kavok that he could make the cement for William because "Makalo wanted to reciprocate" Kavok's having invited Makalo to make the cement for Suraman (Kavok's father). When Makalo died, his desire to return Kavok's invitation was honored, and Kavok was invited by the organizers of the malanggan to make the cement for Makalo. Francis' invitation to Mavis represented the beginning of a new exchange relationship. The one which had been begun with Lepilis faltered for lack of a return invitation. When the child Mare died, Melisa asked Tulebung to make her cement, to give this young man a chance to get started in exchange with close relatives. The invitation to Emanuel was also defined as giving opportunity to someone who was in this case not young but away from his own home and a heavy contributor to local work.

Men may ask someone they owe to bring something, and thus repay a debt; or someone new, and thus start a new exchange relationship, expanding their own contacts and those of their group.

Informants stressed that people do not have to reciprocate: they may do so if they like. It would be shameful to ask them to do so. People did not say that Makalo had to reciprocate, or that he had a debt to Kavok; only that he had shown by his promise that he wanted to return Kavok's invitation to make cement. Informants were very clear on this issue in general, not just with regard to repayment in malanggan: whether or not people return gifts is optional; their own concern, a matter of their own wishes.

It is, in fact, not right to ask someone to bring something in hopes that some day the invitation will be returned. Francis asked Mavis for a malanggan not because he hoped that Mavis would reciprocate in the future, but only because (Francis said) Mavis was a man of Kuluvos: a man "inside" the malanggan (which Lovan denied) but "outside" Frances' Livitua group.

One cannot both reciprocate an old debt and begin a new exchange relationship. The injunction to "go outside" and "lose, lose, lose" supports ignoring what is already "stuck to one's skin" in favor of seeking new contacts, and new debts. Those who "talk badly" of others at malanggan may be accusing them of not going outside, of merely putting money and mias back into their own pockets. In a sense, continuing limited reciprocity does just that. Perhaps that is one reason why people emphasize the voluntary nature of reciprocity.

This interpretation could be made of two groups which exchanged only with each other, in endless reciprocity over the years. It looked to Francis as though Lovan were getting Livitua involved in such a dead-end (at best) exchange with Lepilis: "We had already asked Lepilis," Francis said. "All right, (then) Lovan, too, he asked Lepilis. . . . He wants to get Lepilis again, so it will be the two of them again." Even if Lepilis had reciprocated (which he did not), continuing exchanges between the same two sets of people was not appropriate for malanggan.

The positive value placed on "going outside" supports expansion of malanggan exchange into new areas, new social groups; and therefore expands distribution, contacts, possibilities of access to new and more resources. I never heard anyone justify it for these reasons, or for any reason other than that



it was good to do so. But going "outside" also means taking risks of not being repaid, a loss which would accrue to the whole group. No doubt big men could have discussed resource-oriented advantages and disadvantages in some detail, but we did not do so. Perhaps this factor was more important when people did not have Australian currency and Chinese stores.

From a broad perspective, then, the form of distribution fostered by malanggan is a network of reciprocal exchanges, the internal relationships of which are continually shifting, thereby creating the cross-cutting ties which unify all groups involved at any point in the system. Individuals create their own complex networks on any given occasion. They may each give mias to other individuals personally, as was the case when many men brought bamboo to Kuluvos, and when the men of Paruai brought the malanggan for Livitua to buy at Kuluvos. Or they may give to a "general fund," for an individual, as is the case when pigs or malanggan are bought. The individual's contribution is not lost in that case, however, as it is publically announced.

The correct form of distribution is reciprocity, and it is very explicitly wrong to try to make a profit, or to make one. It is always correct to give, and, as Ismael once told me, it was shameful to ask a price the way Europeans do. One has to be careful not to make a profit, at least publically; and to always "shoot it back" to someone "outside." One should seek to receive only in order to give, not in order to accumulate.<sup>37</sup>

Melisa said, in explaining his asking Tulebung to make the child Mare's cement: "Now true, he has not worked to get something that will stay with him. He has worked only that something comes and then goes back again."

The way New Irelanders solve the problem of making sure that they have given enough is to use a kind of inverted form of barter, wherein they begin by giving more than they will ultimately pay. The giver offers more, not less, than he expects to have to pay; and the recipient returns more than he thinks he should: each trusting the other to "return, return, return so that it will be square," as people said. This procedure was apparently usual in pig exchanges, though I was not able to follow it in detail in any case.<sup>38</sup>

Emanuel explained to me some of the conventions of malanggan exchange which again illustrate that reciprocity without profit is the goal expected in exchange. These conventions enjoin people to give to those who have not. This basic value and practice of New Ireland culture has many applications<sup>39</sup>: in the economic context, the principle of helping those in a weak position provides the stimulus for the return of mias to those who have given it and are therefore left without it, or for giving it to those who never had it. This principle operates wherever there are inequities (or wherever someone has made a profit), and an egalitarian equilibrium (never achieved) is what is sought.

Emanuel said that he and Kavok and all their relatives would join to return mias to Emi, because she had given them much and now she had not got any herself. In Medina village, where Emanuel is from, the mias would be returned at once, he said; but in Kuluvos it would be returned on the last day. The tendency to level which is so prevalent in New Ireland is here institutionalized, then, in malanggan exchange.

Melisa gave Tulebung's empty-handedness as the stimulus for his having asked him to make the cement for the child who died during the malanggan. Melisa said, "I am a little sorry for Tulebung. Because he has not got something given back into his hand. Thus, he has thrown away, thrown away,

thrown away, and it is as if he worked for nothing. All right, now Karabuso had a good idea. He thought of Tulebung, and he wanted to give a little something into his hand, so that he, too, will have something." It was right to equalize: Melisa went on to say that Tulebung had worked without seeking profit, which would not have been right.

Despite the fact that it is wrong to make a profit, some informants referred to some people as "rich" (though I never heard anyone called "poor", and New Irelanders said that no one was poor in their society). This term was not applied to any particular big man, but perhaps to anyone who temporarily had some money. People did not have differential access in marked degree to basic resources, nor did they have opportunity to accumulate them in malanggan exchanges. There are strategies to be mastered by ambitious men who want to be big men, but they have not got far to rise, nor will they rise on accumulated wealth.<sup>40</sup>

Melisa had acquired Australian currency through his hard work with coconuts and caocao, but he probably did not keep much of it. People knew he had money and made many demands on it. His truck was in constant use by other people, and there is no way for him to collect unless people "want" to pay him. Where wealth and power flow, jealousy and demands for sharing are not far behind. Milika told me that plenty of quarrels come up with a malanggan; and when I asked if all were jealous, she answered, "Very, very jealous!"

I think this interpretation best explains the actions of Samuel and Levi in stopping Melisa from giving memai to Tulebung. If Melisa had performed this service, Mokamiva clan would have had to pay him. By paying Mokamiva clansman Kase instead, they brought down Melisa and brought up Kase at the same time. One does not hear much about jealousy in New Ireland. In fact, Milika's reference to it is the only one I noted.<sup>41</sup> People did not need to experience jealousy in order to find cause to pull down the rich:

the leveling process, which prohibited profit-making, which valued giving to the weak, were sufficient stimulus to accomplish the egalitarian distribution New Irelanders expect.

#### Sanctions Supporting Reciprocity

There is no need to imagine a people carefully counting their obligations and their gains. There is no data that requires or allows this interpretation. New Ireland anxieties are focused on whether or not they have given enough, not on whether or not they have received enough. Thus, people look anxious and intense when they gather in groups to buy pigs, uneasy lest they collect too little to give the pig-bringer; but casual when a group of pig-buyers slips the money and mias inconspicuously into their hands. Emanuel, a close relative, was asked to bring William's cement partly because people worried that the pay they could muster might not be big enough to give further away without shame; not because they feared outsiders would not pay back enough. Sirapi indirectly supported this thesis when she explained to me that one man avoided me because he was ashamed that he had not brought me food, rather than because (as I feared) I had failed to meet some obligation to him.

Kas said that people wanted to "reward" rather than to repay other people. At the Kuluvos malanggan, people spoke not of the debts still owed by the dead, but rather of what the community still owed to them. And Ismael urged that Mangai be strong in its support for the Tokanaka malanggan, because Waradis had been a big help to Mangai. It was in connection with Pambali's pig for Sirapi that Kas suggested the translation "reward" as closer than "repay." Pambali said that he wanted to reward Sirapi for looking after him when he was young.

Many people want to give, and feel that they would like to reward someone who has helped them. But many people also feel their debts "stuck to their skins," a sense of obligation that was somewhat oppressive, approaching guilt. Melisa interpreted Kavok's distress over Livitua's bringing a malanggan (which meant that people had to divide their resources between Kavok and the Livitua "line") as caused by Kavok's worrying over his debts, his obligation to reciprocate. Melisa added that he, too, had many debts, but that he did not worry about them. Most people in New Ireland respond quickly to feelings of shame, which no doubt partly accounts for the public performance of giving. People tended to disappear at the wrong times at Kuluvos, probably because they were not going to give where some people might have thought they should.

For persons who felt neither the desire nor the obligation to make return gifts, there were consequences. Sanctions against those who slowed distribution by failing to reciprocate were indirect. There was no talk of taking Lepilis to court for his not having returned two invitations to bring malanggan to Livitua. The obligation was not legal, and perhaps, after all, he had had no opportunity to reciprocate. Lasuwot simply refused to invite him again, and stopped Lovan from asking him to Kuluvos, apparently to kattom (finish buying) it. Of this plan, Francis said: "Get Lepilis how many times? . . . You lose completely something that belongs to Lepilis." And Lasuwot said: "One thing is not good about Lepilis: later he will not invite me." Lepilis would have to "straighten" his debts before he would be invited again.

### Functions

Three kinds of distribution of resources result from malanggan events, all of which spread and equalize resources. First, there is that distribution which equalizes availability of resources in varying supply

at different times and in different places. There was no evidence of this kind of distribution on a large-scale at the Kuluvos malanggan: that is, there were no villages present that had, for instance, no pigs or no garden produce due to natural disaster. Small variations existed in local supplies, no doubt, among the East and West Coast villages that participated; and exceptional efforts had created exceptional surplus among major participants for a special occasion.

There is some regional and temporal variation in vegetable foods. Taro is much bigger in the Lesu area than it is in the Mangai area. The women told me this and I observed it. Mangai people do not walk very far into the bush to make their gardens, and the soil is exhausted: or at least this is the interpretation made by some informants. On the other hand, Mangai has plenty of sago, and there is none in some of the villages around Lesu. Sago is valued because it is well-liked, but also because it can be stored for considerable periods of time: up to a year, if it is dried. Furthermore, it is reliable, unlike root crops. Gardens of taro or sweet potato laboriously planted may be "burned by the sun" in temporary dry spells; while sago is sturdy against environmental fluctuations. Nowadays temporary shortages are compensated for by buying rice; but in earlier days no doubt malanggan and associated institutions prevented local temporary shortages from becoming times of hunger or even famine. The institution is there to be used if required to this end. After World War II, during which New Ireland was occupied by the Japanese, New Ireland had no pigs. Tabar was not occupied, and Tabar had pigs. A big malanggan accomplishing final rites for all the dead of the war years, brought pigs from Tabar: both by direct purchase before the malanggan and as gifts during the malanggan.

This kind of distribution is enhanced by widespread and variable contacts: new contacts, new resources, new sources of mias and money. Expansion creates a system with access to more and more varied resources. All the public moral exhortations heard during the Kuluvos malanggan serve this economic end: "Go outside" and "lose, lose, lose." Melisa said "Plenty of you who sit down here, and some (who aren't here), they say, for instance: 'Some people here and away, they get something to fill up their baskets with, something to go back inside their own baskets. He doesn't bring it to a man who goes a long way! He doesn't shoot it to something that goes a long way! It's enough, only, to catch it again and he goes in front of the house and brings it back inside again, into his own basket.'" People who do not "go outside" may expect that people will "talk badly" in this way. This is the counterpart in the economic system to the value of inclusiveness which generally characterizes New Ireland social life, which encourages people to bring outsiders inside.

The second kind of distribution that occurs through malanggan creates an equitable supply of resources for all individuals. Anyone who comes to a malanggan is welcome to eat. Some people do not have pigs, and theoretically might not have any other chance to eat pork. Pigs are eaten on other occasions, but always for some sort of ceremonial event and usually only one pig is divided. Only at funerals and malanggan are many pigs in evidence. Preceding the last day of the Kuluvos malanggan there were four other preparatory events, about a week apart, where pork was eaten by all who helped. In tropical climates, meat must be shared or lost: but tropical cultures do not all, therefore, share meat equitably. At the Kuluvos malanggan, as at others, everyone who came was served a large portion of pork before those who had helped pay for it got the extra to take home. At the Tokanaka

malanggan, there was none left after the public had been served. Anyone who wants to can help buy pig (because everyone is somehow related to someone who is involved with a pig) and take his chances on there being some left over for buyers to take home.

A third kind of distribution served by malanggan exchange returns the resources of the dead to the use of the living. Single individuals close to the dead are thus prevented from accumulating unexamined amounts of currency by inheritance. Resources are distributed, in particular among the relatives of the dead and to his creditors, though the term "creditors" overemphasizes the obligatory aspect of giving.

What debts did Makalo leave when he died? He had one debt that was made public: the debt to Kavok. Makalo had shown by his promise to Kavok that he wanted to repay that debt; and Emi and others wanted to honor Makalo's promise. Beyond that, the malanggan functioned to reintroduce the resources of the dead Makalo and William into the system. Strings of mias stored in baskets hidden away in boxes in Sirapi's house in Matanavillam hamlet came again into use.

Melisa said that he would leave whatever he had with his wife, and he implied that Makalo and William had probably left their money and mias to their wives. He said that he was not thinking about getting out those resources when he, along with Emi, asked Sirapi and Rusrus to help, to be "inside" the malanggan. The resources were, nonetheless, tapped by Melisa's invitation to the two widows. Lasuwot criticized Lovan for not sharing Waradis' checkbook, pigs, and mias; but the Tokanaka malanggan drew out some of that inheritance from Lovan to the whole group. In each case, it was a debt to the system in general that was repaid.



Mechanisms: Currency and Exchange Objects

It is at malanggan that a currency has been established and standardized in New Ireland. The currency is slightly different in the southern part of New Ireland, but malanggan have established a rate of exchange. A rate of exchange has also been established for Australian currency: five shillings is equal to one string of mias within the context of malanggan. The report of the Kuluvos malanggan shows that mias is more highly valued than Australian currency in that context, whereas only Australian currency is recognized in the shops in town. Mias has not been generally devalued by the introduction of Australian currency, and remains essential to exchanges supporting social ties in malanaggan or marriage.

The form of valuable unique to malanggan in New Ireland is the malanggan object (carving or vavara). The right to commission a particular design is owned, bought and sold. The artist is paid to make the object when it is needed. Objects may be used on more than one occasion, I was told, but I never saw this happen. The climate destroys the wooden ones, and vavara are burned.

There used to be some specialization in the production of valuables that created a basis for exchange. White shell arm bands (mapa) could only be exchanged for strings of red shell currency (vagaut in the local language, mias in pidgin): two mias for a set of ten arm bands, made to fit together. Mapa was made in Tabar and in New Ireland, while vagaut (mias) was produced on Djaul island (off the northwest coast of New Ireland) and in nearby New Hanover. Neither of these islands entered into malanggan exchanges. They used mias for purchase of perishables and for marriage payments. I found no evidence that shell valuables are regularly manufactured today, though they remain in regular use.<sup>42</sup>

New Ireland stands between Tabar (to the north) and the two islands which formerly produced mias. According to a myth (told me by Langiro, who is from Tabar) Tabar invented malanggan specifically in order to get mias from New Ireland. Tabar used to have mias, according to this myth. It was in a basket held by two brothers. One day they were swimming and diving in the sea. They took turns diving, one brother remaining above water with the mias. Then one day when one brother came up from a dive the other brother had swum away with the basket of mias. The brother left behind quickly made a sling shot and shot stones at his brother, but in vain: he succeeded only in breaking Tabar into three islands; and then shattering the end of New Ireland, thus forming New Hanover and the Tigak islands. Thus Tabar had to think of a way to get back mias. First Tabar made white shell arm bands, traded with New Ireland, and brought back some mias. Then Tabar invented malanggan. New Irelanders wanted them and gave mias for them. And that is how Tabar brought mias back to where it first belonged.

Nowadays New Ireland has another kind of currency that Tabar attracts with its malanggan: Australian currency. New Irelanders, especially those on the East Coast road leading to Kavieng (a port town), have much easier access to Australian currency than have the people of Tabar.

#### Summary

Malanggan is an institutionalized form of exchange of pigs and garden produce which fosters a wide and egalitarian distribution of food and of social relationships of economic consequence. The reciprocal form which characterizes exchange in the long run, or even in the short run, is said to be non-obligatory; and the term "reward" is preferred to the term "repaid" in many contexts. A standardized shell currency exists here as elsewhere in

Melanesia, and in some respects the famous malanggan carvings of the area also serve as institutionalized valuables; which identify and expand the group within which they and their associated institutions function.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF MALANGGAN<sup>43</sup>

Malanggan is institutionalized in its psychological aspect in that it prescribes emotional stances toward giving, helping, working together; toward relinquishing grief and returning in good spirits to the activities of the living. The sequence of events and rituals following a death gives individuals a schedule, a road to follow toward a final marker where grief is supposed to give way to the life of the group.

People give evidence of being fulfilled in playing institutionalized roles that serve the group rather than the individual at the expense of the group. They have been socialized by and for the group, so that the group can and does in turn serve, include and respect individuals. People do not feel restricted or oppressed: they genuinely want to give, help, conform to the institutions of the culture, from which no one is left out, from which no one is alienated. They are urged to state what they want, and they do not want what the group cannot tolerate.

The integration created by malanggan is egalitarian at the psychological level in that individual differences are equally accepted and even given institutionalized niches. Every attempt is made to include everyone and to preclude jealousy, but individuals who feel they have been left out may assert themselves and be given what they feel is their due. The more assertive among them are depended upon for leadership, but no one's psyche or personality is valued (except situationally) above anyone else's.

### Institutionalization of Expression

New Ireland culture is rich in institutionalized markers that define the known path, and in general New Irelanders follow it. Malanggan is an all-encompassing institution, a ritual which provides known channels and mechanisms for the expression, and communication within the group, of personal feelings. Most people seem willing to use those channels, committed to what they are doing; and willing to suppress or avoid conflicting encounters or analyses that might create doubt or dissension.

Malanggan offers a format within which people may express their emotional (as well as social-political-economic and so forth) attachment to other people, living and dead; their grief, and finally the relinquishing of grief, and the return to a serene acceptance of life among the living.<sup>44</sup>

#### Grief

Most of the evidence for this generalization, i.e. that malanggan serves to reorient mourners emotionally, is indirect; but some informants said as much. Eruel told me once, in response to persistent questioning, that the mamatua mask wood carving is used at a time when people are "sorry: it makes you want to cry." But when the final malanggan comes, it is time to forget the dead, "a time to be happy: it makes you want to laugh." He gave these details of emotional behavior somewhat irritably, annoyed at being forced to state so crassly what should be subtly understood. But Eruel, alone amongst his compatriots, realized that I had to be taught appropriate emotional responses along with all the other elements of the culture.

During the course of that discussion in 1965, Ismael added this statement: "Yes, malanggan is a time to be happy and forget the dead. You cannot go around sorry, sorry, sorry all the time."

The group helps individuals to express their feelings: for instance, Rusrus and Sirapi, the surviving widows, were asked to stand up in the Omo village dance, even though they had not learned it in practice with the rest of the group. I interpret this as an attempt to bring them out of mourning, to help them to play again, to integrate them again into the good part of life. The individual is supported, not lost, in the group. Thus, when the child Mare died during the Kuluvos malanggan, people came to, as they say, "help cry." Her mother, Kor, was subdued in her expression of grief at Mare's funeral. That the bereaved cry as little as they do does not (according to this view) reflect a lack of depth or intensity of feeling, nor does it reflect a repression or tight control of the full feelings that they experience. All the grief is expressed, but not all by the immediate family alone. And not all at the funeral: few cry "spontaneously" at the grave, but malanggan in all its elaboration is built around the desire to end lingering grief for the dead.

Grief is supposed to terminate with a malanggan. Those who were emotionally involved with the dead are provided with an opportunity to go on giving to them throughout the preceding years of preparation. Sirapi tended a pig, feeding it night and morning, about eight coconuts a day (a shilling's worth) for four years, all the time thinking that it was a pig for Makalo. Then she gave it free to the Kuluvos malanggan because she was "sorry." Even though malanggan is a time to be happy, there is an alternative path known for those who still tend their grief.

### Giving

Feelings of obligation are also expressed through malanggan. Emi and Sirapi gave their pigs free because they were "sorry," but also to help reward the dead for their many services. And Lepilis and his wife came to the

Tokanaka malanggan because, according to Sirapi, Waradis had brought them many fish and sweet potatoes, and "the two think of him still."

And so the malanggan is the time when the dead are brought to mind, worked for, thought about, talked about again after perhaps several years have passed; and then they are to be considered "finished." The emotional significance of malanggan has to be inferred mainly from events, but Melisa was explicit: they are held to give the living peace of mind about the dead.

This final giving to the dead reflects characteristics of New Ireland giving that occur in other contexts: enjoying giving for its own sake, giving especially generously and gladly where no return is expected or possible; to "outsiders" who will not become involved in exchanges and debts. One instance of this kind of giving occurred during the Kuluvos malanggan, when Sirapi looked forward to my going to town so that I could take some food she would give me to a plantation owner on the way. Many people were at pains to deny the obligatory aspect of giving, which did, nonetheless, exist; but they meant, I think, to underscore its social and emotional meaning, to distinguish its symbolic from its utilitarian import.

### Trust

New Irelanders grow up trusting people and they are not disappointed. People are trustworthy: the system works. Malanggan puts it and them to the test, and together they are not found wanting. Thus is the propensity to trust reaffirmed, manifested, reinforced, and institutionalized. It is made to exist, and it is made legitimate.

New Irelanders do not doubt the value of what they are doing, or the possibility of doing it, nor the motives of their compatriots. Mutual

trust prompts them to assume that people's motives are what the culture expects them to be, and they expect, or try to expect, the best of people: that they will give and take their fair share. Those who feel slighted are compensated, not further punished for making their feelings known. Thus, when some (Kammiel, Lovan, Francis) assert themselves, even slightly against the tide of on-going proceedings, people acquiesce to their plans. And when there is criticism, it is of actions not motives: thus, when it is mentioned that some have not been doing their share, the accused do more, rather than resentfully skulking off; thereby reestablishing their trustworthiness, beyond doubt, publically. For instance, Melisa said that Livitua was not helping; and the next day, to show that it was, Seronge of Livitua brought a pig. Melisa thought that the child Mare should be buried in Kuluvos, because there was no strength in Wongerarum, her own place; and the next day her pupu of Wongerarum manifested strength by bringing a pig.

People take for granted that human nature is good, that people are trustworthy. With regard to Yaraka's role in the Tokanaka malanggan, I asked Milika if he would share his pay with the men who actually did the work of making the cement crosses (while Yaraka was teaching school). She said that he could make them each a present if he wanted to do so. I asked how he would know who had done the work, and Milika said that the men would come and tell him. I asked if they would lie about it. Milika at first seemed not to understand my question. Then she said: "Oh no, this is not something that people would lie about."

The trusting of other people's motives is usually genuine, I think; but doubts (if there are any) are best kept to oneself, or from oneself: it is best to assume that people are as they ought to be, in order to avoid creating anger, or shame, or unwelcome uncertainties.

### Emotional Involvement

Because New Irelanders appear to be reserved, and have classic straight faces that do not show expression much, it was hard for me to decide whether people were bored or content. I now think the latter is the case: they were not going through the motions of traditional ritual but using their rituals to express themselves in ways they found satisfying.

The major piece of evidence I have for this conclusion is that the ceremony continues to be created. The Kuluvos malanggan was a great and successful undertaking which simply could not have been produced by half-hearted participants. One small incident gives more direct evidence: one night I commented to the women, "Oh you work so hard, all the time, and you don't rest a little;" and Sirapi answered, "Yes, and we don't eat well." When I looked concerned and said, "What!" Sirapi explained, "Because we don't feel like eating. We eat a little, and then we're not hungry. Our bellies (minds, hearts) remain only on work." And even though the women were tired and had slept very little, they stayed up all the final night of the malanggan to sing and dance and watch.

Some of the emotional involvement is related directly to the activities of the ceremony. People expect things of each other and everyone has a chance to be needed and esteemed in an important role.<sup>45</sup> And some of the involvement derives from people being together, continuing or creating or terminating relationships, becoming more or less involved in other people's concerns. During the course of the Kuluvos malanggan I noted some of the emotional events that underlie the apparent calm: relinquishing mourning, a child's death, people worrying over their debts and their offerings to the occasion, anticipation of love affairs and of "sparking," an attempted suicide, one man gone to jail and another come back, men struggling for position, and so on.



Do New Irelanders continue to perform the demanding tasks of malanggan because they have to, rather than because they want to? Do they conform out of fear, or because there are no alternatives, rather than because they are involved emotionally? I looked for evidence on this point,<sup>46</sup> and concluded that New Irelanders are genuinely committed to what they are doing. Theirs are not empty rituals, meaningless repetitions, but valued and cherished acts of caring. There is no single piece or kind of evidence that can support this conclusion, which rests rather on an interpretation of the complex whole, both of what it contains and of what it omits. No one told me, for example, that New Irelanders hold fast to tradition because they like it. In fact, people told me little about themselves; and I think the difficulty I had in getting long or deep explanations can be explained partly as due to this state of full involvement.

The two young men I did meet who were clearly not committed to their traditions did say so explicitly. One talked privately to me at a malanggan in Panapai village, saying that such celebrations were "useless," a waste of time and resources. He may have been trying to please me: he no doubt expected me to agree with him, as most other Europeans would have. But the intensity of his expression would argue that he genuinely held the views he stated. Another young man, however, made a speech in public at a funeral in Lesu in which he said that it was wrong to bring materialistic and business activities to such occasions: "Did I come to buy pig? Why? I came to show love for Boas (the deceased), I did not come to do business." He apparently thought that love was intangible and had nothing to do with pigs: an idea often expressed by Europeans. These two young men, "outsiders" who did not share the feelings of their fellows, had lived and taught in the world

of missions and schools. They did not understand the complex symbolic communication of the rituals from which they had been separated by their long participation in foreign traditions.

Group-Oriented Personality: Non-Exploratory

I have already pointed out that New Irelanders do not talk much, that they move slowly and carefully, that they can be seen sitting quietly apparently doing nothing for long periods of time; that they do not seek, and even seem to avoid or slough off, new stimuli. These characteristics were discussed briefly above<sup>47</sup> as non-institutionalized modes of integration which foster group-oriented structure and activity. Here I want to describe and investigate them further as characteristics of New Ireland personality.

This personality may be summed up as "group-oriented," a term which gathers in what New Ireland personality possesses; or as "non-exploratory," a term which looks outside to what is absent from it. An exploratory personality wants to probe and consider alternatives, to try out new ideas or applications at whatever cost in shame, to seek conflicting perceptions and the widest definition of a situation. There is a playfulness of mind and body that tries out different positions, runs to other points for new vistas; the restless and lonely pursuit of a better path, perhaps one that leads more quickly to the goal, or more smoothly, or past greener pastures. These are characteristics of the people of New Hanover, but not of those of New Ireland. New Irelanders feel in no way deprived of the attributes they do not have; and, being non-analytical, they do not notice them much in others. They feel sufficient unto themselves, and indeed well-endowed.

Non-analytical, non-exploratory, reserved behavior may be partly accounted for as adaptation to a culture that tries to keep large numbers of people moving down the known path together without conflicts developing into fractioning disputes. Individuals learn to restrain spontaneous, playful responses in favor of standard ones of known and accepted meaning. They expect and trust others also to restrain behavior that might serve themselves at the expense of the group. I have argued that if this trust did not exist, or if it were misplaced and betrayed very often, malanggan could not be successfully accomplished.

It is not possible to know for sure how much of this reserve is conscious restraint of behavior, and how much is characteristic of deeper levels of personality patterning. Some of it is best accounted for at the deeper levels, I think, consistent with the interpretation given above that people are totally involved on the known path, competently and confidently carrying out their tasks without cause to look or think elsewhere; and consistent with the observation that children too young to be relied upon to follow social etiquette share these characteristics with their parents. In the following paragraphs I cite and interpret evidence from the Kuluvos malanggan that documents this description of personality.

#### Avoidance of New Stimuli

Children learn reserve and relinquish exploratory behavior early. Semege's baby, who accepted me at the beginning of my field work, rejected me with cries of fear a few months later at Kuluvos (when he was about two years old) and no longer wanted to put on my glasses. I think the known path had begun to become clear to him, and my strangeness more obvious and unacceptable. (As he grows up, he will learn how to include strange-looking

outsiders through familiar modes. Perhaps he will bring me fish.) Little William (age about five) tried to politely obey his elders' urgings that he accept me as being like him, a person with white skin; but his perception of me as strange and frightening made him throw up.

Perhaps it is the general avoidance of new stimuli that explains the New Ireland response to rain. I mentioned our all huddling in the men's house during a light rain which fell one day on the Kuluvos malanggan. New Irelanders stay or go inside the house or whatever shelter is available when there is rain, however slight. I thought perhaps it was a local wisdom that had to do with malaria or other sickness until I saw that in New Hanover people tend to go on about their business even in quite hard rain, or even to go out to play in it; some women letting it rush down a drainpipe over their arms to wash and enjoy the sensation before they seized the opportunity (for which no one had systematically planned) to fill their basins.

The restraint of curiosity, of doubts, of idle play, of spontaneity, of doing anything that might draw attention to oneself; the restraint of exploratory behavior (presumably in the interests of group harmony), the fear of shame and ridicule in new situations were all manifest on the last night of the Kuluvos malanggan. I noted that people did not leave the most familiar even for the only slightly less familiar. Finally the Livitua women came over and sat with the women from Mangai whom they had known all their lives. Some of the younger women, for instance Milika, made clear to me that they felt embarrassed and shy about going into the party. Some aspects of it, the dancing, were foreign to them. This was true also at the Tokanaka malanggan party the night before the final day: I hung back with Milika and two other young women

who kept urging me to show them how to dance. Some of the young children, ages 6-12, were doing what I later learned was their version of the twist (a dance that appeared in my culture among a generation younger than mine). I said they would have to show me, that this was their culture; and they said, "Oh no it's not, this is your culture!" (None of us joined the dance.)

Fear of making a mistake, of being ashamed or embarrassed, of being lightly mocked keeps people from trying the new or unfamiliar. Thus Sirapi wanted me to go first, and I wanted her to go first, in walking along a path in Paruai village which she had not previously followed. I never saw any harsh ridicule for mistakes, but people were teased, as I often was, in a friendly way for the slightest misplacement of word or person or basket.

#### New Situations and Loss of Control

Participation in the new and unfamiliar requires trial and error, abandonment of the elegant control New Irelanders achieve and admire in their own well-known, well-honed activities. Loss of control is never admired. At the Kuluvos party there were already slightly scornful comments about those who were "sparking;" and most of those that were said to be "sparking" had not lost control sufficiently for me to be able to see what New Irelanders saw.

Parties that conclude malanggan are a time to have fun and be care-free, stay up late playing and, as Melisa said, "Dance, drink around and about, by and by everyone will be lying about on the beach, and flies will come onto the mouths of all." But when Melisa said this, Matiu explained to me, "Now he's just joking." This is the kind of joke people who are reserved and work hard can make. It would not be funny about people amongst whom such behavior was unremarkable. I did not catch a glimpse of New Irelanders in this

condition, flies hovering over sleeping forms with sagging jaws. I never saw New Irelanders looking carefree. They are as restrained in their expressions of pleasure as they are in expressions of grief or anger. Two European planters confirmed this quality in these ways: Wally Lussick, who was born and raised in New Ireland, said that he had learned that he had to be careful in speaking to New Irelanders because they are never vulgar and find vulgarity in Europeans disgusting. And Peter Murray, who has lived various places in New Guinea, said when I was groping for a way to describe these characteristics: "New Irelanders are gentlemen." They are in general restrained, reserved, moderate, serious, whatever the occasion.

#### Content with Familiar Stimuli

The report of the Kuluvos malanggan includes a description of children sitting for over an hour, not playing, not talking, not, apparently, doing anything. Adults also sit in loose clusters manifesting very little interaction: hence my sitting with Taito and others for half an hour before someone spoke to me was easy for them, very difficult for me. I would now interpret this behavior, which was common to people of all ages, during the course of their daily activities as well as at special events, as doing something fundamental to their culture: being together.

I found out that the one child, Kambakasou, who drew my attention because of his exceptional playfulness and constant activity was the son of a woman raised in New Hanover, who retained the talkativeness, assertiveness, and quick pace typical of New Hanover culture.<sup>48</sup>

The women spending long hours day after day scraping taro, preparing leaf packets, covering them in hot and smokey mumu appeared to be content in what others might have viewed as tedious, repetitive labor; which alternated

with "just sitting doing nothing." Given this kind of evidence, it is best to conclude that their behavior is guided and meaningful, rather than limited or restricted; not conformist but committed; not incurious, but intensely interested in their own doings, non-exploratory along a path that is, for them,<sup>49</sup> already fully satisfying.

#### Non-Analytical, Activity-Oriented Behavior

New Irelanders do not talk much, and when they do, they talk of routine, practical matters, simply stating what is to be done or what is being done or what was done. They do not analyze: they describe briefly. Thus, when I asked Sirapi, who is more analytical than most, and who wanted to help me, what was going on; and I wanted a long explanation, and she just said, "Buying pig," she probably thought she was conveying to me a whole complex of messages which I did not, for a long time, receive.<sup>50</sup>

Throughout the account of the Kuluvos malanggan, I noted that it was hard to get a long run statement about plans, or a philosophical statement about meaning<sup>51</sup> and values, or an analytical statement about motives and goals. It was far more difficult in New Ireland than in New Hanover, where people routinely engage in analytical conversations. For New Hanoverians, things are not as they seem; while for New Irelanders, they are. Comparison of New Ireland and New Hanover reminds us that the propensity to philosophize is itself culture-related: New Hanoverians are much more involved with plans for some remote future, and gloriously given to cosmic and analytical statements. They much prefer talk to action. New Irelanders are fully involved with repetitive process and immediate activities: for them, their actions carry heavy symbolic meaning, and need no words to supplement them.<sup>52</sup> They are Do-ers who

feel they belong, that they are Inside; not Outside Be-ers or Thinkers,<sup>53</sup> wondering what's going on. No sense of alienation or periods of emotional isolation put Sirapi and others like her Outside, plotting how to get In, or pondering what In was. But (as mentioned in the Kuluvo report) Laksia, along with other New Hanover cultists, wanted to know about everything, to understand what was going on. They never seemed to find out: New Irelanders always seemed to know.

For New Irelanders, activity in groups, not alone, seemed to be of fundamental value in itself; nor were words necessary or relevant to accompany it. They teach their children and each other and outsiders what to do by doing, together. The process of doing things together is, indeed, an important part of what they are doing. There never seems to be any hurrying toward a goal, but rather an unremarked contentment in continuing unbroken activity.

For example, when the men built the fence around the Kuluvo cemetery, there was never a change of pace. They worked steadily though slowly. The New Hanover boy, Laksia, by contrast, was the last to start and the first to quit; but he worked quickly while he worked: with a view, no doubt, to completing the task, which he probably found burdensome.<sup>54</sup>

Both Laksia and Sungua (Rusrus' husband from the Sepik area) were more goal-oriented and efficiency-oriented than were New Irelanders: both looked to get the job done, rather than to the process of doing it. Sungua's suggestion that coconut milk be caught and saved for future drinking met with no enthusiasm. New Irelanders do not drink often, are capable of sustained control and endurance, of steady application and postponed gratification; and probably



perceive a trip to the river for a drink as a pleasant part of the total process of working together, where no one person has to worry about the goal of finishing: all are helping, more will come and give a little if they see a need, and what is being done will become done gradually, without any individual noticing, or working himself into a state of stress, or of increased effort.

New Hanoverians do not, would not, could not carry out the elaborate preparations of malanggan: in New Hanover, "when they are dead, they're completely dead," Laksia said. The men of Omo engaged in a week-long detailed process of constructing, together, headdresses which they wore when their work terminated in a short performance on the final day of the Kuluvos malanggan. This institutionalized form of play, which New Irelanders call (with justice) "work," is incompatible with the New Hanover form of play, which is spontaneous, individual, and short-lived; but it is a kind of play congenial to New Ireland: the only kind for a people who as children give up spontaneity to become part of the secure and ordered activity around them.

#### Non-Analytical Behavior and Social Tactics

I have tried to account for non-exploratory, non-analytical behavior by showing that people are socialized early to cleave to the old and trusted ways of thinking and doing, and are totally involved in the doings along the known path when they are adults. But this behavior may also be partly accounted for as a social tactic, learned as etiquette and morality, meant to avoid disputes. Some evidence points to this kind of interpretation in some cases, where to avoid questioning and analyzing is also to avoid the confrontations which New Irelanders deplore.<sup>55</sup>

I often, at first, tried to find out why people were doing what they were doing; but no one would analyze or evaluate other people's intentions or behavior. I never heard anyone wonder beyond the culturally standardized explanation for doing things: "I think he wants to."<sup>56</sup>

Perhaps motives really do correspond to cultural values. When I asked why Luverida had brought a pig to Livitua village when I thought Livitua had become the opposition in a complex situation, Sirapi answered, "To help Livitua." This gesture showed that there was to be no breach. When I asked Lovan the same question, he answered, "You and I cannot know yet. We'll find out." But he never told me any more about it, nor did he speculate about what must have been a very familiar situation for him; and even Lovan teased me for asking questions which he apparently considered unnecessary. Actions need not be analyzed, merely described; even for Lovan, in many cases.

Lovan and others (e.g. Lepilis, Francis) seemed to be to be more assertive than most New Irelanders, and seemed to be at the center of some problems because of it. But when I asked various informants about them, expecting to hear analyses for and against their actions (e.g. they all wanted to bring malanggan that were considered uninvited by some) people said, "He is a good person," or "We are friends," or "I don't know."<sup>57</sup>

When non-analysis, standard evaluation and silence failed to prevent public anger, confrontations were nonetheless avoided: by making light of it, by dismissing it rather than by investigation and resolution of issues. (The main issue always was clear: keep everyone working together without spoiling the unity with quarreling.) Institutionally, Melisa ran with the fufus. Non-institutionally, Francis and Lovan joked: "Come back and hear. You can't be cross, then go," Francis said; and Lovan responded, "I want to be cross and

then I want to go." Most people, with far less tolerance and no pleasure (which Lovan and Francis had, I think) in confrontation, had melted away to somewhere else when this exchange took place. Stimuli to anger are explicitly avoided. Had other people stayed, they, too, might have become cross.

Eruel was unusual in accepting anger philosophically: "All men are cross, and now all dogs are cross, too," he pointed out with a smile on one occasion at Kuluvos. Sirapi said that she did not get cross (and others confirmed this), and she did not like to see others become cross: still, she showed calm acceptance (but no analysis) of quarreling when it did occur between Rusrus and Francis and others at Kuluvos, treating it as a matter of no consequence: "They weren't cross, they were 'big-mouthing,' that's all. We do that kind of thing."

#### Individual Differences and Expression of Emotion

Many institutionalized forms are available to people in New Ireland through which they may express and communicate their personal feelings. However, spontaneous emotional expressions occur and are accepted and, if necessary, attended to. Grief, for instance, is not completely channeled by ritual, or moderated by the group. At a malanggan in Panapai village, when the women were getting ready to perform their singsing, one old lady sitting on the beach suddenly began to sob and wail. The other women ignored her, went about their preparations, and began to walk toward the village. I found someone I knew and asked why the old lady was crying. Because, I was told, she thought of her two dead pupu. Then I walked up to watch the singsing, and found there were two young women who had stopped singing and who covered their faces with

their hands to hide their tears. The group did not help them cry this time, though: it was time now to be happy. Sirapi did not cry at Makalo's malanggan, but was able to express her continuing grief through an institutionalized disclaimer from prescribed merriment: the giving of a pig free.

People are encouraged to make it known if something is bothering them, or if they are angry. One is urged to tell it out (pidgin: outim bel), and it is bad to hide things. In explaining to me what had happened that prevented Melisa from performing the final rituals of the last day of the Kuluvos malanggan, he said that Tulebung had asked him; and that if he wanted to change this promise, why didn't he talk straight? All was going well, he went on, except for this one hidden talk that hadn't come out.

People often said that it was best if everyone would "talk straight" and not "hide" their thoughts. But people did hide them: clearly, there must be reasons for thoughts to hide, as well as reasons for them to come out. Lasuwot, early on in the Kuluvos malanggan, urged Melisa to "rest a little. Plenty of talk remains yet, hasn't come out yet. I am not cross. But I have a thought that is with me, that hasn't come out yet." In this case, Lasuwot was probably thinking of the controversial Livitua malanggan, a thought which did provoke spontaneous anger when it finally came out.

Sirapi, when she told me that the shouting women and Francis were not cross, but just "big-mouthing," indicated that she recognized the difference between the expression of feelings of anger in order to diminish them (which psychoanalysts would call "catharsis"), and the expression of anger with a view to taking hostile action on it. A loss of control involving action does not elicit expressions of tolerance; but a loss of control of feelings and expression that is merely verbal does elicit expressions of tolerance, and even of encouragement.

### Individual Differences and Initiative

Reserved personality structure is the personal control which is counterpart to the institutionalized control of social forces provided by malanggan. Most New Irelanders adapt themselves to the group, each doing what is expected of him or her, what they have done before; what they enjoy doing together. There is no sense of oppressive conformity, only of confident participation in a known world.

Individuals who find it difficult to accept the control by the system, or who are merely more assertive or competent than most, are able to find their own place within the institution. They do not have to stay outside or else gain the established status of memai or conform to a single pattern. Those who fall at one extreme or the other in personality type do not become dissident outsiders, because there is a place for them along the known path. Francis does not like to respect the boss: all right, the boss can respect him, then, and let him bring his malanggan. Lovan is too assertive, too, and he likes to talk but he is not a memai; all right, let him talk as though he were one. Melisa said he must be one. Both Lovan and Francis said they could talk at feasts because their fathers had done so, and people accepted their leadership as part of the system. Lasuwot had big-man-ship thrust upon him when his more forceful brother became ill, and he welcomed the help of Francis.

It is interesting that New Irelanders refer to their big men as those who "go first." Kanda said, about the 1965 event in Wuap that derived from a competitive relationship between Taito and William, "You cannot know who goes first in Wuap." He who "goes first" follows the known path, but he has to look around and be prepared to meet new situations. Such a man is Eruel; and so he

is memai for Mangai. He has been reported as an individual who is slightly different in many ways. He did not conform to the group as much as other people did, nor identify so much with it. He was more expressive, more analytical, and more curious than most of his compatriots. He, along with the New Hanover boy Laksia, expressed interest in going with me to see a committee meeting they had not seen before. Eruel was able to be detached, to analyze for me the emotions that were appropriate to various ritual occasions. His generally more individualistic nature was indirectly manifested when he said that all his mokok are dead. This can only be true in a very limited sense: it means that Eruel has not cultivated classificatory kin, his own most particular group, as other people have. Perhaps all big men look more to a wider group for followers, and less to their own particular kin; though I have no evidence one way or the other.

As the Mangai memai, Eruel has shown himself in many ways willing to "go first" along uncharted paths.<sup>58</sup> Along some, few followed: if one gave him money, Eruel (and only Eruel in all the villages that came to Kuluvos) would stop the rain which New Irelanders found so unpleasant. He was also the best carver in the area. But Eruel's leadership is followed where no special skills are needed, where all are able to go.

Those who "come behind" need only look straight ahead, and follow the person in front of them. That is how people come to malanggan: following someone. "You come here behind whom?" is the literal translation of the question that best evokes information about why particular people come to particular malanggan. People give the names of their immediate kin and friends, not of the memai who goes first for the whole group, or for their village. One man said that he came to Kuluvos behind Melisa because they had become friends in their work with cacao. Some of the Sepik laborers from Wally Lussick's

plantation came "behind Sungua," according to Matiu: "Everyone likes to have a line behind him, to help him." But most people, too, like to have someone ahead to show the path.

The many content conformers who keep New Ireland culture going, give evidence of appreciation for the explorers who "go first" and who notice and evaluate the new offerings along the way. Such an innovator was the person who first made a vavara-shaped malanggan: he saw an insect spiraled around in that form, and got the idea of making malanggan of the same design. He then "knew how," and others learned from him. When we consider this event against its rarity in a culture like New Ireland, we can understand that its being something that no one had thought of before is sufficient justification for its continuing value. Why was the bird's head upside down in the vavara Matunga brought to Kuluvos? Because, Lovan said, that is how this vavara is made: the bird's head is upside down. This identified it. This made it right, the right one for us to give to them. This is the kind of symbolism that has deep meaning for a group-oriented people.<sup>59</sup>

#### Summary

Malanggan traditions provide institutionalized modes for the expression of such fundamental emotions as grief and respect for the dead, obligation and the desire to give, and trust. The ceremony is still alive, in that people use it to express themselves, and are fully involved with the hard work required to produce malanggan, which would be prohibitively tedious if they were not.

New Ireland culture tends to produce people with group-oriented personalities, who find fulfillment in familiar tasks performed with their fellows; and who avoid new situations which might bring conflict along with the loss of control required to explore the unknown. New Irelanders tend to stay on the known path without questioning or analyzing it, in touch with each other through common activities rather than through common philosophy, which is nevertheless taken for granted. Individual differences do, however, exist, and New Irelanders greet them calmly; sometimes with institutionalized alternatives, sometimes with increased non-institutionalized efforts to include borderline conformers in honored roles, sometimes even welcoming the somewhat too assertive persons as leaders.



RITUAL ASPECTS OF MALANGGAN

Ritual is an institutionalized form of meaning, and malanggan is essentially a ritual, in that its fundamental goal is artificially and symbolically related to its events and activities; and in that its meaning is primarily acted out, rather than thought out, believed or accepted for its established and directly apprehended impartation rather than for its logic or utilitarian functions.

Individuals can create their own rituals, but malanggan is by and for the group, and for each individual given sanctuary within the group. It educates, socializes, communicates among individuals so that they can operate in expected ways on behalf of themselves and on behalf of the group, in behaviors that assure basic biological survival, social stability, and the perpetuation of the culture.

Its integration is ritually egalitarian in that no one is exalted above any others, and all are exhorted and expected to participate, and praised for so doing. Any one individual could spoil the ritual harmony which malanggan seeks to establish, and the leading memai like everyone else is expected to defer to that end. Some individuals play leading roles in any particular malanggan, but these will be played by others on other occasions. There are no leading individuals whose personal attributes are on display, only established leading roles played by individuals selected by their position within the group.

Malanggan: The Known Path Ritualized

Ritual Aspect of Malanggan Primary

The raison d'etre of malanggan is ritual. It is a ritual that marks clearly for all the end of the dead. People say that malanggan are held in order to "finish the dead:" socially, economically, politically, emotionally, and (in the world of the living) spiritually. If the spirits of the dead are still about in the world of the living, even their friends and brothers tell them, at their malanggan, that they must now leave: "Walk-about, Makalo! Walkabout, William!" Lasuwot said. And even Francis did not falter: "' Walk away' to Makalo? Yes."

The compelling motive around which malanggan form is love and respect for the dead. The timing and organization of events derive from political, economic, social, and psychological purposes and circumstances; and function to produce psychological, social, political and economic results. But if these could somehow be stripped from malanggan events, a malanggan would still, in some form, have to be held for all who are dead and remembered by the living.

Kase implied that he had to some extent stripped this malanggan of its extraneous functions when he said: "I put them (the malanggan and the cement) nearby, because if it goes badly, it's all right, it's straight, just something to 'finish the name.'" (That is, he asked people close to the family so that if the political and economic aspects of malanggan fell short of success no one would be angry or ashamed, and the ritual function of performing "last rites" in someone's name would be nonetheless accomplished.)

The responsibility for organizing and running a malanggan is assumed by a memai, who usually initiates one only when there is at least one big man amongst the dead. But this is not necessarily so. Taito's big malanggan at

Wuap was mainly for his wife, and no new memai "had lime put on him" as a sign of his installation. Malanggan are required for all: at Kuluvos, the ritual was required as much for the dead child Mare and the dead young man Masapal (who were scarcely mentioned) as for the two dead big men, William and Makalo. No one said: We must hurry and put the dead child in the cemetery here at Kuluvos because otherwise she will not be "finished" at a malanggan. What was said, rather, was this: We must hurry and put the dead child in the cemetery at Kuluvos because that will save us a lot of hard work later. It was also suggested that the child's kin in her own village would not be able to mount a malanggan effort as successful as the one on-going at Kuluvos, which meant, again, not that she would have no malanggan, but that she would have a malanggan less elegant. People wanted Mare to be buried in the Kuluvos cemetery, because, as Lovan said: "Then she will have a name, along with her pupu."

That the two dead children buried at Kuluvos played a minor role in the proceedings indicates that it is social values rather than personal feelings that are primarily celebrated in malanggan. They were loved and mourned, but they had not yet had time to create a social role, or fill one, beyond that played in their own families. Still, small exchanges of mias, pigs and services were made in their names, and the ritual goal of malanggan was thus accomplished for them, too.

If, as I argue here, the ritual component of malanggan is its sine qua non, it is not because the dead are helplessly stranded in some unpleasant place or condition without it. No one said that a malanggan had to be held in order to alter the circumstances of the dead one way or another. When I asked Kanda once (in 1965) whether or not the dead knew that a malanggan was being held for them he said, after a moment's reflection, "No. They don't know." Melisa

said that a malanggan "eases the thoughts of the living about the dead." And also this: "We don't think of his spirit. We think of his fashion. We think of his life, not of his spirit, and we want to reciprocate." And again, "Malanggan is not about the spirit: it is for respect." The respect invoked is not only for the leaders, dead and alive: it is the foundation for all relationships in a successful malanggan gathering, and in New Ireland society.

Rituals are what we have, or what our culture gives us, or what we make for ourselves, to give us something to do when there is nothing we can do. In America, a lonely figure takes one flower to one grave in a weekly ritual, or all go each to his respective dead with bunches of flowers on Memorial Day. But in New Ireland people give to each other in memory of their dead; today my dead, tomorrow your dead. Thus they create relationships with the living to help take up the place left empty by the death.

#### Activities of Daily Life Ritualized

Malanggan is a symbolic ritual which enhances the known world, not an effective one which magically alters an unknown one. It is a compelling ritual for New Irelanders because its activities are those valued and required in everyday life: working together without a ruinous dispute. Malanggan ritualizes the giving, helping, and work skills and processes of survival, which in turn tend to take on symbolic, ritualized meaning when performed routinely in daily life. When these activities are undertaken as part of a malanggan cycle, they are valued as ends in themselves, not merely as means to a successful malanggan.

##### a) Giving

Giving is valued for itself, for the process, rather than for the material results of exchange. Giving at malanggan is associated with many meanings, but there is an underlying motif: that of the relative unimportance

of material goods when compared with the overriding importance of social and personal relationships.

Sirapi gave her pig free, and Francis ordered a malanggan from someone "outside" (which cost more and risked more) in order to testify to the strength and sincerity of personal feelings and relationships. In both cases the feeling expressed was that the loss of a loved person could not be measured or assuaged by material gain. In explaining the action of widows who give pigs free to malanggan, Melisa said: "At the time when a man dies, they think of the good work that this man of theirs did for them: all right, they want to make free, too, the repayment for anything before that this man helped them with." The idea is a familiar one: the attempt to disentangle a gift of respect from economic purposes.

Melisa made clear that he was aware of a variety of purposes at a malanggan, but that economic ones were not uppermost for him, in the following statement explaining why he had allowed Matunga to bring a malanggan: "Me, I am boss of cement; and Kavok, he is boss of cement. I am boss. I want this thing to look good. Decoration. I no more think of Kavok, I think of me, boss. I don't think 'Where are the things of William, and of Makalo.'" Melisa is saying that he is not considering the economic loss to himself and Kavok in allowing Matunga's malanggan to compete with their cement; nor the economic gain to be derived from Matunga's malanggan being likely to draw out extra mias that belonged to Makalo and William. He is thinking rather, entirely of decorating the graves in a manner appropriate from his perspective as boss of the proceedings.

Another example shows that people have to make sure that their intentions are not misconstrued as economic when they are only trying to be generous. Melisa, in summing up his attempt to convince Kamniel not to keep everyone waiting while he produced more sago, said this: "I had a question: 'Why plenty of sago? You are repaying whom? The answer (from Kamniel): 'In order to close the entrance of the road with sago.'" That is, Kamniel said he was preparing sago in order to give freely, not in order to repay an obligation. Melisa went on to approve Kamniel's action, and to make explicit the basic value of giving food: "Very, very good! Now you talk about food at the entrance to the path of the house. A man comes a long way, he can carry back food, and is full up good here. That is very good."

b) Working Together

Helping and working together were explicitly mentioned as integral parts of malanggan: Melisa said, "When there is a malanggan, it isn't something that has to do with pay: it has to do with help." And also, "I want everyone to work together. I am crazy with a man who says: 'Me, yet, I want to wash sago and put it in front of my house.' Why? The place is fast with sago!" And Kamniel answered: "In answer to the talk of Melisa: True, we should work together." The two men avoided a quarrel, in keeping with the requirements of a malanggan celebration of unity: "I want us to 'brother' good," Melisa said.

And as the preparations for the last day proceeded well, Melisa said, "Arako! Arako! Arako! I call it Good! Good work comes up inside the village of Lauen, at the place Kuluvos. I call it good! Everyone comes down to help, because of the kind of work that stops inside at Kuluvos. Now I call it good, that all come."

In working together, New Irelanders give attention to coordinating their efforts with those of others, not to attaining some material goal in the most efficient, most skillful way, in the shortest possible time. In fact a strong case could be made for the long-term efficiency of their coordinated efforts, as they are doubtless aware. But less efficient people have survived. Neither the material results nor the awareness of them explains how and why New Irelanders work together as they do.

c) Subsistence Process Ritualized

The whole process of achieving subsistence, according to my interpretation, has been ritualized; and become a symbol of the group unity, acceptance, reliability, respect, of the whole array of values that give meaning to life, and support to survival. This most basic symbolism of malanggan is hard to see, because it is very mundane and very direct: all activities are symbols of the same activities. Giving symbolizes and ritualizes giving, helping symbolizes and ritualizes helping, doing things together symbolizes and ritualizes doing things together. Each activity necessary to malanggan symbolizes not only itself but also, far more generally, all the efforts which sustain life; including the effort to achieve a strength of character, of person, of body which inspires others to their own contributions. Melisa made this interpretation explicit when he said: "Regarding this work, I look at the strength of all of Mangai over these two graves. They have all done something, they are like a picture of the strength of the two men formerly husbands of the two women of Mangai. Now I look at them today, and they come, in this way: with good work."

In the old days, before Europeans forced an end to local warfare and became a source for help in food crises, the relationships built on malanggan gave life itself. But while malanggan may be less essential to mere survival

of the population than it was when raids and famines lurked threateningly on all horizons, death nevertheless continues, life still requires interpretation, and malanggan remain strong.

Ritual Remembers the Life of the Dead

a) Their Public Acts and Stature

It was explicitly stated that the contribution of the two dead men was to be repaid by performing the kinds of acts for which they were known during their lives. Francis said: "It's not enough that Emi should give Makalo mias. She must get a man outside, because she must lose, lose, lose, lose, after the fashion of Makalo! It's not enough. I must get a man from outside, in order to return the fashion that Makalo has performed toward me. By and by I will really lose!" And later, in rejecting the malanggan that Lovan wanted to get from Lepilis, Francis said (mocking, because what is respected is the relationships drawn from reciprocity, not the accumulation of profit): "You lose completely whatever belongs to Lepilis. Today it is enough to follow the fashion of Makalo."

It was in order to reciprocate in kind the fashion of the dead that Melisa allowed Matunga to bring a vavara to Kuluvos: he said, "Some people are saying this kind of thing: 'These two brothers, what, these two have no malanggan? Now these two didn't work malanggan for others?' So now this malanggan of Matunga comes to sit down."

The bringing of the malanggan was also viewed, however, as a reward for lives worthy of respect, rather than specifically a return in kind of the fashion of the dead: Melisa said "I came up to the mother of Tulebung (Emi) and the old woman of Matanavillam (Sirapi). They said: 'I think there is a pig here, and a pig here.' No malanggan in addition to the cement,



because then there is jealousy. 'What, were they two men who were nothing, they have not got malanaggan? All right, now I think of one malanggan for decorating the cement. I asked everybody, and all said all right."

b) Their Close Relationships

Francis made his case that he should be allowed to bring a malanggan for Makalo on the grounds that the two had done many things together and were close: "I talk clear: this (idea of bringing a malanggan) came from me yet. We two, Makalo and I, we ate together . . . I lived with Sesil and Menung (respectively, Makalo's father and mother). I have told you, we two, Makalo and I, were together truly. We held fast a pig, and Kavok bought it." In this statement, Francis testifies to his strong relationship with Makalo by briefly describing acts, one general (eating), one specific (holding fast the pig that Kavok bought), that he carried out in the company of Makalo. This is typical of the New Ireland activity-oriented style of perceiving and describing a relationship, not in terms of feelings, or shared values, or shared opinions; but in terms of shared activities. Later Francis spoke again in these same terms: "Together, altogether everything. Whenever Makalo got something started, I was there close to him; and wherever I got something started, he was there, close to me. Absolutely everything with us two, together all the time, all the time."

c) Their Contribution Eulogized

Valued activities of the culture are remembered as valued actions of the dead, and the values of the culture are upheld as the dead are invoked in support of them. The dead gave and helped, and we must reciprocate, return to them now, for the last time, what they themselves gave. "The two men used to go around to all places, on foot, and bring their help around to all places," the memai Merange said in his speech on the last day of the

Kuluvos festivities. (Perhaps it is just as well that they are dead when they are held up as symbols of virtue, and perhaps it is just as well that they have been dead for several years. Sirapi remembers privately that William became cross very easily and often; but if anyone else remembers him as a man quick to anger, it is not mentioned publically.)

Melisa illustrated the use of the image of the dead to uphold society's values in explaining to me why Kase had used the pig Sirapi gave free to the malanggan when he installed Tulebung as a memai: "When a pig is free (to the malanggan), it may be used for whatever good a man does for all (the public good). . . Just as before (when this man was alive) he gave freely to all whatever they liked." Thus, serving the Public Good is extolled in the name of the dead, who served it.

d) Their Strength Not Lost

Work in the name of the dead, remembering the strength of the dead, somehow suggests that while the dead must leave, their strength lives on in the work of the living. This interpretation allows us to understand Melisa's prolonged references to work in this statement: "Pape, Sakerup, Meleke, and Letas, all are strong to get this work up. They are already tired. The 'skins' of all pain. Pape has a big sickness, yet he works. Now: why this hard work? We think of these two pupu of ours (Makalo and William). They grew up on this ground. Two children of (woman's name). If she hadn't had two children I wouldn't be here beating you (i.e. driving you to hard work). Everyone--now all the women too--all work, all are strong. I myself, I was first to chop sago . . . I wanted to lose over this thing, but my thinking was blocked. Nelson (William's son) came up to me, and Tulebung (Emi's son) too. They asked me to make the names of these two all right by working something."

Thus, though people are tired, in pain, sick, and blocked in their thinking; still, because of the lives of the two dead, they have conquered and carried on. They are, as Melisa said, "like a picture of the strength of the two men" whose lives they were "finishing," but not nullifying, at Kuluvos.

Merange, the memai from Panapai, also made clear that the strength of the dead and the memory of it contributed to the living, who proved themselves adequate at Kuluvos to the task of carrying on: "I come here again to Kuluvos to find it littered with people. They know the two men used to go around to all places, on foot, and bring their help around to all places. Now I come here again and I am surprised a little to find that inside it is full up (with people). They have not got a man to go first for them, and (yet) all come again."

Merange is saying that, even without a man to provide leadership, Kuluvos has been cleared by the work of the living, remembering the work of the dead.

#### Malanggan: A Ritual Dramatization

Malanggan is an institutionalized form of play appropriate for people who do not play spontaneously; and, as they say, it is work. It is also art: an allegorical form of drama wherein great values are represented by small acts performed routinely by everyone.

#### Institutionalized Roles in the Play

The memai designates, in consultation with others, who shall play what special parts. The initiators at Kuluvos were women; so there had to be a man to help them, a memai. There will always be Bringers of Bamboo to start a malanggan, and nowadays Bringers of Cement; and, perhaps, Bringers

of a Malanggan. Everyone at Kuluvos felt that Kavok had been promised an important role by Makalo, and he was invited to bring the cement for his dead friend. The work of making the cement monument is not hard or long, and may not be done by the Bringer of Cement himself. For the malanggan in Tokanaka, the men who were making the cement crosses worked together, and just went ahead and made a cross for the Tabar woman whose kin did not come to help until the last day. And when the child Mare died at Kuluvos, the men merely made an extra cement step on the monument for her. The expense and effort are small. It is the social part, the social relationship, the role in the proceedings that is costly, important, and by some sought after.

Nor is the building of a fence around the cemetery a job of such proportions that the men of several villages would be required for it. Nonopai village was designated as the Official Bamboo Bringer, and it was primarily the men of this village who were paid and given recognition for playing the role; but most of the men of all ages from several villages helped with the labor. Together they ritualized a significant process and technique of their subsistence: doing things together. In this case, their action testified to their readiness to participate in the performance of malanggan which began on that day.

#### Conflicts Among the Cast of Characters

Doing things together means there might be conflict and there must be compromise. When Francis wanted to play a role as malanggan-bringer, he met considerable resistance from those who thought his village (Livitua) should play a supporting, rather than a leading, role at Kuluvos; mainly because Livitua had already played a leading role in other similar ritual events for Makalo. When Matunga felt challenged, he stamped his foot and asserted his right to bring his malanaggan and to perform other parts because he had been invited to do so.

Thus anger and jealousy influenced the development of the Kuluvos drama. People try to keep anger out of malanggan, but it seems likely that it commonly finds a way in. Otherwise, there would be no need for exhortation, nor for the institutionalized peace-maker: fufus.

But the struggle to "brother good" dissipates anger that will spoil the malanggan by spoiling the unity of the group. Several men were careful to give public reassurances that their anger had passed: "I am no longer cross about this thing that nearly ruined everything today," Kase said, in order to help bring one quarrel to a close. Matunga was allowed to bring his malanggan, and so was Francis; indicating that people are able to write in roles for themselves, even without first "clearing it" with the boss, the director. In the end, the play went on with all the proposed parts played; though the director and leading man was himself replaced for the last act.

Malanggan Objects: Props Which Set the Scene

Malanggan objects are an institutionalized part of the play. They are present as decorations at particular kinds of ritual events, and they mark, ornament, signify and symbolize those events. There is no further cognition swirling around these markers: if they are to be described, what is described is who had previously given them to whom.

People neither know nor care when they ask another man for a malanggan what kind, let alone which one, what design, he has. "All men have malanggan," Lovan said; and Francis did not know when he asked him what kind Mavis had.

Malanggan ornaments symbolize the whole proceedings, the time to play, to be happy and finish and forget the dead. All malanggan symbolize this same event, regardless of their form. Lovan and Matunga made the bird's head which protruded from their vavara upside down because that was the correct way to make the malanggan which Matunga owned. If there ever was (and I doubt it) a complex myth to go with this feature, perhaps one propounding that men were able to keep

their feet on the ground because The Great Bird once flew with the sun all across the earth upside down, it has passed without any other trace. Probably someone once turned the bird's head upside down to make his vavara distinctive, his own. That would be in keeping with the rest of the evidence, where elaborate symbolic interpretations would not.

Malanggan objects, then, like the props and costume used for the installation of a memai, have symbolic value because they are known to have been used before in similar contexts. Big men decorate themselves with leaves and feathers and shell ornaments; and as they were decorated when they became memai, so must they decorate themselves again when they perform in that role. The decorations are defined in general, not in detail: thus, Melisa wore a feather at Kuluvos, as he had before; but this time it was a large Bird of Paradise feather rather than the chicken feathers which ornamented him during his first installation.

The pig on which the new memai Tulebung was installed decorated the occasion in a way that spoke directly and literally of the functions of that role. Big men, memai, boss occasions where pigs are exchanged. Beyond this straightforward signification, there is no need to look for detailed symbolism.

But all of these props refer to the larger symbolism of malanggan. Melisa said so when he said that a pig given free could be used for any purpose serving the public welfare, just as the dead had served the public welfare during their lives. Pigs, too, play different roles, dependent upon the relationships amongst the people who exchange them, run around them, shout speeches over them, eat them, leave their bones behind in the cemetery. No simple story about an ancestral Big Pig (there is one)<sup>60</sup> defines the symbolic status of today's pig.

The larger symbolism of malanggan is its statement about the meaning of life. New Irelanders, no doubt in varying ways, become familiar with the statement and may gradually interpret it within the context of their own lives. The whole performance of malanggan requires the creation of events that have been performed before, that have been defined by earlier performances, that have the comfort and value of cherished shared tradition. Malanggan objects and other props set the scene clearly around which New Ireland's classic drama may be played again.

The Last Act: Play

From the beginning, when the bamboo is brought to build the cemetery fence, through all the subsequent feasts and exchanges, there is work. There is no gradual crescendo: work is steady, with peaks in activity and in numbers of people gathered for each day of exchange and feasting.

Work is performed, in active memory of the dead; and then, to forget the dead, there is play. "(We do this work) in order to 'kill' (the past associations of) this place, so you can play about here," Melisa said.

And on the last day, there was play: the Omo men brought their singing and beautiful headdresses, and drew the two widows into their act. And the Paruai men brought their malanggan, singing, faces painted, wearing ornaments of various sorts, carrying their offering under leaves so that it would be a surprise. Much was made of then secluding it and its carriers behind a small enclosure, which was suddenly pulled off, allowing the men and the malanggan to burst forth. The seclusion and secrecy have to do not with magical power or mystical value, but with entertainment value and power. It is all part of the gradual unfolding of the drama.

Why was the cast party the night before this last scene, rather than on Saturday night, when the whole show was over? The Omo men were still hammering away at their stage Friday night while hundreds of their compatriots, whose work was mainly done, had a party at Kuluvos.

Probably the party was informal play people needed to relax from all their hard work, to change their mood from dedication to remembering to beginning to forget. Perhaps it was not a very jolly party, but it was a start. They were made ready for the institutionalized play that fills the last day of malanggan, that symbolizes a time to be happy; the happy ending people worked so hard to achieve.

#### Malanggan and Fundamental Crises: Underlying Themes

Malanggan addresses many of life's crises. The main social crisis for the group is the threat of the disintegration of its network with the deaths of connections. When a big man dies, added to this is the political crisis posed by the loss of legitimately constituted authority. Economic resources follow these connections and are endangered along with social and political ties, as well as by the cessation of production and exchange in relation to the malaise of individuals in mourning. Economic crises are averted by creating plenty. The main psychological crisis malanggan addresses is that suffered by individuals who have lost a loved one through death. The ritual crisis suffered affects not just the bereaved individuals, but the whole group. It is a crisis of meaning. What is it all for?

#### The Meaning of Malanggan: What the Play Is About

The ritual drama of malanggan conveys to the individuals closest to the dead that they do not remember them alone: the whole group remembers, cares, still appreciates the help that person gave. The energy created by



his works and his relationships is made manifest again amongst the living, is salvaged and put back into the system, so that it again has meaning and force, and will be forever thus passed on. In short, he did not live in vain; and, by implication, we, too, do not live in vain. Malanggan, a time to be happy, shows that we must go on, that it is right to forget, that you should no longer think of the dead, respond to what he or they did for you, try to go on reciprocating. It is right, now, to forget. We, the group, now ask you to do so. Malanggan symbolizes what life is about: about belonging to a family, a clan, a place; about giving and receiving, helping, working with others; and about the most profound human feelings of love for each other and the ultimate separation of death. It contains and supports fundamental values about what is good, true, and beautiful. It is good for the group to go on together without disruption. And true, and beautiful: distinctions are not made, analysis is not sought. This is the known path and, in every way, the right one.

In order to create a performance that underscores, creates, and is worthy of these Ultimate Concerns,<sup>61</sup> the basic values and survival activities of the culture are called into service and made explicit publically. The meaning of the play has to be sought mainly in its processes, in its actions, rather than in its dialogues, but some of it is stated in words:

Go outside and lose, lose, lose.

Malanggan has to do not with profit, but with help.

The women do not ask pay for their food packets.

These two were everywhere, helping, giving.

These women give these pigs free, to return the custom of the dead, and because they are sorry.

They remember he brought them fish, taro, and they think of him still.

What will the news be of this malanggan? Were they well and truly full up?

There should be no talk that hides.

He wants to be able to give food to those who come.

What do you think? I am only one. It would not be good if

I say one thing and put down your thinking.

I am no longer cross. I do not worry.

I want us to "brother" good.

Values are not just shouted and extolled as they are in so many cultures. Individuals of all ages, sexes and states are shown exactly how to help, give, to assent to the values, to affirm each other, to show that they care about the dead and about the living who grieve; and to show they affirm the culture's and the group's tradition and decision that despite the sadness of death it is time now to be happy. All this can be easily expressed: one has only to help with the malanggan. Shell the taro, bring the bamboo, catch the pig, boss and organize, help to buy. These acts are the acts of everyday life that sustain life. What could be a more fitting way to affirm life? But these daily activities are, for malanggan, raised to an art form, a work of art created by the whole community. People everywhere make art forms from the skills required to make a living. Malanggan makes honorable, beautiful, exciting rather than boring, tedious, what one must learn to do; a virtue and an art of necessity, a justification for pride where otherwise there might be weariness. Fears of deprivation are driven out by a display of plenty, a sense of directionlessness lifted by the clearing of the known path. And when the malanggan is over and daily life resumes,

the activities required to maintain life, having been ritualized (blessed), retain some of their glory. A taro dug and eaten alone is a meal; a taro dug and shared is a noble repast built on sacrifice, endurance, love, and trust.

Time, work, food, help, attention, respect: all these are given in reference to the honored dead. They are invoked, appealed to for confirmation of the value of the lives of the living: they lived thus, they gave, they helped, they were strong; as we, too, live, help, work together in harmony. And though they are dead, and have been for years in this case, their strength lives on in us, in our efforts, in our unity, in our work; and now, having paid our final obligation to them, having remembered them with work, we can forget them in play. We can finish being sorry; we can play again here by their graves.

## C H A P T E R        F O U R

PATTERNS        O F        I N T E G R A T I O N  
Group-Oriented, Egalitarian, and Institutionalized IntegrationI N T R O D U C T I O N

New Ireland culture is group-oriented. Groups of people who work together, play together, own together, reside together tend to be large and closely integrated. This thesis has been given some operational definition and evidence in previous chapters in the analyses of residence and ownership patterns, marriage, and malanggan.

Disputes are not allowed to terminate the unity of the group, to divide it into factions. The primary value is peace in the group, rather than justice for individuals or analytically correct decisions about issues. There seems to be only one major issue: the end of the dispute and the return to group unity.

Integration of the group in New Ireland is egalitarian. This is so in the sense that leveling tendencies within the group prevent the strong from becoming an elite sub-group outside and above, and prevent the weak from becoming a depressed sub-group outside and below. The strong are pulled down (e.g. loss of group support for a memai who becomes too strong) and the weak are pulled up (e.g. extra support for children and outsiders), and the group remains united. This thesis has been given some operational definition and evidence especially in the preceding description and analysis of malanggan.

Integration of the group is achieved and maintained through patterns that are highly (by Melanesian standards) institutionalized, formalized, or ritualized. At the population level of analysis, the distribution of resources to the group is structured by explicit and detailed cultural institutions (e.g. malanggan); at the individual level of analysis, social and emotional interactions are structured by explicit cultural institutions (e.g. explicit standardized behavior between persons of specified kinship categories). Individuals thus have a clear known path to follow which is communicated to them explicitly as well as implicitly from early childhood.

Integration of the group is achieved and maintained also, then, by highly patterned but inexplicitly structured interactions between individuals. The modes of behavior that characterize these non-institutionalized individual interactions are giving, helping, doing things together. The media of these transactions are gifts of food, betel nut, smokes.

In New Ireland, energy and complexity are channeled into the lateral dimension, into the multiplicity of individual contacts which characterize institutionalized and non-institutionalized integration. Impulses toward ranking and stratification are redirected, and integration is systematically renewed among individuals without hierarchies developing that separate segments of society over long periods of time.

New Ireland patterns of integration are consistent with the kinesic style that characterizes the people, which may be described as responsive (to people and things) and, in order to be so perhaps,

restrained, reserved, careful, detailed, graceful, and inclusive. This responsive style is maintained by imitative participation in groups, and by light ridicule for deviations.

Individuals are not so much forced as helped and enabled to conform. Strong individual spontaneous emotional responses are not often seen, but neither is there evidence of strong emotional suppression. New Ireland culture provides channels for the expression of individual emotions in institutionalized ways. Individuals tend to follow and cherish the path known, explicitly and inexplicitly; rather than to seek new, original, surprising and perhaps offensive, lonely alternatives. There is little display of curiosity; little exploratory restless seeking of the new, the different, or the "better." Some individuals do lean somewhat toward exploratory behavior: these people become leaders, some memai, and they "go first" along the known path. If they seem to want to master rather than to serve the group by leading, they might find themselves off the known path, alone. New Ireland needs these individuals as leaders, however, and the culture adapts to and accommodates the slightly too assertive in many ways, so that they do not become deviants or dissidents. Though closely integrated, groups remain open in New Ireland: inclusiveness makes it difficult for anyone to be an outsider. Individuals all express strong positive feelings about their culture, their "fashion;" and I met no one who felt he was an outsider, who felt he was, or who wanted to be, different from his fellows.

Individuals feel themselves to be a part of the group, behave in a "groupy" way, and highly value group-oriented behavior in their fellows. They say they have a "fashion" that is good, that "helps everyone." But intellectual elaboration does not interest them. There is no ideology proclaiming the dependence of the individual on political or economic relationships between the individual and the group, asserting "the public good" as an ultimate end. Individuals do not help the group. They help each other. But because New Irelanders are involved in individual relationships with many people, there is an endless network of individuals that can be invoked for any group project. Group cohesion, and the group-orientation of New Ireland culture then, derives from integration among individuals. The multiplicity of individual ties between persons who are "brothers together" makes the group strong.

The whole pattern of the culture is expressed in the arts and in a thousand ways in daily life. Frequently repeated patterns--restraint, reserve, detail; interest in process and repetitive process rather than in goals or ideology; interest in giving and receiving, in helping and doing things together; incurious about the whole, unquestioning about the rituals--these are the redundancies in New Ireland that describe the style of the culture.

Illustrations of this thesis were presented in the analysis of the Kuluvos malanggan. Here I want to add illustrations from other contexts.

#### HIERARCHICAL TENDENCIES AND COUNTER-TENDENCIES

There are structural lines along which groups may separate in any society: age, sex, and ability of individuals; class, caste, or

factions of groups. The basis for these divisions exist in New Ireland, but any tendencies to use them as the foundation for special privilege is met by a strong counter-tendency of the culture: inclusiveness. Acts of inclusiveness maintain both those who would rise above it and those who would fall below it at the general level of the whole group.

### I. THE STRONG

I will discuss "the strong" here in two classes: big men and taboo children.

#### TRADITIONAL BIG MEN

There are, or were, three kinds of big men in New Ireland: memai, putunangaul, and pirin. There was another kind of big man in 1965-67: the Luluai, or Councillor, and other similar officials created by and within the government structure of the ruling Europeans.

#### MEMAI

I have already illustrated the leveling tendencies in New Ireland in relation to big men, both memai and non-memai, in the analysis of the Kuluvos malanggan: the respective statuses of Melisa and Kase went down and up and became more equal. Non-memai like Lovan and Francis were allowed to speak as though they were memai, thus blurring the status difference between them; and Melisa even said that Lovan must be a memai, probably only pretending not to know that he was not.

Conflicting information about who may become memai finally may be interpreted as ambiguity or flexibility that maintains the achievement basis of the status. Information about men who were generally considered to be memai and who functioned in that capacity confirms the statements



of some that any man, at birth, may aspire to the status. He may eventually get memai from his father, or from his mokotok, or from outside: and he need not have memai amongst his kin. (Because of the spread of kinship relationships, it would be hard to find someone who did not have a memai in the family somewhere.) It is a man's ability to talk, to organize; and his interest in doing so on behalf of the group that finally makes people support his installation as a memai. New Irelanders state this as a general principle, but they rarely state evaluations of individual memai in terms of personal abilities, as they do not evaluate personal abilities much in general.<sup>1</sup>

One thing is clear about the formal structure of this status: the identification with the clan of the mother that is regularly followed with regard to the inheritance of resources is not found with regard to succession to leadership. A man who is going to be a big memai usually has the mandate from his own group, but he must also be able to gain support outside his own clan.

Filling the role of memai requires a kind of assertiveness that is discouraged generally. It is interesting that this most important of all leadership roles in New Ireland is called a "talker." Speaking in public requires an individual to "go first," to take the initiative. New Irelanders tend to be "shy," to move carefully lest they deviate, to ridicule lightly those who are doing common things just a bit differently. Many fear the embarrassment of "going first," of not doing the right thing. It takes a person who is slightly deviant from the generally touted virtues to seek this status, a man who does not mind being in the public eye. But if he seems to enjoy ostentation, or if he is a

"big head," who will help him with his undertakings, who will help him with mias? Memai are not "big heads," and "big heads" do not become memai. Memai are primus inter pares.

True Memai

Some informants made a distinction between "true" memai and "rubbish" memai. What is a "true memai?"<sup>2</sup>

Clan Connections: Kas stated that only a man whose father was a memai could be a "true memai." However, when I asked a group of men to name some "true" memai, and Kanda named Waradis, Kas agreed with that example. Waradis, Kanda told us, got his memaihood "straight," i.e. directly, from his mokotok: his mother's brother, his own clan. Kas may have agreed with Kanda partly to be polite, as Waradis was Kanda's mother's brother; but other informants also cited Waradis, the dead man whom the Tokanaka malanggan mainly honored. Some informants implied that it was better to get memai straight from your own clan: Tulebung had decided to get memai from Kase, his pupu of his own clan; and Lasuwot implied that people got memai from outside only if they did not have memai in their own clan from whom to get it. But according to Lovan, that kind of memaihood (from one's own clan) is just for young boys.

I asked Melisa about a man's obtaining memaihood from his own clan, as opposed to buying a memai position from another clan. Our conversation took place several months before the Kuluvos malanggan and Tulebung's last-minute decision to get his lime put on him by a man of his own clan. Melisa said that buying memai status was all right, too; that either was right. He did not consider one way or the other "rubbish" as some other informants did. Melisa was the only informant to tell me that

buying memai status several times from a variety of sources enhances strength. "If you can call many men from different clans--for example, Eruel and Waradis--then they say, 'Oh, a strong man, he got it from plenty of different big men.'"

Analytically, this generalization makes sense; but there is no clear evidence to support it. For instance, Melisa himself was as strong or stronger than any memai in the Tigak and Kara language areas, but he had only two installations, one from his mother's brother and one from his father, in his past. I knew of no one who had more except a man called Tangala, from Luberua village. He was the only man who ever volunteered cheerfully to tell me about his memai status. He had had lime put on him four times, he told me; and he described the four occasions in detail. Twice he got it from men of his own clan, and twice from men in different clans; but not from his father. Only one of these occasions was in his own village. Kase and Melisa each had lime put on them only twice, and Tangala was the only person I found who had had lime put on him more than twice. But there was no evidence that his status was higher than that of Kase or Melisa.

#### Procedures

Everyone agreed that a memai was one who had gone through the proper procedure for being installed. This always meant buying memaihood from another memai at a public occasion.

Ismael got memai, he told me, on top of a garamut (slit drum). The lime (symbol of the power) was put on him by Garapoi of Fangalawa village. Ismael said that he had paid ten mias, so that he could be a man who spoke at feasts and funerals. He and his young relative,

Lasisi, got memai at the same time, but Lasisi did not "finish:"

Ismael said, "I think (he paid) five mias, I don't know. Garapoi said it was not enough."

These figures, five and ten mias, should not be taken literally, I think: as people used them to indicate transactions rather than to specify sums. "Ten mias" usually indicated that a transaction was complete, that plenty had been paid.

Ismael described the occasion: it was with a long wooden malanggan and a vavara in Matanavillam, when Sirapi disposed of the "rubbish" (i.e. personal belongings) of her dead husband Makalo. Later Sirapi told me that Ismael was mistaken; that her malanggan for Makalo came up later, and that Ismael got memai at the time of making cement for Vakapal and his father, Vaisele. (This would mean that Ismael got memaihood between 1945-1950, rather than after 1963.) Ismael sat down first, she said, and Lasisi (who is much younger than Ismael) later. Lasuwot said that he had only heard that Lasisi, and not Ismael, had got memai; that his father, Lamo, had put him on the garamut in Matanavillam. But he, Lasuwot, had not seen this. It was common for people to urge that their own reports be taken lightly because they "had not seen it." Even so, reports differ; and Ismael seems to have become confused about the context of his own installation.

I asked Ismael if it were necessary to have a malanggan for the ceremony and Ismael said no, a man did not have to give a malanggan; or get memaihood on an occasion when someone else has brought a malanggan for some reason. However, the occasion must be public: "Everyone must know about it first, all the clans," Ismael said. Then money and mias

are gathered. He stressed the pay necessary to achieve the status: "You cannot just talk for nothing," and "You have to pay to talk."

Melisa said, in response to my question, that he could not get memai status just at a funeral or on no particular occasion, or at someone else's feast (e.g. at Lasuwot's malanggan); that he would have to organize a feast himself at which to receive the memai status. Otherwise, people would say it was not strong. Melisa did not assert that the installation could not occur or would be invalid, however, when the candidate was not sponsor of the feast where he gained memai status. The installations I saw were of young men, at feasts sponsored by their elders.

Kase's description of his own installations include mention of the public nature of the ceremony, as well as the names of the men who performed it. He said he "got it on the other side at Lupei. On a raised stage, and all the men of Kusori came down for it. The man, Gura (i.e. that is the man from whom he got memai status). You all know of him; later he came and put one person at Wuap (on the stage).

"All right, then Nameteran, the father of Makadin, he took me on top (of a stage), and he fastened me, with this ginger root plant here. All right, then I got memai (status) straight at this time.

Kase got memai status twice on stages, but gave it to Tulebung "down below;" a circumstance probably considered irregular by some. However, no one claimed that inconsistency in this detail invalidated the procedure.

#### Varying Evaluations

I asked Ismael where the other village memai, Eruel, got his memaihood. Ismael seemed to interpret this question as an attempt on my part to find out something that Eruel would not tell me. "Eruel

did not tell you? He says he got memai at Munuwei village when he was young, a mission boy there."

Eruel was acknowledged by all to be the memai of Mangai, and yet people seemed skeptical about Eruel's having received memai from a man in Munuwei, as he said he had. Lingai said that Eruel said someone from Munuwei had put lime on him but he, Lingai, did not know, he had not seen it. Later he remembered that Eruel had got memai from Waradis, too, after the war.

Lasuwot said that "Eruel's big men did not have memai status. So he got it from manki. (Pidgin English: young men, with the connotation of inexperience; youths.) "It's all right, they have not got a big man in Mangai, Eruel talks," Lasuwot said, and he smiled.

Eruel never volunteered to tell me about his own memai. I decided not to ask him; rather, I never found an opportunity when it seemed right to do so. I think Eruel probably got memai status in some way in Munuwei, but as he was only there as a missionary for about one year, his supporters could hardly have been numerous, enthusiastic, or enduring. (On the other hand, Kase and others got memaihood in distant villages and it seemed to enhance the status.)

Eruel had owned three trucks and a fleet of ten bicycles before the war, a financial achievement only one other native New Irelander that I knew of had matched by 1967: Dori (the blind man who gave himself a malanggan before he died, as discussed earlier<sup>3</sup>). It was common for people to talk somewhat scoffingly about people who had had real wealth and power, as Eruel had; and several people commented to me, only half-jokingly, that "Eruel likes money too much." It seems likely that Eruel had

become, at one time, too strong; and that the half-hearted evaluations of his status helped to prevent him from asserting power no one wanted him to have. Lasuwot's status also was ambiguous. He told me himself that he had never been installed as a memai. Some people expected that he would be installed at the Tokanaka malanggan, but he was not. His brother, Kanda, aspired to the status, but Lasuwot apparently did not.

When Lingai talked to me about memai, he said: "No one put him (Lasuwot). He just got it from his bisnis (sub-clan), from Sesil, the father of Makalo (Sirapi's dead husband, who was a luluai, but not a memai). Lasuwot is the child of a big man, too. But Lasuwot did not have lime. I think Lasuwot talks on the basis of nothing. There is no one who put memai on him!" I asked if Lasuwot were a true memai, having got memai just from his mokotok and his father, but without having lime put on him. Lingai said: "He is not a true memai. Before, Eruel offered to put it on him and Lasuwot said that he already could (talk). Now he has helped his clan with this big thing (the Tokanaka malanggan), but they all did not put memai on him."

Melisa also said that Lasuwot just took the place of his mokotok, Waradis. "They all say that it (memaihood) is not strong when it is just got in that way."

Melisa went on to compare Lasuwot's situation with that of William: "William got memai from his mokotok, Lapik; but he also bought memaihood from Garapoi of Fangalawa." Melisa saw this himself, he was careful to say.

I asked Melisa about Taito, and he said he did not know. (Taito and Melisa have been leading memai in neighboring villages all their adult lives, and yet Melisa said he did not know about Taito's memaihood. It

was statements like this that made me decide not to probe deeply when, in my opinion, I had more to lose than to gain by so doing.)

There was some forgetting about who gave memai to whom. Lingai said that Eruel had put lime on Songa of Kableman, who is dead; but not on Uliakis, who is alive. But Eruel told me of Uliakis, in tones of almost parental pride, that he had "put his lime on him" one day when we were watching him perform at a funeral in Kableman village.

Eruel also told me that Waradis gave memai to Beong, on the garamut, in Sali; but he did not say that Waradis had given memai to him, Eruel (as Lingai had remembered).

This account of discussions about memai status indicates a degree of uncertainty that is not reflected in practice. About some people, there is no doubt and no disagreement: Melisa is one of those. Kase is another. Taito is another. Eruel is another: that he has the right to act as memai for Mangai is agreed upon by all. Furthermore, in practice, the issue of status is minimized, because a man without memai status can perform big man roles. Melisa had this to say of such a man: "A man without memai, he cannot talk. He must call out from whom he got memai when he talks. You cannot just talk without basis. But another man, without memai status, he can 'excuse himself' to the memai: then he can talk about working a feast, or something, about work." In other words so long as he acknowledges the established hierarchy and his place in the organizational scheme, a man without memai can participate; as do Lovan and Francis. In practice, New Ireland is even more open and inclusive about big man functions: even women can perform some of them, as Emi did in initiating the Kuluvos malanggan.



### Predecessors Dead

Another standard of judgment about who is a true memai was asserted by Kase during the Kuluvos malanggan: only those whose "own memai" are dead. What he said was this: "All right, now these memai of mine, all have died. Not just half. Plenty of men today, they say they're memai, but their memai (i.e. those from whom they got the status) haven't died. Those who gave to me have died, altogether. Now, at this time. All right now, now, I think of fastening him, this child straight of my skin, the hair of my skin. (They are both Mokamiva clansmen.) All right now I will put him (into this status). This position comes onto him. By and by he, too, can stand up and talk. Suppose I die, then he can stand up and talk. He will perform this work, memai. Now I talk clearly about the road that this memai (status) has already travelled."

Occasionally I heard this standard confirmed, as when people of Mangai village named their three memai: Eruel, Ismael, and young Lasisi. People of Mangai consistently named these three, and then some would add this qualification: Ismael and Lasisi can be memai when Eruel dies.

### Succession

One point that was clear was this: a man does not necessarily succeed the man from whom he gets memaihood. A man may say that he is a memai because his father was a memai, but he does not mean that it was his father who "put lime" on him, i.e. installed him in the status. Thus Tulebung may say that he is a memai because his mokotok William was memai of Kuluvos: but it was his pupu Kase who installed him in the status, after the death of his mokotok.

I asked if Ismael (Mokangkai clan) was any relation to Garapoi, the man from whom he got memaihood. He said he called him brother, but he did not know the "road," or whether it was through his mother or his father. Garapoi is Mokangkala clan, and is no direct relative of Ismael. He is the same memai who "put lime on" William of Kuluvos.

Melisa said that he had got memai from his father (Mokamiva clan), and also from his mokotok, Ingmat (the old man of whom he and Kase told me at Kuluvos, who had lived to be nearly one hundred). Melisa gave only one mias to his own father. "You cannot buy it (from your father)," he said. His father had bought it, and Melisa took his place (without further pay). Melisa's father had had no memai in his own sub-clan. Therefore he had to buy it. "I get it from someone, others can get it from me." Melisa said, in answer to my questions, that a memai does not lose his memaihood by passing it on; and he cannot refuse to give it to anyone who can pay.

Melisa got his memaihood after the war, at the malanggan for his father (who died in 1942). He went on top of a stage, his mokotok talked, and Melisa got the place of both his father and his mokotok, from the latter, simultaneously.

Melisa contrasted his situation with that of Metagal, a Tivingur clansman of Nonopai village on whom I had seen Melisa put lime in 1965. Metagal had already been "marked" with lime by Ingmat, to whom he had given ten mias. Melisa then "finished" him in 1965, and Metagal gave Melisa ten mias. "Some give twenty," Melisa commented. Metagal had no big man in his line and they needed one, so Metagal got it. "Now he bosses."

Later Melisa said that anyone could buy memai if he had enough mias. Then he went on: "Metagal, he did not have enough. Just ten mias." I asked if twenty mias would have been enough, and he said yes. Metagal is young (perhaps thirty-five years old) and is one of the "border line" memai, who is almost one, but not quite; or who is one in the eyes of some people, but not in the eyes of others.

I asked Melisa if a man could give memai to both his own son and to his mokotok. Melisa said yes; and that his own mokotok, Ingmat, had given memai to his own son, Meleke, before he had given it to Melisa; when Meleke was only a little child and Melisa was already big. (Meleke, of Nonopai, is mentioned in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan.) "You clear it first in front of everybody, and then my child can get my place when I am gone," Melisa said. "If I die, and then my child wants to make himself strong, he can ask another man (to give him memai status). As for me, I 'marked' him." Melisa was speaking hypothetically, and he added that his own son "cannot think too much about memai" when Melisa dies, because "he is not strong."

Earlier he had said, "A man who is smart can get this, because he knows about this work." Some who are "marked" to become memai never become full, functioning ones because they "do not know how to talk," Melisa told me. He said that his elder brother got memai status first, before Melisa did; but that he did not know how to talk.

#### Power

"This man has strong power. He is boss inside of the place, just like the government." Melisa said this of memai, and the evidence to some extent bears him out.

Like the Australian government to which Melisa referred, memai have only the power that the people allow them to have, to exercise in ways clearly defined for the role. Some individuals were acknowledged more widely and by more people than others, as Melisa was more widely acknowledged than Metagal; but even the most widely recognized, e.g. Eruel, who was known for many miles along the East Coast, risk losing what little power they have if people begin to think they have too much.

#### Culture Change

When people spoke of "rubbish memai" (which they did in my presence only when Kas or I brought up the subject), they sometimes indicated that this was a phenomenon that belonged to the present-day decline in standards in general in New Ireland culture. And yet I could find no evidence that standards had been more regular, or that alternatives had been fewer, in the old days. I could find no evidence that the status had become detached from its social context: e.g. no young men came back with Australian money and bought status. Some bright young men (e.g. Konda Aisoli, Panakaia hamlet) had been invited to become memai and had turned down the opportunity on the grounds that they were not at home often, and did not know what to do. (Tavakariu declined at the Kuluvos malanggan, giving this same reason.) This and other evidence indicates, in my view, that young, educated New Irelanders continue to respect the status of memai and its functioning in New Ireland society.

#### Insignia

The insignia of memaihood are not institutionalized in detail. Ismael said that he had no kepkep (shell neck ornament), just leaves. I asked him if this decoration has meaning, and he said, "Yes, it has pay; for each arm, for lime, for spear." He knew no other meaning.

Other informants sometimes implied that there were different grades of memaihood represented by different decorations, but direct questioning indicated either that informants did not know the grades or, more likely, that there was no standardization on this point.

#### Conclusion

The status of memai is an institutionalized one, sufficiently well-defined so that men who want to be big men know exactly what to do to achieve their goal. This is another known path in New Ireland culture. There are several ways to go along the path, however, so that no one is excluded from the opportunity to aspire to the position. The structure within which men may be selected by the group is without geneological restriction. Men with the ability to talk, to organize, to be memai can achieve the status, and can be selected regardless of their connection to the big men who are dead. The status is thus open, inclusive, egalitarian; and, furthermore, it is group-oriented, in that it exists to serve the group, not the individual who is in it.

#### Putunangaul

There are two other local terms besides "memai" that were given when I asked for local terms for "big man." One of them, putunangaul, designates the status of war leader, who led his men as a lead dog leads a "pack of savage dogs," according to Kasino. Eruel told me that the face paint used on such occasions is one source for the painted designs used on malanggan.

Some accounts indicate that these men were feared in their own villages. Sirapi told me about Wowuak and Simbakon, identical twin men of Tivingur clan: "All were afraid of them, because they killed people in battle before. They could 'pull' pigs for one or two mias, because people

were afraid of them." Sirapi did not remember this herself: Vasale, about twenty years her elder, had told her.

She reminded me of the tingirip (string of shell currency with "beads" smaller than those of vagaut, commonly used nowadays, and referred to here by the pidgin term mias) I had seen at Rongo's house. That had belonged to Simbakon and Wowuak, who were vasak (brothers) to Sirapi; and it would pass to the children of Siriu, Sirapi's adopted daughter who was married to one of Rongo's brothers. Wowuak and Simbakon got this tingirip not for malanggan, and not for pigs, but "with their mouths, that's all." They sponsored a singsing on the West Coast, and received the tingirip for it.

On another occasion Keres (also of Tivingur clan) volunteered: Wowuak and Simbakon were men who killed other men; before, during the times that were no good.

DB: "Why did they kill?"

Keres: "They were all cross."

Simbakon and Wowuak were also remembered, however, as men who sponsored malanggan activities (see below, "The Taboo Child). Their assertiveness was thus manifested in activities which New Irelanders now consider constructive for their culture. That the elementary school in Mangai is officially called the Wowuak school reflects a positive image for this deceased big man, whether because of, or in spite of, his "savage dog" reputation.

I recovered insufficient information to interpret these war leaders, or the wars they led. Keres showed me a tree in the Mangai camp on which bodies were hung and prepared for cooking. Such cannibalism is nowadays treated with a smile and an interest in entertaining Europeans.

The one aspect of these stories that makes sense in terms of contemporary New Ireland values is that violence was feared, not admired, even in one's own men.

New Irelanders are generally thought by contemporary Europeans who have lived elsewhere in Papua New Guinea to be a gentle, cooperative people. However, several remarked that when they did abandon their gentle ways for violence, they did so with viciousness and treachery. One incident cited told of New Irelanders viciously attacking a Sepik laborer with a knife. The incident most commonly cited was an attack, with weapons concealed under the sand of the beach, on a tax patrol on the west coast.

If New Irelanders are indeed more vicious than other groups in Papua New Guinea, it may be that they do not know how to be violent in any publically acceptable way. Their refined social system does not require violence within, and cannot deal gently with those from without who come armed, as the tax patrol did.

In fact, the viciousness now attributed to New Irelanders in their dealing with outsiders may well be the same viciousness attributed to putunangaul in their wars against outsiders, people who were far off the path known to New Irelanders, who gave no sign of seeking accomodation to the group. Probably New Irelanders had to respect such men, far too angry as measured by the common standard, but able to meet challenges, uncommon within the society, from without. These were, alas, all too regular, according to contemporary reports: it was not possible for a woman or child to go alone to the river for water, for such a lone figure, or defenseless ones, might be attacked. It is because they brought an end to such unprovoked attacks and made wide wandering possible and safe that New Irelanders continue to be grateful for the coming of the white man.

The existence of the status putunangaul testifies to a time when physical force helped to create and maintain New Ireland culture, but does not tell enough to let us know exactly how. That the violence of two men created fear, that it got for them rewards not bought with pigs, and that these acts are remembered and perceived as remarkable suggests that these characteristics were not ordinary, and were not central to the internal structure of the culture. Internally, rising to leadership probably required sponsoring malanggan, which these big men also did. Still, it was the putunangaul who made New Ireland safe for such friendly interactions, just as today, perhaps, it is the force of the white man, his technology and his order, that defends the borders.

#### PIRIN

The third term given for "big man" was pirin. This term refers to all respected older men, alive and dead. My attempts to find out about traditional religious beliefs found very little information. People said they did not know what happened to the dead, or whether or not their spirits lived on, until the missionaries came and told them about heaven. Since they manifest a friendly skepticism about heaven now, I do not doubt their stated skepticism about spirits in the old days.

However, it seems likely that the respect found in New Ireland for the known path encouraged respect for the aged, who know it; and for the remembered aged who trod it and who have died. Everything in New Ireland culture points to great respect between parents and children. But in 1965-7 (and all sources lead me to think that I saw what I would have seen before the missions came, in this respect) a malanggan was to



"finish" the dead, not to worship them, or to invoke them, or even to thank them. It was to "show respect," as Melisa said.

When Lasuwot said, "Walk away, William! Walk away, Makalo!" I think that this injunction was intended as a symbol, and that it was seen as such. These matters are subject to individual interpretation in all cultures, but I found no evidence of institutionalized invocation of the ancestors in New Ireland in 1965-7.

Kramer and Groves both write of interest in ancestors,<sup>4</sup> and I heard one piece of important information that supports their findings. Patavani told me that when she was young, before the mission came (and she already had children then), people "did not know about prayer. They believed strongly in all their bisnis (sub-clan relatives) who had died." This view helps to interpret Kas' earlier statement that pirin meant "God" in the old days.

Patavani also associated pirin status with mamatua, a type of malanggan carving in the form of a mask: "A mamatua," she said, "would sit down on the house of a pirin who had died." I asked who would be considered a pirin. Eserom (her ancient mokotok, who was present and listening) and Waradis, the man for whom the Tokanaka malanggan was held, she told me.

Sirapi was there during this discussion, and she said she did not know these things herself. She had taken me to Patavani in order to help answer my questions. Some people found it embarrassing to consider that their ancestors were "heathen," I think, but most did not know this kind of history.

Patavani's information indicates an earlier continued dependence on parents and other elders after their death, but no hierarchy of spirits, no special devotion to the ancestors of one clan rather than another, or to particular individuals rather than to others. Malanggan ceremony may have been a dramatization of separation, with the masks representing the departing dead; but, on the other hand, several people, including Eruel and Lasuwot, explicitly denied this representation.

If there was a detailed and earnest belief in the power of the spirits of the dead, it was held along with a lighter view which allowed people to use the concept of "ghosts" in order to discipline children. Ghosts are called rongan in Mangai (tamberan in pidgin), and some people are frightened at night, alone, on the road by them. Patavani told me that "rongan means the devil of a man, that's all. We used to use this idea to make the children afraid. We would say: 'You cannot run about, a rongan will catch you.'" One old lady hurried into my house one night and told Sirapi she wanted to wait to walk home with her, because she had seen a tamberan. Sirapi told me she was not in the least afraid of tamberan, and she laughed.

If pirin, as spirits of the dead, were important in the religious or political life of New Ireland at one time, I think they are not now. I asked Kanda in 1965 if the spirits of the dead knew that a malanggan was being given for them: and he said no, they do not know. I asked him if he believed that the spirit of a person lives on after death and he smiled and he said that that is what the mission said. I said I knew that, but did he believe it; and Kanda answered, "I don't know. I hope so."

However, pirin, in the sense of respected living elder men, had, and still have, the considerable influence regularly accorded to persons in that status by cultures in which family, clan, and seniority within the kinship group structure all relationships in the society. Their power was and is limited by the group-oriented values which their descendents did and do expect them to support, and by their proximity to physical decline and death.

There is no evidence of any religious specialists who gained worldly power through their control of the spiritual world, but there is some evidence that everyone had access to control over others through the use of unworldly "poison." Eruel once showed us<sup>5</sup> a little power bundle, and Eruel could stop the rain. I attended one meeting in Livitua where, in an unlit house for about three hours one night, the possibility was discussed that someone had tried to poison someone else. The victim had seen a flashlight beam under his house, and found things in his house in slight disarray. The meeting decided that probably there had been no attempt to poison, but made clear that the use of poison was to be greatly condemned. My attempts to find out more about the mechanics of poison met with little success, but it was made clear that it did not affect Europeans, and that I had nothing to worry about. The kind of poison they were talking about was symbolic, and did not require material contact with the victim.

The power to poison, then, was generally available on an egalitarian basis. Young girls, according to European informants in 1965-7, often said they had been "poisoned" by young men whom they met, against the orders of school teachers, in secret places. People

occasionally said that particular individuals had died of "the poison of our place." They never said who the poisoner was. Some men may have been more inclined to use it than others; and may have been more feared, and more powerful, on that account. There is no evidence, however, that men who occupied any of the big men statuses also had high qualifications with regard to knowledge of poisoning techniques. The little I found out about it suggests that it was and is a technique of interaction between individuals, that it was basically anti-social, and that the group was, and is, against its use. The meeting I attended constituted a statement by the group that no admiration would be gained by a successful sorcerer.

#### MODERN BIG MEN

The Local Government Council in northern New Ireland (called Tikana, using the first syllables of the names of the three language groups represented in the Council: Tikak, Kara, Nalik) was instituted in 1957. It replaced the old luluai system in New Ireland, as it was doing throughout the Territory. Under this old system, there was one luluai (headman) in each village, assisted by a tultul (clerk). These officials were appointed by the government. Often they were not local leaders, but sometimes they were. The luluai seems not to have been fully scorned in New Ireland as he sometimes was elsewhere. (Sirapi's father was luluai of Mangai for years, and he was followed by Lamo. They were respected, it is said. But people laughed slightly when they told me that a man I knew had been luluai down the road in Medina village.) Old Takapan of Lemakot village, who had been Paramount Luluai for many years, was a respected guest wherever he appeared, though he seemed neither to demand nor to receive any special attention.

Under the Local Government Council system, people elect their own representative, one for every three villages, to the Council. (In 1965-7 it met in the new brick Council house in Mangai.) In addition, each village also elects its own committeeman, called "committee," who in Mangai functioned as "chairman" of the Monday morning meetings of the whole village. This meeting is still called "line." In the old days the government patrol officers of the luluai required people to come "on line," or to "make line," every Monday morning to hear instructions, or to provide census information, and to conduct business of interest to the German, and then to the Australian Administration. The major communal projects assigned at these meetings were cleaning the village, cutting grass, planting gardens for the missionary and for the whole village, and working on the road. Except for the last task, now performed by government employees, all these kinds of communal projects are still undertaken, and still discussed "on line" Monday mornings, along with other matters of village concern: parents should send a shilling to school with each child this week; the Mission tax collection day will be in September; all women should gather leaves for the malanggan next Friday; and the string band will play in the Civic auditorium in town Saturday night.

In the old days, the luluai had broad and vague powers. He settled some disputes without waiting for the help and authority of the patrol officer. The committeemen and the Councillor are expected, by the people and by the Administration, to also settle disputes; but they have not got the power to do so, as the luluai had. The luluai could collect fines and send people to jail. The Councillor can mediate

an exchange of money between two disputants, a mode of settling quarrels which is traditional in New Ireland; but he cannot collect any money himself. He has no judicial power, but people look to him for judicial function.

Problems of jurisdiction, of function and of power are common to all judicial systems. New Irelanders think that their system is more confused than most, and evidence for them lies in the fact that they may have to wait four months before a patrol officer comes to settle a quarrel that has been referred to him. By the time he comes, they say, the quarrel has grown big. (Australian officials hope that by the time they come the people will have settled it themselves.)

For all its lack of clarity, the system works very well in New Ireland. New Irelanders know the concept of legitimately constituted authority in their traditional system, and they accept it without question in the offices of committeeman and Councillor. Mangai, Livitua and Lauen first elected Kas as their Councillor, then Eron. Then Kas again, then Eron again. Then Kas. And, in 1966, Pitalai, of Lauen. They gave the job to men who knew how to do it, but they kept moving it around. No one person was allowed to gain full control of the position. From the point of view of the Australian officials, New Irelanders vote a man out of office just as he is gaining the experience he needs to perform well. From the point of view of New Irelanders, they are keeping office and person clearly separated; and preventing individuals from becoming too strong in the new system, just as they prevent memai from becoming too strong in the traditional system.

The position of committeeman tends to be voted to men who have moved away and are wanted back home, or to men who live at home but who have perhaps disappeared too often when communal tasks begin. Interpreted from a New Ireland perspective, they give this job to the weak, or to the outsider, in order to bring them in, and to make them strong.

Some memai were Councillors and committeemen, and probably some had been luluai. During the Kuluvos malanggan, the two leading memai, Melisa and Kase, absented themselves in order to attend a meeting of the Demarcation Committee as official representatives of their village. They remained leaders of their people with regard to both traditional and modern concerns.

A detailed study would be required to confirm or disconfirm these generalizations, and would no doubt turn up discontinuities between the systems that my study has not considered. Here I have only anecdotal evidence which suggests that New Irelanders have been willing to try to make their system of legitimate authority coalesce with that of the European governments which have dominated them. Their primary tendencies have molded the statuses created and institutionalized by outsiders toward the group-oriented, egalitarian goals that characterized the rest of New Ireland culture. Instead of fighting it or scorning it, New Irelanders have cooperated with the new system, included its officials, and made it function on behalf of their own.

#### SUMMARY

In discussing the various big man statuses of New Ireland, I have tried to show that they institutionalize egalitarian leadership which serves the group, rather than the individual. Memai who become self-serving are no longer asked to serve; pirin who become self-serving may continue

to be shown respect only within their families, on whom they soon become dependent for physical survival. When they die, they may safely be honored by all society again, and their good deeds told to the generations that follow. Only putunangaul were presented as perhaps self-serving within the group; but then how could the group complain? It was the putunangaul who risked their lives to defend the group, and to protect its culture built on values of serving others.



THE TABOO CHILD

There used to be, in this part of New Ireland, an institutionalized seclusion for some children, who became lakaina atap (taboo girl) and laruk atap (taboo boy) in this way.<sup>6</sup> This custom has come to an end because, people agree, the government officers required that all children appear on line when census information was gathered. Memories were not full and clear on the subject, but when everyone's memories are put together these generalizations are secure: children of both sexes and of several ages (from newborn babies up to married women with children), children of men who were big men and men who were not, children of different clans and even of different villages, all were secluded together. Thus taboo children were not a group apart, but continually tended in practice toward a common status with others. The principle of inclusiveness operated very directly to modify and shape this custom to New Ireland priorities.

At its best, seclusion was in a Kupa house, a quonset-hut shaped structure decorated with malanggan; but often the seclusion was just in a fenced-in enclosure. The children were brought out of seclusion with a malanggan, often timed to coincide with a malanggan for the dead.

There were two purposes served by this institution, in the views of various informants (not all of whom gave both): one was to display the wealth of the man sponsoring the seclusion of the children, in exactly the same way that men displayed wealth by buying malanggan or pigs in 1965-7.

The other was to protect the children, to keep them healthy, to make sure that they "came up good." This protection must have been related to the fact that the seclusion area was the resting place of the bones of the recently dead, although most informants did not mention these bones, nor did anyone specifically make this association. Food brought to the enclosure had to be eaten within it, and only close kin of the children could come to see them in the taboo area of seclusion.

A taboo child continued to be subject to special restrictions when the child grew up: they could not walk under houses, or under the lines of sago flour hung up at malanggan; and women who had been taboo children could not cook for people outside the family. Furthermore, a taboo child should not carry for other people.

Recital of these restrictions was treated lightly, however. There were only three people who had been taboo children in Mangai, people told me: Sirapi, Tambeta (the eldest daughter of Aisoli), and Simek (eldest son of Lovan). (People forgot to mention Lingai and Patavani, who were secluded in Mangai; and Vasale, who was secluded elsewhere.) The "rules" of the game were given, but no one told me any stories of people who followed them. Sirapi cooked for more people than anyone in Mangai and, despite her arthritic ankles, carried for other people until someone took the load away from her. She enjoyed having people say affectionately that she must not carry for others because she was a taboo child. Had the restrictions been taken seriously, there would have been, and would still be, an elite section of the population.

As I reconstruct this institution, it shared with other institutions in northern New Ireland this characteristic: an orientation toward

the whole group, composed of members of equal status. Wherever there were dividing lines between groups or categories within a group, these lines were "dissolved" and persons of other groups or categories were added to an initially segregated group.

Because of this characteristic inclusiveness, it is difficult to define the secluded taboo child. No criteria of age, sex, clan, wealth, or health consistently describe the specific situations I heard about. Here follow several illustrations.

#### Case Histories

Sirapi: When I asked Sirapi about the details of her becoming a taboo child, she took me to Patavani; because she said that she herself did not remember well.

I began by asking Patavani if she had seen a Kupa house. Patavani pointed to Sirapi: "Her mother, and then Sirapi followed her." They named others I did not know, adding "But they just stayed behind a fence."

Sirapi had been agreeing and helping to name names; but when Patavani went inside for a minute, Sirapi said: "I just talk straight to Dorothy" (acknowledging her duty as informant to me, and apologizing for her immodesty), "not all those people had Kupa houses."

DB: "Yes, I thought that."

SIRAPI: "Just my mama, that's all."

DB: "Yes, and you."

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "Yes, thank you, Sirapi, I was going to ask you later."

This incident confirms that the status was one that gave prestige, and perhaps tended toward establishing an elite; while

Sirapi's modesty about it, her making sure privately that I had the correct information without asserting herself even in front of the woman who had been making her claims for her, confirms also the egalitarian counter-tendencies that have apparently molded the custom.

Sirapi later brought Vasale to tell me more about her seclusion. According to Vasale, Sirapi was born behind the fence that still exists (as a fence of trees) in Matanavillam, and behind which there is a little house today where Muktun's two teen-aged sons sleep. She remained in seclusion there in her Kupa house until she was about the age of Mangat (Sambuan's daughter, about twelve), until her breasts came up. She stayed alone, except that a woman, Lintung, stayed with her to look after her.<sup>7</sup>

Wowuak and Simbakon,<sup>8</sup> identical twin men of Tivingur clan, big men who were feared, put a big taboo on Matavaillam hamlet. Women who wanted to feed Sirapi had to go around by the sea.

Sirapi came out of seclusion twice: once at Makel hamlet in Livitua, and later in Matanavillam. Vasale said that Simbakon's son, Miligen, who was married to a woman of Sirapi's father's clan (Mokatitin), talked to Sirapi's mother and said that Sirapi would come out along with the children of Makel hamlet.<sup>9</sup> Sirapi added, "We were just following blood." (That is, Sirapi was not following her own clan, but that of her father, in this case.) After that, Sirapi slept at Matanavillam, but during the day she played inside the Makel fence. With her there were Leilei (a girl now dead), Langawa (Ba's wife's brother), Langawa's brother Mosovau (now dead), and Rongo. Miligen and all (Mokatitin clan) asked Eserom (Mokangkai clan) to bring a

malanggan, with which they all came out.

Sirapi then went back into seclusion in Matanavillam, and finally came out when there was a malanggan for some dead and for Sirapi. Sirapi watched the men make her malanggan, a long one, from behind the fence; but she does not know who they were. Vasale remembered which malanggan it was: Ewin. But she does not remember who brought it. The malanggan at Matanavillam ended the taboo, and Sirapi came out.

I asked Sirapi and Vasale what the purpose (pidgin: ass) of this custom was. Sirapi laughed, and she and Vasale and Langiro talked for a few minutes in the local language. Then Sirapi said to me: "It's something that belonged to all big men before." Then she added: "You white skins have it, too." I said: "You mean to work something good over a child?" And she said Yes. Others had related the naming of a child after a mamatua name to "baptism," so Sirapi may have had in mind confirmation, which took place in the little Catholic church in Livitua. But there may have been more to what she said that I never found out about. They may have known of our debutante custom, but not felt sure enough to make the comparison. Those most likely to know about debutantes, e.g. Kas, did not mention it; and I did not think to ask.

Patavani: Wowuak and Simbakon (Tivingur clan identical twins, big men of Matanavillam hamlet, now dead) had invited Patavani and her sister and their mother to stay together in a Kupa house, alone with Wowuak's wife, Menameen, of Mokatitin clan. The twins invited Sesil, also of Mokatitin clan and Livitua village, to bring the malanggan

by which the women came out, after five months in seclusion. Rusvang was the name of it: "Before they did not just play with malanggan," Patavani volunteered. "Today, they all make cement, and it does not look good!" I asked if the malanggan had meaning. She thinks that it did, but she does not know what meaning. All joined to help buy the malanggan: her father, her mother's brother, other men of Mangai.

Vasale: Vasale said that she stayed alone in a Kupa house in her home village, Lemakot. She was already a big girl, but her breasts had not come up yet. She was her mother's first and only surviving child.

At that time, "All Mokangkai (Vasale's clan) were married to Mokamiva" in Lemakot, and the father of Vasale's mokotok called out to all Mokamiva to make a Kupa house for Vasale. When the house was completed, Mokangkai held fast a pig, heaped taro around the house and under the tree, put the pig on top of the taro and mias on top of that; and all of this Mokangkai gave to Mokamiva, to open the house Mokamiva had made.

She came out before her breasts had come up. Her pupu made a mamatua, named Vagerangis, for her to bring her out.

Lingai: Lingai said that Wowuak and Simbakon, "two big men," put all these children behind a fence in Matanavillam: Lingai (Mokamuna clan), Lintung (daughter of a Mokamuna father, the girl who later looked after Sirapi in seclusion), Lando (half-brother to Lingai), Tavavaliu (a young Tivingur boy), and Lasisi (Tivingur, Sirapi's brother, a baby younger than Lingai). Lingai was "the age of Aius (four) or Leti (eight)." Lintung was younger. Lasisi was only a baby, "then he got sick and died." They wrapped him in coconut leaves and left him to "stand up

and stink," because all were so sorry about him. Later they burned him.

Lingai's relatives "lost plenty of mias" to the man who cut his ear. Only Lingai had this done.

DB: "And why did they put children inside the fence?"

LINGAI: "Before, all died. Each month. Now it is a good time. Before, God was cross with us because we lived in a way that was not good. In one month there must have been three or four men who died."<sup>10</sup>

DB: "But why did you put children inside the fence?"

LINGAI: "Because Wowuak and Simbakon knew that plenty of men died, they went to the fires of the grave. So they began gardens and pigs, and put children inside the fence, so that they would by and by come out with the malanggan (for the dead)."

DB: "But why inside a fence?"

LINGAI: "Oh, I don't know well."

Lingai was a good informant who had spent years with Europeans, and I could press him further than most without making him feel ashamed. At this point in our conversation Rusrus, who had joined us a few minutes earlier, said: "In order to look after the children well, hide them, so that by and by they would be all right."

People were very much aware of depopulation. "Before there were no children here. Today, the place is full with children." The protection offered by seclusion must have been supernatural as well as natural, because (as recounted above) they were secluded with the bones of the dead. But no one explained this directly to me.

Taito: Taito (the big man of Wuap) was secluded inside a fence when he was a boy, he told me; in his own place, Lokom hamlet in Wuap. A big man, his mother's father, made a fence for him, of stone. Talking to him and Pitalai, the Councillor for Mangai-Livitua-Lauen, I asked, "What is the purpose (pidgin: ass) of this custom, Taito?" Pitalai answered, "A father who is rich, and a mokotok (who is rich)." Taito said, "Yes, rich." Pitalai: "If your mokotok is rich, maski (never mind), you cannot then think of your father."

This case emphasizes the importance of the varying wealth of sub-clans, underscoring again the primacy of the mother's clan in New Ireland; as well as the obligation of the father and his sub-clan to help his child.

Lasuwot: Lasuwot was a taboo child in his father's place, Kaelis hamlet, Livitua. Before, he told me, there were plenty who were; and four, or three, or ten were secluded with him. He named two girls and four boys, one of whom was Sirapi's late husband, Makalo.

I asked if only the first child was put inside the fence and Lasuwot said no: a mother gives birth to her first child, put it behind the fence. Then a second, a third, too. Kanda, Lasuwot's younger brother, was inside the fence at the same time Lasuwot was; but Lasuwot was there first.

When the New Ireland East Coast road was built, the government wanted them all to come "on line;" so the custom ended. But Lasuwot's fence is still there. A man who lives inside a fence is a "wild pig," because he hides, just like a wild pig. "If you want to go to the bush, you wait at the road, look, then run quick to the bush; but no one must see you."



Eruel: Erue

Erue

l and I came to a discussion of seclusion one day at a funeral when we were talking about burial customs. In New Ireland they used to tie the body in a sitting position inside a fence, decorate it with feathers and red paint, then burn it on a stage. The bones were retrieved and hung up in a leaf parcel in the house inside the fence. A mamatua was made and all the children went inside the fence. Then the bones were buried in the enclosure, and all the children stayed inside with the bones. They came out with a malanggan. The house remained; it was still taboo. When the house fell down, everyone made a feast near it, and then "finished" it (by burning).

(Erue

l is the only person who told me of the presence of the bones of the dead in the taboo enclosure. The enclosure where Sirapi stayed in Matanavillam, and the area where Simek stayed in Purapot, are both near the cemeteries of those hamlets. It would be easy to speculate on the meaning of this association, but my informants did not do so; nor, then, will I.)

On another day I asked Erue

l if he had stayed inside a fence as a child. Yes, he said, but added: "My fashion was to 'humbug,' though; and I ran away." He stayed for a while with his baby brother, in Katedon, but then refused further seclusion. "I did not like it. I did not see Panakaia, I did not see Matanavillam. I stopped and stopped, then I washed; then I stopped and stopped, then I washed. I got tired of staying inside the fence. I ran away." I asked him what his mother said, and where he went.

ERUE

L: "My mama scolded me, and I did not want to hear her; and I ran away and worked in the bush, with everyone else, when

they went to make a fence, or to eat, or whatever." Eruel thinks he was about the age of little Langiro (age six), younger than Leti (age eight); and his brother was a babe in arms. The road had not yet been built; Buliminski (1910-1913) had not yet come up; and they had not yet heard of the Bible.

Erue's father had built a Kupa house in Katedon, and in it, along with Erue and his baby brother, were three girls, whom Erue named. I asked if they were all of Mokamuna clan, and he answered, "Nonnem!" (Yes! Of course!) He confirmed that the boys and girls stayed together, along with the bones; and that it was the presence of the bones that made the enclosure taboo. They came out not with a malanggan (a long carving: only Erue carefully makes this distinction), but with mamatua: not just one but two, three, four, five. (Earlier he had told me that the children went into seclusion with mamatua and came out with malanggan.) I asked if the children got the names of the mamatua and Erue said, "Nonnem! Telengabei, Luta. . ." He reminded me that when he brought me his mamatua in 1965<sup>11</sup> he had slapped me with lime; and he said that that was the ceremony that was performed when the children came out of seclusion. Then they took the mamatua with them to their places, as I had done with mine. (What I did not remind him of was that the mamatua that he and others said was his, the one that he came out with, and the one that he carved for me, was Munerau: a girl's name, the name of his mother, and that he gave to me and to Tambeta; but not a name that he could have had even as a second name.)

Tambeta: The last person in Mangai to be a taboo child was Tambeta, Matiu told me. (Simek was probably the last, as he is about ten years younger than Tambeta.) She stayed in Panakaia hamlet, along with Pariu, Raus, and Bakor (all girls, of four clans, and related to the people of Panakaia through their mothers or their fathers). Sirapi requested a mamatua, Mataneas, from Eruel with which to bring her out. Matiu told me all this, and he remembered that he had just gone to Rabaul to school; and that was in 1934.

Simek: Kas told me that Lovan's eldest son, Simek (born after World War II) was put in a regular house behind a fence in Purapot, down near the beach (and the cemetery, which Kas did not mention) when he was about six years old. After one year he came out, decorated with various kinds of plants and other decorations; and carrying mias, "strung over his fingers like strings on a guitar." They worked a malanggan for this occasion, and Kas remembered that it was a long wooden one named Tavavaliu.

Nonopai Girl: In 1965 a girl was "brought out" with a malanggan in Nonopai village. She was decorated with ornaments, plants, and her coming out ceremony required her literally to "come out" by putting her head through a hole in the center of a vavara. People paraded up with mias, just as they do when buying malanggan, and deposited a great heap of mias in front of her. She was about ten years old, and looked quite nervous as she clung to her mokotok, Ephraim, his arm firmly around her in the midst of the great group that accompanied her along the road to her place behind the vavara. Ephraim said that she had not been secluded, but Benson (also of Nonopai village) said that some girls still are secluded, though only for a few weeks.

### Restrictions

Only relatives can see the child, Kas said. The mother stays with the child at first, then not all the time. She can go out and work in the gardens, and a pupu or someone comes to take care of the child. No one outside the family can see the child, and it must not take food from the hand of outsiders.

There were conflicting versions of this. Vasale said that when Sirapi was in her Kupa house, the enclosure was taboo, no woman could go in there. Sirapi said that no boy or girl could see her, only old people, either men or women. Only old women, like Verigete (long dead), could bring food.

When Vasale was secluded in Lemakot, she was given food by two old ladies of her own clan: her mother's mother and that woman's sister. But when ancient Patavani was secluded with other women, Muktun, who is younger than Patavani, "looked after us all for food. Ngangan helped, too."

When Lingai was telling me about his seclusion, old Melisa, who had not been a taboo boy, said that no woman could look behind the fence. Lingai qualified this statement: "Mama, that's all, she can bring food and she can look." Lasuwot said, "mama, papa, pupu" when I asked who brought him food in seclusion.

Many of the restrictions on the activities of a taboo child suggest a privileged class orientation. The restriction mentioned most commonly by informants was that when they grow up they will not carry things for other people. Benson (a relative of Lovan's from Nonopai village) added that he or she should not be sent on errands. People do not say anything bad about this child. While they are in seclusion they are well fed. According to Vasale, all the food taken

inside had to stay there: that is, it could not be taken outside, or taken to the women in their cook houses. Lasuwot said the children are brought "pig, fish, plenty. When it stinks, throw it away."

Kas said that a taboo child should marry another taboo child, suggesting as he did in other ways that there was, or should have been, a consolidation of an elite class. When I asked Kas what was the purpose of making children atap he answered, "Because that clan (that makes its children taboo) is rich, the highest people." Today, he said, others can do it, because they, too, are rich. "But before, only the highest people." (It was during the course of this conversation that he explained his views on class, beginning with the statement that Tivingur, his own clan, was the highest.)<sup>12</sup>

#### Selection of Taboo Child

Some accounts of the taboo child stress birth order: the taboo child is the parents' first child. Detailed accounts of actual practice indicate that, if this ever was a widespread ideal (and it is not clear that it was), the more general New Ireland tendency toward inclusiveness overwhelmed it. It was never implied by anyone that it was preferred that the first-born be male; and in practice both boys and girls, first and later-born, were secluded, alone and together.

Kas said that when a baby is about to be born, the parents discuss this question: shall the baby be a taboo child? The parents do not have to be taboo children themselves to make their child a taboo child.

These points are important to a discussion of egalitarian integration in the Pacific. Special emphasis on the first-born, and especially on the first-born male, is one of the characteristics that

defines and shapes Polynesian cultures, perhaps becoming more pronounced as the society becomes increasingly stratified.<sup>13</sup>

But stratification has been built on other kinds of selectivity. Wealth can be accumulated and inherited, but in New Ireland those who have access to the wealth of the dead are enjoined to "lose, lose, lose." If it is the little rich children who are secluded, they are joined by others. Tambeta is said to be a taboo child, although two other women of Mangai (and a third from elsewhere) were secluded and fed and attended to along with her; and came out with a malanggan along with her, though without winning the title "taboo child." It was Tambeta's family who initiated the seclusion and provided the malanggan at the end, and lost mias for it. Doubtless the families of the others helped. This is another instance (according to my interpretation) in New Ireland of a step taken toward hierarchy, followed by another step taken back again toward egalitarianism.

Similarly, the institution may be seen as a step taken toward exclusivity, followed by a reaffirmation of inclusiveness, a gesture toward the special individual extended to encompass the whole group. "Seclusion" itself was not allowed to isolate, for whatever purpose, the individual; to make the rigid separation between people that it was said to make. Thus Sirapi, while "secluded" in Matanavillam, went back and forth every day to Makel in Livitua (nearly a mile away) so that she could be together with other children in seclusion. The Taboo Child is celebrated, but only as a part of a group, never alone.

### Looking After the Children

The institution drew attention to wealth (however temporary) and to big men, but it also underscored a New Ireland value seen in many other contexts: protection and honor for the children. My informants never made clear how seclusion protected the children from harm: but the children (as well as the adults) were dying; more, and more often, than usual. (New Irelanders know this, and European records show it, although this custom may well have pre-dated depopulation). Secluding the children, making some of them taboo, at whatever age they were, or of whatever sex, whether rich or poor, and ever if they were of some other clan, was seen as a way to look after them.

In some institutions of seclusion, older men initiate younger men into adult society by exposing them to the genuine hardships of their life, but also to artificial hardships, what we may call "hazing." The line around the insiders is clear, and it remains clear when outsiders have, by passing whatever tests have been imposed on them, become insiders. The older are, in these institutions, displaying their power and superiority over the younger members of society as part of their whole educational process.

Seclusion has none of these elements in New Ireland. The old, often the real grandparents, serve the young. The old men, the real grandfathers sometimes, initiate the building of the Kupa house or merely of the enclosure; and the old women, often the real grandmothers, feed and care for the children. The only hardship mentioned was that of restriction of movement; and only Eruel seemed to find that a hardship. Others emphasized that it was a good time, with plenty to eat.

### Summary and Conclusion

The institution of taboo child was apparently available for use by many people, and by people who wished to use it for slightly varying purposes. The point which is especially relevant here is that the institution did not support or create a hierarchy which evolved into, or maintained, a stratified society. Wherever it tended to serve the special interests of individuals, it expanded its orientation to the group as a whole by including many children, probably all who wished to participate.

### II. THE WEAK

In discussing tendencies toward and against hierarchy in New Ireland, I have been discussing primarily the ways the culture provides for persons who are strong (men, big men, rich people, adults) to break away from the whole group, to become an elite. The culture provides counter-tendencies and counter-values that (according to my interpretation) have prevented hierarchies from developing. The strong remain in the group, through their own wishes or through the pressures of others or both.

Just as the strong do not form an elite on top of the group, so the weak do not form a depressed class at the bottom. Some illustrations of this generalization have already been given: women and children, it has already been suggested, are respected citizens of New Ireland. I want to illustrate this point further here with regard to children, who are a special class of the weak in every society.



WEAK INSIDERSCHILDREN

The differences between New Ireland children and New Hanover children were of crucial importance in helping me to describe each group, and in helping me to identify the major themes of each culture as interpreted here. New Irelanders attend responsively to the weak, especially children; New Hanoverians respond not at all or with resentment, ridicule, punishment, or exploitation. The section on New Hanover children illustrates interactions which involve children in situations comparable to those given here for New Ireland.

In New Ireland, children are included in adult activities, and are generally treated as persons of status equal to that of adults. They are persons who, however, are small and physically weak, and with regard to many things they do not yet "know how." They learn how through being present and participating.

Babies are carried much of the time in slings on the backs of their mothers. They accompany their mothers everywhere and are given her breast whenever they show signs of wanting it. Women go together to work in the gardens and to process sago, and they watch each other's children while they work and rest.

Other people, especially grandmothers, carry children in slings on their backs as the children get older, especially if the mother has a new baby to suckle. Older children often take care of younger children but they do not often carry them; nor do they appear to be "taking care" of them. By the time they are two or three, children appear to be responsible for themselves in relation to the environment in that they do not move about exploratorily in it or approach it experimentally or approach it at all: they generally sit content with an older child, often but not always in physical

contact. One does not see a child sitting alone, or only very young children sitting together: thus, an older child or adult is present if needed or wanted but the interaction between the child and its elders is companionable not supervisory or regulatory or demanding.

The company and care of children is viewed as a pleasure, rather than as a chore. It is sad when a woman has no child. A relative may give her one. Men enjoy the company of children, too. While it is usually mothers and the other women with whom they work that take care of babies, fathers often hold the babies, apparently with pleasure, and are often in the company of their older children.

One does not see children being rejected by father or older siblings or older relatives or by anyone. One does not see rejecting behavior, among adults or in relation to children. Its absence was a prominent feature of the few incidents I saw of disciplinary action. I saw so little disciplinary activity that it is difficult to make any statement about it. One element that characterized all the incidents I observed was that the child who was being disciplined was not put at a distance, socially, personally, or physically from the person doing the disciplining. (This characteristic stood out for me after I had worked in New Hanover, where the reverse was true.)

Here follow brief descriptions of particular incidents involving children in New Ireland which illustrate and bear out the foregoing generalization  
Crying

Children rarely cry. Powdermaker made this observation about New Ireland children in Lesu in 1930, and Government anthropologist Anita Pritchard made it again in the early 1950's in Medina. Both these studies make observations similar to mine about children in New Ireland.<sup>14</sup> The only instances I saw of children crying who were older than babes in arms are recorded below. If children start to cry, or look like they are thinking about crying, someone is there at once, comforting or guiding, and the crying does not occur.

When babies make preliminary crying noises, they are immediately suckled. Sometimes some noises continue, and they are bounced and soothed. My inquiries found that these babies were teething.

I became aware of this general absence of crying in contrast to its clear presence in New Hanover, though I had recorded earlier that there seemed to be little crying among New Ireland children. The situations which resulted in much of the crying in New Hanover were absent in New Ireland: children teasing and ridiculing each other; parents scolding, ridiculing, or ignoring children; parents walking off and leaving children straggling and crying behind; and parents rebuffing their children's attempts to get their attention.

1) We are all at Livitua village for a feast preceding the malanggan at Tokanaka. A child of about six next to me suddenly begins to make crying noises. It leans over sideways on its stomach and almost sobs. A child a bit bigger comes slowly over, takes its hand. The younger one starts to get up. Then a middle-aged woman comes and takes its hand and walks off with it and another smaller child, also held by the hand. (I cannot tell whether the children are boys or girls.)

2) Leiwai looks after the five children of her sister Lovel, who died last year, and whose husband works on a plantation. Leiwai is holding Taria's baby, and one of the children of Lovel looks as though he is going to cry; but he is making no noise. He just looks mournful, standing there next to Leiwai, holding her hand. After a few minutes (during which Leiwai put an arm around Lovel's child; a boy of about five years old I think, joggled him, tried unsuccessfully to comfort him) she gave the baby back to Taria, took Lovel's child between her legs, hugged and joggled him. He was "clearing" when I last looked, but still looking sad.

3) Wulos' little boy is finishing a sobby cry, and Sambuan, not Wulos, is looking after him. Wulos goes on working, but I think she is watching. (I wrote this note before I had been to New Hanover, and before I knew that Wulos was raised there; but after I knew that New Ireland women go right away, slowly, to crying children. It struck me as odd that Sambuan, who is not particularly soft-hearted on this matter, and not Wulos was attending to Wulos' son. I never saw Sambuan attending to anyone else's child on any other occasion, and she occasionally showed the slightest signs of impatience with her own children. Compared to New Hanover women, however, all New Ireland women are very solicitous.)

4) Lamedeng is a little more individualistic than most New Ireland women. She does not often come to malanggan, and she does not usually wear the scarf of respect for her husband's relatives that New Ireland women wear. (However, when her husband's mokotok, Mesalem, who has been to Australia and teaches in a mission college, came home at Christmas, Lamedeng plunked a towel on her head to go to church while Mesalem was there.) Furthermore, according to one woman informant, she talks in a cheeky way to her mother, which no child of any age should do.

One day I was sitting on the steps of Lamedeng's house and I asked her some questions about the care of babies. She said that her baby could cry during the day, but she does not let it cry during the night. Her husband, Eron, and her grandmother, Randes, were both present; and her baby began to cry as we talked. "Maski (nevermind), she can cry," Lamedeng said. Eron and Randes, who had both been paying attention to something else, spoke to her within ten seconds of the onset of the crying. "Ach!" Lamedeng said, and she picked up the baby for suckling. Thus does social pressure help to maintain the New Ireland style.

5) Old Lingai and I are talking in Matanavillam. He suddenly hears crying (I had not heard it), jumps up, says, "First I'll go look at the child," and rushes off. Here as always, children come first.

Carrying Children, Grandparents, and Crying

Children go with their parents or other older relatives, often carried by the adult in a sling on her back. The child's genealogical grandmother or other classificatory pupu is a frequent helper in this work. The co-resident extended family keeps grandmothers and other relatives proximate and available to attend to young children.<sup>15</sup>

6) We have gone to the funeral of Masapal in Lauen, about five miles from Mangai. As usual, many women carried children here today. We met Maria on the way with three children, wondering whether or not she should leave them behind in Livitua. Sirapi told her that she should (probably trying to make her feel all right about it). We went on, leaving her in indecision.

Malu carried her pupu, two-year-old Lambet, with her. (He is the son of Pariu, who is the daughter of Malu's sister, Kiu. They all live together in Panakaia hamlet.) Pariu is processing sago, and there is no one to look after Lambet in Mangai because everyone is here at the funeral. Mitlang carried her grandchild, Taria's older boy, who is about four years old, all the way here; while Taria carried her young baby in a sling on her back.

Now Lambet is thinking about crying. He cries slightly and rubs his eye. Malu looks at him at once. He stops. He makes a crying noise again, but it turns into just a noise soon, without Malu doing anything about it.

Children and Food

Children are fed first, fed wherever there is eating by whoever has food, and fed portions equal to everyone else's.

7) Two of Lina's children, Leti and Misamak, ate at Sirapi's house tonight. She ate last again, eating less than the children, and from the saucepan and the fish tin. There are more dishes, some of which I have brought. I think she eats from the pot to make visible her appropriate status, as hostess, of "last" to eat. When she is seen eating from the pot, people should note this, I think, and not come over to eat. If Lina's other children came, she would give them whatever was left.

8) We go to Lesu for the funeral of Boas.<sup>16</sup> The widow, Getti, gave all of us from Mangai plates of rice. I was given tea; two cups, one for me to pass on to someone else, I think, so I will not feel ashamed, drinking alone. I pushed the second cup over toward Vevele and Vinda, who were sitting across from me. When it cooled, Vevele picked it up and gave it to her child, age about five. Later a third full big cup came. Vinda gave it to her child, age about five. I wonder if I am given extras because I am an honored European guest or because I am like a child here, weak and unlearned in adult ways; or both.

9) Lokorovar is building my house on the beach at Matanavillam, and Sirapi and I are supposed to be feeding him while he does it. (He eats here often anyway, and brings us fish nearly every day.) About noon Lokorovar came and got me at my house (in Purapot, Kas's brick house), invited me to come to eat, and to bring some tinned fish or meat if I wanted to do so. I did. He had cooked sweet potato "greased" with

coconuts. He had set out and filled four big plates: one for himself, one for me, one for Lingai (who is helping Lokorovar with the house), and one for a fourth person. "For whom?" I ask. Lokorovar answers: "The baby here," nodding to Wulos' five-year-old son, who is visiting from Navallis village with his mother. Each plate had on it about four big potatoes. Wulos and Sirapi had gone to wash, and little Kambakaso had been left with the old lady Muktun, who was in and around her house. He had wandered over to watch Lokorovar and Lingai, and a plate had been at once fetched for him. He sat down and consumed everything on his plate, plus one of the fish I brought. Children count one, just like everyone else. With regard to eating, they are somewhat more than equal, because they are "one of the family" wherever they happen to be.

10) Sirapi gave me a plate of sweet potatoes the other day, which I did not finish eating. (I had learned by then that I was not expected to finish what I was given, if there was only one plate offered and someone else was present. One plate meant, I came to think, that that was all there was cooked.) I ate some and passed it back to Sirapi for her to finish. Instead she called over Misamak (Lina's son, about eight) who was nearby, and he came and finished the food.

Standard operating procedure at meal time was this: children first, then men, then women, then the hostess. (At Sirapi's house, I was given food before the children were for several months. As I became more of an "insider," I was fed after the children and after visitors; but still before the men. Visitors were ordinarily given food first, but it depended on who the visitors were. Local visitors who were well-known were treated as "one of the family," and children were given food first, then visiting men, then local men, then visiting women.

11) It is New Year's Eve, and Mangai is providing a meal for Lauen village. The Methodist villages entertain each other over the holidays, taking turns. This year Mangai went to Lauen for Christmas dinner, and invited Lauen to Mangai for New Year's dinner.

Two temporary bamboo tables, with attached bamboo benches, have been set up in camp, and Sirapi has asked me to help serve. Where shall I put the plates? One table is for men, and one for the women, she says. I follow some of the other serving women from Mangai to the men's table. True to New Ireland fashion, all the children sit down first; at the men's table, where we serve first, and then at the women's table. We serve them there and the adults come and join them.

Elders Serve Children and Give Them Honored Roles

12) The special attention given to children (allowing them to eat first, giving them the best piece of meat, and so on) does not cease at any age. Ancient mothers and grandmothers, so long as they are able, continue to serve their children. As noted in the report of the Kuluvos malanggan, a pig was given in the name of a young man, Pengas, who worked in Rabaul. The work of raising the pig was done by his pupu, the old lady Pepa; but the pig was said to be his. He thereby had the honor of giving the pig to the malanggan. Several instances were cited where shell currency was given by or in the name of children.

If the parents become incapacitated, the children will, of course, look after them. It was in preparation for this eventuality that Alice asked to teach in Mangai, so that she could be there to help her ancient pupu, Patavani and Eserom. She did help with heavy tasks, such as bringing in firewood. But once when I observed mealtime there, old Patavani served Alice first.



As children grow up, they in turn serve their own children and other people. By being served and attended to as children, they learn, not to expect to be served, but to serve others.

13) The children are going back to school, and many mothers are having "cup o'tea" gatherings for them. The mother serves rice and fish, and all who come to eat give one shilling. All the money goes to the child who is going away to school. Milika says there are so many, and she thinks it is a bit silly; because since the children are going to a nearby school, people will see them often. Nonetheless, Milika and her school age daughter went to several gatherings.

The Pleasure of Children's Company

I almost never<sup>17</sup> heard people speak of the care of children as burdensome or difficult; nor were children considered, upon reflection, a nuisance, a problem, or anything other than a source of great happiness.

14) Two truckloads full of children went down the road going back to school (thirty miles away) this morning. Two of Bungaloo's children went, two of Ba's went. "All the mothers, they all cried, they cried too much for their children," someone told me. And someone else added. "They 'broomed' them all (swept them all up), even little Lasi." Sirapi then said: "If it were my child, he would wait. Who will look after them for food?" I asked what the cooking arrangements are for them at the school, and Sirapi said: "Yes! How can they know how to cook there?"

15) Lasuwot told me all were so sorry that it was time for the children to go back to school. He wanted Bainbai (age about twelve) to stay at home. The other two could go to school, he said, but who would stay with him? His eldest daughter then scolded him, he said smiling, shyly proud of her. She told him that all the children must go to school.

### Children Come First

The needs or wants of children, anybody's children, were given attention, without resentment, before those of adults, any adults.

16) Semegi was carrying her young baby son. She and several other women and I were walking on the road, headed toward Semegi's brick house. Suddenly a very light rain turned into a very hard rain. Semegi's husband, Kamak, came rushing out of the house with a raincoat over his head, took the baby, covered him, and hurried back in; leaving Semegi to manage in the rain with the rest of us.

### Children Come First, Even Eggs

In the following incident, Sirapi showed concern for the children of chickens, surprising because animals are generally treated with some contempt or else ignored.

17) I am going away for a few days, and Sirapi says that she will feed my mother chicken, which is sitting on new eggs. Sirapi says that the mother chicken will not leave the eggs in order to find food, and that therefore she must be fed. I said: "That's all right, just break them." (I meant: take the eggs, a valued food, and eat them. New Irelanders generally show no emotional interest in animals: their dogs, used in hunting wild pigs, are usually "just bones;" and they keep no pets. Furthermore, despite my explicit request, my cat had not been fed for three days once when I was gone, because Sirapi could not bring herself to give a shillings' worth of food to a cat. I thought, therefore, that Sirapi was making a polite offer to feed my chicken, while she probably really thought feeding a chicken rice was ridiculous. I thought she was probably drawing my attention to the eggs so that I would offer them to her to eat.) When I said, "Break them," Siarpi said, "What?" and I repeated,

"Break them." She, too, repeated: "What?" Then she went on, thinking she must have misunderstood me, "They are not ready yet." I said, "That's all right, break them anyway." Sirapi, finally sure that she had understood me, said: "Oh! I can be sorry for all kinds of thing." As I got her point I interrupted and said, "All right, all right, yes, you must not break them." (I hoped Sirapi would not begin to wonder if I was really not trustworthy, since I was capable of such callousness.)

#### Guiding Children, But Letting Them Do It Themselves

Children learn mainly through participation. They are not shoved, pulled, shouted, lectured, or warned into appropriate behavior. Rather they are invited and shown how.

18) Sambuan is giving me lists of names of all the people in Mangai who belong to each clan. In each case but one she gives all the names of the children first, and then finally the name of the mother. (In Lina's case, she said first "the line of Lina," and then gave her children's names.) Sambuan's children are helping to supply the names, giving the names of the children first. She encourages them: "Call out!" She wants them to speak up clearly so that I can understand.

19) The children sit in front during the church service, and are taken out before the sermon. Taking the children out is the responsibility of Melisa and Lingai, two old bachelors who are pupu of some degree to most of the children. Leaving the church involves getting over a log across the bottom of the door (meant to keep out pigs, and to strengthen the structure of the house). The log is as high as the legs of some children are long. I think most Europeans would, without thinking, lift the children over the log,

probably by holding them under the arms or by lifting them by one arm, if the child were being held by the hand. These children hold Melisa's hand, which he slowly moves forward to accommodate their progress over the log. As far as I can see, he does not lift at all. Today Lingai watched one, which made it over the log itself; another he took by the arm, but let it proceed basically at its own pace.

20) The women are practicing their singsing (dance and song) for the last time before the actual performance at the Livitua malanggan. Previously they have always practiced under cover of darkness; and while there was some pretense of "secrecy," many men and children were present. Shyness, as well as the fact that most people work during the day, kept the practices at night.

Even though this is the final rehearsal, people move in and out of the dance, and there are people in it who will not be in it in the final version: in particular, children. Vevele's child is dancing with her mother, and Lambet (aged two) is there in front of his mother, Pariu. Lambet keeps turning in the wrong direction, and Pariu gently turns him around, guiding him. She does not hold him tightly. I have never seen anyone hold a child tightly, or guide him assertively.

#### Children With Big Men

People seem to see no conflict between the work and role of a big man and the presence of children. Children often held the hand of a big man who spoke, privately or publicly. Usually the big man was the father of the child, but not always. Often the child appeared to identify with his activity, looking serious, moving with him. Such children did not demand any further attention beyond being allowed to be there holding their father's hand, and their presence never seemed to distract the man from his performance, though he readily took the proffered hand.

21) Ba talks on "line" (Monday morning village meeting), and his baby goes around his legs as he talks.

22) While Matiu talks on "line," Putuoen (age three) comes and holds his hand. She stands, facing in the same direction he is facing, looking out at other people and not at him, as he talks.

23) Lasuwot, at the Tokanaka malanggan, called the names of those who brought money and mias to Yaraka. Bainbai (his twelve-year-old daughter) came and sat at his feet as he called, and when he called her name she went with her mias.

24) It is the next to the last day of the Tokanaka malanggan, and Lovan is counting the money and mias he received for a pig. Some baby, I think the child of Lasisi (Lovan's wife's brother), has been put on his lap, and he is counting around it.

#### The Individual In the Group

The individual in the group is not lost, either in terms of the attention he receives, nor in terms of the responsibility expected of him.

25) Nic and I met Eron for the first time today. He came with his son (age nine), each of them carrying a pineapple. Eron made no move, but waited until the boy shyly handed over his pineapple; and then Eron handed over his. (The son had to act for himself: father did not do it for him.)

26) During the malanggan exchanges, often only the husband or the wife of a couple go forward to give. But often, too, husband, wife, each parent of each, and a child will go; and not together, but each alone, letting other people from other nuclear families go between them. Sometimes very young children (age three) go alone.

Looking After Other People's Children

It is common for people to take care of other people's children, and to do so gladly. Adults remember with pleasure all the people who helped to care for them when they were young.

27) Mesalem Aisoli is visiting Mangai, on holiday from his teaching job at the Methodist teachers college in New Britain. He and his two sisters and two brothers were left young orphans, and many people in Mangai helped to care for them. Konda stayed with Eruel (his father's father's brother), Ruby and Mesalem with Patavani (father's mother), and Tambeta and Alice with Kumbat (their mother's mother), but many others helped. Eruel sent Konda to the government school, and Eron (his mother's brother) sent Mesalem to the mission school at Liga.

28) Sirapi and Siriu and I were on our way to the garden together when Sirapi said that she and Makalo had looked after Siriu from the time she was very young. She left home because her father hit her.<sup>18</sup> Siriu's breasts developed and she married while she lived with Siarpi and Makalo. Her mother was still alive when she came to Sirapi, but she is dead now, and so is her father. Rusrus (Siriu's older sister) went with him to hospital in Rabaul for his last illness.

We sat down when we got to the garden. Sirapi held Siriu's baby while Siriu looked for a stick to make into a digging stick. Bungaloo was there with her baby. Siriu's baby started to cry. Sirapi sang to it, then put it down. It moved a few feet over toward Bungaloo. But then it started to cry again, and Siriu came back. Sirapi handed over the baby, saying that it wants its mama, not its pupu. Siriu suckled the baby, then handed it back to Sirapi, in whose arms it fell asleep. The women have to stop a lot to comfort babies; and there always have to be some who sit with the babies while others work.

29) Sirapi told me that after her own mother died, the mother of Patavani kept her in Panakaia, and looked after her with food. Wasing, a Tivingur clan classificatory father, also gave her food when she was young.

30) Kombulau looks after two of Siriu's six children. She has had them since they were babies. She is childless. (Twice Kombulau, who is Sirapi's Tivingur clan sister, has brought me food when Sirapi, who usually looks after me, has been sick.)

31) Karamel looks after her brother Kamak's daughter, Lisoval, who is now about fifteen. Lisoval, her parent's third of seven children and second daughter, has stayed with Karamel ever since she was a little girl. Karamel, whose husband recently died, bore only one child, who died when still a baby. When I asked why she looked after Lisoval she answered: "Because is it my true brother who is married (to the mother, Semegi, of the child)."

On other occasions some women have said of this kind of situation that the true mother "was sorry for" the woman without a child. On this occasion, however, the women present during my conversation with Karamel went on to discuss the difficulty of finding food when one has many children, as do Semegi and the sister of Semegi, Dokas. Dokas has had fourteen, twelve of whom survived in 1967.<sup>19</sup> The women went on to name those who help to find food for these children: one is in Lauen village, two are with Dokas' daughter, Ruby, in Lossuk. Sambuan wrinkled her nose and said: "I would not be up to having so many children. There is not enough food!"

At first I thought that Karamel's aid had been enlisted by an overpopulated family; but then I realized that the women were making these points in front of Karamel, the "foster mother," so that she would feel good about her role.

Some days later children were being identified for me, in Livitua, by Sirapi, in the presence of Semegi. When Sirapi identified one girl as Lisoval, I was pleased that I remembered the name and I said: "Lisoval is the one that stays with Karamel, is that right?" No one responded, so I repeated my question. I suddenly realized that Semegi was present, and I saw that she was tight-lipped, so I said: "Just sometimes, right?" and got a firm "Yes" from Semegi.

32) Milika and I were discussing where she got money for putting windows into the brick house that Kas built and I lived in. She had got some money from Sirapi. I asked: "Where does Sirapi get all her money, she has not got plenty of coconuts, has she? Is it still Makalo's money?" "Yes," Milika answered, "still Makalo's; and the purse of Sirapi is full up and is never empty, because all those that she looked after (when they were young) now must hear her requests. So she gets things from Siriu and others."

I said that I had been afraid that Sirapi had no way of getting money, and that she would have none once she had spent all she had. "True," Milika said, "but all must hear her, because she is, and she was, so good to everyone. **Just as in the case of Kas,**" she went on. "He looked after Wylip (his sister's son) when he was little, and now Wylip does not ever forget Kas." I mentioned that Kas was still good to Wylip, that he had just bought him a guitar; and I asked what their relationship was. "Mokotok," she said, "that's how he counts him."



Discipline

33) Vinda is lightly hitting her child, age one and one-half, with a flexible piece of cane. Her sister Vele now gives the child a slap with her hand. Vinda hits it again. Then Vele tries to draw it over. It resists. Vinda goes on looking at it, hard, sitting with her hand raised the whole time, holding the cane. Now Vinda takes the child on her lap, wipes its eyes (it hardly cried), and now is suckling it. This whole episode, which was one of only two involving hitting I knew about all the time I was in New Ireland, took less than two minutes. The child was not abandoned or exiled; her mother kept her eye contact operating at high intensity throughout the encounter. Later I was told that Vinda was hitting her child because it had something bad in its mouth and was eating it.

34) A little girl whom I had never met came into my house one day, which surprised me; as New Ireland children were afraid, apprehensive, or, at best, smilingly shy in relation to me. In response to my questions, this little girl said (in pidgin English), cherrily assertive, that her name was Terecia, that her mother was Kungawot (sister of Rusrus and Siriu), that she lived in Livitua, and was seven years old. She had two young charges with her (who were very shy) to whom she attended. She asked me many questions, wanted to look at my books and magazines, told me about her clan connections and so on. I was playing the record "Funny Girl" on my battery-operated phonograph, and when the words "Mama who?" occurred in one of the songs, Terecia laughed and repeated, mocking, "Mama who!"<sup>20</sup>

I was stunned and delighted by this incident because it so directly contrasted with my usual experiences with New Ireland children in several ways. In addition to being still and shy and careful when they came into my house with their elders, or came to me on an errand from their parents, New Ireland children generally showed no interest in the books, magazines, pretty papers, or any of the various things I sometimes tried to show them.

Teresia's behavior was thus very far from the usual. Later I commented to the Livitua teacher that Tersia must be a very bright little girl, and he acknowledged that she was, and that she had been first in her class.

The next time I saw Teresia was when we were all in Livitua, cooking for the Livitua malanggan. She and her mother were walking toward Milika's cook house. Teresia was crying, and her mother, Kungawot, was smiling and looking guilty, her eyes looking off first in one way and then in another. Kungawot was holding Teresia's hand. I said quietly to Milika: "Why is she crying?" Milika said, "Her mother hit her." I asked, "Why?" "She 'big-heads' too much," Milika answered. "To her mother?" I asked. "Yes," said Milika. (Milika sometimes told me that her children were good because she "sticked" them. She usually thought other mothers were too easy on their children, and I never heard of any other mother who hit her children with a stick. Milika's tone of voice on this occasion indicated that she approved of Kungawot's disciplinary action.)

Teresia developed deep sobs, and her mother put an arm around her as they walked. Apparently Kungawot is just walking her around to try to quiet her. Teresai's eye is swollen.<sup>21</sup>

This is not a surprising fate for a precocious child in New Ireland. Each individual must play his or her part, but the parts to be played are quite well-defined. This was the most severe disciplinary action I saw in New Ireland. What is characteristic about it is that the child, far from being banished from the group, was attended by her mother, her persecutor, in her anguish.<sup>22</sup>

### Summary

These incidents involving children show how children are included in activities, guided into participation, present with adults even when the adults are big men who are in the process of performing their tasks in that role. Children who were orphaned young do not tell of privation and exclusion, but of inclusion and plentitude. They did not have no one to feed them, but many to feed them. Children are a pleasure: people are sorry to see them leave, and people who do not have them are pleased to claim the children of others. The true mothers are not pleased to let them go, but compassion for the childless moves them to do so. Children learn that they count as individuals, that their own acts are important, and that they have a responsible and fulfilling place among their fellows; who are trustworthy, caring, and dependent on each other. They learn that assertive excellence is not respected, but that skill and intelligence may be put to good use by performing established tasks well and modestly, and by responding gracefully and graciously to other people and to the requirements of the total situation. Unto them is given, and from this they learn to give.

Children in New Ireland are helped and supported so that they may be, not become, equal members of the community. To relate this analysis to

the general thesis of this work, it may be said that children are taught egalitarian, group-oriented, and institutionalized modes of interaction from the beginning of their lives by being included in all activities, as well as by explicit instruction both in these fundamental values and in the forms by which they may be successfully expressed.

#### OTHER INSTIDERS IN WEAK POSTTIONS

Children are in a weak position in any society, being physically and culturally dependent on their elders. New Ireland compensates for that weakness, and brings them into the society as equals, in the sense that each individual is the "moral equivalent" of any other.<sup>23</sup> Similarly, persons other than children who are in weak positions are supported so that they can take a full place in society.

1) Warakau's situation was described in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan. He tried, while intoxicated, to commit suicide. When he returned to Mangai he was at once given a responsible task to perform (catching Sirapi's pig), and thereby returned to a full place in society, rather than being scolded or snubbed.

2) At the malanggan in Panapai I saw a young woman with her child, aged about two years, who were both outstanding in appearance. She was a pretty woman, but what made her outstanding was her bright new red laplap (wrap around skirt), her blouse made of a bright red material on which there was a pattern in white and gold, and her bright red hair. Her hair had been dyed with a red dye bought from the Chinese. (New Irelanders focus considerable cosmetic attention on their hair, and often dye it. Usually they use either peroxide, which bleaches and is medicinal; or black, or a reddish-brown. I never saw a straight red dye on anyone again.) The little child also had bright red hair, and a little dress of the same material as that of her mother's blouse.

I thought perhaps the woman had some special role in the malanggan, and I began asking about her. She seemed to be no one in particular in relation to the malanggan. Finally, in response to my questions, one man said to me: "Her ears are closed, and she does not talk;" that is, she was deaf and dumb.

This incident stood out clearly in contrast to a comparable situation which I later encountered in New Hanover (described in Chapter VIII). In retrospect I think her specially beautiful outfit and appearance can best be interpreted in New Ireland as special compensation for her handicap.

3) Men who are unmarried are often "rubbish men" elsewhere in Melanesia; but in Mangai, Lingai, Melisa, Keres and Sion are well-accepted citizens. I heard the expression "rubbish man" used only once in New Ireland; by Sion, who used it jokingly about himself. He had probably learned it when he worked for Europeans elsewhere in New Guinea.

#### Summary

These incidents indicate that the suicidal, the physically handicapped, and the socially handicapped (specifically, unmarried men) are supported and strengthened in New Ireland so that they do not form a depressed class as they do in some societies.

#### WEAK OUTSIDERS

In most societies, people who come from outside, foreigners, are in one of two positions: either they are conquerors, and therefore dominant through military control; or else they are visitors or migrants, and in a weak position in somebody else's territory. Throughout the account of the Kuluvo's malanggan, and the description of the population of Mangai (some of whom are foreigners), it has been shown that New Irelanders bring these outsiders into their society. Young Laksia and old Pasingan from

New Hanover; Sungua, Rusrus' husband from the Sepik; Ba, who had come from Manus many years ago; the mad Chimbu and the anthropologist, both of whom appeared for no clear reason in the mid-1960's: all were given a place. People's reaction to the following sad story of a young German boy reveals the intensity of their feelings of inclusiveness,<sup>24</sup> which begin with a mother's inviolate obligation never to reject her children.

I went to Kavieng for Christmas eve and Christmas day, 1966. There I met a young German boy who, with three companions, had just survived a crossing of the Indian Ocean in something less than an adequate vessel; and who had arrived in Kavieng the day before Christmas. His companions flew on to Rabaul, where they had family, leaving him with the vessel. He had many tales of woe, but a hearty spirit. While he was in New Ireland, he said, he would like to meet the native people. I told him he would be welcome if he decided to visit Mangai. He came the afternoon of December 29, and left the next day. In less than twenty-four hours he made considerable progress in pidgin English, and pleased everyone with his interest and enthusiasm, his willingness to sit down with the people and to eat the local food. He was thereafter referred to as the "little German master," and the whole German period in New Ireland took on a rosy glow. Stories of German masters of the old days were told, and Germans were remembered with warmth.

I was very glad that the people liked this young man so much, because I sensed some disapproval of my spending Christmas in Kavieng with Europeans. I was a little concerned that my having a European come to the village so soon after my return would not be looked on favorably. Fortunately he was a great success.

After he left I told Sirapi that I had felt sorry for him. When he was born, he had no father (which is what New Irelanders say of a child born to a woman who lives alone); and his mother was ashamed and gave him to her mother, his grandmother. When his grandmother died, his mother took him back; but she was then married to a man who did not want this young boy in his house. They fought. They all moved from Germany to America, where things were all right for only a short time. Then his mother told him that her husband had threatened to leave her if her son stayed in the house; so the son would have to leave. He went back to Germany, joined the Navy, and spent several years at sea. He had decided to come to Australia, and found the opportunity to sail this private vessel as far as New Ireland. He was to be well paid, but he now thought he would be cheated.

Sirapi listened to this tale as we walked home one night. "Oh, sorry!" she said, but that did not surprise me. I already knew that Sirapi took a compassionate interest in everybody. Why did the boy's mother put him out? I told her that in our society a woman who has a child and who does not have a husband is ashamed. "She cannot be ashamed, she must look after him! Here, a mother looks after a child, just the same."

The next evening I was in Livitua with Milika. She was cooking for Mangai's New Year's Eve feast. Her (classificatory) mother (Malaibe), Lasuwot and I were there. I started to tell them about the German boy, and Milika said, "Did he go?" and went on interrupting me, as most people did if I started to tell a story.<sup>25</sup> But soon Milika, and her mother had stopped working and they, along with Lasuwot, were listening intently. I said the boy had no papa, and mama was ashamed and ousted him. His pupu had looked after him until she died.

Milika and Lasuwot asked for more and more details. As other people came to join us the story was told and re-told.

"A mother cannot oust her child," Milika said. "If the new husband is not good to the child, she must oust the new husband." They all said, over and over: "It is a big thing, an important thing: a mother must look after her child, she cannot put out her child."

They kept asking me, hoping they had misunderstood: "And now he has gone back to his place?" I said no, he cannot go back to his place.

Lasuwot and Milika, independently, each said right away: he must get a job in Kavieng, we will look after him. I said: "Here if a mother dies, another mother can look after the child." And Milika said: "If this master were the child of my sister, me, I would be able to look after him."

Lasuwot said, "If his skin were the same as my skin, I think I would look after him now." I was surprised to see that Milika (usually a bit less protective than most New Ireland women) was genuinely touched, and kept saying "sorry," out of nowhere, for the next ten minutes. But she, and I, had to quit showing any emotional interest in the subject when we realized that Lasuwot was deeply upset. He said: "I cannot think of anything else. I do not like to hear this talk. Tonight I will not sleep." We had all been sitting inside the cook house, and then Lasuwot went outside. Milika went on working for a while, and we tried to talk of other things. Then we went outside to sit with Lasuwot. "I cannot be a little happy now," he said, "I still think of this master." Earlier Milika had said something like "You cannot worry," and given a slight laugh, partly



of embarrassment over Lasuwot's visible concern. So when we went outside to sit, I said to him: "You cannot worry too much, I will look after him a little now."<sup>26</sup>

I had intended to try to find out if there is any shame for the mother of an illegitimate child in New Ireland, but I never got to that part of the question. What was amply clear is that a mother's first duty is to her child.

Milika asked what happened to children in America if their parents die; and I told her that the government or the missions gave money for houses for these children. She asked why the government had not given money to this master, and I said perhaps he was ashamed to ask; telling her that people are ashamed sometimes to ask. She said that in New Ireland, too, people were ashamed to ask. But, she added, if he came back now, they would give him (without his asking) some ground, and then he could start a plantation and soon he would be rich like other masters. (I took that opportunity to mention that not all planters are rich, but there was no response. No one could believe that.)

Lasuwot started to talk about God and Satan, then just shook his head, and said again, "Sorry." Then he said something about God helping the boy.

Just before Lasuwot went outside he said "I feel like crying now," and indeed he seemed close to tears; which is what prompted Milika to try to lighten the atmosphere a bit. She said: "I think this mama, she is just like a pig." I said: "But a pig looks after her children." Milika said: "Yes, she is like a turtle, she lays her eggs and then goes off." Lasuwot said: "She is like a crocodile." "Yes," Milika said, "she lays eggs, and then the babies come out, and they must find their own food. The mother does not help them."

On February 5, five weeks later, Lasuwot said to me that he had not forgotten about this master whose mama had ousted him; and that if his skin were the same color (as Lasuwot's) he could go to Sydney (where, as I told him, the boy had gone) and bring back this master and look after him.

### Summary

Outsiders in weak positions are not sloughed off and expected to somehow make their own way, but are, rather, helped to play a full social role in New Ireland society.

### SUMMARY: THE WEAK

People in weak positions in New Ireland are not disregarded or exploited as they are in some societies, but rather are helped to take full and equal places. They are not just given things, but rather they are given opportunities to help, to give, to work in responsible positions. Children, the handicapped, foreigners are all treated as part of the group and shown how to help. Institutionalization of behavior and values creates clear opportunities for participation by those who have not learned the subtle nuances of belonging required by less explicitly structured cultures.

The story of the German boy indicates that the motivation directing this inclusiveness is the deep repugnance felt for rejection. Mothers are expected to care for their children in New Ireland, and they, and many others, do. There is little experience of rejection, and much experience of inclusion. Thus it is that including and protecting others in the group stands both as a primary moral tenet, but also as a deeply felt emotional predisposition.

SEPARATIVE TENDENCIES      OR      CLUSTER-TENDENCIES

A group may separate if the strong split off at the top, or if the weak go to the bottom; or if factions within the group fall to disputing with each other. Disputes were not easy to see in New Ireland. People hid them, or said they were over, or claimed that they were not really cross. It was a shameful thing to be cross, for most people; even in circumstances where clearly wrongful acts had been committed. One of the major pieces of evidence that I have that quarrels are few or avoided or kept secret is the difficulty I had gaining any information about them. However, if there was a conflict that people decided they wanted to have settled, it was made public, settled, and the matter closed.

MARITAL DISPUTES

Settled Within The Family

1) A girl from Finschafen, who was married to a man of Livitua village, provided some data on marital disputes when she nearly amputated the foot of a girl whom she suspected of having an affair with her husband. New Irelanders thought it was shocking that she had fought with a knife. I wanted to know whether or not the husband and the girl were indeed having an affair, but my New Ireland informants did not manifest interest in that aspect of the situation. Most said they did not know. Milika told me there was no affair. Their only concern was the injury to the Livitua girl. No outside authority was asked to mediate.

2) Another marital dispute involved a Mangai husband and a wife from another part of New Ireland, an area where there are moieties and where women seem to have more assertive personalities.<sup>27</sup> This woman talked

more, and more about her feelings, than did the other Mangai women. She did not like to "sit and stare," and she liked to keep busy making baskets or even sewing. She was the only woman in Mangai who casually expressed annoyance, without any viciousness or anger, about other people to me.

This woman went to Livitua to live with her mother's sister at the time when everyone was preparing for the Livitua malanggan. It was not immediately clear whether or not she had left her husband; because she was working in Livitua, and she continued to go to the house to prepare food for him and for her son (by a previous marriage) who stayed with his stepfather in Mangai to go to the Mangai school. However, when the malanggan was over the wife remained in Livitua, and the son went there to sleep, walking back and forth to school every day.

One reason that the son came to sleep in Livitua was that his mother was angry at her husband for telling the boy of the quarrel: she thought that children should not be made a part of their parents' quarrels. New Irelanders generally felt that quarrels should involve as few people as possible.

During the five months of the separation, other women from the husband's clan and those married to men of his clan brought him food or came and cooked for him, and finally several of their daughters went to his house every day, did the domestic chores, cooked the evening meal, and ate with him.

During the separation the women of the husband's clan avoided his wife. However, she was glad that they helped him, and said they were not cross with her; that they avoided her only out of embarrassment.

The wife's complaint was that her husband drank too much, and everyone knew that this was true. The drinking took all his time and money; and, furthermore, he went to camp to drink, where he found women. The fact that both he and his wife at some time apparently had casual lovers did not seem relevant to anyone, although I thought the wife was clearly a little sad about it on one occasion.

Sirapi did not criticize the wife, although she was related to the husband. She did say one day that when her own husband had wanted to go out at night, he went; and she did not scold him. A woman cannot scold her husband: "If a man wants to go out, he can go out!" However, there was no critical talk of the two. The interest of the people of Mangai and Livitua in this separation was focused on the two becoming quickly reconciled. People wanted to hear news of a reconciliation, and one day Sirapi came into my house and announced, "The two stayed together last night. The quarrel is finished!" But they had not stayed together, and it was not finished.

Throughout the separation, negotiations continued through the mother's brother of the wife. He, like everyone else, wanted to produce reconciliation. At one time there was talk of divorce, at one time the wife insisted she would not go back (as the husband wanted her to all along) until he had planted coconuts for her children. Eventually she resumed residence at their house in Mangai, and I never found out exactly how it happened. It was what everyone had hoped for, which probably is what mainly brought it about. The quarrel was not brought to any authority, but was kept within the extended family.

Outside Intervention Requested

In the example given above, members of the extended family helped in an informal way to smooth over a marriage conflict. In one other marital incident that was not serious, and in one that was, the conflict was taken by the family to the Local Government Councillor for settlement. A third marital conflict that was very serious was taken to the Australian patrol officer, who turned the settlement back to the people.

1) A Livitua man who was married to his third wife was accused by her of having made a garden for his first wife who was also married to another man; who was also angered by this act. Various men of their families conferred for about two hours with the Local Government Councillor, who was Kasino of Mangai at that time. The settlement required the first wife to give five pounds (about ten dollars) to the third wife, to "buy her shame." This concept was commonly invoked in explaining why fines were charged. Traditionally, an equal amount of money was often returned to the offender, to "make things square." I do not know whether or not a return was given in this situation.

2) A much more serious quarrel involving marriage eventually went to the "court" of the Local Government Councillor from Lauen village, Pitalai.

One day while Sirapi and a very old lady from Livitua and I were coming back from the gardens, Sirapi explained to me what they were talking about in local language. A Mangai woman is cross that her son, Kenneth, is already married completely and finally to a Livitua girl, Pamela.<sup>28</sup> She is also cross with this old Livitua lady because the Mangai woman thought that she "sang out" to her son to come and get the

Livitua girl. "But she did not (ask him)," Sirapi said, in her presence, defending the old lady. "The two were married because they both wanted it." The son went to sleep in his girl friend's hamlet with her family in Livitua, thus completing the marriage.

"Tomorrow there will be court," Sirapi said. I ask what the court will be about. Finally Sirapi said that it would just be a court for all the women, to talk. I asked if the committeeman (who represents the Local Government Council in each village) would be there, and she said yes.

The next day Sirapi went to put lime on the headache of the youngest daughter of the new unwilling mother-in-law, saying she would be back right away. But she was gone half an hour. When she came back she said she took a long time with the headache remedy because while she was there she heard some more about the quarrel. They are all still cross. Kenneth came back from Kavieng today where he and Pamela had gone after yesterday's quarrel and he wanted to slap his mother's face. However, Sirapi stopped the quarrel, telling them to wait until tomorrow, and then talk to the committeeman.

DB: "He wanted to slap his mother's face. Why? Because she said bad things about his wife?"

SIRAPI: "Yes. She cannot put out (of her house) his wife."

DB: "(His mother) wanted to put her out?"

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "Why is (his mother) cross?"

SIRAPI: "Yes! Why! I don't know."

DB: "Who is asking for the court?"

SIRAPI: "John called for the Councillor."

DB: "Is he related to the wife (Pamela)?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, mokotok."

DB: "And do they want to bring the mother to court for talking badly?"

SIRAPI: "I think perhaps. Tomorrow we will know, at the court."

Later Sirapi told me that some women said this girl took money from men. She was put out of Lemakot Catholic school because she had a man. Someone found out about it in a book she wrote and kept under her pillow. It was discovered and taken to Sister Clematsia, who put her out.

Five days later there had still been no court. The next day I was talking to Tom Ritako, home briefly from his job with the Administrative College in Port Moresby to visit his father. He mentioned the young groom of this incident, Kenneth, saying that he had seen him earlier in Port Moresby, where he was in the army.

DB: "I heard he got married."

TR: "Yes, he's having a little trouble there. He's away, and some women started the talk that she saw other men and took money. So when he brought (his wife) down to (his mother's place), she 'blew them up.'"

DB: "Are they already completely married?"

TR: "Yes. Well no, more engaged. That means, well, yes, the same (thing that it means) for you. They've paid some money."

DB: "But not enough?"

TR: "Yes. Also they have exchanged foods. In Port Moresby they pay ridiculously high prices. Just the man's side. But here you



don't lose anything, you just exchange--money and foodstuffs."<sup>29</sup>

The court to "straighten" this quarrel was finally held over a month later. Livitua's Committeeman then came to Mangai to hear the court at the request of the husband of the sister of Kenneth's mother. (His father had long been dead.) The people who had been involved in the original accusations against the girl were present, and so was her new mother-in-law. Pamela herself was not there, and her new husband had gone back to Port Moresby.

The mother-in-law's version of the story was this: two Mangai women (both widows, one young, one old) told her that "all the women" said that when her son goes away, another man will come and get this girl. I asked who "all the women" were, and another Mangai widow was named, a vivacious woman who had for years lived in Rabaul.

The mother said she is no longer cross. She wants to straighten it all out, that is all she wants to do. She wants them to be married now, because her son talked strongly to her. Her son said that he was going to marry Pamela, and that if his mother wished, her new daughter-in-law could come to see her. If she did not want her to come, she would not come. "All right," she said (to me, later), "I no longer can put her out." (Thus she is willing to accept a slight defeat in order to maintain family unity.) Previously, she had sent the husband of her sister to get back the payment that had already been made, but now she no longer wants it back.

I did not attend this court (because there was another one about land at the same time), but I saw the mother immediately afterward and asked her what had happened. She said it was all settled now,

and the quarrel was over. (Thus here, as in other cases, the point of major interest was that the quarrel was over.) I asked what was decided, and the mother said that it was decided that her son's bride would come to live with her. And what about the old widow whose remark had started all this? She said she was just joking, the mother said.

Later I heard that the vivacious old widow who had started the rumor had heard it from a man in Livitua. Her son was angry with her for talking. Kenneth's mother was angry with her because when she talked the marriage payment had already been made; and, since the two were already married, it was not good to talk badly of her. The woman who told me this laughed and shook her head slightly over it all.

The next day I overheard Sirapi telling Sambuan that the old widow's own daughter-in-law had said to Sirapi, after the court, "When will some good talk come up? Everyone talk's badly!" The whole quarrel came up as a result of "all the women talking around and about." The old widow and the man from Livitua had just been teasing and joking. Sirapi said that the bride would go back to her mother-in-law's house now, that she had heard the outcome of the court. But at present she is ashamed, and stays with her own mother in Livitua. No one seemed angry with her, or interested in the substance of the critique of her. All who felt anger directed it against the woman who "talked badly."

The mother accepted her son's decision about his marriage, and accepted her son's wife into her house, thereby accepting her proper functioning as mother-in-law. In the process of settling her own doubts, she cleared the name of the girl, publically: for the time being.

Later, as recounted elsewhere,<sup>30</sup> her problems worsened considerably. While her new husband was still in Port Moresby, she spent the night with her half-brother, and he did not get away before the sun came up. They declared themselves married by a patrol officer.

In this case, too, the maintenance of the whole group in a condition of peace was given top priority. Once I started to say something about it, a month after it happened, as I was sitting with other women in Sirapi's house. Sirapi said hastily, "Mama here," nodding to a woman sitting near me, who was the mother of Pamela. She then talked to me for several minutes, saying that the whole affair was shameful. (Perhaps she was motivated partly to put me at ease over my mistake.) She especially found the behavior of Robert (Pamela's half-brother by another mother) shameful, as he was the father of children.

One further incident in connection with this incestuous affair underscores again the high value placed on avoiding and preventing angry confrontations. In August, 1967, I visited a young couple who had lived in his place, Livitua, in 1965-66; but who were then living in her place, Ungakum island, her home. When I told him about Pamela and Robert, he said, "True?! And what of all the children?" (His comment again illustrates the major focus of interest in New Ireland in regard to this case.) Then he told me the following incident, agreeing with me that it was an example of the New Ireland fashion of not bringing out a conflict. He and another man accidentally came upon Robert and his present wife (i.e. the woman he left for his affair with his sister) sleeping together in a house. The woman was married to another man at that time. The two young men decided, "Maski (nevermind),

it's their business, the two of them." The young men subsequently said nothing to the families of the two. Then someone closer in a relationship to her, her mother or her father, found them, and then it came out. She then finished her marriage with her previous husband, who was away in Port Moresby. "And so now Robert marries his sister!" He smiled and shook his head a little.

In many other societies people would not have overlooked this opportunity to gossip just to keep the peace, but it was typical of New Irelanders to do so.

#### PROPERTY DISPUTE

A dispute that was superficially about property again illustrates that peaceful social relationships take precedence over all other aims.

One Sunday Sirapi told me that the women had been discussing a quarrel between Rusrus and Kumbut over a pig. Kumbut, an old widow, thought a small pig of hers had come back, and fed it behind her house. Friday Kumbut's young bachelor son, Mora, hit Rusrus, slapped her face, when Rusrus said it was her pig.

The next day, Monday, after "line," there was a court over the quarrels that came up over this matter.

The background was this (according to Rusrus, who told me this just following the public hearing). She had been cross with Kumbut and her youngest daughter, Wulwul, over a pig. That was about two weeks ago. Rusrus' pig had come back from the bush "pulling" the pig of Kumbut and Wulwul: i.e. the pig of Kumbut had followed the pig of Rusrus. Rusrus had thought it best to feed Kumbut's pig along with her own, so that it would not run away again. The pig of Kumbut had

run away when work was being done to add a new section on Konda's house (House 17, Matanasoi, where Mora now lives); which is between the houses of Kumbut and Rusrus.

The two women quarreled about this, and during the course of the argument, Rusrus said to Kumbut: "You do not belong here, you belong at Lossuk. Your papa is from here, that's all; and both my mama and my papa belong here."

Kumbut and Wulwul told Mora about this when he came home Friday (from Kavieng, where he had been working to help unload a ship). Mora confronted Rusrus (his immediate neighbor) at the door of her house. Rusrus had said to him that the quarrel was between her and Kumbut and Wulwul, and not with him: "The quarrel is not yours, it belongs to us three." (Thus she attempted to limit the number of people involved in the quarrel by excluding even other members of the nuclear family.) She repeated what she had said to the women, however, telling Mora that he, too, did not belong here.<sup>31</sup> Mora then made a fist and hit her on the breast. She grabbed his waist; and then Sungua (Rusrus' Sepik husband) came and hit Mora, while Rusrus held him by the neck. (She gestured, and gritted her teeth, to dramatize the telling of the story. Sungua was present, smiling. He had a bandage on his face, near his eye.)

During the recital of the story, Rusrus could laugh a little. But it had been in earnest. Kare (her dead father's true brother) had stopped her from going to the "office;" that is, to European authorities.

Rusrus' assertions that Kumbut and Wulwul and Mora did not really "belong" in Mangai drew Israel into the quarrel. He is the

representative in Mangai of the Demarcation Committee, part of a system newly instituted by the Administration, empowered to register land claims in Port Moresby. Israel said he could not stop the quarrel, because his job was merely to register undisputed claims; not to decide disputed ones.

That was the background for Israel's announcement on line Monday, the day the dispute was heard, that he would like someone to replace him as the Demarcation Committee representative in Mangai.

ISRAEL: "All right, it is time to straighten all this out now. You can talk. If there is something I have done wrong, you can talk. If my work is not straight, you replace me. I have plenty of work for all my mokotok <sup>32</sup> and my son. Replace me."

Sambuan (his siter) started to say something, and Israel, generally a mild man, shouted out "Takamus!" ("Finish!" in the local language). He went to his house, returning in a few minutes with a cigarette.

Israel had been speaking in pidgin English. I noticed several times, in Mangai and elsewhere, that people spoke pidgin when they were cross. I thought it likely that this was because speaking pidgin maintained a kind of social distance, a kind of impersonal quality, among angry participants who were relatives, friends, and neighbors. One man said (when I asked him) that it was because then not everyone understood, and all were not cross; but most people seemed to understand pidgin well, and anyone who was interested could follow the progress of a dispute, perhaps missing, however, some of the irritating nuances.

Then Mora stood up. He had never spoken on "line" before during the period of my observation. "I just want you to show me--that is not much to ask.

Where is my father's land?" Rusrus quickly moved up closer when Mora began to talk.

Luverida, Lovan, Seri, Matunga and other men were present, walking around, conferring. The women were sitting around the edges of the open area where Monday morning "line" is convened. Some people had left to go about their daily business. Suddenly Councillor Pitalai rode in through the entrance to camp on his bicycle, clutching his little basket under his arm. Matunga, who is Mangai's committeeman but who had protested that he could not settle this quarrel, then shouted out: "The quarrel is finished!" He thereby displayed his confidence that a higher level of legitimately constituted authority could do the job. (N.b. Matunga did not call out "Justice will be done!" but rather pointed to the conclusion of primary significance to New Irelanders: the quarrel will end.)

Right behind Pitalai came Tangai, husband of Wulwul, who was sitting on the ground with their child. (They usually lived in his place, Wongerarum. Wulwul had been visiting her mother.) Kumbut came into camp from across the road. Pitalai, having parked his bike, strode across the middle of the meeting area.

After ten minutes of private conferences, Rusrus told her story. She told of feeding the pig, and then Tangai told of owning the pig. He made an elaborate argument, telling of the spots on the pig's sides, the marks on him, where he had seen the pig three weeks ago, all with a view to proving that the pig was really his.

When he was done, Pitalai spoke as follows: "Thank you. You talk about whose pig it is. I think I will kill the pig, and you two will still be talking about whose pig it is. It would be better if this pig dies, rather than create a quarrel." Tangai responded: "I am telling the truth, before you and before God. All right, I have enough pigs, I do not worry about this one.

Let him go to the bush, he will be everyone's pig (a wild pig)."

Kumbut started to talk, and Lovan (who is not her relative or close to her in any particular way) stopped her with two words (in pidgin): "Finish talk!" Then Lovan said: "Tangai has said the pig belongs to all now. Don't waste any more time with this rubbish talk."

But then Kumbut and Wulwul and Rusrus all talked again, each in turn. When they had all had their say again, Pitalai turned to the men, who had gone to sit on the steps of the Cooperative store: Lovan, Mora, and others. Pitalai asked them what more there was to discuss now. Mora came forward and said, "Excuse me," and then went on to again state his problem: he would like to know which land is his father's and which belongs to Rusrus. The quarrel about the pig had developed into a quarrel about boundaries between their houses (which are next door to each other). Mora added: "Not Eron (his brother). Me, just me, I want to know: I live on this ground for what reason. What is the basis (or root) of it."

Eron then spoke for the first time, replying to his much younger brother: "Do you speak to make our life good here for all, or are you just angry? The basis (or root) of this quarrel sits in your belly, and it is not straightened well yet."

Thus Eron made a point similar to that made by Pitalai: what matters is whether or not people are getting along well with each other, and not what happens to the pig, or to the boundary.

There followed a long discussion about the complicated ownership of Matanasoi hamlet: "Mokamuna (clan) sits down, Tivingur (clan) sits down, Mokatitin (clan) sits down," Kare said. Old Seri was there, and at one point claimed a part of Matanasoi that he, alone, holds.



Luverida then said that the entrance to the camp, the beach, and so on (which might or might not be considered part of Matanasoi) cannot belong just to some. They must belong to all. No one can be put off these places.

Francis had also come from Livitua and listened for half an hour before he put in his views: "Talk is wind, that can break a tree." He said that Luverida's idea was a good idea, but it was not enough. The councillor must straighten everything. "True, talk is wind; but we have to cut a new tree for a new house after a house breaks with the wind. You do not sit down without basis. It is hard work to build. Talk is like wind: if it goes away, it is nothing, of no consequence. If it stops in your belly, it destroys. You must talk: does it belong to Rusrus? If not, it is something for the Councillor to decide. I call out to this big woman (he points to Rusrus) and to this big man (he points to Tangai): you must straighten out this matter. Good talk came from Luverida: but it must come later."

Lovan then made a long speech in pidgin, starting with the complexities of Matanasoi, then going on to the general and total problem of land ownership in New Ireland today. He, like all others who discussed this question in New Ireland, concluded that they had to "straighten everything," cease their vague habits of "stopping around and about," and settle down properly. He mentioned some coconuts that Tangai had planted in Mangai as an example of the kind of problem that has to be settled.

Pitalai then said that he knew there was "plenty of wind" in Mangai, that the ground does not belong truly to the men, that they are all just following their wives. (In New Ireland as in many matrilineal societies there is conflict between the traditional mode of emphasis on ownership through women, and the European emphasis, ownership through men.)

Eron talked again: "All right, who knows. This house of Konda's (where Mora lives), is it too much this way?" (He indicated the direction toward the house of Rusrus.) "I would like to straighten the boundary."

Tangai then said: "Me, I alone, I have made trouble for you all with my pig. You do not have anyone to make trouble for you here--me, just me. If a person talks to 'kill his belly' (to get it out of his system), by and by everyone is talking. All right, this pig, it is free. All the coconut trees, five pounds."

FRANCIS: "We do not know. All those who can look with knowledge on this boundary, speak: 'Ismael, Matunga, Sirapi."

Pitalai called Ismael, and Ismael got up to talk. He at first indicated that he would not talk. Then he said that it is good, all good talk, all is out, and there is not time to talk more. Matunga spoke, repeating what others had said, and Francis half-laughed to himself. Kare, Kamale, Lovan wandered off.

"Come!" Francis called out. There was a small hedge of crotons in camp and Seri, Kare, Rusrus, and Eron went to examine it. They were joined by Pitalai. Someone else came along: it was Taito. I expressed surprise to Sirapi, with whom I was sitting, that Taito had come, from Wuap. Yes, she said, Taito had come to tell the story of all his ancestors who hung themselves on this piece of ground (thereby making their descendents, including Taito, kiut to this ground.)

Taito, Eron and Rusrus gestured to places in various directions, both the men pointing to the doorway of Kinda's house. Then Eron moved six feet over toward Rusrus' house, near the banana tree that Konda planted in 1965.

Then Taito paced over to Temerikai's house. The court had started about 9 a.m. and it was then 11 a.m. Tangai shouted out, "Who is telling

the truth here?" Pitalai and Israel began to put in sticks, Pitalai's being far over toward the church.

Francis said to Sirapi, "In Livitua, a man can sit down in camp, no one can put him out." The major participants in the court pursued quiet conversations for some time. People came and went. Finally, at 1:45 p.m. I approached Pitalai and Francis and asked them where they had decided to put the sticks. (All had been taken from the ground.) "No," Pitalai said, "there will be no boundary. Everyone will share." (It will be recalled that that was what Luverida had suggested nearly three hours earlier, and Francis had replied that that was a good idea; but that it was not the time for it, as matters had yet to be straightened. With matters "straightened," the time for this idea had apparently come.) I said: "Oh, just like Livitua." And Francis said: "Yes, it belongs to everybody."

Kumbut came out of her house with a handful of coins. She went over to Rusrus, put it in her hand. They shook hands, one long firm shake, as is their fashion. I asked Pitalai: "Did you charge Kumbut?"

PITALAI: "Yes. No. Our fashion with regard to quarrels is this: the two must exchange money." I asked how much.

PITALAI: "Five shillings. Kumbut to Rusrus, and Rusrus to Kumbut. They shake hands. Now afterward the two cannot be cross." (Here is another instance of equal exchange and of the institutionalization of expression of emotions in New Ireland. A "ritual" handshake and exchange helps the individual to guide his emotions toward the peace of the group.)

It was not until 2 p.m. that Mora emerged from his house. He went over to Rusrus, and each fumbled to get five shillings into the hand of the other at the same time, while shaking hands as well.

Then Pitalai called out that Eron will give to Seri, to "straighten his belly." Seri will return another five shillings to Eron. Seri had put his mark near Eron's house, which meant that Mora's house was partly on Seri's land. Eron then moved the mark back in the other direction. The exchange of money will end their cross feelings.

I then saw Seri give money to Rusrus. Then he came over to say something to Pitalai. When Pitalai stood alone, I went over to him and complimented him on his handling of the quarrel. "This is really a big quarrel," he said.

Israel came forward to speak: "I belong to Demarcation, I am not able to straighten trouble that comes up here. I have no power. (Kare, Eron, Ismael were sitting at Eron's house, listening.) Pitalai called out: "You belong to Demarcation, and you are to register land ownership. You are just 'humberging' (making excuses) about this not having any power."

Luverida then said (sympathetically) to Israel, but loud enough for all to hear: "Everyone pays no attention to you (when Israel asks them to come and register their land with him). You just write it in the book the way you want to write it. All that is not registered must come back into the 'unused lands' category." (Pidgin: ol graun ol i slip nating.)

ISRAEL: "They all think, what kind of a man am I (that I bother them about this)? But I am worried about getting the names late to Port Moresby."

PITALAI: "I don't worry about two names." (He is making fun of Israel for being too thorough.)

ISRAEL: "I belong to Mangai. Councillor (Pitalai) is not on the Demarcation Committee. I am! There is a law. If you do not obey the law, that is not good. I am ashamed. The councillor has power over me.

Being a missionary is not enough! I am ashamed, and now I do not want to do this work."

Israel was shouting and angry. Sion came over, smiling, to give me a pineapple, and Eron, smiling, invited me to sit down. (Everyone was being extra polite to me, I think to show that they really are nice people even though they are having this shameful quarrel.)

Everyone ignored Israel's request to be let out of his work. Pitalai thanked everyone for participating, mentioned "the tambo of me and Eron (Tangai)," and thanked him for coming. Pitalai was smiling. Eron was not smiling. He got up and he said: "The Committeeman is not always nearby. I think a man who is nearby must try to stop these things in a hurry, so they will not become really big." (He is advocating that all quarrels be treated as the concern of the nearest man who is able to try to stop them. Or does he mean Israel, being nearby, should have tried to conciliate?)

Pitalai started toward his bicycle. I said: "You are going now?" No, he said, he had to go see some woman about a pig that has eaten many chickens. "All day Monday with government work in Mangai!"

There was a little more private talk. Old Seri laughed and said, "No one has said clearly where the line is, people will be cross again." But Seri did not know where the line was, and it was his hamlet, too; and yet he was not cross. What really precipitated the quarrel between Rusrus and Mora was personal antagonisms based partly on neighborly inconveniences, but the quarrel was then pursued in terms of where their respective ancestors had drawn the line between their houses. Pitalai treated the real problem rather than the apparent one, and so brought temporary peace.

I went to sit with Sungua, outside the house of Rusrus, who finally came and explained it all, as she saw it (and as it is given at the beginning of this account.) Her account was meant partially to entertain, the intense anger having been dispelled by the whole settling process. The "wind" had died down.

SUMMARY: SEPARATIVE TENDENCIES

The important points about this conflict over boundaries and a pig and about its settlement are these: the issues were considered secondary to the primary goal, which was to end the quarrel. Both issues, pig and ground, were resolved in favor of the public: the public got the pig, the public got the ground. And at several points in the quarrel, it was said that any member of the public should have stopped the quarrel; and Israel especially, because he had a government job dealing with land, should have stopped it. (Israel's statement of the limitations of his power is correct from the point of view of the Administration.) The ritual act marking the end of the dispute was an exchange: like all New Ireland exchanges, each side gave equally, in order to end the shame and anger of the quarrel, rather than to compensate material loss on any side.

Similarly, reconciliation of all parties to all the marital disputes described was the only resolution people sought. The public, or at least the extended family, was considered properly involved in the problems of the married couple, and the aid of persons in authority was requested, expected, and forthcoming. Some people expressed disapproval of excessive violence, more of a father leaving his children; but most disapproval was expressed of those who "talked badly." I heard no one express disapproval of people having sexual

relations with persons to whom they were not married, even when both parties to the affair were married to others. Even when the lovers were half-siblings, only their father's brother muttered "like dogs:" other people evaluated the effects of the affair on the children, the family, the group.

But few people cared to venture evaluations: when spouses separated, no one cared to assign blame. No one cared to find out whether or not people were actually having sexual affairs. No one cared whether or not it was true that a girl had taken money for her favors. This was a matter some people had joked about, which was what was condemned. Their views made trouble and were not important and should not have been expressed. But when people have strong feelings about matters that effect them, they should be expressed and others must accept them. Thus, a mother-in-law accepted her son's determination to marry a girl whose reputation had been questioned. It would have been unthinkable to have anything less than accord within the nuclear family.

## INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF EXPRESSION

New Ireland culture provides many more "known paths" than do some other cultures. This phenomenon may be given varying interpretations, depending on the viewpoint taken by the interpreter. It may be said that the culture is "rich in structural content" or that it is "restrictive." Much that is informal in other cultures is formalized, ritualized, institutionalized in New Ireland. If all cultures known to history were considered, I think that of New Ireland would be judged only moderately institutionalized. In Melanesia, it is among the most institutionalized.

### Social Structure of Emotional Expression

Kinship relationships structure emotional expression as well as political and economic organization. Avoidance behavior is systematic and explicit in New Ireland, and characterizes relationships with all in-laws, the father's sister, the cross-cousins, and, especially, the sibling of opposite sex. The array of taboo behaviors is clearly articulated: one cannot talk to taboo relatives or say their names or give them food or touch them. Similarly, there are kinship relationships which require people to help each other, and some which offer a good marriage.

The respect required amongst kin is also given to a Big Man, and given by him to those who have asked for and accepted his leadership. The duties of a memai are clear, as is the status; and no one is afraid to dismiss him should his service become burdensome. His physical strength is irrelevant to his position, and as he becomes older his leadership gains strength.



A Big Man goes first, but all go together in New Ireland. Taboo children are secluded with many children, and all ceremonial activities benefit from the inclusion of more people. In the daily routine, as in malanggan, there is a place for everyone to participate as insiders, not just as spectators.

#### Ritual Techniques and Emotional Expression

New Ireland culture contains major rituals that structure relationships between people and meanings amongst events. There are also institutionalized modes of interpreting and expressing emotional stances in particular situations that make the spontaneous expressions of individuals part of a ritualized expression of the group.

#### Grief

I saw few manifestations of sorrow in the form of emotional expression. Malanggan, in all its elaborations, is built around the desire to end lingering grief for the dead; and, yet, few cry "spontaneously" at the grave. That is partly because those most grieved often do not come to the grave. When they did, they wept. The father of Masapal sat with the coffin before the funeral and sat near the grave during the ceremony: all the time weeping and dabbing his face with a towel. But Masapal's mother went in and out of her house, where she was cooking, expressionless: she did not go near the casket or the grave. Those closest to the dead were never amongst those mourning most openly. Once in Kableman village I saw a woman who was middle-aged suddenly lean into the grave and weep copiously as the men began to cover the casket with sand. Then she got up suddenly and walked quickly into the bush. A few minutes later she emerged, calm, smiling, smoking a rolled newspaper cigarette several inches long. The dead at this funeral was her sister.

She had lost control, but only briefly. She removed herself from the group to regain it.

It was said that in the old days some women did not wish to try to overcome their grief at the deaths of their husbands; and they would throw themselves on the funeral pyre or have themselves first strangled and then burned with their dead husbands.

### Love

Love runs along all the appropriate channels of relationship in New Ireland and, occasionally (as in the case of brother-sister incest cited), along inappropriate ones. Sexual affairs were probably common amongst the single and occurred amongst those who were separated for a long time from their spouses. These affairs never, so far as I know, interfered with marriages. Some said that young people might learn about sexual matters from older partners. I do not really know much about local sexual encounters, because New Irelanders did not talk about things that might make people angry; and Milika did tell me that in New Ireland one is angry if one's spouse has a "friend." I never heard of "love magic" being used by either sex to attract the other. I suppose it would not have been necessary. I once heard the women talking with concern about a woman who did not sleep with her husband. She should be a little sorry for him, they said. There was no evidence of the compelling individual attachments in New Ireland that might drive individuals to magic. People were not rejected. They might be steered away from a relationship where they were not wanted; but there were welcoming groups such a person could join, where acceptance was secure while he or she awaited a suitable domestic opportunity. No one had to be alone and humiliated; and, so far as I know, New Irelanders did not use love magic to supplement their natural resources.

### Suffering

Suffering is not an emotional state cultivated by New Irelanders for its own sake. They worry more about other people's suffering than about their own; and they use every means, formal and informal, to stop it.

Even the custom of kiut, wherein a woman kills herself at her husband's funeral, is thought of not as suffering but as ending suffering, the widow's inconsolable grief. Furthermore, the woman kills herself "for her children," who can now claim their father's land. The woman's suffering, then, is incidental: she sacrifices herself not to attain personal power, but to enhance the welfare of the group--on behalf of and in front of the group.

### Hate, Jealousy, Fear

These negative emotions are not well regarded in New Ireland, and it is around them that magic is slightly developed. Magic is required to explain devisive tendencies in New Ireland, where unity is considered the only worthy state; whereas in New Hanover it is love magic, which explains why two people who were normal, independent beings suddenly cohere, that has effloresced. Probably, in New Ireland, hostile magic was feared from those who were angry but did not say so. There was "poison," and there is no loss of belief in its efficacy. Europeans are assured that it will not affect them. It does not seem to have a material base, other than perhaps a symbolic one. I sat in at one meeting about poison. It lasted three hours one night, and nearly everyone from the villages of Mangai and Livitua attended. Francis was asked if he had left poison at the house of Lokorovar, who thought he had seen someone under his house with a flashlight. Francis assured everyone that he had not been there, nor had he any cause to poison

Lokorovar. On the way home from that meeting, Eruel told me he thought it was deplorable that some men still used poison, something that belonged to the dark days of the past. He thought that perhaps Kanda had kept some poison in his house and that, while he had not used it, it was that which had made him sick with jaw cancer.

Often, it is jealousy that makes people resort to poison. One woman told me that her father, a very prominent man, had been poisoned by those jealous of him and that is why he died.

Masakmat, a very "big man" of Medina village in the Nalik language area, told me that "If a person makes feast all the time, this is the kind of person they like to be leader. We have a bit of a tug of war between leaders--give a bigger feast, so you will have a bigger name." He said that others who wish to be leaders are jealous of him because of his success. When things go wrong, he told me, one village blames another, or one group of Big Men blames another. No doubt this kind of jealousy is a powerful force, producing the leveling tendencies that are so much in evidence, much more in evidence than is jealousy, in New Ireland.

In one case I was told about there was safety in the group even against poison. Sirapi told me that the food we had eaten at a malanggan was poisoned. I was alarmed, because I had eaten mine and, a few hours later, suffered from what seemed to be food poisoning. The food tasted very good, but I had noticed that no one else ate theirs. Still, no one stopped me. I asked Sirapi who had poisoned it, and she said that she didn't know. She only knew it was poisoned because Loliu, Rusrus, and Elizabeth had seen a star fall down over the sea when the food was served. That is why no one else ate theirs, and no one told me what the problem was.

These three all threw theirs away in the sea, though it would have been all right if they had eaten it there, with plenty of people. "You just can't eat it alone," Sirapi said. They laughed when I expressed fear, but they had waited until they were quite sure I was all right before they told me.

### Shame

Shame is a well-known, respected, and institutionalized feeling in New Ireland. It is institutionalized primarily with regard to kinship relationships, many of which require particular acts of avoidance and respect. That the respect taught to children early is followed out of genuine feelings of shame, rather than a willingness merely to conform, was dramatized for me in the behavior of old Madiu, who had spent all her married life in Rabaul and who, in 1972, had come home to Mangai to die in her home hamlet, Matanavillam. As old Muktun's sister, she was classificatory mother to Lina, and thus mother-in-law to Matiu. I asked her for whom she wore the scarf on her head (an indication that there is a taboo relative present), and she said that she wore it for the husband of Lina. "This one is strong," she said of the avoidance requirement between mother-in-law and son-in-law. Rabaul does not have these customs, she told me. They have no shame. She spoke of several assortments of people who could sleep in front of each other, even siblings of opposite sex, she told me. She was explaining, not shocked or disapproving, although she said that at first she thought, "What's this?!" The ways of Rabaul are the same as those of all the masters, she said. But I gathered that she herself still had big shame and was not just wearing her scarf out of courtesy.

Kinship taboos institutionalize avoidance where shame is likely to be felt often otherwise; but some of the same behaviors are invoked

in noninstitutionalized settings where, for some reason, people are ashamed. Adults who are in conflict may avoid each other. Occasionally, Sirapi or Milika told me of two people that "They do not speak." This shows the use of the technique of avoidance, institutionalized between kin of certain types, in noninstitutionalized settings. New Irelanders learn to avoid conflict and that which may produce conflict, and they do not allow avoidance that is not institutionalized to continue. In the few cases of which I knew wherein people "did not speak," this situation came to an end within a week or a month or three months, as efforts were made by many people to gracefully restore interaction.

Sometimes the group was publicly and institutionally involved in the termination of shame. One woman was required to pay "shame money" to another whose husband had made a garden for the first woman, who was no longer his wife; and all public quarrels were ended with an exchange of money that constituted not a fine (because no money was lost on either side) but a ritual apology that allowed people to give up shame and humiliation.

Shame was an important feeling, a dreaded one in New Ireland, one which people helped others to avoid or overcome, and which they walked carefully to avoid themselves.

#### Summary

Most emotional expression in New Ireland was channeled by institutional forms that structured and provided opportunities and guidance for positive expressions, and reduced opportunities for disorder and disruptive emotions. Where institutions were absent, the group was there watching and helping and arranging, itself an institution of which individuals seemed to feel very solidly a part.

MODE AND MEDIA OF INTEGRATIONIntroduction

The group-orientation which characterizes all aspects of New Ireland culture manifests itself in typical modes and media of interaction which function to maintain a unified society. Various kinds of evidence, primarily the known history of the malanggan ceremony, suggest that this pattern of integration is of long standing and is widespread in New Ireland. The structural foundation for this pattern lies in the matrilineal, matrilocal extended family, which brings children up in stable groups of known individuals amongst whom they will some day die on ground that has always been clearly their own.

People expand their relationships outside their home group throughout their lifetimes, marrying, helping, and exchanging in fulfillment of the roles, opportunities and tasks offered to them and clearly defined by their social statuses, and in the company of those who already know how. Children learn to trust and give by being given to and trusted, and by being always present and watching and shown how to help and be a part of the group. They are fed first and given the best part and learn to feel that there is plenty and that they have plenty to share with others. And others are always present and sharing, so that there are no clear lines dividing things or people in the matrilocal family in its hamlet, nor dividing this family from the many others like it with whom there are many connections.

The personalities of individual New Irelanders tend to be reserved, controlled in order to communicate the appropriate image to the rest of the group, responsive to the needs of others. Inactivity does not yield boredom but a welcome rest together from hard work accomplished

together. There is always plenty to do, people to sit with, food to be taken to others, calls to which one must respond. People are busy with the unchanging tasks and do not seek new ones, content with their lives and do not seek new ones. Their careful, graceful, nurturing ways are reflected in their steady production of food and of the various kinds of baskets, tools and equipment that smooth their enterprises together. Their communications with each other extend nonverbally in all directions, as they work together, move together, sit together, often not talking. When they do talk, it is often about the exchanges, formal and informal, that occur continually and bind them together with obligation and affection. Even those who have not been away, but especially those who have been or who have heard stories of other places, express appreciation for the good ways of New Ireland culture, that leave no one in need and alone. Outsiders are made insiders through giving and helping and making them a part of the activities of the group. It is not good to be alone: it is not necessary, and it does not happen in New Ireland.

### Analysis

Here follows a discussion of some of the modes and media of integration that characterize New Ireland culture.

#### Reserved Personalities

New Ireland culture provides explicit occasions and circumstances within which emotions may be expressed, and emotions tend to be expressed within these cultural channels, rather than spontaneously. <sup>33</sup> Individuals within the culture tend to be reserved, rather than open; quiet rather than talkative. Interest is focused on action, rather than on the nuances of individual feelings or statements about feelings or actions.



Spontaneous impulses are given expression in formal ways known to all; and they are thus clear, understandable, and controlled. They are controlled to serve the public interest, the group-orientation that dominates New Ireland culture.

It is important to distinguish between the concepts of suppression of the individual and of controlled opportunities. Individual emotional responses are not prohibited; but they are provided channels. Control is achieved through gathering and directing emotional expression along "known paths"; through tolerance of expression when it remains merely verbal, merely "big-mouthing"; through the use of slightly deviant actions for the benefit of the whole group; and through the avoidance of stimuli that might evoke spontaneous expressions of emotions that do not serve the interests of the group.

Stimuli to anger are explicitly avoided. When people started to become angry during the Kuluvos malanggan, other people began to leave. Had they stayed, they, too, might have become cross.

I had an opportunity to observe reserved personalities one night when there was a three-hour church service "bilong hottem bel"--to make the belly hot in Mangai. Methodist missionaries had come from various other villages to create a service at which people were asked to confess their faiths. Sirapi, when I pressed her to explain what it was all about, said, "If some women feel that their life is good, they can stand up and talk."

The preachers read Bible stories, mostly about Jesus and what he did and what he can do for us. They talked about the "big sickness of the spirit." Sirapi had told me all the women were busy cooking a big meal for the missionaries after the service, and I noted that the missionaries looked as though they were thinking about the eats rather

than about the confessions. I also wrote in my notes: "I can't imagine these people confessing"; and from the point of view of those who have seen revival meetings where people "lose control," the good people of Mangai did not "confess." One by one, most of them dutifully, quietly, some more shy than others, stood, arms often crossed over their chests, and said, "I thank God for his marmari (mercy)" or occasionally a slightly more specific thanks. Kamale said, "A long time ago I was sick, for three years: 1963, '64, '65. Plenty of times God has given great mercy to me. I was afraid the time of darkness had come, but there was sun. Now, me, I must work. That's all." I noted that "this isn't confession; it's stand-up-and-be-counted, just as in helping to buy cement, etc." The preachers told stories, many hymns were sung, and, finally, it was over.

Sirapi and I were joking about how our backsides hurt from sitting so long. She said the missionaries were going on to other villages. She wrinkled her nose. I said, Oh, their backsides will die altogether. Then we went on up to fix the food.

While there seemed to be no question that no one was going to "lose control" at the special church service, there are situations in which people might be expected to lose control. These are often avoided. Thus, the persons closest to the dead are not prominent amongst the mourners at a funeral. They are avoiding a stimulus that might make them lose control. Observation over a short period of time might lead one to conclude that there is a lack of intensity or depth of feeling in New Ireland; but observations over time and in many contexts indicate, rather, depth of feeling and a ready sensitivity. Internal controls are moderate, and the external controls of institutionalization and avoidance of stimuli support the manifestation of reserve that is valued.

Incurious

Individual fulfillment is found in following known (and cherished) forms, renewing endlessly familiar patterns. Conversely, there is indifference toward the new and unknown, an absence of exploratory behavior. The "new" is seen as basically "just the same" as the old, and there is no interest in analysis that would point up differences. In some cases, there is more than just "no interest"; there is positive avoidance of analysis. The myths of sameness, equality, unity can sometimes best be preserved by an absence of scrutiny.

The willingness of New Irelanders to restrain their expressions, to adapt themselves to the group, to follow the known path is consistent with the absence of exploratory behavior amongst them. They do not manifest curiosity; and, conversely, they manifest contentment in long periods of little external stimulus.

The ability of the children to sit, with their parents or with each other, doing nothing visible, was characteristic in New Ireland. They were not interested in anything that I tried to show them or give them. Books, beads, boxes, papers, magazines, balls: all were held carefully (as their parents hold things) and briefly and then carefully put down. In May 1967, after I had spent two months in New Hanover, I was back in New Ireland for the Kuluvos malanggan. One afternoon Piemot, Sambuan's youngest daughter (eight years old), came to my house. She said she was alone at her house. She had not gone with her mother because she had a sore foot. In all the months I had lived in Mangai, she and no other child (except the ill-fated and precocious Teresia, whose visit is described elsewhere) had ever come to visit me alone. She had come nearly every evening with her mother, and about three

mornings a week to bring me something to eat, but never on her own initiative.

She said she had been soaking her foot in hot water at her house; so I heated water for her. I tried to get her to adjust the temperature of the water herself. She knew my house well, and she got water from my rainbarrel every day; and yet she asked me how to perform every step of the operation. Should she get water? Should she put it in the basin? Should she sit down? Should she put her foot in the basin? The questions were separated by long pauses. Alone, without her mother and her "group," the whole experience was so new to her that she had to ask what was right, how to sit, where to sit.

I gave her a box of colored pencils, a sharpener, and paper. (She had made drawings at my house before, and she had made them at school.) First, she sharpened all the pencils; then she brought me the sharpener and asked where she should put it. She went back and sat down. Then she asked me if she should make a house; then if she should color the roof; then I said Good! Then she asked what else she should put on the paper, and I said she could put other things if she wanted to put them. Flower? Yes, if she wanted to. When she finished, she asked if she should close the drawing pad, then where to put it, then where to put the pencils, then where to put the other books I had given her. And then she sat down, all closed up again. She was not afraid of me or of my house; she was not more interested in other children; she was not distracted by her mother or obeying orders that I had not heard about: she simply preferred to sit, unstimulated, content, without playing.

Europeans often noted what seemed to be an indifference to new stimuli, a puzzling absence of curiosity where it would be expected in

Europeans. Margaret Evers, Headmistress at Medina High School for girls, told me that she can't get the girls to ask Why. They prefer rote memory questions, not solutions to problems.

Once when I visited Medina High School, I saw the same girls who did not ask Miss Evers "Why?" give an excellent classroom performance, producing a dazzling array of facts about the Renaissance with apparent ease and pleasure. One of the girls that I saw in class was Mamit, the same girl I had watched in Mangai sitting for hours in the grass with a new girl in Mangai village, the two looking away from each other, not speaking but often holding hands. Mamit was a bright girl who went on to become a nurse. I was totally puzzled by both her performances, that of the classroom and that of the village, where, from my point of view, she was not doing anything. Maureen Stewart, a teacher at Utu, had taken a New Ireland girl with her to Australia. Mrs. Stewart said that she felt that the afternoon the New Ireland girl enjoyed most was spent on the beach where they met an Aboriginal girl. The two sat looking away from each other in silence all afternoon.

I did not feel that I really understood this behavior until I had worked for months analyzing my notes. When Mamit was sitting on the grass for hours with the young woman who was new to Mangai, having married the local Council clerk, she was making her feel not just welcome but part of the group. They were being together, becoming together. This is no doubt terribly obvious to persons from other cultures where such modes of communication are used, but to Europeans it is a language so foreign that it is hard for us to realize that it is a mode of communication at all.

The ability to sustain long periods of silence and inactivity may have been fostered by the institution of the Taboo child, who was

secluded along with other children for years. Eruel<sup>34</sup> found this boring and ran away, but I never heard anyone else complain. Probably, the institution was consistent with a culture which sanctioned such seclusion, rather than its creator. People would not have limited their children in this way if they had felt that the children would suffer from it.

Kiu's daughter brought home a friend from Tabar over their vacation from Medina High School. Sirapi treated me like I was an insider and I should help make this girl feel welcome. She gave me food to give to her, and urged us to "speak English." (Probably, the girls usually spoke pidgin English to each other, although they were obliged to speak English at school.) I invited them over to my house to see a big malanggan I had collected at Lasigi village. They seemed glad to come, and eager to do The Right Things with me. I gave them cups of tea and showed them my big book of Pacific art and tried to tell them a little about my work. They looked at one page of the book and then carefully closed it. I heard them whispering, and then they asked, "Where can we put these cups?" They insisted on washing them for me, as they no doubt would have done either at their own houses or at school. As we walked back over to Sirapi's hamlet, they carried the lantern for me. I felt their lack of interest in what I was showing them compared to their great concern about Acting Properly.

Wally Lussick, owner-manager of Katu plantation, who was born and raised in New Ireland, said, in response to my questions, that New Irelanders were always incurious. White man's things were assumed to be beyond their understanding. On the other hand, they used to enjoy a day in the bush, and their bush lore was very good. He added that today the children don't know what they used to about the bush, an

evaluation that would perhaps be regretfully echoed by their elders, though I never heard anyone say this in New Ireland. What I heard instead was praise for what they had learned in school and what they were now able to do as nurses, teachers, and so forth.

In general, neither adults nor children show any interest in the new. People like to see the old patterns renewed and fulfilled. Change, the new, comes into New Ireland culture when new people come, to fulfill old patterns. As has been illustrated, outsiders and children are welcomed into the society and shown how to participate, to help, to belong. It is these new people, rather than new patterns, that revitalize the culture.

#### Orderly, Neat, Polite

There is pressure to do the right thing: to be polite, neat, clean, giving, helpful. The pressure is not oppressive or suppressive, but gentle, helpful, guiding suggestions that people internalize. They would feel ashamed if they moved against these subtle guidelines that define a good, decent person.

"You're not going to put on another dress?" Sirapi asked me when she came to get me for our special evening church service and found me in the same dress I had worn all day. She and Sambuan and Milika were forever sweeping my house (which belonged to Kas and Milika). Sirapi occasionally scolded me: "You must sweep the house very day so you will be ready if a master comes." Sambuan was sorry for me and put flowers on my table when she knew a master and missus were coming to visit. Whereas in New Hanover people were glad I was not worried about people breaking or spilling things in my house, and commented favorably on my not being like other white people, New Irelanders considered this a defect in material, though not in social, aspects of life. I was

surrounded by constant straightening and cleaning and by admonitions, gentle but sometimes pointed, that I should join in and lead this activity. I finally had to have a quite serious talk with Sirapi about my need to pursue the other strange work I did. But it was not just me they cleaned and straightened. Mangai and New Ireland were known to the Administration as an especially clean, neat place that decorated well for ceremonial occasions. Doug Stewart, who taught at Utu High School, told me to be sure to put in my book "about people always neatly finishing here."

At the Tokanaka malanggan, I noted that "All day people have been preventing me from sitting here or there, lest I encounter dirt, water, sand, whatever. 'Don't sit there: pig blood,' Lasuwot has just said. Eruel has secured a bamboo which I thought he was going to make me sit on but NO, he sits on it himself."

#### Kinesics

The New Ireland interest in maintaining large groups in peace is manifest in the style of body movement characteristic of New Irelanders in New Ireland. In daily activities, they tend to be slow and careful, with people and with things.

Manufactures: While New Irelanders do not make as much for themselves as they used to, they still weave most of their own mats on which they sit and sleep. They all, male and female, know how to quickly weave (in five minutes) a bag from a palm leaf, a bag in which to carry food home from a feast; or a pikas, a small mat on which to sit or set things down. Sometimes, decorative walls are woven for houses.

Whatever they do, they do with care and patience. Roofs of houses are made of rows of leaves evenly spaced over a central pole. Food parcels and bundles are carefully made, neatly sewn, symmetrically tied. The



bags which hold sago flour are a particularly spectacular example of the repetitive work which New Ireland women do so often, so well, and so willingly. In houses or outside, there are racks and hooks available to accommodate storage of food and other materials needed for daily routines or special occasions. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place.

Space Relations: There are places for people, too, and people are organized into them. There are mats; and when people sitting on a mat see someone coming down the road, they shift themselves together so that when the new person arrives, a place on the mat has long since been made available. There is not much touching in New Ireland, but there is easy proximity and constant awareness.

Graceful, Careful: No one ever drops or spills anything or breaks the string with which they are tying up food. On the slippery, wet paths into the bush, no one ever falls down. No one ever cuts himself or herself on a bush knife. People do not make a mis-step on a rock in the bottom of the cold river and splash into it. People move carefully, slowly, gracefully, with attention to detail, and to the proper way to accomplish well-known, or not so well-known tasks.

#### Process

Work is accomplished in groups that work long hours together at a steady pace, without complaint or signs of impatience. There appears to be a kind of contentment in repeated process which has a kind of ritual quality, in that actions are repeated without change of pace, without apparent attention to goals, without attempts to be "efficient" in a utilitarian sense: there is no attempt to save bush materials

that might come in handy tomorrow, to save steps, to reduce efforts, to find a better way. Actions within the group never clash: they seem to be invisibly and inaudibly coordinated.

In September 1966, I wrote in my notes, "I never see a failure to complete a climax here, but there is no building to climaxes, either-- things perish daily, as I wrote before, and new things are calmly worked to take their place, but not focused on because another one will be worked tomorrow. Life is a Process, not a set of things, as with us-- material and, e.g., statuses, so that when they get a status, e.g., mamai, it, too, is a process, not immutable. It is defined functionally --'a mamai is to talk at feasts.'" When I wrote that, I had not been to New Hanover, and I was trying to see the behavior I perceived as adaptive to the fast-perishing tropical environment in which New Irelanders live. But New Hanoverians live in the same kind of environment and do not manifest this process-orientation. They quickly become impatient with repetitive work, and their pace is jerky, their work interspersed with clucks of disgust when things do not go smoothly, as they never do.

Even though there is no avoidance of climax, by the time a ceremony or a house is finished, many other activities have begun that go on beyond it. The finished act or object never stands alone. Activity-- slow, patient, effective activity--is on-going, and activity is the focus of their interest: the ritual of brooming, of typing up taro, of responding to other people. Every baby's move or initiative is lovingly neutralized, and it is quietly content and in tune with the group.

I had already noticed and wondered about New Irelanders' careful movements that would seem tedious to me when Milika said something to me which indicated that she saw what I saw and felt a little bit of the

same response I did. Milika was from Lesu, and there is some evidence that cultural style is a little bit more assertive there.

When Milika married and came to Mangai, she changed from carrying burdens in a basket hung around her head (as the women do in Lesu) to carrying them balanced on two ends of a stick over her shoulder (as the women of northern New Ireland do). Her shoulder gave her a lot of pain in this role, to which it was unaccustomed; but she persevered and, she said, now experiences no discomfort. I judge from this and other evidence that New Irelanders notice kinesic style and that it is important to conform. Kinesic style is learned gradually from infancy, and it is hard, like language, to change completely. Kinesic communication may be performed with a "foreign accent": thus, Milika feels she is unable to tie up food bundles as neatly as do the Mangai women. Furthermore, though she understands the Mangai language, she usually speaks pidgin because, she says, her mouth does not savvy exactly the way to say local words, and she is ashamed. She does not feel completely at ease dancing here, because the Mangai women point their toes so well.

The women make fun of Milika a little for not tying taro neatly enough, she told me, thus confirming my view that there is a near-ritualistic carefulness in tying up taro. "Maski," Milika said, as she told me this while she was trying to tie up a bunch to take to the Kuluvos malanggan, and apparently felt that she had not done it well enough. "Maski," she said, but she re-tied it twice.

### Play

There is generally a low level of spontaneous activity in New Ireland, which is consistent with the high level of institutionalization, reserved personalities, and a marked absence of interest in exploring the new and different.

I first noticed this characteristic in my vain attempts to make friends with infants and children by giving them "things to play with": pretty papers, little dime-store toys my mother sent me to give to the children, or whatever happened to be at hand. Once I managed to get a little girl, aged about two, to sit on my lap, and I put a plastic bracelet on her wrist and tried to get her attention to it. She slowly took it off and let it slide to the floor and ignored it, as did the other children in the room.

When the box of toys arrived from my mother, Milika and Sirapi were there; and I showed them the contents. "Oh, Dorothy's mother thinks she is a child yet, she likes to play. She stands up to dance with a man, and she still like so play?" Sirapi said, winking in imitation of white man's behavior with women. Once I watched six-year-old Kambakaso, whose mother was raised in New Hanover and whose father had made him a "wheel toy," just a tin top nailed to a stick. "I want to play with him, but it would be be well-received--these people don't play much." Once when Sakias, a Big Man of Ngavallus, a village that has apparently had much influence from New Hanover, was laughing and talking outside a meeting, Francis (of Livitua) said to Pitalia (of Lauen): "This Sakias is like a child."

Apparently, then, New Irelanders think that play is something that children do and that it is childish; and, yet, I have not recorded a single instance of children playing except under the direction of some outsider.

"Spontaneity" tends to have a positive connotation in our individualistic society, implying a predisposition to "creativity." By contrast, "ritualistic" has a negative connotation, implying meaningless repetitive behavior.<sup>36</sup> Yet, much of what we call "spontaneity" may

be nervousness, impulsiveness, restlessness related to boredom and directionlessness rather than to initiative related to "creative" production. And many would claim the label "creative" for the malanggan carvings produced in New Ireland in a ritualistic mode and context.

### Talk

During my first days and weeks in Mangai, I gradually realized that my problem was less my scant ability in pidgin English than my inability to grasp an appropriate, interesting topic of conversation. New Irelanders do not talk much.<sup>37</sup> At night people came and sat on our verandah, the verandah of the Council House, smoking and exchanging a few words with each other in the local language. They would ask me who had brought me whatever new packets of food there were there, or a pineapple, or a bunch of bananas; would repeat this information to others who came in; and, mostly, would just sit quietly together. Kas quite often asked someone to tell us about something in particular. Otherwise, Nic or I usually had to initiate conversation, and responses were brief or monosyllabic, or less: the New Ireland gesture of "yes" is a slight raising of the eyebrows, so slight that I missed it altogether. A typical exchange went something like this:

DB: Did you go to the garden today?

New Irelander: Unn (Yes).

DB: Who did you go with?

NI: Some people.

DB: Who, what people?

NI: Oh, John.

DB: John.

NI: Unn.

DB: Now, who is another person?

NI: Another person?

DB? Another person who went with you to the garden.

NI: Your sister was there, she along with all the women.

DB: Oh! They all went.

NI: Umm, they all went.

DB: And what work did you do?

NI: Oh, plenty of work, plenty of kinds of work.

I struggled through many conversations of this kind, always feeling that I was probably breaking many taboos, asking insulting questions, or at the very least imposing on someone's rest. When I tried more systematic topics of crucial interest to anthropologists, like kinship or land tenure, I could sometimes get people to volunteer some information, sometimes not. In any case, they would drift back into brief exchanges with me or each other and then into silence. The children would lean close, stretch out and sleep. Sometimes, I made tape recordings of songs people seemed very willing to sing in little bands when they came to visit, and then I played these back to them, along with others I made at ceremonies, every evening while we sat, I expanding and correcting my notes of the day. I felt that I did succeed in providing entertainment with my tapes and my cigarettes and my coffee, though I remained an abysmal failure at conversation. People seemed willing to stay, however, and I was usually the first to say I wanted to go to sleep.

Why do people talk so little in New Ireland? I think, for one thing, that there are many things that are better left unsaid. It is hard to find out what's going on because you're not allowed to notice, let alone comment, that, for example, the meat is not well done or the malanggan is made differently from what was expected. There is the

constant risk of shaming, compounded by forgetting, not knowing, trying to please, trying to make it look as though you know, doing the right thing, and so forth.

There may actually be a negative evaluation of talking, or at least of talking for talk's sake. Ito, a young man of Livitua who has returned home as elementary school teacher, told me, "I see some teachers who think they are too good to hold a knife. They don't even know how to work. They only know how to talk." This contrast may well be one that Ito learned from his fellow New Irelanders, and may well partly interpret the slight propensity to "grease" in New Ireland.

Usually, I think, there is no need to talk to achieve the kind of companionship they seek, or even the kind of cooperation they accomplish. Everybody knows more or less what other people are up to, and only a few words are needed to convey any changes or plans that are pertinent that particular people want to know.

People do not seek to discover or achieve or persuade when they talk to each other. Conversation is not a decoration or ornament of personality. But their talk does contain a level of emotional communication that is not evident on the surface and that must be inferred. Their conversations are descriptions, without analysis, of who gave what to whom, and when was it, and where; but all these interactions have emotional import, and for those who know their history they need no further analysis.

One incident that occurred not long after I returned to Mangai in 1966 helps me to see the emotional import of these conversations. People were sorry that Nic had not returned with me, and Sirapi began to tell me about his last week in Mangai in 1965, after I had returned to Sydney. She told me where he had sat, what she had given him to eat,

what others had given him to eat; where he had visited, and to whom he had given all of the things he had left behind. Sirapi was to get the frying pan, but Kanda came and got it. Eruel was still wearing Nic's sleeveless sweater. He had given this person a tin of meat, that person a tin of vegetables, someone else a towel. Then Sirapi named those who had gone with Nic to the plane, and I wrote down the names: Lingiris, Lokorovar, Eron, Israel, and Eruel had all gone. At the time that this conversation took place, I felt that at last I knew for sure that this is the topic that really interested them: who gave what to whom. I now realize that I was missing the most important point. This conversation was really a ritualistic evocation of Nic's presence when we were all missing him. There was, no doubt, always a full emotional foundation for the cryptic conversations that I often did not fully understand.

It is not talking, "greasing," that is a crucial mode of integration in New Ireland. Perhaps it is just sitting together, however, because there is quite a bit of just sitting together, often waiting for something (a funeral, a wedding, a malanggan, a Monday morning meeting on line) where there is very little talk.

### Going Together

Tasks that could be accomplished by solitary labor are accomplished by people working together in New Ireland. It is possibly efficient for groups of a dozen people to go together to process sago, and for fifty to work together to finish a new roof in one day; but efficiency does not create inevitability, for New Hanover does not do its work in these ways. The functions of these work groups can be recounted, but no list of functions or adaptive values is long enough to explain the New Ireland preference for walking together to the



gardens, for taking strangers along to process sago, or for making sure that the sun does not go down on an unfinished roof.

Milika told me once when I expressed concern that Sirapi had no source of cash income that there was no cause to worry: Sirapi had helped many, many people when they were young, and now they must hear her requests, her "sing outs." Sirapi's purse, she said, is never empty.

Thus was an aging woman without children well taken care of in New Ireland, just as are other people who might be alone in other cultures. People who had been young orphans, like all the Aisoli children and Kas, spoke not of deprivation but of the abundance of their childhoods. They did not say that they had no one to give them food, but that many people gave them food. When these stories were told and retold and names were given, the tone was warm with appreciation for both the individuals and for the way of life they all lived together.

After I had been in Mangai for two months in 1966, Sion stopped by with several other men. He said, "Oh, we'll be sorry about you when you go back to America." I said that I, too, would be sorry about Mangai. Other places are not as good. Sion said, "Yes, Mangai is really a good place. It has got all good things. And if there's a big feast, you can go--free. Mangai is a place of compassion--New Britain is no good; even little things, you have to buy." I said that Milika had told me that children have to buy from their mothers there. "Yes," Sion said, "it is no good. If you see someone who is hungry, you must give food." And yes, he said, "you'll be sorry about Mangai. Here, everyone knows you; you can go about and everyone knows you."

Israel, on a later occasion, was making comparisons for me. He has travelled widely in Papua-New Guinea. Petas island, he says,

has good people. All are Methodist, all are kind, like here.

Bougainville is no good, people are cross.

Sion had also mentioned the church in relation to Mangai's good ways. He said, "Mangai is a true place of the church." I said I thought this good fashion belonged to the time before the church came, and Sion gave a big smile and said, "True, true."

Ito, the Livitua teacher, who had been away to school, also compared New Ireland favorably to other places. He had found that New Irelanders are more given to shame than are some other people. I mentioned to him that I had felt ashamed when I asked some visiting Mussau councillors some questions at which they laughed. "Mussaus," Ito said, "have no shame. Manus, too, don't have any shame. They eat in front of you without offering you anything, and they will take any food they want, for instance from a new boy at school." Ito said that he had met many Manus people in school. "I've got the Manus fashion now," he said; and he shouted, "Salt!" and dramatically seized a salt shaker in the air. "If you are ashamed, you are hungry!" I asked him about the Tolais, whose custom of expecting their own children to pay their own mothers for food when they grow up had received some unfavorable comment amongst the people of Mangai. "Tolais are more similar to New Ireland," he said. "In eating (at school), they had respect for newcomers."

The New Ireland fashion of inclusiveness, of bringing newcomers or other outsiders into the group, was based not only on structural features of their system but on genuine sympathy and concern for those who are somehow in a weak position. Ito told me that the word "kara," the name of the language spoken in Mangai, means "one of my own," and that you can call new people by this term. People genuinely identified

themselves with each other and, therefore, empathized with other people. The problem of one is the problem of all in this group-oriented society. If a person sees that others need help, he is obliged to give it. Israel told me one day that there would be a little feast Saturday to begin buying cement for the malanggan in Tokanaka hamlet, Livitua village. Mangai will help, he said: "You cannot look and do nothing. We are sorry for Livitua."

Similarly, when Semeri (Alice) was transferred from the Mangai school to that of another village, the women worried about her in her new situation. The day after she moved, Sambuan, who is no special kin to her, told me that she didn't sleep all night, because "I worried about Semeri." "The house is no good," added Taia, who had been in the party of women who had accompanied Semeri to her new post. It would have been unthinkable to let her go alone.

In general, people should not have to do things alone. No one was ever allowed to wait alone at the edge of the road for a ride. I felt embarrassed sometimes when my friends insisted on waiting with me, sometimes for half an hour, sometimes for three hours, because I knew they had other things to do. But they always insisted on waiting with me. One time, Rongo came to ask for some malaria medicine, which I gave her; and then offered to sit on the road with me when she found I was about to go to Medina school thirty miles down the road. I insisted that she, instead, go home and lie down, but she would not do so until Alice sent some school children to sit with me. Later, Milika and Sirapi scolded me for letting my Australian friend, Joyce Hill, wait alone at the road for a ride into town.

Apparently, people felt that a person would be ashamed to wait alone and to have to ask alone for a ride; and, of course, this was

true. Ito asked me once what I thought of this shame that is so prevalent in New Ireland. "I think you should not have it," he said. For example, he went on, you should not be ashamed to stand up on the road to ask for a ride. I had to admit that I myself did feel less ashamed when someone else asked for me.

One should not really ask for things for oneself, only for others. One day I wanted to go to the bush with some women in camp. I went to ask Sirapi to come with me to help me find someone who would take me along. Sirapi had not planned to go to the bush, but she headed toward camp with me anyway. I felt that I should not make her go to the bush if she did not want to, and I said, "If you want to stay, I can go alone." Sirapi said, "No! It's no good if you go alone; you will be ashamed. If you want to sing out to someone you don't know well, who will sing out for you?" I answered, "You understand well. True, I was ashamed to ask."

One may be ashamed to ask something of a person who is not well known, but to ask something of those you know well is good, because it shows that you are close to each other and can ask things of each other. One day, I was in the Livitua garden with Milika, and Kaute kept calling and talking to me. Milika finally said, "She wants you to go; she wants to tell you a story or something." I said, "Shall I go?" Yes, Milika said. I wrote in my notes, "More and more I see that one must do what others ask--give them betel nut or whatever, move when they want you to move, and so forth. Perhaps this is a vast respect for the one who has Strong Feelings." I think that evaluation was wrong. One must respond to be, and to show that one is willing to be, part of the group.

In New Ireland, people respond to each other in many subtle ways that are patterned and almost ritualistic. When one approaches a group

sitting on a mat, someone pats the mat, and the newcomer is invited to sit down. "Sinnuk, sinnuk," sit down, sit down: this was one of the expressions in such common use that even I knew and used the local language.

Another such expression was "Nuk ma!" It means, "You come!" It was as much a way of including as of demanding, but before I understood that I was sometimes slightly annoyed. Once I said, "No," to this demand from Sirapi, conveyed through a child, and I think she was seriously surprised and angry. I was sorry later that I had not gone to her hamlet in answer to her call.

Margaret Evers told me that the school girls receive letters from the boys that tell them to meet them in the bush somewhere, and the girls feel they have to go. "If anyone tells them anything to do, he who speaks last is heard," she said.

I saw people several times make other people give them their last bit of a cigarette or their last bit of betel nut. I thought this was quite harsh until I realized that he who had been raided could also raid someone else. One day, old Randes rushed Piwas, who was riding by on his bike, and walked backwards while he slowed down on his bike and dug into his little basket for betel nut for her.

It is important to do what other people want you to do, and perhaps not quite right to do what you want to do yourself. People often phrased their statements to indicate that they were serving the interests of others. Once, when I was talking to Israel, he excused himself to go to the school meeting for the parents of all the children, saying, "I think Kas would like me to come." And one time, when I asked old Langiro why he had left Tabar and come to Mangai, he said, "Because all my clansmen died (in Mangai); they had no man now. My two sisters

were sorry for me, and sang out for me to come." Here Langiro states his reasons in terms that show that his two sisters were helping him, and he was also helping them. They were looking after each other, going down the end of the known path together.

#### Exchange Interactions

There is continual giving in New Ireland, and continual reciprocating. Giving is usually phrased as nonobligatory, however. People say they want to give. They would be ashamed to fail to reciprocate, but they would be ashamed, too, not to give freely where help was needed.

At a Monday morning meeting before the Kuluvos malanggan, Matunga told people that he was cross because they were not working. Lovan said, "If you don't want to cover up this work, all right, that's your business. You will be ashamed in front of plenty of people." About fifty people were present and took all this talk matter-of-factly. They probably were working, and, in the end, the Kuluvos malanggan was a great success. People were ashamed if they did not give. I was concerned because the Big Man of Wuap, Taito, never seemed to want to speak to me. I was afraid I had offended him. I asked Sirapi one day when we walked passed him and he turned away without speaking, "Why doesn't Taito speak to me?" Sirapi answered, "He is ashamed because he hasn't come to visit you." In a little while, he came and joined us at our house. He said several times he was ashamed because he hadn't brought me good food or had me to his house to eat. Sirapi and I gave him our food.

People continually gave each other food. I was always in debt. One day, Bungaloo brought me and Sirapi a delicious crab. The next day, Sambuan, one of my regular helpers, told me that "Your potatoes

are at my house; just tell me when to cook them." She knew that I often had an oversupply. On that same day, Sirape came with two taro to eat with our crab, and Sambuan brought a pineapple. Sambuan, Sirapi and Milika regularly brought me food, or I ate regularly with Sirapi and her hamlet; but Milika, Sambuan and other people regularly brought food and other things, too. Kas, Sirapi and others brought clam shells to my house to give to the "missus," Mrs. Hill, an Australian who visited me for a few days.<sup>39</sup> They had already given me some beautiful shells which I had on the window sills. When Mrs. Hill left, people gave some of my shells to her, saying that I could always get more and scolding me for not giving her the shells myself.

It is important to give gifts to outsiders, but it is important, too, not to forget to single out some special insiders. One of my women friends scolded me one day for giving cigarettes to everyone when she was the one who looked after me and brought me food. She was probably in need of some reassurance, because for some reason which I never fully understood, some of her close friends and affinal kin were not speaking to her. She had decided that this was because old Patavani had asked for her help with cooking, and the other women thought that Patavani should have asked them. Whether true or not, it is noteworthy that she attributed their annoyance to jealousy over having not been asked to give help. Helping is the tie that binds in New Ireland, and not being asked to help makes a person feel left out.

Yaraka was asked to help at the Tokanaka malanggan, and he understood fully that this meant respect for him as an individual. He said that he was moved by the large amount he had received for making one of the cement crosses. "So much pay, pig, my feeling is very heavy." Later, he wondered, will he be able to win in returning all this or not?

He does not know if, later, there will be something that he can ask Livitua to bring for him (as Livitua asked him to bring for them) or not. But when something does come up, he can think of them, he can ask them. "This (debt) must die, it can be square."

Yaraka understood well the symbolic and social importance of exchange interactions, but the words he said sound very far from ideas about love and help. Pig exchanges seemed like crass events to Omerung, a young man of Lesu who returned home for the funeral of Boas. He made a speech in which he said the following: I am glad to see you, and I am sorry. It is not straight. Boas brought civilization to New Ireland. If there had been no Boas--he was the first man to go to school outside; he talked in Australia. We did not look with understanding at Boas, but plenty of men did. If you think that I am saying that European fashion is good, and ours is no good, no. But I suggest a little change. Never mind how much for a pig, or five shillings for half a pig. Did I come to buy pig? Why? I came to show love for Boas; I did not come to do business.

Two or three times there was a little applause. Some men called out "good," but there were no sounds of "giro," which suggests that it was the younger generation that was favorable to his speech. There was a good positive response when he finished speaking, but more responded to old Beong's traditional speech.

Lesu is not Mangai, and there are some differences between them, but much also about the two places that is alike. I am convinced that the fundamental motivating force behind pig exchanges at ritual events is the desire to help, to be present, to do what New Irelanders do to show concern: exchange pigs and shell currency, eat together, and be together. These exchanges are what integrate the people of New Ireland into groups of people who can trust each other.



Malanggan is an elaborate and explicit ritual, but many acts of daily life in New Ireland have ritualistic elements: they are outward and visible signs of personal transactions, and their function and their purpose ("purpose" because New Irelanders know what they are doing and why) are not what they seem, superficially, to be.

Institutionalization of expression in New Ireland makes it easy for outsiders to come in and makes it easy for large groups of people to continue to function together. The institutions are not empty forms, but known paths to personal, emotional, social, economic, and political relationships. That is why malanggans are flourishing forty years after they were doomed to "certain and early extinction" (see p. 194).

Gift-giving integrated New Ireland society both at the level of individuals and at the level of large social groups. At both levels, the primary medium in which this integration is expressed and created is food. The primary mode of behavior expressing and creating integration is giving. Food is given informally to children, visitors, spouses, and to people of all categories. In addition, there are many formal feasts and food exchanges outside the malanggan. For example, Kungawot gave a pig to her husband's family and invited them to a "feast to close mouths," to formally recognize and appreciate the food contribution Kungawot and her children obtain from her husband and his family.

Help is given in many other forms besides food, and whenever a benefit is received, it is conceived of in terms of "help." Sion "helps" Pasingan with tax money; the Bank "helps" Lingiris with interest; the Australian Administration "helps" the people with various services and functions. Sirapi was pleased when she found an old man who knew a story that "helped the work" of the anthropologist.

### Summary

In New Ireland, people "structure time,"<sup>32</sup> as they structure their emotional expressions, with endless "ritual" acts: sweeping, preparing food, helping someone else to sweep, giving and receiving; giving food to someone else and eating what someone else returns; helping with a house, helping with a fence, feeding someone else's pig. In the evening, sitting together on the mat, the daily tales recount who gave whom a betel nut, a banana, half a smoke, a passing word. Some of these acts accomplish ends basic to survival: specifically, the production of food. But New Irelanders live far above the level of mere survival, and their culture serves far more complex functions. Among these is the fulfillment of the capacities of individuals within the group. New Irelanders admire and appreciate their culture. Many of them have been away to work, and they are glad to come home to the protective, generous qualities of their own place.

The New Irelanders who live in the village, the ones about whom I have written, seem to have no curiosity about the rest of the world, and generally seem able to sit for hours without showing signs of restlessness or discontent. They appear to be doing nothing; and outsiders, whether Europeans or native Territorians from elsewhere, or New Irelanders who have been raised elsewhere in Mission or government schools, all find New Ireland culture boring at first. Outsiders are astonished that New Irelanders are content for long periods of time to do nothing.

But they are not doing nothing. They are deeply involved, emotionally, with each other; and they are being together. New Irelanders structure time (to use Berne's terminology) with acts of giving and

receiving that appear to be trivial, that appear to be, at most, "games." But they are social transactions that many times achieve the genuine intimacy that ends the "game." These strong interpersonal relationships are the foundation of the institution of malanggan; and while malanggan activities will surely include new elements in the future (as they have in the past, gradually substituting Australian currency for mias, cement for malanggan carvings), the basic forms have strong foundations. The new generation can be expected to maintain and recreate the old patterns, not only the formal ones like malanggan but also the informal ones that make institutions like malanggan, and this whole culture, possible.

## CHAPTER FIVE

## THE ARTS

INTRODUCTION

New Ireland is well known among students of primitive art for the magnificent malanggan carvings that it has produced, and that can be seen in many museums around the world. Although a great deal of work has been done toward understanding this art, it remains, like most art of primitive peoples (or indeed of any people) in many ways beyond our grasp.

Neither the author nor other students of New Ireland have been able to account for New Ireland art (form and function) in terms of iconography. Its continuing to flourish must be explained in other terms. It is suggested here that the art flourishes because New Irelanders find it decorative, and that this is so because its style reflects the whole style of the culture.

In the preceding chapters, I have tried to show that the culture in general is group-oriented. In this chapter, that description is extended to all the arts. General behavior as well as the arts of song, dance, and carving may be described as graceful, detailed, careful, reserved, and controlled. Some New Irelanders are aware of this general style in their own culture. However, I did not understand their explication of it until I had analyzed the evidence from several sources, and sought help in interpretation from several theorists.

Approaches to and Retreats from the Study of the Arts

Students of those cultures which have held great places in the history of the world have regularly related the art of a period of history to the culture of that time. Although art historians may concern themselves

initially and narrowly with identifying and tracing the distribution of motifs and techniques, finally the historian's full task is broader. The description of an art object in terms of use, purpose, function and finally even iconography is a fundamental but still preliminary aspect of the historian's ultimate work: explanation of the meaning of the art. Description of use, purpose, function, and even of iconography gives only the skeleton of meaning. A full description of meaning must include a description not only of cognitive content among the elite, but also of the significance of the work of art among people of the cultural community in general. What, if anything, do the people think, feel, or notice about their art? Why are "meanings" expressed in one style rather than in another?

Anthropologists have not often undertaken this task of understanding and explanation of the meaning of art.<sup>1</sup> Many factors account for this neglect. In some cases the art and the culture that produced it are already past history when the anthropologist (following the missionaries) makes his study. In other cases the art is there, but the anthropologist has not time to study art in depth: artistic expressions as a form of communication may, like language, require more than the usual year or two available for mastery.

A more important factor accounting for anthropologists' neglect of the arts (the very aspects of culture to which we refer when we speak of the "Culture" of literate peoples) is that many think that social science methods do not yield credible results in this area.

A further cause, but also a result, of the failure of anthropologists to deal adequately with the arts is a prevailing assumption that the arts of

any people are mere epiphenomena about which a brief description may be given somewhere in a dependent position within a monograph; following the important material on core culture, social structure, or contents of the digestive tract. Malinowski's designation of art as a response to an "integrative imperative" is generous (even though he does not develop the idea in his analysis of Trobriand art) when compared to the treatment accorded art by most other anthropologists working in the British tradition in anthropology. The German tradition has attended to art, but has concentrated on the art historian's narrow interest in motifs and the distribution of motifs; and on the Western, but especially German, search for iconographic meaning. Students educated in this tradition, which is also the American ethnographic tradition (following Boas), ask natives questions about what the motifs of their art "mean". If no native informant is willing or able to produce a narrative to "explain" (by citing person, place, thing, supernatural or myth) the "meaning" of the motif, the art is said to have "lost its meaning". Levi-Strauss offers now to find it again (mostly in the unconscious) for us all; but I, and les savages, demur.

Contemporary analysts of art styles describe them primarily in terms of structure: that is, the relationships between lines and shapes, balance, rhythm, the tone and texture and dimensions of works of art. Just as anthropologists in the English-speaking world have turned away from an interest in following single elements or "traits" as they move from one society to another; so art students have turned away from following single motifs over time and space. Both have turned their interest to a study of inter-relationships among elements within a structured context. Radcliffe-Brown

and Malinowsky in the British world, and Benedict and Mead in the United States, were among the first to direct anthropologists toward the study of a society or a culture as a systematic whole. In the study of primitive art, Paul Wingert pioneered holistic analysis; and, like the work of the pioneers in anthropology mentioned here, his work remains unmatched.

In art, an analysis of structure means a description, first of all, of how it looks; or, in music, how it sounds; or, in dance, how it is done. Until one has some insight into the significant dimensions of a particular art form, one must rely on either "common sense" (the criteria of one's own culture), or on systematic frames of reference developed for universal application (e.g. the various music and choreographic notation systems.)

Herein I attempt an analysis of the art of New Ireland with a view to sorting out its significant dimensions. Stated in another way, I want to find out what kinds of elements, when present, would make a New Irelander feel: this is right, or good, or nice, or beautiful; or, simply, this is one of ours.<sup>2</sup>

In describing the arts of New Ireland I discuss song, dance, and the plastic arts, focusing mainly on malanggan carvings. I rely on observations of my own and of other outside students. I also report some of the views offered by New Ireland informants: in analyzing the art and culture, I was finally able to understand, and so to believe, what they said. Succinctly, they said this: The arts in New Ireland are decorative, not symbolic. The plastic art depicts men, animals, and things in general, not in particular. It does not depict gods, spirits, or ghosts. The forms are traditional: that is, they are named and identified by general and specific structural

characteristics and motifs, apparently quite loosely defined. Artists think of themselves as making these forms the same way each time, and the same way as they are made by others, and the same way as they were made before. Some New Irelanders recognize very general features of the style of their art as being typical of themselves and of their culture in general: restrained, careful, detailed. These are the significant dimensions of New Ireland art, and of New Ireland culture.

## NEW IRELAND ARTS

### The Dance

#### Structure of Performing Groups and of Dances

New Irelanders dance in groups. In the groups, individuals arrange themselves in rows and lines, and all make the same movements with hands and feet, and follow the same course over the ground. There are no solos, and all may be said to perform equal parts in the dance; but someone "goes first" when the group moves over the ground.

Some dances include both sexes, but most are by either men or by women. Typically in women's dances, the women move onto the dance ground in two or four lines kept together to form a rectangle of perhaps eight to ten rows. The form of the dance may be described as "geometric" rather than "naturalistic".<sup>3</sup> They hold their arms bent at the elbow, and occasionally straight from the shoulder,

The men's dances are similar in form. Tantanua, the dance in which men wear the high crested masks for which New Ireland art is famous, is the dance that New Irelanders regard as most characteristically their own. It



is theirs, traditionally; and all other dances that I saw performed had come from somewhere else within memory of the living. In Tantanua, each man comes into the dance area alone, then all dance together and go out together. They do not all perform the same movements at the same time during the dance, but rather in turns.

#### Style of Movement

Body movements are restrained, careful, neat, graceful, and detailed. By "restrained" I mean that the movements of the arms and legs are generally small and close to the body. By "careful" I mean that they are controlled, and by "neat" I mean that the control carries through to all parts of the body. By "graceful" I refer to the small, slow, non-assertive character of the movements. And by "detailed" I mean that attention is given to slight movements, and to the movements of "details" of the body, e.g. toes and wrists and fingers. Movements follow straight lines or regular curves: they do not "flow" in complex curves.

The women, in their dance, move forward with small regular steps. When dancing in place, they lift first one foot and then the other, setting them down pointed toe first. In their fingers they usually hold a leaf or two, in both hands or in one; and they slightly rotate their wrists (thus waving the leaves very slightly) in time to the music.

Eyes are always straight ahead, faces serious, one might say "expressionless": that is, they appear "reserved", as they do in daily life.

The men's dances are similar in style. Their movements are larger and stronger, but still graceful. Dancers in Tantanua wear skirts of several

layers of lacey green ferns (costumes unique to this dance) which reflect the slight and graceful movements of the dance. The men use their wrists, as women do, to create slight movements. In Tantanua the movement is slight and rapid: the hands holding leaves (and the fern skirts as well) appear to "tremble".

Informants' Judgements:

My judgements concerning style of body movement gained some corroboration from two sources. Milika, who came from Lesu and who felt herself to be different from others (and who seemed more individualistic to me) first drew my attention to the delicate way the women point their toes. She claimed that she could not point her toes as the other women did, and that she was therefore embarrassed to join the dance. Another informant, Silakau, a man from New Hanover, also commented on the style of the dance he saw in northern New Ireland. New Hanover dancing (by my judgement and that of a visiting anthropologist experienced in several parts of the Territory of Papua New Guinea) is extremely vigorous. I saw this informant in a performance of "Solomon" (a dance named after the islands where it was learned) in New Hanover, and two days later we went together to see the same dance performed in New Ireland (Paruai village). I asked him what he thought of the dance, which seemed even more gentle, soft, and "tentative" than the New Ireland rendition I had observed earlier. At first he said, politely, that it was good. I urged him to tell me what he really thought, and he said: "It is not very strong."

### Interpretation

The women's dances and Tantanua appeared to be "decorative" dances rather than dances with some story to tell or some symbolism to dramatise; and I got no interpretive statements about them from New Irelanders.<sup>4</sup>

When people dance in New Ireland, they wear some kind of special dress or costume, or at least (and usually) new clothes; and they decorate their faces, always at least with powdered lime. When I asked about this use of lime (which in other contexts symbolizes the conferring of power and status on a big man) the women told me that it was just for "decoration", just to make them "look nice". They reminded me that European women also put powder on their faces when they want to look nice. New Irelanders also wore a fresh-smelling plant around their waists, so that the labor of dancing created the emissions of a fresh pine-like fragrance, rather than what one might expect of a group of dancers in the tropical noonday sun. This olfactory decoration, too, had no magical or other significance, the people told me, but was simply to make them "smell nice".

### Context

I saw groups performing dances at traditional malanggan gatherings, as well as at occasions sponsored by the European world: Methodist mission collection day, Catholic Father's Feast day, opening of a new council house. Thus, dancing appears in secular contexts, and is apparently regarded as entertainment. It is always accompanied by large groups of singers (of all ages and both sexes), some of whom beat time on small log drums.

## Singing

### Structure of Performing Group and of Songs

New Irelanders in large numbers enjoy the art of singing. There are only a few carvers, and the very old and the very young do not dance; but everyone sings. As in the dance, there is someone who "goes first", setting the key, carrying on when others do not know or do not remember what comes next. Songs have several parts, each part consisting of a simple melody repeated over and over again.

### Style

Singing is the most lively of the arts. People usually sit close together in a group, often singing with considerable animation, often smiling. They sing in clear, strong, full voices.

### Translation

I found it difficult to get translations of most of the traditional songs, and difficult to find out why I could not get translations. Sometimes people said the songs were in languages of another area and people readily volunteered this information as the reason why they could not translate the songs. But many songs were said to be in the local New Ireland language (Kara or Tigak), yet my requests for translations met with silence. The local teacher, a native of the village (Mangai) where most of the songs were collected, told me that she thought the songs were in an obsolete form of the local language. Sometimes people said of a song: "It has no meaning, it is just a song."<sup>5</sup> School children sang a song in pidgin English, composed by the teacher, that included some nonsense syllables.

A few songs sung to traditional style melodies had been composed by two local men during the war, and these were translated in general terms. These songs made brief descriptive statements merely asserting that events had occurred: e.g. a plane flew overhead, then swooped down, then shot a man, then the man fell down, then the plane flew away. No comment or interpretation of the event was offered. This descriptive mode was also characteristic of conversation in New Ireland.

Eruel came alone one day and sang a long-six-part narrative song that he said he had learned from his father. His translation indicated that it was, like the wartime songs (many of which he had also composed), a description of events.

#### Context

Most songs are sung to accompany dancing, but some stand alone. People did not sing informally to entertain themselves. They sang every night for weeks, however, when they were practicing for a performance. They also sang often in the evening for my tape recorder, and they were eager to hear themselves played back on many subsequent evenings.

#### The Plastic Arts

##### Structure of Producing Group

The discussion here will be limited to the production of malanggan. Eruel was the only recognized carver in Mangai, and his services were used by people in surrounding villages. Carving is not a full-time speciality, however, and Eruel was not known, it seemed, primarily for his carving skills. He was known, rather, for his traditional knowledge in general (e.g. he was skilled in rain-control, important for successful and pleasant malanaggan gatherings), his pre-war wealth in European goods (e.g. a truck and ten

bicycles), his sensitive sickly stomach (manifest, e.g. in his avoidance of many foods and his high consumption of costly Carnation Condensed milk), his shameful profit motivation (i.e. his deplorable liking for money for its own sake) and his status as leading memai for his village. Not paradoxically, Eruel (who was a little too individualistic for New Ireland) "went first" for Mangai.

There were other independent carvers in Eruel's area in 1965-67 and others, not known as carvers, who helped Eruel to make wooden malanggan. In 1965 I watched Eruel carve a mamatua<sup>6</sup> mask name Luta commissioned by a widow in the village of Nonopai, seven miles away. One other man, Lovan, carved the large "ears" for the mamatua mask, which Eruel carved in about two weeks. Two days before Luta was due in Nonopai, Lovan's daughter helped him paint on a white undercoat; and in the morning of that final day three men helped paint on the surface designs in a hurry. Eruel gave only general instructions, the details apparently being well-known.<sup>7</sup> The finished product was, then, a group effort.

In the old days, Eruel said, the carver worked in a big house where many boys came eagerly to learn by watching and helping, and where there was a steady supply of feast food brought to the malanggan-producers. Each step in the procedure was named and recognized. We may infer, then, that in the old days the group effort was institutionalized, and the group larger.

#### Structure of Productions

The objects that I saw in use were examples of types recorded by previous students in northern New Ireland (Lewis, op. cit. figure 46): frieze, doll, statue, and two kinds of masks. The dance mask is distinguished in form (e.g. its high crest of hair) and function (used in the Tantanua dance)

from the mamatua mask. The latter has large, separately carved ears, and is worn by one man in a slow procession to a grave, where the mamatua is then displayed along with other malanggan. The vavara (Lewis: wowora) malanggan is made of brush rope, coiled into a target shape. It may, or may not, have a carved wooden center piece. Sometimes the center contains a kep kep, the well-known shell ornament of New Ireland (also found in the Solomon islands and elsewhere).

The carvings that I saw and that are known in the published literature (see Lewis, op cit.) depict human figures, sea creatures (crabs, fish), snakes, birds, and flying foxes. There are generic names for some types of carving (e.g. mamatua), and personal names for all carvings (e.g. Luta). Students of New Ireland art have seen many examples of generic types, and the distinguishing characteristics are fairly well-known. But it is not at all sure or clear what standarization, if any, of variations in relation to personal names distinguish particular types within a generic type of malanggan. I never saw the same malanggan carved twice; although theoretically I might quite easily have done so, since it is the right to make a malanggan of a particular type, and not the carving itself, that is bought at a malanggan ceremony.<sup>8</sup>

### Style

Malanggan art is predominantly two-dimensional. The vavara are round and flat and the backs are not finished; and they are, thus, two dimensional in formal structure, in conception and intent. But even the three-dimensional wood carvings manifest a predominant interest

in two-dimensional design: that is, the interest is in surface decoration and detail rather than in full, sculptured three-dimensional forms. When sculptured forms are present, these forms, like the painted surface designs, tend to be geometric rather than naturalistic. Visually, their impact on a Western observer is analytic and schematic.

Surface design is almost entirely painted rather than carved or incised. Objects of other materials are regularly added to New Ireland wood carvings: e.g. operculum ("cat's eye") shell for eyes, various plant materials (seaweed, seeds, the inner bark of a tree) for hair, curved sections of coconut shell. The wooden object itself is often carved in several parts, the body (of a full figure) or head (of a mask) being carved out of a single log and then fitted with separately carved arms, or "ears". Often a small separate carving is set between the teeth of a mask or figure.

Malanggan art is known for the fineness of its effect, produced by openwork carving, and also by painted surface designs. Large areas of color typically are not left unbroken, but are painted with design elements which are repeated over the surface: for instance, a stylized leaf shape, itself broken by parallel lines set close together, is often repeated over the face of New Ireland carvings. The thin, closely set parallel lines are an identifying feature of New Ireland art, and are frequently used in many contexts.<sup>9</sup> Malanggan art style in general may be described as fine, lacey, detailed, nonnaturalistic, and predominantly based on geometric lines and forms.



### Exposition

It is as difficult to get translations of malanggan carvings and vavara as it is to get translations of songs. The generic terms, malanggan and vavara, are known to all; but often the specific name of the vavara or malanggan (e.g. Luta, Kolepmur, and other names that are used in New Ireland as personal names) is known only to the carver and perhaps a few others who worked closely with him. Beyond the specific name, the carver himself offers little information about the piece itself, its motifs, its "meaning and intent". The carvings clearly depict men and fish and birds, but what men, what fish, what birds, and why here, together, in this malanggan? The best answer I received to this question seems at first tautological: these men, these fish, these birds are here together in this malanggan because that is the way this malanggan is made. More frequently, my questions about "meaning" met with slightly embarrassed silence. Quite often I was given the name of someone who would be more likely to know the right answer. As it turned out, he (whoever he was) never knew, either.

I was aware of the possibility of provoking false answers for relentless questioning. Fortunately, I was able to attend a dozen malanggan ceremonies, each displaying several malanggan made by different artists; so I was able to persist in my quest for holy (or at least historical or narrative) meaning in New Ireland art by relentlessly asking the same questions to varied informants. Everywhere I got the same answers: some people knew who brought and who paid for the malanggan, but no one knew what it "meant".

Melanesians are known to use imported art that they do not understand in detail. Why insist on seeking iconographic meaning, when every source, living and published, claims that malanggan were first made in the Tabar islands, and later bought by New Irelanders? This place of origin was well-known to my informants but no one knew when malanggan first came from Tabar, because it was a long, long time ago.<sup>10</sup> Malanggan art is an old art in New Ireland, and a people bent on iconography would have had plenty of time to invent some to go along with the art. In fact, one faithful informant, Lingiris, who came to understand, apparently, what I wanted to know once invented some meaning for me in a few minutes: he volunteered at Kuluvos that the two men depicted on the Paruai malanggan represented the two honored dead men, Makalo and William. But since the malanggan was one which less than a year before had been used (by Beong) at another ceremony for other dead, the "meaning" given was read in, I gather, for contemporary purposes; those purposes most certainly including helping the anthropologist.

When attempts to draw out "meaning" with unstructured questions (e.g. "What is this?") had failed for several months, I began to ask structured ones (e.g. "Does this depict a man who once lived?") As to whether or not the malanggan had anything to do with religion, the spirits, the old gods (were there any?), there was accord: they did not and they do not. When I began to ask questions of this type there was hesitation which I thought might be due to reluctance to be honest. The Catholic mission, believing the malanggan to be images of false gods, had long ago tabooed their use in Catholic villages. (The Methodist Mission had followed the same policy earlier, but had abandoned it before 1965.) Eventually I came to think that the hesitation was due to

the informant's being puzzled by the question. Only one old man, Lasuwot, finally said that perhaps a long time ago malanggan had something to do with spirits; but his assent to this view seemed to be part of his general eagerness to respect the views of the Catholic church. He said that the Fathers might have been right, though he himself did not know of such beliefs in the old days. In 1966 he refused to allow malanggan to be shown at the malanggan he organized at Tokanaka, saying that the Fathers might be angry; but, as he later explained to me, his private motive was related to exchange debts and credits, (specifically, his reluctance to have Lepilis bring a malanggan again) and not to his concern for Mission views.

Eruel made comments that lead to the conclusion that malanggan art is descriptive art. He told me, in response to my questions about a particular mamatua mask, that the face was painted the way warriors used to paint their faces: black. He said that the stylized leaf-shaped designs I saw on the mamatua described what I saw still in 1965-7: the designs which participants in malanggan proceedings enjoy putting on each other's faces. The designs were palm prints which, on the face, were said to look like leaves; which they did, because the wrinkle lines of the hand looked like the veins of leaves. The print medium was the green/yellow juice of a leaf. The black face, then, and the palm prints were descriptions of things people had seen, and were not symbols of anything.<sup>11</sup>

On a later occasion Eruel told me that masks are "pictures of man," not symbols of the gods or of anything else. In pidgin English, he distinguished between piksa, picture; and mak, mark or sign or symbol of something. The local term, maru, is perhaps better translated "image"

than picture. Eruel defined the term in this way: "When you look in the mirror, you see your maru. In the Bible," Eruel continued, "they write that man is the maru (image) of God. But malanggan is not the maru of God; it is the maru of man, that is all." Eruel then picked up a TIME magazine in my house and pointed to the portrait of a man on the front of it. "This is a maru," he said, "a maru of man, just as a malanggan is a maru of man." He then said, rhetorically and with some annoyance: "If the Mission does not like the maru of man, why is it here (on the magazine) and everywhere (in the European world)." Thus, Eruel viewed malanggan designs as a description of the visual world. For him, the art was realistic art: that is, it was a representation of the important features of man, using the techniques at his disposal, and the conventions of his tradition.<sup>12</sup>

Lasuwot, the man whò told me of the Catholic Mission view of malanggan, was the first person to tell me that nowadays (at least) malanggan are just decoration (pidgin English: bilas tasol). All agreed that they were. Some of my most constant informants who had not understood previously what I wanted to know finally thought they understood, and assured me that the carvings were just decorations, without further meaning. One ancient lady, Patavani, remembered the name of the malanggan which marked the end of her childhood seclusion, and she said that it might have had some meaning which she did not know. However, she implied that malanggan were in any case decorative in this statement: "Nowadays they just use cement (to mark graves) and it does not look nice." Milika told me (when she realized, along with others, what I had been trying to understand): "Religion is not in all these things. They are just decoration. Religion lies in the hearts (pidgin English: bel) of you and me."

### Context

Malanggan rites for the dead of a particular cemetery climax when, on the last day of events, malanggan carvings are displayed on the graves; and those who have prepared songs and dances perform them. Everyone then may sing and dance all night. Malanggan might also be brought to set up where the dead person lay in death, or brought to set up near his last house just before it is burned.

Malanggan of all types are displayed in small shelters ("display cases" which protect them from the rain) closed at the back and sides and top, but open at the front.<sup>13</sup> Often clean sand was brought from the beach and spread evenly in and in front of the display house. Betel nuts, favored ripe yellow ones, were spread evenly in the sand, or attached to the inside of the display shelter. Fine tufts of soft white chicken feathers were sometimes affixed to the display shelter, and to the malanggan itself. In one case I saw the lacey roots of two plants attached to the top outside corners of a shelter displaying a vavara. I was told that these were just decoration. The whole setting is said to be, and appears to be, decorative.

Further evidence that malanggan art is decorative, rather than symbolic, in the eyes of contemporary New Irelanders, lies in an analysis of the objects that nowadays stand along with malanggan to mark the grave of the dead. Cement monuments are constructed at the cemetery site, then given and bought just as malanggan still are. A single dead man may have both cement monument and malanggan, each in its own way, modern and traditional, showing respect.

Cement monuments are constructed in two shapes: crosses in Catholic cemeteries; and usually some other geometric shape in Methodist cemeteries. Both kinds have painted on them designs that are geometric and, according to appearances and informants' information, non-symbollic. Often these designs are stars with four points, each point divided down the middle, and each section then painted in contrasting colors. School children often drew these designs when given paper and colors, and both children and adults drew them to hang on my "Christmas tree," the decoration of which was the idea of New Irelanders. This decorating project, which went on for three days, gave me one of my first clues to the sustained interest New Irelanders have in decorating activities.<sup>14</sup>

The evidence that nearly (but not quite) convinced me that malanggan really are decorative, no more and no less, was the array of grave markers I saw at one malanggan (Panapai village, Tigak area) gathering for five dead. A five-step cement monument had been made, bearing the names of the five dead. Around and on the cement were the following items: three vavara, one mamatua mask, two doll figures, one polished Volkswagon hubcap, a bowl of plastic fruit, and a fake Indonesian carving bought in town. It remains true that these foreign items could have been injected with mystical meaning, along with the associated malanggan. However, seeing them suggested dramatically to me that it might be I, rather than the New Irelanders, who was injecting mysterious foreign objects (malanggan for me, hubcaps for them) with mystical meaning.

## The Verbal Arts

### Structure of Production

It is not surprising that the verbal arts in a highly institutionalized culture like New Ireland are primarily developed in institutionalized forms. The only verbal art that was practiced in 1966-67 that I know about was the art of oratory, achieved by various Big Men and memai. Sometimes their speeches had mainly practical import, and sometimes they were largely ceremonial.

In response to my requests, I was finally able to get people to tell me one story that came from the old days. It was about two brothers who went fishing and were chased by a shark. One brother fed himself to the shark so that the other brother could save himself. When the canoe they were in reached shore, only the head of the brother who had sacrificed himself remained. His brother took the head and planted it and from it grew the first coconut tree, a very tall one. The living brother climbed it and killed a wicked giant that lived above. One young school boy told me it was a story similar to Jack and the Beanstalk. It was also, in my view, a story about brothers helping each other and other people.

### Structure of Producing Group

Memai and Big Men speak before large audiences, to each other and to the group. They are leaders, and they represent their constituencies while still concerning themselves with the whole group, which they integrate through practical scheduling as well as through evocation of common values.

Sirapi found the "Jack and the Beanstalk" story for me to help me with my work. She got Lokorovar to try to tell it, but he was uncertain of its details and continually enlisted the aid of the several other people present who all knew little bits of it. There was no interest in story-telling as a performing art on this occasion, only in getting the story right.

## INTERPRETATIONS

Style in Art and Culture

In interpreting style in New Ireland art and culture I am interested in finding patterns common to the arts and to the culture in general. There are many theorists to whom I could turn for ideas, but here I mention few. The views of these few theorists make my view plausible, I think; and beyond plausibility to demonstration I certainly cannot go.

The question guiding my inquiries into New Ireland art is this: why do they make the art the way they do? Initially I looked for answers in the cognitive area, answers that would connect ideas with motifs in the art. I found no answers in that direction, and for the present I abandon it. It is clear enough why New Irelanders put fish rather than elephants in their carvings, but why they put fish in one and crabs in another, or why they choose fish instead of taro or some other subject matter, I will not venture to consider further.

My informants redirected me to seek answers in the aesthetic area. They told me that the art is decorative; so my question becomes this: why do New Irelanders like one style of art rather than another? At present I will only seek answers to this question in terms of related attributes of New Ireland art, personality and culture.

Geometric Styles

In my analysis I have presented my view that New Ireland arts (especially malanggan art) are geometric rather than naturalistic in form. The hypothesis has been suggested by students of art that geometric and



two-dimensional art (especially when created in sculpture, where three-dimensionality is hard to escape, not difficult to introduce) reflects emotional control and restraint. I have discussed above the control and restraint of emotion in New Ireland, associated with the institutionalization of expression. If the hypothesis relating geometric art to emotional restraint is correct for New Ireland, then New Ireland art continues to be an expression that is satisfying to New Irelanders; and the art need not be viewed as in a state of decline just because no iconographic<sup>15</sup> associations can be evoked for it. From the point of view of aesthetics, we may say that New Irelanders like their art because it expresses the control and restraint they have and value.

Arnold Hauser, whose special competence is in European art, sees naturalistic and geometric art associated with different kinds of people, as follows:

"The naturalistic style prevailed until the end of the Palaeolithic age, that is to say, during a period of many thousands of years; no change took place until the transition from the Old to the New Stone Age, and this was the first stylistic change in the whole history of art. It was not until then that the naturalistic attitude, open to the full range of experience, yielded to a narrowly geometric stylization, in which the artist tended rather to shut himself off from the wealth of empirical reality. Instead of representations true to nature, with loving and patient care devoted to the details of the object, from now on we find everywhere schematic and conventional signs, indicating rather than reproducing the object, like hieroglyphs. Instead of the concreteness of actual living experience, art now tries to hold fast the idea, the concept, the inner substance of things--to create symbols rather than likenesses of the object. The Neolithic drawings merely indicate the human figure by two or three simple geometric patterns, as for instance by a vertical straight line of the body and two semicircles. . ." (Hauser, 1952, p. 30).

Hauser's analysis describes as characteristic of people who produced geometric art one clear characteristic of New Irelanders: lack of interest in the

"wealth of empirical reality." As described in earlier chapters, New Irelanders are strikingly free from curiosity about anything outside their experience, as well as about many things in their own environment. As previously stated, New Irelanders follow the known path. According to my interpretation, this lack of exploratory behavior derives from the overriding concern with the unity and peace of the group. Curiosity is absent where it might most be expected. The gossip which is widely advertised as the cement of primitive communities was rare and roundly deplored in New Ireland. I found it impossible to evoke comments on individual and personality characteristics. In a society of this type, a standardized, stylized representation of the human face (e.g. the mamatua mask) might well be viewed as realistic representation.

Any traditional art form is in itself a kind of institution-ization of expression. In New Ireland some informants articulated this kind of "meaning" for malanggan, specifically in relation to the occasions of their use. When Eruel explained the mamatua Luta that he made to mark the end of a widow's mourning, he said that the occasion was not a real malanggan. At a real, final malanggan, he said, you go, you see all the malanggan, and you want to laugh: it is a time to be happy. But the mamatua is not like that: when you look at it, it makes you want to cry. It is a time to be sorry. And Ismael agreed that the final malanggan is a time to be happy, to forget the dead: "You cannot go around being sorry, sorry, sorry all the time." Thus are malanggan markers along known paths, helping to channel and control the flow of spontaneous emotions. When someone is buried, people come to "help cry;"

but once when two women, remembering the dead, cried at a malanggan, no one helped them. It was time then to be happy.

In summary, then, we need not find New Ireland art in a state of decline, or "meaningless", just because it does not have iconographic meaning now, and probably never did have. It has other kinds of meaning. The traditional malanggan carry emotional associations of grief or gladness, and their display offers sanctioned opportunities for a reserved people to re-orient themselves emotionally. The geometric style of the art, its conventionalized treatment of natural forms, express New Ireland's cultural preference for controlled rather than spontaneous emotion; for "the concept, the inner substance of things" in Hauser's terms rather than for the individualizing depiction of external likenesses; the known path of institutionalization, rather than the surprises of exploration.

#### Cantometrics Project

Students of art and culture have been given a wealth of hypotheses, backed by solid research, in the contribution of Alan Lomax and his associates. Lomax (1968), whose special knowledge is musical, has collaborated with musicologist Victor Grauer and anthropologist Conrad Arensberg to produce a monumental statement about style in art and culture. He began with insights from his special interest in folk songs, and went on (with his associates) to an analysis of dance and kinesic style. Research is being carried out by the Cantometrics Project staff of fifteen, a group which includes linguists, musicologists, ethnologists, and statisticians. Lomax has not allowed the study to fall into the hands of the machines that it uses, and he explicitly recognizes that classifications depend

finally on the impressions of human beings. However, those working on the project are trained so that consistency within the work of a single researcher, and between researchers, has been generally achieved.

The principle hypothesis and finding of this study is this:

"that song style symbolizes and reinforces certain important aspects of social structure in all cultures. For the first time, predictable and universal relationships have been established between the expressive and communication processes, on the one hand, and social structure and culture pattern, on the other. A science of social aesthetics which looks at all social process in terms of stylistic continuity and change may now be envisaged" (p. vii).

More specifically,

"We find that song styles shift consistently with:

1. Productive range
2. Political level
3. Level of stratification of class
4. Severity of sexual mores
5. Balance of dominance between male and female
6. Level of social cohesiveness"<sup>16</sup>

Lomax identifies two "contrastive models" used by the Cantometric staff to rate song style:

"A. The highly individualized and group-dominating performance, in which a solo singer commands the communication space by presenting a pattern that is too complex for participation (in text, melody, rhythm, ornament, vocal technique, or in all five of these ways); often he is accompanied by a supporting orchestra which further enforces silence.

"B. The highly cohesive, group-involving performance, in which all those present can join easily because of the relative simplicity and repetitiveness of the patterns--for example, a nonsense refrain, set to an unornamented one-phrase melody in a simple and regular meter.

"In their extreme form this pair of performance models looks like this:

## Model A

## Model B

Individualized

Solo  
 Textually complex  
 Metrically complex  
 Melodically complex  
 Ornamented  
 Usually noisy voice  
 Precise enunciation

Integrated, groupy

Choral, multileveled, cohesive  
 Repetitious text  
 Metrically simple  
 Melodically simple  
 No Ornamentation  
 Usually clear voice  
 Slurred enunciation

"The manipulation of this pair of simple models brought considerable order into the world of song. . . . Actually, all the singing styles of mankind can be described in terms of their positions on the grid defined by these maximal cases of individuation and integration."<sup>17</sup>

All of the indicators given in these models affect the "semantic load" that the song carries.

"On the one hand there are textually complex narratives like the Western European ballad, and on the other, the songs of primitive peoples, which frequently consist of repetitions of a few words or phrases and seldom contain a structure."<sup>18</sup>

With the findings of the Cantometrics Project taken into account, a further interpretation of New Ireland song, dance, and plastic arts can be made.

New Ireland Singing: Further Interpretation

I have already described the structure of the singing group in terms which make clear its correspondence to the social structure and culture of New Ireland. Members of the group perform equally, except that one "goes first", as a memai is primus inter pares for the New Ireland group generally.

The fact that New Irelanders did not translate their songs for me can be interpreted, following Lomax, not as the sign of a declining culture, but as a positive, healthy characteristic of New Ireland culture, which does indeed appear to be flourishing. "Groupy" people like New Irelanders do not sing about anything. The raison d'etre of their singing is that they are singing together. The songs they sing in foreign languages might as well have been "nonsense syllables" or "slurred enunciation", characteristics Lomax finds in the songs of groupy people (Model B).

#### New Ireland Dance: Further Interpretation

A further interpretation of New Ireland dance, too, is possible using the generalizations of Lomax's study:

"The dance is composed of those gestures, postures, movements, and movement qualities most characteristic and most essential to the activity of everyday, and thus crucial to cultural continuity.<sup>19</sup> **Song and dance style . . . symbolize and summarize attitudes and ways of handling situations upon which there is the highest level of community consensus. This is why we have found that the main posture used in dance is the body attitude that runs through a majority of everyday activities. . . .<sup>20</sup> Societal continuity in these groupy cultures seems to seem to depend on a high level of visible synchronous behavior. The level of coordination of the singing (and dancing) group, then, reflects and reinforces the level of synchrony essential for the continuance of the whole society and should be discoverable in the relatively higher level of groupy behavior in other aspects of social organization.<sup>21</sup> One thinks of Africans, Polynesians, and East Europeans as outstandingly gregarious, social folk who move through life in shoals."<sup>22</sup>**

I have described the "social structure" of New Ireland dancing in terms that correspond without further analysis to the social structure in general. Moreover, I have described the movement patterns in the dance in terms that correspond directly to those used to describe the

movement patterns of everyday life: restrained, careful, neat, graceful, and detailed. What I have called physical responsiveness, or the kinesics of "togetherness", Lomax refers to as the behavior of people "who move through life in shoals."<sup>23</sup> The same careful, neat movements seen in the dance are seen in daily work: carefully, neatly tying up bundles of food (simple act, complexly related to the rest of the culture, which Milika felt she could not do properly); carefully scraping taro; neatly, one by one, sewing together leaves for a roof, nearly everyone in the village working together to finish the roof in a single day. Lomax singles out the work group for special mention in regard to movement patterns:

"Teamwork of any sort demands that idiosyncracies and personal conflicts be subordinated to the requisites of a common goal."<sup>24</sup>

New Ireland Malanggan Art: Further Interpretation

Lomax does not discuss the plastic arts, but he makes clear that an extension of his analysis into any area of culture is appropriate. He writes of the "explanatory force of style" as follows:

"In the study of style one is not concerned with the particulars of the specific contents of cultural events, but asks instead how people sing, how they dance, how they relate to one another. . . Observations derived from one platform of stylistic observation, such as dance style, can be used to draw forth significance at another platform of observation, namely song or culture style."<sup>25</sup>

Given the concept of style, it is incumbent upon the researcher to look for patterns that are similar in all aspects of culture.

Specifically, I can apply what I know of New Ireland songs and dance to the field of plastic arts. Thus the fish, the birds, the lines, the lattice-work motifs that recur in malanggan art may be viewed

as the "nonsense syllables", the "slurred enunciations" of the plastic arts of a "groupy" people. They are symbols of the group if they are symbols of anything. Otherwise stated, the art is conventional and decorative: which is what informants maintain. The neat, careful, detailed work in the plastic arts is a direct (for the artist) and an indirect expression of kinesic style, in particular; and of cultural style, in general. That is why it pleases. This interpretation further supports the contention defended here that there is no need to justify the presence of traditional motifs in terms of specialized iconographic meaning (Plates ).

#### Iconographic Meaning Laid To Rest

There is evidence, then, that New Ireland art is decorative from several sources: a) informants' direct positive statements that it is decorative and descriptive; b) informants' direct statements of a negative sort that it is not religious or symbollic of something else; c) my observation of the use of other objects whose decorative status is less in question in conjunction with malanggan objects; d) my failure, despite unflagging efforts, to turn up any evidence of iconographic meaning amongst informants of varied ages and places; e) my failure to turn up any stable evidence that there was motive for informants to withhold information about iconographic meaning; and f) the availability of an alternative positive hypothesis, which fits the data in a narrow sense, and makes sense of a much broader set of data. The alternative hypothesis is that the art motifs are arbitrary motifs of groupy people which have meaning as symbols of togetherness. Their importance in this sense explains their survival and use.



The much broader set of data explained by the alternative hypothesis includes provision of explanation for what otherwise remains an unexplained set of data: the consistent failure of fieldwork in New Ireland to evoke iconographic meanings for malanggan art. For instance, Phillip Lewis' thorough studies in the field, in museums around the world, and in the literature left him still without iconographic explanation:

"(N)either my field observations nor data from the published literature are sufficient to properly deal with iconography or subject matter of New Ireland art."<sup>26</sup>

Lewis concludes that participation is the kind of meaning that interests New Irelanders:

". . . . Is it possible to deal with another kind of meaning (rather than with iconographic meaning)? Perhaps iconographic meaning as such simply is not much thought of by New Irelanders . . . If iconographic meaning is taken for granted, and if it is less consciously thought of by New Ireland carvers and viewers, is there another aspect of meaning which is more in the forefront of their minds? . . . It is suggested here that a New Irelander as he attends the feasts, listens to the oratory, and goes forward to look at the images is sensitized to perceive social contextual meaning rather than the traditional iconographic meanings. . . Viewers came to the displays not to see the art objects as such, not to be instructed about events of their group's history, but to participate in the ceremony by attending"<sup>27</sup>

Powdermaker, Lewis, and even Kramer are all careful to state what they did not find about malanggan ceremonies and malanggan carvings: that "Their exact significance is still not quite clear" (Powdermaker, op. cit. p. 134); that "unfortunately the accounts of the natives do not help much further in the explanation (of motifs)" (Kramer, 1925, p. 82); and that "from informants one got little beyond. . . pre-iconographic description" (Lewis, 1969. p. 18). These are important positive findings of field work, not failures; nor are these findings indications of cultural "decline."<sup>28</sup>

The assumption that primitive art is mythological at least, if not religious, is firm in anthropology; and I myself went to the field with it. I thought that Leach was probably right in rejecting Clive Bell's view that primitive man is a "practitioner of Art for Art's sake." Illustrating this view, Leach quotes Bell as follows:

"In Primitive Art you will find no accurate representation; you will find only significant form. . . "

Leach then gives his own view as follows:

"All that I can say about such opinions in a talk of this kind is that they are wrong. The primitive artist is in every way as rational and sensible a being as his European counterpart. The great bulk of primitive art is definitely representational rather than abstract. It is intended to be understood. And in the ordinary way it will be understood by the audience for whom it is designed. For the audience for which a primitive artist works is composed of members of his own community steeped in the same mythological traditions as himself and familiar with the same environment of material fact and ritual activity; the primitive artist can therefore afford to communicate in shorthand; symbols have the same basic significance and the same range of ambiguity for artist and audience alike."

It is very different for the European critic who tries to understand primitive works of art. He knows nothing of the religious and mythological background of the objects he is examining. He is therefore forced to concentrate his attention upon form alone. It is this which leads to the kind of misapprehension which I have quoted."<sup>29</sup>

Leach makes his claims only for "the great bulk of primitive art." Another scholar gives direct testimony about New Ireland art:

"All the animals (in a pictured New Ireland malanggan) represent mythological figures and events, details of which are, however, not known."<sup>30</sup>

If the details are "not known" to researchers or to natives, in what sense does the art represent mythological figures? Neither the details nor the generalization is known to New Irelanders.

### Individuality in New Ireland Art

If New Ireland art is decorative, and a symbol, if of anything, of the group, what can there be of "individuality" in New Ireland art? Art commentators see individuality, but Powdermaker, Lewis and I all found that New Ireland artists denied it.<sup>31</sup>

Analysis of the relationship between style and culture helps to illuminate, if not to eliminate, this classic problem in the art of people who do not sign their works with individual names. Is individual artistry valued? Apparently not. Sometimes the art production is a group project, as was the case in the production of the mamatua Luta. Are artists' motives, then, imitative, as primitive artists so often say they are?

One general view of primitive art says yes: The artist is a craftsman skillfully copying ancient, known, and cherished traditions (initiated, or innovated by some long dead artist at the beginning of time, or at least at the beginning of a particular culture). This tends to be the view of culture historians. The other major view of primitive art, more often taken by students interested in art per se, upholds the sacred unique quality of every work of art. It is these students who judge works as good or bad art within the tradition, tossing out the pieces that the culture historian retains. Many primitive artists share the view of the culture historians.

If the natives continue to deny that they are creating something new, and continue to assert that they are merely copying tradition, must we necessarily conclude that they are merely repeating works? That is the only question I think I have some data on, and the answer is: no. There are other reasons for denying individuality. In New Ireland, I interpret this denial as an expression of, and further evidence for, the "groupiness" I have been at pains to demonstrate. Individual artists do not feel comfortable asserting themselves as individuals, claiming that they have done something original and calling attention to themselves as "different."

An expression of this attitude occurred during my field work as a result of my commissioning Eruel to make a carving. I asked him to make a carving that he would like to make, and told him that I would then buy it for the museum. He made a full figure with a great head of hair. The name of this carving, he said, was Vaia. Yes, he had carved it many times. Oh yes, it was always the same, always just like this. Yes he had made it many, many, many, many, times, and it was always just like this. He thought for a minute or two and then said: "But before, only the head. Now Vaia has come out altogether." He gestured along the body of the figure, then looked up and smiled innocently. He was using elements of style that had been used before, but he had combined them differently (Plate ).

Eruel was the most "individualistic" New Irelander I met in many respects. He was the only carver who was considered "professional" in an area of about ten villages. He was the only rain magician. He was

the only one who asked questions. He liked money too much, people said. In many ways, he was different from the others. Yet he felt that whatever he carved he had carved many times before, and always "just the same." He viewed himself as part of the group, not as an innovator. And Eruel's audience accepted him on those terms.

### Native Concepts of Style

Many who pursue the quest for iconographic meaning in primitive art claim or imply that primitive people live in homogeneous communities where integration is so complete that all thought and action are based on patterns that are taken for granted, even unconscious. Awareness remains unprovoked by contrast, and nothing is available at conscious levels to be articulated.

I have one piece of evidence that New Irelanders have the sophistication which so many commentators deny to primitive peoples. They are capable of conceiving general concepts of style, and therefore, in my opinion, of enjoying art for art's sake.

Two middle-aged men, Lokorovar and Lovan, were looking at the pictures of New Ireland art in Jean Guiart's ARTS OF THE SOUTH SEAS one night at my house. They recognized their own art, and the art of the Sepik peoples, probably because Sepik laborers in New Ireland sometimes carve their traditional art forms, but also because many New Ireland men have worked in New Guinea. It was the first time I had shown the book to informants, and they had never seen their art pictured in a book before. I tried to tell them that their art was famous and highly regarded. I wanted to tell them what qualities were particularly admired in their work, but I was not expressing myself

well in pidgin English (I had been with them about two months), and they did not understand. With little hope of evoking a response, or a valid response, to my highly structured statement, I drew three parallel lines neatly on a paper, small lines close together, and I said: Your art is like this. Then I said: Sepik art is like this: and I drew three lines rapidly and sketchily, big, letting them go off (out of control) in different directions. Both men laughed at once. Lovan said, "You understand!" Lokorovar said, enthusiastically, "Yes, and the Sepiks sing and dance the same way." He then made a few rough and clumsy movements with his arms and legs, accompanying himself with a scratchy, unmelodious song. To him, Sepik expressions were crude, vulgar, uncontrolled. Lokorovar went on: "Suppose we in New Ireland sing and dance, we are like this:" And he made characteristically controlled, graceful, detailed movements, accompanying himself with a soft rendition of New Ireland melody. Then, while he was still moving, he said "Easy, easy" (a pidgin English term taken directly and without change in meaning in this usage from the English).

I take this incident to indicate that these New Ireland informants saw in the arts of New Ireland the careful, detailed restraint that I have been describing.

#### CONCLUSION

That there is "stylistic continuity" between the various aspects of a culture, including the arts, is an assumption regularly made by

novelists, journalists, world travellers, and people in general. Lokorovar recognized it, and summed up New Ireland culture succinctly: "easy, easy." As stated in the introduction to this chapter, social science has resisted discussions of hypotheses concerning these regularities: partly because of their imprecision (often thought to be greater than the imprecision found in discussions of political, social, or economic systems); and also because of the uses and abuses of power associated with stereotypes about personality and artistic styles of ethnic groups, nations, classes, and other groups.

This second consideration is political. It is important, but irrelevant, and need not detain us here. The first problem mentioned, that of imprecision, is one which the Cantometrics project has met and conquered. The findings of the study, while tentative, have already withstood tests of precision and validity that no one will ever have to apply to studies of cross-cutting ties or ecological niches; as these topics have, somehow, so far, evoked no threatened cries from those who thirst after numbers. Those who do not like the concept of style can no longer continue the "chorus of cheap gibes"<sup>32</sup> about impressionism.

Style is determined and overdetermined by the interactions of everyday life, which are derived from conditions of survival but also from conditions of history. Lomax writes that the defining and diagnostic traits of style are found where there is redundancy. The redundancy that I find in New Ireland may be summarized as restrained, careful, detailed, orderly behavior in groups of closely interacting people; in daily work and daily activities as well as in the arts of song, dance, and malanggan. These are the dimensions of art in New Ireland that are significant to

New Irelanders, the dimensions along which they will judge a work more or less good, right, well-done--and theirs. A groupy people need no further kind of meaning.



STYLES OF CULTURE  
Chapter Six, Seven

## C H A P T E R   S I X

## LAVONGAI VILLAGE

## Residence, Resources, and Related Social Groupings

THE SETTINGFrom Kavieng to Lavongai

Publically and officially, there is no way to get from the town of Kavieng, New Ireland, where planes land, to Lavongai village, or any other place, in New Hanover. Just as the only way in 1965-67 to get from Kavieng to Mangai village was to "find a road," i.e., bum a ride in a private or government car or truck; so to get to Lavongai from Kavieng meant that one had to "find a road," i.e., bum a ride in a boat.

The situation was much more complex, however, in the Lavongai case; both for natives and for me, for somewhat different reasons. Many more privately-owned vehicles plied the road between Kavieng and Mangai under the control of friends who could be petitioned for safe passage than plowed the waters to New Hanover. The same categories of ownership that distinguished cars, however, also identified boats and their corollary opportunities and limitations as carefully observed by those who hoped to ride along: government, plantation, mission, and cooperatively-owned native vehicles.

Government speedboats whizzed back and forth in an hour or two to Taskul, the government patrol station on New Hanover's east coast, facing Kavieng. On these official craft service personnel went to inspect labor, malaria, fish, agriculture; and patrol officers went to inspect the Council, the jail, and each other. All came back to Kavieng, then, to write reports.

The big government trawler, cowering under the command of Captain Bill Busch, carried high government personnel when Captain Busch, sarcasm dripping through his slight German accent, condescended to allow their presence on his boat: the doctor, inspectors and officers from Port Moresby or from "down south" (e.g., an expert consultant on the building of a small air port on Tingwon island, southwest of New Hanover); United Nations visiting missions, and other persons at or friendly to the apex of the official structure. Unless they worked on one of these boats, or were sick, or had gained a place or a friend in the government hierarchy, natives and anthropologists could not expect to ride on any of these government boats. The government had one large (about 25 feet long) boat primarily for natives, the Mercy. Its usefulness was restricted by exclusiveness and hierarchical considerations that guide all government enterprises: the boat was sent to pick up native Councillors for meetings, but it was not really open to other passengers and it would not take copra.

There were three or four European planters in the islands intervening between New Ireland and New Hanover, the Tigaks; and two on "the big place" (as the natives called New Hanover), as well as one Chinese planter and one Chinese trader. Their work boats went to Kavieng with copra and came back with supplies. Natives could buy passage for a small sum if there was room. More rarely and much more expensively they could hope to send their little cargoes of copra on these work boats.

The native peoples of this area were very much aware that the absence of regular transportation was a major feature of their situation. NINSA, the New Ireland Native Society Associated, had bought a boat, the Medea, to go around to all the islands to collect copra; but inability to establish and keep schedules (along with all the other obstacles in the path of the Cooperative societies in this area, as elsewhere in Papua New Guinea) had

contributed to the low use of this ship for marketing copra. The difficulties of repair and maintenance of all machines in the Territory of Papua New Guinea loomed on the horizon of many an impasse; and when the Medea buggered up, and did not get fixed, copra piled up and waited and rotted.

In this case, pre-industrial solutions to the transportation problem were also not without defect. True, the natives of New Hanover have some sail canoes and some sailing lore. They have many terms which distinguish winds by the time of day or night they come, their direction, their duration, their effects, e.g., whether or not they produce a big sea. People used to wait for an evening wind in Lavongai village if they wished to go to Kavieng, and a favorable one could take them there over night. But their knowledge did not seem to give them plans to conquer the seas in their own canoes, whether by paddle, sail, or by the small outboard motors Father Miller suggested they might get to propel them. Canoes were unstable and weak in comparison with other alternatives. As one man told me, "Before we had no ship. We pulled (paddled) copra by canoe to Taskul. We swam, along with the copra - which buggered up. Sometimes we sent it on the Terecia (a Catholic Mission boat), or the Eruk (a plantation work boat). Then we didn't pull. Then we bought the NINSA ship. We readied copra, took it along in the middle, between Metevoe village and Meterankan village (where a pier was established). Before we could only take it (much further) to Taskul. We were all right then (with the NINSA ship) But later it buggered up. We don't know why.

The best bets for natives and anthropologists were the missions. Both the Methodist mission at Ranmelek, New Hanover, and the Catholic mission at Lavongai had ships about 25 feet long. The Methodist ship, the Daula (seagull), was definitely the most comfortable ride available, and anyone could hitch a ride on it. Rev. Alan Taylor told me that many natives wanted to rent the Daula to carry copra, but he had said No because it would be so dirty. Didn't I think it was dirty enough as it is? he asked, smiling. The Methodists

do not keep plantations as the Catholics do, so they have no copra of their own to carry. In any case, the Daula would have had little free time to carry copra to Kavieng, as the Methodist missionaries used it almost continually to make medical, educational and religious rounds to the Methodist villages.

The Catholics had two similar boats, only one of which worked (at best) at a time: the Rex, which was on its way out; and the Terecia, which was still holding up. These were basically copra boats, for carrying mission and native (when there was room) copra to Kavieng. Father Bernard Miller said that he thought the natives wanted a boat to carry copra more than anything else, judged by what they were always asking him for: his boat. On either Rex or Terecia copra took precedence, but passengers were welcome if there was enough room. The trip to Kavieng took between six and seven hours. Whichever boat went was usually full of hard, lumpy copra bags and of people trying to find a place to put the various parts of their bodies, all of which seemed to have become separate problems; and of their little bags of belongings, including a bite to eat to satisfy hunger and settle nausea. In my notes of February 13, 1967, I have written: "I went to Kavieng with the Rex - a truly gruelling experience. Six hours. Only thing to do is try to sleep or not puke."

Mission supplies were generally ordered by mail or on the "sched," the scheduled radio contact with Kavieng headquarters, and the "boat boys" picked them up after they unloaded the copra. The Lavongai Catholic Mission also had a small "speedboat," the Joseph, which executed the passage to Kavieng in about seven hours. Though very slow, it was much beloved because it was reliable. It served as the main passenger transportation for mission personnel, anthropologists, and the sick into

Kavieng. Some of the other priests had acquired a more luxurious craft, which offered comfortable seating and shade, but also the increased likelihood of seasickness speeding along in an enclosed space often shared with petrol fumes. In the open Joseph seasickness was less likely, but sun stroke very likely unless one hid from the sun under clothes or an umbrella.

There was one other Catholic mission boat, the Margaret: a large, perhaps forty-foot vessel that sailed with passengers and cargo amongst the island of the Bismarck archipelago and the Admiralties. In 1967 it had just been rebuilt with two toilets to the orders of the Captain, an old Tasmanian: "They have their own toilet, this one is for Europeans." I never rode on this boat until 1972, when I was transported to Lavongai along with a tractor and road grader with which the people hoped to build the long-dreamed-of road around their island.

The first half of the trip in any boat from Kavieng to Lavongai was generally pleasant (except in an open speedboat in a driving cold rain when you have a little malaria) because the water is protected all the way to Ranmelek, the Methodist Mission station located just exactly on the smooth side of where the big seas begin. This station is a strong mid-point in the journey, and most ships stop, at least briefly, to leave and receive messages. It is here that the seas clearly and immediately divide: toward Kavieng, they are always calm. Toward Lavongai, they are almost always big, sometimes very big, and they remain big all the rest of the way around New Hanover to the Taskul government station. There was a warm welcome for travelers at Ranmelek, where two houses of European style gave shelter to a European minister

and two women missionaries, a teacher and a nurse. The school and aid post operated by these missionaries made Ranmelek a gathering point for all the surrounding villages.

If you were in a Catholic ship, as I often was, you were likely to stop on the way out from Kavieng at Analaua, the little island within view of Taskul where Catholic sisters have cared for lepers since the 1930's. The gracious and abundant hospitality of the nuns of German, Australian and American descent at this station, four of them in a big old rambling house built by the Germans in the early 1900's, had led to joking amongst the priests of stopping at the "Analaua Hilton." A group of native sisters of a related order lived in an adjacent house and provided welcomes for passing natives. (The first time I went to New Hanover to set up residence, they also provided me with a black and white kitten to replace my orange cat, which ran away during the overnight stop. Everyone assured me that it would soon be eaten by the Manus patients in the leper hospital.) Sister Columbine, who had planted and tended the grounds at Analaua since 1938, was not the only one who felt very sad at the prospect of closing the leper hospital and the Analaua station because of the new preference for the treatment of lepers in their own home villages.

The hospitality was also first class at Carrol Gannon's house at Taskul. He was one of three Europeans at that government station, each of whom had his own house, about twenty minutes' walk away from each other. Carrol was a Medical Assistant in charge of the large aid post, which became Taskul hospital under his direction. It was sometimes possible to get to Taskul but no further for the time being, which meant many people had cause to be in Carrol's debt.

From any of these fine stopping places - Ranmelek, Analaua, Taskul - it was still necessary to "find a road" to Lavongai village. One time Carrol Gannon's local employee, Sering, arranged two canoes on the spur of the moment to paddle me around from Taskul to Lungatan, Jim White's plantation near Ranmelek, in order to connect with the government trawler.

I don't know what I would have done if the Catholic mission had not chosen to treat me as though I were more or less a member of the mission. On more than one occasion Father Miller sent the "Joseph" to get me when I was stranded. The first time was when I had got only as far as Analaua on the Rex on my first journey to Lavongai. When the "Joseph" appeared the next day, I did not realize it had been sent just for me. The second time the "Joseph" came for me was when I was waiting anxiously at Ranmelek, having finished whatever work it was I had gone there to do, and feeling a little in the way, when we all heard the whirr of a little motor boat. In such places and at such times everyone suspends all other activities, guessing by the sound, by the time of day, by the interval since last time, and by knowledge of various calendars of various events and of various motor noises, what boat that probably was. Word is passed along: in this case, "Joseph, Joseph." I was terribly relieved and



could hardly believe my luck, that the "Joseph" should be going by. I only hoped that it was going my way, or could come back my way. I ran down to the dock with everyone else, and was stunned and profoundly grateful to hear, from the boy running the boat, that Father Miller had actually sent the boat to get me! It took two to three hours between Ranmelek and Lavongai, depending on the ship, the seas and the load. The seas were bigger in the day time, and big seas made one sicker in a bigger boat; an evening journey was far preferable to a day time one. I was so relieved that I hardly noticed that it was a bit chilly, as it usually was after dark, on the way home.

In addition to a tremendous increase in security, I also felt an uplift in status when the "Joseph" came for me. Someone had sent a boat for me! Usually I was "in the same boat" as the natives: no boat. Once one has a boat, or a place to sleep, or a can of bully beef and some rice, or a drink of water, it is so easy to forget, so quickly, the paralyzing effect of not having these basic necessities. Europeans enclose their feelings of worry and guilt by firmly believing that the natives do not have these problems, because they take care of each other. This is often not so, and even when it is, they feel the same concern, or more, that we do about imposing on people they do not know well. As difficult as it was for me to get back and forth to Kavieng, it was much more difficult, in every way, for them to do so.

### The Mission

Approaching Lavongai from Kavieng to the east, the village comes into view first, even though it is to the west of the mission. The Lavongai Catholic Mission is tucked back a little in a curve of the island, while the

village reaches along an outstretched beach, one of the regular undulations which bound this nearly round island.

In 1965-67 the Mission had three main structures: the old church on the beach and an old convent, about forty steps up a hill, both built by the Germans in the 1930's and both pocked with a few bullet holes from Japanese guns; and the new priest's house set back a bit from the beach.

From the Mission, the thatch houses of the village can be seen in clusters separated by small patches of bush along the beach.

#### From Lavongai Mission to Lavongai Village

Lavongai Catholic Mission is settled on the east side of Lavongai River, across from the village which stretches out along the beach to the west. Getting back and forth across the river is a daily event for most villagers. They rarely complain. Once, when I asked if something could be done to solve the problem in some fairly permanent way, the people told me casually about a long history of "permanent" solutions, most notably a huge bridge which they had built and admired during Father Kunster's reign at the Mission, perhaps 15 year before, but "water took it away;" and Boski Tom, a big man in New Hanover, came with kiap Paul Bloomfield more recently, in the last few years, and everyone worked together to make another big bridge; but a big tide broke this one, too.

While I lived in Lavongai village people made the crossing on a bamboo raft. It was three layers thick and about six feet square, and tied to a pole at one side of the river or the other. A strong vine stretched between the two poles and travelers on the bamboo ferry pulled themselves, hand over hand, along the vine. This ingenious craft never sank, however full. The children seemed to enjoy operating it, especially when they could

tussle with each other as part of the effort. It would have been perfect, but for two defects; one minor, one major. The minor one was that the "bamboo", as it was called, was often on the other side of the river which one wished to cross. However, usually there was some child in sight who could be pressed into service to bring it across, even if the child had to swim across the river to get it. The major problem was that the bindings which held the bamboo together came undone every week or so. Some of the men or boys had to re-bind it; or, if, as sometimes happened, the whole raft drifted or was washed out to sea, together or piece by piece, the whole raft had to be built anew. During the first months of my field work, the bamboo was usually repaired within a day or so of its collapse, but by July and August it had disappeared altogether, and no new one came to take its place.

Even while the bamboo was functioning, getting across on it was only the first half of the battle. The Lavongai river had an adjacent "finger" across which the people had lain, at Father Miller's suggestion, a single coconut trunk. (Vague plans to construct rails on its sides never produced anything visible.) Even I found it a passable bridge, though I never carried my own tape recorder across it; and I fell only once, after dark. Once several children fell, also after dark, and people mentioned this casually with some amusement.

If the bamboo was not functioning, or sometimes even if it was, people waded across the sandbar that formed at the "eye" (mouth) of the river. This trip through the water, which reached above the waist at the midpoint of the journey, was acceptable and easy at the end of a long day's work, when one was on one's way to wash in the river. It was discouraging when one was dressed up and on the way to church Sunday morning, and unacceptable

if one had a sore on one's leg that had just been bandaged at the mission aid post. In these circumstances, people relied on canoes to make the crossing. There were never enough canoes, and some people always waded anyway; but there was usually some vessel, and some child who could be called to get it. The people of Lavongai were very much aware, as they waded across the sandbar, that they could not have done so safely twenty years ago, when many of them were children and their mothers had forbade them to go in the water; either the crocodile-infested river or the sea in front of their homes, where crocodiles were sometimes seen. But crocodile hunters had performed a service for villagers making their waters nearly safe by killing most of the crocodiles: most, but not all. As late as 1960, Piskaut's child had been eaten by a crocodile, and Pasingan's child had disappeared at water's edge. Pasingan had refused to accept the view that the crocodile had taken him.

### The Village

The village of Lavongai consists of several dozen thatch houses in rambling clusters along the beach east of the mission for half a mile, and another dozen either set back a little into the bush or along the beach half a mile to the west of the mission. The main section of the village is divided by a stand of coconuts a hundred feet wide. The thatch houses composing the western division, Palkarung, are clustered more densely than are those toward the river, where some, but not all, social division is marked by spatial separation.

Inland from the far western part of the village is a large cemetery where lie the dead of all the village. People pass near it on the path to the next village. There are no paved roads in New Hanover, and the

paths which connect villages lead through them along the beach, the main thoroughfare. Little paths lead into the bush from the back of the village where people have established latrine areas, separate for men and women.

Occasionally men, more often boys, hold fishing lines along the beach, where the water quickly becomes shoulder deep. Usually some woman is doing her washing in the river. People carry bottles into the bush to find clear small streams for drinking water. All day people may be seen going back and forth across the river, but especially in the morning and evening, when work is done and school at the mission is out. Despite the difficulty of the crossing, a few change their clothes and go back across to the mission, when the angelus is ringing, to join the school children in the church for evening prayer. Most set about the tasks of preparing the evening meal, the only one for which the family joins during the day.

#### The Hamlets

The hamlets of Lavongai village do not seem to be clearly "home" for their residents as they are for the people of Mangai (cf. Chapter Two). A few people mentioned a place that their parents and perhaps a few others came from as though it were somehow more clearly "home" for their parents than their Lavongai residence is for them. But sometimes it is known that the parents' parents came from somewhere else, or sometimes the old parents themselves speak of the place where they were born without this sense of belonging that tinges the tone of voice of their children when they speak of the same place, where they have never been. It seems likely that, in view of all the evidence (which follows), many people in New Hanover would like to belong a little more clearly to some "home" than they do. The only context in which they speak of "my place" is a belligerent one in

which they make a claim against what they see as possible intrusion by outsiders into the only place where they may hope to make their stand: the hamlet where they live and to which they have elaborated some claim in the form of a historical argument.

The map (Map ) shows the hamlets in relationship to each other, the beach, the river and the Mission. There is no "camp" in Lavongai, but meetings take place near the government rest house and the water tank, structures whose presence has created a kind of "public area."

# Occupants

House number

1.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
 and 2. Aine Makanbalustimui  
 (Timui)

3.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
 Limone

4.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
 Boserong Neruliwok

5.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
 and Sansoo Agnes

6. (Demolished, 1967)  
 and 9. (Added, 1967)

7.  $\triangle$  —  $\triangle$   
 Jacob Barnabas

8.  $\triangle$   
 Bukalik

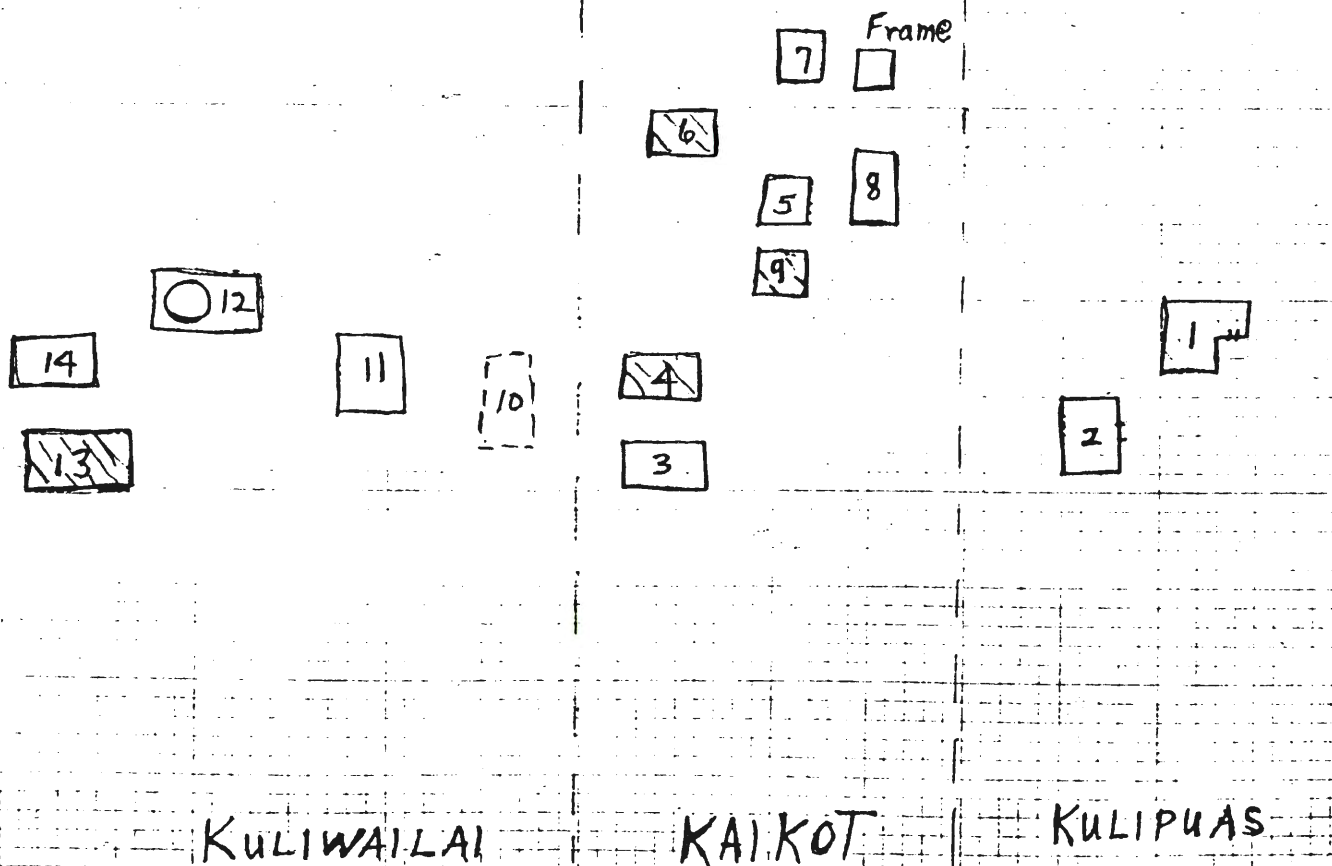
10. Former Residence  
 (House uninhabitable)

$\triangle = \bigcirc$   
 Babi Marion

11. Government Rest House

12. Tank, with roof, catchment

13.  $\triangle = \overline{\overline{\bigcirc}}$   
 and 14. Joseph Nebi



KULIWAILAI

KAIKOT

KULIPUAS

15.  $\triangle = \circ$   
and Malekaian Ngurkot

17. (Demolished, 1967)

$\triangle = \circ$   
Tolimbe Makansuimaris

18.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Tisiwua Bokai

19. (Demolished, 1967)

$\triangle$   
Thomas

20.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Pungmat Litania

21.  $\triangle = \circ$   
and Piskaut Makan-  
22. silaigai

23.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Kiukiuvaitas Patab

24. (Demolished 1967)

25.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Tombat Makan-  
26. bengebenge-  
and Kasirolik Remi mailik

27.

28.  $\triangle = \circ$   
through Silakau Ngurvarilam

31. 30. (Demolished, 1937)

TUKISOVONG

68 69

BUSH

25

23

24  
Frame

22

21

31

Copra  
Drier  
(Broken)

16

15

30

29

19

18

17

28

27

26

20

TUKIMERINGU

METAKAIKOT



32.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
and Aping = Ngu r

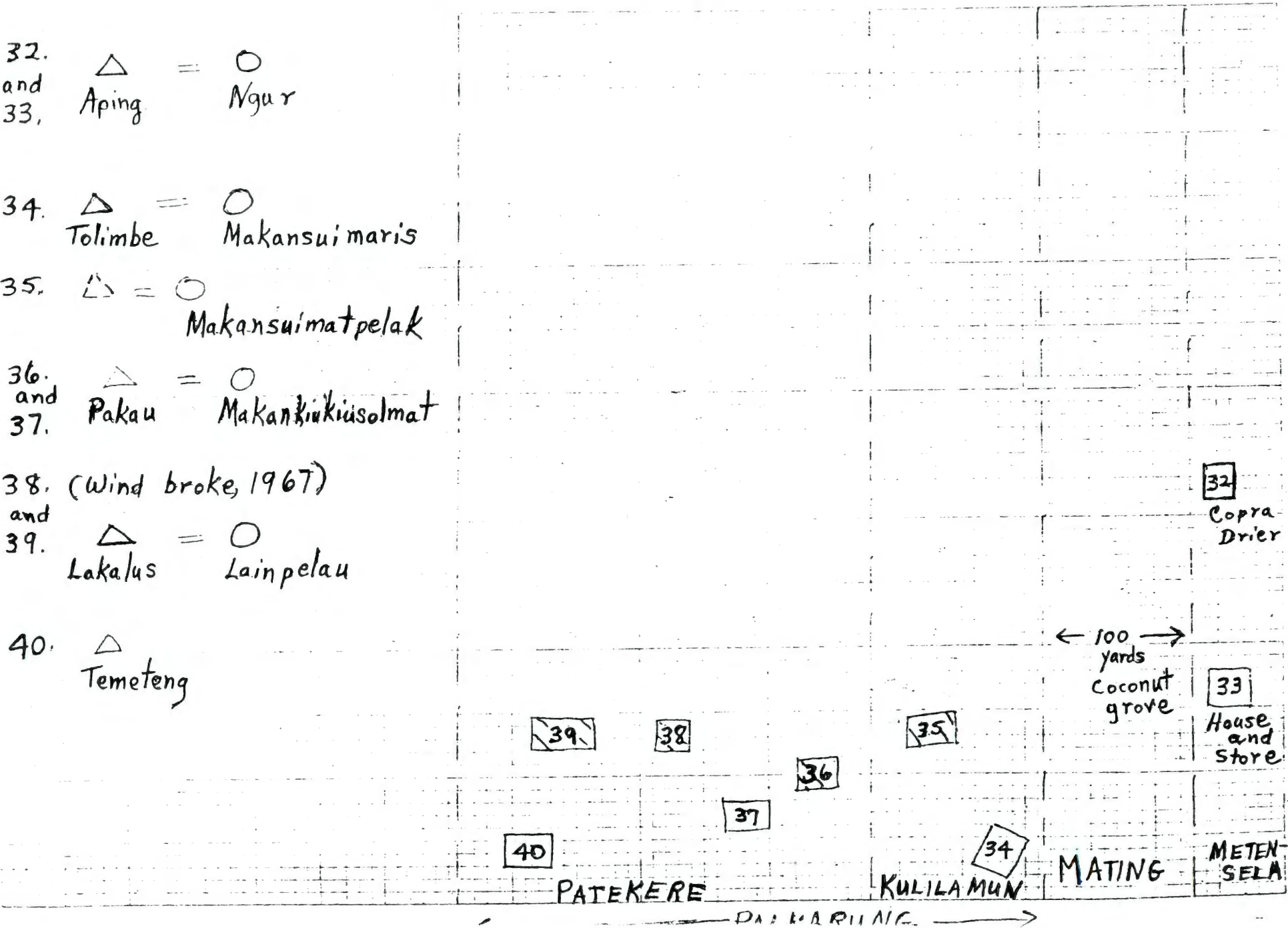
34.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
Tolimbe = Makansuimaris

35.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
Makansuimatpelak

36.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
and Pakau = Makankiukisomat

38. (Wind broke, 1967)  
and  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
39. Lakalus = Lainpelau

40.  $\triangle$   
Temeteng



41.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
and Ngumarismat Nematul

43.  $\triangle$   
Galai

44.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
and Waluskoil Delilah  
45.

45

43

44

42

41

PALMAT

UFULA

46.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
and 47. Polos = Kavungpalis

48.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
Boskeru = Silvali

49.  $\circ$   
Maria

50.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
Topi = Makanbalusvok

51.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
Bunkarat = Tarangok

52.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
Bonail = Mismarion

53.  $\circ$   
Toosepatemaram

54.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
Maivis = Rondi

55.  $\triangle$  =  $\circ$   
and 56. Vakngupat = Taia

House posts  
○○○  
○○○

53

51

49

47

56

55

54

52

50

48

46

PANAPURUK

PALMAT

DAL KADUNG

57.  $\triangle = \circ$   
and 58. Kiukiumalingro Seelai

59.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Pakare Marai

60.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Yangalik Kuskus

61.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Tarerei Makan

62. Yangalik's copra  
drier

63.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Peterus Makankiukiu-  
luma

64.  
and 65.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Pamais Kavulik-  
ewunep

66.  $\triangle$   
Pakare

67.  $\triangle = \circ$   
Bangaret Tarangok

67

66

65

64

63

Copra  
Drier

62

61

59

58

60

57

BOASMALA

METEOR

KAVINMAI

← PALKARUNG →

70.  
and  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
71. Babi Marion  
and  
72.

73.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
Silaurolouai Piraien

74.  
and  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
75. Bateton Newoimai

76.  $\triangle = \bigcirc$   
and Aini Eta  
77.

Metatonlik river

77 76

72

71

70 Copra  
Drier

73

75

74

METATONLIK

METELEMARAM

METETINGUM

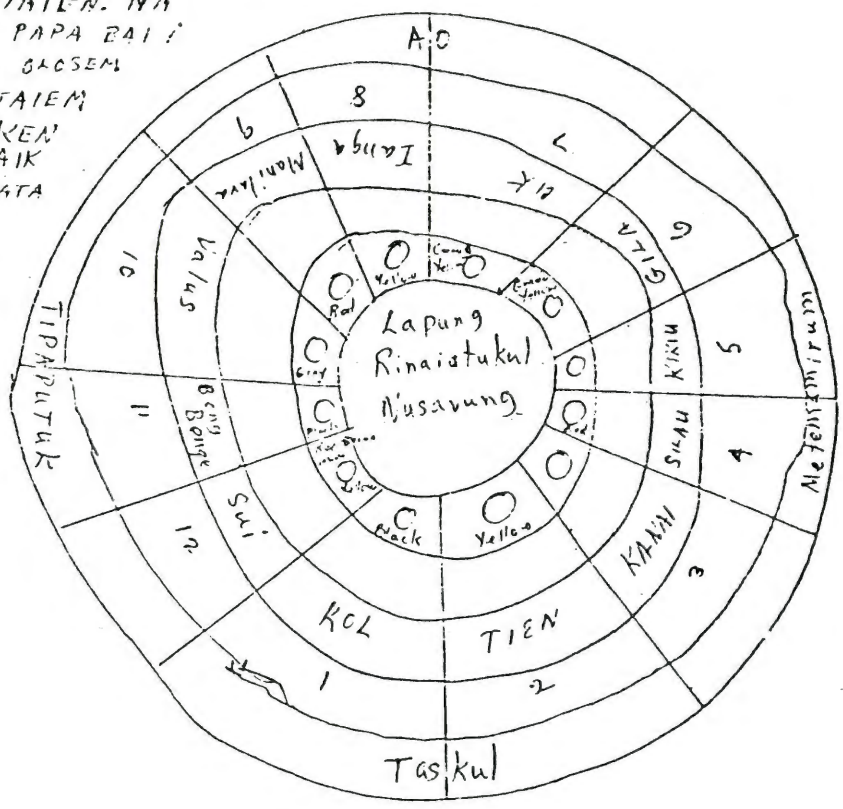
BEACH

BIPD TAIEM MI BIN HARIM STORI  
 BILONG IRLAND NEW HANOVER I BIN  
 LAUK CLOSEM I BIN GAT PEIS BILONG  
 IL PISIN CR BISNIS NARAPELA BISNIS CR  
 PISIN I LAIK MARIT IMAS GC BAIEM LON NARAPELA  
 LAEM BIEM MERI KARIM OR BORON CLOSEM  
 PISIN MERI CR GIRL IMAS GC BEK LONG VILLAGE.  
 BILONG ANNA BAI I HES NEXIM EKOWAP BILONG  
 PISIN CR PISIN. NY IMAS CLIM PLEN-TRI BILONG  
 MERI CR BISNIS. EM GC STENAI LONG CL HAKEL  
 BILONG EM BAI IMAS NGIM PLES BIAEM. NA  
 TAIEM MAN IMA SIEN BAI LONG PAPA BAI I  
 HAS NGIM PLES BIAEM WANTING TU CLOSEM  
 NA MAN MAN MI LAIK ISTIP VANTAIEM  
 PAPA IMAS ISTIP UNTAIM MAMAMIKEN  
 TU NA PIKIMNI MERI TU SPOC. LAIK  
 EM NA EM BILONG PUPU CR GRENFATA  
 BILONG MI ISIN STORI LONG MI  
 BOSAPIDAP EM I BIN STOP LONG  
 TAMA BILONG PAIT. BIPD TAIEM  
 MI ANGELE TIVANE  
 BILONG PALVANGAVANAT  
 CR TIKIEITAPUK VILLAGE

West  
Vasanga

IES NAU MITOKILIA LONG DISPELA PLES LONG  
 PALMETEAS OR EAST COST BILONG NEW HANCOVA  
 BISNIS BILONG MI I BIN BOSIM. LONG TAIEM  
 IET. NAU SAM BISNIS I LAIK POLIM MI NA INKEM  
 MI CAT HAIDIA CLOSE. PUPU I BIN TOKIM MI LONG  
 ANAS BISNISOK I BIN STOP WANTALE BIPD TAIEM  
 LONG PALVANGAVANAT. EM NAM BILONG CLIM  
 MI KOLIM. MI KOLIM BISNIS NA VILLAGE.  
 VALUS, VAIMUSAU, MANILAVA, NEISCKSCK MAL

{KIUKIU  
 SUI  
 IANGA} METENGA VIA



Matbung  
 North

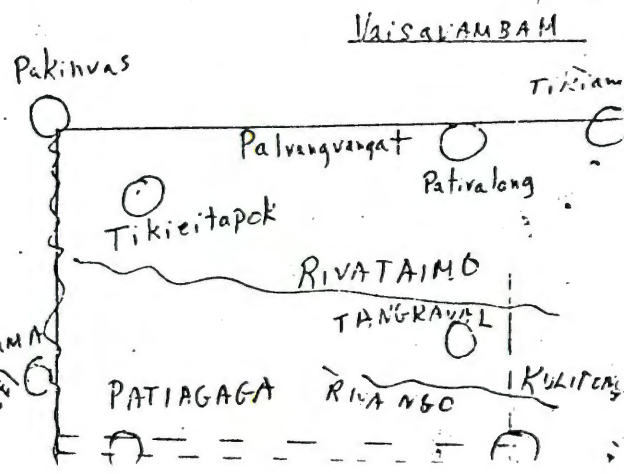
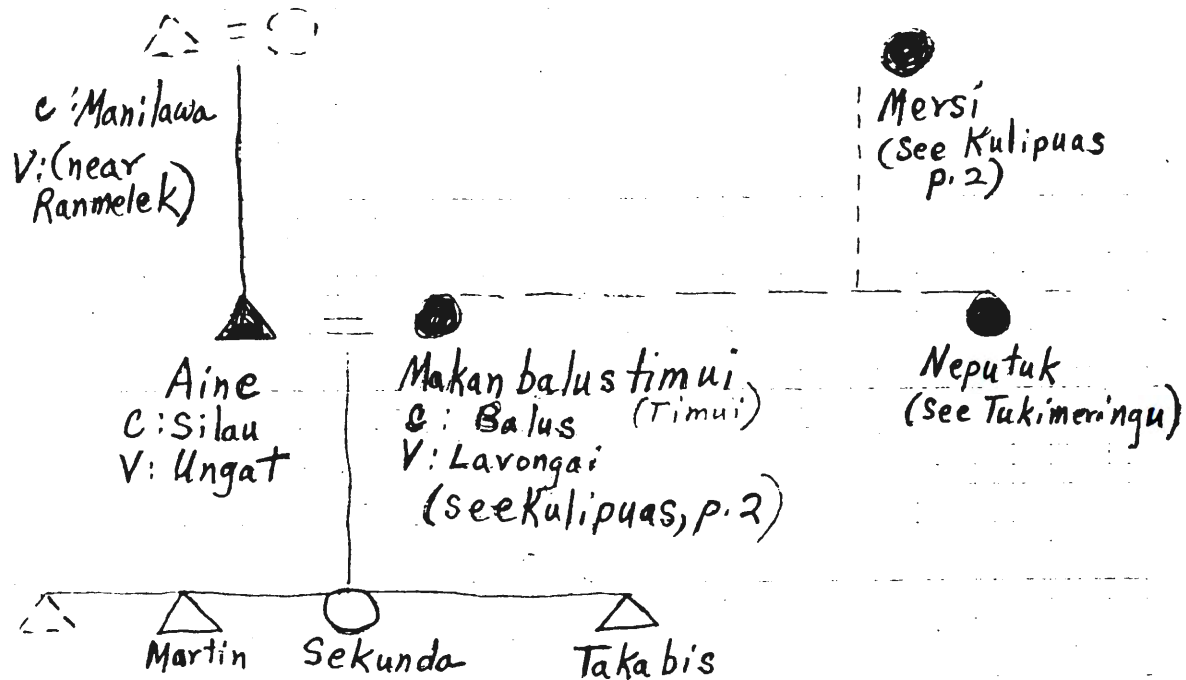
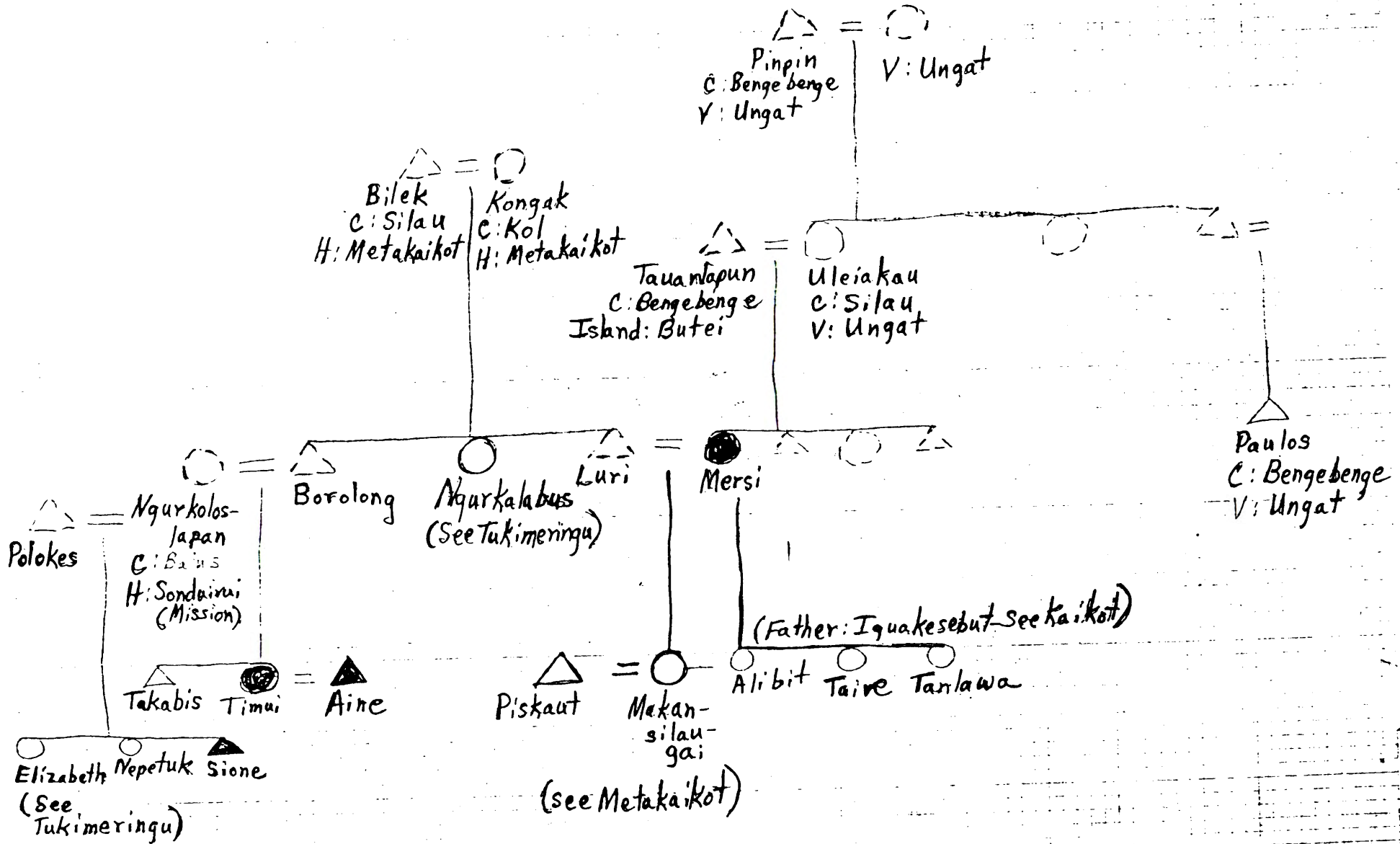


Diagram of clan origins  
 of Uluale and Boski Tom

# KULIPUAS

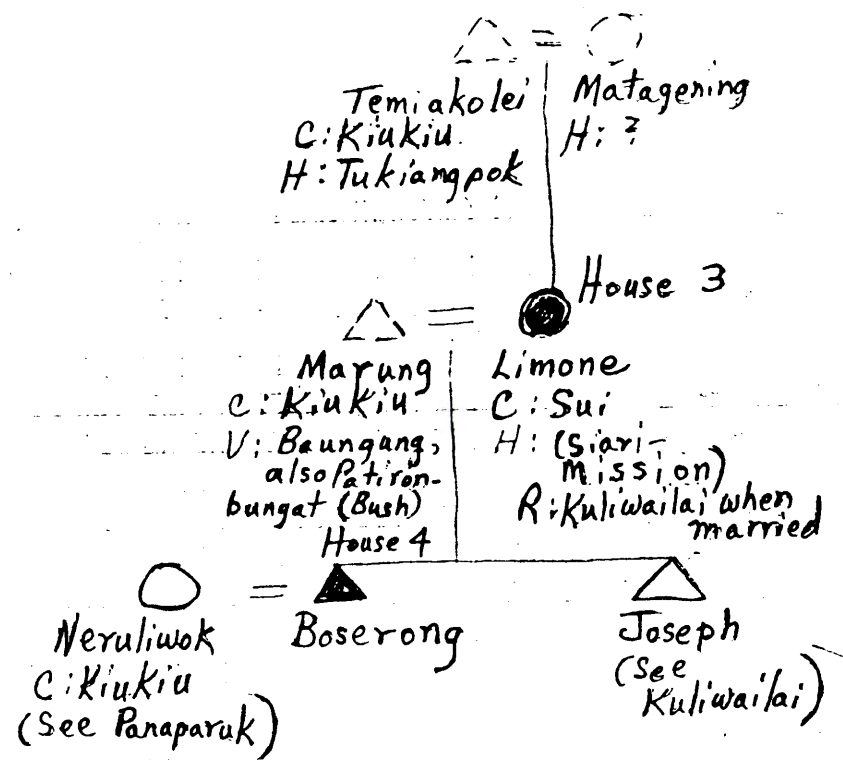


# KULIPUAS, p. 2





# KAIKOT



KAIKOT-p.2

Bokalip  
C: Silau

Talaia

Suisak  
C: Sui  
H: Patingo  
(Up river from Lavongai)

Damu  
V: Lungatan

Allang  
V: Lungatan  
Moved to Mating

Tamaris  
V: Ungat

Toospate-maran

Kikokbot

Vatposig

Makankama (See Meteor)

Babi Piraien (See Meteor)

Sekson (See Meteor)

Iguakesebut  
C: Balus  
H: Moli'k (at head of water)

Yama  
C: Kol  
H: Mating (Birth Place)

Luci

Maria

Topi (See Panapuruk)

Delilah (See Ufuka)

Laisi Ckiukiu  
V: Bolpua

Dualpalau  
V: Tiaputuk

House 7  
Yacob

House 5  
Agnes

Sunsos  
C: Manikawa  
V: Saula

Monika

Paranis

Matla

House 8  
Bukalik  
C: Manikawa  
V: Saula

Mausau

Anna  
Manus Island

House 7  
Barnabas Balus Tasi'uat

Biari

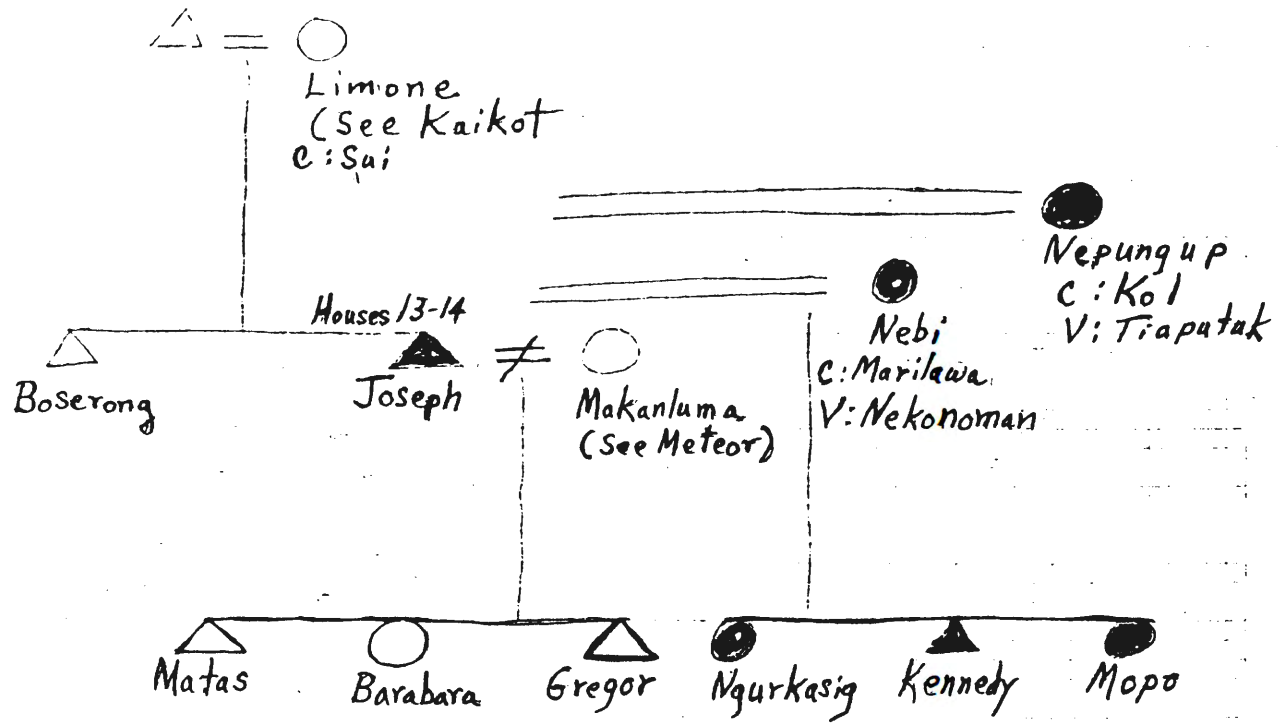
Pallos

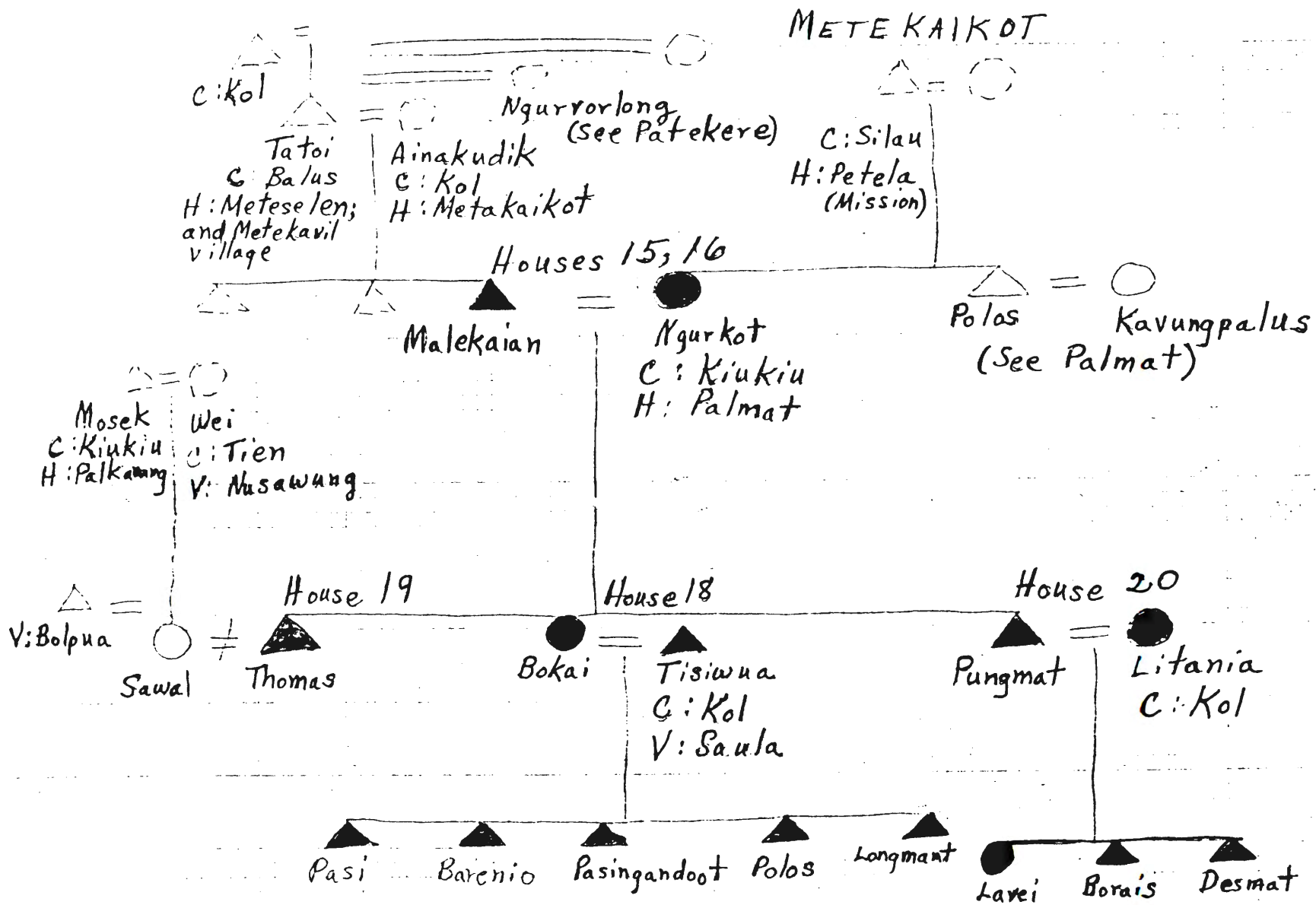
6 Children

Gerard 5 Children

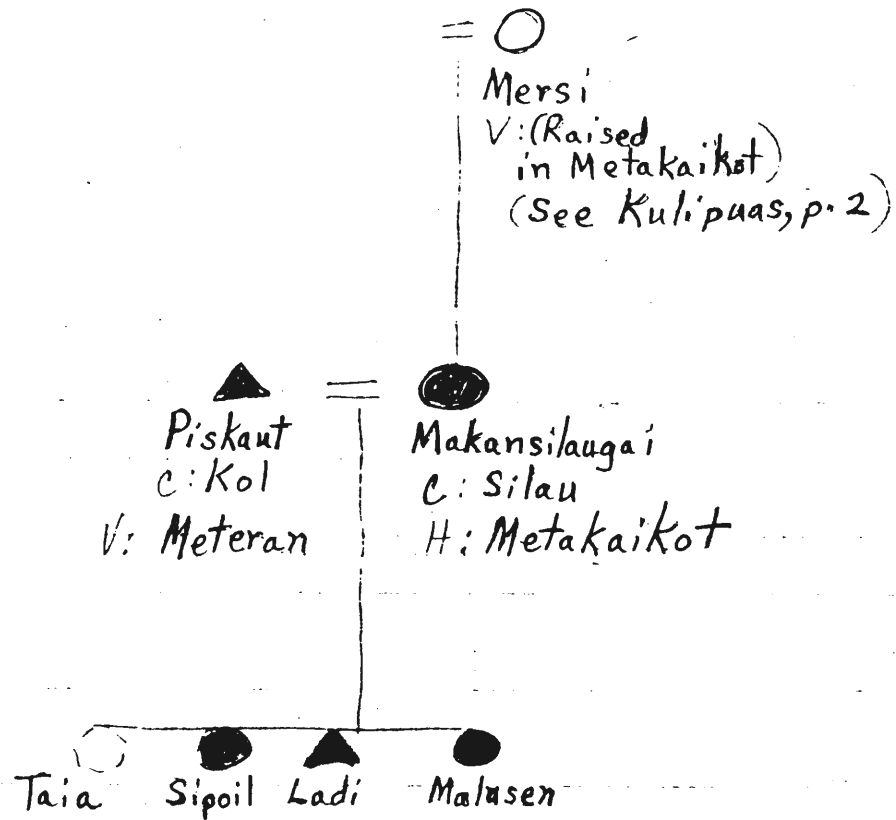
Teodor

# KULIWAILAI

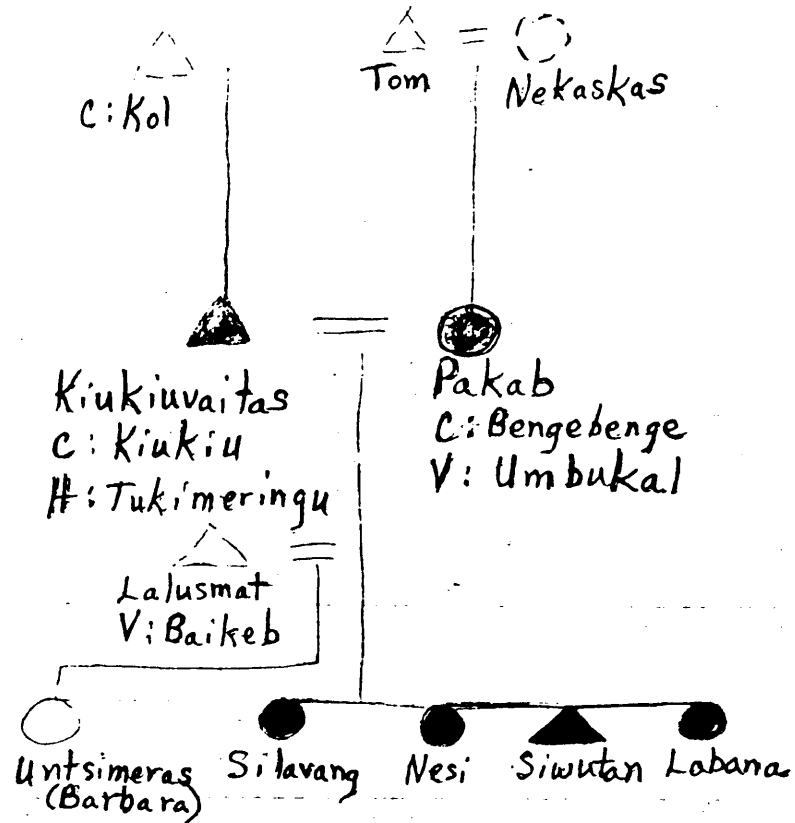




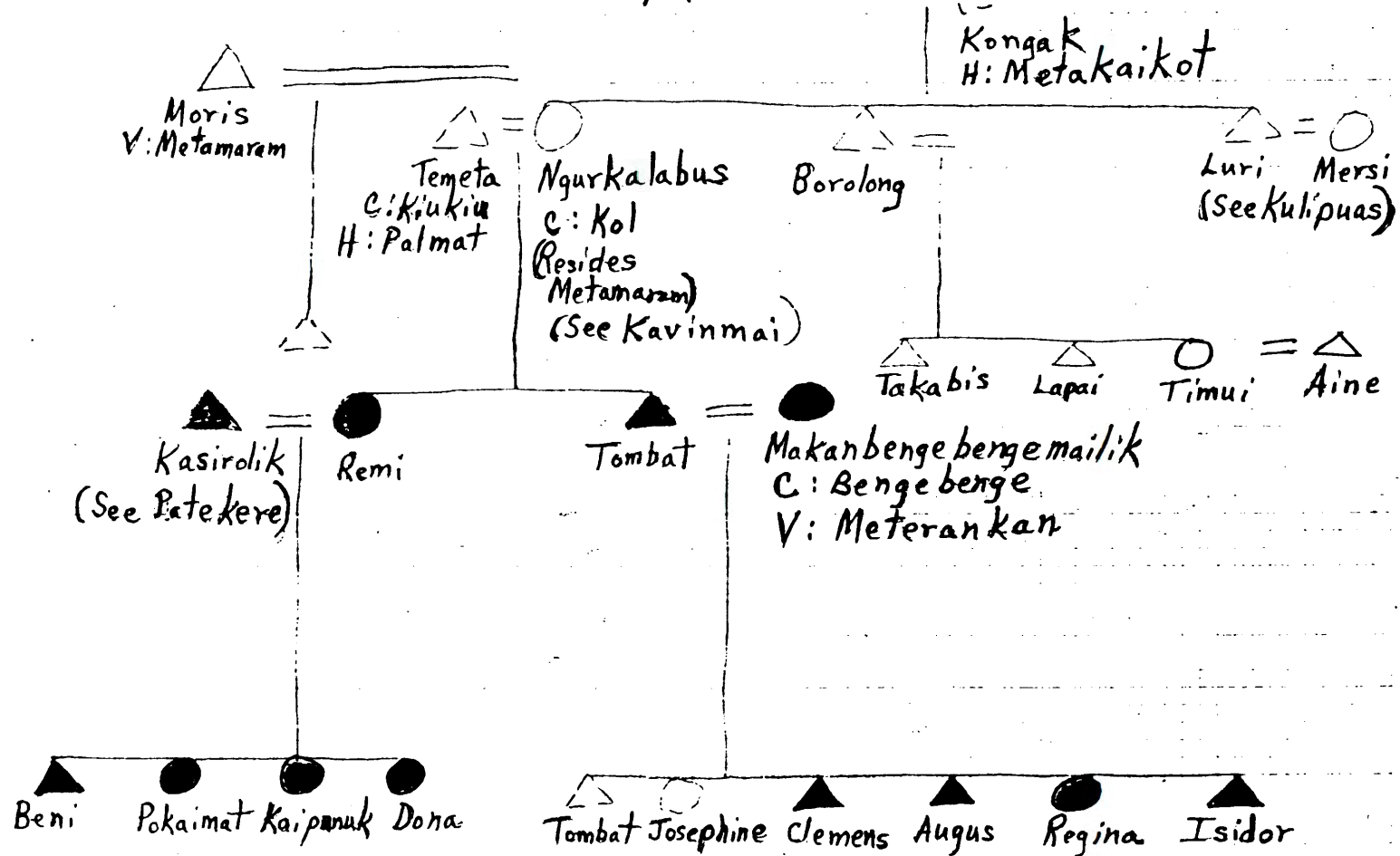
# Metakaikot p. 2



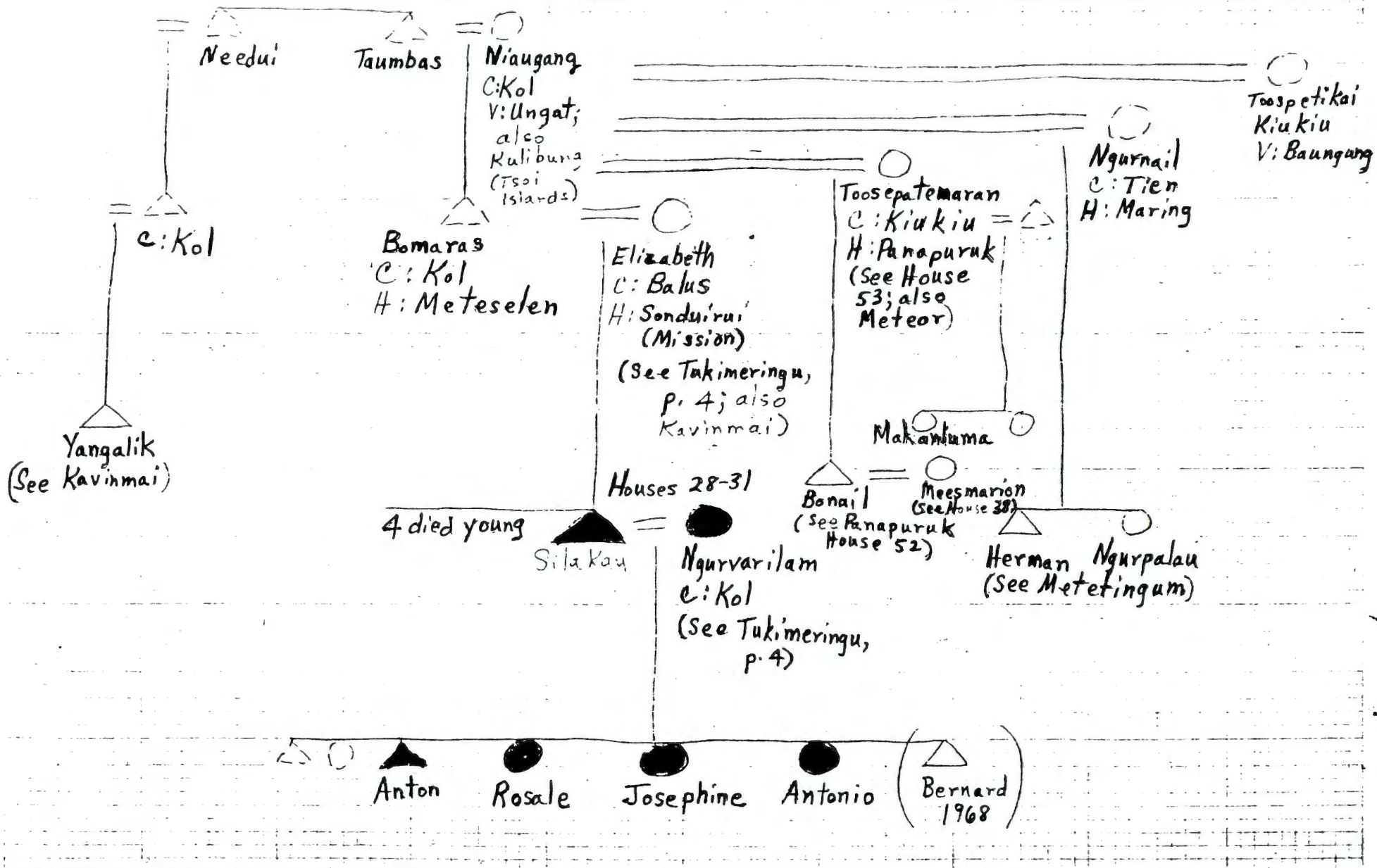
# TUKIMERINGU



# TUKIMERINGU, p. 2

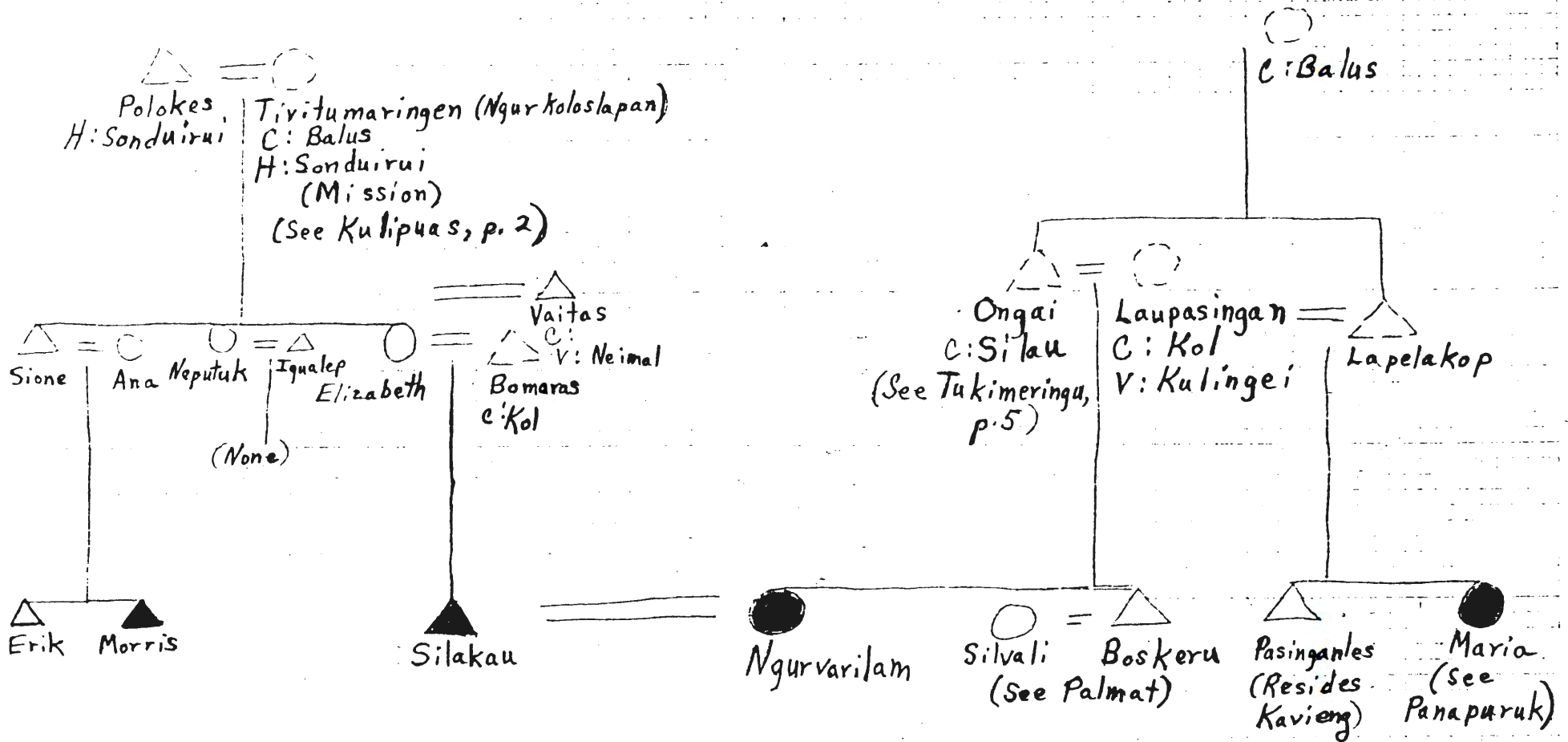


TUKIMERINGU, p. 3

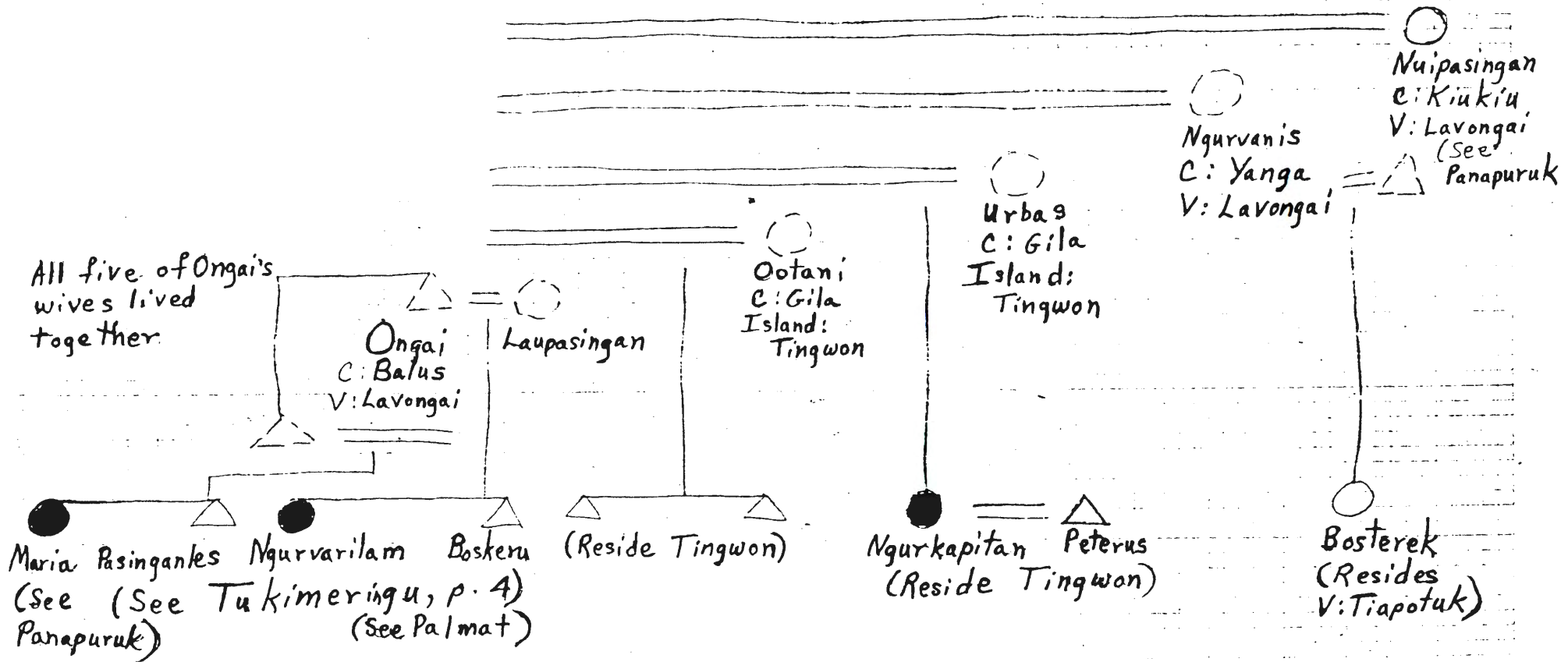


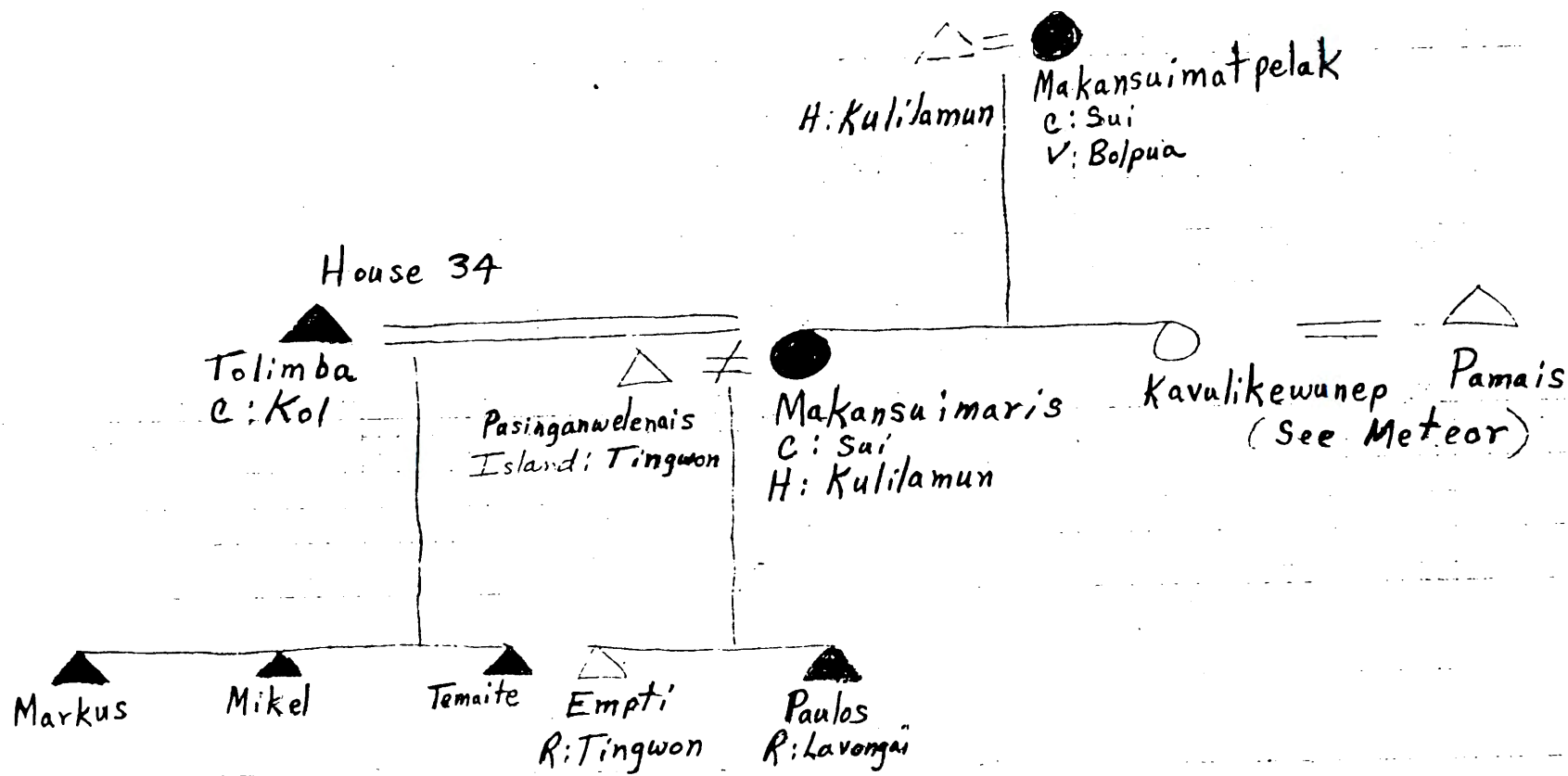


TUKIMERINGU, p. 4

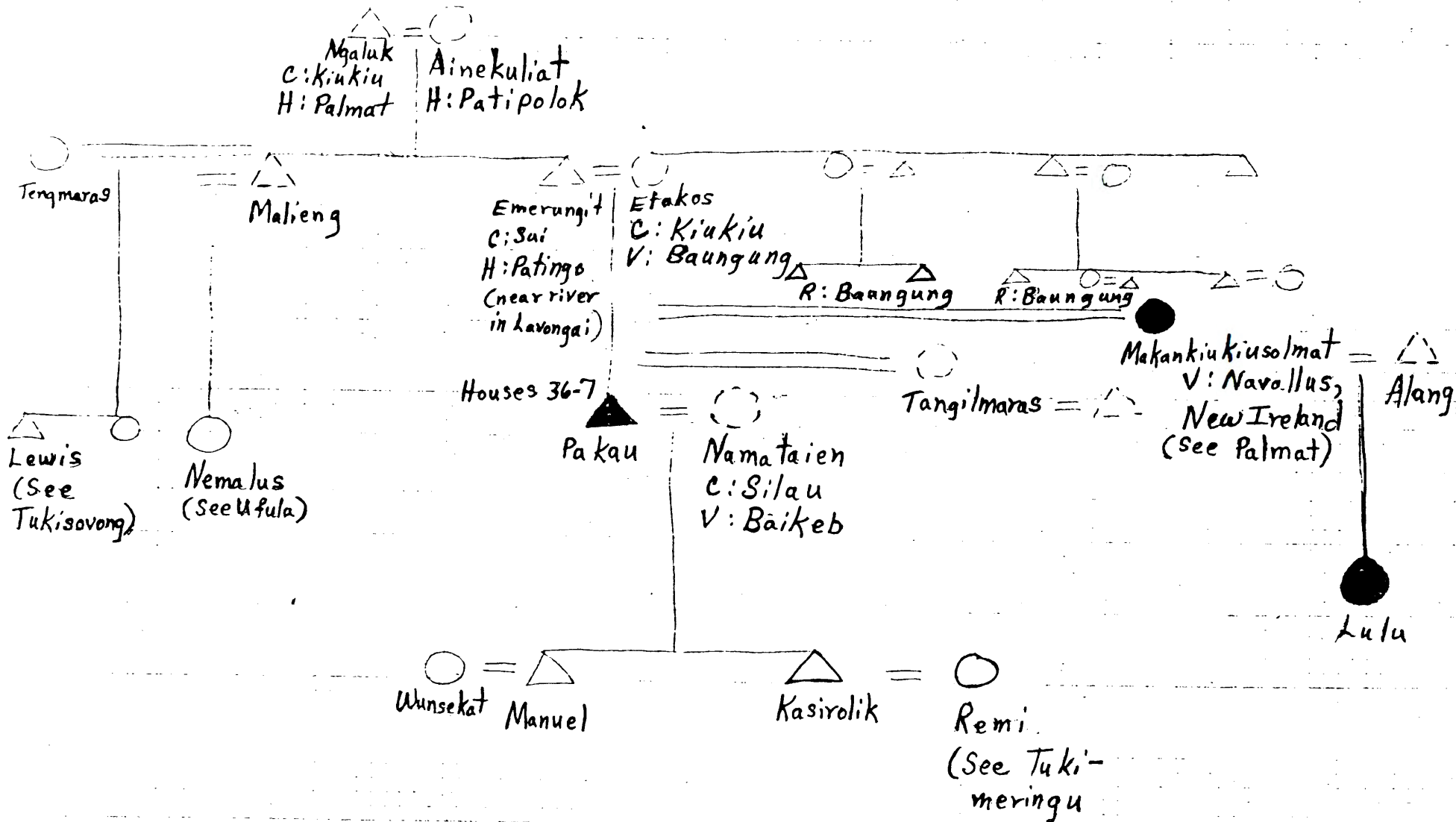


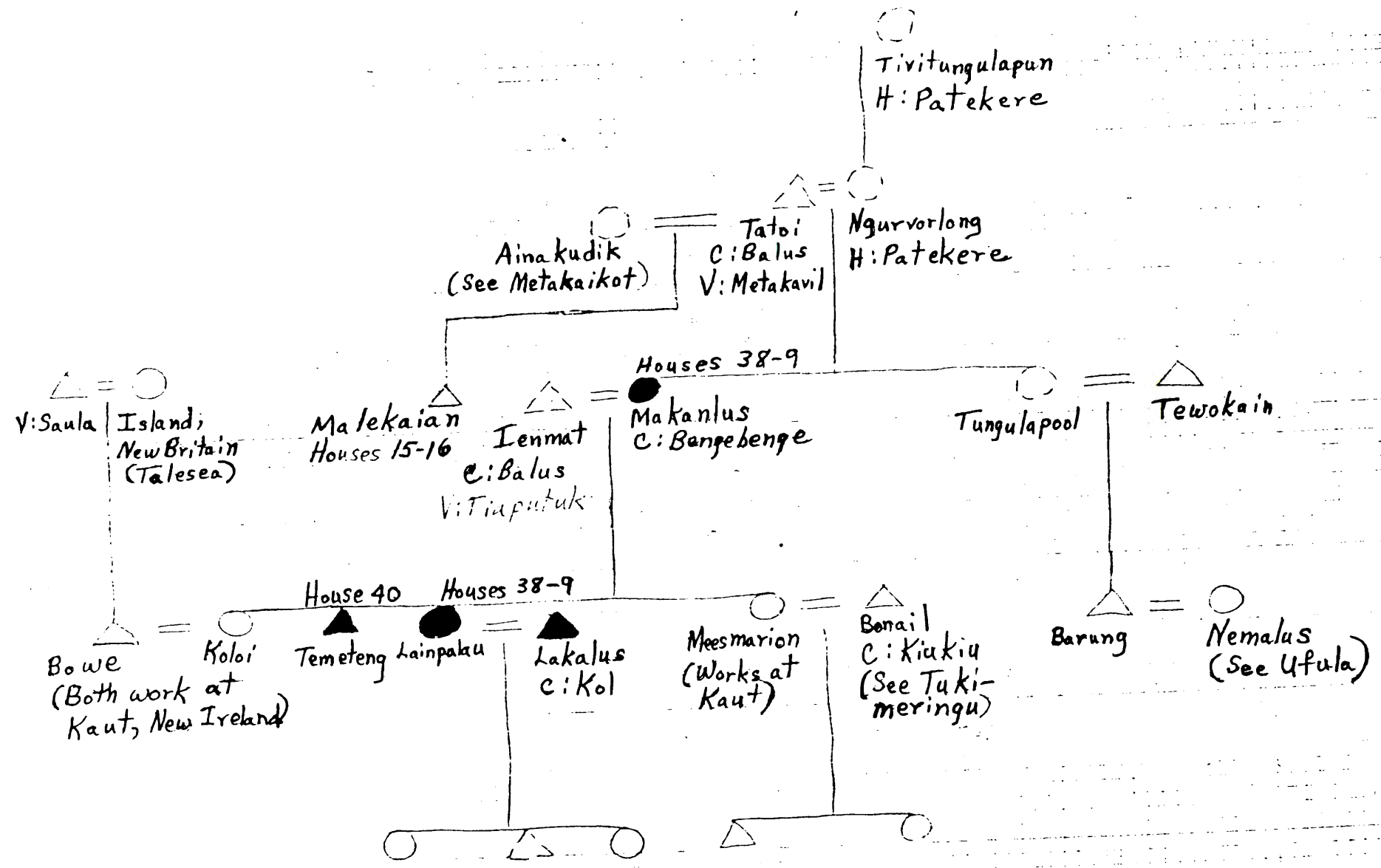
TUKIMERINGU, p. 5

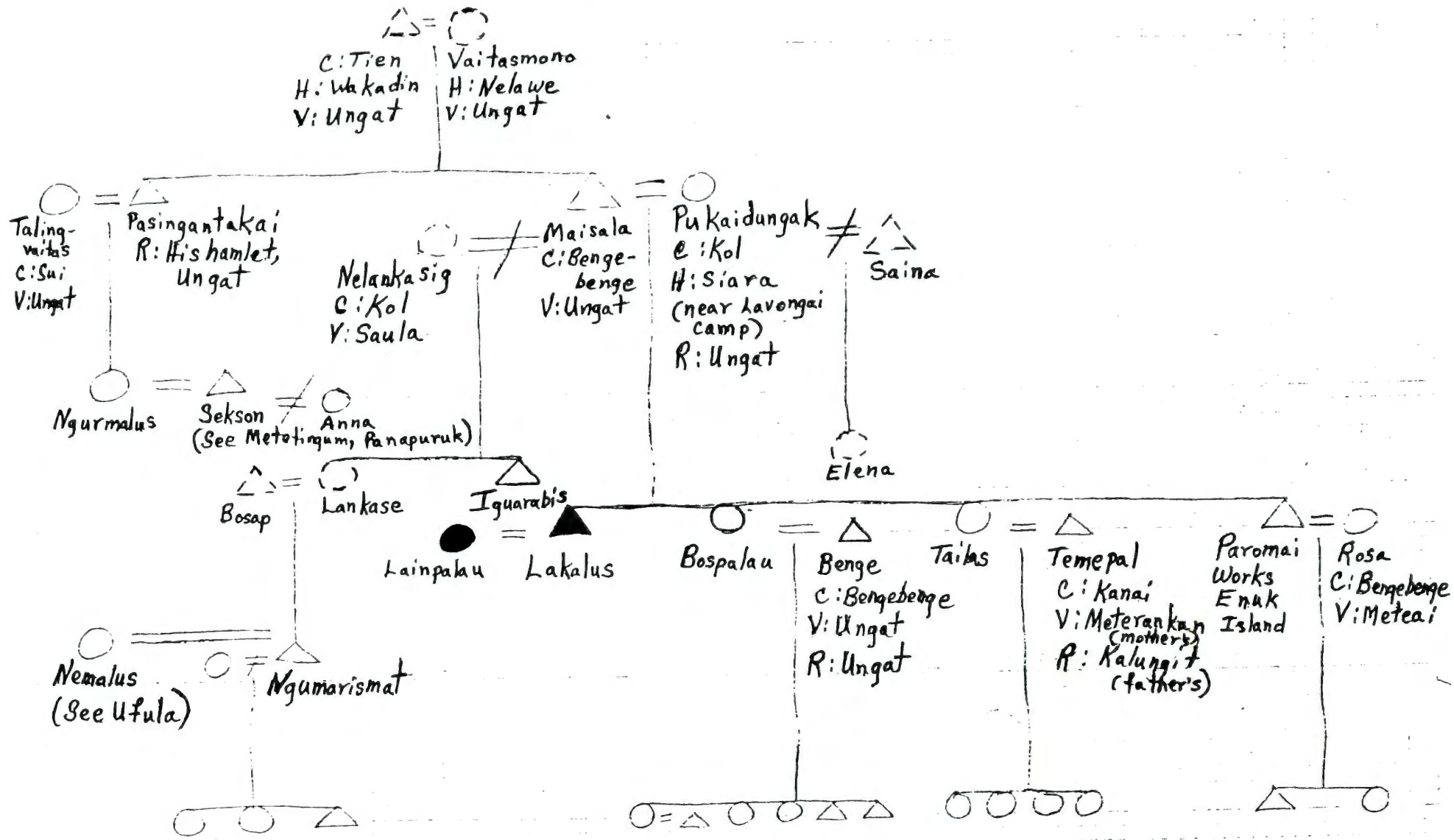




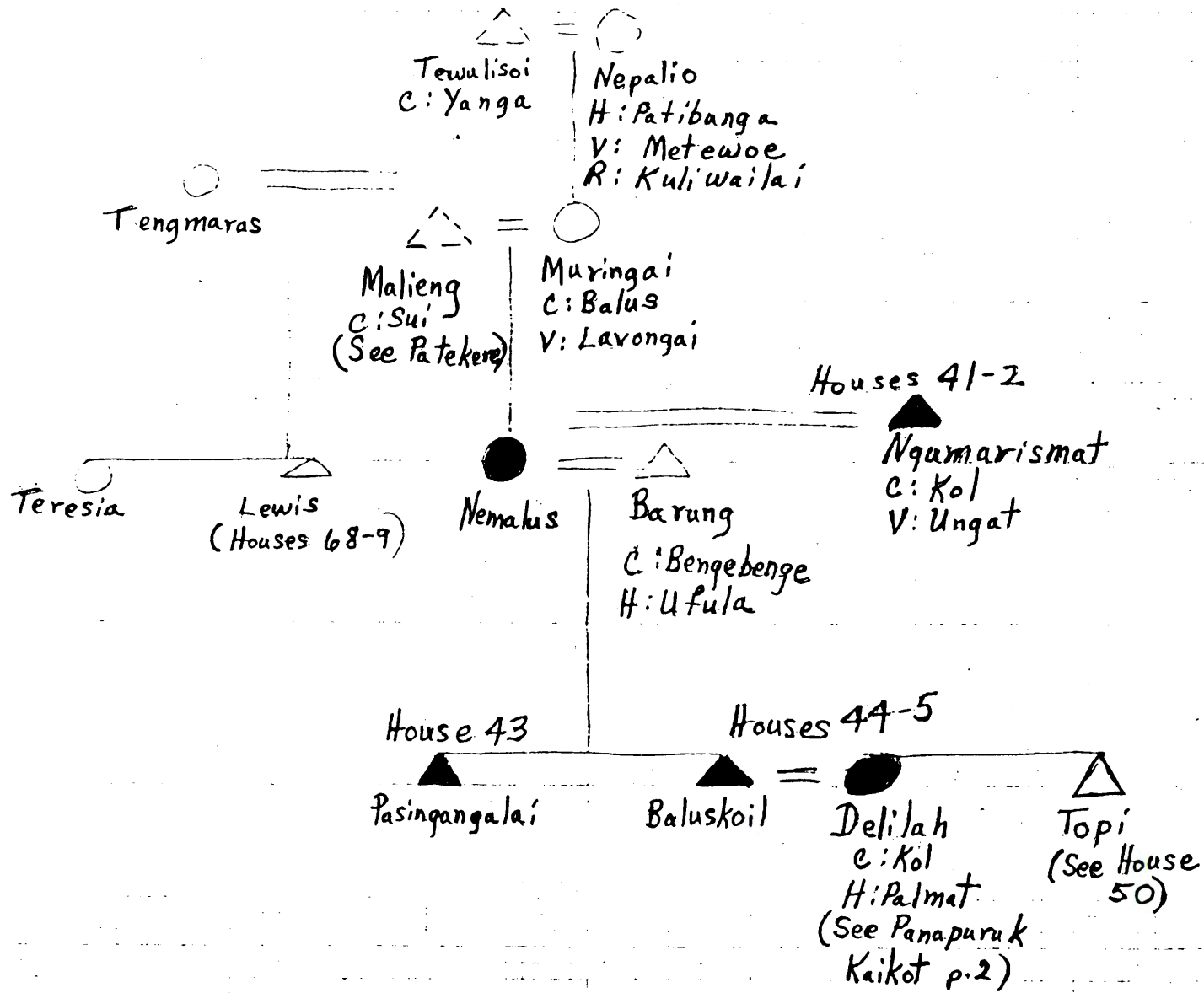
# PATEKERE



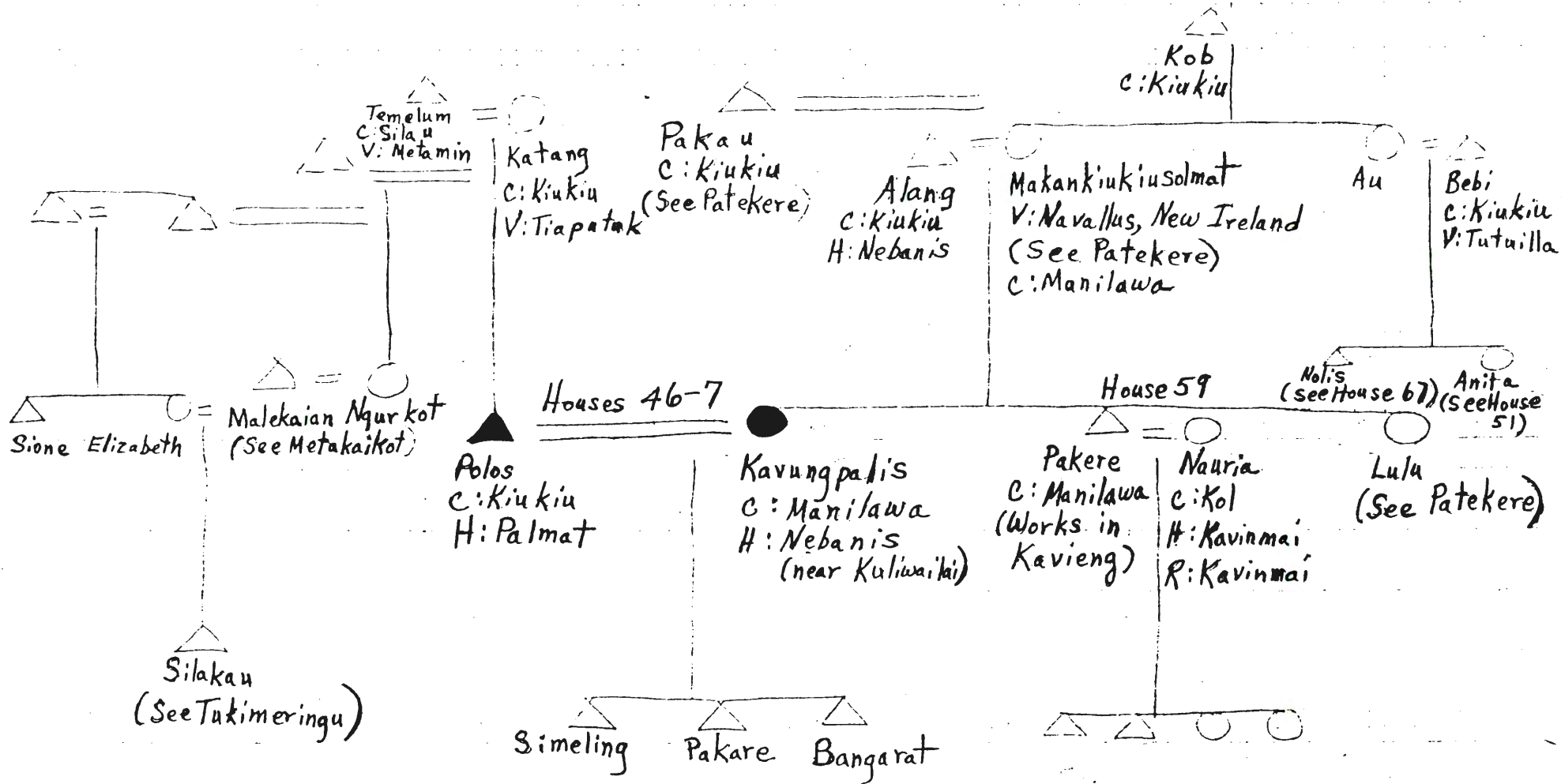




# UFULA



# PALMAT





PALMAT p. 2

△ = ○  
Ongai  
C: Sui  
H: Palmat  
Lau pasingen  
C: Kol  
V: Kulingei

△ ≠ ●  
(New Maria  
Guinea) (See  
Tukimeringu)

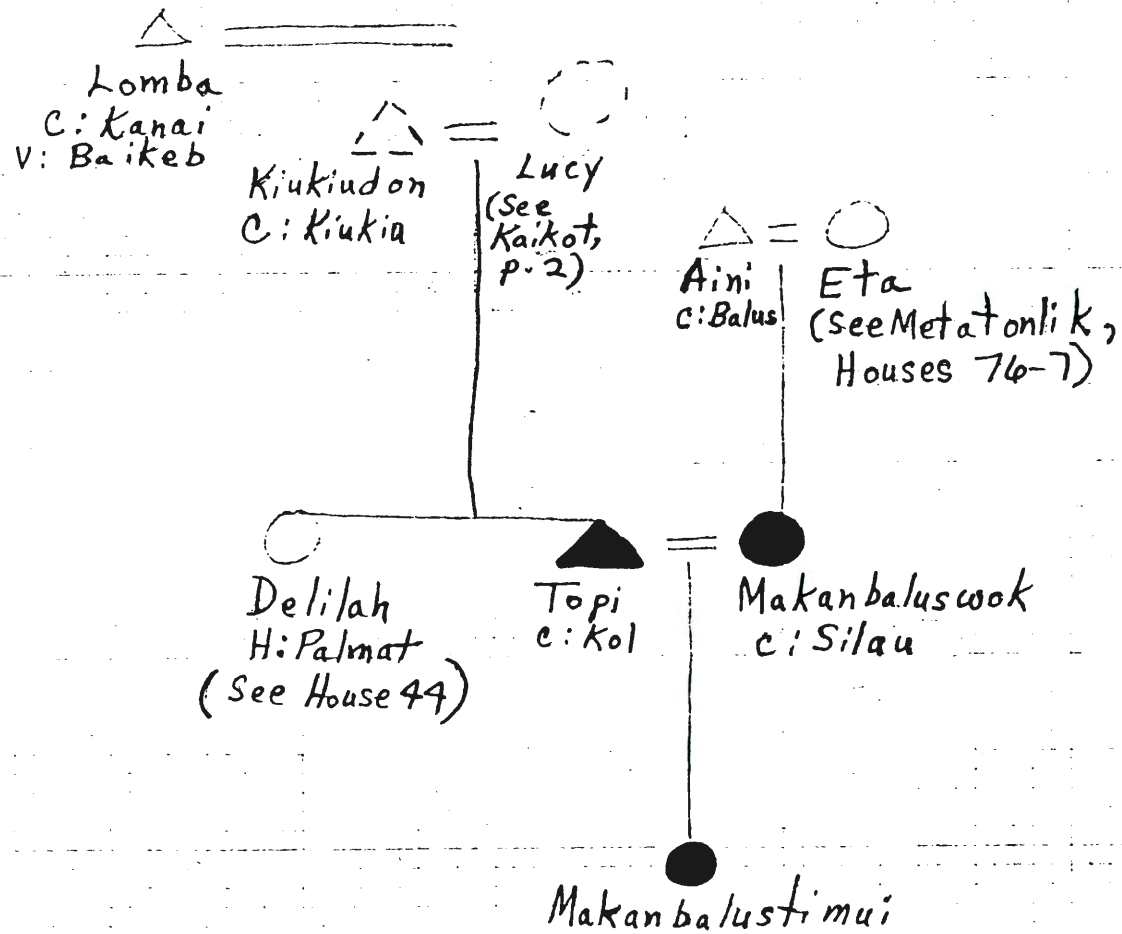
○  
Ngurvarilam  
(See Tukimeringu)

▲ =  
Boskera  
C: Kol  
V: Kulingei  
R: Palmat

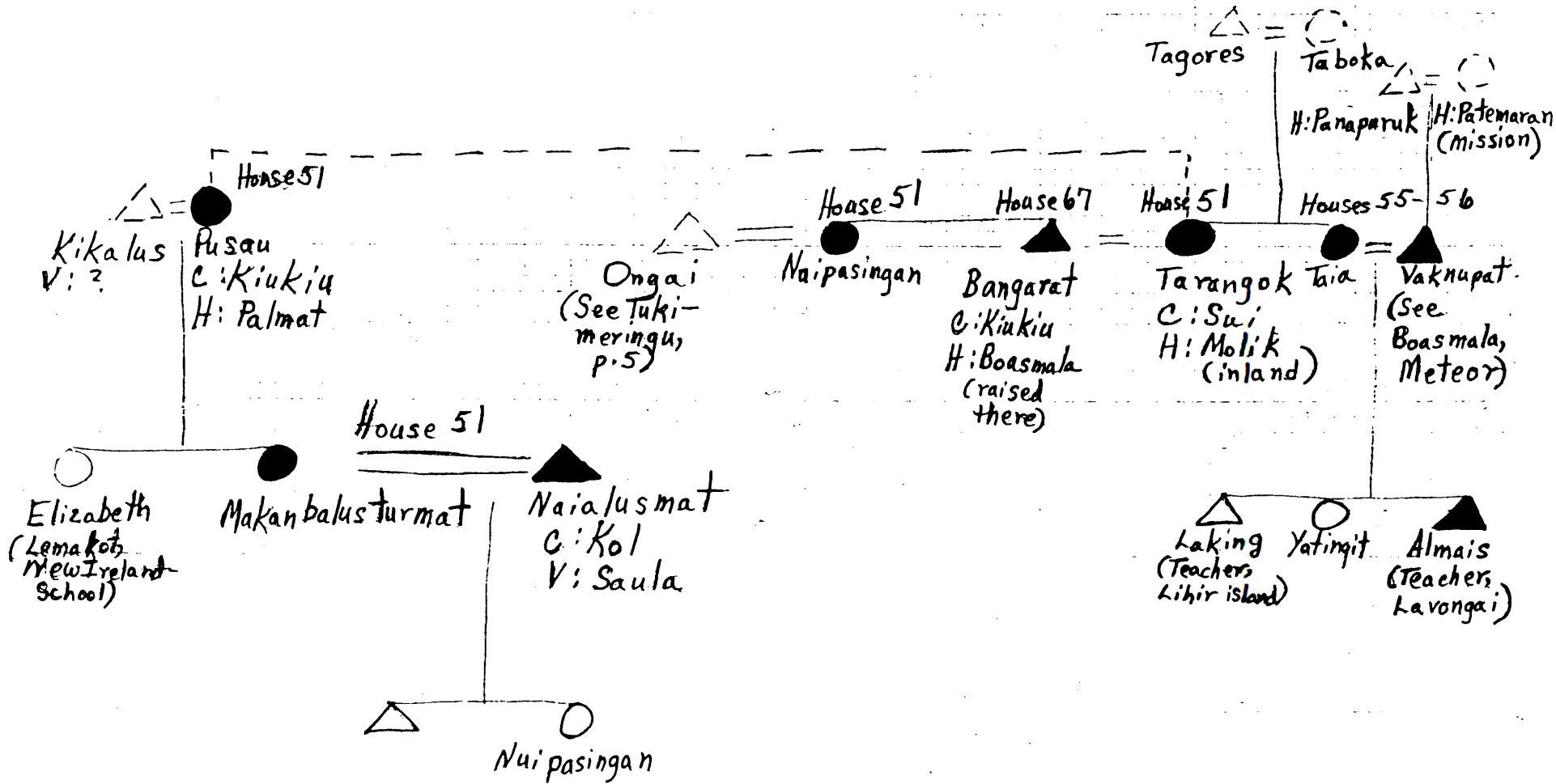
●  
Silvali  
C: Bengebenge  
V: Meterankan

○ ○ ○ ○  
Langos Devalis Agnes Ngurvarilam

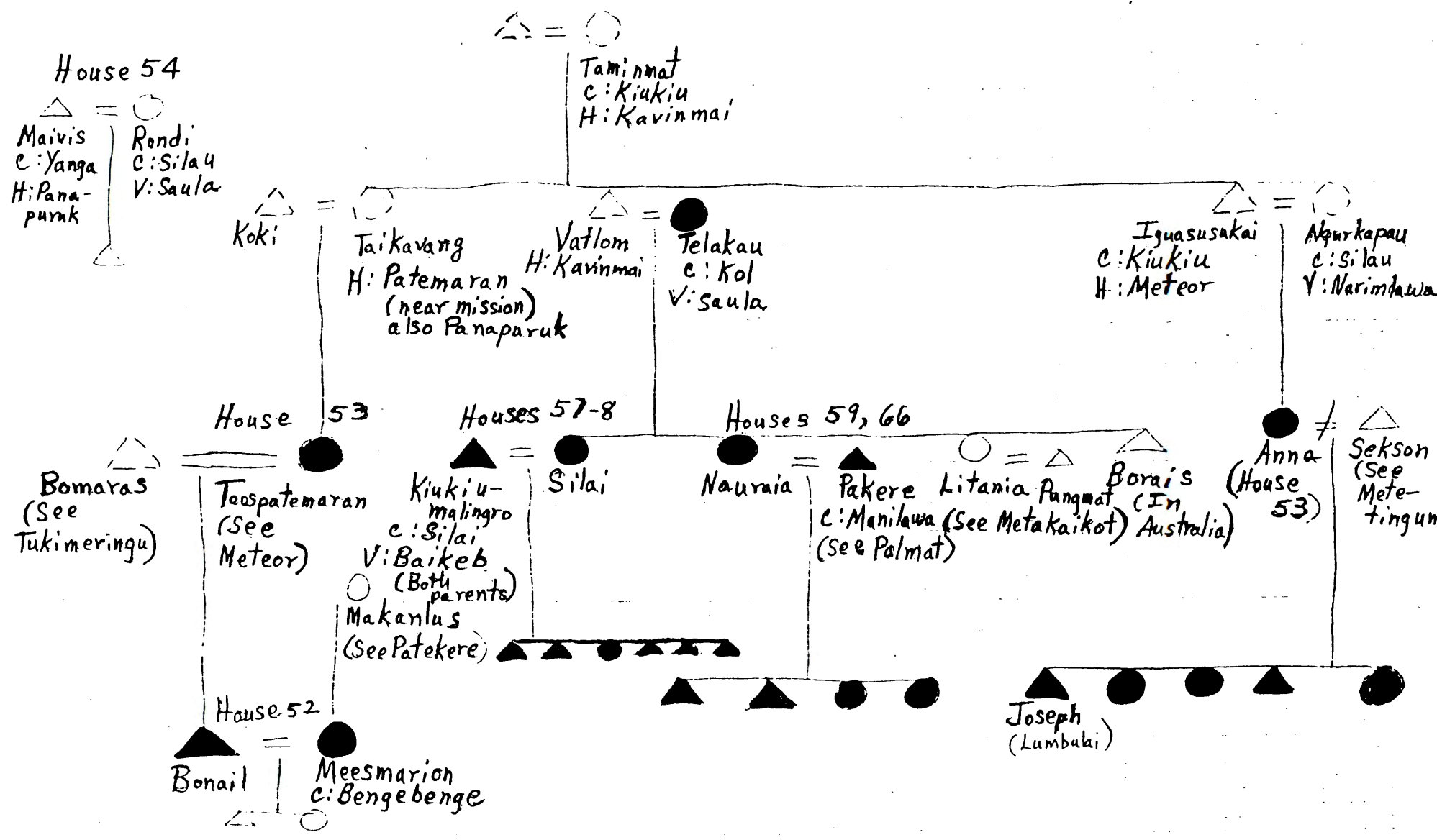
# PANAPURUK

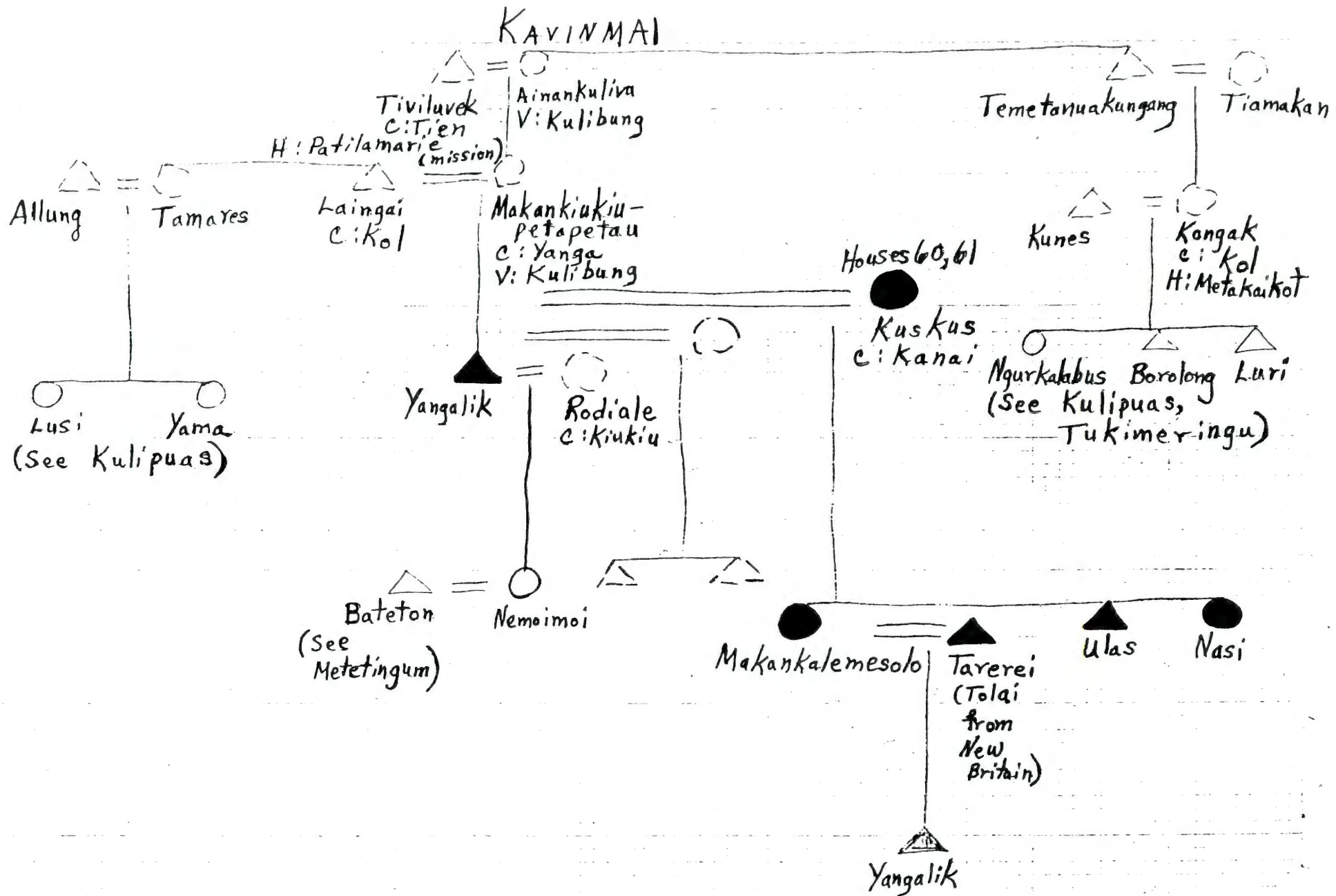


PANAPURUK - p. 2

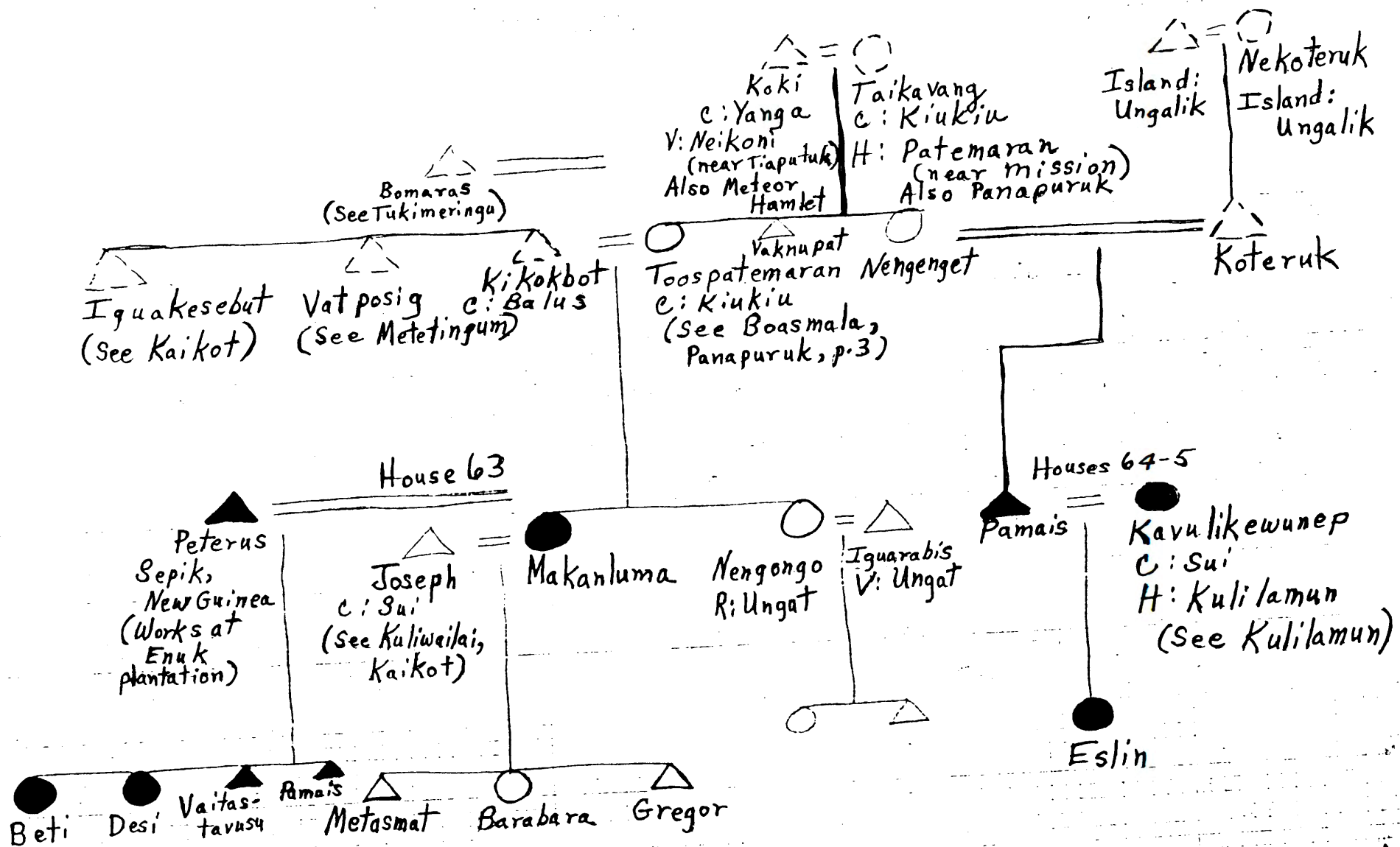


# PANAPURUK p. 3, KAVINMAI

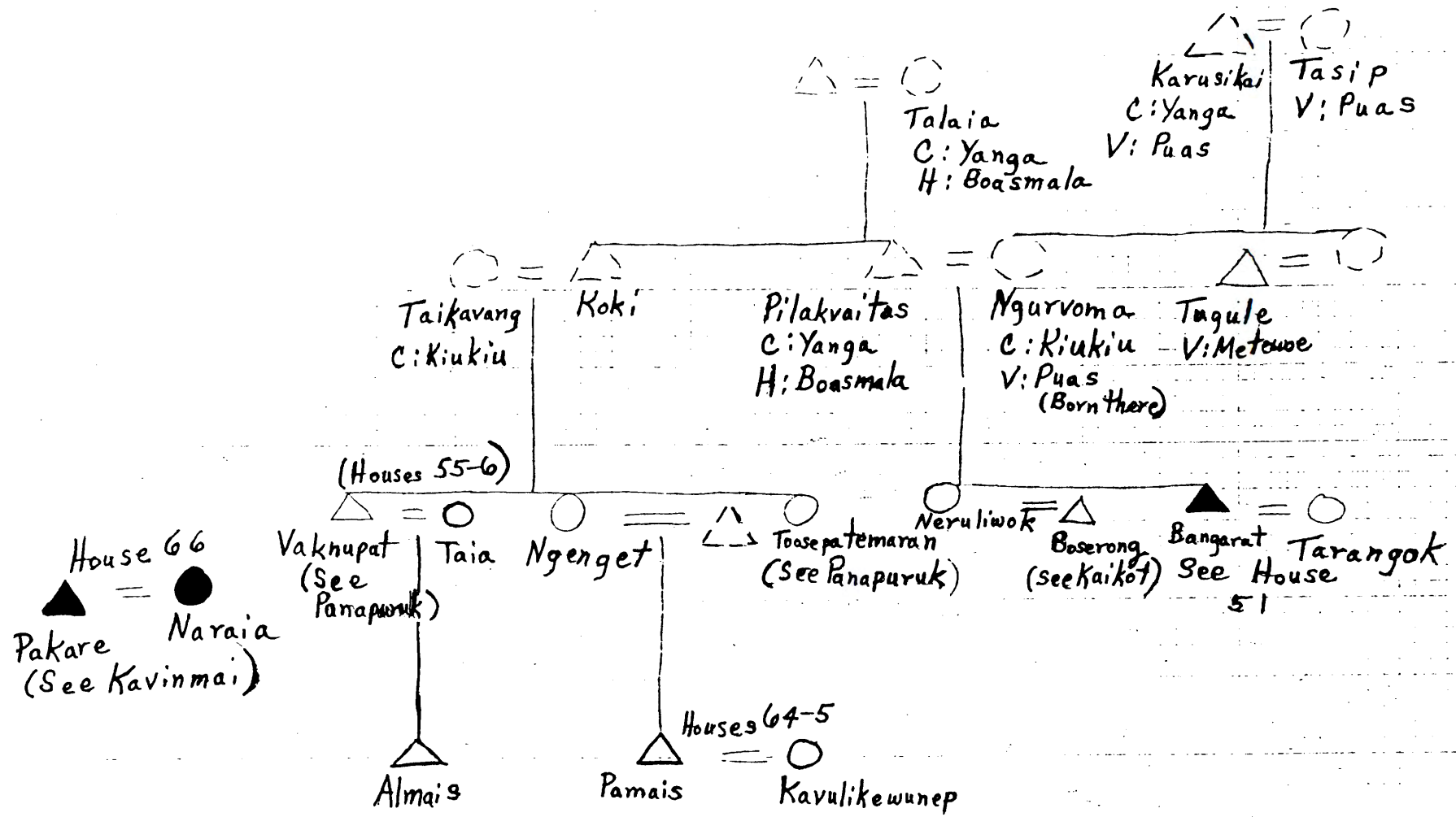




# METEOR

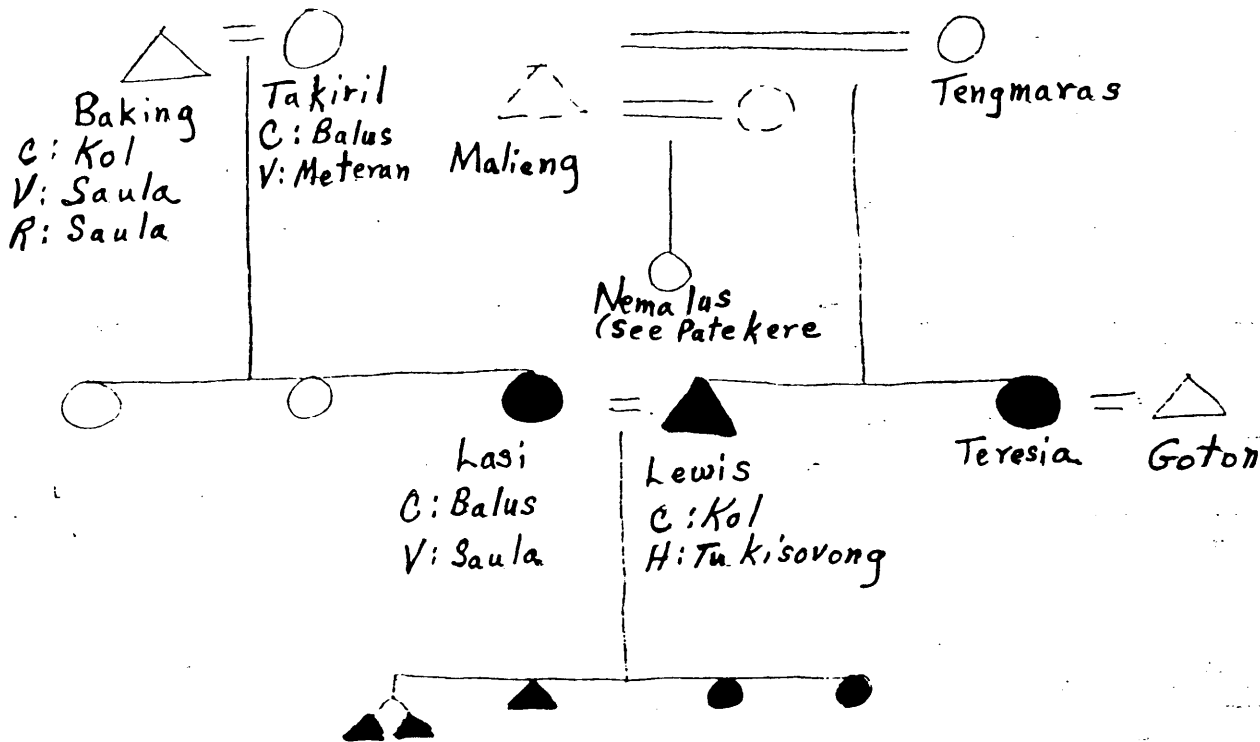


# BOASMALA





House 67  
 Bangarat  
 Nolis (See Palmat)  
 Lomba (See Panapuruk)


# TUKISOVONG










# METETINGUM (Belonged to Tubail)






 =   
 Bogalit  
 C: Silau  
 V: Metegukai  
 (Mountain, near Minn)



  
 Talala  
 C: Balus  
 V: Metamota  
 (Bush above Ungat)


 =   
 Tubail  
 C: Kiukiu  
 H: Patilaming  
 (Mission)



  
 Neserak  
 C: Tien  
 V: Magam, then  
 Patiputang  
 (Bush)


 =   
 Yama Iguakesebut  
 (See Kaikot)




 =   
 Kikokbot Toosipatimaran  
 =   
 Bomaris  
  
 Bonail

 =   
 Vatposig  
 C: Balus  
 V: Molik  
 (up the river)


  
 Kalali  
 H: Maring  
 (Born there)




 =   
 Ngurnail

  
 Bomaras  
 (See Tukimeringu)

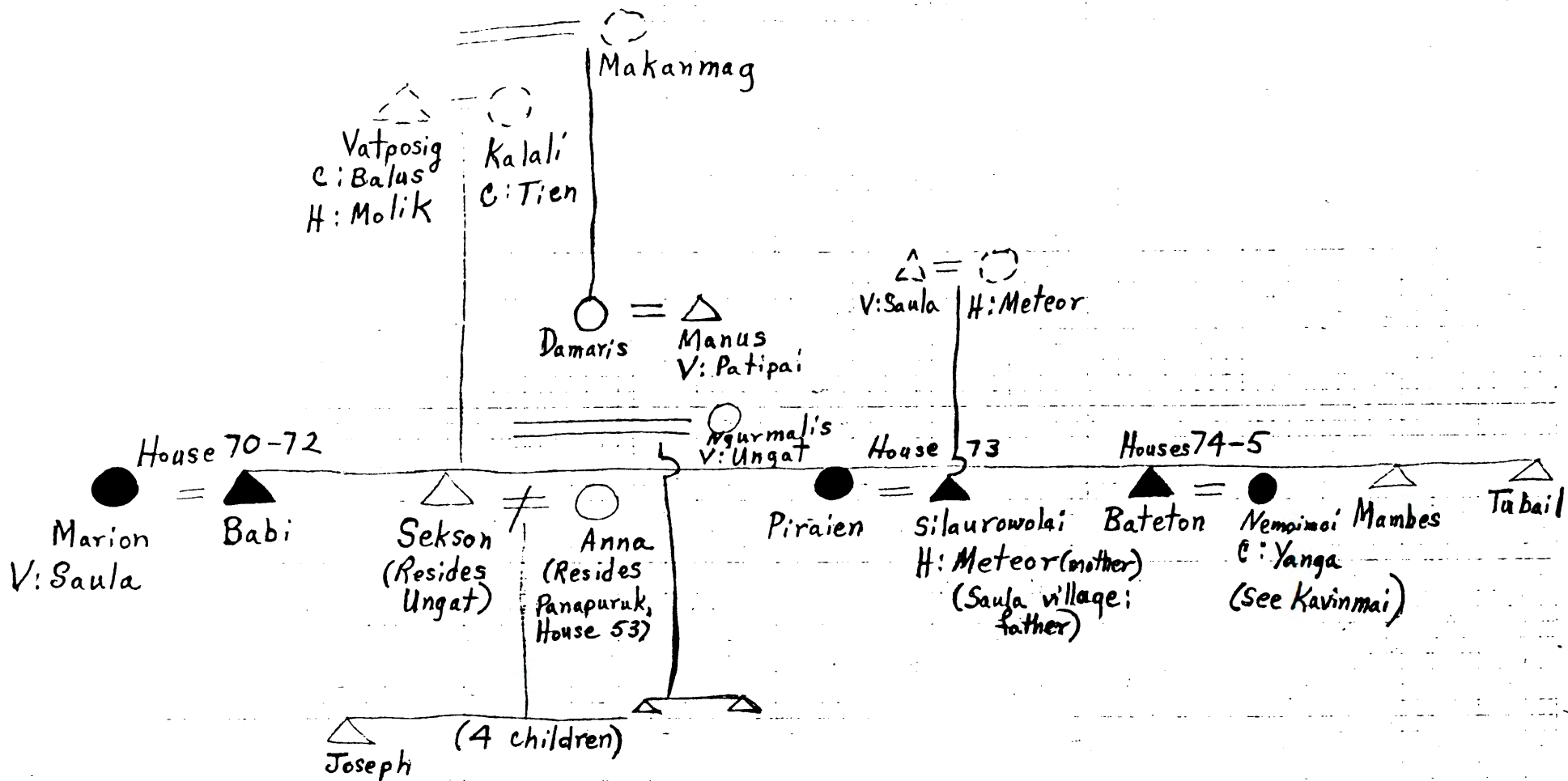
 =  =   
 Makanluma Iguarabis Nengongo  
 (See Meteor)

(See Metetingum p. 2)

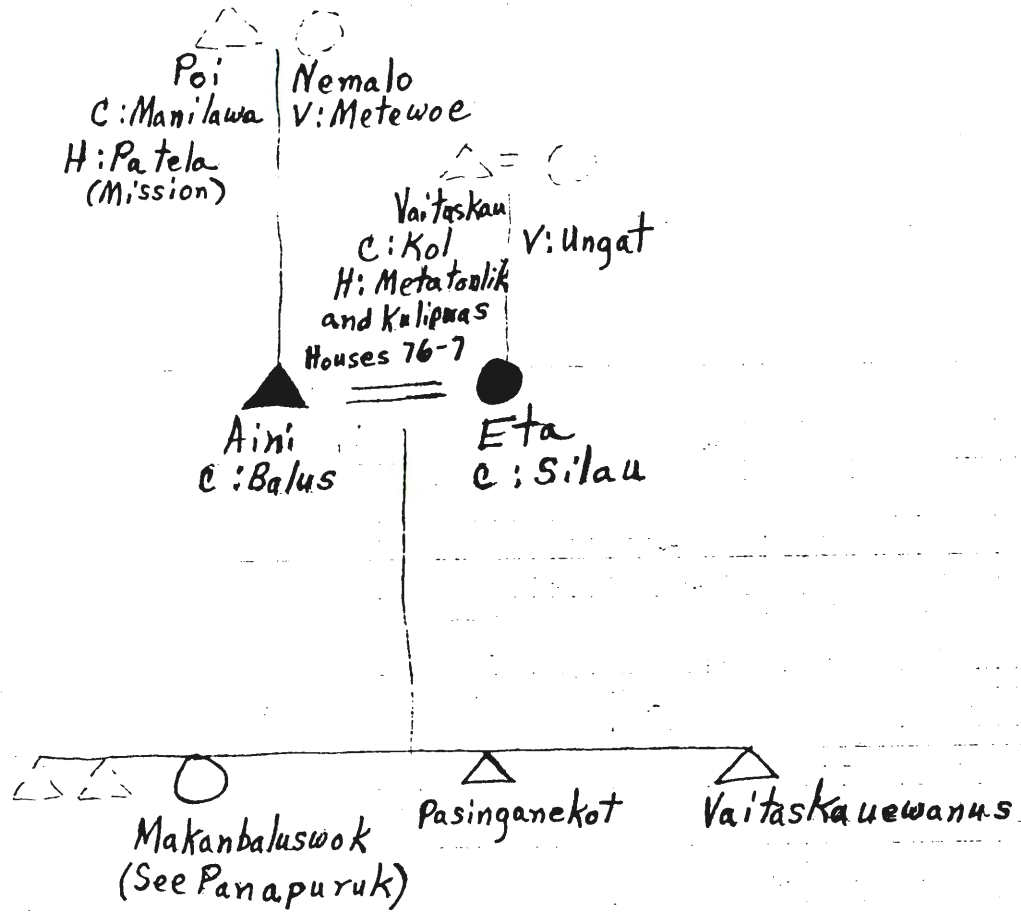
  
 Herman  
 (Teacher, Ungat)

 =   
 Ngurpalau  
 =   
 Kennedy

METETINGUM, p. 2  
and METELEMARAU



# METATONLIK



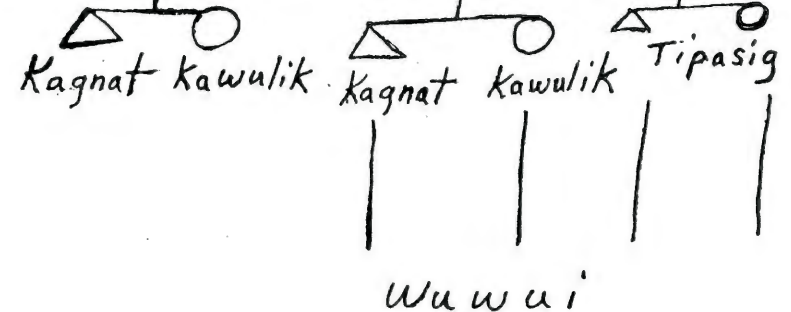
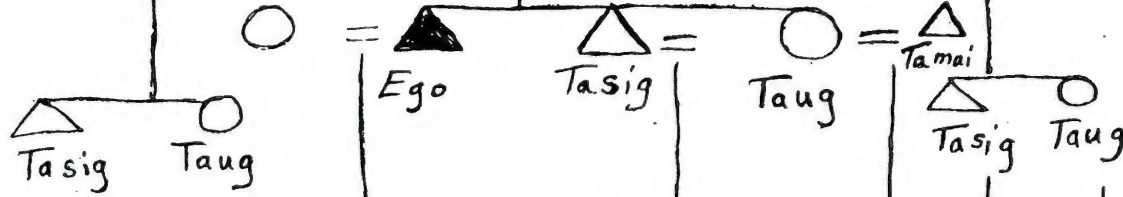
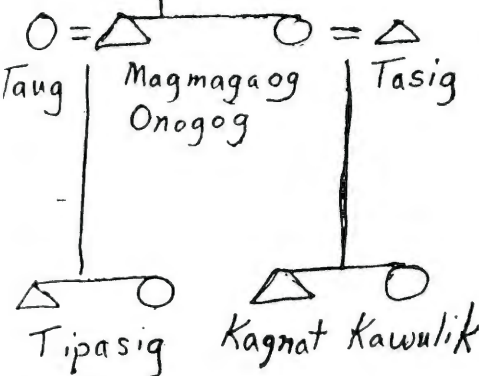
# Lavongai, New Hanover: Kinship Terminology

Male Ego

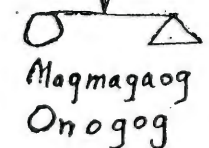
△ = ○  
Wuwui | Wuwui

△ = ○  
Wuwui | Wuwui

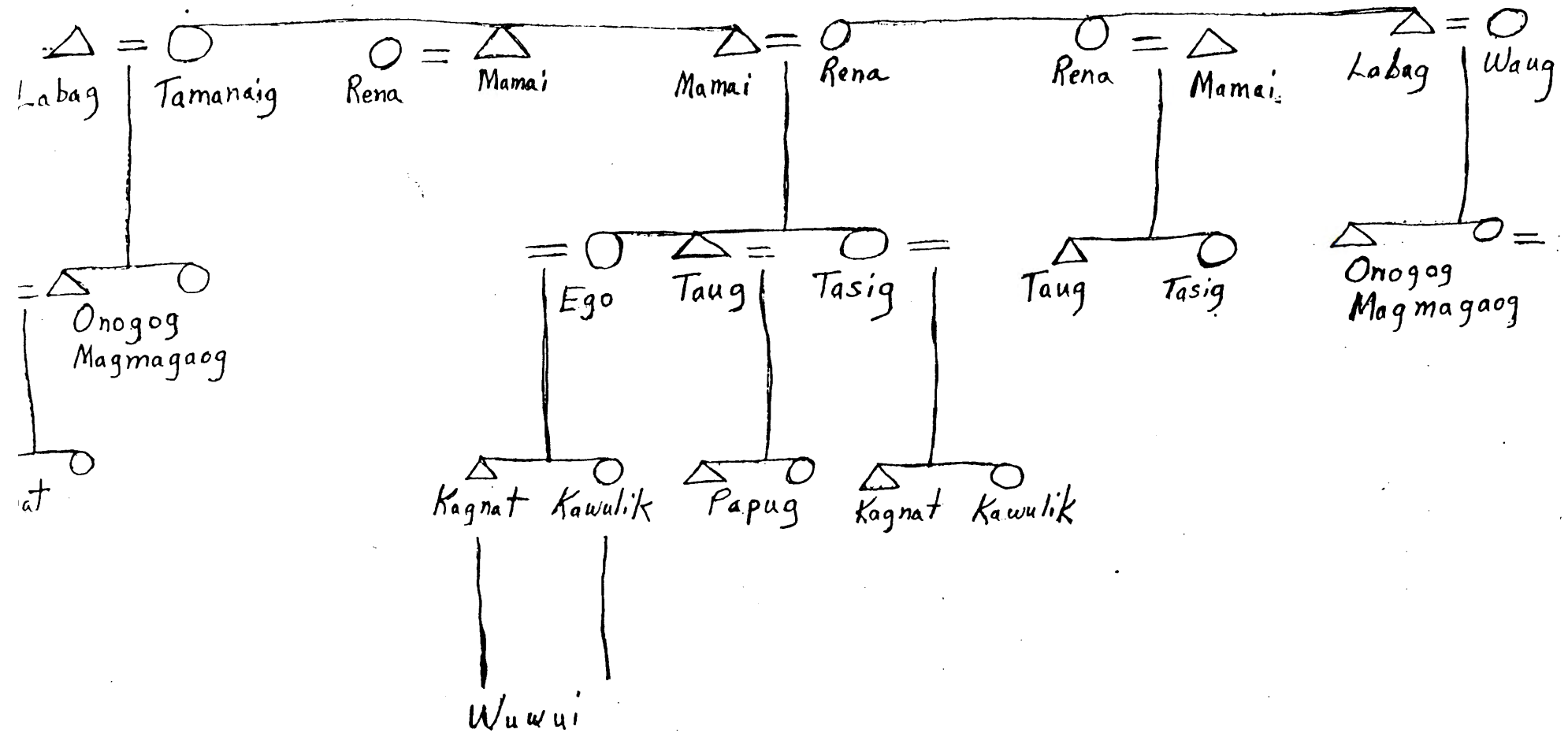
△ = ○    △ = ○    △ = ○    ○ = △    △ = ○  
Tamanaig    Mamai    Rena    Mamai    Rena    Rena    Mamai    Labag    Waug



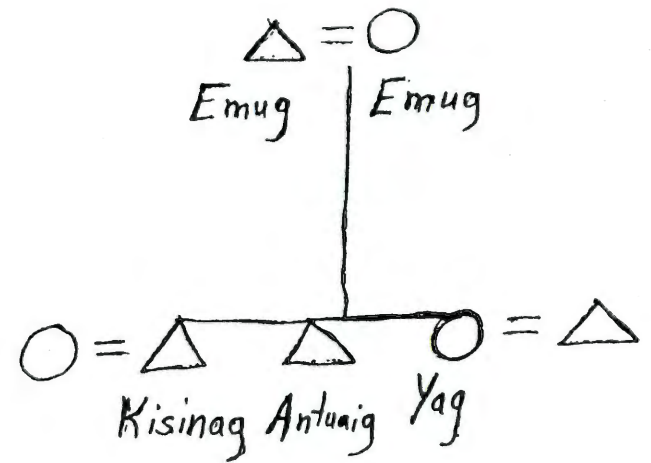
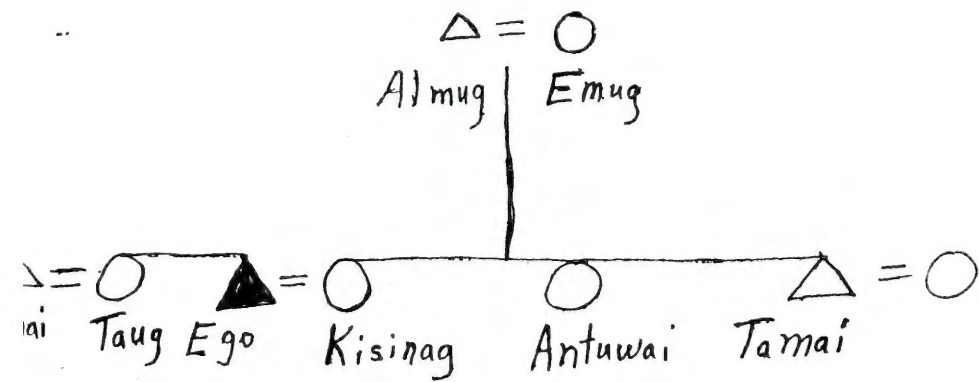
[Same as Father's side]



Lavongai Village, New Hanover: Kinship Terminology  
Female Ego



# Lavongai Kinship Terminology: Affines



SOCIAL GROUPINGSKinship and Structure: Local Clan Clusters

There are twelve matrilineal clans in New Hanover, which are designated by the names of birds: Kol, Tien, Kanai, Sialu, Yanga, Manilawa, Balus, Bengebenge, Sui, Kiukiu, Gila, and Uk. All but the last two are represented in the population of Lavongai village, and widely distributed around New Hanover. Boski Tom, of Umbukul village on the west coast, told me, "Uk is finished. We have eleven now." Gila, and until recently Uk, were found only in the west coast villages and on Tingwon island.

The basic social unit that structures the relationship between people and resources in Lavongai is the local clan cluster. Land is referred to as belonging to a particular clan, but the prior rights of the local members of that clan are understood. The whole clan does function as a matrilineal descent group in relation to marriage, and, broadly conceived, as the widest ownership unit. An individual has no rights to the land of his fellow clansmen elsewhere, but he may expect some preferential treatment from them. This is so in that clan membership gives a person an opportunity to request the use of the resources of his fellow clansmen all around New Hanover, and men should grant such a request only after asking his fellow clan members for their consent. Thus, while clan membership serves as a basis for a request, only the local representatives of the clan control access to the resources of their village.

It is clear that clans in toto do not own land as corporate groups in any effective way, and only slightly less clear that neither do

their local representatives. Land is associated with the clans of the individuals who use or have used it, but in practice much of the land is associated with the individuals rather than the clans, and no joint responsibility is recognized. People do not cite clan ties as the basis for their claims within their own villages. Claims to resources are made by individuals citing other individuals with whom they identify a tie, usually someone of their nuclear family, or some other close, traceable tie. These ties may derive from a complex genealogy, complicated by polygamy compounded by successive marriages following deaths and divorces. Each person tends to be related to each individual in a slightly different way: for instance, while some people have one or two or even three full siblings, most people have an array of half siblings, or step siblings, people whose parents married each other at some point after these people were born to their parents' other spouses. Such siblings cannot easily form a group that would provide continuity for ownership or production: or, at least, there is no structural basis in their kinship for one. Individuals claim resources through each other, then, because there are no groups which effectively control land ownership.

The structural basis for this focus on the individual lies in the combination of matrilineal clans with a preference for patrilocal residence and polygamy. Patrilocal residence separates matrilineal clansmen from each other, and polygamy puts them into the same household with persons, half-siblings, of other clans. Clan names do not identify groups to which a person belongs, but a category to which he is assigned at birth. Because a person is raised in his father's village with his father's relatives, using his father's resources, and amidst



a cultural emphasis on the importance of attachment to males, often people are identified with the clans of their fathers almost as much as they are identified with the clans of their mothers, or their mothers' brothers: the ones to which they themselves belong.

The concept of clan as a category rather than as a corporate group creates opportunities for individual mobility, and hence militates against the evolution of strong locality groups. While it may be more difficult as an owner to maintain control over the land that fellow local clansmen are using when the local clan group is loosely structured, it is easier, as a sojourner, to gain access to other people's land. Genealogies indicate that there has been more moving and mixing, and shorter local histories for kin groups, in Lavongai than in Mangai. Some families in Lavongai village are the descendants of people who came there two or even three generations ago, but others are the children of newcomers who, nonetheless, have been village leaders. Having a long history in the village does not necessarily give a family strength, but it is likely to do so. People prefer to live in their own villages for this reason.

The nuclear family is the only group to which a person belongs, in practice, and there are many divisions within it; and more divisions within any extended one that exists, however fleetingly. People in Lavongai generally know their genealogies in their parent's generation, and sometimes they know the names of their grandparents, more often the father's father than any of the other three. They rarely know the names of their grandparents' siblings, nor any of their connections through them; but they do sometimes "count" kin to whom they cannot trace who perhaps derive from ties in the grandparental generation. Sometimes genealogies can be pieced together to show this. However, extended families, as corporate groups, do not form amongst kin who do not trace

their relationship to each other; nor amongst kin who do.

The nuclear and extended families whose male heads are of the same clans may or may not reside in the same hamlets together. They may claim rights to use some of the same resources, but they do so independently. They cite connections to an individual or to his clan designation which has come to identify a piece of ground. Clan membership does structure situations where there is no clear individual relationship to invoke, and local clan clusters do operate, however weakly or occasionally.

The term "cluster" denotes a gathering in space of units whose movements are determined independently of each other, and these characteristics describe the nuclear families that form a clan cluster in Lavongai. Analysis shows clustering, often where people do not intend it and are not aware of it. Within a village, members of the same clan may consult some, but probably not all, of the other clan members on matters pertaining to resources said to belong to that clan. Thus, members of the same clan who live in the same locality share, however loosely, custodianship of the clan lands they use. But the size and shape of the clusters and of their lands wax and wane and move entirely to other villages, and the continuity which marks a corporate group is absent. No group is designated by the culture to channel, over time and space, resources and people to each other.

Some people say that clan is a thing of the past, but that it was more important amongst their ancestors. In the old days, they say, men married their patrilineal cross cousins, women of their father's clan, in order to have children of their father's clan who could directly inherit his land. Thus was the ownership of land kept straight. This form of marriage does keep matrilineally related clansmen together, while

they inherit their father's property. Some people continue to marry in this way, and no doubt many did in the past. But this kind of marriage is not strictly prescribed, nor is there any evidence of moieties or other structures that might attend rigorous pursuit of cross cousin marriage. People seem to think that clans were once more important than they are today, but there is also evidence that clanship has always been a necessary nuisance, one which people have always sought reasons to discard. Whatever obligations people may once have had through clan, it seems likely that the individual's right to protect his own interests, or to do as he likes, has always been viewed as having priority over the rights of others to demand things of him. Clans have continued to structure marriage, and local clan clusters have loosely contained land ownership and use, but individuals have had to define themselves and their opportunities by many parameters other than those of kinship.

Kinship and Style: Individualistic Orientation

The individual is left free and alone by both structure and style in New Hanover. The combination of matrilineal clans and patrilocal residence creates a social structure that separates the individual from his kin, physically and socially. His closest kin ties are with few of his closest neighbors.

The local clan cluster is made up of individuals who belong to nuclear families which are largely independent of each other. The structure of these kinship and residence clusters, which lack internal overlapping and reinforcing ties, prevents their turning into stable groups. Divisions within the nuclear family detach the individual, and further foster the individualistic value orientation to which the Lavongais give expression in both word and deed. It is one they do not

altogether like, but one they recognize as their own, and one they perpetuate against many kinds of threats.

The largest group within which obligations are recognized is the nuclear family. People tend to think of these obligations more in terms of what they hope to take than in terms of what they expect to give. Although parents are ultimately responsible for providing food and care for their pre-adolescent children, and for each other, there is a tendency for individuals to defect from nuclear family duties, and for each to find himself scrambling to take care of himself. Children supplement their food by fishing, foraging, and cooking for themselves; spouses eat what they process themselves without bringing it home to share, and what they manage to get from any source they regard as their own individual property. Since it is only within the nuclear family that people can expect help, its absence here is loudly lamented.

There is no shortage of resources or of food potential in Lavongai, but there is little agreement in practice about who should produce, harvest, and process food from the abundant opportunities. In theory, it is the nuclear family that makes a garden, processes sago, and builds its own house. In practice, each individual tends to feel that others should have done it, or done more, and that what he or she creates or acquires he amply deserves. Yet each, too, often sees, perhaps with humor, that he has not done his own part. He may then try to gain acceptance with winning ways rather than with praiseworthy contributions.

Children seem more willing, even anxious, to share and help than do adults, probably hoping to receive praise and affection. But

they also learn, very young, that sometimes charm obtains what industry cannot. They also learn to take care of themselves, to expect others to take care of themselves; while everyone complains that others expect too much of them and give nothing in return. This is the style of individualism that characterizes kinship relationships within the nuclear family in Lavongai.

Beyond the nuclear family, in the extended family, self-reliance is valued without resentment. Adult brothers do not help each other build their houses, and help is not expected or offered in these basic enterprises. An individual may expect help from his parents, at least before marriage; and hope for it from time to time from his siblings and other close relatives when he is an adult. He may ask humbly of his fellow clansmen in his own village, or play on the sympathy and guilt feelings of his fellows in other villages. But there are no clear obligations in these wider groups, and no rights to demand.

In these wider groups, and even in the nuclear family, there is very little institutionalization of social roles which kin are expected to play. People who are kin or fellow clansmen, especially if they live in the same place, recognize amongst themselves, therefore, only a vague commonality. Unguided and unfettered by history and system, they form a local clan cluster; and sometimes some of them do some things in consultation with each other. However, within the local clan cluster, people are free to find their own paths, free from compelling obligations to others, free to exploit whatever resources they can manage on their own.

The structure of local kin groups could have been consistent with matrilineal descent, and could have been stable if people had married their cross cousins. But they do not find congenial or possible any scheme which requires following institutionalized patterns in relation to kin, or any other institutionalized patterns that serve the group as a whole. They tend to marry whom they please, rather than someone who would fit into some social scheme. They would not expect other people to marry someone for reasons other than because they wanted to: "'Like' is a very important thing," as they are wont to say.

"'Like' is a very important thing" not only in forming marriage relationships, but in forming all relationships. Friendship is the factor that distinguishes kin that sometimes work together and kin that never do. The kind of total trust and helpfulness that can be taken for granted in New Ireland is not found, institutionally, in the family in New Hanover. Some families provide security, but they do so against a background of others who do not. The nuclear family is built on the shifting sands of personality, death, and romantic love, and individuals reared in such tentative circumstances must seek added security in other bonds outside the family.

Thus, as kinship ties are weak, there is a correspondingly strong development of ties of friendship in Lavongai. However, individual friendships are built on the same shifting sands that underlie the nuclear family, and they are built and composed and constructed and re-built when they die away or wash away; and new relationships are then explored for whatever intimacy and security they may provide.

A non-relative may be newly considered kin: kinship can be figured along many roads, and people do not give up any of them. Relationships, whether with kin or non-kin, must be created.

Spontaneity is valued on the untrod path, and there is no path that is known. What is known is that it is important to be assertive in order to get one's fair share, and to prevent being taken for granted. People would like to take others for granted, however, and because they cannot do so they suspect and reject and exclude each other. There is a sense of on-going struggle, and people complain about each other; but they do not help each other lest the help go unreciprocated.

Identity is gained more from personal interactions than from such social designations as place in the kinship structure, locality, and so forth. Individuals are known to each other more by their personal characteristics than by their social roles, and friendships are important; but friendships are not deep and lasting. Individuals are irreplaceable, but no one is indispensable, because each one is on his own. People who are friends congregate in groups, sometimes of mixed ages and sexes, but perhaps more often of their own kind in terms of age and sex, for talk, "greasing," and story-telling. Adults enjoy remembering together the adventures of their childhood, and they mull over the on-going adventures of the day: sexual forays and possibilities, injustices, and tales of heroic battles with someone over something. When this kind of discussion is going on, there is a sense of warmth, and people seem to be at home with each other.

If their parents appear in the stories they tell, they are often the opposition, occasionally the rescuer. There is a kind of

affectionate tone to this; but there is never talk of "my mama" and "my papa," and all the things they did for their children and others, that warms the talk of New Irelanders when they talk about their "true place." New Hanoverians do not have a "true place" in the same sense. Because of the loose structure of nuclear families, of local clan clusters, and of the relationship between people and land, there is no stable group, and no stable place, for people to belong to as children, or to return to in old age, or to be buried in when they die. One has a clear right, they say, to speak on one's own turf; but where is it? and who will support one's claim?

New Hanover culture is individualistic with regard to how it manages its living arrangements, how it rears its children, how it distributes ownership rights in residence sites and subsistence resources, and how it accomplishes the tasks of survival and of social organization. All of these manifestations and determinants of New Hanover's individualistic orientation can be seen in the structure and function of all its groups, large or small, in whatever activity. Perhaps it is most fundamentally present and seen in the nuclear family and in the local clan cluster. These two kin groups offer two levels of groupings within which people may turn for help, and within which they may complain if they do not get it. The nuclear family is a corporate group, but a reluctant one. The local clan cluster is not a corporate group: if it were it would be responsible for sharing with all its members who choose to assert claims, and no such obligation exists. Members of the same clan share a clan designation: it yields some camaraderie, and little else. But camaraderie has considerable force



in this society where integration is not institutionalized or compelled or likely, and where the individual is, in fundamental ways, very much on his own.

#### LOCAL CLAN CLUSTERS OF LAVONGAI

The people of Lavongai village belong mostly to three clans: KiuKiu, Balus, and Kol. Sekson described the location of clans in relation to the hamlets of Lavongai village in this way: "From Toen to Kaikot, Balus; Metakaikot, where they dance, Kol; and Palkarung belongs to Kiukiu." Detailed mapping supports Sekson's description, though not everyone has so broad a perspective on clan ownership of land, being more aware of their own particular areas within this broad spectrum. Silakau described two of these major clans, his own and that of his father and wife, in relation to land ownership thus: "Kol is big here and has little ground. It belongs to Metewoe. Balus is small and has plenty of ground. Balus belongs here, straight."

People think of themselves and of their territory in clan terms. Some people's residence and resource use can be adequately explained in terms of nuclear families of orientation; and, for them it might be best to describe the basic unit in New Hanover as the nuclear family. In the village, after all, it is the nuclear family that eats and rebels and sleeps, if not dreams, together.

But some people have no alternative but to rely on clan designation rather than on individual derivation in order to achieve and account for their resource use. It is not unusual for people to think in terms of clusters of particular clans, and to be concerned about the size and place of their own, even when their own resources come directly from their parents and grandparents. For instance

when I asked Kasau, a Bengebenge of Kalungit village, near Saula in the mountains above Lavongai, if there were plenty of Bengebenges in his village, he answered, "One man, that's all, and quite a few women. True, there are plenty in Ungat and Baikeb." Paulos, a Bengebenge of Ungat village, also told me that Bengebenge was big in Baikeb, and also big in Ungat, but he thought there were none in Lavongai. (Makanlus and her children are Bengebenge.) Lomba said there were plenty of people of Kanai, his clan, in Baikeb, but that they had all died.

The land of a man's own clan is usually referred to not as the land of his mother, but as the land of "all the big men of my clan," but these men do not form a corporate group. It is not explicitly said that women do not own land, but in most cases it does not seem important whether they do or not. They use the land of their male relatives and they do not form groups. The contradiction between the patrilocal rules of residence and the matrilineal ownership of resources has either broken up, or prevented from developing the matrilineal extended family, or matrilineages, or internally structured matrilineal clan segments, which might be called sub-clans.

The structure of kin and residence groups in Lavongai village may well be somewhat looser than it is in other villages. Lavongai has very likely had more disruptions than other villages in New Hanover, because it is adjacent to the Roman Catholic mission, established in the 1920's. Because of the availability of work at the mission station, primarily on the coconut plantation which partly supports the work of the mission, there may be some residents of Lavongai who have come or

stayed primarily to be near the mission center.

However, brief surveys of coastal villages and discussions with informants from these villages indicate that the same general patterns prevail. Informants from Lavongai and from other villages make the same statements about the principles on which their settlement is based, and the loose structure of the social system derives from those traditional principles, even though it may be enhanced by contact with the European world.

It is possible, too, that the men of a local group of clansmen in former times undertook concerted action, perhaps defense of territory; and formed a more interdependent group in the old days than they do now. Some people thought that they paid less attention to their clans in 1967 than their ancestors had in the old days, and it is tempting to say that their rule of ownership used to be what some said that it still is: a man may use his father's land if he gives a pig to his father's bisnis, but he may not pass it on to his children. No one said that this law had been widely enforced or followed in the old days: it may well have existed then as now, as a principle which could have kept things straight; well-known, and sometimes followed. I see no compelling evidence to indicate, however, that the people of New Hanover in the old days had resolved the conflicts of their system more fully than they have today.

Here follows a preliminary analysis of laws about land ownership and residence, as well as an interpretation of the values and practical factors which effect the operation of these laws. A further analysis of the factors which influence the relationship between people and

resources follows presentation of descriptions of several families and local clan clusters that resided in Lavongai village in 1967.

Local Clan Cluster Structure and Laws of the Land:

Ownership, Inheritance, Transfer

I) Legal Aspects

The people of New Hanover do not have clear laws about land ownership and transfer. They do not have a clear rule of inalienable right of inheritance from the mother as have the people of New Ireland. Nor is there a comparable rule of inheritance from the father; nor from the mother's brother, or the clan, or the clan cluster. All of these affiliations are by most people considered to be legitimate bases on which claims to the use of land may be made, but none is decisive. If there is a conflict of claims between the son of a man and his sister's son, it is not clear who has the prior right.

The local clan cluster is brought about by a combination of matrilineal clan assignment, always followed; and clear virilocal residence ideology, usually followed; combined with ambiguity (created at some level by this inconsistency) about land ownership, use, inheritance, transfer. Some continuity is created informally by general acceptance of people's associating themselves with the resources of other individuals of the same clan to whom they do not trace relationship.

New Hanover culture contains two concepts that are contradictory: one is that a son should live patrilocally and use his father's land, and the other is that it is better to use the land of the big men of one's own (that is, of one's mother's) clan, so that in the long run "there will not be any talk," i.e. any critical talk.

The transfer of a pig from one claimant to another is the only procedure available in New Hanover culture for legally establishing priority of claim. The children of a man may transfer a pig to their father's clansmen, specifically to those nearby who might want to use his land, when he dies in order to maintain their own occupancy of it; but clansmen of the dead can and must also give back, or give, a pig to his children in order to retain or regain use of the dead man's land. Many must have done so, or done something, because land in New Hanover is generally referred to as belonging to clans; and men get their clan membership from their mothers, or perhaps from the big men of their mother's clans. There is no priority given to one group over the other in this exchange. If each gives a pig to the other, then they must use the land together.

This transfer of pigs is the only clear procedure the culture provides by which an individual may legally establish the priority of his claims. When this act has been accomplished, the people to whom the pig was given "cannot talk;" that is, they cannot criticize. If no pig is given, they can and will. The procedure itself is legal in that it is standardized and in that all agree it is the right way. However, no enforcement procedures or sanctions are institutionalized other than that of general support for the importance of "talk:" i.e. of community opinion that pigs should be transferred by those who wish to use the land.

There is no clear legal way for land to be passed permanently to other people except through kinship. Thus, there is no clear way to allow outsiders to become permanent residents of a village other

than one where they own land. Men who come from other villages may ask men of their own clan for the use of clan land, and this has been done and granted in some cases in Lavongai village.

If there is a question of the land being transferred more or less permanently to a man from outside the village, even though he is of the same clan as the individual from whom he hopes to obtain permission to use land, the individual who receives the request should ask the other local members of his clan whether or not they have any objections to this transfer. If there are children of the men of the clan who have strong claims to the land of the clan, they, too, should be consulted. Local members of a single clan have prior rights, in informal theory, to the land used by anyone in the village who is of their same clan, regardless of whether or not any genealogical ties can be traced amongst them. Thus I have concluded that the local members of a clan, who form a cluster rather than a clearly structural segment, do in a sense ultimately own the land of the area.

Another circumstance which in the old days clearly gave a man "strength" was marriage to a woman of his father's clan, his patrilineal cross-cousin. Several people told me that this was a common practice, one which kept the land straight.<sup>1</sup> The children of such a couple could inherit the land of their father's father through their mother, who was of his clan. If this practice were universally followed, there would be no inconsistency between the two basic principles of New Hanover social structure: matrilineal clan assignment and patrilineal resource inheritance. But this practice

was not universal in 1967, nor was it stressed. People were quick to say that this kind of marriage was not required; it was not a law, and most had married in other directions. People who could and did follow it gained strength: their children had double claims to the same resources. But other modes of residence and transfer of resources were also followed which were somehow legal, and no legal mode can guarantee possession.

## II) Residence Ideology

The residence ideology in Lavongai village is clear: men should remain in the places of their fathers, and women should go to live in the places of their husbands. This is a preference, not a law. All informants agree that it is the traditional way. However, it is not the only legal way, and many men live in the places of their wives. Some also settle neolocally through associating themselves with local men, usually of their own clan, to whom they may trace no kinship ties.

This residence ideology is not new, a response to European custom, as some young people think it might be. Old men and old women are very certain about the traditional rule of residence in New Hanover: it was, as it is, viri-patrilocal. People say that it is their custom for a man to bring his wife to his place to live, and it is best for him and his children to use his father's land and other resources. Thus, people (but especially men) are supposed to use the land of their fathers, who are of different clans from their own. The land may have come down from a man's father's father who is of still another clan; and he is to pass it on to his son, who may be of a fourth clan, his mother's. And yet clan names continue to designate land areas.

### III) Laws and Values

People do not talk much of "laws" in New Hanover. Some of the same generalizations that are viewed as, and function as, "laws" in New Ireland appear also in New Hanover, but they appear more as "best bets," rather than as legal alternatives, as preferences rather than as laws. It is sometimes said that people "must" or "should" follow certain courses to acquire land, but these assertions are moral rather than legal, in that there are no regular procedures established by the culture for settling disputes or for creating or enforcing consensus. And when it is said that people "should" do something, what is meant is not always a moral assertion but rather a practical assessment: it is not so much the "right" thing to do as the "smart" thing to do.

The absence of institutionalization is manifested and documented in discussions amongst people (some reported below) about what is the right way, or the best way, or about how things used to be and are becoming; and in the claim that people can do as they like, and that they like different ways, and that they do things differently. Individuals make their own interpretations, speak of "ways" (pidgin: fasion) rather than of laws. They make generalizations about their own theories and practices, and contrast the two. There is no assertion that there is standardization, or enforcement; some lamenting that there is none; some opinion, without much hope (or fear?) that there should be. Awareness of what other people do, and toleration of difference, make it possible for Lavongais to function in improvised rather than in



specified harmony, a situation which creates and allows greater dissonance than that which is found in New Ireland.

In New Hanover, land ownership and use, like everything else, is decided by a peck order system in which each individual finds his place in a hierarchy formed by relative strengths. No "law" can guarantee you your place on the land or in the system, nor can any "law" prevent you from taking a place someone else claims for himself. Familiar customs offer paths of least resistance but no certain destination. On these paths, individuals not only may but must act alone, always alert for a by-way that will lead one around to a better position, in front of or away from the others.

The ultimate maxim here is that each person must take care of himself, and that his attempts to do so must be tolerated, even if they interfere with others. What an individual wants to do is non-negotiable and his own business. Stated in a phrase often used in New Hanover, "'Like' is a big thing." People will do and are expected to do what they want to do unless someone stops them. They will use every available "law" to support the position that they want to take, and those whose interests are adversely affected will "talk." Their "talk" will contain a manipulation of "laws" that support their own position as well as harsh criticism of the position taken by their opponents. No one will feel that such disagreement and conflict is in itself wrong. One thing they agree about is that a person has a right to his "likes," and a right to protect them, and that it is wrong to try to tell a man what to do on his own ground. That is why it is of the utmost importance for a man to have his own ground on which he and

others feel he is completely free to express his own views.

Where an individual must rely on himself, it is the strength of each individual that determines the extent to which his "likes" will influence the direction of events. An individual's strength relative to that of his fellows is determined partly by social, economic, political and personal factors, but as there is little institutionalization of these aspects of culture, just plain brute physical power is also an important factor. A powerful man often has his way simply because every other man is afraid of a fist fight with him. An individual may be helped in a fight by friends and relatives of both sexes, but he cannot count on it.

The individual has to act alone, even in relation to the fundamental resources on which survival is based. The attempt to find laws of land ownership and transfer in New Hanover quickly comes to the frazzled ends created and tended by individualistic values. Land is not owned by any group in any effective way. This is the fundamental structural correlate of the individualism valued and relied upon to make survival activities continue to function.

Just as there is no group that owns land, so there is no group that will or can enforce the transfer of property from the dead to the living according to specific laws or to the wishes of the dead. There really is no "inheritance:" the next generation just has to fight, as their parents did, for what they get. Perhaps land rights cannot be given, only taken. This general mode fits many situations structured by New Hanover culture. It fits, in particular, the stated "law" that those who claim the resources of the dead must take the initiative to

give a pig to the other claimants. The clansmen of the dead do not automatically regain rights to his land after his death, but must make some effort to take it back. No one may sit passive and expect to rightfully receive. There is no ultimate maxim that everyone shall be included, but rather an acceptance of exclusion as a necessary part of survival: everyone is ultimately responsible for himself, and should find some way to get by. In the end, then, everyone in New Hanover lacks strength beyond that which each controls himself.

#### IV) Practical Factors

The aspects of a situation that are "practical" vary from one culture to another: what is based on principle, and must not yield to expediency in one culture, is a peripheral detail in another, and can well be left to informal determination by the exigencies of the moment. Most situations are defined by New Hanover culture as of the latter type. Attempts to get organized toward more distant or lofty goals have not been successful, and people are left to make do with what they have for the time being. People recognize this tendency in themselves and in their culture, and being able to cope accordingly has become something of a virtue; so that being practical has become itself a principle of New Hanover culture, for practical reasons.

There is no evidence of any general shortage of land and other resources, no population or other pressure to encourage interest in defining and solidifying claims in New Hanover. This practical factor helps to explain why land ownership principles are not institutionalized. There is an ample supply available which can be and is exploited by a simple technology. Individuals can and do provide themselves with

sustenance and shelter, by themselves.

Because there is plenty, social and political rather than strictly economic factors are the variables which determine land use. Land within the general area of a village is usually claimed, precisely or vaguely, by some inhabitants of the village. A request to share the use of the land may be granted or denied by the individuals most closely associated with it. If granted, however, permission is conceived of as a tit-for-projected-tat amongst co-inhabitants of a system (New Hanover island and culture) rather than an obligation amongst co-owners, a legal response to a legal procedure, or a courtesy amongst friends. This informality of granting use probably could not obtain if the land were crowded, and it is part of the evidence that resources are plentiful.

Another reason that practical factors loom large in determining where people live is that legal principles are contradictory and are in any case not enforced. While this lack of legal clarity appears to offer a variety of options, the absence of institutionalized social, political or technical supports make these options unavailable in practice. From a practical point of view, people have no alternative but to use the land they know, land that someone showed them; land that no one else is using, where "no one will be cross." People use the resources that are near, and make no effort to maintain control over those that are too far away for steady attention.

It was specifically said by some informants that who used a man's land after his death was a matter determined by the relative strength of claimants. No one is completely without because there is abundance. Thus, the system is a peck order system, one which relies on

continual processing to determine relative strengths, and one which continues because New Hanover can afford its inefficiency.

LOCAL CLAN CLUSTERS OF LAVONGAI VILLAGE. 1947

Here follow brief descriptions of some of the local clan clusters and other social groupings of Lavongai, which illustrate and document the generalizations given above. Following the detailed presentation of data, a further analysis of institutionalized and non-institutionalized principles that interpret the data is offered.

Kol Clan Cluster of Metakaikot and Tukimeringu Hamlets

In these two adjacent hamlets live several families who are variously related to Kol clan, and who give varying weights to that association. They do not own any resources jointly.

Malekaian and Ngurkot: Malekaian is one of the few old men in Lavongai. He looks rather feeble, but when I asked other people about him they said he was healthy. One man added: "He is healthy because he still works." His clan is Kol, and he seems more identified with it than many other people partly because he lives on land that has long belonged to Kol clan and to his family. He lives in Metakaikot, where he was raised: Lumbua was the first of all the old people here, he said. It was his true place, the place of his father, and of all the ancestors who have died. When we did his genealogy, Malekaian said that he had forgotten his parents' names; but probably he just did not want to talk about his parents because it made him sad. Silakau said that Malekaian cried when they sang the old songs. I learned about his family from his children and from his half-sister, Makanlus (Patekere hamlet).

Tatoi, who fathered Makanlus and Malekaian, by different mothers, was from Meteselen, near Metakavil. Malekaian had had two brothers and a sister, but they all died; one brother in New Ireland, the other two siblings in Lavongai. The brothers were married and had children, but the children and their mothers had all died. Tatoi was of Balus clan, but his father was Kol, as was Malekaian's mother. A man's marriage to a girl of his father's clan was viewed as a good marriage because a man's children can then claim rights to the ground of their father's father, who is of their same clan.

Malekaian's wife and children are of Kiukiu clan. His two sons and his daughter with their respective spouses and children all live in Metakaikot. His youngest son, Pungmat, married a Kol woman (Litania: see Panapuruk hamlet),

and his daughter, Remi, married a Kol man from Saula village. Malekaian's oldest son, Thomas, was divorced. Thomas told me that Pungmat's children can follow Melekaian on Kol ground, because Pungmat married a Kol woman; but if Thomas himself were married well (i.e. if his wife had not left him, and if they had children), his children could not follow him: because Sawal, Thomas' ex-wife, is of Tien clan. Sawal's mother was from Nusawung, and her father from Palkarung hamlet. After she left Thomas, she lived with her Tien clan relatives in Metetingum hamlet. Had she and Thomas had children, they could have used her Tien clan claims in Lavongai, but they might have found a way to go on using Malekaian's ground: they could have married Kol people, or they might have just made their claims as grandchildren. People did use the land of grandparents and of other individuals to whom they were in some way related, even though they were of different clans.

Members of this family rely primarily on Malekaian's Kol land. I spoke first about land with Pungmat, a very hard worker even though he had become nearly blinded by cataracts when I first met him. (He went to the hospital in Rabaul in 1967 where he had successful surgery to remove his cataracts, and he came back a very happy man.) Pungmat gave me the names of several pieces of ground where he has gardens or gets sago that belongs to Kol. He also gets sago from his mother's land, Tang: a large area of land where many people claim resources.

Pungmat said that his mother's father, who was of Balus clan, planted a large number of coconuts, but he gave them to his bisnis: Elizabeth, Sione (her brother), and Silakau (her son), all Balus clansmen. However, there is another small plantation of coconuts near Baikeb village that Malekaian and his father planted. I asked him if he and his brother and sister had

given pig for those coconuts, and he said no. I asked if he can go and get coconuts there today, and he said, "Yes, because all the brothers of my father's father planted it, and my father followed them all and planted."

Pungmat told me that he also has coconuts that his wife got from her father's father. Thus, he has access to resources that his brother and sister do not share, through his spouse. But these siblings do not necessarily share even on the grounds to which they have equal access. When Pungmat was telling me the names of places where he had gardens on his father's land, he said of one of them: "Thomas also has a garden here." And when Thomas was telling me about his resources, he said he had some coconuts that he had planted along the edge of the bush behind Metakaikot, on Kol ground. He cited some but not all of the resources Pungmat had mentioned among Kol grounds, but Thomas said (without knowledge of what Pungmat had told me about using his mother's sago in Tang) that his mother has no ground in Lavongai. He said that all her ground is in Taiputuk village, where there are plenty of coconuts that belong to her labag, Tibingum. Thus, while these two brothers started life with identical resources, their use of these resources, their marriages, and their individual life histories have led each of them to his own interpretation of his ownership opportunities. Thomas implied, furthermore, that there could be a distinction between his own resources and those of his father, although in this case there was not. When I asked him if he had any sago, he responded, "That belongs to me, myself? No, I just eat off father's (sago)."

Pungmat told me that there is another big piece of ground that belongs to his mother that T.I.A., the planting association, has begun to use. It is in the mountains and stretches to Meteran village. "It belongs to us,



all Kiukiu," he told me. (This comment raises the question of whether or not ownership of land can really change hands; and, if so, how. The planting association is very much aware of this ambiguity.) His mother's mother and her brother (a man who ate other men, Pungmat said) had no one to look after this big place. Tombat's pupu, Temekan, bought it from Pungmat's mother's mother's brother. (Unfortunately, I did not pursue what happened to this ownership.) He, then, and his sister left Baungung village, where they lived, and came to Lavongai. "Then we got this ground belonging to Kol," Pungmat said, referring to his father's land.

One of the local leaders of T.I.A., Pamais, had told me about this piece of ground: that the association was preparing to plant coconuts on it, that it belonged to Kol, and that it had been offered to them by Malekaian. The next day he came and corrected himself: the ground, he said, does not belong to Melekaian. It belongs to Kiukiu, "but," Pamais explained, "Malekaian is married to Kiukiu." Pamais' mistake is a common one: land of a woman's clan is often said to belong to her husband, who is of a different clan. This kind of evidence raises the question of whether or not women really "own" land.

The information I have about land ownership is often vague and conflicting, but what there is of it suggests that women's ownership of land is not important. The case of Ngurkot, Malekaian's wife, illustrates these points. Different family members made different comments about what land she owned. Malekaian himself, as well as Ngurkot, said that she belonged at Palmat hamlet, straight. That must have been the hamlet to which her mother came, because her half-brother, Polos, a child of the same mother but of different father, lives there. However, he does not claim it as his native place (see below, "Unrelated Families of Palmat Hamlet"). Pungmat described the journey

of Ngurkot's mother from Baungung, and said that he gets sago from her land in Lavongai, Tang. Thomas says that she has no ground in Lavongai, but that she has a large area of land in Taiputuk, and that her labag has planted many coconuts there. All of this information can be fitted together without much trouble, if one assumes that people have claims in many pieces of land, acquired through various contacts; and that the term "ownership" really refers to these claims, rather than to any solid ability to deny use to others.

There is no specified procedure in New Hanover by which land may be sold to outsiders. Unless some sort of kinship tie is "counted," then, between individuals, clan land may not be "legally" transferred. Melekaian has more ties with other people that he "counted" than did most people; but they are all traceable, or almost traceable, and quite close. He gave one area of ground, toward Lungatan plantation (a full day's walk and more toward Kavieng) to Makanlus, with whom he shares a father. He had another (classificatory) sister, his father's brother's daughter, who died in 1967, whom "he sent," according to Pungmat, "to look after" a big area of sago near Meteselen, Malekaian's father's place. Pungmat told me of another area Malekaian owns that "Tombat's mama (Ngurkalabus) works at eating from now because she lives near there." Tombat's mother remarried after his father died, and moved to Metemaram, a small settlement east of Lavongai which is her second husband's place. Hers is a relationship to Malekaian that is almost traceable: she is his close classificatory sister, a Kol woman who considers Metakaikot home, but whose relationship to Melakaian is not traced by either of them (nor on any other genealogy). Her son and daughter, Tombat and Remi, now live in neighboring Tukimeringu hamlet, to which they have "spilled over" from Metakaikot.

Malekaian does not count ties with all Kol in these two hamlets: he does not consider himself related to Ngurvarilam, Kol wife of neighbor (in Tukimeringu) Silakau. He said, when I asked, that Ngurvarilam (whose mother was from Kulingei village, but whose father was from Lavongai) could not use the sago on his Kol ground without asking; nor, indeed, would she be expected to ask.

In Malekaian's extended family unit, two nuclear families are located viripatrilocally (his sons), one virimatrilocally (himself), and one uxoripatrilocally (his daughter). Tisiwua, the husband of Malekaian's daughter, Bokai, is from Saula. He has no land in Lavongai. But he is Kol, like his wife's father, and yes, they can talk jokingly together.

Tombat and Makenbengebengemailik, Remi and Kasirolik: Tombat, his sister Remi, and their spouses live in Tukimeringu because it is near their mother's residence site, Metakaikot, where they were brought up. Their former house remains, closer to Metakaikot, gradually falling away in an area which would probably be called Metakaikot except for the fact that Kiukiuvaitas lives there, too; and he calls it Tukimeringu. In any case, Tombat is close friends with Tukimeringu's other residents: Silakau calls him "papa" because of their relationship through their mothers; and Silakau's wife, a Kol like Tombat, calls him "brother." My original mapping of the area shows that I have drawn and re-drawn the lines of boundary between the two hamlets. Metakaikot is full at the present time, partly because the government rest house is built at one side of it. Thus, Tombat and Remi and their spouses live in Tukimeringu because they have "spilled over" from Metakaikot, rather than because of their connections with Silakau and his forebears in Tukimeringu.

Tombat said that he and his sister Remi mainly use an area called Wolbung for sago. They share this area with all the children of his two labag, Borolong and Luri (see Kulipuas, p. 2). There are coconuts there, but Tombat allows Makansilaugai (daughter of his mother's brother, Luri) to have them; because "there are plenty of us, and I cannot go inside." (From this statement I infer that he views the claims of the child, even a daughter, of a man as superior to those of the sister's son, at least in this case.)

Tombat has planted five coconuts behind his house in Tukimeringu "just to grease the food, not for copra." Behind the village, on top of the mountain, there is a place called Patevul, where all his Kol ancestors lived during the time when there was still fighting. Malekaian joined us while Tombat was telling me about this and provided specific information: Tivingok, a man of Kol clan, was wolawa (big man, fight leader) at Patevul, and a Kol pupu of both Tombat and Malekaian. Tombat says that he has already marked the places where he will plant lines of coconuts. "Remi, too, must work, for her husband," Tombat added. (Usually, in New Hanover as in New Ireland, men plant coconuts. In New Ireland, it is the men who plant coconuts in the land of their wives for their children. It is characteristic of new Hanover that Tombat views the work of his own sister on their own clan land as being for her husband, who is of another clan, rather than as for their children.) Tombat showed me where he hopes to put a house in Patevul some day, high up where it will catch a cool breeze. For now, he remains on the beach, because his children like to play in the water.

When I later asked Remi about her resources, she said that she had a garden in some Kol land (she could not remember the name of the land); and that she got sago from Wolbung. (Many people in Lavongai and in southern New Hanover did not have gardens at this time. The Administration, and sometimes the New Hanoverians, cite the Johnson cult as the cause of this situation.) Remi views her rights in Wolbung as coming from her pupu, Kongak (her mother's mother, of Metakaikot, whom Tombat greatly admired for her many skills, including those of warfare). Remi said that her husband, Kasirolik, had planted coconuts in Tukisowong, ground that also belonged to Kongak and to Kol clan. She mentioned the coconuts that her brother, Tombat, had planted as belonging also to her. She was, like many others, embarrassed about what she viewed as the paucity of her resources and the meagerness of her knowledge of them. Tombat did not seem to feel embarrassed that he was "not clear good" where his father's resources are, though he knows that he was a Kiukiu of Palmat. He thinks of his resources primarily in terms of his relationship to his mother's brothers, rather than in terms of his mother or the mother of them all, Kongak.

On one occasion that I knew of during the period of my field research, these two married couples, a brother and a sister and their spouses, worked together to process a sago tree. They commented on the need to hurry, lest the tree spoil, as it would quickly, since it had already got new buds. Yet in New Hanover the nuclear family often processed sago trees alone. (In New Ireland, the usual work group processing a sago tree comprised a dozen persons, half men, half women, related in various ways. Anyone who needed sago could in fact join the group.) The fact that Remi and Tombat, together with their spouses, worked together on this occasion and on others, made them an unusually close family. Many other close relatives live in Lavongai

village, but Tombat did not call on them to help. While Tombat worked on his sago, he paid a man who was, he said, a friend (and not a relative) to work on the coconuts Tombat was anxious to see planted.

Tombat and his wife, who is a Bengebenge clanswoman from Meterankan village, are living virimatrilocally. His sister Remi and her husband, Kasirolik, who is of Silau clan (see Patekere hamlet), are living uxorimatrilocally.

Makansilaugai and Piskaut: Makansilaugai, the daughter of Luri, who was Tombat's mother's full brother, lives uxoripatrilocally with her husband in Metakaikot. This is where she was brought up, as was her mother before her. This is her father's place, but her mother, Mersi, was raised here by her prospective husband's family: Luri and all his brothers and sisters and his mother gave her food, she told me. This was "during the time before, the time when women were 'pulled' for nothing," Mersi said.

Mersi, a widow, now lives in Kulipuas hamlet with Makanbalustimui. I asked Mersi what she called Makanbalustimui (who is called Timui for short) and she said: "Sister." Then I wrote her genealogy and it was clear that Timui was "daughter" to Mersi. I asked if she called Timui "sister" along "another road;" and she said, "No, I call her 'child.'" This illustrates the casual, non-specific interest in kinship which characterizes the New Hanover approach. In this case, the important point about Timui is that she is a relative of Mersi's dead husband, Luri. Mersi probably is not much older than Timui, and the two women work together often and with genuine interest for the mission, and they are friends.

Mersi and her daughter, Makansilaugai, have gardens with Timui in Tang, where they also get sago. They also get sago and coconuts from Mersi's dead husband's ground. Mersi's case raises a question about land ownership in relation to women. In practice, women in New Hanover are not well able to establish claims to land because they come from other villages to live virilocally. Even though Mersi was raised in Metakaikot, she was just an affine there. Her mother was a Silau from Ungat (the village of both parents), and her father was from Butei, in the bush. She does not say that she has any land in either of those places. She does say, however, that she has sago in a piece of ground called Kaviniuvau, which "belongs to me, belongs to Silau; I got it from my labag Bilek." Thus, consistent with the rule of land ownership that allows people to own only the land of their mother, Mersi (a Silau) says she owns Silau land. But she is not using it. All the land that she uses belongs to the men to whom she is related: she does not say that she got the Silau land from her mother, but from her mother's brother. And the land she uses is that of her husband or of his relatives.

Makansilaugai's husband, Piskaut, is from Meteran village, too far away for them to use his land. But he is a Kol, and very much accepted as one of the group by his fellow clansmen of Metakaikot and Tukimeringu. He called Silakau "brother" once, and when I asked how they were related, he said, "One mother gave birth to our two fathers." (Actually they cannot trace their relationship. He spoke in classificatory terms of their respective Kol connections.) "My kantire made us both come up." But he does not claim any ground in Lavongai village. Once Silakau told me that he used to process sago at Ungat, when his first child, Anton, was young.

"No one talked (criticized) because all Ungat does not belong there. They (just) go behind their wives. Like Piskaut: he follows his wife." Clearly, for Silakau, this was not the best thing to do; but it was something you could get away with, because other people did it, too.

Silakau and Ngurvarilam: Silakau agrees that his hamlet, Tukimeringu, belongs to Kol. However, he said that he lives here not because his wife is Kol, but because he was raised here. He lived here with his father and all his father's four wives while Taumbes, the father of his father, was still alive and lived with them. In fact, Silakau said, he did not know when he put his house here that this was Kol ground.

Silakau (Balus clan) said that his father, Bomaras (Kol clan) had got Tukimeringu from his own father, Taumbes (who could not have been Kol). As this was inconsistent with the ground being said to belong to Kol, I questioned Silakau about it; and he said he was sure, though he, too, recognized the inconsistency but could not explain it.

At another interview Silakau said that he thought he got Tukimeringu from his father's mother (which would make sense in that she was Kol). During that conversation he could not remember Taumbes' name but he thought he might have been of Yanga clan; only because his father and the father of Yangalik (of Yanga clan) had been brothers. Silakau said that he was able to pass the land on now to Anton, his own son (who is, of course, Kol, following his mother). This analysis shows that this hamlet, Tukimeringu, has indeed been associated with Kol clan persons for three, now headed for four, generations; but that it is primarily the anthropologist who is interested in the details of this association.



Before, among the ancestors of the people who live here today, it was important to marry back into the father's clan, Silakau said. "We married straight the magmaooug (cross-cousin), because she had come up from labag (mother's brother), and she would not work something no good on me, put something bad in my food or water; and she inherited directly all sago and ground of this clan." (That is, if everyone had married properly, she would be the same clan as her husband's father and they could live on her husband's ground and raise children of her husband's father's clan.)

Silakau claims Tang, the name of the large piece of ground on which he and many other people work, through his mother; who got it from her father, Polokes. Silakau's wife, Ngurvarilam, works in parts of Tang that Silakau and Ngurvarilam both view as his. However, Ngurvarilam's sister, Maria (see Panaparuk hamlet) claims the right to use Tang through their dead father, who was of Silau clan. "We all come together at Tang," she said, and I found that many persons did mention their use of Tang. However, many were reluctant, as was Maria, to make hard and exclusive claims to any part of the land. When Silakau and his mother's sister, Timui, and her husband (see Kulipuas) wanted to plant coconuts at Tang, other claimants came forward, ready to dispute the long-term exclusive use that is implied by coconut-planting.

Earlier in their marriage, Silakau and Ngurvarilam lived for a while in Panapuruk, the place of her father, who was labag, of another clan, to Silakau. However, they have spent most of their fifteen years of married life living, viripatrilocally, in Tukimeringu.

Kiukiuvaitas and Patab: Kiukiuvaitas and his wife, Patab, are settled viripatrilocally in Tukimeringu. His father was of Kol clan. Patab is from Umbukul village, and was formerly married into Baikeb village. She left her husband and went to live with her sister in Meterankan village, where

Kiukiuvaitas "came and got her," after his own wife had been "pulled" by the infamous Singarau (see Chapter VIII). Kiukiuvaitas was sick much of the time during the first few months of 1967, and Patab told me that neither her brother in Meterankan nor her kantire, Kasau (a widower, Councillor of Saula village), heard her requests to help her while her husband was away recovering in the hospital in New Britain. Many of her stories are of people who refused to help her when she was in need, but Kiukiuvaitas is not among these. She uses his land in Lavongai, as she has none. Still, she no longer has a garden "because everyone was cross about land." (Others say she has no garden because she is lazy.)

When T.I.A. cleared ground, Patab planted a little garden. She said she used to get sago at Araking, ground that belongs to Kiukiu (the clan of her husband). She has some coconuts, near Metamaram village. Her father planted them, but she and her mother and her pupu gave a feast when he died (pig, taro and all) and all his relatives came and ate. Therefore they are now her coconuts. She said she had none nearby.

In Patab's case, as in most other cases, the sources of income described were not adequate to the consumption observed. Patab said that no one gave her money, yet she and her children sometimes ate rice. Sometimes people received money from young family members working for wages in the Territory: it was this source Patab hoped to tap when she went to Kavieng for the third time in her life to try to collect pay for the marriage of her eldest daughter, Barbara, to a man from New Guinea.

There is always plenty of green leaf growing wild in New Hanover, and many women gathered great bunches of it every day. Once I saw Patab carrying some. Once I saw her and her children eating potatoes which she had bought from a woman in another village. People often pass through Lavongai on their way to the mission, where they can usually sell what they have to

sell, and buy what they want to buy at the mission store. I do not know how Patab got money to buy some of what she needed in a village which was not her own, and where she often looked sad and alone.

Tolimbe and Makansuimaris: Early in 1967 Tolimbe and his wife occupied a house in Metakaikot with his fellow Kol clansmen and friends. He has worked a lot on the Lavongai mission boat, the Rex; which, when he and Tombat and another Kol from elsewhere worked on the crew together, they called the "House of Kol." Lavongai is his wife's village, but Tolimbe is from Lukas island, off the north coast of New Hanover, and has no traced ties in Lavongai village. The fact that they lived for a while on Kol ground indicates both the strength of virilocality, and the strength of clan as a category in New Hanover. As their house in Metakaikot became dilapidated, and the area crowded, Tolimbe built a large new house in Kulilamun hamlet near the house of his wife's mother. They consider this to be her father's land, and their residence there was therefore uxoripatrilocal.

Summary: From a broad perspective, one in which the people see themselves, all the residents of these two hamlets except Silakau and his family are following their connections to the Kol clan in settling here. Makansilaugai and Kiukiuvaitas are following their fathers; Malekaien, Tombat and his sister are following their mothers, or perhaps their mother's brothers. Makansilaugai, the child of one of Tombat's mother's brothers, follows him here with her husband, Piskaut, who is from another village. Tolimbe is an outsider of Kol clan who moved, in 1967, to his wife's father's hamlet.

Silakau said that he did not realize that this was Kol clan land. That his wife is Kol, and that his children are confirming the Kol status of this land, is certainly an accident; Silakau and Ngurvarilam were childhood

sweethearts, and their marriage was certainly not one of convenience (see below, 'Marriage'). Silakau is following his father's father and his father, the latter a powerful individual: he had four wives living together under the same roof, one less than the father of Ngurvarilam was husband to at one time. Silakau had not deliberately chosen to live on Kol land. Nevertheless, he was following a history of Kol occupation of Tukimeringu. Thus, clan identification apparently still held power, even though some people wished to ignore or minimize it in theory. Still, in the old days, as in 1966-67, power of person sometimes superceded power of clan identification as claim to territory.

There is no joint ownership amongst these families, except, perhaps, some amongst siblings. It better describes the situation to say that siblings begin adult life with the same set of claims to the same set of lands. Gradually their claims diverge from each other as they develop them differently, and join with their respective spouses.

Several Clans of Patekere and Ufula

In these two hamlets, several families who are related to each other live together without consolidating their claims through the use of collateral kinship ties.

Pakau and Makankiukiusolmat: Pakau is an old man living viripatrilocally with his new wife. He has a garden and sago on ground that belongs to his father's clan, Sui. His father got this land from all his clansmen, Pakau said; and also planted coconuts on Sui ground, and gave them to Pakau. Nemalus (see Ufulu), whose father was a true brother to Pakau's father (she is Balus) also uses some of the Sui ground to make gardens, near where Pakau makes his own.

When his father died, Pakau gave pig, taro and coconuts to Sui clansmen: "My strength is this: I gave pig to them, and now they cannot talk any more about me."

He is Kiukiu, but uses no Kiukiu ground. His mother was from Baungung village, where only two clansmen of his still live. His father got his mother there during the "time of fighting" (i.e. when traditional warfare was still practiced) with mias. The missions still had not come when Pakau was already big.

Pakau holds the coconuts of his father. He says that a father can give them on to his own child for nothing; and that he will give all of his to one of his two sons, Kasirolik (see Tukimeringu hamlet). His other son, Emanuel, is a catechist, and Father sends him around and about; and he gets money for this work. Kasi (Kasirolik), on the other hand, lives nearby, and helps with all the work.

I asked him if he had ground in his mother's village, Baungung. "Yes," he said, "but my clansmen hold it, and they have children."

Pakau has only recently married Makankiukiusolmat. Her mother was a New Ireland woman and her clan is Manilawa. Her father was from Lavongai, and married a New Ireland woman when he worked "along the road" in New Ireland. He was Kiukiu, and her first husband (deceased), who fathered her children, was Kiukiu. Pakau paid Bangarat, the labag (mother's brother) of her first husband, Alang, for Makankiukiusolmat.

Pakau uses his own resources, and Makankiukiusolmat goes on using her first husband's resources. The lands that she uses are Kiukiu, and she says that they belong to Polos (see Palmat).

Nemalus and Ngumarismat: Nemalus uses the land of her father along with Pakau, whose father was brother to her father. She is living in the hamlet of her deceased first husband, Barung, with their two sons; one of whom, Baluskoil, is married to a girl from nearby Palmat hamlet. Makanlus, the still active sister of Barung's mother, and Nemalus' (classificatory) brother, Pakau, live nearby. Her father was from Patingo, an area near the Lavongai river, and her mother from Kuliwailai hamlet. Her mother's parents were from a bush area. Nemalus had no husband (though she had been twice married) early in 1967, and she and her sister, Terecia both lived with the family of their brother, Lewis. Terecia's husband was living in Rabaul. Then Ngumarismat of Ungat village "came and got" Nemalus, and together they moved back to the hamlet where she had raised her sons, who still lived there. Ngumarismat, by marrying her, became neighbor to his close relative, Lakalus, who had married a girl in Patekere (see below). Both men are from Ungat village.

Nemalus' residence, and that of her children, is best described as viri-patrilocal. They are of Balus Clan.

Lainpelau and Lakalus: Makanlus (the mother's sister of Nemalus' dead husband) is a widow who lives in Patekere with her unmarried son and her daughter, Lainpelau, who is married to Lakalus. Makanlus descends from a mother and mother's mother who lived in Patekere, a situation unique amongst Lavongai residents: hence, her residence and that of her married daughter are firmly uxorimatrilocal. They are Bengebenge.

Lainlaelau has a garden on her own ground, on land that belongs to Balus, the clan of her father. Her father, however, was not from Lavongai: he was from Tiaputuk village. Clan membership is used, thus, as a category, and the child of a Balus from one village is, in this case, allowed to use Balus land in another village; even though her mother is a long-time Lavongai resident, and could offer her land. Makanlus has garden land and sago that comes to her from long before, from her Bengebenge ancestors. She and her half-brother, Malekaian, have bananas that their father planted. They did not give pig or mias from them when their father died, they just "got them for nothing," Malekaian said. Lainpelau's only claim to Balus land is her father's clan membership: he had not traced or claimed relatives of other clans in Lavongai village and no pig was given to anyone.

Lainpelau's husband, Lakalus, was brought up in his father's village, Ungat, where his many brothers and sisters live, and use their father's ground. His mother told him that it would not be good to lose her land in Lavongai; so seh encouraged him to marry back into Lavongai village and claim her ground, which he did. His mother's place in Lavongai is Siara, a place near the mission which is now bush; but the land she has belonged to her mother's father, of Sui Clan. Lakalus,

then, the child of a Kol mother, and a Bengebenge father, married to a Bengebenge wife, cultivates Sui gardens. His mother still lives in her dead husband's village with her other children.

Summary: Several nuclear families settled in Ufula and Patekere trace relationships to each other through birth or marriages amongst them, but they do not use these ties to create extended family groups within which there is community of property. Rather, each individual traces back lineally, often to someone who is dead or long dead, through no set sequence, to justify the use of one or more pieces of land. The strong preference for using the land of male rather than female relatives is particularly clear in the case of Lainpelau, who uses her father's land even though she lives with her mother in a hamlet where she is the fourth in a line of women who have called this place home.

#### Unrelated Families of Palmat Hamlet

Boskeru and Silvali, Maria: Ongai was a Silau clansman of Palmat hamlet, Lavongai village, who married and lived with, simultaneously, five wives. The last one, Nuipasingan, survived him and lives in Panapuruk with her brother. The first one had been married previously to Ongai's brother, by whom she bore two children: a son, Pasinganles, and a daughter, Maria, who in 1967 lived in Palmat. When Ongai's brother died, Ongai paid again for his dead brother's wife, and they had two more children: Ngurvarilam, who lives with her husband, Silakau, in Tukimeringu; and Boskeru, who lives with his wife, Silvali, in Palmat. Ongai's second and third wives were from Tingwon island, and his daughter from there lived much of the time with her sisters in Lavongai during 1967.



Maria returned to Lavongai early in 1967 after she left her New Guinea policeman husband, and lived with her half-sister, Ngurvarilam. Then she went to Kavieng to stay with her full brother, Pasinganles; who sometimes lived in their mother's village, Kulingei, but who was working in Kavieng at this time. She then returned again to Lavongai and lived with Ngurvarilam and her family again for a few weeks. She found the children and all the people irritating, and she finally moved into a house, alone, in Palmat, where her residence was uxoripatrilocal.

Boskeru's wife, Silvali, is a Bengebenge woman from Meterankan. Maria told me, in Silvali's presence, that "she comes with us to Kuliwatun and Mokot, ground that belongs to Silau:" the land of Silvali's husband's father and of Maria's father. I asked Maria where Ongai got this ground, and she answered, "No (he did not get it from someone), this is all new sago that belonged straight to him." They also get coconuts that Ongai planted, and some that Maria's former husband from New Guinea planted. Then, too, Maria said, "We all meet together in this place, Tang," an area of ground mentioned by several informants as among the places they used resources. Both women looked embarrassed and did not answer when I asked if they had gardens, a response I found more often than not at this time in Lavongai.

Polos and Kavungpalis: Polos and his wife Kavungpalis live here in Palmat because "all my big men sat down here," Polos told me. He meant that he is Kiukiu, and that Palmat is by some considered to be Kiukiu ground. His parents, however, were both from other villages. He plants his garden on Kiukiu ground: all their gardens are on his ground, not on that of his wife, Polos told me, though both her father and her stepfather are Kiukiu.

In describing the ownership of several pieces of ground that he uses, Polos often said, "It belongs to Kiukiu." He also said, "This belongs to the clan of my mother," and "I got this from mother, from all clansmen, from all the big men of before;" and, once, referring to sago, "I got it from mother." The emphasis in his conception of his ownership is on the strength of his claims through the men of his mother's clan, not on her own rights, nor on any particular individual in her clan.

Polos' mother, Tatung, was also the mother of Ngurkot, and some variations in the report of her history have been recounted (see above, "Malekaian and Ngurkot"). Tatung's journey from Baungung was described by Pungmat. Polos knew the name of Tatung's brother, who (according to Pungmat) ate human flesh: Vatua. He and Tatung and another sister all lived together in Palmat, Polos said, and Vatua planted coconuts in the hamlet. He also planted in Patikin, near Palmat, on ground that belonged to some man; but Polos has forgotten what clan he was, or what clan owned the land.

Polos said (as had Thomas, Ngurkot's son) that Tatung was from Tiaputuk village before she came to settle in Palmat. One night during a public meeting to discuss land conflicts, Joseph said: "Polos is not a Kiukiu that belongs here, he belongs at Patiunging, along the point." He meant, someone said, just before Meteran; which is where Taiputuk is. Joseph was concerned about Polos' having planted coconuts on Kiukiu ground to which Joseph had right through his Kiukiu father.

Polos does not use the ground that belongs to his father because, he told me, the men of his father's clan, Silau, of Saula village (above Lavongai) gave him pig and food. Polos says he cannot (pidgin: no inap) use the ground now, or take sago from it. His father was from Metamin, he

said, and came to work for the mission. He "came and saw my mother," and Polos was born and raised in Lavongai. Ngurkot is older than Polos: "The father of Ngurkot died, and the father of Polos came and got her mother," Silakau told me one day. But Ngurkot was still young when her father died and her mother married Tamelum, Polos' father. Ngurkot's oldest son, Thomas, gave Tamelum as Ngurkot's own father, but said he had never seen him.

Probably the men of Silau clan of Saula allowed Tamelum to use Silau land while he was alive, but as he was an outsider they presented pig to Polos to cut off his access to Silau land after his father died. Thus, Polos and his wife use his Kiukiu resources, to which she also has claims through her father, and they consider themselves to be located virimatrilocally.

Kiukiudung's Children: Delilah, who lives viripatrilocally with her husband next door to his hamlet, Ufula; and her brother, Topi, who lives with his wife next door in the other direction in Panapuruk, give Palmat as their home hamlet, because their deceased father, Kiukiudung, was a Kiukiu clansman here. The residence of Topi and Makanbaluswok in Panapuruk represents a spillover from Palmat, and is best described as viripatrilocal. Her aged parents live duopatrilocally in the hamlet of the father of both of them, Metatonlik. Even though Topi was away working much of the time during 1967, Makanbaluswok continued to live alone in Panapuruk; though she often went to the bush with her mother to work.

Sui of Kaikot and Kuliwailai Hamlets

Limoni and Her Sons: I asked Joseph who owned Kaikot. Joseph returned a question: "Who have you written?" (He knew I had spoken with his mother, Limoni, and he wondered who else might have told me something.) I said I had written no one. Then Joseph said, "I think two 'birds' sit down: Sui and Balus." Sui is his own clan, and Balus is the clan of the dead Iguakesebut, whose widow and children occupy all the other houses in Kaikot. They are of Kol clan.

This is another case of the "spillover." Limoni's claims are to Kuliwailai, where Joseph lives and where the government rest house has been built. Although no one said so, presumably the government rest house displaced Limoni and her son.

Limoni came from Luout, beyond the plantation next to Metakavil village. Marung of Tutuilla village bought her, and brought her to Kuliwailai, where Boserong and Joseph were born. They were still living there when Marung died, when Joseph was already grown.

Marung was from the bush where, according to Joseph, there is no place to plant coconuts and to get up money. "There is a place, but there is big bush, now what can I do?"

Joseph's old mother, Limoni, knows the name of the several pieces of land on which she and her sons have gardens. Some derive from Temekintong, a Sui (male) like Limoni. In addition, she got a piece of land that belongs to Kiukiu, because Limoni "came up from (i.e. was fathered by) a Kiukiu." She has both gardens and sago in Kiukiu ground, as well as coconuts that Joseph has planted. She claims another piece

of ground that belongs to Kiukiu, "but another man, Baking (of Saula) plants there now."

Trying to establish the extent of a person's authority over land, I asked: Can Baking sell the land he is working on if he wants to sell it? Joseph replied, "There is already talk! (That is, there is already criticism of his using the land, and he certainly could not sell it.) He only steals it, because he is Kol and he came up from Balus. He has nothing to do with the green bird!" (Kiukiu is associated with a green bird. Joseph's father, like his mother's father, was Kiukiu.)

Joseph went on to explain the whole situation. Vatlom, a Kiukiu (deceased), has a son, Borais, who lives in Australia now for school (see Panapurak, p. 3). He has other children as well. All these children of the green bird are cross. They just "talk nothing" (talk about nothing in particular, informally) at first, they have not taken Baking to court.

The mother of Borais, Telekau, is Kol, like Baking: she is labag (sister's child) to him. Baking claims that he is planting for Borais, not for himself or for his own children. But if that is the case, Borais must hold fast a pig. He should have done so when Vatlom died. Limoni and six others (including Polos, a Kiukiu of Palmat hamlet) held fast a pig for Vatlom while he was alive, in order to hold this land securely. "Everyone is talking about it! Why does Baking not hold fast a pig!"

I asked Joseph about a piece of Sui ground on which he had a garden: could he sell it to a European? Joseph said he could not do that.

DB: If another Sui wants to put a garden there, can he?

Joseph: He can put it.

DB: What if he is a Sui from Baungung village?

Joseph: He must ask me first. (Joseph smiled, and indicated that we were discussing matters of courtesy.)

DB: Other Sui here in Lavongai, must they ask?

Joseph: Yes. Because Almais, Taia, Yétingal, Laking, Temaite, Makansuimaras, Kavulikewunep, Makansuimatpelak--all right, if they want to come to me, we can sit down first and talk.

DB: And if you say that the ground is full, will they be cross?

Joseph: They cannot be cross.

Then I asked about people who are "blood" (fathered by) Sui clansmen. Joseph had a hard time thinking of these names, but his mother supplied them readily: Lamtopong, Nemalus, Lewis, Nevitool, Piskaut. I asked: who comes first, Piskaut (son of a Sui father) or Almais (himself a Sui)?

Joseph: Both can work.

DB: But if only one can?

Joseph: Piskaut must, because it is his father's land. (N.b. Piskaut's father was Sui, but Piskaut was raised in Meterankan village, and says he has no land in Lavongai.) Almais cannot talk.

DB: Piskaut cannot take it from you, though (i.e. this particular piece of land to which Joseph considers that he has prior rights).

Joseph: He cannot take it from me.

DB: Suppose he holds fast a pig.

Joseph: Now he can. But suppose Piskaut dies, I must get back the land now.

I asked if he could go on putting a garden there while Piskaut was also using the land. Joseph said: "Piskaut would then be cross and speak angrily to me if I went on putting a garden there. 'Why did you eat my pig, yet you (still) work (in this place).'" Then Joseph would think (he says): "Ah, it is true. Now I am ashamed."

I asked Limoni if, when she was a little girl, it was true that people followed first their fathers onto the land. She said yes, that is how it had always been. (Some young people thought that they had been influenced by European custom.)

Limoni came to Lavongai with her husband. She is living virineolocally. Her husband and her father were both Kiukiu, and she uses Kiukiu land, as well as that of her own clan. Her two sons are living viripatrilocally, according to their own ideology. Boserong and his wife, childless, in Kaikot with his mother, and Joseph and his two wives in Kuliwailai.

Early in the 1960's, when Joseph came back from working in Kavieng, he found that his first wife, Makanluma (with whom he has three children) had left him for a man from New Guinea (to whom she has since become married and borne four children: see Meteor hamlet). Joseph has since bought himself two young wives, and some people thought that he was acquiring a third in 1967. His wives are from the area of Tutuilla village, and have no resources in Lavongai. They work with him and his brother and mother on their husband's family land.

Summary: Limoni and her two sons and their families use the land of her dead father's clan, Kiukiu; which is also the clan of her dead husband. Both sons married Kiukiu women, and one has children that can go on using the Kiukiu land of their father's father. Joseph also has children of two other clans by his two present wives. In theory, they cannot go on using Kiukiu land. This family also uses the Sui land of a man of Limoni's own clan. Joseph's discussion of the relative rights of sons and of sisters' sons to a man's land shows no clear priority between them, unless one of them has paid a pig to the other which has not been reciprocated.

Descendants of Three Brothers, Balus Clan

The surviving widows and descendants of three brothers who were influential men of Balus clan live in different hamlets and do not equally use the resources of their fathers.

Iguakesebut's Family of Kaikot Hamlet: Iguakesebut's wife, Yama, is living with their children and grandchildren on the land of her dead husband (Igua for short). He was tultul, luluai, Councillor, and keeper of the Balus clan check book before his death in the early 1960's. His children all work on Balus land, the land of Igua's mother's clan. His eldest son, Yacob, and others say that Kaikot hamlet belongs to "Molik," the name of a small hamlet up river. Agnes spoke knowledgeably about the land of her father, saying that he had shown it to her. He had also shown her the land of his own father, but "they all hold it now." I asked who she meant, and she said Mersi and all Silau (members of the clan of Agnes' father's father).

Barnabas, the fifth of Igua's seven surviving children (one of his married daughters had just died) listed ten places that belonged to his father and to Balus clan, including Metakaikot and Kaikot hamlets: "We live in Kaikot because we follow our father. When he was little they all came down (to the sea). Before they all lived in the bush, in Toosimolik. 'Molik' means 'little water' and 'toos' means 'we are one family but now this family



has divided.'" Some went to Meteran, some to Baungung village. Barnabas said that when the white skins came, everyone stayed in small places because they were afraid of fighting. There was no big road, only a little path. People followed it if they wanted to come to the sea. Some families lived at the beach, but inside a little.

The residence of Igua's descendants in Kaikot does not go undisputed. According to his daughter, Agnes, Joseph and Boserong (of Kaikot and Kuliwailai hamlets) are cross with them about land. These two brothers, of Sui clan, say that Igua's descendants do not really belong here. There had been a loud public argument not long before my interview with Agnes and Yacob and their mother took place, when Joseph shouted at many people, trying to find out who had cut down one of his young coconut trees. Barnabas did it, Yacob said, but it was an accident: "You know our fashion of just swinging a knife at everything for no reason" as they walk along carrying a bush knife. "That was all it was." Agnes said that "Boserong says he will take us to court, but he cannot if he didn't see us. Someone has to have seen you to take you to court." Agnes said that Limoni, the mother, as well as her sons Joseph and Boserong, is cross with them. "We don't have plenty of relatives (Balus clansmen) here. They all died in Ungat. Papa did not die for no reason. He was poisoned." I asked by whom, and she said they did not know. She said that her father had developed the mission, he was sorry for everyone who had to paddle the long way to go to Taskul. He scolded everyone for not working. He invited all men who came from a long way to come to eat. The place is dirty now, but the place looked good before, when he was luluai. "We don't have plenty of relatives, if you'd like to talk crossly to us," she said. Her implication was that her father's attempts to do good works was returned with anger.

I asked who has the right to inherit a man's property, and Agnes answered, "If a man dies, his clan relatives cannot hold his property. Just his children. If he has no children, then his relatives can." And Yama added, "And the father of all (my children) has no clan relatives here."

Yama's land is in Ungat village. She said she has none in Lavongai. She was one of the women who allowed Tamangamiss to eat and sleep at her house. He had fallen into a fire when he was a child, some said because he was epileptic. In any case, he limped, probably as a result of this accident. One arm and shoulder were scarred and not fully developed. He sometimes appeared to be mentally retarded, and people teased him; but as I got to know him I thought he was neurotic, rather than limited in intelligence. He had been orphaned when young. His mother was Kiukiu, of Umbukul village; and his father was of Yanga clan and from Lavongai village. He moved around several times during my eight-month stay. Toospatamaran (Panapukuk), Silakau (Tukimeringu), Yangalik (classificatory father, Kavinmai hamlet), and Yama all fed Tamangamiss, reluctantly, on a semi-regular basis, in 1967. Once when I said I was sorry for Tamangamiss, Yama responded, "True."

Yama is living virineolocally (because her husband left the bush and came to the coast where he claimed the ground on which she lives). The households of her three married children (one of whom had just died in 1967) are viripatrilocal (Yacob) and uxoripatrilocal (Agnes and the deceased Matla, whose husband still has a house here).

Vatposig's Children of Metetingum and Metelemarau Hamlets: In Metetingum and Metelemarau Hamlets live two brothers (Bateton and Babi) and their sister (Piraien) with their spouses. A third brother, Sekson, used to live here, but he now lives in Ungat village with his second wife. (His first

wife, Anna, and their five children continue to live in Lavongai village, in Panapuruk hamlet.)

These siblings are the children of Vatposig, brother of Iguakesebut (Yama's husband: see above), who was raised in Kuliwailai hamlet, where Babi had previously had a house (the remains of which were falling away in 1967), and where Vatposig's coconuts still grow. His children claim them. They use some of his resources, but they have left their father's residence site to his brother Igua's children.

Sekson, Bateton, and Babi all told me that they got sago from land that belonged to their father, and to Balus clan. They all told me the same names of places where their father had planted coconuts, which they gathered. But they also use the resources of their mother's father, Tubail, of Kiukiu clan, and the hamlets where they live belonged to him. Bateton said that he went to the ground that belonged to all his pupu, all the "fathers" of his mother, along with his father; and that this ground was Kiukiu (as was his mother's father, Tubail). Sekson said he got the land where he has his garden from his mother and father together: "They mix together there," he said, "Balus and Kiukiu." (His mother was Tien, but her land was that of her father, who was Kiukiu.) Then he said: "The land did not truly belong to my father, it is Silau land." On another occasion when I talked to Sekson, he said that plenty of people from various clans go to his father's ground for sago, and even more to the grounds of Tien, his own clan. "Along this line of sago, all mix. All of us together eat from it-- plenty of clans, plenty of names," he said. This information reinforces the view that many people go to the same areas with the same names for their resources. Conversely, each person may have access to many areas: Babi got out a little notebook and read to me the names of pieces of ground that belonged to Balus clan where he claimed sago.

This situation suggests plentiful supplies over which there has been no struggle to claim individual control. Much is not known: I have written at the end of an interview with Sekson, "They don't like to be pressured to tell their land or their bisnis. They feel embarrassed not to know and that it's all so indefinite; showing, I think, that for them it's safest not to discuss these things."

I had thought that perhaps the children of the eldest brother might have some prior rights over children of a younger brother, but when I asked Sekson to tell me the order of birth of his father and his father's brothers, Sekson sent a child to find out from Malekaian Vatposig's brothers' order of birth. Joseph was there, and he did not know. He sang out for his mother, Limoni, to come to tell of the parents of Kalali (Sekson's mother), whose father, Tubail, is brother of all of Limoni's "fathers," in that they are all of Kiukiu clan. Limoni remembered that Tubail had lived near the mission, and Joseph volunteered: "If the Bishop had not bought this piece of ground, we all could sit down on it."

In the old days, Sekson said, from Toen (back into the bush) to Kaikot belonged to Balus. Where we sing (Metakaikot) belonged to Kol. Palkarung (the generic name for several hamlets) belonged to Kiukiu. "But now they all mix. Before we didn't mix. During the time of fighting with spears, all clan relatives must live straight on one ground."

The concept of ownership still had, in 1967, reliance on the kind of de facto situation referred by Sekson to the circumstances of warfare. People let the strong and those occupying the land have their way. For instance, Thomas' former wife, Sawal, a Tien woman who lived in 1967 with Bateton (her Tien clan brother) and his wife, said that she had coconuts that her father planted in Palkarung, "but I don't get them. They all get them." She was relying on the resources of her mother, with whose fellow clansmen she resided.

When I asked Marion about her resources, her husband quickly said that she had none. She was from Saula village.

There are three households in these two hamlets, two virimatrilocal and one uxorimatrilocal. While they use the same resources, they do not form a single consumption unit. The land and its products are viewed as having belonged to Tubail, their mother's father; and to their father, who worked on it. Male and female descendants make their claims to the resources of Tubail as grandchildren. Although they are of another clan, their claims are accepted without dispute, so far as I know.

Kikokbot's Daughters: Kikokbot, brother to Igua and Vatposig, had two daughters. One lives with her husband in Ungat. The other, Makanluma (see above), lives with her New Guinea husband in Meteor, the hamlet of her mother, Toos. She uses her mother's resources. When I asked her about Kikokbot's land, Makanluma said: "I don't know well. They did not show me. He died, and now my three brothers (Barnabas, Yacob, and Mausau, Igua's sons) work at eating from it."

Summary: The children and grandchildren of the three brothers-Igua, Vatposig, Kikokbot--do not form a corporate group with respect to their fathers' resources. It is not so much that the resources have been left to one group rather than another, as that they have been taken up by some and not by others. They are used primarily by the children of Igua, but the children of Vatposig also use them. Sekson (Vatposig's eldest son) thinks there is plenty for all. Makanluma (Kikokbot's daughter) is used to using her mother's father's resources, and finds plenty of opportunities elsewhere (see Meteor).

Thus, while individuals act on behalf of themselves, and cannot expect others to act for them, no one seems to have the right to exclude others of their kin; just as they do not really have the right to include them, even if they want to. Each stands on his or her own.

Descendants of Two Sets of Siblings

Most of the residents (Houses 51-53, 55-59, 63-67) of Panapuruk, Kavinmai, Meteor, and Boasmala hamlets are the descendants of two brothers of Yanga clan and two brothers and a sister of Kiukiu clan. One of the two Yanga brothers married the Kiukiu sister, and the other Yanga brother married another Kiukiu girl. Their descendants filled these hamlets with Kiukiu clanspeople. Despite the fact that their geneologies fit easily together, the anthropologist is the one who accomplished this task. No doubt people are aware of these ties, and of many others, amongst themselves and to others. However, each emphasizes relationship to some but not to others amongst these kin folk, usually to one or two other nuclear families to whom they have primary ties.

Descendants of Yanga Brothers and Two Kiukiu Women: Reconstruction and combination of a few geneologies show that (in the generation before the oldest living residents of this area) Pilakvaitas and Koki, Yanga men of Boasmala and Meteor hamlets, married two girls of Kiukiu clan. One was from the other side of the island: Ngurvoma, whom Pilakvaitas found when he worked on Lukas island. They married, and their son, Bangarat, was born in Puas village (on New Hanover, near Lukas island). They returned to Lavongai, Pilakvaitas' village, where two daughters were born. One, Neruliwok, lived with her husband, Boserong, in Kaikot hamlet in 1967. The other, Nuipasingan, is several times widowed, and sleeps in the house of her brother's wife, Tarangok.

Bangarat married Tarangok, and her true sister, Taia, married his father's brother's son, Vaknupat. Vaknupat's father, Koki, had remained in Lavongai while his brother went to Lukas island, and he also married a Kiukiu

girl: a "girl next door," Taigavan, of Panapuruk hamlet. Their first child was also a boy, Vaknupat. Like their fathers before them, Vaknupat and Bangarat married women of the same clan, Sui; in this case, however, true sisters, Tarangok and Taia.

Bangarat and Tarangok have been married many years. Each has had only the other as spouse. Now they are old, and they have no children. However, they do not live alone together. In addition to their house in Panapuruk, Bangarat has a little house in Boasmala, where he lived as a child, which Vaknupat shares with him. They have their fishing nets and their canoe in Boasmala, in the last house at the end of the village. Bangarat usually sleeps in this house along with Lomba, a widower; Nolis, a young man whose parents are dead; and occasionally with Pakere, a young married man who has spent much time away working (see below).

Tarangok sleeps in their house in Panapuruk, not only with Bangarat's sister, Nuipasingan, but also with Bangarat's kantire, the teen-aged sister of Nolis, Anita. Sometimes Makanbalusturmat and her mother and children, who "are related to" Tarangok, they say, also sleep here.

Vaknupat, like Bangarat, also has two sisters: Toosepatemaran and Ngenget. Both are widows. They share a house in Panapuruk near their married sons: Toos' son Bonail, whose wife is away at work, and who lives next door to his mother; and Ngenget's son, Pamais, who lives in Meteor hamlet. Toos' older daughter, Makanluma, also lives in nearby Meteor.

The mother of Vaknupat, Toos and Ngenget had two brothers: Iguasusukai and Vatlom. Iguasusukai's daughter, Anna, left alone with her children when her husband went to marry a woman in Ungat village, shares the house of Toos and Ngenget. Vatlom had three daughters, two of whom (Silai and Nauraia) live in Kavinmai with their husbands. His widow,

Telekau, lives with her daughter, Nauraia. Of her generation in this family, only she survives: the two Yanga brothers, and the three Kiukiu siblings, and all their spouses except Televuk, are dead.

Ngenget's Son: Pamais follows his mother, he said, at Meteor: "Mother did not marry straight so that I could follow father. He belongs at Ungalik," Pamais told me. His father and both of his father's parents were from Ungalik Island, off the north coast. Pamais' father was a catachist, and married his mother in Lavongai. He died before Pamais was born, but Pamais has been to Ungalik many times, and stayed for as long as two months. His father's brother has shown him part of a plantation there that his father planted, that Pamais partly owns. In Lavongai, they plant on his wife's ground: ground of Sui clan. Kavulikewunep's mother is a Sui from Bolpua village, and lives with her other daughter in her dead husband's hamlet, Kulilamun. Pamais says that he and his wife could equally well use his land, Kiukiu. I asked him whether it was better to follow one's mother or father, and he said one could follow both sides. Then he added: "We take the nearest. If father's is a long way away, take the mother's." He had his own particular situation in mind, probably, but this generalization is supported by other people, in deed more than in word. Pamais and his wife live virimatrilocally.

Toospatemaran's Children: Makanluma also lives in Metero. She calls it the ground of her ancestors: in particular, of Koki, her mother's father. She has a garden on ground that her mother, and then she, got from Koki. He was Yanga, and the ground belongs to Kiukiu (the clan of Koki's wife), "but Koki always used to work on it." She also gets sago from some ground



that belongs to her mother, to Kiukiu. She does not have any sago just now, but she follows New Hanover custom (she told me) and calls out to someone who does have sago; and they go together to get it. She mentioned in particular her brothers, Silakau and Herman. (Their mothers were at some time married to the same man, Bomaras. He is Silakau's and Herman's father, but not the father of Makanluma.) She is really using her mother's mother's ground, thought of as her mother's father's ground, because he worked it (and because he was a man); while her father's brother's sons use her father's ground.

Makanluma was previously married to Joseph, but she left him for Peterus, a man from the Sepik area of New Guinea, whom she met when he came to New Hanover as a laborer. She and her husband are living uxorimatri-locally, no doubt because her husband has no land in New Hanover, and because her father's land is used by her father's brother's sons.

Bonail and his wife, Meesmarion, live virimatrilocally, near his mother in Panapuruk. But Meesmarion is a girl from almost next door: from Patekere hamlet, where her mother lives in her own hamlet. Meesmarion and her sister, Koloi, and Koloi's husband, Bowe were working on a plantation in Kaut, New Ireland, during most of my field work period. Bonail shared his house in Panapuruk with Joseph, the teenaged son of Anna. Anna and her young children slept in the house of Bonail's mother, Toos, to whom she is mother's brother's daughter.

Toos also has a classificatory child living near her (House 54): Maivis, of Yanga clan, and his wife, Rondi, a Silau. They are both from Saula. His classificatory relationship with Toos no doubt derives from her father's being of Yanga clan. No one could trace the connection. Maivis works at the mission.

Iguasusukai's Descendants: Anna, who, with her three young children, sleeps in Toos' house, is the daughter of Iguasusukai, one of the Kiukiu brothers of the original intermarrying set of siblings described here. Her mother, a Silau clanswoman of Narimlawā village, died when Anna was still a baby. She used to live in the hamlet of her husband, Sekson (see Metetingum and Metelemarau hamlets), but he left her and now she lives uxoripatrilocally. Sekson has two children by the woman to whom he is now married in Ungat village, but Anna still makes her gardens on his land: two on Sekson's mother's ground (Tien clan), and one on Sekson's father's ground (Balus). She also claims coconuts planted by the father of Sekson at Metetingum hamlet.

Vatlom's Descendants: The other Kiukiu brother of the founding set of siblings, Vatlom, had three daughters. One, Litanā, lives in her husband's hamlet (see Metakaikot). The other two live in their father's place, Kavinmai, with their mother, Telekau; the last of her generation to survive. Naurāia's husband, Pakere, has been away working on Djaul island on the plantation of A ching, and working with copra in Kavieng. Telekau was sleeping in Naurāia's house, and when Pakere came home he slept in Boasmala in Bangarat's cook house (House 66). Pakere's mother is from New Ireland, and his father from Neibanis hamlet, where the Government rest house in Lavongai now is. His father and step-father, like his wife's father, were of Kiukiu clan.

Silai's husband, Kiukiumalingro, is from Baikeb village, the place of both of his parents. He has no land in Lavongai. Thus the households of both sisters are uxoripatrilocal. Their mother was from Saula village, long ago. If she had any land, it was there. (There is some dispute about this: see above, "Sui of Kaikot and Kuliwailai Hamlets.")

Kiukiu and Others of Palkarung, Summary: Palkarung is the generic term for all the several hamlets west of a stand of coconuts and bush that separates them, visually as well as spacially from the eastern part of Lavongai, toward the mission. Occasionally people mentioned that there were plenty of Kiukiu in Palkarung, and a detailed examination supports this view. It is not immediately evident, partly because some people are children of Kiukiu men, and therefore are of other clans; and also because they do not act together in public in ways that would quickly manifest their association. However, close scrutiny shows that most families cite their Kiukiu connections, usually to men, to explain their residence in Palkarung: from Kulilamun through Boasmala.

Yangalik (Houses 60-62) is an important exception, because his clan, Yanga, also seems to have deep roots here. His mother was from Kulibung, an area in the bush near Lavongai. He gave Kulibung as his father's place, too, but his father's sister's daughter, old Yama, gave Ungat village as her mother's place. I neglected to locate Kulibung, but probably it is in the bush on the way to Ungat. In any case, the parents of Yangalik and of Yama came and established residences in Lavongai before they were born. When I interviewed Yangalik for his genealogy, and kept asking him to tell me the "true place" of the people he mentioned, he kept returning this question: "Do you mean the place he was raised?" It is clear that Yangalik, who is nearly sixty years old, does not carry with him from the old days a concept of a "true place" where a person belongs regardless of where he is living. It must be part of the traditional culture that people

move and establish new places, but it is probably also part of the traditional culture that having many persons of one's own clan in that place was an important part of the process of belonging in it. Now Yangalik is surrounded by Kiukius, and I heard him lament several times that, "All my bisnis is dead, I am the only one left."

Yangalik's first two wives are dead, and he lives with his third wife, their children and his oldest daughter in Kavinmai, which he considers to be his father's place.

TABLE 2

<u>UXORIMATRILOCAL</u>	<u>VIRIMATRILOCAL</u>	<u>UXORIPATRILOCAL</u>	<u>VIRIPATRILOCAL</u>	<u>OTHER</u>
Aine-Makanbalustimui	Tombat-Makan	Agnes-Sunsoo	Boserong-Neruliwok	Limone
Remi-Kasirolik	Polos-Kavungpalis	Matla-Bukalik	Joseph-wives	Yama
Lakalus-Lainpelau	Bonail-Mismarian	Bokai-Tisiwua	Yacob-Maria	Aping
Makanlus	Maivis-Rondi	Piskaut-Makan	Thomas	Aini-Eta
Makanluma-Peterus	Babi-Marion	Tolimbe-Makan	Pungmat-Litania	
Piraien-Silau	Bateton-Nemoimoi	Nemalus-Ngumalissmat	Silakau-Ngurvarilam	
	Malekaian-Ngurkot	Maria	Kiukiuvaitas-Patab	
	Pamais-Kavulikewunep	Toosepatemaram	Makansuimatpelak	
		Anna	Pakau-Makankiukiusolmat	
		Silai-Kiukiumalingre	Baluskoil-Delilah	
		Naraia-Pakere	Boskeru-Silvali	
		Makan-Tererei	Topi-Makanbaluswok	
		Lusi-Lomba	Bangarat-Tarangok	
			Vaknupat-Taia	
			Yangalik-Kuskus	
			Lewis-Lasi	

ANALYSIS OF DATA: RESIDENCE, RESOURCES, AND RELATED SOCIAL GROUPINGS

Residence Choices in Lavongai Village

Detailed investigation shows that of a total of 45 households in Lavongai, 30 are patrilocally located, and 14 are matrilocally located. There are no outsiders who cannot be classed according to kinship structures, except the mission personnel and the Chinese storekeeper and his wife. One household is virilocally located, that of a widow settled with kin of her husband.

Of the patrilocal residences, 16 are viri-patrilocal, 13 are uxori-patrilocal, and one is duo-patrilocal. Of the matrilocal households, 8 are viri-matrilocal, and 6 are uxori-matrilocal.

The proportion of households in each of these categories is in reverse order to that of households located in the same categories in New Ireland. This brief summary indicates that virilocality and patrilocality are emphasized in practice as in theory in Lavongai.

Viri-Patrilocal Households

Viri-patrilocality is ideologically favored, and a plurality (sixteen) of households in Lavongai village are said to be so located. In all sixteen cases, the husbands lived as children with their fathers in the places to which they have now brought their wives.

Six of those wives were also raised in Lavongai village, and offer clear uxorilocal residential alternatives, which have not been chosen. There is no particular pattern of family amongst this group: two are young couples with babies (Topi-Makanbaluswok, Baluskoil-Delilah), two are middle-aged with

children (Silakau-Ngurvarilam, Pungmat-Litania), one is an old childless couple (Boserong-Neruliwok), and one a middle-aged (now divorced) childless couple (Thomas-Sawal).

Six men have brought their wives from other villages in New Hanover: one (Lewis-Lasi) from nearby Saula village, where her father is a big man; and five from villages too far away to walk to gardens in, or to visit easily. Again, there is no particular pattern of family that characterizes this group: two of those five are old classificatory brothers, sons of true brothers, married for many years to sisters. One couple (Vaknupat-Taia) has children, one (Bangarat-Tarangok) does not. Yangalik is a man of their generation, married for the third time to a woman from another village. Makansuimatpelak is a widow from Bolpua, living in her husband's village near her daughter. Boskeru and Kiukiuvaitas are younger, middle-aged men who have brought their wives from other villages, and who are raising children in Lavongai where their mothers, both of Benge Benge clan, have no land.

Finally, Pakau's wife is from another island, New Ireland; but he did not bring her to Lavongai. An old widower, he recently married his clan brother's widow, a woman whose mother was from New Ireland. They say they live in his place, but it is hers, too: it is the place of many Kiukiu clanspeople, and both her father and her first husband were Kiukiu. Pakau has a grown son, Kasi, with whom he is on good terms, but who lives with his wife's family at the other end of the village. Pakau says he will leave his coconuts to Kasi and not to his other son, Emanuel, because Kasi stays home in Lavongai and helps him. Emanuel is a catechist who travels around to different villages, and he earns money.

No particular pattern emerges by considering at what stage of the life cycle these viri-patrilocal families are. (In New Ireland, it is the nuclear families with growing children who stay most strictly with the uxori-matrilocal living arrangement, presumably in order to facilitate passing on the mother's resources.) However, consideration of the relationships of some of these nuclear families to each other does indicate some regularity which relates to other features of the culture. Some, though not all, of the men who follow their fathers reside as parts of larger family groups. Some are brothers: Boserong and Joseph live in adjacent hamlets, and their mother, Limoni, lives viri-neolocally near Boserong. Brothers Thomas and Pungmat are part of a lineally extended family that also includes their sister, Bokai (who lives uxori-patrilocally with her husband, Tisiwua) and their parents (Malekaian-Ngurkot, who live viri-matrilocally). Yacob is part of a larger family group which includes his two sisters (Agnes and recently deceased Matla and their husbands, living uxori-patrilocally) and their aged mother, Yama (who lives viri-neolocally). In these three cases, three-generation, lineally extended (stem) families are each grouped around a single man: Limoni's dead husband, Yama's dead husband, and Malekaian. And yet it is not clear that these families function as "extended families," because in most cases their composite nuclear families retain economic independence. They may help, exchange, ask and give more often and easily with each other than with outsiders, but fundamentally they produce and consume alone. In these cases several nuclear families each claim the right to use the same grounds: interacting, some (e.g. Malekaian's) operating more communally than others, but remaining basically independent.



The joint extended family type appears in this category, too, in that married siblings live next door to each other and interact, economically as well as socially, more with each other than with other persons. Bangarat and Vaknupat, as pointed out above, are a pair of brothers (classificatory) who married a pair of sisters, one of whom (Tarangok) sometimes shares her house with the sister (Nuipasingan) of her husband (Bangarat). I have no data to show either the independence or interdependence of their households as consumption groups, but their independence is suggested not only by the general cultural pattern but also by the fact that Bangarat has a house separate from that of his wife (in Boasmala hamlet) which he shares not with Vaknupat but with other men (Lomba, Nolis, Pakere) who do not work or eat with Bangarat; while Vaknupat and his wife, Taia, have children with whom they share their lives. Boskeru and his wife live in a house adjacent to that of his sister, Maria, who returned home to live uxori-patrilocally when she separated from her New Guinea policeman husband. Maria did not eat with Boskeru's family; and although she quite often fed some of the children of her sister (Ngurvarilam, Tukimeringu hamlet) or of other relatives, she made clear that she considered this a favor and not an obligation to them.

An examination of the list of viri-patrilocal households shows that the nuclear family does exist alone in this category, too. Kiukiuvaitas and Patab have no clear ties, and Patab quit trying to make a garden on her husband's ground while he was in the hospital because everyone was "cross about land." (Kiukiuvaitas tried to kill himself by drinking fish poison some weeks after he returned from the hospital. Someone stopped him.) Silakau and Ngurvarilam have many relatives with whom they sometimes work, but this joint work is optional. They have no one with whom they share responsibilities.

Even Ngurvarilam and her divorced sister, Maria, rarely work together (see Chapter Seven). Makanbaluswok is left alone a lot, because her husband is often away at work; still, she resides in his hamlet, works there alone, although she usually goes to the gardens with her mother. Yangalik laments that he has no bisnis left. (He, like Kiukiuvaitas, talked of suicide.) He and Silakau are sons of brothers, friends, often seen together, but they do not pool resources, and they do not work together.

#### Uxori-Patrilocal Households

In all but one of the thirteen households classed in this category, either the women have no husbands, or else the husbands are from other villages. In the single case where both spouses are from Lavongai (Nauraiia-Pakere), the husband has been away working in New Ireland, and the wife lives with her old mother in a house near that of her sister's family (Silai-Kiukiumalingro) while he is away. In 1967 he was building a new house in Boasmala, which Pakere considers his father's land, whence they will move viri-patrilocally.

Four of these marriages are between Lavongai women and men of the nearby villages of Saula (Agnes-Sunsoo, Matla-Bukalik, Bokai-Tisiwua) and Ungat (Nemalus-Ngumalisamat); four with men from New Hanover villages too far away to walk (Makansilaugai-Piskaut, Makansuimaris-Tolimbe, Silai-Kiukiumalingro, Lusi-Lomba), and one (Makankalemesolo-Tererei) with a man from New Britain. Of the women who live alone, two (Maria, Anna) are divorced, and one (Toospate-maram) is widowed.

In every case, these women are living where they lived with their parents, in their fathers' places, as children. Their husbands are apparently willing to live in the hamlets of their wives because they have none of their own in Lavongai; and to live in the village of their wives for some reason,

perhaps for some because of the proximity of the mission. The mission offers opportunities for earning money that are less easily available to residents of mountain villages, or of villages further away from the mission along the coast. All of the men work at least occasionally for the mission, on the plantation, or on the boat, or, in Tererei's case, as a teacher in the mission school. Lavongai's position next to the mission hospital may also have drawn some people here: Piskaut, for instance, at one time regularly took medicine there which helped him to overcome leprosy.

Interpretation of the entries in this category as households set up in the wife's father's place, rather than in the wife's place, is consistent both with what informants said in specific cases, and also with their stated general preference for patrilocal residence. Where both husband and wife are of Lavongai village, the viri-patrilocal option is preferred to the uxori-patrilocal one in every case but one: only Pakere has his house on his wife's land, and that was only a temporary situation.

#### Viri-Matrilocal Households

The appearance of matrilocality in these cases is deceptive. It does not mean, as it does in New Ireland, that people are living on the husband's mother's ground, but rather on the ground of some man to whom one is related through one's mother or one's own clan.

Babe and Bateton and their sister, Piraien, say clearly that they are living on the land of their mother's father, a man not of their own clan. These three siblings and their spouses now live in Metetingum hamlet, forming one branch of the descendants of this single man, working on the same grounds, but probably retaining economic independence for their respective nuclear families. This particular group has not always lived together: until a few years ago, another brother, Sekson, lived here with his wife and children.

Since Sekson left them to marry a woman in Ungat, with whom he now has two more children, his first wife has continued to use his land. Thus he, rather than his divorced wife, left his family property; a circumstance that implies the absence of a corporate patrilocal extended family. And Babe formerly lived on his father's land (Kuliwailai hamlet), adjacent to the government rest house; a residence the recent use of which is suggested by the presence of the sagging remains of Babe's old house.

Polos is from elsewhere, and even though his wife was raised in Lavongai, they reside on and use land of his clan, Kiukiu; rights to which he obtained by asking permission from Kiukiu men in Lavongai. Pamais uses his mother's father's land because his father was from elsewhere (Ungalik, off the north coast of New Hanover). He came to Lavongai as a catechist, married Pamais' mother, and died before Pamais was born. Old Malekaian was also the son of a man from another village, who came to Lavongai and married many years ago, for reasons which I did not discover. Malekaian uses his mother's residence site and land. But Maivis' viri-matrilocal residence is classificatory: he tapped an untraced tie to Toospatemaram, whom he calls "mother," to claim a site in Lavongai for himself and Rondi, both of whom were brought up in Saula.

Bonail cannot live on his father's land because his older brother already has his house there. Bonail is the youngest son of Bomaras, who married four times, and whose oldest son, Silakau, lives on his house site. Bonail and the other sons of Bomaras live elsewhere. These half-siblings are friendly and visit each other, but they do not regularly work together.

Only Tombat seems to have chosen his mother's place over his father's, as both were from Lavongai, and he is their eldest son. But his father died when he was very young, and he was raised in Metakaikot, his mother's place. His mother remarried in 1947 and moved to Matamaram, a hamlet far to the east of Lavongai. Tombat says his father's hamlet is Palmat, but he does not know the names of his father's sisters or parents, and says that he is not clear about where his father's land is. Thus, Tombat had little opportunity to choose his father's resources over his mother's; a situation which he does not seem to see as a disadvantage, perhaps because he greatly admired the strong woman who was his mother's mother.

#### Uxori-Matrilocal Households

Tombat's sister, Remi, lives on their mother's residence site along with Tombat. Tombat's wife is from another village (Meterankan), but Remi's husband, Kasirolik (Kasi), is the son of Pakau, who recently remarried and lives in Patekere hamlet. He works with his father on coconuts they have planted, which his father plans to pass on only to Kasi. The planting of coconuts implies that Pakau is confident about his claims to some ground in Lavongai, yet his own father is from Patingo, a hamlet (uninhabited) near the river in Lavongai; his mother from another hamlet in the bush, and his father's father from Palmat, near where he now lives with his new wife. But Kasi says he has no ground in Lavongai, and that his land is in his mother's village, Baikeb. He is Silau, and no Silau works on land he calls his own, through his clan, in Lavongai. Instead, he follows his wife to her mother's mother's ground, where her rights are reinforced by the presence of her brother, Tombat: these two couples work together more often than do most couples of whom two are siblings. Kasi's own brother is a catechist who lives and works in another village (Meterankan).

Because Emanuel is not in Lavongai to help with the coconuts, Pakau does not plan to leave any of them to him.

Makanlus is a widow living in her own hamlet, Patekere, the hamlet of her mother and her mother's mother. Makanlus and her mother were married to men from other villages, as is her daughter, Lainpelau, with whom she now lives. Nonetheless, these Bengebenge clanswomen have little land here, and they use the resources of Lainpelau's father's clan in Lavongai. They also use the resources of Lainpelau's husband, Lakalus. He was raised in Ungat, but he has many brothers and sisters there; and his mother encouraged him to marry back into her village, Lavongai, in order to reclaim her land.

Piraiian's husband also is from Ungat village. They live along with two of her three brothers and their families in the residence site they got from her mother's father.

Aine and his wife worked in New Britain for the mission for years. They came back to work for the Lavongai mission specifically in order to be near his land in Ungat, as well as hers in Lavongai, so that they could plant coconuts and prepare for the future for themselves and their children.

These uxori-matrilocal residences are, then, all between women of Lavongai and men from elsewhere. They give further evidence for the general principle: a preference for virilocality when it is available within the village. However, these choices also show that uxorilocality, even uxori-matrilocal, is a viable and legal alternative when that is the best one available to a couple.

Institutionalized and Non-Institutionalized  
Factors Influencing Land Use and Ownership

There are institutionalized and non-institutionalized determinants of resource use in both Mangai and Lavongai, but the former predominate in Mangai, while the latter predominate in Lavongai. Because the people of Lavongai are aware of the regularities in their behavior, however, their informal tendencies have become a non-institutionalized system in relation to which they act purposively. Sometimes these non-institutionalized patterns almost achieve the status of law, and the reverse is also true: there is a tendency for "laws" to be reduced to the status of "options," or of principles used to support special interests, or used to prevent others from doing what they want to do. Thus it has come about that there are several ways to claim land in New Hanover that are considered generally legitimate, but there is no clear law that designates which among these claims take priority.

Institutional Factors Influencing Land Use

There are various legal ways to claim land in New Hanover, none of which is inevitably successful. The strongest claims are those of the children of a man and of his sister's children, but his grandchildren, more distant kin, and fellow clansmen also have legitimate claims to his resources.

Transfer of Pigs

There is a procedure by which a claim may be made legally prior: the claimant must give a pig to his rival claimants who, after accepting it, "cannot talk," i.e. cannot criticize or be angry about the pig-giver's use of the land. But other claimants may also give back pigs to reinforce

and legitimize their own claims. Many kinds of claims have the force of custom, and thus of some kind of institutionalization. What is not institutionalized clearly is which among these claims is the most weighty. None is incontrovertible.

Amongst primary claimants, it seems clear that the only legal way to hold land for oneself is to transfer a pig. When his father died, Pakau gave pig, taro and coconuts to the people of his father's clan, Sui. He told me, "My strength is this: I gave pig to them, and now they cannot talk any more about me." But the giving of pigs is not enforced or universally followed: hence, it is one of the institutionalized "laws" that wavers in status between being a law and an option, and the pig-givers are not always successful in holding the land. For instance, Baking was planting coconuts for Borais on the ground of Borais' father, Vatlom, when Borais had not given pig to Vatlom's Kiukiu clansmen since his death. Limoni, whose father was Kiukiu, and several Kiukiu clansmen, had given a pig to Vatlom while he was still alive in order to hold his land, but this procedure was not being respected by Baking, a big man of Suala village. People were very angry.

Unresolved situations are common. If no pig is transferred, or if one is given and returned, which of the major claimants has prior rights to the land? Most people seemd to favor the children over the sister's son on first answering this question, but further discussion usually brought forth qualification. Joseph's discussion with me at first implied that the children of a man have prior rights.<sup>2</sup> However, then he seemed to make this contingent upon the transfer of a pig. No one



was willing to state as a general principle that the rights of each group were equal, but equal status was the result if each had given pig to the other. However, in the example Joseph used, he said that if a man's son used the land, it would have to return to the clan when he died. This example implies that clan land cannot ultimately leave the clan, regardless of who gives pigs to whom, and regardless of the preference that appears to be given to the sons of men of the clan over their sisters' sons.

Probably land use is always conditional, derived from the payment of pigs and other factors, even for men who supposedly "own" land of their own clan. Polos said that he could not use the land of his father's clan, Silau, near Lavongai because Silau men of Saula village (above Lavongai) gave him pig and food to stop him from using it. Thus, Polos' father's clansmen were paying in order to retain the use of the land of their own clan. They gave pay to Polos even though his father was from Metamin, in the bush on the north side of New Hanover. Nonetheless, apparently the men of Saula village recognized that Polos, of Kiukiu clan, had some claim to their land which they wanted to buy off. This situation may imply the prior rights, at least temporary and in part, of the sons of the men of the clan. However, it may merely imply that the Silau men of Saula village wished to retain exclusive use of their clan land; and, therefore, bought off Polos' claims, even though they were weak.

The payment of a pig is clearly a necessary condition of legal use by a child of the dead, but less clearly a sufficient condition of legal ownership for a clan. Joseph said that clan land should return to the clan upon the death of a son of a clansman who was using it, but this has not always happened in Lavongai. There are several cases where grandchildren,

not of the same clan of their grandfathers, are using the land of their fathers which should have returned to the clan.

Land is generally designated by clan names, as well as by place names, and a person's clan affiliation seems to carry with it some institutionalized rights to claim clan land all around New Hanover. This was evident for some men, e.g. Polos and Tolimbe. But women also use these rights: Lainpelau uses his father's clan land, even though he was from another village, and even though her mother uses her own clan land. In theory, Lainpelau cannot pass her father's land on to her children. Sawal uses the Tien ground of her clan sister, and in theory she might be able to pass some of this land on to her children. The evidence collected is not sufficient to indicate how stable clan designations are for land, but some evidence suggests that once land is taken by one clan it is difficult for people of another clan to gain ownership. The payment of a pig is not a sufficient condition, in theory, at least, for the transfer of ownership to persons of another clan.

Nevertheless, many people in practice do recognize the prior rights of the children of a man, even if they have not paid a pig. Tombat shares ground with the children of his mother's two brothers. He lets the daughter of one of these brothers use the coconuts her father planted because, he said, "There are plenty of us, and I cannot go inside." Thus he recognizes the claims of even a daughter of a man as superior to those of a man who is his sister's son, in practice: it should be noted that Tombat did not make this recognition explicit as a general principle. It would have been to his disadvantage. He may need to press his claims to his mother's brothers' land and coconuts some day.

However Agnes, whose interests are served by this perspective on priorities, asserted it as a general principle: "If a man dies his clan relatives cannot hold his property. Just his children. If he has no children, then his relatives can." Yama, Agnes' mother, then added: "And the father of all (my children) has no clan relatives here." Actually, the father of all her children, Igua, does have many clan relatives in Lavongai. However, one of them, Silakau, told me that he and his fellow clansmen could not oust Agnes and her brothers and sisters from their father's resources. He supported this view as the one required by the Australian government, but it rested on many traditional factors as well.

In the two cases described above, in which the children of men were allowed to go on using their fathers' resources, nothing was said of pigs. Tombat spoke of his mother brother's descendants as plentiful, and implied that they needed the resources. Silakau invoked the laws of the Australian administration, but there were many other factors influencing his views. Igua had been his friend, a fellow clansman, and a man he respected. He probably did not want to put Igua's descendants off Balus clan land, and there was no need to do so. Perhaps the giving of pigs in these instances was not necessary, but rival claimants were not pushing their claims. But people who did not give pigs ran the risk of being criticized, later, by more demanding rivals. There is always plenty of talk in New Hanover, but if pig is given, "people cannot talk." This is the single procedure available to people who need, or wish, to make their status legally secure. It is universally accepted as important in theory, even though it is not always followed. I did not hear anyone say that the time had come to forget this old custom of giving pigs to consolidate claims to ground.

Inheritance: Matrilineal or Patrilineal Preference?

Some informants indicated a preference for using the land of their own clan, and some preferred the land of their fathers. No one said that there was a strict rule, and some stated that people could use either or both. Some explicitly said that people had different opinions on this subject.

Preference for Matrilineal Inheritance: Two excellent informants from the village of Meteran, Tom and Walla (both of whom were officers of T.I.A., the planting association that developed in 1966) told me that, "If you sit down on the ground of your father, eventually there will be talk. If you sit down on your mother's ground, there will be no talk." These two further stressed that if you give a pig and mias after your father's death, you may use your father's ground; but your children may not. Tom, in accordance with these views, had moved to Tiaputuk village to look after a plantation of his mother's brother.

No other informants gave statements so clear and unambiguous in favor of the security of mother's and mother's brother's resources. This clarity is, however, blurred by the residence ideology confirmed by Tom and Walla: both agreed that the wife must come and live in the place of her husband. This means that men must move back to their mother's brothers' place. But when? Tom was the only informant I met who had done this. I never heard the subject mentioned, nor did I elicit any generalizations, nor any particulars (except Tom's contribution) on the subject of avunculocality. There was no evidence that boys or young men move to their mother's brothers' place regularly at any time in their lives, or that they had ever done so; or that labag was structurally a more important person than mamai (father). The reverse was true in many ways.

Another man I talked to who supported matrilocality was Paulos, of Ungat village. He was also an important man in the planting association, T.I.A. I asked him to explain what I had heard about getting land free from one's father.

Paulos: As I have already said, there are plenty of kinds of ways. My own thinking is this: you cannot follow your father's ground too much. But I cannot know about the thinking of others. My mother is Bengebenge. I must stand up on the ground of my mother, because father has got bisnis, too. It's no good if there's plenty of talk, no good if they oust me.

DB: Can they?

Paulos: They can. I can also ask them all (first) if I plant there.

Another man present during this conversation, Vaitas, was the son of a Bengebenge man, and Paulos told me, "He is our child." I wondered if the strong support Paulos gave for using mother's land might have been directed at letting Vaitas know that he was not expected to use any of his father's land of Bengebenge, the clan of Paulos.

Paulos and other Bengebenge clansmen were defending their land in Ungat, by argument, against other claimants. Aine (Kaikot hamlet), a Silau, and other Silau clansmen, along with other relatives of Aine's, had planted coconuts in an area of Ungat. Aine had worked for many years for the mission in New Britain, and had asked to be transferred to Lavongai specifically so that he could plant coconuts on his own ground in Ungat. Now, with the coconuts already planted, Paulos and other Bengebenge had given their permission for T.I.A. to use the land for coconuts. In effect, coconuts that Aine had already planted were given to the community: nearly everyone in Ungat belonged to T.I.A.

"The ground belongs to Silau," Aine told me. "A lot of Bengebenge women came and married Silau men, and sat down on Silau ground, but it doesn't belong to them." Discussion of the situation brought out the general rule that a child must give pig to the father's clansmen when the father dies if the child wants to go on using the father's ground. But ground cannot be passed to the third generation unless a man has married a woman of his father's clan so that all the third generation descendants of a "founder" are of his clan. "All our ancestors used to do this," Aine said. He did not tell me what, if any, qualifying actions had been taken by the men with whom he was quarreling in this particular case.

The genealogies do not show universal intermarrying between cross-cousins in earlier generations, but such marriages occurred. The data are incomplete. Several young men raising their families in 1967 had married women of their father's clans: Pungmat, Joseph and his brother, Boserong. But other modes of residence and transfer of resources are also followed, and must also have been followed in the past.

Preference for Patrilineal Inheritance: One day when I was visiting Meterankan village, I talked to a middle-aged man, Igua, who was well-informed about a lot of issues. I mentioned to him that in New Ireland it was considered best to get your land from your mother, and I asked him what was the best way in Meterankan village. He answered, "I think the law about getting land from the mother in New Ireland is not straight. It is better to get it from the father."

Most people in New Hanover did seem to think it was best to get land from the father. Sometimes people who were using their mother's land made a somewhat apologetic remark about why they were not using their father's land, as Makanluma did. I had a long discussion one evening with five men

of Lavongai village about this subject. Their ages ranged from 30 to 70 years, and they came from three villages, two on the south coast (Lavongai, Meteran) and one on the north (Lukas island). The four younger men were steady visitors to my house: Piskaut (Meteran village), Tolimbe (Lukas island), Silakau and Boskeru (both of Lavongai). Bangarat, an old man of Lavongai, had not sat and talked in my house before, and he was consulted by the younger men in the local language from time to time, increasingly as they went from trying to explain to me to trying to broaden and confirm their own understanding.

Piskaut: If I die, my two children must fasten a pig. This is called manmanic: the children of a man giving a pig to his clansmen after his death so that they can go on using the father's land. Suppose my children are not strong, suppose they have no pig: my clansmen can tie up a pig and give it to my children. They eat with all, and then my clansmen say, "All right, now you cannot eat from this tree or ground," and so forth. Everything comes back to the clan. Then there is lukankulai: this means, "I give to you and you give to me." Give and give back. If each gives pig and gives back pig, everything belongs to everyone now. None can be cross. Belongs to the clan relatives and to the children.

DB: What of the wife (of the dead man)?

Piskaut: The wife of the dead man with no children must hold (his resources).

Tolimbe: But suppose she is not strong, the clan of the man pulls (back his resources).

DB: Is this still done today?

Tolimbe: Yes.

Piskaut: But today there is no man who does it. Just one here and one there does it. The children get it free. Lavongai is about to lose this (way). Or the strong pulls, clan or children.

Silakau: Igua (Iguakesebut: see Kaikot hamlet), for example, has many children. We (of Balus, the clan of Igua) cannot get cross and oust Igua's children from Igua's things.

DB: Why?

Silakua: The law of the government: children must claim their father's things.

Tolimbe: The same as the law of the ancestors here.

After Tolimbe said this, the men discussed it and there was general agreement that traditionally the child followed his father.

Silakau: This thinking of clan is about to finish. It used to be stronger. I want to think of my wife and my children, that's all. Before you had to help your wife's clan. Give them fish, taro, and so on.

The men then launched into a talk about the good old days, when men had a men's house, rangama, where they could sit and talk, from which women with all their demands for help with child care and so forth were excluded.

Joseph had given me a similar statement, independently, about the giving and returning of pigs as a way to maintain claims. He had not said however, what Tolimbe said in the discussion reported here: that patrilineal inheritance was the "law of the ancestors here." That seemed to be a general consensus, and yet even within this conversation there was ambiguity. Both Tolimbe and Piskaut said that "the strong pulls," whether children or widow or clan. This is a factor affecting land use which is non-institutionalized but nonetheless well-known and taken into account, no doubt, in people's plans.



### Matrilineal and Patrilineal Inheritance Traditional

There is evidence that using the land of the mother and of the father have both been tolerated traditionally. Joseph's old mother, Limoni, uses the land of both her father's and of her own clan. Old Malekaian follows his clan, but old Bangarat follows his father: he says he has land in his mother's village, "but my clansmen hold it, and they have children." Bangarat has no children to follow him; but Joseph has children, and he is following his father, and some of his children are not of his father's clan. Big men in the old days often had manywives, certainly not all of the same clan; hence, many children not of their father's father's clan. It seems unlikely that the apparent ambiguity with regard to the priority of matrilocality or patrilocality is a result of recent changes. The strong have probably had their way, and the ways they have wanted have differed with circumstances. Paulos said explicitly that people think differently about this matter. An abundance of land in relation to population has saved the people of New Hanover from having to resolve these conflicts in terms of any consistent principle. It seems likely to me that clans never systemically controlled the transfer of land in New Hanover. Principles exist in New Hanover, but they are not "laws:" they are institutionalized forms of claims which people use in trying to establish their right to use resources.

### Non-Institutionalized Factors Influencing Land Use and Ownership

Institutionalization in Lavongai makes certain kinds of claims to land and other resources legitimate. It does not give priority to one kind of claim as over against another. The factors which determine which claim amongst several will prevail in practice, and the factors which will lead people to choose to implement one claim rather than another are non-institutionalized.

Amongst these non-institutionalized factors influencing decisions, the actual use of land over time, and the knowledge of it generally attainable only by use, is of crucial importance. In Lavongai, there is no corporate group whose members maintain knowledge and ownership of resources for each other. Each person is, in practice, limited to the resources he can maintain himself; and theory has generally become resigned to practice, zigzagging around after it to accommodate individual circumstances. People do not try to justify particular situations in terms of any clearer theory by rearranging some of the facts of the situation. Instead, they push for clarity by seeking full information, each individual creating his own rationale for his situation from historically wrought circumstances and selected institutionalized possibilities. "Theory" is what is left over from all their confrontations, a thing of shreds and patches draped haphazardly and loosely over practice. People referred to it if it helped them, but it had lost, or more likely never had, sufficient weight to determine events in the village. People do as they like or as they can, and no one helps them; but if no one stops them, they have found a stable condition, at least for a while, one which they can describe as rightfully theirs for some reason. People find the position in which they are strongest, and eschew residential flexibility. They have no welcoming opportunities kept available by other members of a group: they

have no corporate groups. They are lucky to find one place to settle down where their claim is recognized as ascendant over the claims of others, and there they stay.

The following paragraphs illustrate and document these general interpretations.

1) Resource Use and Children: There is no evidence in the data that indicates that the resource use choices people made are affected by whether or not they have growing children. Their concern is to protect their own claims, rather than to create and confirm opportunities for their own children. This may well be mainly because there is no clear mechanism by which they can transfer the resources they have secured to their descendants. There is no principle to which they can conform which will guarantee that their wishes will be respected or their expectations, shared with the rest of society, fulfilled.

People do not lack concern for their children's future, but their concern is for the next generation as a whole, rather than for their own offspring. They are trying to create a system which they said they knew they needed in order to "straighten their lives," so that the "men who are little now" will be provided for in the future. This was one reason they said they wanted to organize T.I.A., the United Farmers Association; so that they would have a new land ownership system, one suitable for the new day of longterm use in coconut production. But they wanted to be sure that a new system would adapt resource allocation to differential increase and decrease in family size, rather than one which stabilized resource ownership in relation to current social groupings. They knew that inequalities would become fixed in such a system, and no one felt secure enough about his own fortunes, however high they were in relation to others,

to risk such closure. That is why they refused to allow the Demarcation Committee (see below) to come and make lists of present land holdings to file with the government.

As in Mangai, people in Lavongai often come to use the land they use through a personal sequence of events starting in childhood. But their childhood experiences are likely to be in one place, and to provide few alternatives. Children do not alternate residence in the places of both parents: where they follow the preferred pattern, virilocality, children do not know their mother's land. No doubt this is the main reason people prefer, as adults, to use the resources of their fathers, rather than those of their own clan. They do not know their own clan land.

Nor do they work in extended family groups, or village groups, so that they come to know each other's resources. Thus, if a child's parents die, and his grandparents are dead, there are not likely to be other people who know his resources, who can or will show them to him. Tombat's father died when Tombat was young, and he "is not clear good" where his father's land is. Makanluma does not know where her father's resources are, because "no one showed them to me;" and because her father's brother's children are using them. Limited opportunities to learn as children continue to limit alternatives for adults.

In the absence, then, of any trustworthy group of relatives who maintain collective responsibility for children and each other, land that people actually used as children, and continue to use, to which they have rights through either parent offers the most certain claim. Here their claim rests on the fundamental principle that those who are using the land are in a strong position. Furthermore, this is the land they know; and knowledge is power, if not authority.

2) Knowledge, Use and Individual Control of Resources:

Since the people of New Hanover do not belong to effective ownership groups in relation to basic resources, they must have personal knowledge of the resources they own; and, furthermore, they must use them regularly. Knowledge is gained through going regularly to work on the grounds, perhaps with a mother who knows her husband's resources imperfectly. The father himself may know them imperfectly, depending upon whether or not some elder bothered to show him all his possibilities. Siblings who are far apart in age, and half-siblings and step siblings may have differential knowledge about the resources of their parents, and they regularly use them separately after they are married. Consistent with this pattern of individual use is a pattern of transfer of pieces of land and other resources from one individual to another, regardless of the clan affiliations of the two individuals involved. Land use is often transferred from one individual to another, probably to the dissatisfaction of some who think they should have been consulted. When I asked people what land they used and who owned it and who let them use it or gave it to them, they often cited individuals; usually, but not always, a parent or grandparent. Sometimes they gave a general clan name, and indicated the individual of that clan through whom they made their claims. They rarely cited any law or custom as part of an explanation for their using any particular resource, even when the usage fit, as it usually did, some clear pattern of transfer from the mother or the father, or from the mother's or father's clan.

Malekaian, for instance, allows his classificatory sister, Ngurkalabus (Tombat's mother), to whom he cannot trace his relationship, to use an area of ground some distance along the beach from Lavongai

but near where she lives, Metemaram. She is of his clan, Kol. I do not know that any of his fellow Kol clan members complained, but in theory they might have had cause to do so. Malekaian also gave some coconuts to Nemalus and another lot to some other Balus clan relatives of his. Probably they were coconuts his father planted on Balus land. Still, there was no indication that all Balus clansmen were consulted about this transfer. He also gave some sago to his classificatory sister, his father's brother's daughter, at Meteselen: no doubt land that his father had some rights to before he came to Lavongai village. One wonders whether or not Malekaian really had any control over the disposition of this sago. In any case, he and his son conceive of these resources as something over which Malekaian had control, which he delegated to his half-sister, who was of a different clan.

Several people in Lavongai use the land of their grandfathers, even though they are not, as they should be, of his same clan. Lakalus, who is Kol (see Patekere hamlet) came back to Lavongai to use the land of his great-grandfather, his mother's mother's father, who was Sui. Two brothers, Babe and Bateton, and their sister, Piraien, who are of Tien clan, use the land of their mother's father, Tubail, who was a Kiukiu clansman (Metetingum and Metelemarau hamlets). Makanluma is Kiukiu, and she uses the Kiukiu land of her mother's mother; but she calls it the land of her mother's father, because he used to work there. Her case suggests that it is important to refer the land back to the ownership of a man: people used the resources of individual men of their own or their parents' nuclear families, where possible, regardless of clan connections.

Individuals also used their clan connections to make contact with other individuals and to gain permission to use resources: for instance, Tolimbe, a Kol, for a while settled on the residence site of Malekaian, also of Kol clan, but of untraceable relationship. Clan was used in Tolimbe's case as a category through which he contacted other individuals, not as a way to gain entry to a corporate group.

Even the nuclear family in Lavongai is not necessarily a corporate group. Thus, the passing of resources from one individual to another occurs even within the nuclear family, even where siblings share the same parents. Pakau said that he holds his father's coconuts and that he will pass them, for nothing, to only one of his sons, Kasi. The other son, Emanuel, is a catechist and "Father sends him around to many places," and "gives him money for his work;" while Kasi stays home and helps his father with the coconuts. Kasi also has the knowledge gained by working with the coconuts, which he need not, according to New Hanover culture, share with his brother.

Even husband and wife may use separate resources. Pakau again provides the example: he has recently married, and he and his wife each goes on using his or her own separate resources. He uses his father's, and she uses the Kiukiu ground of her father and first husband, which she now says belong to Polos. In many ways, the individual is the basic unit in ownership, production and consumption, even when this is less manifest than it is in the case of Pakau: even when siblings work on the same resources each takes responsibility for himself.

The general absence of group responsibility for owning and knowing about resources explains why Tombat was "not clear good" about his father's land. His father died when he was young, and no one had shown him his father's ground. He was a Kiukiu from Palmat, and

presumably had access to some of the same grounds Polos now controls. Had Tombat had need for his father's ground, he no doubt would have found a way to use some of it. But he had sufficient resources, apparently, from his mother's clan, and he had not made the assertions that would have been required to obtain knowledge of his father's. There would have been no need for him to possess knowledge personally, and yet he certainly would have been given it, had there been a corporate kin group of some sort protecting his interests.

3) Ownership and Relative Strength: In the absence of clearly enforced laws based on categories of kinship or other social regularities, the relatively strong individual or group tends to gain and keep access to resources. Ambiguity is settled by the relative strength of claimants, rather than by selectively forgetting unsettling inconsistencies. In Lavongai, people know their rights in detail, and they use argument and action to install themselves and to exclude others.

The culture of New Hanover does not urge people to forget, and they do not forget. Sometimes they mentioned to me land that they said they owned, and then added, "But I can't think too much about that, because it is being used by others." Rather than forget in order to slide over conflict, as New Irelanders do, New Hanoverians live with ambiguity, inconsistency and, when someone wants to push neglected claims to competition with someone else, with dissension, and even fist fights. It is not necessary to forget other people's claims to resources because it is not necessary to remember them. It is not incumbent upon people to follow laws that designate particular relatives for particular roles, and it is not incumbent upon people to help, to share with certain relatives and, therefore, to forget some of them for practical reasons,



to make the whole system manageable. There is very little system, and it is no one's responsibility to keep it running. It is everyone's responsibility to take care of himself, and to do whatever he can to enhance his own strength so that he can be self reliant.

In the absence, then, of a system which would protect the weak, the spoils tend to go to the strong. This is rarely lamented in general, but often lamented in particular by the person who is in a weak position in some particular situation. People tend to let the strong have their way, probably because they will have it, one way or the other. This general principle operates without institutionalization, but it is widely known and taken into account. It was noted even by Tolimbe, who showed little interest in abstract analysis, when he told me that the clan of a man will pull back its resources from his widow if she is not strong. Piskaut almost made a de jure statement out of a de facto one when, in answering my question about whether or not there was a preference for matrilineal or patrilineal inheritance, he said: "The strong pulls, clan or children."

People did not sort out and list in discussion the characteristics which generally make one individual or group stronger than another, but they regularly referred to some attributes of strength in describing specific cases: having many clan relatives, being a native of the village rather than a newcomer, being there first, actually using any resources in question, and being a big man. I will consider these in turn, along with two constant variables always of interest in social analysis: sex and age:

None of these characteristics is in itself sufficient to assure a person his place. One's claim is never free and clear. Continual striving and struggle is necessary just to maintain what one already has.

a) Relatives: Having many relatives gives one strength. Sawal, a divorced woman living with her clan brothers and sister (Metetingum and Metelamarau hamlets) to whom she could not trace her relationships, said that her father had planted some coconuts in Palkarung, "but I don't get them. They all get them." Sawal has no immediate family left alive, and a woman alone has no strength. Her distant clan relatives with whom she was temporarily living had no interest in her father's resources, or in helping her to exploit them.

But relatives, especially clan relatives, can give strength. Agnes said, "We don't have plenty of relatives, if you'd like to talk crossly to us." And Joseph and his family, co-residents of Agnes' hamlet, did so; telling them accusingly that, "You don't belong here." However, Agnes and her mother and siblings and their spouses were not without other kinds of strength. They lived on land that had belonged to her father, Igua; and they lived there even though there were descendants of her father's two brothers who could equally have claimed access through kinship lines, and even though other members of her father's clan also had claims to her father's resources. Her father's brothers' descendants were content with the sites which they had through other connections, and so they did not press their claims. One of them, Makanluma, joined Agnes and her brothers sometimes when they went to get sago, but Makanluma had to ask to go along. Agnes' family somehow had controlling access to this resource. As for the fellow clansmen

of Igua, one of them, Silakau, said that he and other Balus clansmen could not put Igua's descendants off his resources, partly because there were many of them.

The fact that a family was a big family and that the family was already using the resources seemed to give them a very strong claim, whether they were children of the dead, as Agnes was; or clansmen. Pakau said that he has ground in his mother's village, Baungung, "but my clansmen hold it, and they have children." And Tombat does not use the coconuts of his labag, Luri, but rather leaves them to Luri's daughter because, "There are plenty of us, and I cannot go inside." Tombat and Silakau spoke with sympathy of the needs of the children of their mothers' brothers, while Pakau's attitude was realistic toward other members of his own clan. I could not ascertain, in these cases, that any group had prior rights based on some abstract principle. Where there are many claimants, smaller branches of the family probably often withdraw and leave resources to the big family, which by force of sheer numbers could in any case take what they are not given.

b) Newcomers: Newcomers are at a disadvantage as over against natives of a village. Joseph shouted at Agnes, "You don't belong here!" but Joseph also did not "belong" in Lavongai. One night during a village-wide meeting he had called with regard to a particular dispute Joseph said publicly, "I worry a great deal about something: my mother and father did not belong here. And I was born here." Later he pointed out, with a logic for which he was well known, that Polos also did not belong here, that he was not a Kiukiu clansman of Lavongai; but that he had planted coconuts and

other things on the very ground on which Joseph had planted, which was in dispute. Thus, Joseph used the searching out of all information to support his case, and compensated for his weakness as a newcomer with the strength of his wit. Joseph did not always win his case, but no one ever defeated him in argument.

Newcomers are clearly disadvantaged in Lavongai village, but many people there are, or have been, newcomers. The genealogies show that people often give a different hamlet name for themselves and each of their parents. For instance, Pakau (Patekere hamlet) and his father, father's father, father's mother, and mother are all of different hamlets. Pakau's half-sister, Nemalus, gives different hamlet names for herself and her parents, for her mother and her mother's parents: which indicates that mobility is not a feature of New Hanover life which began only in the last generation. The background of the sisters Yama, who is very old, and Lusi, who is dead, also supports this point, in showing a lack of continuity of place between these sisters and their parents (Kaikot hamlet).

Many Lavongais, like Yama's parents, came from the bush one or two generations ago. When I asked Iguá of Meterankan if there were some people in the village who had no land, his answer was: "The reason for this is this: the first man who comes claims the land, and others who do not go inside with him have none." When I pressed him as to whether or not there really were any individuals without any land, he answered, "I cannot know about everything inside about all the people here." He and others do not really consider it any of their concern to know what other people's circumstances are, because people are

expected to find some way to take care of themselves. But he recognized that it was possible that some people had no land, in spite of an apparent abundance, because it had all be claimed, though not used, by those who came first.

It is more difficult for people to take care of themselves if they are newcomers to a village. Silakau told me that when he was a catechist and went to live in Ungalisk, "they did not hear my request" for food, and they did not give him any land on which to grow his own. Patirina and Bolpua villages were all right to him, he said. Patirina allowed him to use ground. But it is better to live in one's own place, where one has ground of his own on which to make gardens. A newcomer has no secure way to acquire ground, and can only try to make contacts and hope for the best.

c) Use: People cannot effectively own land, even if they claim it, which they do not use. Amongst a group of claimants to a single piece of property, those who are actually using the land have a strong claim to it; and those who claim to own it, but do not use it, will find it hard to hold control of it.

The family homestead site comes to "belong" to the descendants of one sibling rather than those of another through being used by one group and not another. For instance, in the case of the three brothers of Balus clan described, only the descendants of one of them, Igua, occupy the residence site on which all three grew up.<sup>4</sup> The descendants of the other two did not

dispute this occupancy. One of Igua's fellow Balus clansmen, Silakau, occupied his own father's father's residence site, while his father's other children lived elsewhere. I know of no case where people were ousted by other claimants from ground they were actually using, with or without the invocation of the legal procedure of presentation of a pig to those in possession by those who would displace them. A person may say he "owns" things that other relatives are using; by which he means that he also "has rights" to those resources. But "rights" to use are successive to, not joint with, the rights of others in New Hanover, as is consistent with their peck order system of integration.

Just as use of resources seems to constitute legitimation in and of itself, so non-use of them is accepted, however reluctantly, as tantamount to loss. One cannot even expect members of one's own nuclear family to protect one's rights. Emanuel went away as a catechist and lost his father's father's coconuts to his brother, Kasi, who stayed home and worked on them. This is one of the main reasons why New Hanover men are reluctant to go away to work, and why they are known as workers who become homesick easily and go home. They know they are likely to lose their land, their resources, and their wives as well; and their place in the perpetual struggle for security and position within their own village.

Use of land establishes some kinds of rights, and failure to use land leads to its loss. These non-institutionalized principles are well-known. Silakau, for instance, told me that even though he had some coconuts in an area called Metetan, some distance from Lavongai, he would not get many if he went there "because everyone steals if they

see that no one looks after them." Such resources would have to have daily care, he said, in order to keep them available to him. Since he does not go there every day, he cannot just go there and pick up ten coconuts to take to the mission store or to the Chinese shop to exchange them for a shilling or a pack of cigarettes. Someone else would have taken them.

Resources that are not used are effectively lost to the individual who does not use them even if a pig has been transferred. Patab did give pig to her father's clan and his coconuts are now hers, in theory; but they are too far away, in Meterankan village, for her to collect. Just following the prescribed institutionalized act does not secure effective ownership.

If resources are convenient to people and they use them, or if people work to create resources on other people's land, these are strong claims regardless of the history of ownership and pig transfers associated with a particular piece of land. Silakau told me, in discussing his land in Tang, that a person might come and sleep with you for a week or a month, help you, and later say "my coconuts," or "my sago" because he planted it. Or he might say the same thing about ground because he helped you with it. Lakalus moved back to Lavongai in order to use the land of his mother's mother's father, an inheritance program that has no institutionalized support: yet I heard no criticism of him.

People use the resources that are nearby because they must transport themselves on foot or by canoe. Pamais, whose father was from Ungalik, an island off the north coast of New Hanover, said that a person could follow either his mother or his father: "We take the nearest.

If father's is a long way away, take the mother's." While this generalization served his own interests, it was one that other people certainly followed. In the old days, people must have taken the nearest, because it would have been unsafe, as well as technically not possible, to travel far. No doubt people have travelled further since European contact and Pax Britannica than they did before, but absence of means of transportation still significantly limits movement.

And yet there was movement and mobility in the old days as there is today. The two dead men whose widows live virineolocally (Yama and Limoni: see Kaikot hamlet) came down from the bush about 1900-1910. Many people in Lavongai are descendants of people who came from the bush within living memory. As one man told me, "We did not used to live on the beach." There must have been a way whereby people established rights to land when they moved, and in the cases about which I know, there is no evidence that there was any way beyond use itself. Usufruct rights are the kind of rights usual to an area of abundance, and that is apparently what the people of New Hanover have.

It may be that New Hanover culture has changed since European contact: however, the influence of European contact can easily be over-estimated, and is over-estimated, in my view, by the people themselves. There have, no doubt, been many new settlements since European contact, much moving over to make room for the mission directly, and much moving about in response to labor opportunities provided by Europeans. But if the people of New Hanover had had a system of land transfer based on some consistent principles, e.g. matrilineal or patrilineal inheritance, they could have continued to use that system after European contact. It seems more likely that their system of ownership has always been based primarily on use.



d) Age: Age itself is not an unqualified advantage: it may have brought a man influence and wisdom, but more likely it has withered him in body and reputation. It is his access to influence over a large number of kin and fellow clansmen that may give him relative strength; and it is the strong man, not the old man, who finds least resistance to his views in New Hanover.

Malekaian is respected by others because of the experiences and memories that he has accumulated through living a long time, but he does not try to lead in anything. He tries to help, to offer the services of his knowledge to the young leaders, who will do as they like, with or without his help. His age would be only weakness for him if he were, like old Lomba, from another village, with no information about resources, no land, and no young sons to add strength to what his age offers. Lomba is grateful that his step-daughter feeds him and that he is allowed to sleep in Bangarat's extra little house; but Malekaian has firm control of his residence site and of his resources through long-time use, back beyond when anyone else, except perhaps Limoni, remembers. Old Bangarat complained to me that none of the young people come to him any more to learn how to build a canoe or make a fish net. These are skills in which Bangarat is the acknowledged local master, but if they are skills that no one wants to acquire, even though they are skills that remain very useful, Bangarat's knowledge and ability bring him no power and influence: only echoes of the respect that may, or may not, have once been given to such a man.

Occasionally one wonders if there is some ranking related to relative birth order, but the suggestion of this hierarchy comes from

the advantage to be gained by being first and longest on the land, not from the fact of birth order itself. There are separate terms for elder and younger brothers, which are rarely used, so far as I could find out; but which were probably adaptive to this de facto order of strength. Older siblings are merely bigger and there first, not intrinsically privileged. Sekson, an oldest son himself, did not know the order of birth of his father and his father's brothers, the three men of Balus clan described above. Had this factor determined that Igua's descendants, rather than Sekson and his siblings, gained prior rights to Kaikot hamlet, Sekson would have known the birth order.

The old live with the young, rather than vice-versa, in Lavongai; even where all are living on the site where the young were born, where the old are most at home. The old become dependent upon the young, and defer to their decisions about the household. There is no pretence that all are gathered around the old: it is the old who stay near the young, and hope to receive succorance in return for that which they once gave.

e) Virilocality: Virilocality and patrilocality are followed, I think, not because it is the law to do so, but because it gives a couple strength. Since neither the mother's nor the father's land offers the only legal alternative, people live on and use the land where they have the strongest claim. This is the land of a mother or a wife, in some cases. But since men as a class are stronger, socially and physically, than women, virilocality is generally preferred.

There is direct evidence that people view a man's position as weak when he lives in his wife's village, in statements like these: Silakau said that the men of Ungat had weak claims to the land of that village because "they just go behind their wives." And Joseph said to

me, when people in Lavongai were annoyed with Sekson for not coming from Ungat to attend a meeting in Lavongai, "Why doesn't he live in his place? . . . He lives with his wife in Ungat. What, did his wife buy him?" And another informant told me that people live in the husband's place because they are "following the pay."

The wife's position in her husband's village also is weak, but I heard no one protest this situation in general. Patab, who is from Umbukul village, quit making a garden in her husband's land (while he was in New Britain in the hospital) because, "everyone was cross." Some people said that she quit making a garden because she was lazy, but the fact that she planted a garden in land cleared by T.I.A., which was open to everyone to use, lends credence to her perspective. Even Ngurvarilam, who was raised in Lavongai, but who uses her husband Silakau's ground, is not fully accepted by her husband's kin. Nemalus, classificatory mother to Silakau, and of his same clan (Balus), once was angry with Ngurvarilam when she saw her in the garden, and told her: "This is not your ground, Tang. You are everywhere on our ground! Go give food to Makanbaluswok" (a young Silau woman whose father is of Balus clan: see Metatonlik hamlet).

Ngurvarilam could probably have gone to use some of the land her father, Ongai, used, which was either Silau or which had been used for the first time by Ongai. Her brother and sister used their father's ground. However, her mother was from Kulengei village, and even though she was raised in Lavongai, because it was her father's village, and

even though she has spent almost no time in Kulengei, she says that her land is there.

There are other women, who like Ngurvarilam, were raised in Lavongai, but say that they own no land there. Mersi is a Silau, and she says that she got some Silau land from her mother's brother; but it is in Butei, in the bush, and she does not use it. She uses the resources of various male relatives who are not of her clan. Mersi is really from Ungat, but her parents sold her to her husband's family when she was a child, and they raised her in Metakaikot hamlet. Her daughter, Makansilaugai, now lives there with her husband, Piskaut, who is from another village. Mersi, with her daughter's help, goes on using her dead husband's resources. After her husband died, Mersi had three more children by her neighbor, Igua, and Mersi uses some of his land, too. She also works with Timui, her husband's brother's daughter, on her land, which belongs to Balus clan, in Tang. Thus Mersi uses land to which she has access through men: husband, husband's brother, and a big man who did not marry her but who fathered some of her children. True, there is not much Silau land in Lavongai. But if she had been a man, and a big man, like Ngurvarilam's father (of Silau clan), she could probably have cleared new places and planted new sago, as he did, and created resources that thereafter would have been known as belonging to Silau.

Most women use the land of male relatives; and most men, as well as women, prefer the land of the men of their own, or of their parents', nuclear families, regardless of clan connections. In short, close genealogical connection is more important in claiming resources

than is clan or village. But male gender is even more important than close genealogical connection, apparently, because the land of a person's own clan is usually referred to as the land of "all the big men of my clan," or of my mother's father, rather than as the land of the mother of the speaker. For instance, Makanluma (Meteor hamlet) says that she uses the land of her mother's father, who was of Yanga clan. She acknowledged that the land was Kiukiu (the clan of her mother), but added, "Koki (her mother's father) always used to work there." She volunteered, somewhat apologetically, "We do not live on father's ground."

Makanluma's father, Kikokbot, was one of the three Balus clan brothers, the descendants of only one of whom (Igua) use the resources of them all. The children of the third Balus brother, Vatposig (Metetingum and Metelemarau hamlets) use resources which they say they got from their mother's father, as though their mother did not own it on its way across the generations.

However, occasionally a woman uses her own clan land and seems to act much on her own. Timui is such a woman. Kongak must have been such a woman: she was Tombat's mother's mother, and she used to go into battle. Tombat's sister, Remi, traced her use of her land to Kongak; and Tombat spoke of her, but referred his land to his clan or to his mother's brothers.

It is not explicitly said that women do not own land, but it is difficult for them to do so in any effective way. It is they who usually move when they marry. This means that they are outsiders and newcomers, as well as women. There are no women who have moved into Lavongai and acquired land, while some men have done so. Tolimbe

came from Lukas island, and put his house on the ground of his fellow Kol clansmen. However, it was not said that he owned land, and in a short while he moved to his wife's father's hamlet. But Polos, whose parents were both from elsewhere, has come to own and control land of his mother's clan, Kiukiu. Makankiukiusolmat, who was also born in Lavongai, of a mother from elsewhere but of a Kiukiu father from Lavongai, says that she uses land that belongs to Polos. Even though her father and her dead husband were of Kiukiu clan, the fact that she is a woman whose mother was from New Ireland and who does not have other strengths, apparently, makes her dependent on Polos, for her land. His weaknesses as a newcomer are greater than hers, but his strength as a man apparently outweighs other factors.

Even women who are not newcomers may be disadvantaged by lack of knowledge of the lands to which they might otherwise claim rights. Makanluma said of her father's land, "I don't know well. They did not show me. He died, and now my three (classificatory) brothers (Agnes' brothers) work at eating from it." But Agnes herself lived in her father's place and spoke knowledgeably about her father's land. Some women acquire knowledge, and some men do not: Tombat did not know well his father's land. Being male adds strength to an individual, but it does not categorically give an individual strength over all persons who are female.

It is, thus, not correct to say that women cannot own land. The fact is that usually they do not. In New Hanover, each individual has to establish ownership himself or herself, and women are disadvantaged in this endeavor for several reasons: they are usually

newcomers, living in their husband's place amongst his relatives; and they are, in terms of unarmed brute force as well as social indicators, the weaker sex.

4) Residence and Individualistic Values: The ambiguity that characterizes the land transfer laws of New Hanover does not apply to the residence ideology: it is virilocal. Men and women agree that wives should go to live in their husbands' places. Some young people think that perhaps this emphasis on the father may be new, part of their changing ways in response to European custom. But old people, in particular Limoni and Malekaian, said that it has always been so: that men settled on the grounds of their fathers, and women went to live with their husbands.

A man should bring his wife to live in his place, but their children will belong to her clan. Land is generally said to belong to clans, and it is understood that local clan members control local clan lands. This means that children are brought up on land that is not theirs, but told that it is better for them to use it, their father's land, than their mother's. They will probably use the land along with people who are their father's fellow clansmen, who will feel that the land is theirs. A child's father, like Silakau's father (see Tukimeringu hamlet), may well have children by women other than his mother, by wives before, during, or after his marriage to the child's mother: they, too, also of different clans and places, will try to use their father's land. It is no wonder that the concept of the "home hamlet" does not hold the place of importance in New Hanover that it does in New Ireland. A child is a "foreigner" in his father's place, along with his mother; and yet if he is brought up in his mother's place, as Piskaut's children are

(see Metakaikot hamlet) he will be made to feel, as Makanluma does, that he should apologize for not using his father's land. Of Piskaut, Silakau said: "He is only following his wife." And, by extension, his children are only following their mother.

A Lavongai male, then, may be born and raised and spend his whole life living in his father's hamlet, and still not own his land. And yet this is the preferred residence choice. Houses last for only a few years in Lavongai, and people build their new houses immediately adjacent to their old homes, rather than in another hamlet with the parents of the other spouse or with other relatives. The children may hardly know their grandparents who live at a distance, as there is no custom of alternative residence, nor of long visits. Thus, while Lavongais are likely to remain in one hamlet for most of their childhood, they are not likely to consider it, or any place else, "home."

Individual residents of hamlets often are only first or second generation descendants of earlier residents of that hamlet, and may or may not be considered among its owners. As pointed out above (see discussion of "newcomers"), in some cases a person gives different hamlet names for himself and for each of his parents. Unfortunately I did not realize that I should have pursued the possibility that persons might have given different hamlet names for some of their siblings, too; as they certainly would have for some of their half-siblings and step-siblings. This variety of residence affiliations within a nuclear family does not indicate a variety of opportunities. Land seems to be abundantly available in New Hanover, but welcoming kinship situations are few; which limits alternatives. People seem to be glad to have one secure place, and they do not all have one. The



variety of place affiliations indicates that each individual has a unique situation, separate from that of even the other members of the nuclear family.

After people marry, they must make their own places. There is no indication that people completely lose their places in their families of orientation, but as that family dwindles to two old parents, or one, it ceases to exist as a place to which to return, or to live. The surviving parent may go to live with an offspring, or may remarry and go off to live some place else. Silakau, for instance, seems to feel at home in Tukimeringu, his father's place, where he was brought up. But his father married four times and had several children. His surviving wives and other children, who were also brought up in Tukimeringu, have all gone off to live in other places. Silakau's own mother has remarried and lives in another village (Baikab), and only visits occasionally and briefly on the way back from the mission on Sundays. The whole family, so far as I know, never came together: it was always, as it probably always had been, a matter of relationships between two people at a time, not amongst a whole group.

The structural conflicts in the New Hanover system between matrilineal clan assignment and virilocal residence ideology separate people from members of their clan who are also their closest genealogical kin. Polygyny, virilocal residence, and matrilineal clan assignment put children who belong not only to different mothers but to different clans together under the same roof; not only figuratively, but literally, as Lavongai polygynists do not build separate houses for separate wives. Thus, even the nuclear family is divided along many social dimensions,

and within it the individual must try to win a place in competition with others. Alliances are formed, but they are temporary and situational, and each child learns early what everyone in New Hanover must know: that he or she is on his own, in many fundamental ways. He is free to do as he pleases, if he is able.

#### Acquisition of Land Through Claims Amongst Affines

The giving of a pig by the children of a man to his fellow clansmen is from one viewpoint a presentation from the clan of the wife to the clan of the husband. However, in New Hanover the children will not expect help from their mother's fellow clansmen, as they do not form a group for this purpose. Her immediate relatives, her family of orientation, might help if they are alive and nearby. But since many men do not own much land very clearly, there is often no clear goal in giving a pig. Some do, but many do not.

And people who wish to retain clan land can and must give a pig to the children of a fellow clansman who has died if they wish to regain land that his children are using. But the fact that they are using it might, in the end, outweigh the presentation of a pig. It is probably partly because the gains are neither clear nor certain on either side, nor enforced in any case, that people have pretty much quit giving pigs: "Just one here, one there," as Tolimbe said.

Children or clansmen in fact use land to which the others also have rights without transferring pigs. Their status as relatives to the former user does give them some rights, even if they have not been legally confirmed. The rights are limited, in the case of children,

to specific individuals. There is no extension of opportunity or obligation to affinal groups, because there are no such groups. The rights to claim or reclaim land are limited to specific individuals related to each other through a man's marriage to the mother of his children.

#### Transfer of Land to Outsiders

It is difficult for outsiders to come to own land in New Hanover, but then it is difficult for insiders, too. There is no certain procedure by which it is accomplished in either case, but there is no procedure at all for outsiders.

I asked Tombat what he would have to do if he wanted to sell his land. "It would be better if I asked my mother and some binis," he told me. "If I don't, they'll be cross." I asked who, exactly, he would have to ask, and he replied, "Mother, brother, sister, and all my onogog, the children of my mother's brothers." These last are children of men of the clan, and are thus not of Tombat's clan, Kol. "They can all say, 'This is not a good way' (if he sold the land without asking them)." I asked him if he had to ask Kol clan members from other villages who are living in Lavongai: like Tolimbe, from Lukas; and Ngurvarilam, who was raised in Lavongai and whom Tombat calls "sister," but who is the child of a mother from Kulingei village. Tombat said, "If I want to, I can ask them all. They all can say, 'Not a good way.'" Tombat said that the same principle applies to the use of sago: if someone asks his sister, Remi, for sago, she will ask him and his mother first. "If we two say, 'Yes,' all right now." Tombat and his sister, although both married, continue to act as a unit in regard to their mother's resources.

Land may be used by men of other villages, and perhaps even acquired, if they gain permission from someone of the clan to whom the land belongs. Polos is the only example of this kind of transfer in Lavongai (see Palmat Hamlet): he was born in the village, but his parents were not, and he is considered an outsider.

The line between ownership and use is not easy to see. The concept of "ownership" itself is not strong, and since it is not strongly and clearly differentiated from "use," the latter gains strength by default. Possession is certainly a strong claim, but not the only claim which has legitimacy, and probably not a sufficient claim, at least until a generation or two has passed.

There is evidence of much de facto resource transfer where no one seems to care. Limoni's claims are to Kuliwailai, but she and her son, Boserong, have "spilled over" into Kaikot; just as Tombat and his sister have "spilled over" into Tukimering, when their claims are to Metakaikot. Limoni was probably displaced by the Government Rest House, which probably pushed Tombat over in the other direction. No one complains. Resource definition is loose, and when no one is put out by it, it can be stretched. Sekson said, "Balus and Kiukiu mix here. The land was not truly my father's (Balus): it is Silau." The map-maker must revise his map for each informant he accompanies to an area, and each revision contains many question marks. Maria told me that she uses sago from her father, but that he did not get it from anyone: "It is all new sago that belonged straight to him." And what of the ground on which it was planted? She did not say and I did not ask; but if he planted sago on it, and no one else had done so, it no doubt became Silau (his clan) land, at least from Maria's point of view.

Ownership and Selective Enforcement

"Ownership" is a concept people avoid with regard to large tracts of ground. In the old days, "ownership" was a matter of defense of territory. Men gathered around a big man or several big men, and while they were there it was their land. Some of the mountain villages appear to be still oriented around one or two or more big men and the land they regard as theirs. Saula, in the mountains above Lavongai, has two big men of different clans, and the men around them are sons, son-in-laws, and sisters' sons. In some ways the Saula men are still defending their territory: it was the Silau clansmen of Saula who gave Polos a pig to keep him from using their land. And in some ways Lavongai village is still defending its land against Saula: it was one of the big men of Saula, Baking, whom Joseph criticized for planting coconuts for his clan sister's son on Lavongai ground without first transferring a pig to the land's owners.

While Lavongais were hesitant to assert ownership over large tracts of ground, they were very interested in ownership of small and immediate resources, claims to which they asserted vigorously and publicly. Ownership is vociferously claimed for items small enough to be controlled by a single individual: particular trees, a fish, a bottle of water, a basket of betel nuts. Individual ownership is a clear concept in relation to clothes, items of household use, tobacco, and even to food in the house. Boserong broke his wife's arm in 1967 in a rage when he discovered that she had smoked a cigarette he had hidden in their house. Cries of theft are heard over these small items. Sometimes theft of this nature is deliberate and intentional, but sometimes it is based on accident, ignorance, indifference, or lack of

consensus. The children, for instance, thought that the coconuts trees along the beach near the "public road" belonged to everyone; Malekaian thought they were his, and Silakau thought that Vatposig had planted them. In this case the question of ownership was raised only by the anthropologist, and it was not resolved. However, no conflict that I know of arose out of this irresolution.

#### Unresolved Conflicting Claims

There are some claims that are important to people and that conflict with the claims of others, and neither will drop their claims merely in order to maintain good relations. Nor are they likely to treat the conflict as accidental or a result of misunderstanding: it is presumed that other people have malicious motives, and people in fact threaten each other with poison or physical violence or both. "What one wants is a big thing," and almost a sacred thing; so that one would not be doing justice to oneself to be easy-going about something one thinks is rightfully his own.

#### Resident Non-Owners

While it is rarely clear who owns land, it is often clear who does not own it. There are persons who are "outsiders," even though time may erase that status. But time may not erase it completely, as it has not made people forget that the parents of Joseph and Polos and Yama came from other places.

All the resident non-owners in Lavongai use the resources of their spouses, except the one who does not have a spouse: Tamangamiss. Some people help him, but many people in Lavongai tease and exploit him. His story is told at greater length elsewhere.<sup>5</sup> One weakness leads to another

and they multiply, and Tamangamiss is at the bottom of the pecking order amongst adults in Lavongai village.

I asked Patab if it were true that Tamangamiss has no land here. Her answer was: "Well, his father was brother to Yangalik." But she herself, as an outsider, was not sure: she said that she herself used only her husband's land. Then I asked Tamangamiss if his father was brother to Yangalik, and he said, "Yes, but he does not look after me well." His mother was a Kiukiu of Lavongai, but she had no land here. Her clan has, he said, but another man holds it. Probably that other man is Polos, whose parents were from elsewhere, but who has other strengths in his favor that allow him to hold land while Tamangamiss has none.

#### Ambiguities in the System

There really is no system in New Hanover, only struggle; and part of the struggle is against other people's interpretation of situations in their own favor. It is necessary to make trouble, to explore and exclude, to exploit ambiguities in information and in theory in order to maintain one's own position. Lavongais seem aware of on-going ambiguity, and perpetually ready to do battle to try to straighten things out. One of the major weapons is argument, and argument requires knowledge of all kinds. Once, when he had had a loud clash with some of his neighbors over a coconut sprout which someone had accidentally cut down, Joseph called a meeting and sought to know and understand everything about his position. He began by making clear his own weakness: "I was not born here;" and finished by pointing out his strength: "Neither was Polos, and yet he uses this land."

The general opinion keeps coming up that perfect knowledge would resolve conflicts and straighten out everything. People talk about creating the structure and system which they know they lack and feel they need. As they talk, their desire to create a system subsides as people remember their past experiences: That nothing ever gets straightened out, and that when everyone makes clear his own view, it is not order that comes of full knowledge, but a hopeless array of divergent perspectives and interests. Then there is laughter for the ambiguities that people become resigned, once more, to try to live with.

It cannot be said that the absence of institutionalization is institutionalized; the decision not to institutionalize has not been made. But at present, the system is that there is no system. De facto is almost, but not quite, de jure, and people know it, and do not really fight it. In a way, they admire it: any system would lack the spontaneity, the responsiveness to individual strengths and weaknesses, the myth of equality, that the people of New Hanover value and use and pass on to their children.



Tutukuvul Isakel Association (T.I.A.)

Tutukuvul Isakel Association (T.I.A.), or the United Farmers Association, was formed, with mission leadership, for the purpose of planting plantations of coconuts which will produce profits that will ultimately (in seven to ten years) be divided amongst its members.

There is no evidence of any shortage of land in New Hanover in relation to the production of subsistence goods: taro, sweet potatoes, sago and the like. There is ample evidence of an abundance of land in Lavongai, beyond the straightforward observation that much land is uncleared and still has large trees. All land, however, is viewed as "owned" by some clan or other, and, as reported above, is sometimes the object of sharp dispute. Even though there seemed to be plenty of land, some people felt that they did not have easy access to resources.

In view of this uneasy situation in relation to land, it comes as some surprise that T.I.A. officers had no difficulty all over New Hanover in getting people to simply donate large tracts of land for T.I.A. plantations. The only problem confronted was that of selection of a site which was good from the point of view of its potential to produce coconuts. Once selected, men of the clan or clans that are associated with the ground were asked, and they readily gave their consent. Their apparent generosity in giving up great tracts of land which they might well not allow their neighbors to make gardens on, and which could, twenty years from now, benefit their own descendants rather than the descendants of the whole village or of all New Hanover, requires explanation. I believe it was due to three factors:

1) First, New Hanoverians had not yet become fully aware of the value of their land, for cash-cropping, in relation to the European world. They had not thought about the long-term consequences and alternatives, even though European authorities (mission and government) tried often to alert them to these.

2) The second factor which helps to explain New Hanover willingness to donate resources to T.I.A. is related to the large number of claimants who could come forward with regard to any piece of land. They said that they had no trouble over land, but if one person tried to be the owner there would be plenty of trouble: because each piece of land has plenty of people who can rightfully make claim to it. Thus, if a man did foresee his own plantation on a piece of land claimed by his clan, he would despair of maintaining his claim against those of all other claimants; or of getting their cooperation in working to produce the plantations. Aine had tried to plant his own plantation, and some of his co-claimants had simply given the plantation he had planted to T.I.A., along with other lands. This act was clearly intended to set the record straight for Aine, to inform him clearly that he could not claim exclusive ownership to coconuts on the clan land.

Furthermore, since, ownership is not closely defined, men who were asked for their land by T.I.A. leaders felt flattered to have their own claims honored and recognized in this way. They appeared generous, by appearing to give what they had little hope of getting.

3) Third, the task of preparing and planting a plantation large enough to bring substantial reward had to be taken on by a group of relatives (who do not, in any case, usually work together). Men

were willing to give their allegiance to T.I.A. where they would not have given it to one person amongst them, or to each other. What they lacked was not land, but a reliable, organized production effort: and it was that which T.I.A. proposed to provide.

The organization and progress of T.I.A. served to clarify for the outsider some of the problems of New Hanover land ownership, while giving evidence that the people of New Hanover themselves understood these problems very well. In the Tutukuvul Isukul Association, they sought a solution.

#### Demarcation Committee

The people of New Hanover know that the Demarcation Committee will not provide a solution to their problems. It was set up by the Australian Administration to register land claims, with a view to stabilizing individual ownership; which they assumed was necessary in order to provide incentives to people to produce cash crops, which in turn would allow people to pay more taxes. New Hanoverians are very angry about the work of the Demarcation Committee, which has registered only a few names there. People know that their own system is much more flexible and will provide better for differential increases and decreases in family size, and most of them simply refuse to have anything to do with this government effort. Their ambiguity has clear advantages, as does the more ordered flexibility of New Ireland, over the rigid system offered by a naive and capitalist western colonialist country. Both peoples knew this, and were slow to come forward.

However, instead of waiting for the Demarcation Committee to come and tell them who really owned the land, as New Irelanders (uneasily)

were doing, the people of New Hanover know that the government merely has a different system which they wish to impose on them. They know that it would disrupt them and they are determined to prevent its establishment. They have little idea of outside higher authority, and insofar as they are aware of it, they distrust it as a source of lies and malicious intent, not as a source of benevolent instructions which they will follow for their own welfare.

They do not see the mission as a malicious outside authority, but rather, primarily, as an agency that provides help for them. The superior strength of its representatives, white men, in the early days was no doubt the main principle supporting the transfer of land to the mission. However, that the land now belongs to the mission is accepted without any apparent resentment, and people have no objection to the Demarcation Committee's registering mission land, so far as I know.

This may be a situation created by the particular missionaries who have lived in Lavongai, because it apparently is not always true on one of the other out-lying mission plantations, Metakavil. There, according to the wife of the manager in 1967, "As soon as the land is developed, they claim it."

But in Lavongai, people seemed pleased to say that their parents or grandparents had once lived where the mission was. Joseph once said, in telling me about his land, that "If the Bishop had not bought this piece of ground, we all (his clan) could sit down on it." But this was an interesting historical fact, a small claim to a little bit of reflected glory, and not evidence garnered with a view to repossessing the area. No one knew exactly how the transfer had occurred, but they

knew that in the old days such transfers were accomplished for meager return, and one man guessed that perhaps a few "tomahawks" had been given to someone in exchange for the land. When one of the kiaps from Taskul came to inquire about how the people felt about the mission, he asked Silakau, who said that some of the mission ground belonged to his clan, Balus, "Will there be talk later?" And Silakau answered, "No, because at the time I was little, the name of the mission was already on this ground." The kiap told them, "Today and this month you can talk. If you talk later, it will not be enough, because the law will already have been made." Still, no one talked.

Father Miller told me, "They don't know where their ground is, even the old ones." I think he meant that they do not have any ground that they can call their own, that belongs clearly to an individual, because he illustrated his remark with a story about an old man in New Ireland who had staked his claim with the Demarcation Committee, planted it up, and then had to keep buying off other claimants. This would have happened in New Hanover, too, to anyone who tried to stake a claim; only the list of claimants would have been far longer, and each claim far weaker. It was partly the work of the Demarcation Committee that drove the people of New Hanover to create their planting association, T.I.A.: to defend themselves against the irreconcilable tangles that would have resulted from their attempt to register claims that included all claimants, or bought off some or most of them; and to defend themselves against each other's attempts to file claims as individuals.

Extended Families: Not Corporate Groups

Extended families of some sort appear superficially to function as corporate groups in some cases in New Hanover, especially where brothers and sisters have all married and stayed in the place where their parents brought them up. However, close examination of these instances indicate that these groups lack some characteristics of the corporate group. Most decisively, when the individuals in such groups leave it, either by moving away or by dying, there are no rules by which the group may replace itself.

Matrilocal Extended Families: There are no matrilocal extended families in Lavongai village, which is consistent with local theories. No attempt is made to maintain ties between sisters and the children of sisters in relation to resources, because women use the lands of their husbands, and children are encouraged to use that of their fathers.

Patrilocal Extended Families: There are a few cases that look at present almost like patrilocal extended families. Some brothers and their wives and children live together, some with the old parents of the brothers. However, several features of these families preclude their being classed as patrilocal extended families.

For instance, superficially the nuclear families of Metelmarau and Metetingum look somewhat like a patrilocal extended family. In these hamlets, the three sons of Vatposig (deceased) lived

together with their spouses until one of the sons, Sekson, divorced his first wife and went to live in Ungat village with his second. They now have two children, and continue to live in Ungat. Sekson's first wife and their six children continue to use his resources, although they have moved back to her hamlet in Lavongai.

Several characteristics disqualify this group as a patrilocal extended family. First, the patrilocal family was divided by the removal of Sekson and his children, both those of his first wife and those of his second; although those of his first still use his resources. The preference for patrilocal residence proves to be weak in relation to the other factors in this case. Further, Vatposig's daughter continues to live with her brothers, along with her spouse and children, in Metetingum. The final telling flaw in this family as a patrilocal family is that they are living on their mother's land, which she got from her father.

Bilateral Extended Families: Is this family, then, a bilaterally extended family? While I do not have specific information on this family, from the data I have on others and from the general principles extracted from these other data, I think it is unlikely that the nuclear families of these children of Vatposig share in all the resources which they got from their parents. In theory, their descendants certainly cannot equally inherit their present resources, even if they are jointly held.

More explicit data on resource transfer to the next generation comes from another family that looks superficially like a patrilocally or bilaterally extended one: that of Malekaian. He has his two sons

and a daughter and their spouses living near him in Metakaikot, his mother's place. This, then, is clearly not a patrilocal extended family: it is on matrilineally inherited ground. It is not a bilateral extended family: Malekaian's daughter's children, as well as any children that his oldest son, Thomas, might have by his estranged wife, cannot inherit the land, because they are not of Malekaian's clan, Kol. Thomas told me that only Pungmat's children can inherit the land, because he married a Kol clanswoman.

Avunculocal Extended Family: Perhaps, then, this should be considered an avunculocal extended family. There are other Kol men living near Malekaian; but they are the father's (classificatory) brothers, not the mother's brothers, of Malekaian's children. Furthermore, although it fits in some ways the situation as it is presently constituted from the point of view of Malekaian's daughter, this classification is false from the native point of view. There is no injunction that young men should go to live with their clansmen. The suggested and preferred residence after marriage is with the husband's father.

Separation of Siblings: While we cannot follow through to see what happens to the children and grandchildren of Malekaian and of Vatposig, we can see by looking backward that the descendants of siblings are leading separate lives. A close study of genealogies and of settlement pattern shows that divisions have occurred between brothers and amongst the descendants of brothers within living memory.

The descendants of Vatposig again provide an example. Vatposig was one of the three brothers of Balus clan described above, and their children do not live or work together. Vatposig's descendants live



mainly in Metetingum and Metelemarau and use mainly their mother's father's resources; Kikokbot's daughter, Makanluma, lives in Meteor hamlet and uses mainly her mother's father's resources. Only Iguakesebut's descendants live where all the brothers were brought up, in Kaikot; and use mainly their father's resources. Makanluma says that she has no sago, and Vatposig's children say they have plenty. Clearly, then, this is one resource to which they do not have common access.

Another example of the descendants of siblings who do not jointly own resources may be seen in Panapuruk, Kavinmai, and Meteor hamlets. Toosepatemaran's mother had two brothers. Toos is sharing her house with the daughter of one of them, Anna. But Nauria, the daughter of Toos' other brother, told me that her father had no siblings; and Toos' daughter, Makanluma, said that she knew that Toos' mother had some siblings, but she did not know who they were. Thus a tie was being used between the descendants of a woman and one of her brothers, but was being forgotten between her descendants and those of her other brother. The tie invoked is used for limited purposes: Anna continues to use the resources of her ex-husband, and Toos those of her father and mother.

No Corporate Kin Groups: These superficially extended families of Vatposig and Malekaien, then, will no doubt be short-lived, as were their predecessors. They lack an essential feature of extended families or of any corporate groups: definition in terms of a rule or set of rules by which they may perpetuate themselves. There is in these families no unilineal rule operating: if any sort of extended family lives together at all, it is as likely to contain, as these two do,

descendants of both sexes as of one sex. Further, there is no rule designating land, and there is no bounded ground to which these descendants jointly lay claim, or may lay claim, that would join the descendants of these variously extended families to the land and to each other.

It is the absence of jointly held resources that precludes the formation of corporate groups of any sort in Lavongai. The settlement of Kol clansmen and clanswomen in Metakaikot and neighboring Tukimeringu hamlets is not a corporate sub-clan, because these Kol persons do not own Kol resources jointly. Malekaïen does not "count" ties with his Kol neighbor, Ngurvarilam, at all: her mother was from another village. If they had "counted" ties and jointly owned resources, they would have formed part of a sub-clan. No kin groups of this sort exist in Lavongai. There are other cases of persons of the same clan, in the same hamlet, not claiming joint resources (see Palmat).

Nor is there a matrilineage living in these hamlets, because these Kol persons do not trace genealogical relationships to each other. Malekaïen "counts" Ngurkalabus as a sister of Kol clan and of Metakaikot hamlet, but they do not trace their relationship, and they are not co-owners of Kol ground. He allows her to use an area of land that he considers his, not theirs.

There are no extended families within which ties amongst members could not be traced. There are no groups formed amongst people who "count" each other in New Hanover because there is no history, no continuity over the generations, that leaves a residue of untraced

relationships. People must struggle to keep their nuclear families together during their own lifetimes: there is no energy left over from which less fundamental relationships may emerge and survive.

Nor are there any extended families of people of different clans who can trace their interrelationships. This type descends from ties that linger between the families of siblings of opposite sex, whose spouses are of different clans from their own, and who come to live and own together. This kind of extended family requires maintaining ties between families whose members have intermarried, and there are no institutionalized ties between the families of those who marry in New Hanover. Marriage ties were considered antagonistic in the old days of fighting. That is one reason why cross-cousin marriage was preferred, so that spouses would be persons between whose families there were amicable ties based on kinship.

This kind of marriage is the missing keystone which would eliminate the inconsistencies in the New Hanover system. Repeated marriages between cross-cousins, when carefully limited to patrilateral (male ego perspective) cross-cousins (i.e. a man marries his father's sister's daughter), can relate two clans over time, and produce children for a man who are of the same clan as his father. Despite its known advantages, this type of marriage does not predominate, amongst the living or the remembered dead. There seems to have been no attempt to consolidate claims to land by repeated intermarriages, which would have formed extended families of two clans, with access to the lands of both intermarrying clans.

Non-Corporate Kindreds: Yangalik and Silakau trace their relation to each other, somewhat uncertainly, through their fathers. That is the

tie to which they refer when explaining how they are kin to each other. But Yangalik also traced his relationship to Silakau's mother when he gave me his genealogy. I never heard them mention it otherwise, and Silakau did not tell me about it on his genealogy.

Yangalik and Tombat both trace their relationship to Tombat's brave pupu, Kongak, the old woman who went into battle; and they both mentioned, but did not trace, their relationship to each other. And yet with all his relatives, including these younger men with whom he was friends, Yangalik was despondent because he had no bisnis, no Yanga clansmen left alive. And with all the possibilities for tracing connections to land that there are, Yangalik told me that there was one piece of land that he "no more thinks of" because he had "no bisnis." But he has a son, two daughters, and grandchildren.

What Yangalik has is a scattering of kin ties, and a scattering of resources. Even if he had some fellow clansmen left alive, his troubles would not be resolved. Then there would be conflict between his clansmen and his children for that Yanga land which, for some reason, he "no more thinks of." In theory, his son could use that land. There must be other factors that prevent clear and full access to land and to the support of a group of people on it. Yangalik has so many ties that he does not use them all, e.g. the tie to Silakau's mother; but his ties, like everyone else's, do not amount to anything. No rule channels them in any way so that Yangalik could build on them for himself and for his descendants.

The people who claim land together do not claim it jointly. They need not even be kin. There are cases where nearly everyone in Lavongai village has some rights to an area. Such a place is Tang: "We all meet at Tang," Maria said. This does not mean that the people of the village have agreed to jointly "own" Tang, but only that each acknowledges the rights of others to independently use it.

Polygynous Extended Family: The tendency in New Hanover for men to extend their families by taking more wives, rather than by consolidating ties with their siblings or ancestors, not only fails to produce a large and integrated group, but further splits the one rock on which a Lavongai may hope to perch: the nuclear family.

Silakau's family illustrates the structural splits of the polygynous family in a matrilineal society. He is the oldest of the three sons of Bomaras, who married four women. The sons have different mothers: Bomaras' first, third, and fourth wives; and belong to different clans. Makanluma was already born to a different father (Kikokbot), who had died, when her mother became the second wife of Bomaras. She not only has a different mother and clan from that of her brothers, but a different father, as well.

Makanluma seems not to have any active claim on the resources of her own father, but he was of Balus clan, as is Silakau.

Her situation points to an important area of division within this polygynous family. She says that she has no sago, but she is not in need: she says she asks her brothers, Silakau and Herman, to take her along to their sago. Thus, her brothers own sago which she does not own, and she has to ask them for sago which is theirs but not hers.

But Silakau's sago is on ground that belongs to Balus, the clan of her own father. Perhaps in using Silakau's sago she is really tapping some of her father's resources. But her access is not so conceived: she is viewed as a non-owner dependent on the good will of others.

Makanluma is on good terms with her brothers: they grew up together in the same house. But she is separated from them, and they from each other, as siblings by their separate parentage, and by their belonging to different clans. Silakau says he does not "count" as relatives all the bisnis of all his "other mamas," the other women besides his mother who married his father, because they are of different "birds:" Kiukiu and Tien.

Besides Herman, Silakau has another half-brother: Bomaras' youngest son, Bonail. Neither he nor Herman share their father's residence site with Silakau. If a patrilocal extended family were going to develop, this would have been a likely place, because their father had been a strong man. But then no one seems to use his resources, of Kol clan, if indeed he had any. All of his children and his step-child use the resources of their mother's clansmen or of their mothers' fathers, except that Bomaras' oldest sibling, Silakau, lives proudly on the residence site he got from his father and perhaps from his father's father. It is not clear whether or not the other children of Bomaras could also put houses there. The area is crowded, and apparently Silakau's prior rights, established on the basis of his prior settlement here with a wife, are accepted; at least in practice.

Half-Siblings: There are many half-siblings in Lavongai, some the

children of polygamous fathers, some not. They live in varying degrees of harmony and disharmony, a subject discussed at greater length below. Silakau and his siblings are one such set; and his wife and her siblings, whose father married five women, are another. They do not form an extended family with regard to resources with either set of siblings, although they occasionally work together with them individually.

Even in monogamous marriages between people who have children by previous marriages, half-siblings are separated by their varying ties. Nemalus is Silakau's pupu, of his own clan, but Timui, who is Silakau's mother's half-sister (also of Balus clan), told me, "We do not get along well with her. She is always cross, cross, cross." There are no joint efforts amongst these Balus clanspersons.

Nemalus lived for a while with her half-brother, Lewis, with whom she shares a mother (Tukisovong hamlet); and then remarried and moved back to Patekere hamlet, which she uses along with Pakau, whose father was true brother to her father. But her move back to Patekere had nothing to do with Pakau: it is the hamlet of her first (now deceased) husband and of their children, and she moved back there to be with them and her second husband. She does not share resources with Pakau: she works on Balus ground, the ground of her own clan. She and Pakau both use land of their fathers' clan, Sui: they make gardens near each other there, but they do not make gardens together. Thus, even where genealogical relationships are known, traced, and close, there need be no joint ownership of resources, nor joint efforts of production.

Clan and Individual: Yangalik seems to take clan very personally, but it can be a very impersonal category to which people have access, a

generic term that prevents anyone from owning while letting anyone connected with the clan try to use ground belonging to any one of them.

Joseph said, in Lakalus' presence, that if there were any Kol or Sui ground in Lavongai, Lakalus could use it. Lakalus is Kol, and Joseph is Sui, as was Lakalus' great-grandfather. Joseph's statement implies an ease of access that probably does not often prevail in practice, but treating clan as a broad and open category does allow people to join or leave clan grounds that belong primarily to people they hardly know. They use the "general principle" of clanship to give them access to each other's resources without giving them access to each other: there are no long term commitments in giving people permission to use land, as there are in a corporate kin group. The clan designation of owned land is impersonal, though such land at any given time is usually controlled by an individual.

Individuals control resources in Lavongai, independently of other members of their nuclear families of orientation or of procreation, because even these small families contain divisions which are not connected or channeled by any over-riding principle. As siblings marry and have children, they develop resources independently of each other. There are some families who operate as extended families for some purposes, but members of these extended families can and do function separately, as nuclear families; and within nuclear families, individuals can and do function alone in relation to basic resources.



SUBSISTENCE PRODUCTION:    TECHNIQUES AND WORK GROUPS

The people of Lavongai, like the people of New Hanover generally, practice slash and burn agriculture. They grow taro, yams, sweet potatoes, tapioca, and bananas; and process sago. They keep a few pigs and hunt wild ones with dogs, and they catch fish in various ways. Their diet is significantly enhanced nutritionally by the regular consumption of quite large quantities of green leaves, which grow wild and which women and children gather; and by the regular use of coconut to "grease" the starchy foods.

Their subsistence pattern, then, is a variation on one that characterizes the peoples of the entire South Pacific. What is of particular interest to us here is the accumulated knowledge of techniques which the people of New Hanover apply to the exploitation of these resources which they have in common with many other peoples of the area, and the social groupings which they form to produce the foods by which they survive. Attitudes and values concerning work itself and toward the social organization of production, influence and are influenced by material and social techniques of production, and by the individualistic orientation of New Hanover culture.

Sago: Tombat told me that New Hanoverians feel that sago is the "boss of all kinds of food: taro, all--sago goes first." I asked him if taro had been, as it is some places, the "boss" before, and he answered, "Taro was not truly the boss before, because if a garden is not all right, or it buggers up--it's just that if I cut sago today, I eat today. I don't have to wait for some weeks or months." There were other reasons in

the old days for sago to be the preferred food: "Before, during the time of fighting, if I didn't have time to work on taro, or didn't want the smoke from a garden to be seen--all right now, work sago. Or suppose I want to get up money, that too, with sago."

He went on to compare sago to coconuts: "It's not like coconuts: you must clean them so that they will come up good. They're not the same as sago: nevermind if there's big bush, it can grow." In response to my questions, he said that sago could be planted, but that it also comes up without anyone doing anything.

The people of Lavongai, like subsistence producers everywhere that process sago, chop the pith out of the trunk of the palm tree, mix it and squeeze it with water, and allow the starch precipitate to settle overnight. The water is then poured off the top of the settled and hardened remains, and this leftover product is wrapped in leaves and cooked in various ways.

Silakau told me that people used to dry sago under the roof (where the smoke from the hearth fires would help to dry it). It could be preserved for some time in that way, and when people were ready to use it, they soaked it in water, and put coconut on top of it, and it was all right again. But I never saw sago stored in Lavongai village. What I saw was women wrapping up portions of dough-like sago, each in a single large leaf, so that the final package was about the size of a small loaf of bread, perhaps a foot long and four inches across. Several such packets were carried home in the bundles women hung over their heads, the sago oozing out of the big leaves in which it had been hastily and temporarily enclosed.

Not everyone in New Hanover was able to make sago "the boss" of all foods. Silaupara, of Metakavil, told me that, "We all (in Metakavil) have gardens. If we don't, we die. We do not have sago, just a bit-- one here and there. Now we've planted coconuts, sago, singapor, tapioca, taro, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas." When I told him that not everyone in Lavongai village has gardens, he answered, "Yes, Lavongai is the place of sago-eaters."

In general, the nuclear family produces its own sago. Other persons who are friends or relatives or both may go along to help or to produce some for themselves; and often only some members of the family go to get sago, often complaining about those who do not come and are not doing their share. Still, it is the nuclear family that is expected to take care of itself, whether or not it does so successfully, and whether or not it gives or takes a little here and there with outsiders.

Probably the main reasons for persons going along who are not members of the family that owns the tree; or for more than one nuclear family, related or unrelated, going to work on a single tree, are these: trees rot if they are not processed when they are ready, and once they have been cut they must be processed without long delay. Furthermore, people do not have trees that are ready at all times, so they go with each other to the trees that are ready. Some people have no trees at all.

On one occasion Tombat told me that he and his sister, Remi, and their spouses had worked all day on sago at Wolbung, the place which they got from "all our big men" of Kol clan. Tombat had been busy with other things: still, he had noticed that this particular sago tree had

already produced offspring, which meant that it would "bugger up" if they did not process it quickly. Remi, too, had noticed that the tree was ready, and she was waiting for Tombat to say something about it, just as he was waiting for a word from her. These two siblings and their spouses often act together with regard to their resources, so this joint effort was usual and not due only to the fact that the tree was over-ripe.

The first time I went to Tang with Silakau and his wife, Ngurvarilam, to get sago, young Martin came along with us. He is the son of Timui and Aine, half-parents with whom Silakau often works. Ulas also joined us in the bush: he is classificatory son to Silakau, because his father, Yangalik, and Silakau, call each other "brother."

Only Silakau and his two boys, he said, had been working to chop the pith out of this particular tree. Ngurvarilam washed alone. The tree had been cut a week ago. When I described the New Ireland system to him, Silakau noted that the Manus people finish a tree in one day. On this particular day, Silakau sat and talked to me while Ngurvarilam washed alone. Perhaps the young boys chopped: I did not see them again. Silakau's own son, Anton, did not come with us that day: perhaps he was minding the younger children in the village. On another day, Anton came back to the village with a young friend, Jacob, and told me that the two had chopped sago that day. Jacob is his labag, he told me (when I asked) because he is Silakau's magmaog, the young son of a Balus woman, Eta, of Metatonlik. These two boys are about twelve years old: boys of this age perform serious productive tasks in New Hanover for their families.

There is a clear sexual division of labor in sago production, and it is usual for a man and his wife to form a team for this work. Sometimes two such "teams" may work together. Tisiwua came into my house

at about 3:00 p.m. one day, saying that he had just come back from chopping sago. I asked if he had chopped with someone and he answered, "Peterus." Their wives, Bokai and Makanluma, were still there washing it. I asked to whom the sago belonged, and he said it belonged to Herman, Silakau's brother. Would he have to pay for the sago? Yes, eventually he must give some sago to Herman, he said.

Peterus' wife, Makanluma, is half-sister to Herman, but Bokai and Tisiwua are no special relation to any of the owners or producers. Bokai and Tisiwua are not related closely to Makanluma (and Peterus is from New Guinea), but Tisiwua and Herman are tambo to each other because Herman married a woman who is magmagaug to Tisiwua. Tisiwua told me this when I asked him: this relationship need not be particularly close, as people have many kin who are magmagaug. Probably the reason both these couples sought out Herman for his sago is that he seems to have a great deal of it.

Once I thought briefly that I had found a work group larger than the nuclear family plus a few extras, when Silakau told me one morning that all the men were going to chop sago, along with the women. I asked him: "What women?" He answered, somewhat puzzled, "Their own wives."

Silakau went on to say that he was sorry for Thomas, who had gone alone today for sago. But when Thomas returned to the village in late afternoon, he was with two young men, the sons of Nemalus: one (Baluskoil) married, the other not. The three of them had chopped sago together, and they were in good spirits. Silakau then told me who had washed it: Anna (a middle-aged divorced woman: see Panapuruk), and Litanian's mother (Televuk, an old woman, the last survivor of the marriages

described between the Kiukiu and Yanga siblings: see Kavinmai hamlet). None of these people have any particular relationship to each other, though no doubt they can all find "roads" if they want to do so. And all of them have close kin of the opposite sex, either children or parents or siblings, with whom they might have worked had they wanted to do so. Their clearest common bond is that, except for Baluskoil, all are single: and Baluskoil was often fighting with his wife. She had probably refused to wash sago for him on this day.

If people are married and getting along well, it is assumed that they will work together in sago production, and there does not seem to be any expectation that others of their kin will help. One day Malekaian introduced me to a man who was visiting him, his almug (brother-in-law). The visitor told me that he had chopped sago that day. I asked with whom he had worked, and he said, "no, just me alone." And who washed? His wife, alone.

This information suggests that, even though Malekaian has a large family, it was not incumbent upon him to send any of them along with this visiting brother-in-law. After all, according to the other evidence I have, they did not usually go along with each other.

Gardens: It was difficult to assess gardening practices, because so few people had gardens in Lavongai in 1967. Silakau usually expressed annoyance about people's continuing failure to bring food to the mission school for the children who lived there; but one day, after a particularly stern sermon in church from Father Miller during which he urged his congregation to bring food for their children, Silakau told me: "We truly do not have gardens in Lavongai, Dorothy, you walk around there, you really won't

see gardens! People really don't have any! Every Saturday everyone goes to chop sago." Saturday was the day the mission sent the school children to process sago for themselves; and some of the village people preferred Saturday, also, no doubt because some of the men worked sometimes during the week on the mission plantation.

Kasau, Councillor for Kalungat and Saula villages, told me that in Kalungat everyone has a garden. Those who say they have none are "all men who are around and about. All middle-aged people have gardens: just the young, they don't have them," He said the same was true for coconuts.

Some people in Lavongai did have gardens. One of Silakau's "mamas," Timui, the vivacious woman who, with her husband, had worked for years for the mission, had a large garden.

Once I went with Silakau's wife and her sister, Ngurkaptain, to Tang, where we found Timui hard at work. She had planted taro, bananas and sweet potatoes of various kinds over a large square area, about fifty yards on each side. We sat down and ate kumu, a wild green leaf that we had gathered, in a large house that Timui's husband had had built for her in her garden. While we ate, we watched Pasinganagai, called "Leg No Good" because he had a huge sore on his leg and walked with a crutch, working in a patch of Tang ground. He was from another village, but was living in the mission hospital, trying to get his sore healed. Timui let him use her land: he was of her same clan, Balus. Silakau said he had helped plant Pasinganagai's garden, and Ngurvarilam sometimes brought food back to the village from her Tang garden. All these gardens were separate: most people

had their own gardens, apparently, if they had one. Pakau and Makankiu-kiusolmat, old widower and widow who had recently married, each went on using the resources they used before they were married. She used her first husband's land, which she said belonged to Polos (who is Kiukiu, like her first husband); and Pakau (who is also Kiukiu) went on using the grounds of his father (who was of Sui clan).

In 1967 there began a great communal effort, the clearing of ground in preparation for planting coconuts for Tutukuvul Isukul Association plantations. Great areas of steep land were cleared for coconuts while I was there. Smoke rose from many mountains as T.I.A. projects were undertaken in many villages. I went with the Lavongai people to clean their area after it had been burned over: it was very steep, and the anthropologist was not the only person who clung to a firmly attached root with one hand while piling up loose branches with the other.

Some people planted gardens in this area: it was agreed that people could plant food first, and the T.I.A. members would plant coconuts later. I did not see planting in 1967, and I neglected to ask about it in detail, so I do not know whether or not some people used ashes as fertilizer as people had done in the old days. All the tumbuna knew that the ashes from the garden fires were good fertilizer, Tombat told me: "All the tumbuna liked the soot from the fire to give good strength to the ground. They put it close by, in the hole for the taro so that it would come up good." However, the individualism that must have characterized gardening amongst the tumbuna continued to manifest itself with regard to gardens in this area, despite the communal effort that achieved clearing. Anyone could



put his or her garden anyplace in it. It was an advantage for some people to have access to a cleared area that was not claimed by individuals or clans: it was here that Patab finally put a little garden, where no one would be cross.

Pigs: So far as I know, only one domesticated pig was eaten in Lavongai while I was there: Joseph shot his pig because it "buggered up" a garden. He and his family and I suppose a few extra people ate it, in his house, accompanied by laughing and talking.

Perhaps two wild pigs were eaten: Silakau and Bateton took Silakau's dog one day and hunted down a pig. Bateton speared it. Someone else borrowed Silakau's dog one day for that purpose, but I did not hear whether or not it was successful.

Thirteen people in Lavongai said they owned pigs. There were no doubt more that I did not find out about. I rarely saw a pig, and no one in the hamlets neighboring me, Metakaikot, Tukimeringu, Kuliwailas, kept a pig in the village. Many people said they did not have a pig when I asked. Some seemed embarrassed about this, which is why I did not pursue questioning rigorously.

The pig that belonged to Peterus, who was from the Sepik, was the only big one in the village, so big that when it walked through the village one day Silakau's children, who were at my house, stopped their play for a moment and commented, "What a big pig!" It has had a litter: Malekaien bought one for ten shillings, and Nolis another for ten shillings. Makanluma, Peterus' wife, who took care of the pigs, wanted to shoot one small one for Father Miller's feast day, but, she told me, "They went and shot it no good and it stinks in the bush. I am so sorry about it!" Pamaais

and his wife look after a pig that they got from Makanluma, who is his mother's sister's child and his neighbor. One day when we were sitting at Pamais' place, I watched his little child pat and scratch Pamais' small pig. I asked, "Do you give your pigs names?" Yes, they give names to pigs, but he has not yet given one to this pig.

Silakau's family had one of Makanluma's little pigs for a while, which they kept tied under the house, and which clearly had the status of a pet. Everyone was very interested in it, in patting it and feeding it. One day I found Silakau squeezing a small green leaf through the water in the dish from which his little pig drank. He was giving it this leaf, siusiu lapang, he said, so that it will stay and not run away to the bush. But it did not stay. It was at Silakau's house for only a week or two and I never found out exactly what happened to it. Perhaps he gave it to some one else to look after. Or perhaps it went to someone who had five shillings to pay for it.

Anna and Makanbaluswok each had a small pig that they had bought from Tarangok: Tarangok must have had a mother pig that I did not hear about. They each paid five shillings. Makanbaluswok says she feeds hers coconuts. The old widow, Televuk, has a pig which her kantire, Kivungkato (a woman visiting from another village, staying with Joseph's family) gave her for nothing. Pakau at first said he had a pig, one that Lewis gave him. "I go give it food along with Lewis' pig. But who will eventually pay for it? I just look after it." He feeds it coconuts, and says that it is already big, though less than a year old.

Polos at first said that he had no pig, and then remembered that he had a big one. "It stays with Yama (Kaikot)." He bought it from Bangarat for five shillings, and took it to Yama for her to give it food. "She is my wife's bisnis," he said, by which he meant "relative" in this case,

because they are of different clans.

Joseph says he has a big pig that his (classificatory) sister looks after in Patirina village, while his tipasig looks after one for Joseph's brother, Boserong, in Kulungat. Kasau, the Councillor from Kalungut and Saula, told me they have plenty of pigs in these mountain villages. He named six men with one, and one woman with one; two men with two, and one with three, and one woman with plenty of little pigs. "We don't have good ground for coconuts," he said, "so I told everyone to raise pigs." In Saula, the ancient Lumbua told me that, as they do not have coconuts, they feed their pigs wild yams. But it is not only the mountain village that have pigs. Silaupara, of Metakavil, told me that they also have plenty.

I learned something of a more elaborate pig culture than the one I saw in 1967. Walla told me the names of three different colored pigs. Boserong, Tisiwua and Thomas told me about a kind of tree, bits of which are given to pigs to make them fat. Boserong told me in some detail about pig-breeding one night when he had come home from a fine Sunday dinner his tipasig had cooked for him and his wife in Kalungat village. This tipasig looks after a small female pig. He will let it have two litters, then kill it and keep one of its offspring. "All right, a male pig goes up it, now it has babies; and all right now, a second time, a male pig goes up her; all right, babies: now, take one, kill the mother." And on another day, Piskaut told me that they used to make traps of branches tied together in which to catch wild pigs.

It seems likely that pig production is especially low in Lavongai village at this time, partly due to the effects of the Johnson

cult. But there have always been problems: the main one is that pigs "bugger up" the gardens: in New Hanover people do not usually fence their gardens. One day Tombat showed me the little fenced-in nursery he was making for his coconuts: "If you just plant them, straight, and a pig eats them, there will be people cross. It's no good for a fight to come up in this way about a pig." Tombat, therefore, went to the extra trouble of making a fence on this one occasion, just for coconut sprouts.

The people of Lavongai do not eat pigs only on ceremonial occasions. One day, early in my field work, I asked Anton (Silakau's son), "Do you eat pigs at sing sings?" and he answered, "No, we eat them whenever we like." But people are expected to bring pigs to the funerals of close relatives. Silakau told me that people might feast for two, three, four, even five days when someone dies. "You must bring pigs, and you must tell all the relatives about the death," he said.

People need pigs not only to eat, and not only to bring to funerals, but also to trade for money. The people on the small islands do not ordinarily keep pigs, Edward, of Unus island (in the Tsoi group), told me. It is to these people that villagers on "the big place," New Hanover, sell pigs, bush materials, and sago. Maria raised a big pig and sold it to an island man for ten pounds (L10-0-0: about \$22). This transaction was strictly commercial, and did not use or create any lasting social ties.

Fishing: Some people spent quite a bit of time fishing, and others almost none. Young boys could often be seen standing at water's edge holding onto a line that they had thrown into the water with a hook tied on the end of it. A light out over the water at night meant that at least two people were out on the reef, one holding a coconut frond torch or a lantern, the other holding a spear and watching for a hapless fish. No one that I knew

of ever fished under the water with goggles while I was there, but it was said that some people sometimes did.

Most of the fishing that took place in Lavongai village in 1967 involved the big government-owned net that Keith Hill, an Australian of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, brought to the village. "Master Fish," as all such government officers are known, hoped to teach the villagers how to fish with this large net, and hoped to get the government to buy a freezer ship which would go around and collect the catches. Neither of these hopes were fulfilled. However, it was not for want of trying. Villagers and Keith Hill spent many long hours in the water with the big red net. There was only one other large net in the village: that of Bangarat, who had made it, and who complained that no one came to him to learn how.

No one was sure whether or not there were enough fish in the area to make a commercial venture profitable. People were not sure whether there many fish that they did not know how to catch, or few fish. When I asked Silaupara, of Metakavil village, if they had plenty of fish in his area, he started to answer yes, but then changed his mind. "Some say we bugger up over fish, but we know how to find them," he said. Apparently there was a difference of opinion in his village, and there was explicit lack of knowledge in Lavongai.

However, people were interested and wanted to try the net. The individualistic tendencies which control most New Hanover personalities find full opportunity for expression in communal fishing attempts. For instance, one day Tolimbe took the big red net down to Metamarma, perhaps two or three miles down the beach from Lavongai, where he

thought the fishing would be good.

When he came back, he told me he was angry because there were not plenty of fish, and everyone came and took the fish from the net. "They must wait until everyone is on the beach, and then divide them," he said. The men who were furthest out in the deep water bringing in the net apparently got no fish.

The new red net figured in discussions one day at the mission school PTA, where people were considering, as always, the problem of raising money. It was suggested that fish should be caught with the new net and sold. Pamais, the Lavongai Councillor and an officer in the PTA, said: Who will use the net? And a voice answered, "All the school boys," meaning that the parents would not do it. Pamais then said, "Master Fish said to bring the fish together on the beach, but everyone puts them in his lap lap, goes into his house, and there are no fish on the beach." Here the Lavongai propensity to take care of the self and let the group take care, somehow, of itself, was lightly ridiculed. People did not really feel that that was the way things should be, at least not with the net Master Fish had brought; but they were usually ready to joke about it.

No one ever offered to sell me fish while I was in Lavongai, and I was given only two: one big beautiful one which Pungmat baked for me to thank me for taking him to the hospital, and one small one which I extracted from Silakau with New Hanover and other tactics. I had given Silakau many things and specifically requested a fish caught in the new net in return, when, one morning about 9:00 a.m., he finally appeared with a fish for me. I was suddenly grateful, and gave him a beautiful piece of

sago bread that Nebi, Joseph's wife, had just given me. (I regretted that. It was one of only two I got in Lavongai, and it looked very good.) I had heard shouting on the beach and gone out to watch: otherwise, I would no doubt have missed even this fish.

I asked Silakau if he had kept some for himself, and he said, "No, I am shooting them around to all the women, I am sorry for all the women, they all stand around with nothing."

He and Tombat and some others had taken the net out the night before, Thomas later told me. They scolded Thomas for not coming. "Piskaut came along behind and got a fish for nothing," Thomas said, laughing.

Later Silakau told me that he had got a couple of big fish last night, and sent them over to his wife, Ngurvarilam, and her sister, Ngurkaptain, to mumu. Ngurvarilam had left Silakau at the time, and she and her sister were living with another sister, Maria, in Palmat. Ngurvarilam had taken all the children with her, but they often came to my house in the evening with their father. That evening when he came with Rosale, aged nine, I mentioned to her, "I am sorry for Silakau, he did not get any fish." Rosale beamed and said, "We ate them."

About a week later, I found the gang of men of Metakaikot and their friends on the beach and in the water with Master Fish's big red net. Anton, Silakau's son (aged twelve) ran up to scare me shouting, "All ingua (ghosts)!" and I said, "Some little ingua and some big ones," and Silakau repeated my remark. Everyone was having a good time.

Tombat had initiated the taking out of the net, as he usually did. He was a hard worker. He and Piskaut and Lewis were out in the water, and then Sekson joined them. Silakau said that he was taboo to water

because of his sore toe, which he asked me to fix again. Lewis and Tombat gradually came in with an empty net, muttering, "Oh, I am cold for nothing, there are no fish!" Tombat went on: "All the fish are not here any more. They have gone to a big meeting. They all want to make a new camp now." Fish, it seems (I thought) are just like people: they do as they please; which is as it should be, in this culture.

House-Building: People did not really think it was all right for individuals who had not done the work to grab the goods. They did think it was all right, however, for people to do their own work and not expect help. This was especially evident to me in the work of house-building.

Men built their houses themselves, with the help of their wives, and without help from their brothers or other men and women.

One morning I looked out from my verandah and saw Silakau, Piskaut, and Joseph each working alone on their respective houses. Silakau had told me the day before that he would be working on his house the next day. This was a project that hung over him, and he talked about it and worked on it all the time I was in Lavongai, and finally finished it just before I left. I saw him working in the late afternoons some times, sewing the long slim sago leaves in long rows over poles, and storing finished and half-finished rows of "shingles" under his sleeping house, which was raised on stilts. It surprised me to see him working on this project alone, having come not many weeks before from New Ireland, where rooves are constructed and put on in a single day by the whole village.

One day Silakau said that he was going to cut things he needed for his roof and at 3:30 p.m. he was back from the bush and on top of his house. Next door, Joseph was working, alone, on the walls of his house.



He had been working at them for about five days, and had only finished an area of wall about two yards wide. He had made his other house, with its beautiful woven walls, entirely alone, he told me. Suddenly Joseph shouted out to his second wife, Nepungup, who was at his mother's house on down the beach. "Hey! Hey! You come here!" he shouted, laughing in my direction to let me know he was half-kidding. I looked to see if Nepungup was coming, and there she was, on her way, smiling. She is needed, and she is smiling. Of course, if she did not come, she would be beaten.

On another occasion I saw Silakau trying to erect a basic verticle post in the frame of his house. As he was struggling, his wife came to his aid, helping him support the verticle post as he arranged it in relation to other parts of the frame. It was late afternoon, and people had come back to the village from whatever work they had been doing. Several of the men from Tukimeringu and Metakaikot came over as Silakau and his wife continued their work, unaided by their neighbors, who watched and talked. Perhaps help would have been viewed as interference. One time, Silakau asked Ulas, Yangalik's son, to come and help him with the house frame, and he came. But there are, or were, ways of asking for help. Joseph told me that Pamais, the Councillor, said that he could not ask for men to help with his house because he has no food. Joseph told him, "Maski, you look after whoever comes, cook for them: you must have a good cook house." Joseph meant that the man who is Councillor, like his predecessor, the luluai, needed a good house in which to offer hospitality.

Piskaut was angry that Pamais, as Councillor, had not called a meeting and asked people to help Piskaut with his house. Piskaut told

Pamais, "You didn't call a meeting and ask people to help with my house: why should I do Council work?" I asked him if people used to work together during the time of the luluai, and he said that he did not know, he was little then. He told me that he had said to Silakau, Aine, and Joseph, "I talk straight to you: I do not want to work (for the Council)." I asked him what had happened about his refusal to work, and he said, "I won. Silakau is cross every day with me."

#### Work: Attitudes and Values

I asked people quite often whether or not they used to work together in the old days. Most said they did not know. Some said, "Yes, we used to work together," in a tone of voice that made clear that the good old days had taken on a rosy glow. The "good old days" for middle aged men were the days of the luluai, not the days of the tumbuna; and gradually it became clear to me, and to all of us, that the joint efforts they remembered had been organized and enforced by the luluai, and were not features of life for the tumbuna. The following are some brief bits of conversation I had on the subject.

When I was talking to Oliver of Mamion, an island in the Tsoi group just off the east coast of New Hanover, I told him that some people thought they used to work together (pidgin: wok bung) in the old days, and asked him what he thought. His answer was succinct: "Bullshit." That you used to work together? Yes. "Only under the luluai" was there cooperative work, Oliver assured me.

A week later I was visiting Noipus, a large village on the north coast, and talking to a man in his late 60's who was a leader in

activities both new and old: Daling. I told him that in Lavongai, each man built his own house, and I asked if that were also true in Noipus, and if it had been true during the time of the tumbuna and the luluai. His answer was: "It wasn't too good under the luluai. You could ask the luluai to ask everyone to help. It's the same today--you can ask the councillor. We worked together a little when we had the luluai, and a little with the Council. Just the same." Daling was an advocate of working together, and had managed to turn an unsuccessful Cooperative Society store into a successful project of the Women's Club (another Administration idea) which he personally ran and from which, it was thought, he personally profited. Still, Noipus needed a store, and without Daling's efforts it might not have had one.

Silakau told me, "Yes, we worked communally together, we made gardens. All this working alone came up with the Johnson cult." He said big groups used to go to work. But another talk with him and several other people clarified that they worked together on a communal garden not in the old days of the ancestors, but during the times of the luluai.

Tagule, a very old man of Metewoe village, told me one day when I was in his house there, "We did not have this fashion of working communally before. Everyone was fighting." But he added that brothers and kantire could help. Apparently, they were not obliged to do so, however.

Pamais, who as Councillor is up against the failures of the Council as well as some of the memories of success during the days of the luluai, spoke one day "on line" on the subject of working together. It was one of the few village meetings that occurred during my time in Lavongai:

there were no regular meetings, although no decision had been made not to have them. Pamais had spoken in the local language, and he came into my house to translate his speech for me. He told me he had said that when he hits the bell (an old bomb shell), only some go to work: "People think, 'Oh, this is just something that concerns Kiukiumalingro (formerly committeeman), or Silakau (formerly Councillor), or the Council.' You think I am just a boy: my voice is not heavy. If you want a man to boss you, all right. You want to work, or just stay and do nothing, it's all right, it's what you want. You must follow your own wishes. It would be better if you would work together. You each have two hands. Suppose there's a big area of ground--you think you are enough to finish it?" This last talk, he said, was directed to the women. However, "I spoke figuratively to the men, too: 'Suppose you look at one big heap of dry coconuts: there is no man enough to finish them. It would be 11:00 or 12:00 at night. Two or three days, I think. If you are to finish them, it would be better to have plenty of hands.'" Then he went ahead and sent them to their own work: "All right, we will follow our work in the gardens. Plant sweet potatoes or Singapor potatoes or taro or tapioca." In short, having given them a lecture on working together, he sent them merely to work by themselves. Pamais probably knew there was no point in pushing for some particular communal project at this time.

Earlier Joseph had told me, in response to my questions, that, "Yes, true, we used to work together before." I asked why, and he said that the leader would look, and if he saw that one person was not enough to finish something, he told everyone to work. (Clearly, then, one person was expected to do things himself if he could.)

"Before," Joseph went on, "we had plenty of gardens." And today? I asked. No. "Today," Joseph said, "I can't work for you. No good you, you have a garden, and me, I don't have one." He made his house himself, he said. "It's the same with money, too: you, alone, must get it. Suppose I am not strong with money, I go to jail. Suppose I am not strong with gardens, I die of hunger."

There are two ideas expressed in these statements of Joseph's, both fundamental New Hanover philosophy. One is the acceptance of self-reliance: people have to take care of themselves. The other is an insistence that no one should have more than anyone else, especially than me. The form of egalitarianism found in New Hanover stresses preventing others from getting more, rather than helping others who are getting less. Thus, taking, and refusing to give, are fixed modes of behavior that operate in many spheres.

An Australian teacher at Umbukul told me that he could not get the local people to work on any school projects, such as building classrooms, because the people are divided into factions. There, he said, the factions were primarily mainland peoples versus small island people: "Neither will work because the others won't," he told me.

This tit-for-tat point of view is very common. Piskaut expressed it with regard to his house: the Councillor had not asked for help with Piskaut's house, and Piskaut, therefore, was not going to do any work for the Council. And yet, lacking such a good reason for not helping, other reasons are often found. Yangalik, who was Committeeman for Lavongai village, made a speech on line outlining what people were to do for the week. He told me later that he had sent all the men to fix the bamboo raft

that crossed the river between the village and the mission, which often broke, and occasionally drifted out to sea. He sent Ulas and Bonail into the bush to get cane with which to tie it. Yangalik laughed as he told me this: "I called names. If I didn't call names, just say 'two boys,' no one will go. They all say, 'I have a sore, I don't want to go into the bush.'"

Within the family, the nuclear family, it is no easier for one person to get another person to help. During my second week in Lavongai, I went to Tang with Ngurvarilam and her sister, and there we met Timui, Silakau's mother's half-sister (see above). Silakau's real mother no longer lived in the village, and it was to Timui, only one of his many other "mothers," that Silakau turned most often when he needed motherly help. As we women all sat on the floor of Timui's new garden house, she said to us that we should tell Silakau that he should come and make a table here. (I had innocently asked him to make me one when I first came, and after about a week and much kidding and prompting from others, he did. It was constructed of a few split branches, and was ample for my needs, and took him perhaps an hour or two.) When we got back to the village and I mentioned Timui's request to Silakau, he said, "I have plenty of work. Everyone sees that I know how to work so they ask me for things." He seemed to take it fairly seriously. As I got to know the situation better, I felt sure that Timui was prodding and teasing a little because I had got Silakau to make a table for me, and it was usually next to impossible to get him to do labor of this sort; though he did work that required knowledge of social relations easily and well, often and voluntarily.

Some kinds of work for relatives probably was meant to be difficult and even humiliating. One day when we had all come down from cleaning an area for planting coconuts for T.I.A., Tombat stopped at my house for a rest and a smoke. He had been working very hard, as usual. He told me of a custom they used to have, asung tamai: "try (your) tambo," the man who was your prospective brother-in-law. The brothers of a girl used to make her prospective husband clean a big section, after they had cut it.

Also, he said, there were no "rest periods" before, as there are for workers on the plantations. And you would come back when the place was dark. You could give friends food when they helped you: aparapara means "dance to call your friends to go to work." Tombat added, "If I don't know aparapara I can hire a man to do it."

On another occasion, the next day, Tombat and Piskaut agreed that they work harder if they work alone: then, they said, you think of the work and of finishing it, not of "rest period" and of "bell." The bell they refer to is that which indicates that it is noon, quitting time, on the plantation. There are many other variables here, but the distinction they made explicit was that between working alone and working with others. Piskaut also had in mind overcoming apathy and general motivation: he went on to say, "If you dream of work you hurry to it in the morning."

There are various reasons why people might prefer to work alone. One is the one Silakau mentioned:<sup>7</sup> that a person who helped you might later claim some of the products of that labor, or even the ground itself.

#### Working for Money and Mias

Working for pay in New Hanover is not a custom introduced by Europeans, as Tombat's example indicates. He said that you could hire a

man to perform a dance if you did not know how yourself.

Pamais told me that today, everyone likes money. "A kiap can't send a man without pay to Meteran or Ungat. Suppose he gives him two shillings, or four shillings, all right. It's the same for the Councillor: you can't get people to work without money."

But probably you never could get friends to work without some sort of immediate recompense: without, at least being given food. Pamais said (above) that he could not ask for help in building his house because he had no food. But if everyone came to help, that would be an enormous feast, and who would grow it and process it and prepare it and cook it and serve it? In the old days, perhaps the aparapara dance served to charm or please people into helping where substance was lacking. In 1967, Timui's husband paid Manilagag, who is no relation, to build the house in Tang where she can rest from her garden work.

Getting money, of whatever currency, has probably never been easy. Bangarat, one of the oldest men in Lavongai, told me that an arm's length of mias used to be enough to buy a piece of land big enough to put a garden on. "We used to get up money with gardens," he said. They also got money for women: when one of their own women was exchanged for mias, it was divided among all her clansmen, or else was put away to use to buy a wife for her brother.

Piskaut added a clarification: "If a man knew how to make mias, he wouldn't go to make gardens." Piskau's father was such a man: "He just thought about making mias."

Silakau then said, flattering Bangarat, "Just as Bangarat must make fishing nets. That is one good work for getting up money."



Tolimbe then translated some further information Bangarat was giving us all: "If a man wanted mias, he would make a garden for a man who knew how to make it, and say, 'Hey, here's a small garden. I would like five mias.' But it wasn't small, it was big! Five mias was enough for a small pig before, ten mias for a big one." Women might have plenty of mias too: "They would bring sleeping mats, karuka, our 'cargo', to get mias."

Today, Tombat gets pay for his sago trees. When he was telling me that he or his sister or mother would ask each other first before they let someone else take their sago, I asked him how much it would cost someone to buy his sago, and he said: "One pound (L1-0-0, or a little more than \$2.00 at that time) or ten shillings or suppose you are sorry for someone he can buy it for something like five shillings." Given the background information that we received from Bangarat, there is no reason to believe that sago was given without pay in the old days, either.

The day that Tombat and his sister and their spouses went to Wolbung to process the sago tree that was ripe and would be spoiled if they let it go any longer, Tombat hired a friend to work on his coconuts, another project in which he felt he was behind. Tombat's wife went and cooked rice for the young man, Manau, who was a friend, not a relative, of Tombat's. "I can buy him for \$1.00," Tombat said, meaning something like "I can afford to do the decent thing." He went on: "No good he says, 'Hey, you're a good friend, you give me no pay?' Today, you cannot work for nothing. Before, yes, you could call out 'Brother.'" But I think that the brother could be busy somewhere else, too, if he so wished; even in the old days.

## MARRIAGE

### Marriage and Individualistic Orientation

Marriage is not customarily a group affair in New Hanover today, although it usually involves at least one person more than the two mates themselves. Traditionally, a man pays ten mias for a woman who has not been married before, five mias for one who has been. Sometimes he gives the mias to her father, sometimes to a man of her clan, sometimes to her ex-husband: in short, he gives it to a single individual, usually a man, who at the time of the marriage is most closely associated with the woman.

There are no subsequent payments from either side to the other; nor are there prescribed ceremonial exchanges between the families of affines, or any long-term political realignments fashioned or realized or confirmed through marriage. Sometimes men whose wives have run away try to get their mias returned, and sometimes they do not. A man who has received ten mias for his daughter is not likely to take her side against her husband in a quarrel if it means that he has to return the ten mias. But women do leave their husbands, and men do leave their wives, without major disruption to resource use or to social groups larger than the divided nuclear family itself. When and if people regularly married their cross-cousins in the old days, as some informants suggested, the group involvement in a marriage may have been greater and differently patterned.

Marriage tends to be an individualistic, intense, combatative relationship. Families of orientation do not interfere. The nuclear family exists, but individuals cannot depend on nuclear family members

(whether parents, siblings, or children, let alone spouses) for help. In marriage, as in other aspects of New Hanover life, the individual stands alone. Romantic love, enhanced or created with the aid of magic, is important in marriage. It is often the greatest power an individual can hope to have over any other person; and as this power wanes while children and work and trouble wax within a household, it is replaced by attempts to control through accusation, shouting, beating, and destruction of property. The solace of romantic love is often then sought outside the home. Some informants gave evidence which implied that a hostile relationship between spouses was well-known in the old days: one of the main reasons, they said, for getting a cross-cousin for a wife was that she would not poison her husband as some other wife might do.

#### Case Histories

The following cases document and illustrate the general points made above.

1) John and Mary<sup>8</sup>

John and Mary lived with their four children in his father's hamlet where John was brought up. Mary was also brought up in Lavongai village, in her father's place. John's father had four wives, and Mary's father had five.

One day when John was feeling worried about Mary, who was sick, he came to my house and told me about their courtship. It was a subject which interested him and he told me about it on several occasions, sometimes in front of Mary. She always smiled and encouraged him.

When they were young, Mary did not like John . One day she and two other young girls teased him by saying this: "Your teeth are just like a passage (in the reef)!" (One of John's front teeth is missing.) Thus they taunted him, many years ago; and he cried and went home and told his mother, Ruth . She then came and scolded those girls, thus: "You all kulikilis," which means that they said bad things in front of many people in order to shame someone.

John was determined to change Mary's mind about him. He went looking for moi, a grass; and in the afternoon he found it. During the night, he sang over it.

In the morning, he did not go to work. He told his mother not to go near him. (He admitted that his mother probably knew what he was doing, just as she knew when his father performed singsings, but she was not supposed to know.) John stayed alone in the house for about a week. He fasted for one whole day, except for eating some taro in the afternoon. "I thought only of my singsing," he said.

"Then a star, I think, came," he told me. He was waiting for a little lizard, "which contain our human devils." One day the lizard finally came, came up to the moi, and lay down next to it without moving. This meant, John said, that he and Mary would be truly married. If the lizard had just come up and then gone away again, it would have meant that he and Mary would be only lovers.

"After this, Mary's face was no longer 'strong' against me. She waited for me, she smiled, and she looked happy." John told his mother that she could no longer come to his house, the rangama (men's house) where he slept. He put the moi in a tin, and kept it in the house.

Soon thereafter Mary came to call out for John. Only John's mother and Mary's father knew about it. She told her father that she would not marry the man to whom her father had promised her and from whom he had accepted pay. She wanted to go to the mission to be married by the priest, and she cried for John. She told her father, "I want John so much!"

The man from whom her father had accepted pay lived in Tiaputuk village. (He is now dead.) Mary's father returned the pay, and John and Mary were married in 1952. John was a young catachist at the time, and the mission participated in his wedding ceremony. The relatives of both his mother and his father came. The mission contributed bread, rice, and tinned meat.

John's father was dead by this time, but he had warned John not to give this singsing to other men, and John has always heeded the warning. "It will bugger up everything (if you give it to everyone). It is just for you," John's father had told him. And he never used it again.

One night, John, George, his wife, Sally (one of John's classificatory mothers) and their children told me stories about quarrels in the village. The recounting was good-natured, and was accompanied by dramatic reconstructions, much jumping about, characterization, and laughter.

John began the subject mentioning a quarrel between Bob and his wife (see below). Sally then launched into a spirited description of a fight involving John. She did most of the talking, but the others added anecdotes, comments and dramatizations.

John had been having an affair with Joanne, a married woman. John had told me some things about this affair before, several times; once with

the help of his nine-year-old daughter, who remembered some of the names he had forgotten. Joanne approached John when he was Councillor (in 1963-4), and told him that she liked him; not for his money and his position, but for his personality and the way he acted. John knew it was wrong, because as Councillor he should have set a good example; but, one night during a party, he yielded to temptation. Her husband, of course, eventually found out about his wife's liaison, and blamed John.

I had heard that there had been a big fight, and Sally now told me the details. She and her half-sister, Ruth, John's true mother, were present when the men from Saula village (where Joanne and her husband were then living) came to Lavongai looking for John. They were present because a friend of John's came and warned them: "Hey! They are all coming to fight John!" Everyone from Lavongai village and the surrounding villages was supposed to be at the mission, because it was Good Friday afternoon. (Later, Sister Maria told me that they wondered what was wrong, because only about half the expected number came to church. Many had stayed away either to join or watch or avoid the fight, she thought, after she found out what had happened.)

Sally and Ruth had been on their way to church, but they turned around and went back. They tied on their laplaps with rope, and John put on a belt (so they would not lose their laplaps in the anticipated fight).

Three men came: Joanne's husband himself, along with two others. (Later one of the two big men of Saula village came and watched, but did not participate.)

Sally then recounted enthusiastically her own part in the fight. All present for the story agreed that Sally was the one who did all the talking.

She said to the three as they approached: "You want to fight, you come!" The three rushed John. Sally pulled one of them off and threw him down. "Like this," John's twelve year old son said, demonstrating with one of George's children. (He had not seen the incident, but had often heard it told and knew what came next.) "Make them savvy!" Sally had yelled, as she yelled in the re-telling of the tale. "Pump their asses!" Ruth fought them with a stick, but Sally used only her hands. John said, half-flattering and half-jesting, "They all ran away from my two mamas."

John's son and Sally picked up the story again to tell of John's part. He had then said to them, calling after them, "Tomorrow you three come again!" Sally had yelled after them, "You saw that all our clansmen did not stop, and you came to fight him! If I die, all right, then you can kill my child. But I am still alive!"

Ruth had called after Joanne's husband: "You send your wife to get money from John. Don't you want to give money to Joanne yourself?" (This comment refers to the New Hanover pattern that requires men to continually give presents to their sweethearts. John's true mama was characterizing him as the innocent victim in the affair.)

In 1967, Joanne's husband and one of his friends still had not shaken hands with John. The other friend came and gave John one shilling and shook hands.

John and Sally claimed that they escaped unscathed, but Sister Maria, the mission nurse, told me that John had sustained a broken collar bone and a dislocated shoulder.

The anger over this whole situation has never been terminated, formally or informally except for the single reconciliation between John and one of Joanne's husband's friends. In 1967, Joanne's husband (who still does not speak to John) invited Mary into the bush with him. She turned

him down, but she made the most of the offer. She shouted through the village: "If you want to fuck someone, don't fuck me, fuck John! He is the one who took your wife, not me! Don't get back at me, get back at him! If you want to fuck someone, fuck John!" Mary was very much amused by what followed. Not surprisingly, Joanne heard, or heard about, the invitation. She went home and broke all the plates and tore all the clothes and threw them into the sea; a mode of behavior characteristic of the jealous woman in New Hanover.

The affair with Joanne was several years in the past when this incident occurred. Mary could laugh about it. However, she was often angry with John about other things; many kinds of things, including his attention to other women. Once when he and two friends were sitting on the beach playing a guitar and singing, she came up behind them and hit John on the head with a rock. Sister Maria said that he was unconscious for two days. Apparently Mary suspected that the men's songs and conversation were not innocent but were, rather, related to their interest in women other than their wives. Mary was often annoyed in 1967 because John refused to behave with restraint required by New Hanover custom in front of her young sister. He would come into the house and lie down in her presence, much to his wife's sister's annoyance and embarrassment.

When Mary was angry with John, one way that she showed this was by managing in various ways to avoid preparing his food. Food is a medium of relationship in New Hoanover as in New Ireland, but in New Hanover it is used to reject. For instance, one night Mary stayed in the garden late, and when she came back she went directly to her older sister's house (at the other end of the village from her own home with John) without letting John know that she had returned. He sat at home, pretending that he did not know where



she was, and that he could not eat unless she came and brought him food, or cooked it. Their four children and I went along over to her older sister's house to eat. When we came back to John's house about 9 p.m., he protested loudly, sarcastically sweet, that he had had nothing to eat, and ask me if I had any eggs. I said I did and asked one of the children to come and get them for him. (I was, of course, trying to remain neutral.)

Whenever Mary was threatening (as she often was) to leave John, he said to her: "Where will you go, to your brother? He does not want to see you, he does not want to give you money. He has his own wife and children." Mary knew this was true. Nevertheless, she left John for two months in 1967. During this time, his "skin became slack." (I estimate he lost about twenty pounds.) He went to one of his three "mamas" occasionally for food, but he was "ashamed." Still, he preferred to get what he could from them, and from the anthropologist, rather than to go to the garden for his own food and prepare it himself. He was rejected, and martyred, and genuinely desolate and very worried that his wife might not come back. His weight loss told the world that his wife had shamelessly left him, that he had no one to cook for him. (His real mother, Ruth, would have fed him, he said, if she had been in Lavongai. She never rejected him. But she had remarried after his father's death, and she lived in another village. She always brought him food when she came through Lavongai on Sunday to go to church; and, although he had been married for fifteen years, she still made his sleeping mats, because, he said, Mary would not make them for him.)

John told me that his wife was so jealous that he had just about given up trying to avoid making her angry; and Mary, who was not physically well, seemed about at the end of her strength trying to keep food in the

house with very erratic help from the rest of the family, especially from John. But their jealousy and concern about each other testified to the continuing love they both admitted they felt for each other. I was surprised to find in 1972 that Mary had left John for a whole year in 1969-70, and then came back. She told Sister Maria that she feared another pregnancy. When I returned to Lavongai in 1974, I learned that Mary had been living in her (deceased) mother's village, a day's walk away, for a year. She took with her her two young babies. John and their four oldest children, who had remained with him, seemed very sad indeed about her absence.<sup>9</sup>

2) Bob and Emily<sup>10</sup>

The talk which led to the dramatic recounting of John's fight with several men (see above) began when John mentioned that Bob had really beat up his wife, Emily, again. George and Sally indicated that they already had heard about it. This was the third time he had beat her. This time she was hurt less seriously than the first time, when he hit her with a branch of a tree.

The first time Bob beat his wife, John intervened to stop it. He arrived at the scene of the fight after the beating, and found Bob, his wife and her mother all pulling at their new baby: Bob was pulling her head, her grandmother (now deceased) was pulling her legs, and her mother was pulling her arms.

John was Councillor at the time, which (he said) is why he intervened. "You fuckin' bastard, do you want to bugger up your child?" John said to Bob. Then he added: "I'll jail you."

Bob retorted: "You fuckin' bastard, this is none of your business. We have already promised in church." (By that Bob meant that since he and Emily were indisputably married, he could do as he liked with her.)

The fight occurred outside the house of Tom, the brother of Emily, who was present at the time. John said, "You have no respect in front of your tambo (brother-in-law)." I asked if Tom had seen Bob beating Emily, and Sally answered, "Yes, and he just sat there." So John started in slugging Bob, and after he had hit him several times, Tom got up and said, "John, let's you and me get him now!" All of us listening laughed heartily at this account of belated bravado. John continued: "Then I said to Tom, 'The fight belongs to you two now, I'll stand and watch.'" The audience shouted with laughter again. John said that Tom then won the fight.

That was the first time Bob beat his wife. He has beat her twice more, and the second time she nearly died.

Bob did not forget his defeat at the hands of his brother-in-law. He and a fellow clansmen ganged up on Tom later, and John's twelve-year-old son came and called his father: "Two clansmen gang up on Tom!" Tom called on one of his own fellow clansman to help him. John came and fought Bob again then. Tom's fellow clansman was not much help, as he slipped and fell on a tree root.

A third fight occurred when John was innocently going into the house of his sister-in-law, carrying his young daughter on his back. Bob's mother darted out of her house and pulled at John, and Bob threw something at his back. John put his daughter down, while Bob's mother kept hitting him with a piece of cane.

John was letting Sally tell most of the story, but at this point he picked up one of Sally's children to demonstrate what had happened next. John had picked up the old mother and thrown her down; and then picked up her son, and threw him on top of his mother. John's half-brother then pulled him into his own house and said: "Be a little sorry for them."

Bob's mother is a classificatory mother to Sally, and pupu to John. "But they do not stop well with us," Sally told me. "They are always cross, cross, cross."

3) Jake and Nell<sup>11</sup>

Jake's wife came to the mission hospital one day with a broken arm. She said that Jake had broken her arm because she refused to cook for him the previous evening. Jake and Nell have each been married only to the other, and they have been married for many years. They are in their early 50's, and have had no children.

In the evening Jake came and sat down at my house, which he rarely did, looking for a smoke. Sister Maria had told me earlier that Jake had rushed up to tell her that he had broken his wife's arm. Now he told me that they could not jail a man if he came and told about his wrong on the same day he committed it. He said that he learned this from the number one judge before, in the case of a man from New Guinea, who was jailed for hiding what he had done wrong. Jake said that he could kill his wife today, and they would not be able to jail him if he confessed right away. He said that Sister Maria had written a letter to the doctor, who had said that they would not jail Jake because he came quickly to tell what he had done.

I asked him why he had broken his wife's arm, and he answered, "Because she did not do what I told her to do. She did not want to cook." I asked why she did not want to, and he answered, "I don't know. I think she was lazy."

4) Ella and Harry<sup>12</sup>

Harry has been dead for several years. Ella is old. Their children, married and unmarried live with her in his hamlet. We were talking about her life, and I asked her about her marriage. She said that Harry had hit her with cane when they were newly married, but that she hit him back with a stone, and made his ear bleed. I asked her if he had "befriended" (had affairs with) other women when he was young. "Nonmen!" (Strong colloquial affirmative.) Toward the end of his life, she said, he went to Terecia and made two children come up in her. Ella pointed to Dawn, Terecia's youngest (who was sitting nearby), and Dawn dropped her head and looked embarrassed. Ella smiled cheerfully. "When Dawn was born, I gave Terecia presents," she said. I asked: "And you do not get cross about these things?" Ella replied, "He finished his liking, then came back."

Later in our conversation, Ella coughed quite hard, then commented, "I cough - soon I will go to see my husband."

5) Charles and Wives<sup>13</sup>

John was telling me about his father. He used to be an assistant to the doctor. He went around the island, to Umbukul, Kalungei, Baungung. The people of the place helped to build him a big house, which he needed because he had got himself a second wife. (John is the only surviving child of Charles' first wife, Ruth.) I asked if his mother was cross when Charles brought home a second wife. John said that his mother had broken the house in her anger and that she always believed that his plural marriage was the

cause of the death of all her other children.

But Ruth did not mind after a while. When Charles brought home wife number three, Ruth did not mind, but number two wife broke the house in her anger. And when Charles brought home wife number four, wives number one and two did not mind, but wife number three broke the house in her anger.

6) Frank and Wives<sup>14</sup>

Frank came back from working in Kavieng to find that his wife, with whom he had two children, had been "pulled" from him by a New Guinea laborer. The priest at the mission tried to keep him from marrying again, because he and his first wife had been married in the church. Frank told me that he was overwhelmed with pity for his old mother, who is crippled; and decided that, since he had no sister to help her, he must get another wife.

He went to another village, where he was born, to see a classificatory old father of his there. The old man said: "I have not seen you in a long time. I think you want something." Frank responded thus: "Yes, true. I want you to buy me a wife." His father was surprised, and cried to hear the news of Frank's first wife. He agreed to buy Frank a new wife. He went to a village in the bush to find a woman he knew. She said, "All right, I have a daughter, and I do not want her to stop with nothing, I would like her to be married. But she is in the hospital in Noipus with a sore." The old man left her ten mias, and she promised to get her daughter and send her to Frank.

A year later, according to Frank, the girl still had not arrived. He wrote to his father and his father was angry. He went to the girl's mother and demanded back the pay.

Betty, the girl for whom the pay had been given, heard about all this, and tricked the doctor into letting her leave the hospital. She packed all her laplaps and set out, thinking: I want to see this man Frank. Along the way, she found her sister and her mother in their garden, and the three all came together.

When she first came to Frank, she had skin disease; but he bought her medicine and looked after her, and she got well. She bore their first daughter. When she was pregnant with their second child, during the "election" events which led to the Johnson cult in 1964, Frank realized that Betty was not able to do all the work he wanted her to do. There were many visitors, long lines of police, and Frank had clearly defined ideas about the kind of hospitality he wanted to be able to offer visitors to the village. So Frank sent Betty back to her mother to get a second wife and the old woman sent Peggy, Betty's half sister, back to Lavongai with her. Frank paid only five mias for her, because she already had twins. Frank did not get the five mias from anyone as he had it himself.

Frank said that the two wives get along very well (and my observations support his view), and help each other. The way to keep two wives happy, Frank told me, is this: always treat them exactly the same. Never give something to one of them and not to the other. Give them both laplaps, and call them together and give them simultaneously. They should be the same color, because if one is blue and the other black, the one who gets the blue one will want the black one; and the one who gets the black one will say that she prefers blue.

Relationships do not always go smoothly in Frank's household, despite his insights into the prevention of jealousy. One night, very late, whacks and cries came from his house in one direction, and then loud scolding came from his mother's house in the other direction. Next day I learned that Jake had

been beating his wives, as well as a woman who was visiting; and that his mother had called out to him to stop beating them. Frank did not tell me this, but not long afterward he told me the story of his marriage to Betty, emphasizing the parts of the marriage where he had taken good care of her. Then he said, "You know, Betty would cry if I sent her away." And he was probably right.

Frank is on speaking terms with his first wife and her husband; and with his children from that marriage, although there have been some problems in these relationships. His general view, I think, is that his first wife had a right to leave him: that was her business. But his children do not help him as he thinks they should. They are grown, and do not spend much time in the village.

#### 7) Adultery

Since men may marry as many women as they can, "adultery" traditionally referred only to a situation where a married woman had sexual intercourse with a man other than her husband. However, the mission definition carries some weight now, and reinforces the traditional and continuing protests of wives against their philandering husbands. Adultery, nonetheless, is apparently common, and commonly causes trouble if detected. Its signs are many, as the following incident suggests.

One day John came to my house and told me that he had earlier passed the house of Peter and seen him pinch his young clan relative on the bosom. John had then quickly looked away from the scene, which was meant to go unnoticed. "This woman is supposed to be his relative, just visiting; but everyone is wondering, because he beats her just as though they were married. The two are just like married people, he is always hitting her." I said,



"Is that how you can tell they're married, he beats her?" With just the slightest trace of a smile, John said, "Yes."

The violence manifesting attachment may be specifically reserved for the possessive state of marriage. Perhaps a more common sign of an affair was a man's spending his money for presents for his "darling," which seemed to be an essential fuel to the fires of extra-marital love. When the men discussed these matters on my verandah one night, they laughed and sympathized with each other, innocently amazed at how difficult and demanding women could be. John's affair with Joanne (above) was the only one I knew about in detail, however; so it is impossible to know how much of the talk was just talk.

8) Alice and Samuel<sup>15</sup>

Alice lives with two women who are her cross-cousins. She told me that her husband, Samuel, had left her. "Plenty of men want to marry me," she said, "but I don't want it. I promised in church and I don't want (to marry again)." Isaac had wanted to marry her, but she did not want to marry him. "'Promise' is not a small thing. I think of my promise, and of my children. Two are already school boarders, and I look after the rest myself." In response to my question, Alice said that Samuel did not send money or clothes to her or to the children, "Truly no, not at all."

When they were younger, they had lived in Puas and Baikeb, where Samuel had done the work of a catechist. I asked her if Samuel had "befriended" women in those days, and she said, "Nonnem!" (Strong positive affirmative.) He gave it to them<sup>16</sup>, all the women on the other side (of the island). He has a child in Puas." I asked her if she had had any "friends," and she said, "No." But later an old man of the village told me that Alice had gone

secretly to the bush with Isaac and that a child had resulted from this encounter. Samuel had run away to another woman because he was angry about this, according to this informant.

9) Aine and Makanbakustimui (Timui)<sup>17</sup>

Timui was raised in Lavongai village, and Aine in Ungat; but they have lived away from this area for many years, working for the mission.

They began working for the mission when they were young, before they were married, during the time that Father Stamm was in Lavongai. He is remembered well and favorably by many people, as he was in New Hanover for many years, spoke the language well, and collected many stories. When a ship came to evacuate him just before the Japanese arrived in 1942, Aine ran to find Timui so that they could be properly married by a priest before he left. After the war, they went to Vunapope (the largest Catholic mission station in the Territory, where nearly two hundred Europeans live) in New Britain to help rebuild the school, hospital, and residence that had been demolished during the fighting. Aine was "boss boy" for the plantation there for 22 years; that is, he supervised all the work of the labor line attending to the huge coconut plantation that supports Vunapope.

About 1960, Aine decided he wanted to go home to New Hanover in order to start his own plantation for his own children. He was made "boss boy" of the plantation at Lavongai Catholic Mission. Timui works in the laundry, and helps with the sewing and other tasks. She and her husband are both active in the service work of the church. Early in 1967 they lived in Kulipuas, Balus clan land that Timui claims rights to occupy; but in July, they moved into a brick house across the river from Kulipuas. The mission

built the house for them as a reward for long service, on land that Timui claims.

This couple remained childless for about ten years after their marriage. Aine used to worry that Timui was getting too old to have a baby. Finally, to their great joy, Martin was born; and then two more children. When the last child was sick, Aine spent a lot of time praying in the church for his restored health. The mission is very important to Aine: he told me that when others ran away from the hard work and low pay at Vunapope, he stayed on. "I think first of my death, of my soul," he told me. "As for my body, (I can think of it) later."

#### Marriage: Summary and Analysis

These examples illustrate principles that generally characterize New Hanover marriage. Marriage is a transaction between two individuals who are romantically motivated, or between those who have never seen each other, mediated by one or two other individuals who are close kin. A father, a mother, or some other individual relative receives pay from the man who wants to marry a woman over whom the recipient of the pay has some control. The prospective groom may ask someone else to help him raise the needed mias, but he may provide it himself. A single one-way payment completes the marriage and, at least nowadays, no mutual obligations of exchange or ceremony are formed between the families of the spouses.

Romantic love emerges as an important factor influencing events in New Hanover, just as it has in other societies where the individual looks mainly to the nuclear family for support. And as is the case in other societies which base marriage on personal and individual factors, particular

nuclear families are unstable. Many marriages in Lavongai have lasted over the years, but the threat of dissolution is continual. In many ways, the individual remains alone in the nuclear family, struggling against the other members of this small group.

Spouses look to each other for everything, and when they are disappointed, they look elsewhere. Affairs are common, but are never lightly received by the offended spouse. Sarcastic ridicule, bullying, and physical assault attest to the hurt and anger generated by affairs, or by the lesser rejection implied by refusal to perform domestic services. People whose spouses have left them are sad about their loss. People who are single generally wish they were married; and some were ridiculed, to add insult to injury, for their failure to find a spouse.

Plural marriage adds another dimension to the marriage relationship. In New Hanover, polygyny is very directly a derivative and source of power. Women are a labor force. Women are property. And still men look to their wives, as their monogamous fellows do, for a kind of companionship and acceptance, love and appreciation. And wives, who are very much dependent upon their husbands economically, feel emotionally attached to their husbands, and humiliated by the loss of affection implied when an additional wife is taken. Polygyny is an attempt, at the social level, to create the strength of an extended family, of a group larger than the nuclear family; but its doom as a stable structure is in every one of its mismatched connections.

Children do not cement a marriage or a family, as they do in New Ireland. In a polygynous marriage, children belong to different mothers, different clans, different places. That half-siblings get along as well as they do probably derives from their seeing their commonality as their

best defense. Children are seen as a burden, and valued for the services they are expected to provide, both in the present and in their parents' old age. They are also valued for the affection they give so willingly. It is very easy to see their shame and sadness over troubles in the family, and over the break-up of their parents.

Exchange: Marriage is accomplished when a man has given pay to some relative of the woman he wishes to marry. Frank asked his classificatory father to give ten mias to the mother of Betty, who had never been married; while he himself gave five mias for her half-sister, Peggy, who already had two children. Pakau paid the mother's brother of his wife's dead first husband when they, both probably in their fifties, married.<sup>18</sup> People generally agreed that the process of marriage consisted in the payment of ten or five mias by a man to someone else for his wife. A man from another island paid John £35 (about \$75) for John's wife's sister, and John greeted the man with friendship when he came to take his wife, in tears, back home. She claimed her husband beat her. John hoped for the best, because he did not have £35 to return to the husband.

There is no ceremony involved in a New Hanover marriage. The use of mias rather than money implies a slightly ceremonial context, I think, although people seemed to be glad to receive money. They had not worked out an exact rate of exchange between the two currencies. More likely it is the payment itself, rather than the type of currency, which creates a social-ritual bond, however tenuous. Polly went to Kavieng for the third time in her life to try to collect pay from a New Guinea man who had "married" her eldest daughter, Beth, but had not given any pay for her. According to my notes, "Polly told me she'd gone to see Beth, but that she did not stop well.

'We are cross', she said. The New Guinea man does not want to give pay until she is pregnant. 'What, are you just like a pig or a dog, you live together and you have not paid?'" Polly's husband, Vincent, had been in the hospital in Rabaul. He came through Kavieng while Polly was there, and the New Guinea man gave Vincent £5, which he said was to buy passage to Lavongai on a ship for himself, his wife, and her daughter. Polly's husband gave £1-10 of it to a man who worked on Jim White's work boat one evening to buy tickets the next morning as far as Lungatan. But the next morning the New Guinea man said he had tricked them; Beth was to remain behind. Beth tried to get her mother to stay on for a fortnight. Polly's husband was cross: "What, you trick us, are we crazy?" - and he gave back the rest of the money. Polly told me that she told them, "You sang out for me, I did not just come on my own." Then to me she said, "What, did I go for nothing? I went for pay." She seemed quite disgusted, but not really. There was an element of drama, and she was playing on it. Marriage has no other ceremony except getting the pay.

The people of New Hanover speak of "buying" a wife. With regard to Sekson's living in his wife's village, someone said, "What, did she buy him?"<sup>19</sup> There is no doubt that the "buying" implies some rights of possession or control. On the other hand, romantic love offers some opportunities for control that are at least as powerful as those obtained with mias. An old man, Tagule, of Metewoe village, told me that residence choice "has its two 'eyes': if a man likes a woman, he must get her to go to his place. But if a woman likes a man, he must go to the place of the woman." No one else gave me this rule, which I think was given a bit in light jest. Still it shows a recognition of the role of romantic love, of "liking" in New Hanover

marriage and residence. It implies that behind "liking" come resources. This point is made again in the transactions that maintain an affair: it is assumed that it is the man who wants to have a "sweetheart," or a "darling," and it is he who gives presents: not to her relatives, in this case, but directly to her.

There is no egalitarian exchange of resources between the families of the spouses, nor does anyone say that a woman's labor is being exchanged for money. Women work for their husbands, but not for their fathers or brothers, so there is nothing lost there. What is sought is control. Bob achieved control, he thought, over Emily by marrying her in church (he may also have paid money or mias for her): but what he got was not the right to her labor but the right to beat her. There is no exchange between the families of spouses either during their lifetimes or after their deaths.

However, there is one kind of egalitarian exchange that is expected in marriage, and that is an exchange of services between the married pair. Each is supposed to help with the tasks of making a home and feeding a family. In some families, both spouses do seem to work hard and to help each other, and these marriages seem stable. Pungmat and Litania are such a pair. Tombat and Makangengebengemalik are such a pair, except that he sputters sometimes that she does not do enough work. He is a very high energy person, and, according to the mission nurse, she is often anemic. These individual and personal characteristics make a difference in a society where an individual is evaluated entirely, or almost entirely, on his individual qualities, and not at all for his institutionalized social role. Where there was a little bit of standardization, as when Frank gave both his wives identical presents, the marriage relationship seemed to go better.

This polygynous group all worked well together and apparently without complaint, at least that I knew of. Frank beat his wives, but not often; and even his mother told him not to. He also praised them, and they, both very quiet, smiled.

Where the work load was not fully shared, as it seemed not to be by John and Mary, there was trouble. It was not just that Mary, who was not strong, had to keep the food coming into the house; but also that she, a very jealous wife, took John's indifference to helping her with her work as a sign of indifference to her. In the end, this marriage, very long on romantic love, came up short on survival strength. Wherever there is only the nuclear family, the spouses cannot be equal; and where it is in this unit that an egalitarian exchange is expected, the structure has set up individuals for disappointment and failure.

Food: The food exchanges, both symbolic at the time of marriage and the on-going obligations of affinal relatives, that are so important in New Ireland, are absent in New Hanover. Food does have a role here, too: it is used to reject. The refusal or failure to share or provide or prepare food comes to have a symbolic, as well as a substantive value. Thus, when Mary was angry with John for various reasons, perhaps for not helping (and therefore for withholding food from her, whether or not that was his intention), she refused to bring food into their house or to cook for him. He responded with sarcastic remarks and complaints, trying to shame her (for, after all, she was now not playing the role expected of her) in the eyes of others.

Jake took more direct action when his wife refused to cook for him: he broke her arm. Then, while she went to sleep at her brother's house for



a while with her damaged limb, he slept with another woman in their house. He probably saw her failure to provide his dinner as a personal rejection.

A very direct statement that the giving of food is, here as in most societies of the world, a token of acceptance and unity, is found in Frank's statement that he needed another wife in order to help him provide food for visiting policemen, to whom he wished to show courtesy and welcome. The giving of food to outsiders has clear dangers, too, in New Hanover: a person would not dare give food to a person of the opposite sex, unless it were a close family member, lest the gift be misinterpreted, or possibly correctly interpreted, as an invitation to liaison.

Group Sentiments: The sentiments of the group are not a factor that effects marriage much in New Hanover. There's not much of a group, and its sentiment with regard to other people's marriages seems to be that it is the concern of the two who are married, and of no one else. Individuals may occasionally express amusement or mild contempt or tolerance or indifference about someone else's marriage, but always from afar; always with clear detachment. No group or collection of people feels responsible for arranging, achieving, or maintaining marriages.

For example, no one in Lavongai intervened on Frank's behalf when his first wife left him for a man from New Guinea while Frank was away. Marriages were dependent on the presence of both the mates, and few survived the long absence of one or the other of them. Spouses are responsible only to each other, and even here there is a general feeling that individuals must do what they want to do. Frank explained his wife's leaving him simply as a result of her wanting to do so, and that was that.

The group was not involved in Frank's remarriage. He went by himself to another village where he had a classificatory father, and arranged to buy first one, and then another woman that he had never seen. The traditional payment of mias would not have been enough to secure a marriage with Betty had not she decided on her own to come and see this man who had offered to marry her; and any slight contemporary pressure of opinion that exists against polygyny did not stop Peggy from joining Frank's household when she wanted to do so.

People are not generally expected to intervene in quarrels between persons who are married. John said, somewhat apologetically, that he tried to stop the fight between Bob and Emily only because he was Councillor, a European-created role that carried with it responsibilities to maintain order that

no indigenous role duplicated. There was certainly no chivalry involved in his intervention: he later threw Bob's mother, his own classificatory grandmother, to the ground when she tried to hit him in revenge against his beating her son. Nor was there any hint that public opinion would go against the act of a bully, the stronger beating the weaker. John pointed out that they were hurting their own baby, but did not imply that the group outside the baby's family might take any interest in its health. John's half-brother called him in and suggested that he show a little mercy, but fair play was not an issue ever broached; nor was law or reputation.

Where there were disputes, individuals often had one or two friends or relatives that fought on their side: John's "mamas," Bob's mother, Joanne's husband's friends and fellow clansmen. But these fights, while deriving from problems between spouses, were not between people who were married to each other. Except for Frank's old mother calling out to him through the night to stop beating his wives, I never heard anyone try to mediate a quarrel between mates.

Individual Choice and Group Structure: Clans took a greater interest in marriage in the old days than they do today, according to several informants. Cross-cousin marriage which repeats marriages between two clans, was preferred. One reason for this preference seemed widely known: it kept the land straight. Since husband and wife each had claims through one of their parents to the same land, their children's claims to that land were at least clear, if not secure.

Another reason given by some of the men for the preference for cross-cousin marriage was that a woman who was a cross-cousin would not poison her husband's water supply, whereas a woman captured from outside might do so.

Memories are not reliable about the extent of genuine "capture" that existed in the old days in relation to obtaining a bride. In some cases,

perhaps it was not necessary: two clans living in close proximity, sharing a "village," fighting together against outsiders, may have provided each other with spouses who were cross-cousins and who did not have to be captured.

However, it is not certain that even cross-cousins could be married without first being taken from "enemy territory" in the old days. During the time of warfare, several people said there was no "mixing:" when they fought with spears, each clan had to live right on its own land. (Traditional fighting in New Hanover came to an end during the German period of administration, preceding 1914.) It was thought by informants in 1967 that these separate clan settlements were usually at least potentially at war with each other. There is indirect evidence that cross-cousin marriage took place between groups at war in the information that male cross-cousins might find themselves on opposite sides of a fight. Some informants knew clearly that it was taboo, however, to kill a cross-cousin in warfare. In 1967, some informants said it was still taboo to hit a cross-cousin; and if one broke that taboo, there had to be a settlement.

Given this history, the origins of hostility between spouses is not difficult to trace. In the old days, men and women often came from enemy clans, even if they were cross-cousins. Sexual antagonism was a derivative of clan antagonism then, and may be so, less directly, still today. Men used to fear that their wives would poison them. And people remember that sometimes fathers poisoned their own children, because these children helped the clans of their wives grow strong.

Antagonism between spouses may also have been fostered by the methods by which a marriage was achieved. Even when the clans of new spouses were

not currently warring, the bride and groom might have little choice in whom they married. Tombat said that sometimes the families of two young people would just "shoot" them together, without regard for their own preferences.

Cross-cousin marriage is not thought to be widely followed or important nowadays, if it ever was. Other features of social structure, however, effect individual marriage choices. For instance, the group does not offer a place or a way to live for adults who are not married. The people of Lavongai are well aware of this structural limitation on their residence opportunities. When Mary was threatening to leave John, he told her that her brother did not want her, and that she had no alternative. "Where will you go?" he asked, mocking her stance.

Mary's sister did leave her husband, but not for long. Her husband failed to keep her by beating her, but the refuge she found in the home of Mary and John was only temporary. She worked hard and tried in every way to make herself welcome, going to sleep at her older sister's house when Mary found John's informality with his taboo sister-in-law upsetting. But she had been paid for, and neither her sisters nor John had money to return to her lawful husband. When her husband came for her, no one offered her an alternative residence; and, tearfully, she left with him.

Several other separations following acts of violence were also short-lived. Nell went to sleep at her brother's house after Jake broke her arm; but after a few days she returned, armed only with sarcasm against the brief liaison he had initiated during her absence, to Jake's house. And Emily returned on three occasions, after some time spent in the mission hospital, to the husband who beat her, once almost to death, while her brother watched. Joanne's husband beat John, and probably Joanne as well, after their affair; and Joanne

broke and tore all his things after her husband invited John's wife to the bush: but no one left anyone, at least not immediately, over these incidents. One reason must certainly be that people had nowhere else that they could easily go.

Tombat told me that a woman who is put out by her husband cannot go back to her brother because she is ashamed to ask him for money. She has to find another man to give her money: she has to find a "sweetheart," a "darling." In New Hanover, the family of orientation does not continue to function with strength for an individual who has already joined his or her family of procreation. And the stability of that family hangs on the ability of the individual spouses to get along, somehow, against many structural and cultural obstacles.

Despite the difficulty of going back to one's family of orientation as an adult, this alternative was chosen by some. Some sisters lived with their brothers, whether single (as Nemalus and Terecia were when they lived with their brother, the kindly Lewis) or married (as Piraien and Agnes were, when they lived with their brothers while their husbands were away at work). There is no brother-sister taboo in New Hanover, and siblings of both sexes tended to feel friendly toward each other; but living together with another sibling after the death or remarriage of the parents is only a temporary residential alternative. The long-term solution to an individual's residence problem is to get married and build a house and live in it.

Finding a spouse is often not easy. Whatever role structural features may play in any particular marriage, individuals usually feel that they have followed their own wishes. Sometimes individual choice does clearly exert itself in spite of such structural foundations as the early "marking" of one individual for another by their parents. For instance, Mary told her father

that she would not marry the man from whom he had accepted pay, and he acquiesced to her wishes and returned the pay.

There must have been many marriages even in the old days that were arranged primarily by the individual bride and groom, perhaps through a relative or two. Mersi's father came limlimbur (pidgin: on a holiday, aimlessly visiting around) from Butei to see all his relatives in Ungat, and found her mother there. Sekson's father found his mother when he was away from home, living near Patikone. There are other marriages on the kinship charts, between those of the generation that is now dead or dying, who started life in distant villages. Their marriages more likely resulted from some kind of individual choice than from the compulsion of some aspect of social structure.

Regardless of whether or not these marriages began as individual affairs, arranged with very little consultation and support from the respective families of bride and groom, they certainly continued as such; forming no on-going alliance between the two families, which in New Ireland are united even beyond the death of individual spouses.

Other factors besides social structure limit choice. While individuals think of themselves as free to do as they like, these decisions do not come out happily for everyone all the time here any more than they do anywhere else. There were tales of rejection, perhaps more about men rejected by women than the other way around; and tales of miserable marriages, perhaps more about women's miseries than men's. Men had to make themselves attractive, by magic or gifts or by displaying themselves in the dance in order to attract women. Women had to avoid making their men jealous while defending their pride and their marriages against their husbands' affairs and beatings.

The absence of a secure group, structured to provide for individuals who were temporarily or permanently in weak positions, made it necessary for

individuals to try to rely on the strong ties of powerful romances. Unfortunately, these tended to be temporary, brittle and doomed to the sabotage of possessive jealousy, created by a dependence which was itself nurtured by the paucity of welcoming alternatives.

Multiple Marriages: Multiple simultaneous marriages in New Hanover reflect a man's attempt to provide himself with a large family, the unified labor force and the security provided by the matrilocal extended family in New Ireland. The interest is in getting a large work unit and in gaining prestige by controlling several wives; not in producing many children, or children at all, as in the case I knew about in New Ireland.<sup>21</sup>

Some people in Lavongai had been married several times due to the instability of the marriage relationship. There was no ridicule of laughter for those who had had many spouses, or for Frank, who had two at a time; but only for those who had had no spouse. Multiple marriages, or multiple infidelities, were more likely something to brag about than to hide.

Divorce: The long absence of one spouse or another was very likely to end a marriage, as it did in the case of Frank and his first wife. One or the other partner, or both, is likely to find someone else: partly because each fears or suspects that the other has already done so. Divorce seemed to occur without regard to the status of the marriage as defined by the children it produced, or its longevity, or whether or not it had been sanctified by the mission.

The main reason for divorce, I think, was the jealousy that was everywhere in New Hanover relationships, in combination with the pride of the self-reliant, who were always quick to demonstrate that they could get on very well on their own. Since other family members are not anxious to help them, the person who leaves either does have to get on alone, or else find a new sweetheart.



The children of a divorced couple showed clearly their sadness and shame over the loss of one member of the family.

Children: There is no evidence that children affected the stability of marriage in New Hanover. There were old, childless couples, and also those with children who had been married all their lives only to each other. Nor did younger couples fight about the children, or stay together only for them, or leave because no children were born.

Children tend to be treated as separate individuals, rather than as extensions of the parents. Having children was certainly an important goal of marriage for New Hanover. Some people explicitly said that children are needed to look after you when you're old. Old Lomba was glad his step-daughter was taking care of him: he hardly seemed to think it obligatory, nor would anyone have thought it was obligatory for other people in the village to look after someone who was old and sick and had no children. But children are also valued for the affection and loyalty they offer.

Children fend for themselves as parents do. At first, before they are two years old, they are given things and attended willingly, sometimes with pleasure, but with the clear understanding that all this taking care of the baby is a nuisance; a theme for which evidence is developed elsewhere.<sup>22</sup>

Remaining Single: There were quite a few single people in Lavongai: old widows and widowers and younger divorced persons who have not remarried. There is one slightly handicapped man, aged about 35, who is considered probably unmarriageable; though people are always teasing him about a girl in another village who once said she would marry him, but then changed her mind. The young of either sex do not remain unmarried by choice: no one suggested

that, however difficult members of the opposite sex were, it would be better to try to get along without one or them. Unmarriedness carries not only the stigma of being found desirable by no one, but also the practical difficulty of finding a place to live with others, or of trying to do all the chores of making a home alone.

Emotions: There is often a strong emotional attachment involved in marriage. Many trusted to love magic, as John did in his courtship of Mary, to gain for them the affection which was elusive at best. Affection may be expressed through somewhat hostile teasing: perhaps Mary's teasing John about his missing front tooth before they were married did not spring from an uncomplicated feeling of contempt. Jealousy, physical violence to each other and to their property, accusations, and stinging rhetoric characterized many marital situations in New Hanover.

On the other hand, marriages such as those of Aine and Timui, of Pungmat and Litanian, and of long-time mission worker Abo and his wife Rosa, indicate that peaceful, productive and loving marriages were not disdained, were perhaps even envied by those with more lively, chaotic matches, and were possible.

No one gloated or feigned indifference over a broken marriage. John and his children were very sad over Mary's leaving them, as were Alice and her children after Samuel left them. Frank's classificatory father cried when he heard that Frank's first wife had abandoned him for another man.

Possessiveness seems to result from fear of desertion, techniques for preventing which are self-defeating. The beaten wife may be more broken but is not likely to be more bowed. The harassed or neglected husband looks elsewhere for reassurance.

The burden of producing a marriage seems to be on a man. In the old days, he had to decorate and display himself. He still needs to know some love magic. He must find the mias to make the marriage payment. He needs a wife.

But after marriage, the burden seems to fall on the woman. She must do most of the work, the sympathizing, and the forgiving, knowing her husband will find a "sweetheart" to hear him out if she does not.

The marriages that last and seem strong do not produce dramatic emotional displays. Some such couples seem to have a comfortable companionship together, as do Aine and Timui. Others, like that of Ella and Harry, may have survived the storms on strength of character, tolerance, and the perspective of sharp wit.

Institutionalization of Behavior: Kin and Affines

Relationships between persons are only minimally and generally structured by institutionalized modes of behavior. Individualization characterized behavior between kin and affines in New Hanover as it characterized other aspects of life. Kinship roles are said to have been more strictly defined in the old days; but there is strong evidence that nuclear families and descent groups were never strong, which casts doubt on local speculation that kin roles may have been more carefully fulfilled in times gone by.

When people are related in a variety of ways, their individual histories gradually determine to which category they assign each other. People are not related to each other in as many different ways in New Hanover as they are in New Ireland, perhaps partly because marriages do not tend to be repeated much between groups in New Hanover (or at least in Lavongai village) nowadays; but also because people usually do not bother to keep up ties of any sort with more than a few beyond the immediate family.

Having selected persons to fill particular kinship categories, how then to treat them is only loosely prescribed. Even behavior in taboo categories is not fully institutionalized, though it is more nearly so than is behavior between persons in any non-taboo categories. Still, even here there are general patterns of conduct that people come to expect of each other, rather than any explicitly required ritual. People can describe how they usually treat each individual in a given category,

but they do not give clear rules for the category in general.

Despite this flexibility or ambiguity, some patterns are generally known and widely followed; and when they are not, this omission is noted as an exception. To summarize briefly, the strongest avoidance taboo in New Hanover is between cross-cousins of opposite sex. An avoidance taboo that is nearly as strong as that between cross-cousins is enjoined between a woman and her husband's brothers, and a man and his wife's sisters. These brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law were already being avoided, in theory, when a marriage took place, as was preferred, between cross-cousins. There is no avoidance between brothers and sisters. Thus, the avoidance pattern in New Hanover contrasts with that of New Ireland, where avoidance is also required between cross-cousins, but the strongest taboo separates brothers and sisters.

Nuclear and Extended Families: Within the nuclear family, there are no institutionalized relationships. A person should be able to expect help from any member of his own nuclear family, help from one's true mother, father, siblings and children; and also from persons to whom these terms are applied by classificatory extension. Clan brothers and sisters, mothers who are the women your father married besides your own mother, your mother's sisters, and men who are your fathers because your father called them "brother," all may be treated in a friendly way, and one may hope for help from them.

However, help may not be forthcoming, even within the nuclear family. It was not uncommon for people to criticize others by saying, "Oh, he is not a good father;" or "She should not treat her sister like that, it is her sister!" Tombat said to me, "Is it good to hit your

mother or your father? Paul<sup>23</sup> hit his mother. I see how mothers are to babies, and I think: I'm sorry, but I think my mama did all this for me, this big work, I cannot hit her! If she scolds me, I sit down and listen, that's all." Tombat's question was partly rhetorical: his own mind was quite clear. But when he and others discussed matters such as these, they were discussing general patterns of conduct, not a detailed lists of acts; patterns they had observed, rather than rules they expected people to follow. It was in light mockery of this spririt that John said that he thought his friend had married his own clanswoman, because he beat her just as one beats a wife.

Even persons who occupy the same kinship categories within the primary family do not have substantially the same social roles. The institutionalized equivalence of siblings so prominent in many other societies is absent in many contexts in New Hanover: for instance, siblings do not stand in for each other in marriage or inheritance. It is true that Joseph married women who were half-sisters, but this marriage to siblings was circumstantial, not ideological. Sororal polygyny was not professed, nor does it show up in any of the other polygynous marriages on the kinship charts. One woman told me it would be taboo for her to marry the husband of her sister if her sister died because "we two are of one blood."

Some differentiation of social roles among siblings is recognized by some people in their application of kin terms to each other. While there are terms that mean roughly "sibling of same sex" and "sibling of opposite sex" which siblings can use for each other reciprocally, these same terms are less often used to discriminate between older (tuag) and younger (tasig) siblings of same sex; a usage which places people in

complementary rather than symmetrical positions in relation to each other, terminologically. Recognition of order of birth makes the position of each individual in a sibling group unique. There is a sense in which this is a society of "only children," even in a family of offspring who share the same father and mother; and this sense is enlarged in a polygynous family, where older and younger brothers may have different mothers as well as different positions in order of birth from their father's point of view. The individuation which may be observed in behavior is then registered to some extent in kinship terminology. But in New Hanover, even kinship terminology is not institutionalized, and I got different terms for siblings and cross-cousins from people who were native Lavongai residents, along with different ideas about which term really was the correct one for this place.

The relationships between persons who are siblings, whether of same or opposite sex, is generally a friendly and helpful one. There is no brother-sister avoidance here. Tisiwua said of the relationship between brothers and sisters, "There is no taboo. You can sing out for any little thing." His sister asks him for things and he asks her for things. "If I didn't have a wife, I would ask my sister to make a garden (for me)." Tombat often got his classificatory sister, Ngurvarilam, to go out fishing with him at night, and he and his true sister and their spouses often worked together.<sup>24</sup>

The easy relationship between siblings does not extend to their siblings-in-law of opposite sex. When Mary was sick, John asked her older sister to help cook for him and the children, a request which persisted and finally made her angry. He said to her, "I don't have a sister to

sing out to, so who else but you should I sing out to?" Mary did not seem concerned about this interaction, but she protested vigorously when John did not practice avoidance behavior with her younger sister. In general people recognized that men should keep some distance from their wives' sisters, and women should avoid their husbands' brothers. If people had married their cross-cousins, these siblings-in-law were also cross cousins, with whom avoidance behavior may already have been established before the marriage.

Cross-cousins: The easy relationship between brother and sister does not apply to the relationship between cross-cousins. Tisiwua, having said that he could ask his sister to do things for him, went on to say: "But as for magmaos, I could not ask her. I must ask my sister to ask her for something for me. Because I have big shame, because she was fathered by my kantire."

Cross-cousins were and continue to be an important category of kin. In the old days, male cross-cousins were supposed to save each other's lives in battle. Tombat, born about 1930, who more than any other informant liked to tell me about the old days, remembered the stories of fighting told him by his grandmother, Kongak; who said that she herself used to go into battle. If you met your magmaog (cross-cousin) in war, you would say: "Sorry, I think another man will come to kill you." Furthermore, Tombat said he would be obliged to watch his cross-cousin and make sure that no one else did come to kill him during the fight. And a man cannot fight men in a canoe in which his magmaog is riding. If Tombat's magmaog had seen him in a canoe with others during the time



of fighting, Tombat went on, "he must say, 'Sorry, Tombat has saved you' (to Tombat's companions) ."

Thus marriage of women out of the clan settlement created at least minimal ties between separate clan settlements in the old days. I found no cases where people had married members of their own clan, though one informant told me there were people who did not obey the strong taboo against such marriages. Men did well to marry their true female cross-cousins, who might be the daughters of their father's sister who had married into one of these alien clan settlements, because these magmaog would not poison their husband's water as other women might. Furthermore, a man who married a woman of his father's clan could pass on his father's land to his children through their mother.

Nowadays, I was told, people no longer follow these customs. People marry whomever they like. Some people still follow customs of shame and avoidance, however, with regard to magmaog. In the cases of which I knew, people observed shame customs selectively, on the basis of personal feelings rather than in obedience to any institutionalized social definitions. Some with whom they had grown up, but with whom they had played, and with whom they had just never begun practicing avoidance, were not avoided. Thus Silakau and Joseph were magmaog, but they had played together, and they were friends. Ngurvarilam avoided her magmaog Thomas, son of Malekaian (who is Kol clan, as is Ngurvarilam, though they do not trace their relationship); and Thomas could not call her name. But she much more vigorously avoided Almais, the son of Taia, whom her father counted as sister. We always walked to Palkarung along the beach in order not to meet him on the path.

Tombat found it surprising that Lasi wants to run away into the bush when she sees him. He told me he could not call her name, but he did so several times, apparently with ease, when she was not present. Not saying the name of a taboo relative was mentioned in other cases as desirable behavior by people who went ahead and told me the names of those relatives anyway. I never had to call a third person to help with genealogies as I did in New Ireland, where people had many taboo relatives whose names they should not, and did not, say.

Silakau said that when he was a child, his mother told him he should not go close to his magmaog, but must follow shame customs. Ngurvarilam and her siblings were all magmaog to him. Her father, Ongai, was his labag. He went into Ongai's house to see him, but not if he was with all his children. The Silakau would wait outside.

Yama called Silakau's father, Bomaras, labag; and she really learned well the shame fashion! According to Silakau, she avoids looking at him at all, and if she comes upon him sitting down, she goes down on her hands and knees to pass. Some of the men, in their thirties and forties, claimed that was quite remarkable for New Hanover. One village on the east coast, Patiagaga, has strong shame customs; and the women wear scarves on their heads, as do the women of New Ireland, out of shame and respect for some relatives. But these extreme customs were not followed in Lavongai village.

Labag and His Wife: The relationship between people and their mother's brother is not a difficult one. A boy could expect his mother's brother to help him in the old days during his ordeal in maras, Boski Tom told me. Piskaut said, "If I die, my kantire (in this case, his labag) must take my children and teach them about everything."

One's labag may also become one's father-in-law, which is what happened in the case of Tisiwua. Even so, the relationship is an easy one. Tisiwua said that this relationship is taboo, but the taboo is not strong. "We can talk playfully."

If Tisiwua had not married the daughter of his labag, Malekaian, he would not have to be so careful with the wife of this man as he had to when she became his mother-in-law. Tombat said that the wife of his mother's brother must show a little shame for him, but not much. Malekaian is also his labag, yet he could, for example, take Malekaian's wife, Ngurkot in a canoe; whereas he could not take their daughter, Bokai (Tisiwua's wife), him magmaog.

Mother-In-Law: Mother-in-law avoidance is found here, as in so many other places; but not in extreme form. I asked Tisiwua once with whom he had taboo relations, and it was his wife's mother that he mentioned first. He cannot call her name, or stay near her. When she sings out to him to let him know that she is coming near, he must leave. However, they can talk to each other about work and other practical matters. They just cannot talk playfully. He added that the half-sisters of his mother-in-law also feel shame with him, and they all say something to him and he gets up and goes.

Women may feel some shame in the presence of their mothers-in-law, but there is no avoidance. One morning Silakau's mother came through Lavongai village unexpectedly, and Silakau's wife, Ngurvarilam, came over to ask me to eat with them all before noon. I asked Silakau's mother about her son and his neighbors as children, and we had a pleasant and easy conversation. Silakau talked a lot, but Ngurvarilam did not.

Later she told me that she had cooked a big meal and planned to eat it in the evening, but she was ashamed in front of Silakau's mother and thought, "Maski (nevermind), we will eat this morning."

Frank had married his two wives partly to get help for his old mother, and the three of them often worked together. The old mother even sided with the wives on at least one occasion, when she shouted out to her son to stop beating them late one night when we could all hear whoops and cries coming from Frank's house.

Siblings-In-Law: People have taboo relationships with the siblings of their spouses. If the marriage is between cross-cousins, the siblings of one's spouse are also one's cross-cousins, perhaps the same people one has always avoided all one's life anyway. Such was the case with Tisiwua: he is of Kol clan, and married the daughter of Malekaien, an old man of Kol clan. Tisiwua is from Saula village, and therefore did not have daily encounters to avoid with his particular set of cross-cousins before his marriage; but in 1967 he lived in the hamlet of his father-in-law, and his wife's two brothers were his neighbors. I asked him what he could and could not do in his taboo relationship with these two sons of his labag, both of whom were approximately his age; and specifically if they could all visit my house at the same time. He said they can sit down in one group, but if he gets up to leave the group, he must go around behind his magmaog, not go in front of him. No one else ever mentioned this particular act, which is better classified as a general feature of graceful comportment than as a rule of conduct.

Silakau and Ngurvarlilam were cross-cousins, and before they were married Silakau would not go to sit down with her father, his labag, if all his children were around him. In 1967, Ngurvarilam did not come and

sit and talk when Silakau's half-brothers and classificatory brothers were present, but she did not go far out of her way to avoid them. She avoided one kantire of Silakau's, his "mama" Timui's brother; but she did not avoid another one, she told me, in explaining how pleased she had been when he gave her bread, tinned fish, and ten shillings when she was in the hospital in Kavieng.

Mary and John were also cross-cousins. She was forever scolding him for not practicing avoidance customs with her own sister who for a while lived with them. This particular sister had grown up in another village, and was quite a bit younger than Mary; so John had not had ample opportunity during his childhood to learn to avoid her. John, who professed total innocence of motive, attributed Mary's headaches to her jealous worrying about him and her sister. "If you come some day and find me on top of her, all right, then you can worry," he told me he had said to her.

Taboo Relationships: Because institutionalized patterns of behavior are not a prominent part of daily life in New Hanover, there may well be aspects of them that I neglected to research. So far as I know, there were no relationships where joking or play were prescribed; though play characterized relationships between many people, and no doubt played its classic role, whether institutionalized or not, in modifying conflict situations. There were clearly institutionalized taboo relationships, however, created by marriage. Marriage, achieved by individuals with minimal ceremony, created, nonetheless, affinal relationships; and relationships that became affinal became taboo to some extent. There were no ritual or practical acts institutionalized to tie a positive bond, however lightly,

between affines. Only the negative armour of avoidance was thrown up to protect affines against the potential conflict generated by their new, sometimes grudging, sometimes accidental, sometimes felicitous co-existence in some common social territory.

Taboo relationships cover a variety of emotional responses: shame, anger, desire, jealousy. Since the avoidance obligation is much stronger between persons of opposite sex and of about the same age than between persons of same sex and great age difference; and since it usually becomes lighter with age, there must be a mating component motivating behavior. Variations probably reflect the function of taboo relationships in preventing casual contact which might lead to inappropriate intimacy or liaison. I infer that the sexual taboo between siblings does not take the form of avoidance because it is internalized (as is the parent-child taboo in New Ireland, where no avoidance is required) within the nuclear family.

But taboo relationships here, as in New Ireland, also maintain distance between persons who might otherwise converge in conflict over resources. It is this aspect of conflict that is missing in New Hanover which perhaps, along with other factors, permits New Hanover to omit the avoidance taboo which New Ireland requires between siblings of opposite sex. Schneider<sup>25</sup> hypothesized that one source of the brother-sister avoidance taboo in matrilineal societies was the conflict between a man's interest in his sister's reproductive activities (which determine the numerical strength of his clan) and the taboo on his interest in her as a sexual object. I observed earlier<sup>26</sup> that this taboo is universal, and that we must look further for the distinctive factors which might create

an avoidance taboo in one case and not in another. In discussing the taboo in New Ireland, I indicated that I thought the strain compelling avoidance was related to the fact that the children of brothers were competitors against the children of the sisters for resources that belonged finally to the daughters of sisters.

In New Hanover, too, the children of brothers and sisters are, theoretically, competitors for resources; and yet there is no brother-sister avoidance taboo as there is in New Ireland. Several factors may help to explain this difference: most important, sisters in New Hanover often marry away from their home village, if there is one. In any case, even if they do not, they use the resources of their husbands, leaving whatever resources their parents had secured to their brothers. Perhaps there is no avoidance taboo between brother and sister, then, because there is no conflict between them over resource use.

But there is no conflict in New Ireland, either, between brother and sister. Both are equally entitled to use their mother's land. However, only the daughters of the sisters may inherit it. According to my interpretation, brother-sister avoidance in New Ireland anticipates competition between the children of siblings of opposite sex, and recognizes that each parent will support the interests of his or her own children. It is in this broader cultural context that we can find an explanation for the absence of brother-sister taboo in New Hanover. New Hanoverians do not characteristically fight their children's battles for them, nor would history be likely to confirm the winners if they did. If potential resource conflict is seen as motivating avoidance behavior in New Hanover as in New Ireland, then New Hanoverians have put the avoidance obligation

on those individuals who must directly compete: magmaog. In New Ireland, where individuals are involved the group is involved: thus, the mothers and fathers of children who may some day compete for resources avoid each other, even though they have many common bonds of interest and affection. It is the contradiction between their common interests and the divergent ones of their children that makes avoidance the best way, in New Ireland culture, to avoid conflict.

In New Hanover, it makes sense for brothers and sisters to work out their conflicts personally rather than institutionally, and to presume that their children will work theirs out some way; knowing that there is little they can do about it anyway. Theoretically and in practice, the descendants of both brother and sister may apparently use the same ground if each gives the other a pig. But this and all other theories about land use are unclear and not enforced; so there is no mechanism, whether brother-sister avoidance or something else, by which parents can worry constructively about their children's future on the land. New Hanover culture does not offer strong traditions which people can expect will structure the future as they have structured the past. There are no strong corporate descent groups from which people may expect help, despite individual deaths, in remembering and perpetuating negotiations and decisions made by the dead.

Schneider's view that "matrilineal descent groups depend for continuity and operation on retaining control over both male and female members"<sup>27</sup> helps both to confirm and to interpret the New Hanover data. I have argued that matrilineal descent groups in New Hanover are weak and have few functions. My data indicates that in 1967 in New Hanover



matrilineal descent groups retained control over neither male nor female members. Female members married away to their husbands' places and used their husbands' resources. Their children grew up at their fathers' places, and really had no place to go back to, no clan settlement, no extended family homestead. They could visit their mother's brother, but they could hardly stay long, as they were taboo to all his children--unless they married one of them. And in any case, were any of these people using land somehow identified as belonging to the clan? There were no traditional family or sub-clan or clan homestead for women to receive from, live together in, and pass on to women of their own descent group. There may have been, however, clusters of male fellow clansmen.

Schneider points out that control over male members of matrilineal descent groups is retained because the males are needed to play authority roles. My data indicates that in 1967 in New Hanover there were no authority roles for men to play.

In the old days, matrilineal descent groups did not maintain control over female members, nor were there "authority" roles for men to play. However, the men of the clan did stay together, live together in the rangama (men's house), forming an identifiable nucleus of clan unity, and ready to seize their spears to defend it. While none amongst them had authority, the strong were leaders, while they were able.

Still, the unity of this descent group was continually eroded by the fatal flaw of its structure: matrilineal descent, clan exogamy, virilocal residence. A united group of clansmen had continually to get wives from other clans and other places; and, worse, their own children would belong to these other clans. To give land to one's son was to

give land to another clan, or to several clans, if one had several wives of several clans. The only way to keep men of a clan together over time was to persist in efforts to get cross-cousins married to each other. A youth could marry his father's sister's daughter, a girl with whom he had practiced shame customs, the sister of the man he could not kill in war. Or a daughter could be married off to a man's sister's son, and he could be brought back to live uxorilocally in the clan rangama to swell the ranks. Marriage did not form ties between groups that had continuity: they were individual transactions. The nuclear family itself was not strong, being full of individuals with unique social identities. If any group was intended to be strong, it was the cluster of clansmen who lived in a local rangama. And in order to strengthen this little group, some avoidance relationships evolved.

Clans developed and struggled, but they were not strong. Still, they must have been stronger at one time than they were in 1967, strong enough to create the avoidance customs that seemed tedious in 1967 to some people. Many informants, mostly men, agreed that they would like to forget about these old customs of avoidance, and follow the Australian way, the way of all masters: "They all do not have relatives," one man said. When I asked Tombat and some of the other men of his age group (about 35-40) one evening if they all showed shame toward all their magmagaog, he answered, "Today we break some laws of the ancestors. It is another time."

There are many kinds of motives behind this desire for change in this particular area of culture. Basic to them all, however, is the essentially pragmatic view that New Hanoverians take toward their culture. Nothing about it is sacred. Avoidance customs with regard

to some kin were developed to suit another time and another situation. Now they are inconvenient and senseless, and many people ignore them for the most part. Particular avoidances are encouraged and found useful for particular reasons, but not for the sake of custom itself. Tradition for its own sake held no honor, nor was it looked to for guidance, or trusted for its wisdom. The absence of institutionalization of behavior with regard to kin and affines derives from the higher priority given personal interpretation in these as in other matters in this culture.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

MARAS, WAG, AND PATAMELANESIAN CONTEXT

Throughout Melanesia political institutions have been given minimal development. Structures that extend beyond the village tend to be created and maintained in terms of transactions that are largely economic. The large-scale pig exchanges of Highland New Guinea, and the Kula ring circulation of shell valuables are two examples of this kind of structure.

Individuals in the Sepik and in the Kula ring area have trade friends, some of whom they have inherited from kin. Thus the relationships between individuals in these cases take on a historical depth, and offer to individuals the reliability of continuity.

Throughout Melanesia the mode of transactions is exchange between equals; and the media are pigs, food, specialty productions, and shell currency.

In New Ireland, typically Melanesian elements characterize malanggan ceremonial. Pigs, shell currency, food, and malanggan carvings are exchanged; as are also songs and dances. As is the case elsewhere, the basic relationship that structures the duality of exchange is the relationship formed between two groups through marriage. In New Ireland, the groups involved in marriage are matrilocally extended families and local sub-clans.

In this chapter the New Hanover counterparts to these Melanesian institutions are discussed.

### MARAS

There was one institution known traditionally in New Hanover that required a group effort, and that was maras. It was an institution of male seclusion and initiation, and while people knew of it everywhere in New Hanover and in the Tigak islands, it had never been widely practiced. European contact was said to have ended maras, because seclusion could not be maintained against government orders.

I spoke to three old men who had taken part in leading maras: Pasingantakai (Ungat village), Maripas (Umbakul village), and Makios (Magam village). All other informants referred me to these men, and I heard of no other areas that had ever undertaken the work of maras.

"Maras is not play," Makios told me. "It has work. It is the foundation (pidgin: ass) of the place, maras. All the old show the new men, so when they die, new men can work it (maras). True," he added, "all the men stole it from all the women."

A maras is initiated by men who are vaitas: that is, they have been in maras before, and they are therefore already knowledgeable. Maripas had been inside three times, more often than anyone else as far as anyone knew.

Big men decide to undertake maras when they see that "plenty of men do not come up true men. They do not do this just to make a singsing, but to make true men," according to Maripas. Other informants gave the same general picture.

Men who decide to undertake the initiation first build a fence, and then a house within it. Then they go, on a single day, in the afternoon, and "pull" all those who have been "marked" to go inside: mainly young boys who do not yet shave.

These novices are known as moratip. One event in the lives of the moratip was mentioned by all informants: they were whipped with a plant. Some said it was one on which there were needles. The group of men who, along with Maripas, informed me at Umbukul told me more about this custom: "Moratip is the first stage. They are fed, and they grow fat," Boski Tom told me. "And there is a lot of beating if they are disobedient. . . . There is a special night for all the young men. They light the fire, and let them harden their bodies before the beating begins." Another old man explained further: "They have to beat them to make them strong." Boski went on: "They sit all night by the fire until dawn. Labag (mother's brother) must be there, and must chew ginger and spit it into his (the novice's) mouth. It is our stimulant to wake him up again. Father, or brother, or next of kin. It sometimes happened that someone died."

The fattening up of the boys that Boski mentioned was another characteristic of maras generally known. Kasau of Kulungit village, who saw maras once (near Ungat) remembers this: "At the time of the singsing (the coming out of seclusion), all moratip go on top, over the fence. When the time comes to go look, plenty of men come to look. Before then, those pulled inside the fence cannot be seen. Their relatives cannot see them." Kasau said there was no pay to look, you just looked at the man; but other informants said that you did pay. "They stopped behind the fence, then they were fat," Kasau went on. "Before they were slack. They all wanted to look at this skin, now they were fat."

Makios said that the dance performed at the coming out requires the covering of the face with a kind of mask, so that the performer cannot be recognized. No one else knew of this fashion in other areas.

Practical skills were taught. Two men (and no others) remembered that coconuts were thrown at painted "bullseyes," to give the boys practice in the skills of spear-throwing in war. One man thought that the boys learned of poison.

Informants who knew of the maras near Ungat, and Makios and others of the Magam area, knew of another associated custom: the covering of the bones of the dead with a gummy substance (produced by an insect) in order to make a figure that looked "like a true man or woman." Makios knew how to make such a figure and had done so many times, he told me. But only an informant in another village told me that Makios had done it just the previous year.

Makios said that he got paid for teaching a new man how to do this; and that he also got paid by people who came to see it. In the old days, being able to learn how to do this was one of the privileges of the moratipitip. Makios said that it cost ten mias to buy a teacher. Those who looked gave what they could. The informant who had seen Makios' work the previous year told me he had given one mias. Makios said that all women and children had to give, too; and that a woman might give one, two, or three sleeping mats (karuka). Later Makios told me that there were ingua inside this figure. An ingua is just a tamberan in pidgin, Makios said; just "the thing that chases children," not a real spirit of the dead. (He meant that it was just a nameless ghost of the sort that frightens children, not adults. One implication might be that this figure was kept in the enclosure with the young initiates and helped to maintain order.)

The men of Umbukul did not tell me of making figures of bones; and when I interviewed them I had not heard of it, so I did not ask.

There is another aspect of moratiptip of which I learned from only one informant, and he said he had learned all he knew from Maripas of Umbukul. A young (age: 30) educated man of Umbukul told me that homosexuality was part of the moratiptip experience, the older men selecting young boys for anal intercourse. Subsequently I gained information confirming that homosexuality is common in New Hanover, but no further information about its relationship to maras.

There is indirect evidence that sexual interest was an important factor in the selection of boys for maras: the absence of any other criterion of selection. Some boys who did not yet shave were "marked," but not all boys who did not yet shave. Further, two informants told me that not all moratiptip were young boys: some were already married, some were as old as men who are the fathers of children who are about ten years old, i.e. old enough to be fathers of some of the boys. Several hamlets (in the area of the villages of Ungat and Umbukul, which were probably only hamlets themselves at that time) were involved, and several clans. Maripas was able (with the help of other men present) to give me a list of twenty-four men who had been in maras with him, of whom only six are alive. They represented nine hamlets (or villages) and seven clans. Pasingantakai's memory of maras at Ungat produced a list of thirteen men from three clans. When I talked to Pasingantakai, I asked if all the men of Ungat went inside; and he said, "No, all of Ungat, all of Lavongai cannot go inside. Just one here, one there. A man was marked to go inside." I asked who marked them, their own clan? Their own clan, other people as well. He went on: "Some had no hair on their face, then they went inside the fence, then they all had hair on their face." Informants denied that the selection had anything to do with relative wealth.



Women were not allowed in the enclosure. This category of the excluded was clear. The mothers and wives of the men cooked, but sometimes other men cooked. Men who had already been initiated, the ones who were vaitas, came in and out as they pleased, and they carried the food inside. Otherwise, women and the uninitiated, called monol, could not see those inside until the day they came out.

When all came out, performing the maras dance which they had learned inside, "All the women don't dislike a man who does it. All look, all will go inside, and like some man," Pungmat of Lavongai (a young man who had only heard stories) told me. "Before it is taboo. After the singsing, they (women) can go inside." Lavongai men in 1967 expressed in many ways their view that it was difficult for a man to make himself attractive to women. I infer, then, that maras was one of the ways used in the old days.

Informants said that people came from "a long way" to see maras, but no one at Ungat, Umbukul, or Magam knew anything about maras at the other two areas. In telling me who came to see, informants mentioned only neighboring villages, many of them in the bush, in the mountains. Those who came were not feasted. There were no exchanges of food or of anything else. Those who came watched, paid, and went home. If they were young women, they "liked some man" after the performance. They did not otherwise participate.

The big men who sponsored maras were not well known for it. It was not clear to me whether only one man mainly "bossed" the event or not. Only one account mentioned that a particular man (at Ungat) had started maras twice. Men who were vaitas were not

necessarily wolawa (fight leaders): in fact, of the men who went into maras at Umbukaul, not onw was a wolawa. I asked for names of wolawa at the time, and names I had not heard in connection with maras were given. When I asked if a man had to have a lot of mias to start a maras, all informants agreed that he did not. He did not have to be a "talker," or a man who had gone through any public installation. He had to have been moratiptip himself, and he had to have been in maras before. He only had to know how to do it.

Maras was originally stolen from women. The story of the theft is told in the tone of semi-playful antagonism that characterized the relationship between the sexes in New Hanover. Yangalik told the story thus: Before, before, a long time before, all women went to Kulibung, a place near Lungatan. They came up to this place, and they were fenced; not just with coconut leaves but with trees. They did not have plenty of coconuts in those days. All the women worked at cooking food. One man went with his dog to find a wild pig. He went and found this enclosure. He saw the fence, he saw the food that came up, he saw them throw it away (because there was so much). He himself stopped with the garbage, at the edge of the enclosure. They did not eat much, and the man ate what they threw away.

Yangalik went on: The man watched all the women start singing and dancing. They had not performed it yet outside the enclosure. The man stopped, hiding in the bush, watching. There was plenty of work going on inside for him to watch!

When all the women were about to come outside, he watched them all. Much food remained inside. He watched all the work. He did not miss a single thing. He had to catch it all. When they came outside, then this man go up. All right, then he went and made an enclosure, and brought all the young men inside, and then he performed this singsing. Then the women knew that the men had stolen maras, and they no longer did it themselves. And now they no longer know how.

Joseph told me ( and old Bangarat agreed) a similar version of the story. Before, he said, when maras belonged to all the women, they would go and stay in the bush for two months, and the men would look after the children: "If they piss on me, pekpek on me, maski, it is something that belongs to me," Joseph said. Old women prepared food, which could not be put on the ground. Young women with new breasts, as well as women who had already given birth to children stood up and sang and danced.

One day a man was walking in the bush with his dog and heard them. He climbed a tree, and was amazed to see a whole area that

seemed to be filled just with food. He went back and watched them again and again until he had learned their songs and dances. Then he made a fenced-in enclosure to which he brought the men, and there he taught them what he had learned by watching the women. When the women saw that all the men did these things, they said, "Oh sorry, all the men have already taken these things." After that, women no longer did them. Thus, men stole maras from women.

In 1967, the men, for the most part, no longer know how, either. Makios claims to be the last man to know how. In the old days, a man did "make a name" for himself by initiating maras. Makios and Boski Tom each told me independently that the mission had stopped all their singsing.

Boski claimed that the mission had put a stop to all their singing and feasting, because the mission thought it was a "waste of time"; and also because the mission did not approve of the associated promiscuity. Boski said that the people no longer made gardens, and no longer had plenty of food, because the missions had put a stop to the events which provided incentives for production.

Was maras merely an incentive to production, or was it a magical manipulation of production, in the old days? People did not hesitate to affirm their belief in other kinds of interpersonal magic to me, but they did not claim that maras had been a kind of magic. On the other hand, New Hanoverians are very explicit about their need to have something in particular to do in order

to overcome apathy. This knowledge of their own psychological structure certainly did not come from the European world; or, at least, there is no evidence for it.

Maras gave an opportunity to activate on a larger scale a kind of behavior that characterizes New Hanover's interpersonal relationships: exclusive behavior. The women used to have it, and now the men do. It is considered self-evident that once the men had it, the women no longer wanted it. The "reason" for this (according to the interpretation presented here) is that much of the pleasure of possession derives from exclusive possession. Conversely, the pain of non-possession derives from the pain of being excluded, rather than from the non-possession of something intrinsically valuable.

Maras, then, first excludes women. But since all women are excluded, the pain inflicted is not great. Maras, however, gave opportunity for very personal, individual exclusions. Some persons within the village, within the clan, within the age group, whether or not they had mias, whether or not they were married, were excluded. They, along with the women, could come and watch, later for pay. They did not otherwise participate, they did not help; but they were finally permitted to watch, for pay. When they came out, the men who had been inside were supposed to be especially attractive to the women, but the women had been rejected and excluded sexually by their men, who were "taboo" while they were secluded. Furthermore, the men had been homosexually active in seclusion. The men who were outside must have found this situation especially provocative of the jealousy for which the New Hanoverians are well-known amongst Europeans. They also see it themselves as one of their strongest characteristics. In Maras, men were accepted or rejected as individuals, not as members of groups. From those outside, food and mias were taken,

and nothing was given in return except the privilege of being a spectator to the activities of others who knew how.

WAG

There were some occasions of feasting in New Hanover in the old days. The only one which I saw is that of providing a meal for those who come to a funeral.

Wag is the name of a feast given some time after the death of a person, in honor of the dead. I did not see one, but I heard about some, although some informants said they were no longer held.

Silaupara of Metakavil told me about the death of Willi, a respected old man who had been councillor, and who was admired for his stamina in keeping up his work until about two weeks before his death from a cancer that had caused him considerable pain. There was a feast at his death, and there would be another later, a wag, Silaupara told me. A wag would be held just to call Willi's name (pidgin: singoutim nem bilong Willi). "It cannot come up soon, because there are only three of us," Silaupara said. "It would not be good if others got up the wag, just we three who are close." I asked if Isaac, who was also of Silau clan in Metakavil, could help. No, Silaupara said, "he cannot help. It would not be good if there were talk later, 'You three were not able to do it.'" Another clan, or a Silau that is not a close relative, could not help, he said.<sup>1</sup>

Since I had no opportunity to observe a wag, I do not know who actually helps. In his statement about the wag he plans to give, however, Silaupara manifests the individualism that characterizes New Hanover culture. His pride lies in his being able to do it alone, along with two others who are very close, and without help from outsiders. (Conversely, in New Ireland a big man's pride lies in getting help from as many people as possible, and thereby including everyone who would like to help.) There is an interest, too,

in excluding other people who might like to feel close to Willi, who was an important man. Silaupara views himself and two others as the only ones who were close enough to the deceased to give him wag.

Other accounts of wag state that it is just to call the name of the dead; and also to "loosen the thinking of all" that is still with the dead. They make a feast, sing, dance, and perhaps make use of their love magic.

#### PATA

Another kind of traditional feasting was called pata. (This term, and also another term, sulun, was applied by some to the feast given in the name of the dead. Both lack of standardization of custom, and forgetting over time, probably play a part in producing this variation.) Pata is the name given to a large bench on which taro is heaped. Some big men plan a pata in good times, when they see there is plenty of food, and they send out word. Big men from other places used to come and eat, but they did not come with nothing: they brought a singsing. These were the occasions of singing and dancing the traditional songs and dances of New Hanover. (I saw these performed at a mission celebration, and heard of later performance at a T.I.A. celebration: so they are not forgotten. People regret that nowadays there are so few occasions on which they can perform. No one "gets up" anything any more.) Silaukau told me, "If I've worked and got food, I beat the garamut. Everyone comes and sings. All the women prepare the taro. They carry it to a fenced area. Yangalik has made such a thing, a big platform (on which the taro is arranged). It really looks nice, this line of taro. The meaning of pata is 'a platform that has taro.' All the women come and look free. Then I give this food free, to all who have no name for this heap of taro."

An old man of Metewoe said that a pata was held to reciprocate one previously held by someone else, or to reciprocate a pig brought to a funeral. This same informant said that men might come from as far away as Umbukul or Baungung.

No other informants supported his view that people came from such great distances. Still, marriage takes place across these distances; so it seems likely that some people came to see relatives.

#### ANALYSIS OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION

The institution of maras produced the big man status of vaitas. Any big man could organize a pata; and anyone related closely to the dead could give a wag. Some people still give a wag in memory of the dead, but the other institutions are not functioning.

If networks of relationship were formed by these institutions, no evidence of them remained in 1967.

There were "big men," and big men who attracted other men to their Rangama houses: club houses for men. In the house Rangama there were places to keep spears, so that men could run and fight "if they wanted to do so." It is not possible to reconstruct clearly the leadership functions of these big men, but there is no evidence that they controlled large resources, directly or indirectly, or that their renown went beyond a few neighboring hamlets. Big men did organize the distribution of surplus and the accumulation of credit through pata.

Mias in New Hanover hands was not a "ceremonial" currency, except possibly in its use in marriage. It was used for direct purchase of perishables: a garden full of taro, a canoe full of fish, a bag of sago flour. New Hanoverians did not make purchases from the same people over a period of time. If they had institutionalized long-term relationships with particular people, or with particular small islands, no evidence of these remained in 1967.



Both in New Ireland and in New Hanover I heard that mias was made in New Hanover and in the island of Mait, near Djaul island. No one in New Hanover that I spoke with ever saw any mias being made or knew where in New Hanover it was made. I never saw any in New Hanover.<sup>2</sup> If it was made in New Hanover, it is likely that it was not widely made, and that few knew how to make it. Most of it probably came from the small islands to the east of New Hanover: New Hanover had land and had bush materials (sago leaves, bamboo) necessary for building houses on small islands, which would have given incentive to people on small islands to manufacture something. Furthermore, the raw material is found surrounding these small islands.

But the people on the small islands had land on "the big place" of their own. All indications are that it was people from "the big place" who got into their canoes with their goods, mainly sago, and made the trip to the Tigaks to try to sell them. In 1967, men took a few extra bags of sago flour with them in their canoes, hoping to sell them for five shillings each in the Tigaks.

Thus the distribution of goods in New Hanover was accomplished largely through impersonal interactions, using mias as a fixed unit of exchange. Some distribution of food was accomplished at the pata feasts, where those who "had no name" to the bench of taro were given food free. Those who came to a pata

were expected to give one in return, the only instance of reciprocity I found in New Hanover.

Feasts stimulated production, however, and it is this economic function that was missed by New Hanoverians in 1967. Many did not have gardens, and some attributed this to the effects of the Johnson cult; but some referred it back further: to the decline of feasting activities, for which some held the missions responsible.

#### GROUP COHESION

The groups held together in New Hanover probably were not nearly so large or so internally structured as those held together in New Ireland. At a malanggan in New Ireland, of six hundred people attending perhaps twenty at most (laborers from other islands, Europeans, visitors from a distance) are not involved in obligations that they are returning or creating. The pata of New Hanover involved reciprocity on the part of big men, but not of other individuals. The feast for a dead person, the wag, did not (so far as I know) have to be reciprocated.

Furthermore, there is no evidence that the wag drew together the relatives of several dead to work cooperatively. Instead of the principle of inclusiveness that pervades the New Ireland malanggan, the evidence suggests that in the wag, the principle of exclusiveness guided the initiators. They would be ashamed if they could not give the wag without outside help.

There is no theme of mutual giving in New Hanover, and very little giving. At the pata, taro was given free to those who had no "title" to the taro; but they did not immediately give back. In discussing these traditional feasts, informants were mainly interested in the "display" element. That is, they told me repeatedly about how the bench of taro and the piles of coconuts looked, but not who came, or who gave.

Interactions in New Hanover tend to be personal and individual, rather than social and group-oriented, as they are in New Ireland. Choices of partners in the interaction tend to be made on the basis of sexual or personality preference, rather than on the basis of social role. The media of transactions are food and play, and the modes are taking, rejecting, and display.

Some of these characteristics can be seen in maras (although not enough is known of maras to derive them from it alone). Selection of men and boys for seclusion was based on no social characteristics. In 1967 the society showed a preference for individual and personal relationships, not based on role expectations; and there is every reason to suppose that these also underlay the choices of participants in maras.

When the men came out of seclusion performing the maras dance, their interest, and the interest of the women who watched, was in their sexual attractiveness. They counted on display of themselves to create a relationship. They expected to be noticed as individuals in the group performance.

Similarly, the men who came from afar to a pata did not come to exchange, to buy or sell, to give or take, but merely to display their singsing, and to view (and eat) the display of taro arranged by the hosts.

These institutions did provide channels for expression, institutionalized forms within which individuals could express themselves.

Wag was a way of honoring a relationship to a near clan relative who is dead. Silaupara clearly viewed his giving of a wag for Willi as an expression of the sincerity of his grief (as against that of Willi's widow, who had already remarried).

Pata provided a way to express pride and well-being of a place.

Maras expressed the strength of the men.

But maras was performed in only three places in New Hanover, and neither wag nor pata are remembered everywhere; and all have ceased or nearly ceased, not since the cult but since the coming of the mission.

I infer from these circumstances that group cohesion was weak in New Hanover. Further evidence (given elsewhere) indicates that exclusiveness and rejecting behavior left the individuals of New Hanover each dependent in many ways upon himself alone.

STYLES OF CULTURE  
Chapter Eight

## C H A P T E R    E I G H T

## THE    JOHNSON    CULT

INTRODUCTIONBeginnings

In February, 1964, the Territory of Papua and New Guinea held elections in order to create a new governing structure: the House of Assembly. This election was undertaken by the Australian Administration under pressure from the United Nations to prepare the people for self-government. Europeans in the Territory in general, and Administrators in particular, were surprised that the election was "successful": that is, people voted, and even those who had had very little contact with Europeans seemed to understand, at least partly, the purpose of the election. Often people who were traditional leaders were elected, and in general everything had gone well.

New Hanover was one of the few places where the election did not go well; and this, too, was surprising, because New Hanover had been "under control" for many years, and the people had long been in contact with European civilization. And yet half the people of New Hanover and of the adjacent Tigak islands voted for President Johnson of America. This event and others which followed it came to be referred to as "the Johnson cult," and Europeans (administrators, missionaries, anthropologists, myself among them) viewed these events as constituting a local version of the "cargo cults" well known in Melanesia.

Here follows an attempt to describe, summarize and analyze this "cult." I present illustrations of the data from which the summary derives, both in order to support my analysis, and also in order to

give the reader an opportunity to make his own interpretation.

Public Knowledge Outside New Hanover

The Australian newspapers carried front-page stories about the elections taking place in the Territory which Australia governed. The vote for Johnson in New Hanover was mentioned in some of these articles and appeared as a separate feature story in some publications. By the time the information reached Newsweek magazine, this is how it read:

SOUTH PACIFIC:

What Price LBJ?

Almost from the moment a U.S. Air Force geodetic survey team landed on tiny New Hanover island, to "position" this dot in the South Pacific, young Bos Malik became the Big Man on the atoll. If the Americans needed vegetables or other goods and services, Bos was right there with prompt delivery; and in return for service rendered, he received cigarettes, Hershey bars, and other delights of the American way of life.

But then one day a few months ago, the Americans told Bos that they were leaving. He was shattered. "Don't worry kid," said one of the Americans. "There's plenty more where this came from. The man to talk to is Lyndon Baines Johnson, President of the U.S.A."

This gave Bos an idea. Bring President Johnson to the island and back would come the American goods. It so happened that the island's Australian rulers were about to hold the first election in which everybody could vote. Campaigning vigorously on an All the Way with LBJ platform, Bos secured the support of the island's electorate.

What he lacked, as it turned out, was support of the Australians. On election day, Australian patrol officer I. T. Spencer, acting as registrar of voters, was confronted by a thousand Johnson supporters demanding the right to vote for their man. But as Mr. Johnson wasn't on the ballot, registrar Spencer refused their request. In that case, said Bos to his supporters, don't pay your taxes; instead, he suggested they give him the money to "buy" President Johnson, who would then rule the island--bringing with him, of course, cargoes of Hershey bars, cigarettes, and other luxuries. Before long, followers had given Bos \$987 to make an early purchase of LBJ.

At this point, the Australians decided that things were getting out of hand. A district commissioner flew into the island and he was soon followed by 40 armed police. Bos and his followers reluctantly handed over the tax money, held in escrow for the Presidential purchase. But they still yearn for the rule of Lyndon. And they believe that their wish soon will be granted. For Bos has promised them that before the end of this month 600 U.S. troops will arrive aboard the Queen Mary to take over New Hanover in the name of LBJ.

June 22, 1964

The whole election made a good story for the press. In a general article titled, "Don't Eat the Candidate" (March 9, 1964), Newsweek



wrote:

In the coastal town of Port Moresby, burly Papuan tribesmen thrust hibiscus blossoms in their hair and danced to the polls in carnival spirit. In the snow-crested mountains of the interior, helicopters dropped election teams among the murderous Kukukuku warriors and the wild Nembi people—who promised not to eat any candidates. All across the Australian-ruled eastern half of New Guinea—part of which Australia holds as a colony, and part of which it administers under a U.N. trusteeship—more than 1 million natives last week were being rounded up to participate in a general election based on universal adult suffrage.

So universal was the franchise, in fact, that neither race, creed, color, sex, illiteracy, nor a tribal history of head-hunting barred a voter from the polls. . . .

From the start, the Australians recognized that the problems of staging an election in an area where 750 different languages are spoken were likely to prove formidable. A survey to establish a common voting roll turned up some members of the electorate who listed their occupation as 'murderer,' 'village fight chief,' and 'insane in the bush'. . . . Candidate David Iti's wife immediately began campaigning against him on the ground that, if elected, he would

desert her, their children, and their yam patch. . . .

Members of the Cargo Cult (who look forward to a happy day when supply ships will distribute their cargo free) were inclined to hope that after the election they would no longer have to work.

TIME did not mention New Hanover specifically, but did run an article on the elections title, "Stone Age Election" (February 28, 1964), which stated, in part: "Interest in the election has spurred the revival of native 'cargo cults.' Cultists believe that white men do not work, that they merely write secret symbols on scraps of paper, for which they receive planeloads of 'cargo'--boats, tractors, houses, cars and canned goods. After the election, cultists believe that they will inherit the white man's magic to make goods materialize without doing any work. To show faith in their belief, some have killed their pigs in sacrificial offerings; others have hacked airstrips out of the bush for the planes that will bring in the cargo."

The elections in general, and the vote for Johnson in particular, made a good story not only for the press, but also for the conversations that filled the evening hours among European residents of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Planters work cargo-cult rumors for all they're worth over drinks in the pub, or in the club, or on the verandah. Government officials also pursue discussion of the subject, but their jokes fit mostly into a cops-and-robbers or Western format, rather than the more cosmic, existential, theater-of-the-absurd, or total outrage style that pleases the planters. One such rumor that found favor during my stay in Kavieng had to do with a

Big Egg which was said to be believed to be hovering over New Britain about to hatch cargo.

Not everyone has the luxury of laughing. Planters whose business is threatened, or missionaries who are expected to bring the people back to their senses, or back under control, are often not amused. Some feel perhaps more threatened than the evidence warrants, as is suggested by the following letter:

'Cargo Cult'

The account of Bos Mailk's abortive attempt to "purchase" President Lyndon Johnson for New Hanover island (INTERNATIONAL, June 22) was incomplete.

A deeper thrust by your correspondent into the activities of Bos would have uncovered a secret tribal society known in the Pacific as "cargo cult."

The cargo cult, which blankets the Solomon Islands, is a compound of idolatry, witchcraft, and the crudest forms of immorality. It started during World War II when cult leaders told the natives that shiploads of cigarettes, chocolate, clothing, and other PX supplies were gifts from the gods and dead relatives. With the end of the war, these "gifts" stopped. Meanwhile, cargo-cult leaders like Bos have convinced the natives that their gods and dead relatives continue to send them shiploads of gifts; but their enemies, the Australian authorities, have been intercepting them.

To Australian officials, the cult means prostitution, lawlessness, extortion, and black magic. Natives are told not to pay taxes but to give money to cult leaders to bribe the gods and dead relatives to continue the shipments.

Communists were quick to exploit this movement and have penetrated cult headquarters on the island of Buka off the western tip of Bougainville.

Catholic Relief Services is currently combining its efforts in education projects with those of the Australian Government to unshackle the natives from the influence of the cargo cult.

Brendan Malone

Catholic Relief Services

National Catholic Welfare Conference

New York City

(Newsweek, July 13, 1964)

Even anthropologists are not insensitive to the humorous aspects of cargo cults. It is almost impossible for most of us to resist making jokes about them, though it is considered bad taste for anthropologists to do so publicly. When some of my American colleagues heard about the Johnson cult and knew that I was trying to go to New Hanover to study it, they wrote saying things like "Tell them we can't spare him just now." It was already well into the era of speculation, horrified or otherwise, that Barry Goldwater would be the Republican nominee for President of the United States. Later,

after Johnson was elected in the U.S.A. and had disappointed some of his followers by increasing the American war effort in Viet Nam, an American colleague wrote to me: "We are taking up a collection to send Johnson to New Hanover, and we hope they still want him." Only Margaret Mead, an old hand with cargo cults, asked me why I wanted to go to New Hanover. "Cargo cults are boring," she said.

One point that I think we have overlooked, however, which shows how solemn we all are, how serious, how scientific, how worthy --and also how patronizing--is that cultists, too, find their cult amusing, and parts of it downright funny. This is not all a cult is, but, in the case of the Johnson cult, I think that this is part of the explanation for how it came to pass.

#### Anthropological Perspectives

Anthropological accounts tend to emphasize political, economic, social, historical, psychological, and religious factors that help to form cults, but we emphasize those factors differently. Some of us try to make sense of whatever the natives think in terms of the information available to them, and we cluck over the Stone Age people trapped in backward places confused by change. Others like to emphasize the need we all have for irrational beliefs that sustain us in difficult times: these only try to trace the irrational threads, not weave them into a coherent whole. Many see cargo cultists as just sensible people who want things like all the rest of us do: they see all the wonderful things that white men have and they have not, which makes them so miserable that they must cling to the faith that the cargo will soon come to them, too. Still other anthropologists

condemn their colleagues who fail to see cargo cults as a justified outburst of rage by the have-nots against the haves, who are colonial imperialists exploiting the third world. Based on our varying perspectives, we try to produce systematic theories that order our observations.

All of these viewpoints no doubt carry some truths. I am probably a somewhat "mentalistic" anthropologist: what I wanted most to know was what the people of New Hanover really thought. Did they really believe that Johnson would come? What evidence did they offer? How had they heard of him? Did they have any "standard" beliefs about cargo? Did they believe that the ancestors produced it? Did they think the ancestors and Johnson were somehow associated and would somehow bring cargo to the people together?

The first question for which I and all other anthropologists needed an answer was, however, this one: what exactly had happened?

#### SOURCES OF INFORMATION

##### Rev. Robbins

Our first informant beyond the newspaper accounts was Rev. John Robbins of the Methodist Overseas Mission, who happened to come to Sydney on leave in December, 1964, just before Nic Peterson and I went to Kavieng for the first time. He had just come from tramping around the swamp area of New Ireland trying to round up people from west coast villages (Kaut, Kabin, Lokono) who had gone bush after a violent encounter with a tax-collection group. This incident was reported in the popular press in Australia like this:

## RAID AT DAYBREAK

"Blood may flow over taxes"--says official

From Our Own Correspondent and A.A.P.-Reuter

PORT MORESBY, Saturday.--Fears of bloodshed mounted in New Ireland today as a heavily armed police patrol prepared to raid the rebel village of Lokona (sic).

Forty native police armed with tear gas, shotguns and riot clubs are gathered at the New Ireland village of Kavieng.

They will be accompanied by six native affairs officers and four European police officers.

The patrol will move in on Lokono, 14 miles south of Kavieng, at daybreak tomorrow, in an attempt to arrest 50 President Johnson cultists who attacked an Administration tax collection patrol on Thursday.

"If Lokono has been reinforced, there is sure to be bloodshed in the morning," a former district commissioner said today.

"The situation is extremely serious."

Experienced native affairs officers believe it unwise for tomorrow's patrol to be mounted. They say that by now the Lokono villagers could have mustered hundreds of warriors to repel further attempts to arrest them.

They believe it would be wise to wait a fortnight until the village has returned to normal.

Police have been drawn from Rabaul, the New Ireland coast and the nearby island of Lavongai (New Hanover), itself a cult centre.

The patrol was to leave Kavieng at midnight by boat for the rebel village.

The leader, District Officer K. R. Williamson, said today the police would anchor offshore in darkness in readiness for the raid.

#### Second patrol?

"The patrol will carry enough ammunition to protect itself and achieve its purpose," he added.

It is believed here that a second patrol has already left Kavieng on an overland march to strike the village simultaneously with the sea party.

The Administrator of Papua-New Guinea, Sir Donald Cleland, said today that 12 of the 14 police on patrol were injured, four seriously, in Thursday's battle.

Three were still in hospital at Kavieng, but their condition was "satisfactory."

The story of the attack was told today by Mr. Williamson.

#### Beach court

He said Lokono village had been infiltrated by the "Vote for President Johnson" cult, and cult collectors from Lavongai had been there raising money to "buy" the United States President.

The clash began when an old Lokono villager refused to pay his £3/15/ annual local government council tax.



A court was held on the beach and the villager was convicted and sentenced to gaol.

As he was being escorted to a boat, 50 screaming natives broke from the jungle, attacked the patrol, and freed him.

The natives were armed with spears, clubs, and large pieces of coral rock.

Reports from Kavieng say the natives were aware that the patrol was coming and had buried piles of rocks under sand on the beach.

They took care not to harm the European native affairs officers.

The attack was so savage that the patrol was forced to withdraw to a boat.

The native police, still under a cloud following the Rabaul police riots in July, were reported to have fought well and maintained discipline.

The Sun-Herald, Sept. 27, 1964

Two years later I talked to some of the others, both European and native, who had been in the tax-collection team, and their stories confirmed the newspaper account. One more important feature of this incident later became public: twelve policemen were injured during this encounter, four receiving serious head wounds. Four others were subsequently dishonorably discharged from the constabulary for beating two prisoners taken into custody on this occasion.

Rev. Robbins thought that the Administration had over-reacted with police power. What was needed, he felt, was communication. Rev. Robbins and the Administration service personnel shared the view that

the Department of Native Affairs personnel, who are the governors and law-enforcement branch of the Administration, did not really know the people, and that this was part of the problem. Rev. Robbins felt that he had done their job for them by tramping around the bush and swampland in New Ireland trying to find the people of Lokono and other west coast villages who had been terribly frightened by the appearance of policemen with a tax patrol; and who had had their worst fears confirmed by the behavior of these policemen, none of whom was local.

And yet D.N.A. officials could not help but wonder if the missions were not somehow to blame for putting all sorts of mystical ideas into the native heads. They noted that many cultists were Methodists, and many spokesmen were Methodist missionaries or held lesser positions as munamuna, and thought that the Mission personnel should somehow discipline these members of their organization.

Department of Native Affairs (District Administration)

I report this incident on the west coast of New Ireland at some length for these reasons: the government officials always associated what had happened at Lokono with the Johnson cult of New Hanover, even though there was no further activity on the west coast of New Ireland; and even though this encounter did not involve the use of the Johnson cult ideology in any way. To government officials, this violent interchange at Lokono was evidence that the Johnson cultists might be violent, and that, therefore, appropriate care needed to be taken to meet this potentiality; and also that the Johnson cult was spreading fast and dangerously, and that, therefore, government officials needed to be on guard everywhere. These were fair assumptions for government officials, lacking intimate knowledge of the people they were serving, to make. I continued to test these assumptions myself

for years to come, but I began to doubt, early on in my field work, that they were true.

District Officer Ken Williamson, who seemed to have a sympathetic rather than an authoritarian approach to government problems with the natives, said, when I asked him if he thought the New Irelanders were potential cultists: "All the peoples of Papua New Guinea are potential cultists." This seemed a reasonable generalization from an anthropologist's point of view. Gradually, however, I came to think it was not true for New Ireland.

Because Mr. Williamson, and the District Commissioner, Mr. Healy, and later Mr. Seale, held these views about the Johnson cult, government action was based on this perspective. One action they took was to rescind the permission Nic Peterson and I had previously obtained through Mr. McCarthy, Director of the Department of Native Affairs in Port Moresby, to go to New Hanover. It was thought that our presence might cause trouble, and that we might be in some danger. Mr. Williamson kindly suggested a place for us to stay in New Ireland, in Mangai.

I cannot do justice to the views of the DNA officials themselves, because many of them did not share them with me. I was treated as an unwelcome outsider, an enemy, and from their point of view I continued to be so until nearly the end of my time in the field. I came to understand that they had had some experiences with anthropologists which made them see it as their duty to withhold official government files and information. Nic Peterson and I were, after all, inexperienced anthropologists of unknown qualities and quality; and we remained so during our work in Mangai in 1965. By August, 1967, I had apparently proved myself responsible, and I did finally receive some very valuable assistance from DNA officials in Kavieng.

Service Personnel

The government personnel who knew the people best did not support the views of the Department of Native Affairs (DNA, later called the Department of District Administration, DDA). Ray Sheridan, a malaria control officer who seemed particularly close to the people, and who had put out a record of New Guinea music which he had recorded,<sup>1</sup> scoffed at the idea that the New Hanover people were violent. He had conducted a regular patrol there after the election (against DNA wishes, or even orders), and had no trouble. Keith Hill, of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, continued to go to New Hanover over DNA protests.

New Hanover Informants

I was not able to gain an overview of what had happened from Europeans or natives outside New Hanover. Most people did not know what had happened, but Europeans who knew something much preferred to keep the laughs going than to give a dull straight story to an anthropologist, none of whose damn business it was anyway.

I had to wait until I moved to New Hanover and began to have long interviews with cultists to learn the chronology of events well known there. It was quite easy then to find out in short conversations from almost anyone who had been there--and almost everyone had been--how the vote for Johnson had occurred. I will not make the reader wait as long as I had to wait to find out what happened that came to be called "the Johnson cult." I present an account here ordered with the aid of government records I was allowed to see, all (except Bob Hoad's, reproduced here in full) only after I had left the field. Native accounts told the same stories but were much fuller and differently slanted. They maintained the same sequence and remembered names, but

they lacked dates and could not supply government intent or plan, which was sometimes put forth in the government accounts.

#### SUMMARY OF THE CULT

##### Events

The election of representatives to the House of Assembly in February of 1964 required that patrols be sent all over the Territory twice. The first patrol explained the election to the people or their representatives (luluai or Councillors), and the second accomplished the voting and collection of ballots. For this latter purpose, patrols carried locked red plastic ballot boxes, separate ones for each polling station.

No Europeans made an initial explanatory patrol around New Hanover. Instead, two weeks before the balloting was to begin, European officers came to a Lavongai (New Hanover) Local Government Council meeting, explained the election to the Councillors of the area, and entrusted them with the task of carrying the explanation back to their villages.

Later, Europeans and Lavongais alike were to say that the Lavongais did not understand the nature of the election and the concept of candidates; but there is ample evidence that they understood well enough to have carried out the instructions of the Administration. In fact, half of them did so.

The other half did not. The patrol officers who were conducting the election in New Hanover arrived at Ranmelek, the only Methodist Mission station on the island, on the evening of February 14, 1964. Early the next morning, Saturday, February 15, they came outside the Mission to begin collecting ballots. Ranmelek was the first of six

polling stations in New Hanover. The officers were scheduled to remain at each station for three days. On this first day, however, the kiaps found waiting for them a blackboard, on which was written a short message: "We want to vote for Johnson of America. That is all." The patrol officers turned the blackboard around, with its back side toward the people, and continued their preparations. They called for Lavongai village to come forward first. Spokesmen then stepped forward and restated the message. The people gave a loud voice vote for Johnson, and then left the area.

On February 19, at the second polling station, Meteran village (like Ranmelek, on the south coast), the people proclaimed themselves to be for Johnson, in a similar fashion. At Umbukul, on the west coast--and at Noipus and Ungalik island, on the north coast--people voted according to the instructions of the patrol officers. Finally, at Taskul (the government station) and at Nonovul (in the Tigak islands), the people again presented themselves for Johnson. Polling was completed March 2, 1964.

At first the Administration responded to the cult only with extra patrols and verbal explanations. Johnson was a busy man, and America was far away and occupied with a war in Vietnam. Never mind, said the people, we will wait. After some "truculence" on the part of the natives was reported in one of these encounters, police accompanied some patrols. From the government officers' point of view, the police protected them and enforced their authority; but from the peoples' point of view, the policemen were a provocation. Repeated attempts to explain that Johnson was not a candidate met with refusal by the people to change their vote. The government decided to change its approach, and to concentrate on tax collection.

The collection and disposition of tax monies was an issue from near the beginning of the cult. In fact, some tax defaulters had been jailed in 1963, with the election not yet in sight. Cultists said they had voted for America and would pay tax to America, but not to Australia or to their own Council, which had done nothing for them. On March 18, 1964, there was a Local Government Council meeting at Meterankan village, attended (according to an Administration report) by seventeen Councillors and about seventy members of the public. One among the public was Joseph Pukina of Lavongai village. According to a government report, he gave an emotional speech in which he said: "You can hang us all from the rafters of this Council House, but we will not pay tax!" According to his own report, corroborated by others, Joseph Pukina said more at a meeting two weeks later with the kiaps and some Americans present.

Many people claimed that they had no money, but money was collected from the people immediately following the election by the Johnson cultists. On March 20, 1964, £443-9-11 gathered in this way was given to Mr. Healy, then District Commissioner, with the request that he send the money to Johnson to pay his fare to New Hanover. Bosmailik presented the funds to Mr. Healy when the D.C. came to Taskul to explain to the people that Johnson could not come. Mr. Healy refused the money and returned it to various natives and Administration personnel with instructions that it be given back to those from whom it had been collected. (Later, some people said that their money had been returned, and some said that theirs had not been returned.) Of the total sum, £200 was said to have come from the Tigak islands. Later, money was given to the American priest at the Lavongai Catholic Mission, who was also asked to forward it to Johnson along with an explanation of what

was wanted. He refused. The cultists took the money to the Bishop, who also turned them down.

On March 29, Administration personnel decided on "a policy of regular patrolling" and enforcement of rules and regulations, including long-standing rules that require the populace to line up for census-taking, preparatory to tax collection. Patrols were accompanied by police, and in most places met resistance to census-taking and to tax collection, but none to arrest. However, in April, mobs, mainly in Tsoi and mainly led by Oliver, prevented the success of arrest attempts. On May 6, "The D.O., Spencer and Corporal Korau proceeded down a track and at a garden one census defaulter was pointed out and arrested."<sup>2</sup>

The arrests for census defaulting began the cultists' jail sentences which soon thereafter derived instead from failure to pay taxes. These failures and subsequent jailings occurred in large (but decreasing) numbers in 1964, 1965, and still in 1966.

The Administration did arrange some meetings in which explanations were attempted. Mr. Healy's attempt on March 20, 1964, has been cited. A major meeting with outsiders occurred on August 8, 1964, when four hundred assembled to hear one of the newly elected M.H.A.'s (Member, House of Assembly, Mr. Jim Grose),<sup>3</sup> several Administration officers, two American soldiers, and each other. Thirty-five policemen, who were natives from all over the Territory, were present. A widely publicized meeting with United Nations personnel did not take place until April, 1965, more than a year after the vote at Ranmelek. It was at this meeting that Pamais, of Lavongai village, spoke in English<sup>4</sup> about the grievances the people had against Australia, and why they had voted for Johnson.



To most natives, the vote for Johnson at Ranmelek was as much a surprise as it was to the patrol officers in Ranmelek. Most of those who were present at Ranmelek had only heard that there would be a vote for Johnson on Friday, February 14, along the way to Ranmelek. The few whose idea it was, residents of Nusawung village, sent out a few men with the news. Friday night there was a meeting in Magam village, near Ranmelek, at which people expressed their approval of the idea of voting for Johnson. A man who could write was designated to write the message on the mission school blackboard. And Saturday morning, the proclamation was made to the patrol officers.

#### Background

The idea had originated with local men who had worked for a U.S. Army survey team which had recently spent several months on New Hanover establishing points of reference for some reason--for map-making, most Europeans guessed. The Americans had spent most of their time at Mt. Patibum, in the mountains above the village of Materankan. They required native labor to help mainly in carrying equipment up the mountain. They worked from a large ship that remained at some distance out at sea. They had helicopters, and they poured cement on Mt. Patibum to make a landing area. Their work required them to put into the ground small round cement markers, which the natives had seen being put in the ground elsewhere in the nearby islands.

Local Europeans seemed sure that the vote for Johnson had somehow been the result of native contact with this U.S. Army team. The standard joke was that the Americans, about to face an election back home between Goldwater and Johnson, had playfully told the local men who were carrying supplies and otherwise helping them, to vote for Johnson. In a government document it was reported that District Officer (D.O.) K. Williamson

"thinks [that the cult is a] result of influence from a U.S. Army team which has recently finished operations on a signal station in the area . . . ."

It was very difficult to find out much about the Americans on Mt. Patibum. The planters had scarcely seen or talked to them in Kavieng. They had not spent any time in the villages, nor socialized with any of the government officers, so far as I could gather. I learned the most from Captain Bill Busch, who had helped to steer the ship on which the Americans came, and to which they returned after work every night, around the reef.

Native informants also told me of the role these Americans had played in their election, but from their point of view it was minor. The experience that the Lavongais had with these U.S. Army men was a good one: high pay and friendly relations. But this was not the first time that the New Hanoverians had been favorably impressed by the "American way" (pidgin: fasion bilong America). They had also experienced it during the war when some Lavongais worked with the U.S. services in neighboring Emira and in Buka, Solomon Islands. The points especially noticed about the American fashion were these: the Americans had "plenty of cargo," and they gave it away freely and with good will to the natives. Furthermore, they treated the natives as equals, sharing food and clothing with them, and sitting down together with them in easy conversation (sidaun gris wantaim).

However, many who were in the cult either felt that Australians (especially those from "outside," who did not have the customs of the Territory) were equally friendly during the war, or else had no opinion of Australians or of Americans, having met few of the former and none of

the latter. They claimed to be merely taking a chance, willing to "try" a different country.

The Lavongais had been thinking about "trying" America as boss for more than twenty years, since Peter Yangalissmat had suggested it to them. He had been in a high position as a native soldier for the Australians, and had ample opportunity to observe the Americans. He began to talk about the idea of getting them to come and boss New Hanover after the war.

The Lavongais thought this was a very good idea, but the government did not. Australian military officers came to find out whose idea it was, and to arrest him. Peter Yangalissmat was sent to Buka to jail for a year. In 1967, many Lavongais said they were ashamed of themselves for having let all the blame fall on Peter, when it was an idea that belonged to them all. This memory was part of the reason they knew it was important to refuse to name leaders of the Johnson cult: they felt they were each acting individually, and they did not want to make another man a scapegoat for the views they all shared.

The talk of the Americans had not disappeared entirely during the twenty years after the war, but such talk gained new vigor in 1962-3, when the U.S. Army team came to work.

#### Leadership

One man told me (and other informants supported his view): "I am the one who has a 'name' for this cult." He meant that he had decided to be the one who took the blame, as Peter Yangalissmat had, many years earlier. He was Pengai, of Nusawung, and people seemed to agree that it was he who first said: "You do not want to vote the way the Australians are telling you to vote; so let us vote for America." He said he was just the "mouth" for all, that all wished it to be so.

Pengal had not worked for the Americans. However, his younger brother, Bosmailik, was working for them, so it was he who was given the task of finding out the name of the man who had replaced Kennedy (of whom they had heard because of the wide publicity given his death. They may have heard the news on village radios, as well as from local Europeans, including Americans at the Catholic Mission stations). Subsequently, Bosmailik's name became known, and it was he who was sought, and found, by the Administration.

The Administration soon lost interest in Bosmailik, and turned attention to Oliver and Robin of the Tsoi islands. Oliver was the nearest thing to a "prophet" that this cult had. He viewed himself as guided by God, the God about whom the natives learned from the missionaries. He wandered through the bush evading arrest, telling people to pray to God, to hold fast to their election for America; and collecting money to send to Johnson. He subsequently acquired a radio worth \$400, a wristwatch, and many women. Like many other Melanesians, however, New Hanoverians are slow to speculate, and only a few felt sure that Oliver had "eaten" the money he had collected to send to America.

The Administration and native non-cultists said that Oliver made prophecies about the coming of America, but he and other cultists never admitted to me that this was true. They did not "believe" that Johnson would come: that is, they did not expect him to come. They had faith; they had hope; and they had the good feelings that came from taking a stand, together, as men: they had pride. It was this that kept them together, rather than any leader or leaders.

Each village within the cult area had several men who were stronger than most in their interest in the cult, and more assertive in their leadership, but many men said that the cult had no leaders: that

it belonged to everyone. Even government officials began to say that there were no leaders, but not until they had spent considerable energy chasing men who occasionally emerged from the crowd.

#### Punitive Action

The Administration sent some patrols to New Hanover to hold "discussions" with cultists two weeks following the initial incident at Ranmelek. There had been warnings that all was not well in New Hanover. The minutes of the District Advisory Council, Kavieng, 1962, show that planter Mr. Jim White, whose plantation is near the Ranmelek Methodist Mission, stressed the need for the Administration to resume regular patrols of the island, which had ceased. The Administration pleaded shortage of personnel and funds, and no changes were made. At the time of the cult, there was no government station on New Hanover, and patrols occurred only with regard to specific tasks which the Administration wanted to accomplish.

Two months after the vote at Ranmelek, when arrests began, regular patrolling had still not been established on New Hanover, and contacts between officers of DDA and the people of New Hanover were limited to special meetings. A patrol officer was eventually reassigned to Taskul, but patrols around the island were still few and far between. Mr. White and planter Jim Grose of New Ireland, who had just been elected to the House of Assembly, insisted in vain on the need for more frequent patrols, especially by an Agricultural officer, in a meeting of the District Advisory Council eight months after the cult began. Then District Commissioner Mr. Healy said that "law and order should be re-established within the next two months and it might be possible to implement" some of these suggestions about improving services after that time.

Some service personnel continued to do their work against the orders of DDA. The official position of DDA was that contacts would create trouble, and DDA personnel feared violent reception for themselves in New Hanover. Service personnel never feared violent reception, and DDA continued, throughout the next three years, to depend upon service personnel for reports about what the people were doing.

Officials of DDA and of service departments (Public Health, Malaria Control, Agriculture and Fisheries, Labor Relations) had different functions to perform, and they may well have inevitably evoked different receptions. The service personnel thought that DDA was overly fearful and overly punitive, and the fact is that there was very little violence associated with the cult. All violent actions came from the Administration, and most of it came from the police; most of it without the knowledge or approval of European DDA personnel.<sup>5</sup> One man in one village was shot as he fled, and received a minor wound. Police damaged property. The Acting District Officer explained his own aggressive actions-- shooting at coconuts and instructing a young man to stand in the smoke of a smoke bomb--as "demonstrations of strength."<sup>6</sup> He said that the government had power, and that they would use power, and that it was only fair to demonstrate this to the people. One fleeing native was, in fact, shot and wounded, though not seriously.

On three or four occasions, DDA personnel feared violence, but none occurred.<sup>7</sup> It almost occurred in Metakavil village once. The Acting D.O., Mr. Benhem, had ordered a line of men to carry a felled coconut tree, and one of the men fainted. The men were angry that one amongst them had been overtaxed physically, and began to close in on the Acting D.O. In the nick of time, the Catholic Mission boat, bearing nurse Sister Liboria (an Australian), came into view, and the threatening

mob dissolved. This account was given to me in this same way by natives who were present, by Sister Liboria, and by Acting D.O. Benhem, who admitted good-naturedly that Sister Liboria had "saved" him. The New Hanoverians said they were "ashamed" to fight in front of her: they respected her.

Orders, explanations, and "demonstrations of strength" all failed to accomplish the aims of the Administration: tax collection. Since the creation of the Local Government Council in Lavongai in 1961, taxes had been set and collected by the Council: that is, by New Hanoverians themselves, not by the Australian Administration. The Council was often viewed by Lavongais as an arm of the Administration, however, and they refused to pay taxes to "Australia" on the grounds that they had voted for America. Still, people were aware of the distinction between the Administration and the Council, and when they thought in terms of the Council as a separate structure, they refused to pay taxes on the grounds that the Council had done nothing constructive with all the tax money they had already paid to it.

When the people refused to pay taxes, they allowed themselves to become "tax defaulters." They had broken a law: they could be arrested. And they were arrested, in large numbers. Tax patrols much larger than usual startled the villages. Sister Liboria said that she looked out the window at the Lavongai mission one day and saw "the Spanish Armada" coming around the corner. Eighty police, along with several European officers, disembarked, set up tents, and set up court.

I have no account indicating that native Councillors performed their proper function on these occasions. Many of them had gone into the cult. At that time, the Administration may have considered it dangerous for Councillors to come along on these missions.

Each man was asked individually to pay tax. Each individual said no. Each was either given exemption (too old, too young, sore leg, TB, bad back, just fell out of coconut tree, too many children, and so on) or taken to jail at Taskul. When the jail at Taskul was full to capacity, men were taken to Kavieng; and when that structure was also full, they were taken on to Namatanai. In Kavieng and in Namatanai they broke rocks and did road work. At Taskul, they "beautified the station."<sup>8</sup>

The time in jail unified men. They had a great deal of time to be together, to talk, to exchange ideas, to compose songs and sing together, and to develop esprit de corps. Some say they did not suffer, because it was a time of commitment when they did not worry about pain. Others say it was a time of pain: they had to work hard, they had no betel nuts or smokes, and there was not enough to eat. The greatest pain, however, was the pain of humiliation suffered as a result of continual police taunts, sometimes accompanied by a hit or kick.

Jail terms were from two to six months. The first year of the arrests, 1964, both New Hanoverians and European administrators emphasize that in the affected villages virtually every able-bodied man was jailed: "Women, children, a dog, a few chickens were left in the village," Thomas of Lavongai told me. In 1965, a few men paid tax, and in 1966, a few more. Administrators, missionaries, and service personnel were all paying taxes for men who refused to pay themselves. They knew that jail was making martyrs and creating unity, and they wanted to prevent that. In addition, many Europeans wanted to appear as "good white people" by giving their own money to help. Many were genuinely moved and/or charmed by individual New Hanoverians, and acted from these motives. Many wanted to save face for what might be viewed



as their own failures by keeping mission workers and other natives associated with European endeavors out of jail.

### Ideology

The ideology of the cult was well-developed before the election. These views were repeated, in whole or in part, by many cultists:

The Australians have been here many years and have not changed us. We are still like our grandfathers. When the Germans came, they developed the land. They planted all the coconut plantations. That was their work. Then the English-speakers came--first the English, then the Australians. They taught us to read and write. That is all. They said they were going to help us develop our place and get money, but that has not happened. First they gave us the cooperative society. They said our store would soon have plenty, and old people and sick people and young people with no parents could take things free from the store. But they were lying. That never happened. Now the stores are closed and we never got anything free. Then they told us to plant coffee. They showed us how to plant it but not how to take care of it. It is all bush now. (A variation of this complaint involved the accusation that New Hanoverians got but a fraction of the promised prices for the coffee they produced, so they ceased bothering with it.) Then the Australians gave us the Local Government Council. They said it would save us. They said it would help us develop our place and help us get money. But we do not see this happening. Now who will save us? We do not want the Australians to govern us any more. We want to try another country. Of all the countries that we know about, we want to try America. Americans will give us "savvy."

What kind of "savvy" do they want? They want know-how in relation to producing cargo--that is, material goods of the white man. When I

asked Silakan of Enang island what kind of savvy he wanted, he looked around, picked up a metal teapot and said: "I want to know how to make this." They want the cargo, but they want the "savvy," too; and the "business," the enterprise, the productive occupation. And they want money. People always want money for something, and New Hanoverians want it for the independence it can buy them. They are more dependent upon money for carrying on their relationships than are some other peoples. Money allows impersonal exchange and freedom from dependence or obligation.

Some cultists had very simple and specific wants, according to their own statements. Others had a broad view of the "savvy" that they wanted: they wanted to know how to build a way of life for themselves and their progeny, and they said so. Pangai was careful to distinguish his broader aims from the simple ones sometimes attributed to their election: he said that it was not cargo that he wanted, but "savvy," in a broad sense. Those with the broader view did not like being considered ignorant and poor, and did not like feeling constantly humiliated by white people and by their own educated compatriots.

Their election began as a simple statement of preference: or so they say. In fact, they knew that they were confronting the Administration and that the administrators would be cross (pidgin: kros). They claimed that they were not cross with the Australians until the Australians became cross with them. The cult ideology was not really anti-Administration, although it appeared sometimes to be so. It was certainly not anti-European. It was impersonal, and dealt at length and intellectually with issues. It expressed a great impatience to know, to understand, to be on the move, to be going somewhere, to be in the mainstream.

## Beliefs

What did the cultists really believe about their election for America? There was an ideology, developed partly for its political effect. There was the residue of contemporary verbal assault and counterassault between cultists and non-cultists, and of the ridicule of the police, received in suffering silence (discussed below). But beneath all the politics and insult, did the cultists really believe that Johnson would come?

Many outsiders thought that the cultists rested their faith on some kind of empirical evidence, but none that I met offered any kind of proof that could be refuted. Nevertheless, as it always seems simple to those outside a cult or movement to refute with facts the expectations and claims of the True Believers, so here, most Europeans, at first, offered "facts" from widely accepted current world views or mythologies as "evidence" that the Americans would not come. This approach sometimes had unintended consequences: cultists were skilled at argument, and sometimes were able to construct a scenario in which, from the European point of view, the Americans could come.

With a few exceptions, virtually all New Hanoverians, within the cult and outside it, believed that it was possible that America might come. One day a cultist told me that that very day he had heard on the radio that American had wanted to come to New Guinea but that the Australians would not let them. On the trail of a current rumor, I questioned him further. I found that he referred to the fact that that day it had indeed been announced on the radio, in pidgin English, that the American Peace Corps had wanted to send 400 people, and that the Australians had turned down the offer, saying they preferred to try to do the job themselves first. The cultist who told me this seemed to

have a "realistic" understanding of it: that this was not the government of America wanting to come to boss as a result of their election. The fact remained that some Americans had wanted to come, and the Australians stopped them; but I never heard this incident discussed. It was not, somehow, the heart of the matter.

There were a few cultists that I found (and no doubt many more that I did not find) that I think really believed that America was coming, but none so unambiguously that they did not want to know what I thought about it, though they did not ask directly very often. All they really wanted to know was that I agreed with them: if I did not, these firm believers were not really interested in my views.

Most, I think, did not believe literally that America was going to come. I think they would have been very surprised, and pleased, if it had. They did not "believe" because they thought they had evidence that America was going to come. They "believed" because it gave them the hope they needed to do something about their situation, and it gave them hope because they knew enough about America to know that they liked it. They were aware that their shared belief had important consequences for themselves as a people, and that they needed to help each other hold fast to their newfound faith. There was never any standardization of belief, no clarification of exactly what their faith was in, no catechism offered by which outsiders could join the cult. The content of belief was clearly secondary to the ideology that grew from it, which was stated in terms of the relationship of the people of New Hanover to the government, and which was rooted in all the problems of their daily life which seemed to make them miserable.

### Ritual

Many cargo cults produce ritual acts that Western science views

as futile in relation to the accomplishment of the purposes for which they are explicitly performed. I know of no such acts in relation to the Johnson cult.

The cement pegs left by the U.S. Army were viewed apprehensively as perhaps more than what they were (although who knows what they portend?), but there is no evidence that their significance was exaggerated in the direction of "magic." I think people viewed them as signs and symbols of the intentions of Americans, and not as objects of power that might be ritually invoked.

The term "ritual" has a range of meanings, and in another sense there was one act performed by many of the cultists that I would call a "ritual" act. This occurred when cultists "promised to God" that they would vote for America. They made this promise when, at many different meetings, a local leader asked those present to raise their hands if they would vote for America. The first meeting at which this hand-raising occurred was at Magam village, the night before the scheduled balloting at Ranmelek. Those who raised their hands at that time later interpreted their own act as a commitment. I never found out that anyone asked people to commit themselves through this act. Each individual merely interpreted his own act in this way, no doubt influenced by the opinions of others. This was a ritual act in the sense that it marked a transition point in their lives, a "bridge-burning" commitment,<sup>9</sup> after which there was no turning back. Many took their own commitment to mean that they would vote for America forever, no matter what happened, and that their children and grandchildren would follow them.

In 1967, there was still evidence in behavior of a commitment to the "election," to America, and to a better life for themselves. And this single act of ritual was often given as the reason why they could

not change their attitude toward paying taxes. However, when something else came along that allowed them to reinterpret their commitment, they quickly changed. The "ritual" act had little power in itself. Ritual acts were not characteristic of the cult, and from what I could learn they were not characteristic of New Hanover's traditional culture. There were no rituals to magically produce cargo. All cultists interviewed, with two possible exceptions, said that cargo comes about through work of a practical sort rather than through ritual actions or reliance on supernatural agencies; and the two possible exceptions merely thought that the spirits might help human beings, not that they could do the job themselves.

#### The Supernatural

The only supernatural agency believed to be active in the cult was God, the God of whom the New Hanoverians had learned from the missions apparently, but perhaps the same one they had always believed in. The beliefs of New Hanoverians about God were certainly in the same realm of discourse with the European Christian beliefs about God.<sup>10</sup>

God was mentioned primarily in three contexts: first, with regard to the election itself, particularly the balloting at Ranmelek. Unity is not a common state in New Hanover, and is not expected. Not without sorrow, the people joke about their characteristic inability to act in concert. The unity achieved in the vote for Johnson was surprising to them, which partly explained their invoking the supernatural to explain it. They said God must have come at once into everyone's mind, else why would all have had the same thought at the same time?

The second context in which God was regularly mentioned was with regard to the "promise to God," which has already been discussed in connection with its ritual aspects.

Third, a firm faith in a loosely-defined God did sustain many cultists to whom I spoke. When they were suffering in jail, or afraid upon the arrival of the police to arrest them, they asked for God's help, and felt that they had received it.

I found no suggestion that traditional beliefs about particular supernatural agencies, or any amalgamation of the new and the old, were involved in the cult. I found no traditional formal beliefs easily categorized as "religious."

Because of persistent rumors amongst Europeans and native non-cultists that cultists believed that cargo was made by and would be brought by the ancestors, I asked for information on this subject. I finally found informants who told me that this was an old story amongst their forebears who first had contact with Europeans. These people of before did not understand, and they did not really believe that ancestors did make cargo; but they did tell stories in which they suggested that perhaps ancestors made the cargo. They were just guessing and wondering (pidgin: siut nabout, tok nabout), it was said, not asserting a belief. This was in the old days when the local population had not yet seen the light, they said. I did not evoke a connection between this story and contemporary actions, even from the one passionately involved cultist who admitted that he had heard the story and that he did not know whether or not it was true. He treated it as irrelevant. In any case, he indicated, whether or not ancestral spirits knew how to make cargo, it was clear that Americans knew how, that they could teach the people of New Hanover, and that it was important to keep working hard and believing that your work would bear fruit.

#### Factions

Factions began developing simultaneously with the balloting.

There were those who "voted on the board" and those who "voted in the [red plastic ballot] box." Three categories of persons voted in the box: first, Councillors and Committeemen and others who viewed themselves as especially responsible to the Australian Administration (e.g., the occasional former government employee or policeman), along with their wives. Second, then, without exception, wives supported their husbands (and children, too young to vote, their fathers). The nuclear family emerged in the cult, as in other aspects of life in New Hanover. Not a single woman took a position which she regarded as her own, because the cult was regarded as men's business. Most were, however, clearly emotionally involved, and on their husband's side. It was not unusual, however, for adult brothers to be on different sides of the election issue.

The third category of persons who voted in the box is defined strictly in geographic terms, in relation to polling places: those who voted at Umbujul, Noipus and Ungalik voted in the box, regardless of where their "home" or "permanent residence" was. Thus, if a south coast resident was on the north coast for some reason at the time of the election, he was able to vote there, and he voted in the box along with the others. Conversely, people from the north coast who happened to be on the south coast at the time of the election "went inside the election": that is, they "voted on the board."

That the north coast remained outside the cult reflects the influence of small accidents of circumstance rather than any basic distinctiveness of the area. Boski Tom, a long-time teacher and the best known man in the island, was able to stop the north coast from voting for Johnson, but a month later he probably could not have. New Hanover is Methodist on the north and southeast coasts, Catholic on the southwest



coast. The cult drew its adherents entirely from the south coast and the Methodist Tigak islands. The idea of voting for Johnson was first formulated in a village that is Seventh-Day Adventist. These affiliations with different missions were not fundamentally related to the cult. Europeans sometimes concerned themselves with this possibility, but cultists did not.

There were very few persons on the south coast, then, who "voted in the box." Some of them felt that their lives or welfare were threatened during the first few weeks after the election, and the Administration brought them to Taskul for a while for their own protection. Silakau, a Councillor, was one of these; and both he and his wife told me that he cried at night out of fear before he was taken to safety at Taskul.

Partly because it was the Councillors who were "loyal" to the Administration; and partly because grievances against the Council were among the major justifications for their actions continually recounted by cultists, those who "voted in the box" evolved into a clear pro-Council faction (even though individually they also had grievances against the Council). Since they were themselves either Councillors or closely associated with Councillors, the cult meant personal humiliation for them when cultists refused to obey the orders of the Councillors: first with regard to the election itself, then with regard to "lining" for census, then with regard to taxes. And of course there were a multitude of small, angry interactions in connection with these larger issues.

It was these "loyalists"<sup>11</sup> who regularly "reported on" the cultists to members of the Administration. As they became increasingly separated from their fellows by an accumulation of antagonistic encounters, they

increasingly depended upon the Administration to give them moral and physical support. Conversely, the Administration depended on these men to give them information, and to give legitimacy to Administration punitive action against cultists.

Both these groups viewed cultists as "crazy" (pidgin: long long). By this they meant that the cultists held beliefs that were "crazy," and refused to yield to more "reasonable" beliefs. These irrational beliefs were held to be common to "cargo cults," about which the natives had learned from the Europeans, and they included such beliefs as these: that a passing ship was full of Americans who had come to take over the island, or that a cultist had been talking to an American in the bush. All cultists said that these ideas originated entirely in ridicule (pidgin: tok bilas), and that they had never held these beliefs. Thus, for instance, a policeman at the jail in Taskul shouted out, on seeing a ship out at sea: "Here come the Americans, now you can get out of jail!" Cultists felt it to be a matter of pride to restrain themselves from responding to these taunts; but sometimes they would say, "That's right, just wait, you'll see! The Americans will come!" Their silence was taken as acquiescence, or their remarks as offers of "proof": and all this was ultimately reported by a non-cultist to Administration officers. Oliver told me that when an Administrator challenged him, he responded thus: "You'll see, a ship will come." Oliver said he was just gamoning (fooling), and he laughed about it when he told me. These kinds of contacts were the major source for these rumors.

The native non-cultists' view that the cultists were "crazy" was founded on a basis quite different from that of the Administrators. Cultists and non-cultists agreed that they lacked information on which

to judge whether or not it was reasonable for them to believe that the Americans would come. Non-cultists had grievances against the Administration, too; but they thought that the Europeans knew what they were talking about, and that it was silly for the natives to place their own "savvy" against that of the Europeans. More to the point, cultists were disobeying the Australian government, the only government they had, and the only one from whom they could realistically expect help. For native non-cultists, the idea that the cultists were "crazy" was secondary to the idea that the cultists were confronting the power structure. When pressed, some **non-cultists**, including the leading figure amongst them, Boski Tom, said that the cultists were not crazy.<sup>12</sup> When non-cultists believed that cultists were starting "crazy" rumors, what their reports to the Administration amounted to was a warning that these cultists were starting trouble, not that they were crazy.

Non-cultists found administrators particularly interested in "crazy" rumors, however. The Administration had a vested interest in viewing cultists as "crazy," and in viewing their protest as "just another cargo cult." Because everyone in the Administration, as well as other Europeans who were knowledgeable about the situation (e.g., planters), agreed that New Hanover had (for various reasons) been neglected, administrators were defensive about their role in creating the cult; which they viewed, officially, as damaging to their reputations as administrators. If the whole thing were viewed as "just another cargo cult" with the usual "crazy beliefs," administrators felt that they could not be blamed for what happened in New Hanover. Most of their superiors had also been in charge of areas where cult occurred, and most of the natives of the Territory were viewed as "potential cultists."<sup>13</sup>

The missions were in some ways on the side of the Administration and the non-cultists. Cult activity was most fervent in Methodist areas, and the European Methodist missionaries spent a great deal of time talking to cultists, trying to "explain" various things. On at least two occasions, Methodist missionaries convinced cultists who had evaded arrest that things would go better for them if they turned themselves in at the District Office.

The missions, however, disagreed fundamentally with the approach of the Administration to stopping the cult. Administration action was punitive and aimed at reestablishing "authority"; while missionary action was educational, aimed at reestablishing communication, confidence, and constructive activity. Each felt that its own approach was sufficient in itself to stop cult activity, which was considered disruptive of order and potentially violent, as well as threatening to the legitimacy of both mission and government as ruling structures.

Out of the views held in common by the missions, that the cult held energies that could be constructively channeled, a Catholic priest at Lavongai Catholic Mission, Father Miller, led cultists to organize a new endeavor: Tutukuvul Isukul Association.

Tutukuvul Isukul Association

By October, 1966, some people had been jailed for the third year in a row for non-payment of taxes. Each year the number of defaulters decreased as jail lost its appeal as a symbol, and as people became discouraged about the effects of their protest. Nothing was happening. The cultists had been unable to follow through from consensus to organization; unable to provide structure, and unable to throw up a leader like Paliau of Manus (Mead, 1956; Schwartz, 1962).

Into this vacuum of leadership from any source came Father Bernard Miller, M.S.C., of Toledo, Ohio, who became resident priest at Lavongai Mission in 1965. He had been at Lamakot, but he exchanged places with Father Kelly after the latter, also an American, became an "enemy" to the cultists for his refusal to help them contact Johnson.

Father Miller spent a great deal of time listening to cultists and trying to think of something he could do to improve the situation for everyone. After more than a year in Lavongai, he sent out word that there would be a meeting at the Mission at Lavongai in October, 1966. Cultists came by the hundreds, from miles away, many no doubt hoping that at last the American Catholics were going to tell them what to do in order to bring America to New Hanover. Instead, Father Miller initiated discussion of what New Hanover natives could do to improve their own place, with their own resources.

It was later difficult to find out what happened at that meeting, and policies remained vague for some time as the people considered what to do. Father Miller had himself thought of collecting money in order to buy the European-owned plantations on New Hanover, but this idea was never mentioned later by the people. Two or three of them each claimed, more or less certainly, that it had been his own idea that everyone plant coconuts. The Agriculture Department had been encouraging the planting of coconuts for years, but with small effect. No one ever mentioned this.

However, the proposed planting of coconuts in October, 1966, was to be a project carried out by an organization. Father Miller tried to return the burden of decision-making to the people, and he succeeded in the sense that the people considered the whole project to have been their own idea. Nevertheless, Father Miller's influence is evident in most aspects of the organization. He thought that people would like to

have some signs and symbols, and he suggested first that a name be chosen. Tutukuvul I Sukul Association ("stand up together to plant" association) was chosen as a name, and shows in its language its dual origins. It was written down as Tutukuvul Isakul Association, and became known as T.I.A. At that first meeting, rules were formulated: people may become members upon payment of dues of ten dollars (two dollars for women alone); there will be officers (President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer); and, most important, all members must pay Council tax. The reason advanced (by Father Miller, and then by others) for this last rule was that men who did not pay tax would go to jail, where they would not be available to help with the work of T.I.A. A face-saving device was thus provided and, subsequently, used by all. For example, when I asked T.I.A. members who had been in jail if they would pay next time taxes were collected, typically they responded that while they still felt the same as ever, they would pay taxes because it was a T.I.A. rule. Some referred the rule more personally to Father Miller.

By the time I arrived in New Hanover in February, 1967, this new movement was well under way. It had officers: all cultists. It had money: over \$8,000. It had enormous native enthusiasm; it had internal problems which people were determined to control; and it had government opposition. Top members of the Australian Administration called T.I.A., jokingly, "Father Miller's cult." But Administration opposition was serious, and in some instances it became official policy.

The Methodist Mission (Australian) soon joined the Administration in opposition to T.I.A. When news of the new organization reached Rev. Allen Taylor, he wrote to Father Miller asking questions. He was satisfied with the answer, and sent out a written notice to all Methodist

villages, explaining to them that T.I.A. was a new kind of "business," and that it had nothing to do with the election for Johnson. Rev. Taylor felt that this was necessary because he had been informed by some natives that the people who were joining T.I.A. thought that by so doing they would help to bring America to New Hanover. Rev. Taylor saw the same people who had collected money for Johnson now collecting money--large sums, and quickly--for T.I.A. He saw the same enthusiasm for T.I.A. that he had previously seen for Johnson. He saw a new movement over which he had no control, taking leadership from the Catholic mission, getting started in Methodist villages. He objected. Rev. Taylor and the Catholic missionaries agreed, then, that T.I.A. should have a trial period in the Catholic villages before the Methodists were allowed to join. Native enthusiasm, however, overwhelmed this careful plan. By the time this decision was made, much money had already been collected from Methodists. Since careful records had been kept, the money could be, and was, returned: in some instances by the priests themselves. But it was very difficult to make the Methodists take back their money. They wanted desperately to "be inside." The dues money from Methodist areas went back and forth several times; and, finally, late in 1967, with T.I.A. one year old, people from Methodist villages were allowed to join.<sup>14</sup>

The early opposition of government and Methodist mission was based on the fear that the people, once aroused, would again take up their cult activities. It was felt that they should be "subdued," and that they should be law-abiding citizens again (i.e., that they should pay Council tax) before any new activity could safely be initiated. The idea was that they must learn to recognize authority first, before they did anything else. This general attitude was expressed by the

Administration in many contexts, notably in the handling of the Local Government Councils, which had only political functions, where the people had expected economic ones.

The attitude of the American Catholic priests, of whom three were active in shaping T.I.A.,<sup>15</sup> was that the cult expressed real grievances and real anguish, and that its energies should be harnessed and channeled.

T.I.A. was identified by non-cultists in New Hanover with the election for Johnson; and, with what some people viewed as encouragement from the Australian Administration and from the Methodist Mission,<sup>16</sup> non-cultists hardened into a pro-Council, anti-T.I.A. faction. Where there had been fear amongst the opposition that T.I.A. would turn into cult, there came to be jealousy over the ability of T.I.A. to get money attention, enthusiasm, work and support out of the cultists. Cultists had said they had no money for Council tax, but they had the same money (ten dollars) for T.I.A.! The Council, led by Administration officers, prepared a letter of opposition to send to T.I.A. The Medical Assistant at Taskul, Mr. Carrol Gannon, persuaded them against this action when he heard about the letter from some of the Councillors, on the grounds that factionalism should be discouraged, not encouraged.

"Karol" was himself an issue. He was considered a personal friend by literally hundreds of natives, and he had the full respect of the missionaries. Many government officials, however, considered him potentially dangerous, and he was transferred late in 1967 to Rabaul.

The factions had been defined in terms of the election: the same people (with a few exceptions) who "voted in the box" now supported the Council and its president, Steven; and those who "voted on the board" supported T.I.A.



T.I.A. members began to clear their grounds. It had been anticipated that there would be many conflicts over ground, but there were few, and they were minor. None prevented large areas of ground near each village on the south coast, and villages on the east coast and in the Tigak islands, from being selected and marked as T.I.A. ground. At the Lavongai mission, "flags" were produced to stand over T.I.A. plantations. These were signs, painted on wood, showing a green New Hanover map in the center of a blue background. In each corner were symbols: a coconut tree, the Christian cross, an anchor for hope. That, in any case, is what the flag meant to Father Miller and to some members of T.I.A. There were several who asked, quietly and intensely, what the meaning of the flag was. There is no doubt that some cultists thought, hoped, or felt that somehow the flag meant that America would come.

Most members were, however, adamant: the work of T.I.A. must go on. Many said that they did not know what the fruit of T.I.A. would be, but they were determined to work hard, to work strong, and not to let the "fashion of New Hanover" spoil their work. The "fashion of New Hanover" to which they referred was their tendency to get angry and go off to work independently or to do nothing at all. And the tendency to steal money that came into their hands.

To meet their traditional problem with money, they insisted, over his protests, that Father Miller keep their money in his house. When I left New Hanover in 1967, \$12,000 had been collected, of which about \$80 had been spent for tools. From letters, I learned that T.I.A. acquired three boats to carry coconuts and copra to Kavieng. One of these, an old mission boat, was acquired early in 1968. (The Council had a "ship fund," but even if taxes had been collected on schedule they would not have had funds to buy the expensive new boat they planned

to buy until about 1970.) At the time of the cult there was no regular transportation for natives or for native copra from New Hanover to Kavieng. Some had tried to carry copra in canoes, but as often as not they went down at sea and the copra was ruined. Getting space on a Chinese or mission ship for native copra presented obstacles: money, timing, know-how, humiliation.

By August, 1967, there were 20,000 new coconut trees in the ground, and by 1970 there were 70,000. At regular meetings, the "Boards" (representatives of each village who organized and supervised the work, and who were elected by their fellows) reported on the progress in their respective areas. There were problems: all members were supposed to work, and many Boards tried to organize work the way it is organized on European plantations. They "lined" everyone in the morning and at noon and again at night. But some did not do this, and of those who did, some wrote down the names and some did not. And of those who lined, some went straight to work for T.I.A. and some went to their gardens first before they came to the T.I.A. plantation. However, the most difficult problem was posed by those who were members but who were not resident in New Hanover. If a man were away, his wife could work for him. Married men thus had a ready substitute. But if a man and his wife were away, and he did not get a substitute (which was difficult, as a man who would substitute was usually a member himself and had to work for himself) he had to pay four shillings a day. This figure was decided upon because the mission paid four shillings a day. If a man was working for the mission and therefore could not take off a day and work for T.I.A., he could give his four shillings to T.I.A. instead. Father Miller helped them to get around this problem by giving his labor lines on the Lavongai plantation the day off, but then the manager of

the Catholic plantation further west in Lavongai opposed this idea and fired men who took the day off.

It was these kinds of problems that usually defeated New Hanoverians. Their fashion was one of contention, always fearful that someone was taking advantage of them. But they were aware of their fashion, and determined (or so they said, and so it seemed) not to let their fashion defeat or "spoil" (as they said) T.I.A.

#### The Election of February, 1968

In June and July, 1967, when I asked cultists how they would vote in the election for House of Assembly representatives when it came again in 1968, some said that they would have to wait and see. Most said they would stand by their election for Johnson. However, many had not realized that there would be another election. They had not thought about it, as some of them said. Then Steven, Council President, announced his candidacy, and T.I.A. members began to worry about defeating him. All things considered, it seemed unlikely that Johnson would be elected again in 1968.

#### If Not Johnson, Who?

T.I.A. members were well satisfied with their second President, Walla of Meteran village.<sup>17</sup> They thought about nominating him for their member in the House of Assembly. However, Father Miller suggested that Walla was doing a fine job of T.I.A., and that he was needed by T.I.A. Instead of Walla, Father Miller suggested that T.I.A. support Daniel Bokaf as their representative to the House of Assembly. Daniel is from New Ireland, and has taught at the New Hanover Catholic Mission school at Lavongai since 1965. He was very much against the Johnson cult, but he had worked hard for T.I.A.; often spending his Saturdays tramping through the bush surveying T.I.A. lands, and his free evenings

(i.e., evenings when he did not have school duties in relation to boys who were boarders) making maps. Most important from Father Miller's point of view was the fact that Daniel had spent a year studying in Australia, under Catholic auspices. Father Miller thought that Daniel had gained the understanding of English and of European culture necessary to make his voice effective in the House of Assembly.

T.I.A. members took Father Miller's advice, and nominated Daniel. In February, 1968, Daniel Bokaf easily won in the open electorate in the Kavieng District. His victory reflected the solid confidence of the people in Father Miller's opinion, rather than any particular personal charisma or social position of Daniel Bokaf.

Later that same year, Walla was elected President of the Council, while he retained his presidency of T.I.A. Even before I left New Hanover in 1967, some persons who had been against the Johnson cult, and who were initially against T.I.A., had begun to relax their opposition to T.I.A. Most of them had not made their opposition so open that they could not, without losing face, change their minds. Even Steven, the Council president, began to say that T.I.A. could be a good thing for New Hanover. "Karol" talked constantly to people, telling them to close ranks. Barol, who had helped stop the vote for Johnson on the north coast, and who was vice-president of the Council, joined T.I.A. in August, 1967. He had been a Catholic catechist for years, and the Catholic priests used their friendship with him to encourage him to help end the factionalism in New Hanover.

Walla continued for several years to report to me by letter. He gave me the latest coconut count and the latest news. In September, 1968, he reported the arrest of twelve T.I.A. members as a result of a dispute with non-members. No non-members were arrested. At that time

Walla reported that he and others still felt that Australia was not the right country for New Hanover. They were still hoping, he said, that America would come.

In June, 1970, he sent me a clipping from a New Guinea newspaper containing the headline: "Cargo Cult Spreads to New Ireland." He wrote that this was the same kind of ridicule that had been used against cultists and T.I.A. members in New Hanover, and he said that it was also not true.

In a letter to me in 1971, Father Miller said that rumors similar to those that he had heard earlier in New Hanover were being told about Lihir and about New Ireland: that the people were building warehouses and waiting for the cargo. In each case where he himself talked to the people accused, they claimed they were merely building meeting houses for meetings of their own T.I.A., called T.K.A. in these areas. Father Miller added (as he always did in talking of New Hanover) that he could not be sure, however, that the information that reached him was full or true.

#### T.I.A. and the Fruit of the Johnson Cult

T.I.A. developed from the cult and has successfully directed the actions of those who "voted on the board," as well as many who "voted in the box." Coming as it did when hope was dwindling and jail seemed pointless, cultists seized upon it with great enthusiasm. Old directions were not completely forgotten: some people, no doubt, maintained a partly mystical view about T.I.A. being a forerunner to the coming of the Americans and the beginning of a new existence.

But T.I.A. had its own rewards. It gave people something to do, and it provided organization and structure. Students of cargo cults have pointed out that the cults integrate people who previously lacked

ties and overriding structure. Walla, President of T.I.A., saw that T.I.A. had that function, and saw that it was important. On August 31, 1967, he made a speech to members about the importance of acting together. First he drew an outline map of New Hanover on the blackboard. He drew little circles around the outline edge, representing different clans. This, he said, was their old fashion: many clans, and many lines. Men did not unite, and they were not together.

Then in the middle of his map he wrote in large letters: T.I.A. Then he put a big "T." in each of the little circles representing clans. "Now T.I.A. stops all around. It puts its name everywhere. No longer are there five lines in Meteran village: there is one line now, on the ground. You and I all hear the talk of T.I.A. now. All men stop with T.I.A. If we did not have T.I.A. we would not have anything or anyone to unite us. This is the source that will straighten us, that will make us all one. T.I.A. showed us this road, and by and by we will be one."

INTERVIEW WITH PENGAI

INTRODUCTION

I had been in Lavongai village not quite three weeks when, on Thursday, March 2, 1967, my neighbor, Joseph Pukina, came lumbering up my verandah ladder steps at 9:00 a.m. in the morning with a friend of his: Pengai, of Nusawung village. Joseph was, as usual, confident, but Pengai seemed a little nervous. He said he had come to see Father Miller, to show him a notebook in which Pengai had written--about the election for Johnson. Conversation was at first somewhat strained, for several reasons. In the first place, I thought the man had come to see Father Miller, not me, and that Joseph had just stopped by to introduce his friend to the odd new white lady and perhaps to pick up a smoke. I thought perhaps they were just staying while they smoked to be polite, and I didn't want to hold them against their wills. Furthermore, Father Miller was very interested in talking to cultists, and I did not want to divert to my own purposes an informant whom Father Miller had "earned" for himself. I felt an enormous obligation to the mission not to interfere **in any way** with its operation while I was resting so heavily on the labors, present and historical, of its personnel. In addition, the Assistant District Officer (ADO) in Kavieng, Mr. Brightwell, had asked me to remain in the Lavongai village area and to not discuss the cult at first; and while I had not obligated myself to his plan, I felt some respect for his opinion.

Despite these barriers, Pengai and I began to talk. It soon became clear that his talk would flow forth freely, and that the use of my tape recorder would facilitate our conversation. Joseph and his wife stayed with us for some time, perhaps until about 12:30 p.m. when my friends Silakau and his wife Ngurvarilam called me to their house to eat. Later Silakau brought Pengai something to eat, too, during our "lunch break," which lasted for about an hour. We then resumed our talk until about 3 p.m., when I felt that our talk had dwindled. When my second tape ran out I did not move to replace it. I walked with Pengai down the beach as far as the river, which he had to cross on a bamboo raft to go to the mission. We stood and talked another 15 minutes. I still thought he was going to see Father Miller, but he then said that he would not do so, as Father might shame him. I assured him that Father Miller would not do that, and that he would be glad to see him. However, according to Father Miller, Pengai did not come to see him that day. It seems quite likely, then, that Pengai had heard of my work and had come to Lavongai to see me.

I never saw a lot of Pengai, as he did not live in Lavongai village, but the notes I made that day describe him as I continued to see him in 1967, 1972, and 1974: "He is a dramatic speaker, with an almost over-polite but also quite sweet smile. He raises his eyebrows, smiles warmly, very polite, like Joseph--but Joseph gives an impression of hidden anger and POWER, whereas this man (Pengai) is sweet . . ."

In 1967 I noticed a "facial twitch on Pengai, all the time--nose, cheek, eye--just slight, continual tingling, not sharp twitches. I thought maybe he was just nervous, but it reduced little if at all--settled soon, at least, to steady tingle." I do not remember whether or not he still had it in 1974, when I spent some time with him but not in close face-to-face



interview. He had had leprosy, and the facial tremble may have been related to that illness.

Here follows my translation from pidgin English of our interview. Pengai speaks clearly and well, but I often repeated what he said to make sure I had understood, or to show Pengai that I had understood, or to make sure the tape recorder picked up the information. My continual interruptions relate partly to the heavy use of pronouns, especially the famous oli ("they"), in pidgin; partly to my knowing less about the Johnson cult and other things than Pengai thought I did; and partly to my relentless inability to understand the part without the whole. My demands for what Pengai must have seen (and the reader will see) as repetitions usually indicates that I was not understanding as we went along, or that I had forgotten something Pengai had said earlier. If any of my informants are annoyed with me for publishing anything that embarrasses them (a circumstance which I have, of course, tried to prevent), perhaps they will be somewhat mollified by the assurance that I am embarrassed by my performance in some of these interviews, including this one. I have reproduced it in its verbal entirety for all the reasons one could give for recording and reporting historical documents. I have reproduced my interview with Pengai rather than with some others because he gave me my first long account of the Johnson cult. The reader and I are new together in this interview to the thinking of the people who created this history. Pengai's account is also very full and clear, as well as in many ways typical. I have summarized in the margins some of the points Pengai made which were made by many others, and which I will further document and interpret.

Seated, then, on my verandah near the beach, Lavongai village, March 2, 1967, in the presence sometimes of Joseph Pukina and his wife, Pengai and I spoke thus:

THE INTERVIEW

D: Now Pengai tell me first, you are from where?

P: (pause) I am from Nusawung.

D: And you came here just yesterday, right?

P: Yeh.

D: (To taperecorder) Now Pengai came and showed me a book he has written about this election. (To Pengai) And you said--why did you write this book? Someone said something to you, you told me before.

P: Yes, I wrote this book--some men have been talking to me about--as is our way amongst us "kanaka," they all said I should go to the House of Assembly and tell the story.

D: Now you talk about the ways of you "kanaka"--what, you mean just talk, right? This is our way too (laughs). Just talk for no special purpose, right?

P: Yeh.

D: Now who talked to you about going to the House of Assembly?

P: Un (pause)--Pilikos.

D: Pilikos. Where is he from?

P: From Bolpua.

D: Bolpua. And when did he talk to you, just now?

P: Oh, at another time, I have forgotten.

D: A little while ago.

P: Yea.

D: Unn. Now when did you write this book--just now?

P: Oh, on the first day.

D: Of February.

P: Yes.

D: This month.

P: Yes.

D: Now you came here today to Lavongai, you thought you would go to Father, right?

P: Yeh.

D: Now what would you like Father to do for you?

P: That he should write it (the book),<sup>18</sup> then send it to the House of Assembly.

D: To the House of Assembly. Ah, now I didn't understand this. Have you talked with Father Miller before?

P: No.

D: Have you talked with another Father?

P: No.

D: Your village is Methodist, right?

P: Seven Day (Seventh Day Adventist).

D: Seven Day, oh. And who is missionary--is there some European or a native missionary?

P: Just a native.

D: Now why did you think of going to Father Miller, and you didn't go to the telatela (i.e. the Methodist missionary, whose mission is much closer to Pengai's home)?

P: Oh, I wasn't thinking of going to this man--I just thought I would come, and this walkabout of mine is not--I wasn't thinking too much of approaching Father.

D: You just came to see Joseph and the place and . . .

P: Yeh.<sup>19</sup>

D: You were walking to no particular place, then later you thought, oh all right, I'll go see Father.

P: No, I come because I walkabout along with this talk I heard, now I am just wandering around and about so I will find the true way and the false way.

D: Ah. You walkabout so that by and by--you will understand.

P: Yeh.<sup>20</sup>

D: And--on your walkabout, how do you want to gain good understanding?

P: It's like this--by and by I can find out how this talk came up.

D: The way this talk about the election came up?

P: About going to . . .

D: House of Assembly.

P: House of Assembly.

D: Ah. You want to know how this talk of your going to the House of Assembly came up?

P: Yeh.

D: Ah. (Pause). And do you think you have already understood a little about this? How it came up?

P: Oh, I haven't found understanding about it.

D: And do you think it is false talk?

P: Yeh, I think so.

D: But you don't understand well yet.

P: Yes.

D: Um. (Pause). All right (pause)--why do you want to go to the House of Assembly?

P: No, it's not my idea--I just heard this talk that I would go and I would tell out the story of the reason for this election that got up in Lavongai.

D: Um, in the House of Assembly.

P: Yeh.

D: Then, according to your thinking, when the House of Assembly hears you what would you like the House of Assembly to do?

P: It's like this: House of Assembly must follow the wishes and ideas.

D: Follow the wishes and the ideas of New Hanover.

P: Yeh.

D: Now, ah, have you talked together with some men who have been to the House of Assembly?

UN  
VISITING  
MISSION

P: No, I haven't talked to all these men, but before I talked to all the United Nations (representatives).

D: On, you talked to them?

P: Yeh.

D: In Taskul?

P: Yeh.

D: Ah. Did you talk to many men or just one?

P: No--I talked in the midst of all of us, all men.

D: All men. Now at this time, Pengai, you said what?

P: I said this: "This election that we got up, we like America and we have promised to America itself and"--all right, this was the time I talked out about some lying talk that some Europeans had said, like "President Johnson is in prison--the number one man in Australia has put him

in prison "--now I asked the United Nations about this.

D: Put him in--sorry, I don't catch this pidgin word, "put him  
in prison

P: Yeh, prison--"sahs," huh?<sup>21</sup>

D: Ah, ah--all right, now I understand.<sup>22</sup>

P: All right now, I asked them all then about the time they--like  
they put handcuffs on our hands, all right then they said something like  
this: "We put handcuffs on your hands, and President Johnson will come  
and take them off."

D: Who said that?

P: Un (long pause, thinking)--Master Benhem.

D: Master Benhem. Master Benhem told you he put handcuffs on you  
and President Johnson would come and take them off?<sup>24</sup>

P: No, he didn't put handcuffs on me, just on some other men.

D: At Taskul.

P: In the place (sea) along the way to Tsoi (Islands).

D: The place along the way to Tsoi. Unn.

P: On the sea he found them all, when they were going to a meeting  
to--to get up the strength of this election. All right, now he found  
them all, just on the sea, and he broke their canoe and he put handcuffs on  
the hands of all. . .

D: Broke their canoe!

P: Yeh--all right, then he said this: "I put handcuffs on your  
hands, and President Johnson will come and take them off."

D: Now do you think he was telling a lie?

P: Oh, I think--I can't know. I think his talk was true?

D: I don't know either. I think I will go ask Mr. Benhem about  
this--is it all right with you, will you be cross if I go talk to

Mr. Benhem about this thing?

P: Oh. . .

D: You're a little afraid. . .

P: I'm a little afraid--because . . .

D: All right, nevermind, I will not talk with him.

P: I stayed in prison for three years and my skin has already  
pained.

D: Oh, you stayed three years!

P: Yes.

D: Where, Kavieng?

P: I just stayed in Taskul.

D: Um.

P: They put me all the time in Taskul. This place here in  
Lavongai (village), I dug all the roots of these coconuts here.

D: Un! And you helped with this work of developing Taskul.

P: Oh yes.

D: Now what do you think of this work in Taskul, is it good  
work for all of you who stopped in the jail, or was it no good?<sup>25</sup>

P: No, it was good work that we did in this place in Taskul,  
good work. But it was a little no good, because--it's like this--this was  
truly "unjust."<sup>26</sup> Because I hadn't done anything wrong.

D: Um.

P: I did something I wanted to do.

D: Um.

P: Now I didn't want to buy taxes because I want to go to another  
"company."<sup>27</sup>

D: Um, um.

P: All right, they can't put me in prison, because me, I want, according to my thinking, to be clear, to stand up clear of Australia. Now then, I must find another country for me. Because suppose this: Australia likes me, wants me to join with the country Australia; all right, they must straighten out Papua New Guinea with good savvy and with all good things.

D: Um.

P: All right, they got me, at the time of the war, from Japan, and they got all the men that belong here, in New Hanover. . .

D: Who got them? Japan?

P: Australia. Australia and America.

D: Um.

P: That is America, it came, and came up with Australia and Australia got us.

D: Um.

P: All right now, they brought all the men from here inside of this place in Buka. All right now, New Hanover itself held this place along with America and Australia. Japan pulled too--all right, women and children, that's all, remained all around this place New Hanover. All the men had gone to Buka.

D: They went to Buka!

P: Yea.

D: I didn't know--for work?

P: For war--during wartime.

D: Now wait, I don't understand well--why did all go to Buka--to work?

P: They all went to Buka, some went to work, and some went inside the war.



BUKA AND  
WORLD WAR II

D: Ah--the fighting.

P: Yeh. All right now, we think--Australia got us and . . .

D: (Still thinking about why they went to Buka) To help  
Australia?

P: Yeh. Now it was like this: they got us like this, and  
finally, we only learned--just, "This is how you shoot." (He is talking  
dramatically.) "You fire a gun like this." Now I fire, I follow--but  
about how to make it (the gun), I don't know.

WANT SAVVY  
ABOUT MAKING  
THINGS

D: Now I think your face is young, Pengai.

P: Yeh, I didn't . . .

D: How old were you at the time of the war?

P: Me, I think something like ten years old.

D: Ten years old. You were a little child.

P: Yeh.

D: You didn't have hair on your face yet.

P: No, I didn't have hair. All right now, all the men  
amongst us just study this. We study, now among us who are big, we don't  
see one thing yet.<sup>28</sup> All right, we say: "Oh Australia, what is it doing  
with us? Why do some black men, like the Negroes and the Africans, now  
they all already know about doing all work? America has taught them all.  
Now why hasn't Australia taught us, so that I can understand, too, how to  
make--anything! Oh, now we sit down, we sleep inside under the leaves of  
a tree--what is this?"

AUSTRALIA HAS  
NOT GIVEN US  
SAVVY

D: Have you seen some Negroes of America?

P: I have seen them.

D: Where?

P: Here, at the time--the time they all came to Kavieng--  
the time they all came to Kavieng--then I saw them.

D: When the war had finished. . .

P: Just now.

D: Just now, these men who went ontop to. . .

P: Patebung.<sup>29</sup>

D: Patebung.

P: Yeh.

D: Were there some Negroes who went on top?

P: There weren't any Negroes, they just used to walk  
about, that's all, they came on the ship.

D: Ah--there were Negroes on the ship, but they did not go  
ontop on the mountain, right?

P: Yeh.

D: Ah, now you have straighted this out for me. I have  
heard talk around and about, from Jim White and all the kiap --I said,  
"Were there Negroes along on this?" And some said, "Yes," some said  
"No," some said "I don't know"--now I understand. They did not go ontop,  
but they came on the ship.

P: They came on the ship, that's all.

D: And did you talk to some of them?

P: No, I didn't talk with them--just one, I said. . .

D: Because they didn't know how to talk pidgin. . .

P: Yeh. All right now this, we--there was one plane (heli-  
copter) that belonged to a Negro that came up. On Patebung.

U.S. ARMY  
MAPPING  
TEAM

D: A Negro was flying.

P: Yes. All right, we asked this--we asked all the Americans--white--we asked: "This plane belongs to who?" And they said, "This plane belongs to the Negro."

D: Who said that?

P: The Americans themselves.

D: Some white skins of America?

P: Yes, Yeh. All right, now, we said, "We want to look at him. We want him to come down." All right now, he didn't fly about on top anymore, he came and just flew about down below. All right, now we saw him. All right now--we didn't think too much about this. But we just thought like this. . . when the election came up, like my book says--no, here, in the book. This man, whose name is Bosmailik. . .

BOSMAILIK'S  
ROLE

D: I have heard of him. . .

P: Yeh, but--Bosmailik is this: he is my true brother.

D: Your true brother!

P: Yeh.

D: Born of one mother?

P: He has another mother and me another mother. . .

D: One clan?

P: . . . but we have one father.

D: One father. What clan is your father?

P: He is Tien.

D: Tien. And the clan of your mother?

P: Kokomo.

D: You are Kokomo. That's pidgin--the local term, what?

Joseph: (in the background) Benge Benge.

P: Benge Benge.

D: Benge Benge. All right.

P: All right now, this Bosmailik, it's like this: I am not, like, lying--it's like this election started with one other man: me, that's all.

D: It started with you.

PETER  
YANGALISSMAT

P: Yeh. It started just with me, because one man, Peter, Yangalissmat, of Narimlawā (village), he got this started first. He said that we should get--that we should get--America.

D: This man, Peter, he talked first about your getting America.

P: Yes.

D: Now why did he say this--did he stop ontop along with all the Americans? No?

P: No, it was at the time of the war.

D: Did he see them in Emira?<sup>30</sup>

P: Yeh. All right now--he was a soilder.

D: Ch, he was a soldier. Where?

P: Right along here.

D: Un.

P: All right now, he came up and he said: "We must like America." All right now, everyone followed him. All right now, later now, the time for the court came up, all right, now they all got up now and put it onto him.<sup>31</sup> All right now, he went to jail then.

D: For how long.

P: I think something like one year he was in jail. All right now, at this time they wanted to kill him!

D: Who is "they"? All white skins or all kanaka. . .

P: Yes--no, all white skins.

D: Wanted to kill him.

P: Yes. But all the men who had stopped in Buka--because plenty of men among us (had been in Buka) all right now, they bought him. They put money together and they bought him back.

D: (hesitates) Put. . .

P: Money.

D: Money.

P: Yeh.

D: And bought him back from jail?

P: Yeh.

D: Who did this money go to?

P: This money, I mean they brought it to go to Australia.

D: To buy back this man Peter.

P: Yeh.

D: Do you know whose hand it went to in the jail?

P: It went to Australia's hand.

D: An Australian.

P: Yeh.

D: You don't know his name.

P: I don't know his name.

D: Now--ah (pause)--in Kavieng?

P: In Taskul.<sup>32</sup>

D: In Taskul.

P: Yeh.

D: Now you, you stayed in prison just in Taskul.

P: Yea, I stayed in prison in Taskul, but this thing with Peter happened before. But I am telling you this because. . .

D: It happened earlier!

P: Yeh.

D: A long time before.

P: A long time before.

D: At the time when the election hadn't come up yet.

P: It hadn't come up yet.

D: Oh, this man Peter talked about this thing a long time ago. .

P: A long time ago, and he has died.

D: Peter has died.<sup>33</sup>

P: Yea, he is dead. All right now, when the talk of the election came up, me, I didn't know about the election--me, I was staying in Rabaul. I was working in Rabaul. All right now, I came, and this, this thing I have written is like this: it is to straighten out this talk. All right now, I mean, I'm not lying--I mean I am telling the truth. But this thing, like, it came up to me--it came up like a vision.

D: Vision.

PENGAI'S  
VISION

P: Vision.

D: Yes, I understand the meaning of "vision." It came to you where, in Rabaul or here?

P: Just here. Not a long time ago. All right now. . .

D: Did it come when you were asleep or when. . .

P: No, I was asleep.

D: You slept and you saw it.

P: Yes. I saw this in January, '64, on the 6th day.

D: The 6th day.

P: All right now, I was in a group of many, many men, we came together--I mean this is how my vision came up.

D: Where?<sup>34</sup>

P: It's like this, I saw this, that's all.

D: Yes. Now this vision came up in what place?

P: In my own place.

D: Nusawung.

P: Nusawung.

D: Um.

P: All right now, we sit down, we were plenty of men--and just one man walked about. He came, and he came up to me and he said to me: "You get up and you talk." (Pause.) Now me, I got up and I said: "Oh, I am ashamed. I'm not up to talking, plenty of men and more!"<sup>35</sup> All right, this man got up and he said: "You stand up and you talk."

D: Now--did you tell this man you had had this vision?

P: No, I didn't tell. . .

D: At this time had the vision come? Had you had it, this vision?

P: Yea.<sup>36</sup>

D: Un.

P: All right now, he came up now and he said this to me (Pengai's speech is fast and excited): "You get up and you stand up and you talk." All right now me, I said: "I am ashamed." All right, now he said: "No, you get up and you talk." All right, like, I got up and I opened my mouth, and I talked. I talked, and like this: it wasn't as though I understood about this talk--it was just talk. But my talk did not go inside my ear so that I could hear back my talk. All right, I stood up and I finished

talking and all the men, every one, they got up and they put up their hands. All right, I got back up again and then I sat down. All right now, this thinking did not come up to me, that I would start this election. It wasn't as though (hesitates). . . at this time when the vision came up to me it (the election) hadn't got up.

D: Tell me a little about this vision--what was it like? What did you see?

P: I saw many people.

D: Black skin and white skin?

P: Black skin. All right, now this man walked toward (the people).

D: Who?

P: A man.

D: Black skin or white skin?

P: He was not very white, but these clothes of his, they were completely white.

D: White clothes but his skin was in between.

P: Yes. All right, now he came and he talked to me and--all right now, I didn't think about this. I got up then in the night and I told my wife about this. I said, "I dreamed this." All right now, she said--she teased me. Now she said this: "You dream that because you want to become a Councillor."

D: A Councillor.

P: Yeh. My wife joked to me.

D: Um, talked jokingly. Have you been a Councillor?

P: No.

D: Um.

P: All right, I stopped, and dawn came and this thought came



then, that I heard from all places everywhere: "We do not like the election." From here around.

D: Had you heard when this dream came that everyone did not like the election?

P: No. . .

D: No--sorry--what?

P: But I heard from the mouth of this very man. The mouths of all of us, everyone around, in New Hanover, all said: "We cannot vote. Suppose we vote for one black man, he will show us about what thing? And suppose we vote for one (hesitates---DB mumbles white skin) Australian. Will he show us anything more (than they already have)? Because now we are really crazy." All right, now this thinking came up in me and it said: "All right, I think I will ask this man for the name of this man who is President of America."

D: Ask who?

P: I asked my brother, my little brother.

D: Bosmailik.

P: Yeh.

D: Who was born first, Bosmailik or you?

P: Me, I was born first, and he later. But he had stayed together with the Americans.

D: Ontop on the mountain.

P: Yeh. All right, now me, I went and asked him, "Do you know this man who replaced President Kennedy?"

D: And Bosmailik said what?

P: Bosmailik said thus: "President Johnson." All right now, I got up and I said: "All right now, you and I altogether are crazy inside about this. And all men--that is, you and I altogether--are afraid

CANDIDATES, NATIVE  
OR AUSTRALIAN,  
CANNOT GIVE US  
SAVVY

of the government of Australia, that's all. I think, nevermind, me, I can let my body go to Australian hands for the thinking of all of you. Now nevermind, I alone will carry this. All right, nevermind, me, I put my name on this." All right, now me, I got the name for this and me, I said, "All right, we can vote for America. All right now," I said, "we vote for President Johnson."

D: And you said this at this time when you stood up in Nusawung?

P: Yea, I stood up right in Nusawung.<sup>37</sup>

D: And all the men said what?

P: They said: "We altogether, it's all right, we like it." All right, it was something that belonged to us, to Nusawung.

D: Just Nusawung, they all heard of this first.

P: Yeh. All right, and later then, all places came and heard--inside of one week only, now they all heard.

D: Just in one week. All the talk ran quickly.

P: Yeh. All right now, now they all said this: "Nusawung will vote like this." All right, everyone said: "Oh, we too like this!" This is how it was. Because at the time they had this election, thinking was not standing up straight. (He is stuttering slightly.) Thinking stayed just with America. All the way around (the island). All right, at the time when we had this election--all right, in every place it went, we did not do it (vote in the ballot box). We did not go with it. But the board--one (black) board we made--we voted on the board.

VOTE ON THE  
BOARD

D: What's a "board?"

P: Board--the kind a teacher writes on.

D: Ah, ah, ah.

P: We wrote all this talk--all right now, we went and put it on the board.

D: Yes, you wrote what?

P: Me, I myself, (he is stuttering) composed this to go on this board.

D: You! Many times I've heard this talk of this board, and I didn't know you, you wrote (the words for) it.

P: Yeh, just me.

D: Now you wrote what on this board?

P: I wrote this, like this: "We vote for President Johnson of the United States." This, here, we wrote on the board. All right--just that, that's all. (His tone is deliberately casual.) All right, when we went to do this, all right now one kiap--(Pengai confers with Joseph, who is still here and who provides the name, "Masta Spencer" in a low voice)--Master Spencer, he got up and he said: "Now why do you vote for America? America is a very long way away. It cannot come and get you." All right now me--him, my brother, a man of Nusawung, Yaman, him, he got up and he said: "I vote for America, and my vote will get it, because I get up on my ground and according to my wishes and according to the truth." All right--we voted now, up to the boundary here in Lavongai.

D: The boundary in Lavongai. And where was the boundary (of the voting district) on the other side?

P: At Narimlaw.<sup>38</sup>

D: "Big Narim."

P: Yeh. All right, everyone came, and some men from some places came and looked at this board. All right, they came, and wrote nothing.

This board was written, and everyone said: "This, it is the vote of all of us together." All right, now they wrote this very talk inside on the board. (He is recapitulating.)

D: (Not understanding) Did some write on the board that this vote belonged to everyone?

P: Yes--no, no, everyone came and looked, some men from some places-- here, inside New Hanover.

D: Yes, now they said what?

P: They all said: "Oh, this thinking belongs to us all together. All right, we will go wait--suppose the time comes for the kiap to come up to us, this, that's all, this vote belongs to us all together." All right now, the time came for all (the kiap) to go now, they all got there, all right--kiap go, they find this, that's all.

D: And everyone knew already.

P: Everyone knew already. It went on and on and on--then it finished, we were finished. All right, we had a meeting of our own: "We cannot buy taxes of Australia."

D: You said this?

TAXES, REFUSAL  
TO PAY TO  
AUSTRALIA

P: Yes.

D: Did you stand up in front of all kiap with this talk?

P: Where? No, no, I did not stand up in front of all the kiap with this talk, just in a meeting of just our own.

D: Meeting--where?

P: Huh? In Ranmelek. All right now, I said this: "We cannot buy taxes from the Council because it's like this: we cannot stay any longer with the Council because we have already voted."

D: For America.

P: For America. "Why should we--I mean, we have already got up with another company, now we have already gone to another company.<sup>39</sup> All right now I think we no longer can buy tax." All right, when the kiap was making the rounds, and he came to talk to us about buying taxes, we told him, "Why should we buy tax? We--it's like this: we do not want to buy tax, that's all. We want to buy taxes, but we do not want to tax with you."

D: You said this?

P: Oh, plenty of men (said it).

D: And how many kiap were there--Master Spencer, and another kiap?

P: Master Spencer, Master Touhey--all right, later Master Spencer went, then Master Power, Master Benham. . .

D: They came.

P: They came.

D: But Master Power and Master Benham were not there at Ranmelek on this day, right?

P: Yeh. But they came now. Master Brightwell, all these--

D: Came later.

P: Came later.

D: How much later, after Ranmelek--a day later, a week later, a month later--

P: Oh, about . . .

D: Two--three days?

P: Oh no--it was something like one month or two months.

D: On this day (when) you all did not want to vote--did they jail some at this time? At Ranmelek?

P: They did not jail some at this time. None. But later now, we came and stood up for this thing, with regard to the Council, regarding Council tax; all right now, we told them this straight: "We do not want to tax with you, but we want to tax with America, because we have already voted." All right now this: they got a little cross about this, now they put--our months (in jail) went way up. I think something like three months--some two months. If we called the name of Johnson, the months would go way up. They could call something like six months, five months or something.

D: Ah--if you only said you did not want to pay tax, just two-three months.

P: Unn.

D: Now call the name of Johnson, way up.

P: Yes. All right now--that's all. And me, I've been in court with plenty of kiap .

D: Where?

P: In (pause) Meterankan. There--they just came all the time to Meterankan, sang out for me. All right, another time they got a rope ready to fasten my hands and legs.

D: Now why did they say they were going to fasten you? Because you did not buy tax?

P: Not that, because I had voted.

D: Called the name of Johnson.

PROMISE FOR  
AMERICA

P: Yeh. All right, I did not worry about this--because, it's like this: I had already promised. I said, "Maski."

D: Now you say you had already promised. What is this promise?

P: I promised thus: all men altogether, the wish of all, is for America. However, just me alone, I mean I will (put my) name to it. Suppose talk of this comes up, all right then, me, I will say: "Yes, me." (Joseph is still here, coughing in the background.)

D: They all singout for you, you've got the name. . .

P: Yeh. (Pause) Because. . .

D: (interrupts) You promised to all men.

P: Yeh--no, I did not promise to all men, I mean (in) my thinking.<sup>40</sup> But I, I mean . . .

D: You promised to yourself, that's all.

P: Yeh--I promised to myself.

D: Unn.

P: I said, "Maski, me, I can let myself--whatever happens, because I mean they called my name, all right maski, I can give up myself, that's all. All right then, I stood up in every court, they asked me: and I said, "Yes." All the talk, the report from inside amongst us ourselves-- I mean they reported me inside our place, and the kiap, when he went to get me, he went to get me, and me, I said: "It's all right, all of this talk inside this report, me, I can answer it."

D: You can answer it. Because you have the name for this.

P: Yes. All right now, when they asked me, all right, me, I said "Yes." They asked me about stopping (payment of) taxes, I said "Yes." They asked. . .

D: You said yes, you, you stopped (payment of) taxes.

P: Yes. They all talked about the election, me, I said, "Yes." All right, the D.C. (District Commissioner) in Kavieng, he talked to me, looked me right in the eye.

D: Mr. Healy? Mr. Seale?

P: Mr. Seale.

D: He said what?

P: He said thus: "Suppose you are strong for America, and suppose you win over Australia, Australia will give you ten cartons."

D: Ten cartons of what?

P: Yeh, I . . .

D: You don't know.

P: I don't know. I think he spoke figuratively.

D: Spoke figuratively.

P: All right now, the second thing he said was this: "Suppose me, I win over you, you give me five cartons." 41

D: Mr. Seale said this.

P: Yeh. All right now, I didn't mind, I thought about where I could find the meaning of this.

D: I don't know the meaning either. Now didn't he straighten out the meaning well for you?

P: Yes, he didn't straighten it out for me. All right, he said this, then he finished his talk. All right now, me--when he had asked me, I got up and I asked Mr. Seale: "What, is there one more law yet in the government that it will use on me? Suppose there's one law more the government has and will use on me, it's all right. Me, I can't--I can't, I mean, boss my own body." All right now, he got up and he said this: "Australia has got no law to kill a man. But it has just a law only to put you in jail."

D: Who said that?

P: Mr. Seale.



D: Umm, umm.

P: (long pause) They talked crossly to us.

D: How many kiap came--plenty, plenty of kiap?

P: Oh plenty and more!

D: And when this court finished, did they jail you?

P: No, they did not jail me.

D: Did they jail some man from Meterankan at this court?

P: No, none.

D: They just talked.

P: They just talked.

D: And did all the kiap talk, or just Mr. Seale alone?

P: Oh just Mr. Seale alone, he talked in front of me.

D: In front of you.

P: Yeh. As for the other kiap, they didn't say anything.

D: They made a big meeting, and all the kiap stood up and one talked to you? Or no, they just talked to one at a time.

P: They came just following me.

D: Following you--alone.

P: Following me alone.

D: Ah!

P: They came, and they put up (tied up) their ship (at Meterankan), and they ran (up a river to Nusawung) in a speedboat, and they got me. All right now when I put my foot in the speedboat, they started now to "court" me.

D: Did they get you in Nusawung?

P: Yeh.

D: And they "courted" you in quick time.

P: Yeh.

D: You did not yet sit down well. (Laughs)

P: I did not sit down well yet. All right, now they come, come, come, come (by ship, from Nusawang to Meterankan), I go up on the bridge at Meterankan, and they all go sit down on a verandah, and I stand up on the ground, and they all put me into court. All right, first they put me into court, number one time. When they hadn't yet put me into court at Meterankan, me, I said one thing first, and I said: "Excuse me, because I say this: This court, I cannot say 'No' in it. All the talk inside that you will ask, I will say, 'Yes, Yes,' until the end. Nevermind if something is not true, or something is true, I will answer. . . "

D: Say, "Yes, yes," that's all. . .

P: ". . . because in order to straighten what I want."

All right now, I followed this yet. I followed this very talk of mine. When they took me to court--when they asked me, I said, "Yes." I said, "Yes," on and on and on and on and on up to the end. All right, now they asked me about this talk; they talked to me now about, "Suppose you are strong for America, all right we will give you ten cartons." All right, now suppose--I mean suppose we are strong, they will give us only five cartons. All right, this talk finished and I asked them: "Ah, you have finished this talk and I ask you this: What law more is there that exists. . . "

D: You asked Mr. Seale?

P: Yeh "--that some man will use on me?" All right now he got up and he said this: "There is none to kill a man. Australia has not got a law to kill a man. But it has got a law to put you in jail, that's all."

D: Now what time did they jail you, Pengai? You said you had stayed three years. . .

P: Yeh.

D: How long did they jail you?

P: The first time?

D: Yes, the first time.

P: Number one time, I was jailed for three weeks.

D: Three weeks. For what--for calling Johnson's name, for tax, what?

P: For tax.

D: For tax. In 1965?

P: (long pause)--I think it was 1964.

D: Nineteen sixty-four. This election at Ranmelek, it came up at what time?

P: It came up in January, (pauses to think), sixty-four.

D: Sixty-four. Ah yes, and they jailed you in 1964 already for not paying taxes.

P: (Thoughtfully) Yeh. All right, I went to jail again in sixty-five, four months.

D: Four months. For what?

P: For tax.<sup>42</sup> All right, I was in jail in (pause) sixty-six.

D: How long?

P: One month. I was jailed for one month because of this: they had signed my name already that I should be in jail for six months, but someone did something--Carrol.

TAXES--  
EUROPEANS  
HELP PAY

D: Carrol.

P: Yeh. He came and he was sorry for me, and he said to me: "Oh, sorry, your hand is no good, it's not up to your staying all the time in this thing, in jail. I think I will pay your tax." Then I got up and I said: "No (vehement), I don't want you to buy my tax. Who will pay back your money?" All right now, he got up and he said: "No, this isn't something having to do with you, it has to do with me, myself, I do it because I want to."

D: Oh, and he payed your taxes.

P: Yeh.

D: And you went outside.

P: Yeh. All right now--that's all.

D: Three times.

P: Yeh.

D: And this thing that Dr. Carrol did--was it a good thing?

Did you like what he did in paying your taxes?

P: No, I didn't like it.

D: Were you cross with him? No.

P: Oh, I was a little cross. I was cross. Because, I mean, he brought (the money) according to his own wishes. I mean, he was not following my wishes. It's like this--they put me out and I left plenty more men inside in prison, and, I mean, I was sorry.

D: You were sorry for all the men who still remained.

P: Yeh.

D: And you left all.

P: Yeh. All right now I thought this: "Who will buy out all these men? Oh, suppose my likes, I would like it if he could buy (out) all."

D: (Pause) Dr. Carrol, did he buy taxes for another man, too?

P: Huh?

D: Dr. Carrol, did he buy taxes for another or just you?

P: For just me.

D: Oh. (Pause) Now you left jail and where did you go--back to Nusawung?

P: I left jail, I came back right to Nusawung.

D: And your wife remained yet in Nusawung?

P: Yeh, she stayed in Nusawung.

D: You have children?

P: I have children.

D: How many?

P: I have two that belong straight to me, and one--a woman died, she died and left it, and it used to sleep and its backside was sore. And me, I got up, and I said--I said to my wife, I said, "Maski, I am sorry for this child, nevermind it's not of our relatives, but, I mean, I'm sorry for it, I will save it, we will take it to belong to us."<sup>43</sup>

D: You took it. And you look out for it. Good. Now, your wife, what does she think about all this? Does she think this work of yours is good work?

P: Oh, my wife has no talk (doesn't saw anything).

D: She just hears (obeys) you.

P: She just hears me and she says it's all right.

D: Do whatever you like.

P: Do whatever you like--because you and I have children, and suppose America really takes us, all right, all our children will be well off later and they can get good savvy.

D: Your wife understood this work.

P: Yeh.

D: Um. (Pause.) What is your thinking today, Pengai--do you still follow this like?

P: Oh, I follow it more, more, more, even more.

D: More, even more, today.

P: Yeh. Today, and all the time more that is yet to come.

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LIKE FOR  
AMERICA  
REMAINS AND  
WILL CONTINUE

New Hanover, altogether, stops with this--not me alone.

D: Everyone altogether.

P: New Hanover altogether. How many times were we in jail--  
all the jails were full.

D: Now maski, nobody. . .

P: Nobody worries.

D: Um.

P: Jailed in Taskul, Taskul was full. Look at Taskul, it was  
straightened up: us. Kavieng, straightened up: us. Namatanai straightened  
up: us. Rabaul: us. New Hanover. The jail belonged to the name of  
President Johnson.

D: The jails were full--true. And Bosmailik, your brother, does  
he still follow this liking?

P: Oh, he follows it, but--the kiap all know--I mean they took  
him and--I mean they don't like to leave him in his place. All the time,  
hold, hold him--when he was finished with jail, they all held him.

D: He stays where now?

P: Now he stays at Taskul. First he stayed at Taskul; all right,  
Master Brightwell came to get him at Taskul and he brought him to Kavieng.  
Now he stays in Kavieng.

D: In what work?

P: He stays with the speedboat--he drives the speedboat of Master  
Brightwell.

D: For Master Brightwell!

P: Yeh.

D: Oh! (Pause.) Now does he still stay with your liking for  
America?

P: Yeh, he stays.

D: He stays. He just has got work in Kavieng.

P: Yeh.

D: All right, I will ask you a little about this book of yours, because you all have this way of asking little questions,<sup>44</sup> and you must explain well to me. You talk a little jokingly and you talk angrily, I think, in this question: "How many planes for natives has Australia made?" Now--how many planes--are you just joking, it hasn't made any planes, right?

P: Yeh, now it is not a joke. I talk truly, because it's like this: we voted, and they put us in jail, because we voted for America, so that America would come show us about work. By and by we must savvy too. Suppose it (America) likes us, all right it can show us about everything altogether. That's what this question means.

COMPARISON WITH AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

D: Umhum, umhum, umhum. Now (pause) this question: "Do you want to make Papua and New Guinea so that eventually it will be like the natives of Australia before?" Now--you are thinking of what natives of Australia--Aboriginals?

P: Yeh.

D: Who told you about Aboriginals?

P: I . . .

D: At school . . .

P: At school--when I was still little, I wasn't a big man--I think something. . .

D: Did you look at a picture?

P: I did not look at a picture.

D: Just heard.

P: I just heard.

D: There are plenty of kinds of stories about the life of the Australian natives, and I would like to know what kind you heard--have you heard that their life is good or that their life is not good?

P: Oh, I have heard this: All the time all the men got up from England and they put them all in prison. They put them all in jail in this place.

D: All the Aborigines.

P: Yeh. All right, now they moved all the natives of Australia just to this place.

D: Prison.

P: Yeh.

D: And you think Australia is doing the same thing to you all, putting you altogether in jail.

P: Yeh. No, it's like this--I think this: suppose we--suppose Australia does not give us savvy, all right at a later time we will be crazy, that's all. We cannot know how to make anything. All right, Australia will make us like this. By and by it will move us, by and by it will get up and go put its mark and it will say: "Me, I will take this place. Me, I will take this place." All right now, we have no power. In order to talk. Ah, no. "We have already put cement."<sup>45</sup> All right, it will surprise us, it will take us and put us in jail. Just as they are doing in Tsoi. (Pause.) They put cement in Tsoi.

D: In Tsoi.

P: Island.

D: Unn, I know of Tsoi.



P: All right now, one boy, just little, not a big boy, I think about 15 years, one boy . . .

D: Why did they put cement?

P: For ground--to mark the ground. All right now Master Mark<sup>46</sup>--all right now, this boy, he was about 15 years old, he came up and he pulled out this cement. Now he said this: "You asked whom about this ground that you mark?" All right now, they got up and got him, and he remains in jail.

D: Remains in jail! Oh, I have heard of him, the child of Oliver, right?

P: Yeh.

D: And he pulled out this cement because he thought they did not ask people well first, right?

P: Yeh, they did not ask the man who owned this ground.

D: The man who owned this ground directly. Just asked around and about.

P: Yeh.

D: All right now--wait now, straighten out this question well (for me). You said "You (Australia) want to make Papua New Guinea just like the natives of Australia before."

P: Yeh.

D: What is the meaning of this?

P: It means this now: Australia takes us, and moves us, keeps on (moving us), keeps on, keeps on, and now Australia has filled up this ground; all right, I'm not strong, I mean by and by now Australia will stop and Australia--will move us.

D: Oh--you think eventually it will get you off the ground.

P: Yeh.

D: Ah! Because it comes and gets ground from you now, right?

P: Yeh.

D: Now--I didn't understand. Now (referring to book) you read this question to me, because I don't understand pidgin well. Number 3.

P: "Is Australia a place that belongs to black men or white men?"

D: Black men or white men. Now what have you heard about this question?

P: I have heard just what I said first. I have heard thus: This place, Australia, is not a place belonging to whites.

D: Belongs to blacks.

P: I have heard that. The story comes up like that now.

D: You have heard that white skins came and got rid of the black skins, right?

P: Not that they got rid of them, just that they stay in one place. All right now, later they (Australia) planted in this place and settled then--all right, now they worked at moving, moving, moving; the places (the places they took) went on and on and on and on; all right, they (Australia) were the men of the place now. This was the story Apela--a mission boy, he's dead--he told us the story of this. He was a teacher for us.

D: Belonged to Seven Day (Adventist)?

P: No, Methodist. He said this: "All the time they came to this place, then they called this place now--this place belonged straight to Australia, they all stopped there--they called this place Northern Territory."

D: "Nortuteritori." (D repeats the sound trying, successfully here, to understand.) Northern Territory. Yes, true, I know of it.

P: Now he said this: "When it (Australia) came up to this place, and worked to put (i.e. establish) this place, now it (Australia) worked to move this place, then expand it, all right now all these men went and stayed in this place." All right now this (story), it's not just me alone who knows of this story. Every last man knows this story--this election got up, and all our knowledge came and met together.

D: All knowledge came together at this time.

P: Yeh. I mean, "understanding"<sup>47</sup> brought this about. It was like this: one man got his book, his "school," all right now he came and said: "This, too, I learned of this." All right now, one man he came and said: "Me, too, I learned in school of this." All right, another he came now and he said: "Me, too, I learned of this." All right now, this: when we were in school now, we studied Papua New Guinea. All right now, we studied, now it (what we learned) was not very straight (correct). For a long time Australia has stopped with us, and we are completely tired of this kind of school: "A, B, C, . . ." (Pengai mocked a teacher's tone.)

D: (Laughs) You are completely tired of this kind of school.

P: Umm--because we see: Boski Tom<sup>48</sup> is one man who has been to school.

D: I have heard of him.

P: Galung, he is dead.

D: Was he a big man?

P: Big man.

D: Where from?

P: Magam. He was a man, too, a clever man, a man who understood English.

SAVVY--WHAT  
KIND DO THEY  
WANT?

D: And these two savvy a lot about "A, B, C?"

P: Um, about English, they savvy a lot about English; and all men, before, they all went to school, and we said: "We will go to school to learn English." Plenty of men have savvy about English, and what have they done? They know English for nothing, that's all! It's for meetings, that's all; then we finish talking, and the master goes, and we come back. But there is not one good thing that comes up. English is not a true savvy, it has to do with the mouth, that's all. But savvy for my hands, where is it? This is the talk we have.

D: (Long pause.) What kind of savvy for your hands do you want to come up?

P: Our wish is this: if Australia wants us, all right now it must teach all the children and give to them absolutely all, like, handwork of their own.

D: What will the children make?

P: They will work handwork for, say. . .(pause).

D: Like muskets?

P: Like every little thing, just like the handwork of all white children.

D: What kind of handwork? Now I don't know either, because I have not stayed here a long time.

P: Yeh, now handwork like this, something all children learn--like making (hesitates)--like any little thing, like car, or little plane, or musket, or anything.<sup>49</sup>

D: You are talking here of all things that are made from iron and metal.

P: Um (unconvincing).

D: (Long pause). I mean, things like this, right? (D indicated some object in view.)

P: Yeh.

D: Phonograph, and table, and typewriter, all things you want everyone here to be able to make.

P: Yeh! It's not like it's for me, but I think of all the men who are little yet, who are in school.

D: Um, all the little ones must know how.

P: They must know how. I mean, Australia must teach them all about all this kind of work, so that later all must know how too. All right now, like, Australia and we must be one kind (equal)! And whatever something comes up in Australia, New Guinea must get up too! New Guinea cannot get up with its head confused. New Guinea must get up (develop) from good understanding.<sup>50</sup> That--what we want is that. Yesterday we said, "Oh sorry, Australia makes us no good. I think I will find a country, and we will join with it. By and by we can be like everyone, too." I mean it (the country) will come and teach all our students. Now, like, it's not something for us, but for all (of them), all our students so they can understand; all right, then it will be something that belongs to everyone at one time.

D: (Pause) All right, now I'll ask you about this (another question in the book): "How many iron factories?". . . Right?

P: Um.

D: ". . . and metal and bomb and musket and some. . ." (D cannot make out the word).

P: "More?"

D: ". . . more kinds of savvy have you schooled Papua and New Guinea about?"

P: That's all, there's not something more.<sup>51</sup> This talk means-- because we suffered from their jailing us for our election that got up right our own place--now this means this: how many things of some kind have they already done, that we will see with our own eyes, or (have they) taught Papua New Guinea about, that I will see? Now, I mean I cannot turn my thinking around and about. Now, like, all these things there are not, they have not come up in Papua New Guinea, they do not teach about them, and we turn our thoughts: "By and by what will become of us?"

D: (Pause. Then refers to next question in Pengai's book) What is this word?

P: "Who."

D: "Who do you want to make crazy? All of you. Now you are one country, that's all." What is the meaning of this question? "LIKE" IS IMPORTANT

P: The meaning of this is this--"Who do you want to make crazy?" Because they put me in prison for my vote. All right--"Who do you want to make crazy?" Because, that is, I mean, it's something I dreamed, according to my own likes, now, I mean, them, they cover it up. They cover up something that, as for me, I want it to continue to be yet.<sup>52</sup>

D: Now you say: "You are just one country." What is the meaning of this question?

P: Like this: You are just one country, by and by we should stay with you?

D: Ah--the meaning is that there is another country you want to get.

P: Yeh.

D: Now I understand. Now this question, "Who do you want to make crazy," you all are crazy because they all cover up your likes.

P: Yeh.<sup>53</sup>

D: (Pause. Then reading from book) "We want to see people with skin the same as ours, Africans and Negroes who are under America." Now-- you look at all the Negroes of America and you think what about them? You think they have more savvy than you all? Right?

P: Yeh.

D: (Pause) Now I would like to understand well about this thinking of yours, about what you would like to have happen. Suppose they all hear (obey) your wishes, and you are boss of everything. What would you do? First you would like America to come, right?

P: Yeh (firmly).

D: And afterward you would like America to do what?

P: Make a school.

D: School.

P: Yeh.

D: And in this school they would teach all the children what?

P: Teach them to make all kinds of things. Radio, uh, uh--

D: All things, all cargo.

P: Uh (not "yes," just thinking), all things, I mean, make-- I mean we do not know things like how to make metal, and to work iron. . .

D: Umm . . .

P: . . . and to make guns, and to make engines--

D: Now all the teachers here, I mean teachers of Australia and teachers of America too, all the white skins who stop here, do they have savvy about these kinds of things?

P: Where, here?

D: Yes. Do they send you teachers who know things but these teachers don't tell you, or what?

P: It's like this, these teachers who are here are just for teaching one about spelling, about ABC, about arithmetic. . .

D: You want teachers with another kind of savvy to come.

P: Yeh. Because I mean--arithmetic, now plenty of men among us know a lot but--they understand arithmetic, they understand speaking English, they understand whatever, I mean books about whatever something, miles, and whatever, I mean books about whatever something, miles, and whatever else--they all study this, plenty of men know about it. But where is one more kind of savvy to be a friend to this one? Because they have already conquered this other kind. . .

D: Now you want another kind of savvy to come up.

P: Yeh.

D: Now--I want to hear a little more of the story about how you all know about America, about your thinking America has a lot of savvy--you saw America just at the time of the war, and at the time they all went on top on the mountain, that's all, right?

AMERICANS--EXPERIENC  
WITH THEM

P: No. We--they all saw them among all the big men. That is, we are not of this line--it was other men at the time of the war, because we were little. All right now they came back and they said: "Sorry, I think if America held us"--I mean they all used to talk, just talk, that's all, just like a story. They tell stories about the way of (the Americans) when they went and stayed with. . .



D: All the big men before. . .

P: Yeh.

D: Where did they stay?

P: Buka.

D: In Buka. Oh, they saw Americans in Buka.

P: Yeh.

D: Ah!

P: All right now, they told stories, and they all said: "Suppose America sat down together with us I think it would be very good! Because their ways are good--for instance, when they prepare food, it's not like the way of Australia--they (the Americans) prepare food, you and I together sit down, and I eat now. Now Australians, they see us and they tell us to get out."

D: At the time you all went to Buka to work, you all sat down together with all the Americans to eat?

P: Yeh (hesitantly).

D: And you--no, I understand you were little, all the big men of before--did they eat the food of us Americans?

P: Yeh. They used to sit down together with everyone. . .

D: And did they like this food?

P: It's like this--they saw this way, that's all; they did not like the food, just the way.<sup>54</sup>

D: They liked the way.

P: Unn.

D: Nevermind if the food's no good.

P: Un.

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WANTED WHAT? NOT  
MATERIAL GOODS BUT  
SOCIAL EQUALITY

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D: Because plenty of times I want to give food of ours to you all and you don't like it. This elderly woman who looked after me in New Ireland, I gave her a tin and she said: "Eh! No good!" (D and P both laugh.) She just liked sago. Yes, now I understand, you liked the way.

P: Yes.

CARGO--AMERICANS  
TO BRING IT FREE!

D: Nevermind the food.

P: Food--now one kind of lie that came up about this thinking-- I mean it wasn't us, but Australia distorted it from what we thought, and they said this: "This election, they all want cargo from America to come free!" But we don't have this (thinking). We aren't like that. Because cargo, everything altogether, does not come up for nothing. It comes from money, and from man's work.

D: You understand this.

P: Yeh. But they all made up this talk, like this: "This election got up because they all want cargo to come free from America, by and by to come to everyone." We don't know about this (talk.).

D: It's lies.

P: Real lies! We want just one thing, that's all, we want to join.<sup>55</sup>

D: School. You want school, to join and to school . . .

P: Join and school and be one. You look, I stop in what? Has Australia made me all right, or made me no good. This, house--leaves of a tree.

D: You can't talk badly about leaves of a tree! No, I am only joking. Because I have stayed in a house with an iron roof and it is really hot! I told Silakau this house is better because it's not too hot.

P: Um.

D: This house of thatch is hard work, but it's good to sit down in. Now I don't know, I will hear your thinking first. All people worry, all over the world I think, now we in America, we want to sit down with you all and look at your ways. Now you here, you want to look at the ways of America. All people sit down not content, they want to look at another way, they like to get the fashions of another place. Like me, now, I belong to America, but I am tired now of the American way; I come, I like to sit down among the customs of other people, of you. Now you are tired of your ways, you want to look at the ways of someone else, I think. Like us. Now I don't understand well yet, because you are the first to talk to me about this thing, I have not heard plenty of talk about this way of yours.<sup>56</sup> Now I want to ask you another thing: Australia heard this talk from you. Do you think they understood well?

P: They did not.

D: They did not understand well.

P: All right now, you look at this--Public Service. It got started in Papua New Guinea--it got up with me.

D: What is this Public Service now?

P: A man who has worked a long time, all right now he must get a lot of money.

D: Um.

P: When . . .

D: When he leaves work.<sup>57</sup>

P: I mean he works, now there are plenty of years.

D: At one job.

P: Yeh. All right, he must get a lot of money--me, it got up from me. (Pause.) The kiap asked me, he said: "Why do you vote now for America?" And me, I said: "I am looking for a government. Because you have not straightened me. I work bullshit for you." (Pause.) I work one month, one day, I work for money up to 7 pound 10 in one day--in one day. Me, I am studying this yet. All right now. . .

D: How do you know about this?

P: I just know about work. Inside about copra. I know about the pay for copra.

D: Ah, about pay for copra. Now you work for one day, enough to get seven pounds ten shillings.

P: Seven pounds, ten shillings, I mean what I earn . But the money belongs to the master, it's not money that belongs to me.

D: Yes. Now the master gives you how much for. . .

P: Three pounds, one month.

D: Three pounds--one month!

P: Yeh--true!

D: Now all the money remains only with the master.

P: It remains with the master, on and on and on. This man (the native worker) goes (leaves the plantation when his term of service is up), this man's last day, all right he gives me only three pounds. All right, another plantation. . .

D: What is this plantation--you worked on whose plantation?

P: Oh, plenty, all the plantations are just the same.<sup>58</sup>

D: Have you worked for Jim White?

P: (Long pause.) No. I have not worked for Jim White, but all the plantations of all the masters. . .

D: . . . do it the same way.

P: . . . do it the same way, that's all.

D: And you just know.

P: I just know.

D: From men who work on them.

P: Yeh. All right, another plantation, it makes ten pounds in one day. This is money he makes for the master, but for the man who leaves, this day he leaves work (permanently), all right, now he gets just three pounds. One kind of pay. All right now, when they all came and asked me, they said: "Why, now, did you make this election?" Now I get up and I say: "I am looking for a government. Because there are plenty of people in New Guinea and more--true, I have not had the experience in my life, but I sit down, and I study. I do not go to school, but I have a head of my own and I study, about us, and I am sorry. All right, that's why I called the name of Johnson. Because the government of Australia has not straightened us. Suppose a man kills me. The government of Australia puts the man in prison, because me, I am in their territory (i.e. they govern this part of the world.) All right, what is this, that me, I go work on a plantation, and I lose my blood for nothing, and I lose my strength for nothing, and just three pounds for one month. Who will straighten out the pay? All right now, today now, pay has come up big, and me, I sit down in my place, and I look, and I say: "It's all right, all fellow countrymen, you all get pay; you just all hold big money. But I tell you it is not your own strength. This strength and this money you get, it's as if my mouth, I cry to Australia, for all these things you now hold. Now me, I say this: true, I am not a

Councillor and I am not a big man. I am just nobody, that's all. But regarding this thing, I got up this because I studied Papua New Guinea a lot. All right now, the thinking of a man inside my own place, he wants America.<sup>59</sup> All right now me, I say all right, I answer this. The court for this, me, I carry it. I can say yes to it. It's true, however, that it's the wish of you all; but me, I will be the name for it. No good if they search for everyone, no good if they search for someone. Me, I am the name for it, this thing." All right now, that now, all this talk I made. Finish. My liking, for America--because I want to join. Because Australia wants me eventually to be under Australia--all right, then they must make us good, do good teaching. All right, they get me; (then) whatever thing, whatever thing, or whatever kind of thing, they get a man who has savvy. They cannot get like a stupid man, and he goes and shoots out nothing. Must get a man who has real savvy, and say, "All right, you go to this work. Because you know about it."

D: You already know, all white skins do not know about all things. Now, I want to understand well. You say you would like some Europeans to school you about all things. Now I want to know: all white skins do not all understand all things--now me, I do not understand how to make this, right? (I indicated the tape recorder.)

P: Yeh.

D: Yes, you know about these things. Must find some man who understands.

P: Yeh.

D: Now suppose you want to understand about all things--I think to make this thing (the taperecorder) there are, I don't know, one hundred men to make just this one thing. No, I am just making you a little story, that's all.

P: Yes, yes.

D: It wouldn't be good if you talk to me and I don't reply to your talk.

P: Yes, it's all right (laughs), thank you.

D: Now I don't understand well, too, but I think what is at the bottom of these things is money. If Australia or America, another country, schools you about everything, many, many, many and still more white skins must come here. By and by you all would stay where? Because, there is not one man able to do all these things. One man is able to make this cover (of the tape recorder)--another man is able to put together the inside, but he is not able to make all the (material) that goes inside. One knows how to make metal, another knows how to make all this, called plastic, . . .

P: Yes.

D: . . .another knows how to make tape, another knows how to make what is inside it--and many, many, many more men. There is no one man who can make all these things. All right, suppose you have one factory able to make this thing. Among us, a factory does not make plenty of things, a factory makes just one kind of thing. For instance, in Sydney they do not make this (tape recorder, a Phillips made in Holland.) This came from another country. In Sydney they do not know how to make this. And in some places in America, too, they do not know how to make this. There is just one place where everyone works at making these. And in another place, everyone works at making (pause) this thing, that's all. One thousand men make this thing, that's all. There is no one man who knows about all things. One man only has a little savvy. No, I talk just so that you will understand why

all do not come. Now I heard you, and you say truly: you are tired of waiting, right? You are tired of waiting for this savvy to come to you. Right?

P: Yes.

D: You want all your children to understand about all things. Now you talk truly, plenty of men work hard and do not get big pay. True.

P: True.<sup>60</sup>

D: Now you must talk out. I think this talk of yours is good. You must talk out. You must talk strongly about all things so that all can hear you, and they can understand what you all want. Now, too, you must hear all their replies, but I think some do not listen well to you, some do not sit down and listen well to all you have to say.

P: That now, like. . .

D: Is there some kiap who has sat down and heard all you have to say?<sup>61</sup>

P: Ah, before one time when I finished with jail, I talked together with Master (pause, to remember) Bob, and Carrol.

GOVERNMENT  
RESPONSE

D: Bob and Carrol. The two came to hear you.

P: Yeh. When I finished jail, and Carrol cooked food for me, and he got me to go to his house, and I went and ate then, and the kiap came to me, and the two, I talked to the two.<sup>62</sup>

D: You ate together with the kiap?

P: No, together with Carrol.

D: With Carrol.

P: All right, now I got up and I said this to the two--because it was night--and I said: "Now I would like us three to sit down a little and do a little talking and storying--and I would like us three to be able to



sit down. One day for us three." All right now, when I talked together with these two I said, "I think it would be good if you two would help this place New Hanover to get up all kinds of work so that (the place) will develop well. It's no good to put men in jail for nothing." All right, now, the two got up and they said this to me: "Ah, you yourself be strong for your Council in your place."

D: Who said that?

P: Carrol and Bob. "You yourself, you be strong for your place and for your Council. If you make your Council no good, it's all right, it's not Australia's Council. It's your Council. Me, I work for my government of Australia. You work for the government that belongs to you yourselves."

D: These two talked to you, just Bob and Carrol?

P: Carrol talked to me. Carrol, he lay down on a bed, and me, I sat down. On a chair.

D: He lay down.

P: Yeh. I talked with him. All right now, me, I got up and I heard this and I said--I mean, I did not talk out loud, just inside me: "Ah, this is the way of Australia, they do not want to help me."

D: About Carrol's talk.

P: Yeh. Now I heard this talk, and I did not talk to them, just thought, that's all: "Ah, that now, this is the kind of way Australia has. It does not want to help me or anybody." Can the place become straight in this way? "It's not something for Australia,"<sup>63</sup> which is already here in New Guinea. Why does it not help New Guinea? This is just what I thought. I did not say it to them.

D: Umm, umm. Now later did you talk to Carrol another time?

Later Carrol paid taxes for you.

P: Oh, later now.

D: At a later time.

P: Uh, yes, another time I came to jail--just now, in (pause) '66. Now that's it, in '65 I was in jail, all right '66 he bought tax for me.

D: '66 he bought your tax. But you weren't too happy about his buying your taxes.

P: Yes, I wasn't too happy. Because I left plenty of men, and I mean, they all had talk, too, about me.

D: They all said "Eh! he leaves jail now!"?

LEADERSHIP

P: Un, they all said this: "Eh! This man who goes first for me (who leads me), and this is the way he does." All right now me, I straightened them all out, I got up and I said: Oh sorry, I did not dream because I wanted to.<sup>64</sup>

D: Carrol did this behind your back.<sup>65</sup>

P: Yeh. But I mean me, and many, many, many more men carried this election, and it truly is ontop.

D: Ah, truly is ontop.

P: Yeh.

D: Where?<sup>66</sup>

P: No, I mean they all carried this talk of the election.

D: Oh, yes, yes.

P: I mean--way up.

D: Yes, yes, yes, yes, I understand now.

P: There are plenty more men, many many. Suppose--it's like

this, we replace each other in the work, eh? True, it started with me. Suppose it happens that I go down, suppose they all put me down; all right, there's a man to get up (the election). All right, they down another one, all right. . .

D: another. . .

P: another comes up. Um. All right, they all down another one, another gets up. All right down he goes, all right this first one gets up. All right, it keeps on like that, that's all. (Pengai moved his hands up and down as he talked.)

JAIL  
CONDITIONS

D: Up and down. All right now, jail. I have heard plenty of talk from everyone--some men say, "Oh jail is nothing, it's easy, they give you plenty of food so you get fat, and there's no work;" and another says "Oh, jail is really no good, it's very hard work." Now what do you think?

P: This is lies here. This thing, jail, is no good. Those of us who are in jail, they make our bodies pain--a man goes to rest a little, hit him (said dramatically). All right. . .

TOK BILAS

D: They make your bodies pain with what?

P: From carrying all stones--put a stone and we run with it. Now they all get up and they see a plane and they say, "Johnson's plane is coming! It will go land in Kavieng and he will come to help you." Carry stone. We have no answer, we are ashamed, that's all. Water comes to my eyes.

D: Who teased you--the police?

ROLE OF POLICE

P: Police.

D: Um.

P: All the police there now. All of them! All of this talk came out from their mouths. . .

D: They used to shame you all.

P: Yeh.

D: All the police.

P: Yeh.

D: Police from where?

P: From New Guinea.

D: Un, there weren't police from here.

P: Just one.

D: Just one.

P: Batmarian.

D: Batmarian.

P: Yeh.

D: And did he used to shame you too?

P: Oh, he used to shame us too. When he had just newly come he was cross with us and said: "You all make this election of yours, like a bloody crazy man, true bush kanaka." (Said dramatically.)

D: Huh!

P: Me, I got up, inside the jail house, and I said to him: "You talk all this talk, all the kiap, whoever, what kind of talk for Christians. I have already answered all the kinds of talk of the Australians, whatever kind of Christian asked me, I have already answered them all. There is no more. Now one black skin comes and does it to me, but all the kiap and whoever, I have already answered." All the talk I have answered it all already, and till today, they have no more talk for me because I have already answered

all the talk. All the talk they asked me, me, me, I showed them completely straight about this thing I did because of this--this I did because of this--they asked me about whatever thing, I said: "I cannot," I mean, "I cannot hide any talk." (He was very wound up and firm at the beginning, then stuttering a bit, finally calm and reasonable.) Something I have done, I must say "Yes." Now suppose I say "No," it's as though I buggered up my thinking, or I buggered up my life, too. I must say "Yes" about everything, anything I did I say "Yes." Or (if there's) something I did not do I can say "No."

D: You must tell the truth.

PROMISE

P: Yes. I cannot lie. If I lie, that's no good.

D: (Pause) Now this promise of yours. Some have said that some men promised to God. Now you say, no, you did not promise to God, you promised inside to you, yourself.

P: Yeh, it's like this--me, I promised, it was my wish, in my mind. I say, "Me," I say in my mind, "Yes, I want to let my body go for this thing." All right, that's the way (it was). The court came up, they called my name, I was not afraid, I did not hide in the bush, I did not hide. . . .

FEAR

D: Did some men hide?

P: Un, some men hid, I did not hide. They came up, now some kiap did not know me and they sent a man to go get me, and I just came up and the kiap came walking toward me, and they all said to him, "The man (you want) has come now, Pengai has come." Me, I walked toward him,

and the kiap came up and asked me, "You Pengai?" and I said, "Yes, that's me." I did not hide my name.

D: You did not run away.

P: Yes.

D: Unn, good way to be. Who ran away from the kiap?

P: Oliver. And Robin.

D: The two ran away!

P: The two ran away, and the kiap came and asked me about the two: "Why did the two run away?" Now me, I got up and I said: "The two ran away because the two are afraid of you. And the two are afraid of jail."

D: Just afraid of jail. Were they not afraid that--did the kiap and police used to hit men?

P: Oh, they used to hit men.

D: Kiap too, or just the police?

P: Just the police.

D: Were all the men more afraid of the police, or more afraid of the kiap, which?

P: All the men were more afraid of the kiap and of the police, both.

D: Both.

P: Yes. Because of this: they came up, put handcuffs, hit men.

D: Hit men with their hands?

P: With a little stick. Have you seen them, the police hold them?

D: Oh, this little stick that the police hold..

P: It's a little bit big.

D: They hit men with this!

P: Yeh. About like this stick. (He showed me one). They hit men here, and here.<sup>67</sup> How many men--two men died.

D: Two men died! From where?

P: One from this part here, Minn--I lie, from Tsai.

D: Do you know his name?

P: Me, I don't know.

D: You have just heard.

P: I have just heard. All right, and one from Kulungei.<sup>68</sup>

D: Kulungei.

P: Yes. These two men, they died inside this jail.

D: From what.

P: Their bodies pained from their hitting everyone all the time, hitting everyone all the time; all right now, they died. All right, second, some men who were hit, they hit them all all the time, all the time, all the time, all the time, they were very sick. A big sickness came up, they all went to the hospital;<sup>69</sup> all right, they said--some man said (not a doctor, one of us)--got up and said, "Ah, this medicine is not America's medicine, it's Australia's medicine. You get medicine from America."

TELL ON  
EACH OTHER

D: Who said that, some man who stopped inside the jail?

P: Uh, him, a doctor boy, Levy.<sup>70</sup> Levi Tobata, from Lungatan. He said: "You cannot get medicine now, you must get medicine from America." All right, now, uh, plenty of men, plenty and more. They all said this to us, and we did not--I mean, we did not worry too much. We said: "It's all right, maski, because, I mean, it's like this: America likes us, we like America, all right, it's my business, I can be ashamed, because it is what we ourselves like. They want to bugger us up? Maski, they can bugger us up."

D: (Pause) Wait, I'll turn this tape.

(There has been a short interval while I change tape.)

D: Another thing I want to ask you, Pengai--you are SDA, right, Seventh-Day Adventist?

P: Yes.

D: Now I want to know a little about the ways of the Seven-Days, because I have not lived with any people who are Seven-Day. Now, ah, you don't call (your leader) munamuna (Methodist) and you don't call him catechist (Catholic), what is your big man among the Seven-Days? The missionary of the Seven-Days, you call him what, missionary?

P: Uh, missionary, he's straight missionary. All right now, one name, for a man who is like a Father (among the Catholics), they call him "pastor."

MISSIONS: ROLE  
OF SDA

D: "Pastor-" oh yes. Now what do all the pastors say about this thing that you got up?

P: All the time they talk to me, they are cross with me, and they say I'm crazy.

D: Now all the pastors--are they white skins?

P: White skins.

D: From where?

P: From Australia.

D: Un, now they tell you you're crazy.

P: Yes.

D: Now some missionaries who are native, what do they say to you?

P: They all say, too, that I'm crazy.

D: All of them.

P: Yes.

D: There's not one missionary who supports you.



P: There's not one missionary who supports me.

D: Now this one in Nusuwung, is he still there?

P: He is still there.

FACTIONS

D: Now all the people of Nusuwung, do they support you yet?

P: Oh, all of them, like my wife, and all my sisters, my two sisters, the two support me.

D: Two sisters support you.

P: And everyone, and all my brothers.

D: Later I will make a diagram of all your relatives and I can know all their names. I make them like this for everyone here--that's my work, to understand your customs about your relatives. Now first I would like to know a little about, ah,--Seven-Days did not teach you about this?

P: Seven-Days did not teach about this.<sup>71</sup>

D: I have just seen the ways of all the Seven-Days--they very much like to work, is that true?

P: Yes.

D: Do they tell you all the time to work, work, work?

P: Un, like that. . .

D: They school you about what kinds of thinking, Seven Day?

P: About the mission, that's all, the ways of the mission. They do not school us about one particular thing.

D: All right, now let's talk about the belief of the Seven-Days. Do you believe in the Seven-Day church?

P: Who, me?

D: Yes, I want to understand well about what you think, inside?

P: Me, I smoke, I chew betal nut, I do anything, because according to my thinking, me--I mean, it's another kind. According to my thinking--before

I was one of the men who held work with the Seven-Days.

D: Unhu--oh, you held work.

P: Yeh.

D: What kind of work?

P: Such as helping the missionary with all the work of the sabbath school, or working--ah, teaching--I mean teaching about the Bible, to everyone. I used to do this.

D: Now, you had belief at this time?

P: Oh, I did this and, I mean, I had belief at this time. But all of them, they all said to me--at the time when I did this kind of work, I mean--I did not stop truly inside with the Seven-Days. I stayed in the Hospital, in Analaua.<sup>72</sup> All right now, they were looking for a man who belonged to the Seven-Days to help all the men from the Methodists to teach, to teach the teachings of the Seven-Days.

D: At Analaua--did you stop there with leprosy?

P: Yeh.

D: How long?

P: Four years. All right, now I used to do this work. All right, when I came back now, they all saw that I smoked and they said, "You are not true, you are like Satan." All right now me, I said; "It's good, this talk; but me, I say this: Maski, I cannot stop in one church. I will just stop in my church, that's all, which belongs just to God."

D: You have belief in God, that's all.

P: I have belief just in God, and that Jesus was hung on a cross to save me, and . . .

D: You have belief in Jesus.

P: I have belief just in Jesus, because Jesus died to save me from sin. All right, everything, in the world--such as ways of making trouble, or

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FOLLOW ONE'S  
OWN INDIVIDUAL  
VIEWS

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steal--me, I can't do it. Because it's like I remain inside the law, only, of the church; but to go inside the church house, I cannot go. I just sit down, but I can pray, that's all. All right now. . .

D: You don't have belief in all the little laws around and about.

P: Yeh. I haven't got belief in all the little laws around and about, but I believe just in Jesus.

D: Um, um, um.

P: Now, still, they all try hard to get me--they bring me all the books. . .

D: Who, Seven-Days?

P: Seven-Days. They bring all the books to me to get me back, and I say: "Maski. I can't go any more inside of one church. I just sit down."<sup>73</sup>

D: With your own thinking.

P: With my own thinking, that's all.

D: You can't go to the Methodists, either.

P: I can't go to the Methodists, either. I just sit down. Me, myself, according to my own likes, I can think of God the way I want to. All the things around and about, such as laws inside the mission--such as the Seven-Days, they don't smoke, they don't chew betel nut, they don't drink whisky. . .

D: Yes, Methodists, too, don't like it, but the telatela (head of the Methodist Mission) in Kavieng, he says all the time "Don't smoke!" but he smokes and smokes and smokes and smokes! He's not able to quit it.

P: Oh yes? A man who stops others from smoking, he too cannot smoke.

D: Yes.

P: But if he stops others, and he smokes, now everyone sees and says, "There, a man who pretends."

D: Yes, true. We have a little saying: "Don't do as I do, do as I say." A joking saying, because plenty of men say "Don't do this thing" and they do it (themselves). All right, one thing. You and I will rest a little, and I'll go to Ngurvarilam, and in the afternoon we will finish.

P: Yes.

D: Are you stopping here today? Can you stop?

P: Yes.

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BOSKI TOM

(About an hour later)

D: I want to ask you first--you told me before about Boski Tom, in Umbukul. Now some have told me Boski Tom did not support this thinking of yours. Is that right?

P: That's right.

D: Have you talked together with Boski Tom?

P: No.

D: You have just heard the talk. . .

P: . . . about his not supporting the thinking?

D: Yes.

P: No. He himself came and asked me, "Why now do you want to vote for America." I answered: "I found your name as a candidate. It would be good if we voted for you. But suppose we did--you are the government--how would you get up? Because all governments inside all countries, they don't come up on nothing. All governments that get up have power--because it has everything of mine. This is the foundation (pidgin: ass) of government."

ROLE OF POWER

D: Power.

P: Yes.

D: Oh, you understand well.

P: "Now suppose it was like this: we put (elect) you (Boski Tom), you would be crazy, too, along with us. Now we wouldn't put you (in the government) because of this: if we saw one thing you made, with our eyes, that's as good as all masters make, all right we can put you as one government representative, so that you will be the government, and this government of yours will get up because you have a plantation that belongs to you. You have a plantation with all things: inside your place they know how to work engines, they know how to work anything, just like a master works; all right, we will put you as government, all right, you will get up well. Now suppose we put you as a government, by and by you will sit down just like us."

D: Um, um. And he said what to you?

OTHER DEPENDENT  
PEOPLES DEVELOPED

P: He said this to me: "Now you have seen what black skin who knows how to make all these things?" All right now, I got up and I answered him: "In this Philippines. They're white skins, but before they did not know how."

D: Philippines.

P: Yes, but America got them and taught them.

D: Who told you about this?

P: No, I just know.

D: Did you hear it in school?

P: No, I didn't hear it in school, but I know.

D: Um.

P: I mean, there's no man who told me, but I just know.

D: Umm.

P: I understand, but--but I don't know, this talk of mine, true or not true? All right now, I said--I mean, this is all talk that I said to him (Boski Tom) here--"Negroes, and Africans, they all sit down well. They sit down well, as though they were half-master. Because America, now America holds all this line of black men. All right now, we, too, see this; now I mean it would be good if Australia would straighten us. Oh, it's not strong. We can't keep zigzagging about. But Australia has not straightened us out: all right now, this now, you can see. I mean we--you sit down in the hands of the government, the government holds you, and you say that you are a man. You are a man on Australia's money. But about your situation, if you lived as I do, you're not a man, you are nothing. You aren't able to get rich, you aren't able to do anything like a master does." All right now he was through, he didn't talk to me any more.

D: Was he cross with you? No.

P: He was not cross, but he didn't have any. . .

D: . . . answer.

P: . . . answer, because my talk went on, and he wasn't able to answer.

D: He wasn't able to answer. Um. Have you talked with this President of the Council, Steven?

P: No. I haven't talked with him.

D: And he did not come up to you?

P: He did not come up to me.

D: Just Boski Tom.

P: Just Boski Tom.

D: Now is he a relative of yours, Boski Tom?

P: No, he's not a relative of mine.

D: He just knew your name.

P: Unn, just knew my name.

OLIVER AND ROBIN

D: (Pause) All right. (Pause) Now Oliver--are you a friend of Oliver's?

P: Oliver is like this, he would like to join in this work of mine.

D: He wants to join in your work. And Robin too?

P: Robin, too, he would like to join in this work of mine, in getting up this election, so that it will be strong.

D: Now do the two believe yet? Follow this belief yet?

P: Oh. . .

D: You don't know.

P: I don't know.

D: Do you talk together with Oliver?

LEADERSHIP

P: No.

D: One time?

P: Before, when I started this election new, now he used to come up to me.

D: And get your talk.

P: Yes.

D: Now he goes and talks around and about, but he no more comes up to you.

P: Yes. Now when he went into the bush, and went and stopped in the bush, all right then he used to come and come up to me, and I didn't have any talk for him. I used to talk, but I didn't have anything to say to

him, because me, I sat down in my place in order to wait for talk. Whatever talk comes up to me, I can join at the root of whatever something. I strengthened every man in this election, or the will of all. And I myself posted all, I mean I chose all, I said: "All right, we can be strong."  
 (Pengai spoke with deliberate casualness.) All right now, I myself, whatever the government wants, all right they came up to me. They asked me, I said "Yes, I did this, because of this." All right, now he (Oliver) had nothing to say, now he went and stopped altogether in the bush, on and on and on. . .

D: Were you cross about this, that he ran away into the bush?

P: (Pause) Oh--I wasn't very cross at him--because I knew this: he was afraid. Now I wasn't cross with him, I said everything is all right because . . .

D: . . . it's up to him. . .

P: . . . it's up to him, because he is afraid.

D: And Robin, too, he ran away. Robin and Oliver, are they related? Brothers, right?

P: Of mine?

D: No, of each other, Robin is he brother to Oliver?

P: Oh, I don't know.

D: You don't know either. Have you talked together with Robin?

P: I. . .talk about what?

D: About the election?

P: No, I didn't start a talk with him, just at the time of the election and everyone heard, that's all.



D: He heard, that's all--he came up first to you and Bosmailik, right?

P: Yes.

D: And you called the name of another man from way before--an old man who talked about America coming up--no, a grandfather of yours. No, your papa. . .

P: Peter?

PETER  
YANGALISMAT

D: Yes--only he did not know this election came up, he has died.

P: He has died.

D: But he started this talk that by and by America will come.

P: Yes.

D: Now you held this thinking but you didn't do anything about it.

Did you talk together with Peter?

P: No.

D: You just heard.

P: Peter was a big man, and I mean, too, we used to be ashamed with him.

D: Who told you about Peter's talk?

P: No, me, I was little and this thing got up.

D: You were little and you sat down near him and heard him.

P: Yes. Because my father, he was a luluai, too.

D: Oh, your father was a luluai. What was his name?

P: Vaitas. Vaitasfinis.

D: Vaitasfinis. I am writing it. Has he died?

P: Yes.

D: Now--is there another man who was big in this thing who has something to say about this election? I had heard your name but I did not know

about your work, I heard your name, that's all. And I've heard the names of Boski Tom, and Steven, and Robin and Oliver, and a man Paulos. . .

P: Now Paulos, Paulos and Walla, it's true, these two--like this: I stop now, I have nothing to say, I just sit down. All right now, these two get up.

PAULOS AND  
WALLA

D: Walla is from where?

P: Walla is from Meteran.

D: And Paulos is from Ungat, right?

P: Yeh.

D: Now you sit down, wait, you have nothing to say, all right these two started talking in their own places, right?

P: Un, these two talked, but now it's like this: we sit down, we don't say anything because we think in this way: we have voted, but there's one thing--we have not got an answer, we have not got an answer to this vote of ours.

D: Who do you ask for an answer?

P: We think this: United Nations will eventually answer this election of ours. "What--what is the reason for this--where is America, it does not want to come up to us?"

WANT ANSWER FROM  
JOHNSON

D: Who says that?

P: No, I mean, we ourselves.

D: You think.

P: Yeh. Think this: "What is it, that America has not come to us?" All right now, we sit down, that's all. We sit down and just do nothing and we sit down crazy, that's all. There's no one, not one man to help us, or to get our talk. He could bring it, or he himself can get this talk; because we want to hear true, we don't want to hear from some man (just anyone.)

D: You want to hear from plenty of men. . .

P: Unn, and we want to hear in this way--this man himself we voted for: President Johnson.

D: Have you got a letter from him?

P: No.

D: He didn't write a letter.

P: It's this way: Johnson has not answered this, and he has not brought talk to me, like "I cannot come up to you." All right (if this happened) I could know, say (for example), "Oh, he cannot come."

D: Um um um.

P: All right now, we just hold fast to our thinking. We like it too much. And we want, if my children grow up or suppose another child of my child grows up, this will remain yet. It's not going to be lost.

D: Now some men like you, who are strong about this thing, they walk around to see all places, and talk at all places, true? You talk at Nusawung, but do you talk to all men in all places?

P: No, I don't talk to all men. All men hear--I mean they all heard something came up at my place, now they also got it up, too, for everyone.

D: Ah.

P: Because they want to, that's all, because this liking for this America, it started long before, at the time the war finished. All right everyone around this place New Hanover, they all like America. Because Peter started this liking among all men; now I mean Peter was the first of all, I mean they marked him. They all said, "You, you talk about this." All right now, later something came up; all right, everyone was afraid--eh, they were afraid of jail. All right, they got up now, and they said: "Ai, this isn't our thinking, just Peter's."

D: Where did you say Peter was from?

P: Narimlawa. Just like today. I myself talk out about me. But in reports, too, everyone around, all report me, they all call my name. They all call my name--some do not understand, some who don't understand well the source of this thing, all right they call Bosmailik.

D: Ah.

BOSMAILIK

P: They do not understand. Everyone from every place else, they don't know about here. Just two places, Bolpua, Nusawung, Magam, they all know about me.

D: They all know about you.

P: But every place calls (the name of) Bosmailik--because Bosmailik stayed along with all of them.

D: The Americans.

P: Americans.

D: They don't know that you got this started.

P: Yes. All right now, that's the way they "shoot" at him: they all say, "Him, this man." But it's not (this man). When this thing got up, he had nothing to say. He used to just sit down and do nothing, and. . .

D: Yes, I heard at Ranmelek that Bosmailik had bought taxes. At Ranmelek, right? This election came up in Ranmelek, and a little time later it came up where?

P: Taxes came up in, um (thinking). . .

TAXES

D: Taskul? No.

P: Ah, no, they all came around to get money.

D: Oh. And did they come up to your place, too?

P: Yes, yes.

D: Ah, and you didn't want to pay. You told me the election was in the month of January--do you know what month they all came up (to get taxes)?

P: Ah, I've forgotten.

D: Maski, later I'll look in some book. All right now, I want to ask you--you told me your father was luluai. I would like to hear a little story about your life, so that I can understand who schooled you about everything. Your place is Nusawung--is that your true place?

P: Yes.

D: Nusawung--is it your mama's place, or your papa's?

P: My mother belongs at Meteran.<sup>74</sup>

PENGAI'S  
FAMILY

D: Meteran. What is her name?

P: Takonem.

D: Is she alive?

P: She is alive.

D: What does your mother think about this thing--does she have nothing to say, like your wife?

P: Oh, she is old. She is old, and she just sits down, and watches me.

D: She doesn't understand about all these things.

P: Un, she doesn't understand.

D: And your father, when did he die?

P: My father died, I think (pause). . . I think about fifty--, I think about sixty.

D: 1960. The war had been finished for a long time, and the Council had not yet come up.

P: Yes, yes, the Council hadn't come up yet.

D: Your father, was he luluai when he died?

P: He was luluai.

D: Was he luluai for a long time?

P: He had been luluai for a long time. The war hadn't come up yet, and my father was luluai. Now the war came up, and my father was luluai. On and on and on and on, then my father died; all right, I think something like two months, all right the Council came up.

D: Who was Councillor first in Nusawung?

P: Kase.

D: From where?

P: Straight from Nusawung.

D: Straight from Nusawung. He was Councillor for how many places?

P: Nusawung, Magam, Patekone, Neila.

D: Now when you were a little child did you have brother and sister?

P: I had brother and sister.

D: Who was no. 1, boy or girl?

P: Boy. (Here D turned off the tape and wrote his genealogy.)

D: Now you told me before, Pengai, that you have two sisters in your place, and your wife, they support you still. Follow your thinking, right?

P: Yes.

D: You talked (in giving his genealogy) of Neputek and Dora, the two still follow you.

P: Yes.

D: Now Erasmus, he does not follow you.

P: Yes.

D: Does he talk strongly to you (about it)?

P: Oh, I don't know if he would talk in front of me (of my eyes), because like this--if he talks in front of me, I am cross with him, now he knows--he wouldn't be up to talking to me.

D: He wouldn't talk back.

P: Un.

D: Are there some brothers of yours who are Benge Benge (clan) who stopped along with you in Patetab?<sup>75</sup>

P: No.

D: No. Now what does Vaitasmisa think of this election idea?

P: He stays along with me.

D: He helps you.

P: Yes.

D: Have you some brothers in Tien too?

P: Oh, I can't count them all.

D: You have plenty.

P: Plenty.

D: Do you have some brothers just in your clan that support you?

P: Yes. Not that stop close to me--they stop around and about.

D: Do you have some relatives of your mother's in Meteran?

P: Yes.

D: And do they support you?

P: They all support me.

D: Tell me the name of some and if I go to Meteran I would like to find them and talk to them a little.

P: Yes, I have three brothers.

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At this point in the interview, Silakau brought a plate of food to Pengai. He then said, "Excuse me," and left us to finish our discussion alone. I had noticed that people in New Hanover often excused themselves when they left a group, a custom generally absent in New Ireland. I commented on this, and asked Pengai to explain it to me from his point of view.

P: Like this, if we stop with a man, then we leave him, and do not let him know, now everyone will say: "This man is no good." FOOD AND HOSPITALITY: GIVING IT AND GETTING IT

D: Around and about--I didn't know this before.<sup>76</sup>

P: Our custom is like this: Suppose I--we learned this from our ancestors yet--suppose you come up to me, I must make good a bench for you to sit down, I must get food and give it to you, I must get water and give it to you. If you want to sleep, I make a bed for you. I make everything good for you. Because I will straighten out my own walkabout: later I will walkabout. . .

D: . . . and I will lookout well for you. True.<sup>77</sup> But hard work. Some men have this good way, and some do not. This man Silakau, he has this custom, and everyone, it makes me a little ashamed, because everyone comes to Silakau and Ngur; and the two look after me, and everyone around and about (laughs). But they are not cross, they like to look after (people), they have a good way.



P: Him, Silakau, and these two men here--Boserong, . . .

D: and Joseph.

P: Joseph.

D: He looks out well (for people).

P: Three people. This place has a story. It's got (a story about it) like this: they see a man, he is walking toward them, they will just stand up in the window of the house, and just look, and go inside.<sup>78</sup>

D: Run away, hide (laughs). In this place, Lavongai?

P: Yeh. This place striaght, here.

D: All no good men.

P: But all around, around Lavongai, it's good.

D: It's good. And why do you think right in Lavongai village itself. . . because it's close to the mission, or what?

P: Oh, just. . .

D: You can't know.

P: Can't know.

D: Now is it good in Ungat?

P: Ungat is good.

D: I think so too.

P: All right now you look at the law of all from before, the law of Layongai was this: Suppose how many men sit down, like you and me and the two married here;<sup>79</sup> all right now this man whose hand is no good, Tamangamiss, he wants to go up for a kulau (coconut at the stage where it is best for drinking), he would count us first. One for you, one for me, and two for the married couple here, and one for himself--just that.<sup>80</sup> Just that. He must get them for all. All right, now some men far away,

WORK: INDIVIDUAL  
AND COMMUNAL  
LABOR

D: Un. (Pause). Now I'll ask you another thing. Some men have said during the time of the luluai it was better than during the time of the Council: all men got together, and all men helped each other, and they worked hard in the "company" garden (the communal garden), and if one man wanted to make a house everyone would come together. Now I hear this talk, and I would like to hear what your thinking is. Is it true or not true?

P: It's true, it's the law of this Council--that is, about working together. No, I mean work together, everything, we get together for it. House, garden, everything. But there wasn't a man who did it. They made this talk, but they just lied. There wasn't a man who followed this kind (of way of doing things).<sup>81</sup>

D: The custom of you all before--suppose one man made a house--must his brother and his relatives help?

P: Oh before among us, they had this.

D: Now today, suppose Erasmus (Pengai's brother) makes a house--must you help him or not? Does he work alone and you work alone?

P: With us two, just we two, our work is like this: he does his work and me, I do my work.

D: Because you two are not close.

P: Yes.

D: In thinking. Suppose you make a house, have you got someone to help you?

P: No.

D: You alone.

P: Me alone yet.<sup>82</sup>

D: Oh, hard work. Have you got a verandah-style house?

P: I have.

D: And a cook house?

P: I have.

D: Plenty of work. Now tell me again--your mother gave birth to you in Patetab.

P: In Nusawung. But in that part that belongs to Patetab.

D: On the point.

P: Yeh.

D: Now she gave birth to you in this place, and you have stayed and stayed all the time in this place.

P: Yes.

SCHOOLING

D: Where did you go to school when you were a little boy?

P: I went to school right in Nusawung.

D: What kind of school--Seven-Day?

P: No. First I went to school with the Methodists. I went to school to the Methodists and I didn't know--about anything, reading and writing. . .

D: What did they teach you?

P: Just taught to call "ABC" in local language.

D: Did they teach you to write in the local language?

P: Yes. But I didn't know how. I mean I went to school, but I didn't get knowledge. All right now, Seven-Days came up now, and I went to school to the Seven-Days.

D: When the war had not yet come up?

P: No, the war had already come up. It was finished, then Seven Days came up. Seven Days came up in '50.

D: You were already big.

P: Oh, I was already big. All right now--I was already big, and they got me to go, and I did not. . . I mean at this time school was not strong as it is now. All right now, I went to this school of the Seven Days and (here) too I didn't understand.

D: What kind of teachers with the Seven Days?

P: They just taught with all the missionaries, they use to teach school.

D: (Missionaries) from where?

P: From Mussau.<sup>83</sup>

D: When you went to the Methodist school, was your teacher a missionary, too?

P: Yeh.

D: Taught everyone to sing church songs.

P: Yes. All right, Seven-Days came up, and they taught me to read in the Papua reader.

D: Papua reader. I've heard of it.

P: On and on and on and on, now I learn, I learn--now I don't learn very much. Like this, the man tells us to get the book--then he talks about the book, and he turns all the talk into English, and I used to hear it. Now I didn't know how to look at the book--I knew a little, that's all--how to look at the book. But as to the meaning of the words, I didn't understand. The same with English, that's all--on and on and on, now. A long time now, all right now I go to the hospital, now I don't know, I didn't know very much. I knew a little, that's all. Some words I knew, to read, some I didn't know. All right now I go now, and one man tok bilas to me.

D: "Tok bilas." Does that mean the same thing as "gammon?"  
I don't understand this pidgen expression.<sup>84</sup>

P: It's like this; the meaning of it is this--suppose I talk to you about something, that you should do it. All right now I say this "Ah, you do this, because you are a master, now you do this."

D: Ah, ah.<sup>85</sup>

P: All right now, you don't know how--I mean I shame (you)<sup>86</sup> --tok bilas at you, you master, and you don't know. All right, this now, he did this kind of talk and he got a tin and he said: "You went to school to the Seven-Days, and you are a Seven-Day, now I want you to read this."

D: Who gave it to you?

P: A man.

D: A man from Lavongai?

P: Yeh. All right, this man was a Methodist--now I stopped and I thought: what will happen, I have left my place, and I have left school, too, and this place has no teacher in it. All right now, I walked about and I got a book. A book, they call it Bible Story. I had no understanding, but I looked at it.

D: And you did not understand the meaning.

P: I did not understand the meaning, but I looked at it, on and on and on and on--like, this time that I looked at it, it was something like--one year. Now I didn't get the meaning yet.

D: Was there no one to help you?

P: No one. All right now I studied in this book, and I used to pray to the "Big Man" to help me--because he got sorry from this talk. All right now I worked, on and on and on and on; all right now, in this way I began

to get a little savvy. Now I can look at a book--suppose a book is written in English, I can look and I can read it. All right now, some of the words, I can understand the meaning. All right now--my understanding came up from this.

D: From work.

P: Yes--from my studying now, in this way my understanding began. On and on and on and on, they put me to help all teachers now, as I told you about before.

D: You helped all the SDA teachers.

P: Methodist.

D: Where?

P: In Analaua. All right now, I helped them all, and they all wanted to hear the story of SDA.

D: Did you work with children belonging to Methodists and Seven-Days and Catholics too?

P: No. Just Methodists. I wasn't like a teacher, I worked like a missionary.

D: You schooled all in the Bible.

P: Yes. Because the Bible of the Seven-Days they have put into English. All right, not everyone understands English, they understand local talk. All right now, me, I understand. . .

D: You understand English.

P: I just understand a little, and I understood how to use this book because it had pictures.

D: Now all Seven-Days put the Bible only into English?

P: Yes.

D: And the Seven-Days teach you all English?

P: Yes. All right on and on--then finished.

D: What year did you go to Analaua?

P: I went in 1954.

D: And you stayed until '58.

P: '57.

D: At the time you went, were you already married?

P: I went, I was married to one woman; now, like, this marriage was no good.

D: She ran away?

P: Unn.

D: Now you, you went to Analaua and you were not married.

P: Yes.

D: Now you came back from Analaua, and married Meleni, right?

P: No, I married another woman.

D: What is the name of your second wife?

P: Elsi.

D: What is the name of the first?

P: Rene.

D: And she ran away. Is she married to another man now? (He nodded affirmatively.) Now you married the second time to Elsi, and you had no children?

P: Had no children.

D: Where is Elsi now?

P: She is there.

D: Did she marry another man?

P: Yes.

D: Now later--who left, did you leave Elsi or Elsi leave you?

P: Oh Elsi left me.

D: Now later you married Melani, number three.

P: Yes.

D: In what year did you marry Melanie?

P: In '61.

D: '61. The time the Council came up now.

P: Yes.

D: It was this Melanie who teased you that you wanted to be Councillor, at the time you had this vision.

P: Yes.

D: I want to understand well now. At the time when the Seven-Days began, in 1950, you were already big. Now they let you come to school?

P: Oh yes, I used to walkabout to come to school. But I didn't go to school a lot. I used to just go look at the school, then I used to go back--because I thought of my mother. Because she had no man to help--I used to go work in order to help Mama.<sup>87</sup>

D: Now you were already big, you weren't able to go to school all the time.

P: Yes.

D: Some others who were already as big as you, did they go back to school a little?

P: Oh--there was no one.

D: Just you, you wanted to go to school.



P: I wanted to go to school, but I didn't gain understanding. All right, when I came back to Analaua and I was a big man already, now one kiap came. When I talked to him, and he heard my "mouth," it spoke good talk. It would talk something, and it was straight, that's all. I was already a big man and he talked of sending me to school.

D: A kiap.

P: Un.

D: What was his name?

P: Master Paul.

D: Master Paul Bloomfield?

P: I think? I don't know.

D: What year. When you left Analaua? Had the Council started?

P: I think in '58.

D: He talked to you of going to school where?

P: Konkaul.<sup>88</sup>

D: What kind of school?

P: SDA.

D: You learn what?

P: No, I did not come. He talked to me, but I said, "Oh my time for school is already gone, I can't any more now, I'm a big man already, I can't get any more savvy." (Pause.)

D: You just stay in your place now.

P: I just stay in my place.

WORK

D: Have you left your place for some work?

P: Oh, I've left my place for some work. I went to Rabaul.

I stayed in Rabaul for five months.

D: For what work?

P: I did not go work straight for one master. I just went and,

like, saw the place. I used to go, now I did not go to work--no, I worked first on a ship.

D: (interrupts) Where did you sleep?

P: I used to sleep in the bush. True bush in Rabaul--a place they call Gunanoot.

D: Is there a house?

P: There is a house.

D: People who speak your language?

P: No. All men of Rabaul. But I went, and I used to talk together with them all, and, like, they used to like me, too.

D: Things were good for you in this place.

P: Things were good for me in this place, and they all wanted very much for me to stay with them all. But I said I have children, I can't stay with you all, I will go back yet to my own place.

D: Now you told me you worked first a little on a ship.

P: Yes.

D: What ship?

P: (pause) Before they called it NIMSA. But now it's Medea.<sup>89</sup>

D: Belonged to the Cooperative.

P: Yes.

D: And did you hold another job in Rabaul?

P: No.

D: Just this. Now did they give you food? What did you eat?

P: I just used to eat around and about off all the kanaka.<sup>90</sup>

D: Off all kanaka. They gave to you.

P: Yes.

D: Their custom. A good custom (laughs). You had no money at this time.

P: No, I had a little money that belonged to me.

D: You went on a ship to Rabaul? Did you go on a plane?

P: I went on a ship, on this ship yet. I worked on this ship and I went and I went and then I ran away.

D: Ran away from the ship.

P: Un.

D: Now five months passed and then you came back now?

P: I came back again on a ship.

D: On a ship. What ship?

P: Un, Red Sky.

D: I've heard of this ship--who does it belong to, a Chinese?

P: Now it belongs to a Chinese, but before it belonged to the Mission.

D: Unhuh.

P: Belonged to the Catholics.

D: Belonged to the Catholics. Now at the time you stopped in Rabaul, did you like Rabaul? Is it a good place, or no good?

P: Oh it's a good place, Rabaul.

D: Did you go around and about in all the stores and every place?

P: Yes.

D: Yes, I stayed a little time, too, in Rabaul. A good place. All right now, you left Rabaul. You went to Rabaul when? 1959. You were married to whom, Melani?

P: Yes, and I left her. 1963.

D: This Doris, your first child. . .

P: She had been born.

D: She had been born.

P: All right now, Geslin, she too had been born.

D: Geslin had been born too. Now 1963--you came back and this election started.

P: No, I came back in this very year, in '64. I came back in '64, all right this election now. (Long pause).

D: 1964.

P: No, I mean I came back, and this thing I've forgotten, this book here--(The book is consulted.)

D: Yes, you wrote plenty of days here and you have not explained well about it.

P: I came back on (referring to the book)--I've counted backward here.

D: 9,8,7, 6--now you told me January.

P: January 6 I got the vision about this election.

D: Yes.

P: All right, I came on this very day, January 6; so I came up at night, I slept this night, all right this thing came up.

(We go over this conversation again twice. P is certain that he had his vision on his first night home.)

D: Why did you write this, is this the day you left Rabaul, or what?

P: No, I left Rabaul on, on, on . . .

D: You go back because--6, 7, 8, 9, 10--why do you remember Sunday, January 10?

P: This one now is like this--I will think of this idea--Now all this day, 6, I dreamed, all this day I stopped and did nothing, I wasn't thinking (about it).

D: 6, you dreamed, and 7 you stopped and didn't do anything, and Friday, the 8th--what?

P: Umm, and Saturday the 9th. . .

D: And Sunday the 10th you talked.

P: Yes.

D: Unhuh! Now you didn't say that clearly before. Now this vision came on at this time you left Rabaul. In Rabaul did you talk to some people about this thing, about America?

P: No--not at all.

VISION

D: It came up just in the dream.

P: (Long pause). But it's not like I dreamed about, I mean, this. . .

D: No, you dreamed about a brown-skinned man who dressed in white.

P: Yes.

D: Now in this dream of yours, this man said what?

P: He just came up and he said to me. . .

D: Said what . . .

P: He said: "You get up and you talk."

D: "You get up and you talk." Now he told you that you should talk about what?

P: He just said to me this: "You get up and you talk." (Talking fast and excited now). Now I didn't know about anything to talk about. All right, then I got up and I talked and then I opened my eyes. I opened my eyes so I could see some men sitting around the edge--so that I could see all, too,

and answer this. All right now I wanted to look and my eyes, I opened them completely. I no more had my eyes closed. My eyelids went up completely.<sup>91</sup>

D: Ah, went up completely.

P: Yes. All right now. . .

D: Who saw you?

P: Huh?

D: Who saw you? And talked to you later? When your eyes opened completely, who was with you?

P: I was with my wife and I said then--my eyes opened, I slept then and I thought, "I'm not asleep," my eyes went open completely then, then I said: "Hey, what now?"

D: Ah--were you afraid a little?

P: No, I was not afraid.

D: You weren't afraid.

P: I said: "Ah! I saw something here."

D: Ah.

P: Why--I mean I talked with--me, I alone talked. (Still fast and excited.) Why now did I see this, very many, many, many people, and why did this man come again, and tell me to stand up and talk to all these people.

D: Now at this time you did not know yet what you would talk about--true?

P: Unn, I didn't know.

D: Now how did you find out that you must talk about America?<sup>92</sup>

P: Oh, later now. I stopped and did nothing all this day then.

D: Yes.

D and P - 7, 8, 9

P: During 7, 8, 9 I stopped and did nothing.

D: Nothing. You did not know what you would talk about.

P: Yes. All right now, on the 10th now, the idea came to me.

D: The idea came and got you, right?

P: Yes. It got me now. Because I sat down and I

ELECTION--HOW  
IT STARTED

heard that everyone did not like the election.

D: Ah, heard first that everyone did not like the election.

P: Now on 7, 8, 9 I heard that everyone did not like the election.

All right now, I thought then: if they don't like the election, what will happen? All right now I thought--in my mind I said: "It's true, if we vote (just me, talking to me)--it's true, suppose we vote, but we vote for one black man. Or one white man. By and by he will show us about what now?" I thought to myself, that's all! All right now, I didn't talk, I just heard everyone say they did not like the election, now I just talked to myself alone. All right, (that went) on and on now, and they all said: "Oh suppose I vote for America," everyone in the place now. Lungatan (plantation) were all talking now.

D: Lungatan.

P: Un.

D: Near Mataniu (village).

P: Um, they all said, "Ah"--the talk of all, now, that's all. And this talk got around quickly, because it was the idea of all men: they did not want to vote for one . . .

D: Australian.

P: Un.

D: For a black man.

P: Um. All right now, this is what they all said to us, they did not want to vote for a -- "We want to vote for America." All right now I heard this talk, and I said: "I think everyone, yet, they want what I want, too." All right now, we heard it from down (the other direction), too: "We don't want to vote for one man, we want to vote just for America." This thinking now grew. Just like I had thought all these days. I had heard it, and I had thought it.

D: Number 9 (the 9th of January).

P: Unn. All right now, on this day, number 10 day (the 10th of January), my thinking became completely clear, and I talked then: I said, "Yes," and I said, "All right, it is thus the wish of everyone; all right, me, I talk out about it. All right I can say this, we can do it." All right now, this now, I found out the name of this man on the 10th. I went and asked Bosmailik for the name of President Johnson, so he called it for me, all right. . .

D: You got this idea first, then later you went and asked Bosmailik for the name of Johnson.

P: Yes.

D: Um.

P: Then he called it.

D: You asked him on Sunday.

P: Yes. Sunday, now, I went and asked him. It was like this-- at night, all right I slept. All right, dawn in the morning, I still thought about this. All right now, I said all right, I will find out this name of this man who replaced (long pause) Kennedy.

D: Now how did you know about Kennedy?



P: I heard on. . .

D: the radio--

P: . . .the radio.

D: Did you hear at this time they shot him. . .

P: Yes. Oswald shot him.

D: Umm. Oswald. Um.

P: Ah, him, that's all. All right now I went and asked him. . .

D: Now when Kennedy was President, had you heard here about America and that Kennedy was president?

P: No.

D: Just when they shot him.

P: Yes. We hadn't heard of Kennedy, that he was one of the presidents of America. We just heard, that's all, about this now--ah, we heard just then that they shot the President of America, and his name was Kennedy. All right now, it came up at the same time, too, this name (Johnson), but me, I did not hear it.

D: Johnson? Just the name.

P: Yes. I hadn't heard that either. So I kept asking around then, and I went and asked Bosmailik.

D: Bosmailik knew because he had heard the talk ontop on the mountain.

P: Yes.

D: Now Bosmailik--he didn't put this idea in your head.

P: Yes, Bosmailik did not put this idea to me.

D: You got it.

P: Yes.

D: It came up just in this dream.

P: Yes.

D: This dream said that you should talk, and you heard this talk and you thought: ah, later I will talk about this thing, right?

P: No. I didn't think like that. I didn't say that.<sup>93</sup>  
But when I stood up in court, now I thought--my thoughts were going around because this court came on top of me.

D: What court, this court where?

P: Court of the election. It came to me, all right I thought then, and I thought back.

D: The election court in Nusawung.

P: Yes. Like, all the kiap made court against me, put me into court.

D: When the election was finished in Ranmelek.

P: Un. The election finished at Ranmelek, and they stayed searching around now to find out who did this.

D: This Sunday, the 10th, you stood up and talked with--talked to all in Nusawung, right?

P: No.

D: You talked where?

P: I asked him then.

D: Bosmailik.

P: Yes. Now the 11th, Monday, now, I talked then.

D: Where.

P: In Nusawung.

D: To all men and women and children altogether--

P: Yes, yes.

D: On Monday. On line?

P: No, it wasn't on line.

D: All stopped together?

P: They all stopped together, that's all.

D: Now you sang out to all to come hear you?

P: Yes.

D: And you said what on Monday the 11th.

P: I spoke thus: "Now thus we stop now, and all these men--they all make all these elections, and it's not straight. They don't support everything about the election. All right, now me, I think, I hear, it's not straight. All right now me, I say I would like to vote for President Johnson, because you all, all around New Hanover, we altogether, we all think of America. All right now thus I follow the wishes of us altogether, and I 'shoot' it to you now. I talk out now among us, we can do it now."

D: Now on the 7th, 8th, 9th you heard men say they do not like Australia, and you heard some say they like America?

P: Oh, I heard it.

D: Who, everyone?

P: Everyone entirely.

D: Now who put this idea of America in everyone's head? They had thought of it for a long time?

P: They had thought of it for a long time, because we go on sitting down, now, like. . . .

D: . . . something good does not come up.

P: No, we keep on sitting down, and we keep thinking, and, like, we keep saying: "Why is our pay no good?"

D: Un.

P: That, all these things; we sit down, as is our custom, we sit down, meet--

D: and talk.

P: . . . and talk, "Why is this? We--our pay is not good--Oh, I

think they don't help us well. Now--what's going on?" Like, we would turn it around and about. "It's not like this everywhere--in Kavieng, too, they have it, in whatever place they have. . . "

D: All turn it around ("mull it over"). We, too, it's the same with all white skins, we sit down and talk--"Why don't I get more money, everything is not straight." We, too, turn over all the talk, hear all ideas--we too.

P: Oh yes.

D: All men I think don't have this way. You all think a lot here, and that's good, too. You all talk well, and think well, and that's good. I think in some places they don't think a lot about everything. It's a good way, because by and by something good must come of plenty of thinking. But if you sit down and do nothing, you won't have something good come up.

All right now, on the 11th you talked to everyone--and this election came up, didn't you say on the 16th?

P: (Pause)--Ah yes! Ah, we came to vote then.

D: Yes, you wrote it. I am writing it in this book. Come vote. All right now, at the time you stayed in Analaua you worked as a teacher a little, I think you weren't very sick, right? Were you very sick?

P: Oh, I was very sick. (Pengai showed me his lame hand.)

D: Ah! You can't close it (make a fist) well?

P: I can't close it well, and I can't straighten it well.

D: It's not strong, right?

P: Yes--no, it's strong, but its got a tendon that has tightened.

D: Ah--the tendon has tightened from this (leprosy).

All right you stayed and stayed. You did not go to school, you just helped teach about the Bible story. Now who gave you this book, "Bible Story"?

P: It belonged to me yet. I came, this book belonged to me father, who bought it for my little brother, because he stopped in school.

D: Ah. Your little brother.

P: Yes.

D: What's his name?

P: Bosmailik.

D: Ah--now Bosmailik, his name didn't come up on this kinship diagram--he's not a true brother, right?

P: No, he has another mama.

D: And one papa (for you both).

P: Yes.

D: Now, Vaitasfinis. . .

(tape off, while I do kinship chart, then on again).

P: You looked at this book, here, the writing--

D: Yes.

P: I can't--my hand isn't very good.

D: At what?

P: At writing. (I think he may mean his handwriting--rather than his leprosy or whatever else.) I talked to my wife, and she wrote it.

D: Oh, she wrote it. Oh, she writes well. You tell her I said she writes very clearly. I don't have to ask a lot of things.

Now I would like to know a little about your father. Has he schooled you a little about the old days, the time of fighting, songs from

before; because I would like to understand, too, about all the customs from before. I have been to Ungat, and I talked to one old man there about one custom called Maras, and Mokatiptip, where men go inside a fence--do you know of this custom?

TRADITIONAL CULTURE

P: I know. I mean I've heard of it, but as to how to work it, I don't know.

D: Ah. You haven't seen it at Patetab. Nor in Nusawung?

P: In Nusawung they did it before.

D: Before.

P: Now me, I hadn't been born yet. I don't know.

D: Now in Nusawung they did it before. I have forgotten, this old man told me they all did it before in two places, in Ungat and in Nusawung, that's all. Now when you were young, did you help your mama in the garden **and** in the bush with everything? You go to your father's ground, right?

P: Yes.

D: Now do you still know your father's ground, does your wife go to your father's ground in Patetab?

P: Yes.

D: You all work on your father's ground. (No response.)<sup>94</sup>  
No, I am asking, because I have been in New Ireland and everyone there goes to the ground of his mama, that's all. Now here, it's a little bit different. Now (pause)--when you were little, did you used to make singsing in your place?<sup>95</sup>

P: What kind of singsing ?

D: Oh, all kinds from before.

P: True, all the singsing from before that belonged to all our ancestors that were done at the time of a big feast, all right, we used to do them.

D: And when you married this wife Melini, did you buy her with mias (shell currency)?

MARRIAGE

P: Yes.

D: How much?

P: Ten mias.

D: Ten mias. Now your first wife, did you buy her too?

P: Oh I bought her too.

D: And number two?

P: I bought her.

MIAS

D: You lost plenty of mias. Now you got this mias where?

P: Huh? I got it from--I mean when I was little--when I was little, now, like, everything--they all used to call me for it. Papa used to call me for it.

D: Your papa gave it all to you?

P: Yeh. Like--garden, or pig, or yes--garden, and pig, that's all, two things.

D: Un, he gave it to you.

P: Like, he used to give it to me, and he used to say: "This belongs to"--then he called my name. All right, later they all bought this thing, all right this (mias) must be for me. Everyone can't get it and, like --spend it.<sup>96</sup>

D: Later who all gets it, the relatives of the father?<sup>97</sup>

P: No, it stops straight with my mama.

D: Uh, uh.

P: All right, then I was big, I got it myself. All right, this woman now they wanted me to marry, my first wife, all right I got this pay and I married her.

D: And your papa gave you this mias?

P: Oh, no--I mean he did not give it into my hand--no. Like everything, they used to call me (my name), now they all used to buy, but the money wouldn't go to papa--it would go right to mama.

D: Now you got this mias from your mother.

P: Yes.

D: And your mother got it from your father?

P: No. . .

D: . . . got it from his relatives.

P: He got it from a man who bought something.<sup>98</sup>

D: Oh, from men who buy something from mama.

P: Yes.

D: Now men bought what from your mama?

P: Pig and garden.

D: Ah. Now they can't buy this garden, the one that stops with you, right?<sup>99</sup>

P: Um.

D: Do you know the name of this ground that your garden is on?

P: (Pause) Oh, like, my father was a big man, and his ground is very big.

LAND OWNERSHIP

D: Very big.



P: Big ground.

D: He has plenty of ground. Now did he give a garden to Erasmus too?

P: We all work together.

D: All the children.

P: Yes.

D: You all work on the ground of your father.

P: Yes.

D: And Bosmailik, does he work along with you, too?

P: Un, he works along with us.

D: Ah--now, have you got sago, too, in this place? (He must have nodded yes.) Ah. Now today have you got a pig?

P: Oh, now today I haven't got a pig.

D: Yes--everyone doesn't have pig today. A few only. Now--do you cut copra--in your place, have you a place to dry it, a copra dryer?

P: No.

D: Nusawung hasn't got one?

P: Oh, it's got coconuts, but not plenty. Just a few, and some men got them. Sometime have coconuts from their fathers. But I don't worry much about them, because there are plenty of us.

D: You have plenty of coconuts.<sup>100</sup>

P: No--yeh, papa.

D: Oh, papa.

P: Papa has plenty of coconuts, and we, all his children, are many. All right now I don't worry about this, I say, "They belong to you all."

D: Ah, Nusawung can have them.

P: Yeh. All right now I say, "Maski, I'll stop, I can't hold this."

D: Un. Now have you some coconuts that belong straight to you?

P: Oh, that belong to me myself, me now, I planted them myself.

D: You planted them.

P: But it's not like that.

D: Little yet.

P: I started to plant coconuts in (pause) '63. Afterward I went to Rabaul. All right, I came back in '64, I squared this part.<sup>101</sup>

D: Un, un. Now suppose you want to sell dries--who buys them in your place in Patetab?

P: For copra?

D: Un.

P: Oh, there's no one who buys this copra. This copra they make--it's not every one who works copra--all right now, they sell it to the Cooperative.

D: To the Cooperative. Have you a cooperative store in Nusawung?

P: There is no store.

D: There's a Cooperative to buy copra.

P: Yeh, in Meterankan.

D: Now have you a drying house to dry copra?

P: Before I had, because I used to buy dries.

D: Before you used to buy dries.

P: Yeh.

D: Now you quite this for what reason?

P: I kept going to jail. . .

D: Oh yes, you could not carry this work then.

P: All right now my children and wife, too, they all hold this money. I tell them all, "We can use this money, maski."

D: Because there was no man. . .

P: . . . to help them.

D: Um. Now who in Patetab has a dryer--no one?

P: There hasn't been one for a long time. One man has a drying house now--there's one in Nusawung straight.

D: Who is the man who has one?

P: Yaman.

D: He buys dries for how much?

P: He used to buy dries but now, now he no more buys dries.

D: I think I (tape stops and starts)--I'll ask you now. Eron and Kamak came--did they support you in this? Did you say Eron?<sup>102</sup>

P: Eron, that's all.

D: Kamak, no.

P: Yes.

D: What did Kamak say?

P: He came up and said, I'll look first.

D: He waits. He wasn't cross with you?

P: He wasn't cross.

D: Um.

P: He said just that, I'll look first--suppose it's true, all right I can go.

(tape stops, starts)

(D to D on tape in English--Before about the copra he said this man didn't buy copra any more because copra no longer got big pay. We stopped in the tape briefly because the tape was winding badly.)

D: All right this man Yaman--you said his name before. It was he who talked at the time of the election in Ranmelek.

P: Yes.

D: Now I have forgotten, what did he talk about at this time?

P: He talked like this: Mister Spencer said, ah, "You, America cannot come up, because America is a long way away." All right now he replied to that statement and he said: "It's all right, it's a long way, but I stop on ground that belongs to me, and I vote for it, by and by it should come."

D: Yaman said that.

P: Yes.

D: And Yaman, does he follow you yet?

P: Yes.

D: Now (pause)--who was luluai at Nusawung straight? Your father.

P: Yes.

D: At Nusawung and Patetab together. Now I heard that at this time--Silakau told me--you had a meeting that came up at night, right? At Patekone. This (man) Makios talked at it, right?

P: (Pause) Oh yes, I don't know, because me, I still stayed in my place.

D: You remained still in your place.

P: Yeh.

D: You came up just on the day the election broke.

ELECTION--  
HOW IT STARTED

P: Yes. When I had done this (made his speech), all right now I went back to the place where I live, and they all did this. Because it wasn't the thinking of me alone. It was the thinking of everyone, that's all, but me, I brought it out.

D: Now I want to ask you about your thinking about some kiap.  
Now Master Spencer, was he a good kiap or no good? KIAP

P: (Long pause) Well--I mean--there's nothing in particular about him, he just followed his work, that's all.

D: He just followed his work.

P: It's his work--such as putting a man into court, or. . .

D: You can't say anything about him, because he just did his job.

P: Yeh.

D: The same for all kiap, Master Benhem, and Master Toughy, now all are the same?

P: Oh yes, all are the same, and the same for everything they all said, they said it as part of their work. That is, I cannot know, because I think, whatever they all said, the government itself sent to them. All right me, I cannot know. . .

D: . . . because it was something the government sent. WHITE PEOPLE

P: Yes.

D: Were there some in this thinking who were cross with all Europeans? All white skins?

P: Some men?

D: Um.

P: Oh no, there wasn't a man who was cross with all. I mean, in this election, too, that we got up now, no one was cross.

D: They weren't cross.

LIKE, NOT CROSS

P: Um. But we, I mean, just did it just because of like, that's all.

D: Like.

P: But they all, they got up then and made things bad for us. But if they had all sat down first and put their ears (listened)--all right then they could hear what happened, America answered or did not answer. Thus they could get our talk, (get what we had to say), and they could bring it to America, all right America could bring (back) their talk to them. Because they (Australians) stop here. America could say what will happen, they all cannot hold us, or they all can hold us yet.<sup>103</sup>

D: You talked about some Americans--did you go to Father Kelly at this time? Some went to Father KELLY and asked him. . . did you send a letter to Amercia? (slight pause) Who sent them?

P: I didn't send one.

D: You didn't send one. Now you don't know about this. You don't know some, I think Oliver, came to Father Kelly--you, you didn't come.

P: No. Oliver doesn't know--but I know this because--I can't know because, it's not as though it's something to do with me alone. (His talk is somewhat fast and excited.)

D: Something to do with all.

P: Something to do with everyone; but me, I have the name for nothing for it. Like me, I got it up.

D: You got it up--now they call your name.

P: But it's like this, it is something that everyone wanted. All right now, the wish of everyone remains. All right then they all said:

"Ah, no good we go to jail." All right me, I got up and I said: "It's all right, maski, we can get this up."

D: Now I want to understand, that's all. You said you have no answer yet, several times you said to me you have no answer yet. Now you have no answer yet from America, right?

P: Yes.

D: Now--I think some have written letters, now have they replied?

P: Yeh, I think so. (Said casually.)

D: You don't know well about this. (Pause.) Now suppose you get a letter from America, and they say America doesn't want to come, what would you do?

P: Oh, I haven't anything that I would do.

D: You haven't got any thinking about this.

P: Yeh.

D: You just wait? (No response--pause.) Now--this year, did you pay taxes?

P: This year, now? Now, now, in this year? TAXES

D: Umm, 1967. Did they come to get taxes yet?

P: 1967, '66--oh, it's not yet.

D: It's not yet. Now in 1966 you did not buy them, right?

P: 196. . .

D: Carrol bought them.

P: Yes.

D: Now this year, do you think you will buy taxes?

P: This year?

D: Um.

P: Oh, I can't say, right?

D: You wait.

P: I stop like this because, like, there's one thing, I'm afraid, that's all, of . . .

D: . . . another jail. . .

P: My hand.

D: Ah.

P: My hand, that's all, I'm afraid because of it, because, suppose it's like this: whatever kind of trouble I myself have, or like whatever they do, cut my neck, now that's very good. I could die and leave this (unclear word). But they put me all the time into jail and my body pains.

D: Um. Now suppose you bugger up completely in jail, according to your thinking, Maski? No, you said suppose you die it's all right.

P: Yes.

D: But you don't like your body to pain all the time.

P: Yes. (Pause.)

D: Now in jail do they give you the same work they give all men, with your hand?

P: Yes.

D: They don't give you work a little more . . .

P: No.

D: Now (pause)

(tape off, on)

I have herad it said that some men got money around and about from all to send to President Johnson. Have you given money for this thing?

P: What time?

D: Before, at the time of the election in Ranmelek, Oliver and Robin got money to send to President Johnson.



P: Me, I. . .

D: A boy, Laksia, told me.

P: Laksia? (Sounds surprised.)

D: You know Laksia?

P: I know him.

D: He stays now in Mangai, in New Ireland, along with me.

P: Yes, he--this thing, the two stopped in the bush and they did it, we don't know. Now true, it's like this, plenty of men, like, heard (followed) the talk of the two, right? But me, I couldn't hear (follow) the talk of the two because I didn't make this vote with money. I made the vote with my mouth. All right, suppose I, like, hear the answer--and they say "Yes," all right I can bring my money to America because it's my government and will help me. I can tax to it.

MONEY--  
COLLECTED

(tape on and off)

D: Now you say you don't know about this thing, getting money from everyone.

P: Yes.

D: You didn't get it.

P: I didn't get it.

D: Have you heard this talk?

LEADERSHIP

P: I have heard this talk, now they all think about getting money, but I don't know about this thing because, I mean, me, I am the root. I am the root of this thing. All right, another man gets up, now I cannot know about his road. He makes it.

D: Unn.

P: But me, I made the election along another road. Him, he follows. . .

D: . . . another road.

P: Like this, they all talk "election." All right me, I just follow the election, that's all. I don't follow this getting money, now give it to go. Because this thing is like this--suppose I vote. All right, all countries hear of my vote: all right, they say, "Yes" to it, and they bring men to rule me, according to the law of this country; all right, I can bring money, I can tax to it because it's my government.

D: Ah.

P: But I do it on nothing. . .

D: . . . do it for nothing to a man not government.

P: Yes. And the money of the man he, like, steals. He comes for mias for nothing from me. (Pause.)

MIAS

D: Um, what you say is true. (Pause.) Now you all in your place, you buy plenty of things still with mias, true? In the village? Or do you buy just pig and women with mias today?

P: Oh yes. . .

D: Can you buy sago and kaukau with mias?

P: No.

D: Just money.

P: Just money.

D: Among you, one basket of kaukau is how much?

P: Among us? It's like this now, it's according to the man himself.

D: The man. You can't ask, right?<sup>104</sup>

P: Just suppose it's like this, him yet, his basket, and so him, he calls the pay for it. All right me, I buy it.

D: Ah--the man who has the basket, he calls the pay for it. Un.

P: Un.

D: You all in Patetab, have you still got mias, mias from before?

P: (laughs) Oh no.

D: It's finished.

P: Um.

D: Oh, it's hard work for me to find some mias to go along with me to my place. (Laughs.)

P: Oh, plenty of men have it.

D: Plenty of men have it?

P: In Saula.

D: They have it in Saula?

P: In Patirina they have it--suppose you ask some big man.

D: Buka, I'll ask him. Saula, Patirina.<sup>105</sup>

P: Un.

D: All right now I don't understand well about everything I should ask you. I ask you now just have you some further talk about this election you think I should know about?

P: Oh yes, just, like, one talk like this, that's all. This election got up like this: we are not cross with Australia, no, not at all. But we are a little cross just because of this: they made us pain in jail.

D: Before you were not cross--just afterward, about jail.

P: Yes. We are cross just because they made us pain in jail. Because, like this: it's my business--like me, I voted on my own ground; all right the Australian government comes, all right it can see me at something that is my business on my ground. It's the same for them--suppose they want to do whatever thing in Australia, all right, me, I cannot stop this.

D: Yes. Now you don't like them to stop you. (Pause.) Right?

P: Huh?

D: Now you think it's no good that they jail you on your own ground.

P: Yes. (Pause.)

(Tape off and on)

D: Now you talk here about no. 4 (in his book): "Suppose you see something that is no good, can you approve of it?" What is the meaning of this question?

P: The meaning is like this: me, I see something no good.

D: What, all the work of Australia--

P: Yeh. It's like, it doesn't lead me well into a good way, it does not school all the children about some new kinds of savvy, in order to straighten Papua and New Guinea. All right, that's the root of it now, of making this talk.

D: Now you say here: "Why haven't you showed us how to work metal so that we will be alike (equal)? You want, later, you want your life to be just like the life of all white skins, right?"

P: (very low) Yes.

D: Um. You want your house to have an iron roof, right?

P: Yes.

D: And you want to go about in a car, right?

P: Yes.

D: And ship--and plane--things like that. (Pause.) Now--what other kinds of things--radio, and--drink beer, and all things?

P: Oh no, all these things, we don't think of them. Like radio, or--beer or--

D: You don't think of just all cargo.

P: I don't think of something like this, about all cargo around and about. Something around and about. Just one thing, that's all, I think of, for something in order to straighten our way of life.<sup>106</sup>

D: So that you and white skins will sit down at one time (together, equal).

P: Yes. Like they must show me a good--they can call it. The government of Australia (must) bring one (or) how many men. All right now, they bring him and they say, "You all, this man will get up this work in this way. The Government of Australia gives him to you all. All right now, you all must tax to buy his savvy with money in this way."<sup>107</sup> All right, we can get up, and we can be truly happy following this kind (of way). But now we are looking yet. Or to make what--show us how to work, school all men about how to find metal, or how to straighten our way of life. One thing, that's all, we need: a good life in a good house, because sago leaf does not last a long time--one year and it buggers up and we have to work hard again (to make a new roof).

D: Um.

P: All right, that, that's all. These two things, that's all, we are strong about them, we want them.

D: House.

P: House, that's all.

D: Two things--house and what else?

P: Just house--iron and cement.

D: Cement.

P: That's all. Now as to everything else, we don't think too much about them, because. . .

D: All cargo . . .

P: All cargo, and everything, we don't think too much about them, just. . .

D: House--and cement, that's all.

P: Yes.

D: So you can sit down well.

P: Yes. All right now, I can do my own work; all right, whatever work the government talks about, I can get up in a good house, I get up in a good situation, I do it. All right, money comes up, whatever the government likes, I can just get it. When I get up hard work all the time to make a house, who will work for money to get up the government?

D: Now suppose you had a good house like white skins and white skins got a good house like yours; but the white skins still won't come and sit down together with you. Is that all right? Maski?

P: Oh, maski.

D: That's not important.

P: That's not important.

D: Um. You want just to have the same good things.

P: Yes.

D: Now suppose you sit down in a good house later, you think you could invite a white skin to come sit down together with you?

P: Oh, I can invite him.

D: You can invite him. You are not cross with white skins.

P: I am not cross with them. Any country, I am not cross.

D: You just want savvy.

P: Yes.

D: And house. (Pause.) Have you stayed a little in a house with an iron roof?

P: Oh, I haven't stayed in a house with an iron roof.

D: Have you gone inside some houses with iron rooves?

P: Oh I have been inside, but now I have slept just how many days or. . .

D: Where?

P: I go to Rabaul, I sleep in a house with an iron roof, I go to Taskul . . .

D: You go inside Carroll's house. . .

P: Yes.

D: . . . with an iron roof.

P: Yes. But I don't think too much about a house that will be just like the houses of all masters--true, they have all good things, window, glass, or . . .

D: You want just cement and iron.

P: Yes.

(Tape ends.)

When my tape finally ran out, my notes report that I tried to tell Pengai "a straight story" about whether or not America was going to come; and that his response was to tell me that he was going to go see Father. "He doesn't want to hear, just talk more."

In my notes, I make a little bit of fun of myself, I knew I was in some sense delivering a "party line," that I was obeying "company policy" to make clear to cultists that their ideas about the coming of America were wrong. This seemed clear to me when I talked to Pengai, but it became increasingly less clear to me as I talked to more cultists who showed me new perspectives on their situation, new avenues along which America might come. I saw increasingly on what frail acceptances World Mythology rests, and how really very narrow must be the view that reveals a clear, straight line.

Pengai got his second wind as I walked with him from my house along the beach to the raft which would carry him across the river to the Mission. I listened carefully to try to convey respect for his views, with which I had just had to disagree. In my notebook I have written that he said "No, I'm not cross, I cry yet. If Australia likes us, it must make us like a true country. We s-e, it's a little better now. Pay has come up a little--eight pounds per fortnight in Kavieng." I asked if many men got that much and he said plenty of men did. Then he added: "In Rabaul eight pounds, in Kavieng seven pounds." He went on: The root of this election and of his book is to straighten things. All are to go inside the government so that everything will be straight, all will be of one kind, that's all.

Then Pengai began to talk about the wrongs of the Cooperative society. There is plenty of talk about the Coop (i.e., plenty of negative talk). The big master of the Coop--not Michael, Master Even, whom Michael replaced--said their money would be enough, if capsized in the sea, to make a bridge from Kavieng to Nusa (island), if they worked hard.

We worked all that copra for nothing, Pengai said. They didn't buy it. We pulled in our canoes. Then the Coop bought a boat with our money, the Eruk. All right we went and went and went with the Eruk, then all New Ireland helped us, and we bought the Media (another boat). There was no money at first. It remained with the Coop store. Hard work--and where is all that was promised? They told us, "You will eventually get everything free from the Coop." Yes, they were told that. They didn't know by whom. The rebate never came up. We thought plenty about this: "Oh, I think Australia doesn't help me."

Pengai said he wanted to ask me something, and he volunteered that he was not afraid. The gist of the question was, did I think they were crazy. I said No, but you were wrong.



He said the masters were better to them now than before. They pay better, and they walkabout with us. I asked who. Carrol and Bob. Before, if a man came up to the House kiap (the government rest house, where I lived, and where the interview took place) he was raused (sent away told to get out) with a gesture. If the kiap ate, the luluai tabooed all from coming. I asked if they were cross with the Chinese, and he assured me they were not. He said Australia, America, every country does not like deception. I said that all governments deceive.

Before, he said, all were afraid of masters. The election got up, and the fear was finished. "We let out everything to the masters, and we, plenty of us, stayed in jail; all right, we aren't afraid now."

Pengai's Book

The following is a translation of the book Pengai wrote (translated from his pidgin English) to which we refer in our interview.

1. All men do not want to vote for a black man or a white man of Australia. Because they have not seen one good savvy of Australia.

They all think of America, but they are afraid of the lies of Australia.

All right now a man, Pengai, said we vote for President Johnson. Now he started in January, 64, on Sunday, the 10th day, and ran up through one week, and the lies were heard on 16th day in January 64.

2. You got Policemen from all districts. If you vote in Australia I can throw out your election? You look at all things: we don't want you because we don't want you for these.

3. Oh, can I put you in jail?

4. Suppose you look at something that's no good, can you give your approval of it? It's the same with me. I sleep under the leaves of a tree and it's not all right with me; so I vote for another country so it can straighten me.

I vote for America so it will teach me the same as Negroes and Africans. I don't like to buy something all the time, I like to make it myself with my hands. We ask the question to you now. Have you straightened Papua New Guinea so we should vote for you? Why haven't you shown us how to work metal so that we will be the same kind (equal). If you knew my local language what would happen. Or if you taught me English what would happen?

- 1) How many planes have you made for native Australians?
- 2) Would you like to make Papua New Guinea the same as the natives of Australia before?
- 3) Is Australia a place that belongs to black men or white men?
- 4) How many factories of iron and metal and bombs and muskets and some other kinds of know-how have you taught Papua New Guinea about?
- 5) Who do you want to make crazy?
- 6) Are you the only country?
- 7) We want to see our same-skins, Africans and Negroes, that are under America.

INTERVIEW WITH OLIVER

DB: I would like you to tell me a little about your family.  
You had one sister who died, is that right?

Oliver: Yes.

DB: When you were little, or when you were big?

Oliver: No, right now, just now. About five years ago. When  
the war was finished.<sup>108</sup>

DB: When you were little, you came up where--in the place of  
your mama, in the place of your papa?

Oliver: I came up right here.

DB: In this little place.

Oliver: Unn, in this little place.

DB: When you were little, was there a school here?

EUROPEAN SCHOOLS

Oliver: There was a mission school, Methodist.

DB: Who was the teacher?

Oliver: Just a mission boy.

DB: A native from where?

Oliver: Just from New Hanover.

DB: At that time, what did you do in school--did you talk English?

Oliver: No. Just the language of New Britain; and we learned to  
read, that's all; and write, and work figures, just a little. But the school  
did not teach many things or strong things.

DB: At this time, Oliver, did you know about the place where all were white skins, when you were just a child at school?

Oliver: They taught me with maps.

DB: Oh, they showed you a map.

Oliver: Yes, yes and pictures, too. I knew how to call them by name, but I did not see them with my eye.

DB: Yes, you call the name, that's all. It is the same with us. If we talk of New Guinea, we know how to call the name, that's all, but we do not understand well. And at that time, had you seen some white skins?

Oliver: When I was little? Unn, I came up when white skins already lived here (in the islands).

CONTACT WITH  
EUROPEANS

DB: Many white skins?

Oliver: Unn, many white skins, but not very many--there was a master from the mission, master of the government, and one master on the plantation.

DB: This Master Miller?

Oliver: Yes.

DB: I think Paulo caught his name.

Oliver: Yes.

DB: And did you see some white women?

Oliver: I saw them, but they did not live in New Hanover, but I used to go to Kavieng, and I saw some white women. But in New Hanover, there were none.

DB: When you were little, did your father bring you to Kavieng many times?

Oliver: They brought me to Kavieng many times. This was EXPERIENCE ELSEWHERE  
the work of Master Miller, and I used to go along to Kavieng.

DB: And your father worked for Master Miller.

Oliver: Yes.

DB: What kind of master was this Master Miller--was he good to your father or no good?

Oliver: He was good to my father. My father was the engine boy on his ship. They called the ship the "Lavongai."

DB: "Master Miller" (Paulo) told me that the real Master Miller died at the time of the war. WORLD WAR II

Oliver: Yes. Germans came and got him at Sali, jailed him, and killed him. They got him at Sali, and me, I stood up on the beach, and I saw it.

DB: You saw it. Very sorry. And at this time, the kiap to you, was he the same or a different kind than he is today. EARLY COLONIAL DAYS: RELATIONSHIPS WITH EUROPEANS

Oliver: Now, today, it's like this: the place is clear, and he does not come with work. But before it was hard in our place, it was still half dark,<sup>109</sup> and they did strong work before.

DB: What kind of strong work?

Oliver: They talked strongly about straightening the place. And if they did not all do the work, quickly, in a short time they brought everyone to jail.

DB: Were they cross all the time?

Oliver: They were always cross. They made everyone really very afraid before.

DB: At this time did the kiap come and sit down and sleep in the House Kiap (government rest house)?

Oliver: They used to come and they used to sleep in the House Kiap.

DB: And did you used to go inside their house?

Oliver: We did not go inside their house, it was taboo for us to go inside their house, and it was taboo for us who were just nothing (i.e. not the luluai or some other government officer), just anyone, to go talk together with them. All the luluai, that's all (could talk to them). (Oliver said this rapidly, in a tone of interest and resentment.)

DB: The kind of man who sat down at the table and everyone brought him food, this kind of man.

Oliver: Yeh.

DB: They stopped a long way from you all.

Oliver: Un!

DB: Now today they come closer. . .

Oliver: Now today they come close to us, and today we sit down together, and today, at this time, they eat together with some people.

DB: Now this kind of master that stopped on the plantation before, Master Miller, did he eat together with your father?

Oliver: Master Miller before, he did not have one man that ate together with him.

DB: He (ate) alone, that's all.

Oliver: He (ate) alone, that's all.

DB: All right. Now you went to mission school for how long--  
a long time, or . . . OLIVER'S  
YOUTH

Oliver: I did not stop a long time at school. I stopped a little while, and then--then the war came up.

DB: At the time of the war, where did you stay?

Oliver: At the time of the war, they all got me, I was little yet, I did not shave yet.

DB: And you lived with your father and mother?

Oliver: I lived with my father and mother at this time.

DB: In Mamion.

Oliver: In Mamion.

WORLD WAR II:  
JAPANESE

DB: And did the Japanese come to see you all here?

Oliver: Japan used to come--and they used to fill themselves up around and about here, and they used to bugger up everything of ours at this time. Bugger up the house--they used to go inside the house, they used to take things, whatever kind of things, lap lap or box, whatever kind of thing, and they all went and got all kinds of things from the garden. At this time, we were really afraid of them here.

DB: You were afraid of the Japanese.

Oliver: Unn, because they were men who fought.

DB: And steal.

Oliver: Unn.

WORLD WAR II  
BUKA

DB: Yesterday Anania (Oliver's brother) told me that you went to Buka during this time.

Oliver: At this time, Master Bell came up--to Nemto.

DB: Where?

Oliver: An island here, close to Lukus. And he came to get a "line" (of men) to go carry for all the men. To carry for all the men who fought, all the soldiers. All right, they came and got me then.

DB: You were young!



Oliver: I was young, I did not shave yet.

DB: And you went along with everyone?

Oliver: I went along with everyone. I went, I came up to Emira (island) in the morning, and I got a number.

DB: I keep hearing about this number. What was this number?

Oliver: It was the same as a name, that's all, just a name.

DB: Just a name.

Oliver: New Ireland, then my number, thus the total<sup>110</sup> of all men, that's all. My number was 929.

DB: I see. And who gave you this number, Americans or Australians?

Oliver: Australians.

DB: And what work did you do in Emira?

Oliver: I got up again in the morning--I had already got my number-- and I went on a ship and we went to Buka. I did not stay in Emira.

DB: What ship--a ship of Australia?

Oliver: A ship of Australia. They all got me at Noipus--this (hesitates) PT boat, got me at Noipus (village-on New Hanover's north coast).

DB: How did you get to Noipus?

Oliver: They all got me in a pinnace, to go to Noipus. Then a PT boat got me at Noipus, brought me to Emira. Then I got on a big ship, a cargo boat--it wasn't a cargo boat, it was a fighting ship--and they all brought us to Buka then.

DB: And what work did you do in Buka?

Olvier: I worked in Buka, I used to just go to the bush, go along with all the soldiers.

DB: Help all.

Oliver: Unn.

DB: Soldiers from where?

Oliver: Join, they all joined--New Zealand, or America, Negro, Australia. (Long pause.)

DB: What did they do in the bush?

Oliver: Settle down to fight, that's all.

DB: Were there Japanese in Buka at this time?

Oliver: Plenty and more! . . . We used to go and finish one camp of the Japanese, win over this camp, go sit down in it; then get up again, then go again to a camp, then fight fight fight, then win over all and then go sit down in it (the camp).

DB: You saw this fight with guns, eh?

Oliver: Un.

DB: And bombs, too?

Oliver: Bombs, planes. The planes use to throw away cargo to us in the bush. They used to bring some people, too, by "umbrella" (parachute), into the bush. They used to get them at the airport in Buka, then they used to bring them to a little place in the bush.

DB: At this time, were you, all you natives, were you afraid?

Oliver: At this time if I just stopped and did nothing, I was afraid. If I went into this thing that I had promised to do, I was not afraid. One must want to do something, or I must want to accomplish something (to win over something).

DB: But at this time you were young, and you didn't have strong thoughts.

Oliver: At this time I was young, and I had thoughts of fear--when it started here, or when it was new here, or when I saw for the first time

ANALYSI  
OF  
EMOTION

this thing, or they all did something for the first time in front of me, and I saw. But--when the time came for me to do my part, I was not afraid. But when I first came, I was a little worried, and thought about coming back, that's all. If I forgot about my mother and father back home, I no more was afraid. I liked this thing.

DB: First you missed your own place.

Oliver: Yeh. Now at the time that I stopped in this thing (in the war), I did not believe in dying. I thought, I felt, I wanted (to win)--I thought of the meaning of this thing.

DB: Your thoughts were strong on your winning.

Oliver: Un.

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WORLD WAR II:  
RELATIONSHIPS  
WITH SOLDIERS:  
TOGETHER AND  
EQUAL AND PLENTY

DB: That's a good way to be. All these soldiers, all those that talk English, were they good to you at this time?

Oliver: Oh, during this time all soldiers of Australia, all soldiers of New Zealand, all soldiers of America, or all Africans, at this time we were good friends, during this time. We made good friends at this time. It was a time for us all to be brothers, this time. It was a time for us to eat together, this time. It was a time for us to stop together, this time. Altogether everything we did, we did together at this time. Australia or New Zealand or Africa or America, they were not "masters" at this time, we were together, we were together, that's all. <sup>111</sup>

DB: Did they give you everything? Who gave you food?

Oliver: During this time, food or trousers or whatever kind of thing around and about, whether it belonged to Australia, belonged to America, belonged to whatever kind, belonged to New Zealand, we could be together, there

was not one man who lacked one thing. Altogether everything belonging to all masters, we had at the same time, we truly had enough.

DB: You ate all their food. . .

Oliver: All food, we were full up, truly too full!

DB: But I think you were hungry for your own food, did they not give you a little of your own food?

Oliver: This food of ours, there was the sweet potato of Buka, too. Just sago, that's all, they did not have sago.

DB: And rice?

Oliver: Rice, there was too much rice here! All kinds of food belonging to all masters, at this time the place was full up with it!

DB: You sat down well then. I think you were a little sorry when this time finished.

Oliver: This time finished, I was sorry, because I saw that all things did not come up. I am sorry back again to this time. Because plenty of things came up at this time, and I saw it was a good time, the time of the war, there were plenty of things, and men had enough at this time. The war finished, and altogether everything, there was none. WAR FINISHED

DB: Nothing.

Oliver: Nothing.

DB: You stopped with nothing.

Oliver: I stopped with nothing, and altogether everyone stopped with nothing, and I sat down and thus buggered up, with just all things from before.

DB: Now I understand. I did not know that you had seen all these things. All right, then the war finished, then what did you do?

Oliver: The war finished, we went and got all shells first in the bush.

DB: Got what?

Oliver: All shells, and all Japanese--because no one was cross any more, we were big friends then.

DB: Did you sit down together with all the Japanese?

Oliver: Unn, at this time we got back all from the bush, and we came and put them together in order to bring them all to a ship so that by and by they could all go back (to Japan).

DB: Now you, did you stop in Buka, or did they bring you?

Oliver: Bring me where? (He is preoccupied with his memories of the war.)

DB: Did they leave you in Buka to find your own road back?

Oliver: They had to think of me still. They had to help me.

DB: You came back in what way?

Oliver: I came back on a ship.

DB: Whose ship?

Oliver: It belonged to, belonged to--Australia. And plenty of men stopped inside this ship. Some who belonged to New Zealand worked this ship. And some Americans, too, they stopped on this ship. (Long pause.)

DB: And you came back to where?

Oliver: I had to come back, too, to Emira. I went and threw away this number, and they brought me back to Noipus.

DB: Then you had to find your own road.

Oliver: Yes, I then found my own road, and I came.

DB: At this time you were married?

Oliver: No, I was not married, because I was still little. Later, then I came and got married.

MARRIAGE

DB: And since you married, have you sat down in this place since you married? Desi (his wife) is from Kung, have you lived at Kung?

Oliver: No. She belongs at Kung, her mother belongs at Kung, but she left her place at Kung, because her mother, too, she left her place at Kung at the time she was married. Now Desi cannot think back to Kung. But her mother and father died, and my pupu looked after her, at her little place called Pain. Then I bought her back again, and I married.

DB: Was it the first time either of you married?

Oliver: Un.

DB: When you lived here, were your mother and father still alive?

Oliver: My father was alive. My mother was alive. Then my father died first, and my mother died just now.

DB: When I was here before you started to tell me about this time that all the kiap came and shot into your house. I would like you to tell me that story again.

POST  
ELECTION  
EVENTS:  
ARREST  
ATTEMPTS

Oliver: I came (here) along with this "line"--I got all of them in Kabin, **112** and I came.

NEW IRELAND,  
WEST COAST

DB: From Kabin in New Ireland?

Oliver: In New Ireland. But at this time, everyone had voted (for Johnson) at this time. And there was a big fight with all the policemen about this, about this (hesitates)--this getting things going with the election.

DB: Yes, I would like to hear the story of this, too. All right, this line, did you get them at the time they all ran away into the bush to lose the police?<sup>113</sup>

LEADERSHIP:  
OLIVER

Oliver: No, they had fought first with all the police, then they had gone to jail. But they all still thought of the election. They all finished with jail, and they came and stopped (in their own villages). But

my work (at that time) was to go around to all places where they had voted (for Johnson) and I went there to talk to all. I did not miss one little part of any place that had voted. I had to go and help all. Then I had to go to see them all, all the time. Then I went around. I was going, and I came up to Kabin, and I got this "line" (of followers) then (who came back with him). I went and got this line at Kabin, and we came then. We came up here in the afternoon, and we ate. Then we slept. They (the enemy) all did something, they worked some little thing that we have in our place, and they buggered us up, and we slept.

DB: Worked what kind of something, some kind of medicine?

Oliver: Medicine of our own place itself, to bugger us up, so that we would sleep, so that they could all hold us. Our bodies were tired.<sup>114</sup> We slept then. All right, we slept then, and one man, the man who married Rosa, Goliard.<sup>115</sup>

FACTIONS  
REPORT ON  
EACH OTHER

DB: He lives where?

Olvier: He lives in Nusalik. Then one man, a doctor boy, Natiting, and Herman, they all got a canoe, and they all pulled, and they all went to Taskul and they all talked to the kiap then; and all the policemen, and all the labor line (of Taskul) came and got this line of Kulibung along with them, and all teachers, councillor Edward along with everyone, and they all came.

DB: Edward too. Now this line from Kulibung, they are all enemy, too, right?

Oliver: Unn. And all the women, too. The wife of Edward, the wife of Elisa, Selimba; and another woman who stops in Kavieng, the sister of the wife of Mataluai (Edward).

DB: They are all enemy too?

ENEMIES

Oliver: All of them, altogether, enemy.

DB: Who is the boss of this line in Kulibung that is enemy?

Oliver: Mataluai (Edward). All right, they all came then, they brought some people here, and then they went around to this little place here, to Meteret. They did not come first here. Some went around so that later all could come.

DB: You did not know? GOD

Oliver: We did not know. This line came ashore along with this gun. We here slept. All right, I got up then, and I knew--I think I did not know, something of God (in me), it knew. All right, I got up then, I got a flashlight, and my knife, and I walked and walked around and around and I shot my flashlight on them and I found them all then.

DB: You were afraid then?

Oliver: No, I was not afraid, I stood up then. I stood up and I walked around, I went among them all. But I did not cease thinking--I thought, like, "God is something, something to--one good thing to give me ideas, or give my savvy, or bless me in this work."

DB: Help you.

Oliver: Help me. I stood up and I thought--I asked God just this: "Which is it, God, you have forgotten me, or you have not forgotten me?" All right, they all called out now to shoot me. All right, I turned off my flashlight and they could no more see me, and me, I was already VIOLENCE inside the house. (DB laughs slightly.) I came and got all the men up then.

DB: They all came at night.

Oliver: Yes, about three o'clock.

DB: Kiap?

Oliver: No kiap, just all policemen, that's all.

DB: There was no white skin?

Oliver: There was no white skin, just all policemen, that's all.

DB: I ask because I thought one white skin did not tell me the truth.



I asked why they came and shot into the house of Oliver on Mamion, and he said, "Oh we did not shoot." And now you say there was no white man present.

Oliver: There was no white skin--just one "second" who shot.

DB: One policeman?

Oliver: One "second (in command)," from Lavongai (New Hanover). He belongs at Meteran (village), this man. But he is a policeman. He shot then. I said to all the men, "You break this part here," and they all broke one place (in the house wall) so that some could go out that hole, and some went out the door. And all of them together ran up close, and they all came around this house with all their spears and all their axes, all with their sticks, and all kinds of things that they had, they came carrying them, in order to come and kill us. All right, me, I stood up at my house and I just worked to bring out all the men. One man wanted to go outside, and I went along with him first. All the men (outside) ran up and wanted to hold him fast; and then they all saw me, and they ran away. This man, he must go. He went, and they all pretended around here first, then they all came and fell down again, and they all shot after him. Then a line of some worked at going around (another way). All right, they all went now, and one wanted to go outside, now I went and brought him first, then I came back. We did that again and again, then all had gone, except one man I held in the house. I said, "You stand up along with me. You must stay along with me, that's all." Suksuk was his name, of Kiton. Then I said, "If you stand up, you cannot go about, move about, you must stand up just behind. Suppose I want to turn and go, you must follow me, that's all." All right, I stood up then, and he thought plenty--I don't know what he was thinking. Then he wanted to go look again,

and Matmat (the policeman from Meteran) shot again. Three times he shot. Three times he shot, and the powder from the gun burned his eye.

DB: Did he shoot straight into the house, or just up in the trees?

Oliver: No, he put a flashlight here, on the gun, and he shot.

(DB pressed him further. Oliver finally went on as follows:) I don't know whether or not he shot "true" (i.e. at the man or into the house). He fired. He saw a man and he fired. He fired three times. All right, he finished then. And me, what is going to happen to me, will I die or what will happen?

All right, then I went and got this man (Suksuk), and we two went down, and we two went to the beach. We two went and got one little canoe and we two pulled out to sea. And I said to him that we two would drift first while I thought. I thought about three things. I thought of all the men, and I thought of one little book of mine, and I thought of my little child, Banalau, who had been sleeping along with us. I did not want all the policemen to kill him, too. All right, we two drifted, drifted--then we two pulled to the big place (New Hanover). We two went and stopped at the big place, and they all worked at going around looking for us. All the men, they all had gone, this line from Kabin.

DB: They did not catch a single one?

Oliver: They did not catch even one! They just broke a canoe, they broke our canoe, and they took all our things, things belongong to the women and all the children, too, they broke them. They took food belonging to the three, my three mothers, and they all broke it, they broke it and they made a fire in the canoe that they first cut and broke, and they burned all the food and all the things belonging to us inside, in a fire. One councillor, he took them and he gave them about to all his men. Edward. All right, I took everyone

first to their place, and then I came back again. I came back again, I wanted to know why something had gone wrong. And how much they had destroyed. All right, Desi (Oliver's wife) then came and told me about everything belonging to us and belonging to my three mothers. They truly were in a bad way at this time.

DB: Yes.

Oliver: And all the time, this is what they did, just like this. They came to find me, and if I did not stop they ruined everything of mine.

DB: Did you come back and stay?

Oliver: I came back and I came to find out, and then I went back (away). At this time, I could not stay in my place.

OLIVER'S  
"ROUNDS"

DB: This was the time that you stayed in the bush, right?

Oliver: No. Only later. Two years went by, make it three, with this trouble. My time in the bush had not come yet. But another journey of mine came then. I used to go about, then come. I did not miss one part of a place. All little parts of a place, they all belonged to me. I had to come up to them. It was my place, whatever kind of place it was, and I had to go to it. I used to go myself to all men who had come into the election. I did not go for no reason to just any place that had not been in the election, or that had an enemy. I just went to the places that belonged to all the people.

DB: Tell me about this--how did you travel to New Ireland? Did you hear talk that the West Coast people followed you?

Oliver: Unn. I heard, that's all, and I got my canoe, and I had to go.

DB: You had to just paddle there!

Oliver: I just went. I paddled and went.

DB: Alone?

Oliver: No. I along with Robin, I got Robin.

DB: When you came up to New Ireland, had the people of Lokono village already fought with the police?

Oliver: They had already fought a long time before, and they had been in jail a long time, and they had finished jail. They had all come back to their places.

DB: Who brought the news of the election to the West Coast?

Oliver: They themselves, they came and got it.

DB: Were there some men from Lavongai (New Hanover) who lived there?

CULT  
ANALYSIS

Oliver: No. It was their own wish, of everyone, they themselves. Their wish was the same as ours. Thus it was the view of all, and the feeling of all--they all felt what kind of life they all had, and they all wanted-- a new one.

DB: Who was one of the bosses of the West Coast? I want to go to find one man to hear his story.

Oliver: Oh, ah, I have forgotten the name of the man who was boss, but I know his committeeman, his leg is broken.

DB: What is his name?

Oliver: I have forgotten his name. He belongs at Kabin I think.

DB: And you went and gave everyone talk, and they all supported you, and some came back along with you, right?

Oliver: Unn, they all followed me, and they all supported my talk. And some got up and they came behind me.

DB: Did they pull (paddle by canoe)?

Oliver: We pulled. Plenty of canoes. A big canoe that belongs to Kabin, too. It belongs to a tenawolowai (Methodist mission official), his name is Robin. Of Kabin, itself.

DB: And he, too, did he come along with you?

Oliver: No, he stayed. It was his canoe that they destroyed. The police came and broke it, his big canoe.

DB: There is another thing I would like to ask you. You told me before but I lost it here.<sup>116</sup> At the time that you went to Kabin, and at the time that you went into the bush, what kind of talk did you give to everyone?

Oliver: This is the talk I used to give them all. I used OLIVER'S MESSAGE to just talk about all the sayings of the Bible--like the meaning of the death of Jesus, and the work of straightening things after the death of Jesus, and the fruit that the death of Jesus produced; and the fruit of this has plenty more coming later, by and by it will come up in all the years to come that you and I have not seen yet. Or (I talked about) the work of all the spirits among everyone, all the years, and there is the fruit of the work of the spirit, there is something big for the whole world--later. By and by it will come, but we must be strong in finding all the good things that God has (hesitates) hidden before.

DB: Ah, yes, now I remember. You told me that you talked of finding the work of all the things that God has put here (on earth).

Oliver: Un. But just sitting down, doing nothing, that is not adequate to finding all the good things that God has hidden. Not at all. Throw up (vomit) in searching, or sweat in searching--then all things must come up. I used to give this talk to all: "You know, if you eat one kind of food all the time, by and by your body will not have good life, nor will good blood

come up in your skin, and your body has got trouble, and you are sick, and you die. But you must change food, and then your body has got good life. Now you know about our life in the world: some are all right, and some are no good, some deceive, and some are true, and the way is not straight; some ways and some bad ways, and it's not a straight life (pidgin: sidaun). You don't just look and do nothing, and you don't keep hearing and do nothing. You must throw up in searching, or you must have pain, or you must have blood, or you must have something to say, in order to find. And suppose you sit down and do nothing, you are not going to be able to find something good." I used to give plenty of kinds of talk to them all in my work of going around to talk about all kinds of things. (Pause.)

DB: Now you mentioned the work of the spirit. What is the work of the spirit?

EPISTOMOLOGY

Oliver: The work of the spirit, I know how to think, that's all. Suppose I sit down and I think of something. For instance, I sit down with nothing, I haven't got anything--I haven't got food, I haven't got anything. Now it's something like the mind--now it's like this, I know that all spirits must work inside, and turn my thinking, they show my mind how to do something and I do it and I eat, or I have got one shilling. Now I call this the work of the spirit,

DB: To help you with this. . .

Oliver: With all my life, for all time. Now every little thing that I find or that I make or that I think is the work of all spirits, because the spirit comes down to work. It does not come down in order to sleep and do nothing in all places everywhere. It comes down in order to work. To straighten all men, or to show all men. . .

DB: Yes, I understand. I had thought (at first) that you meant something else. I think that you know that plenty of men in the old days, and today too, they think that the work of the spirit is to produce the cargo that belongs to you and me now. All these things. Did you give this talk to all?

Oliver: Cargo?

DB: Unn. Plenty of men believe that the work of the spirit is this kind of work.

Oliver: Plenty of men believe in the spirit, that it shows all about some good thinking, so that they will find out everything, so that there will be enough for the bodies of all in their lives.

DB: But with regard to making (the cargo)? Does the spirit work it straight (directly)? Not so, huh?

Oliver: Spirit--in the mind, that's all. The spirit, its work is to give ideas, that's all. But as for working (making, doing things), it is not able (pidgin: i no inap). Now the minds of all men know plenty of things. And they all know about plenty of things. Plenty of things in the ground, plenty of things in the bush, plenty of things in the sea. But their work (use), there is no man to teach everyone about it. Suppose the spirit were a true man, a man who belongs on the earth, it would be better if he showed everyone about all this. God must talk to all, he must show all about the work, as he showed Jesus first. All right, all would be able to do it. But Jesus, he went back, and the Holy Spirit comes down in order to work, so that thinking will be clear, because the spirit clears the thoughts. But its work is strong (great). But--who will show everything to everyone?

DB: You spoke of the fruit of the death of Jesus.

What is this fruit of the death of Jesus?

Oliver: Clear.

DB: That all things shall become clear.

Oliver: That altogether everything be clear. Altogether everything all must see, absolutely everything all must look on it, because it is (hesitates) cloudy all around. Before it was not like this, they did not see it (like this). (Pause.) They all came and sat down sorry (i.e., compassionate). They used to sit down as brothers.

DB: Yes. (Pause.) And you gave this talk to the West Coast, too.

Oliver: Yes.

DB: And around in the bush.

Oliver: Around in all places.

DB: Those who heard you, what did they do, did they follow you?

Oliver: Their minds were clear; that is, they got their ideas, that's all. They must all stand up and be strong in doing this thing, and make this trouble, so that it will have a name, or a year, or a time that by and by all places must hear of this trouble, and seek out the meaning of this trouble, it has come up from what? It has come up from lies, that's all. Making bullshit at this time, for plenty of years.

DB: From the lies of Australia.

Oliver: Yes, about looking after everyone.

DB: Now you are a Methodist, right?

Oliver: Yessuh.

OLIVER'S  
AUDIENCE



DB: Did you give this talk to some Catholics, too?

Oliver: Some Catholics, too, I used to talk to them all. At Lavongai true (Lavongai village next to the Catholic mission), I used to talk to them. All the time I used to go to Lavongai.

DB: To Pukina (Joseph)?

Oliver: To Pukina. Everywhere, around in the bush near Lavongai, on the beach near Lavongai, around to Lungatan, around and about, on top of all the mountains, I used to go to them.

DB: Catholics did not "big head" (talk back) to you?

Oliver: Catholics at this time, there was not one place that "big headed" at this time--everyone believed at this time. Suppose I talked, all had to hear my talk. But only now, Tutukuvul has come up and it sleeps now, and I come and sit down, and everyone knows about all of my talk. T.I.A.

DB: And one thing more. You told me before of the work of "belief." I asked you, did you believe true, did you believe strong that by and by America would come. What was your answer? BELIEF

Oliver: About belief, right?

DB: Yes.

Oliver: All places together, we believe. And ask God to bless it (our work), for instance, to help our thinking to believe in this thing, that it will come--it must come up.

DB: You told me before--you said, if you did not believe strong, this thing cannot come up, right?

Oliver: It cannot come up, because I just play or I just go around for no reason, or I do not believe in this thing, and thus God looks--and he knows about me, right? He knows about me, and he watches my thinking just

playing for nothing (my insincerity), and he watches my thinking just do things easy, for nothing--this thing, do I want it or do I not believe? All right, it will not come up. Or He will not bless this thing. All right, it will not come up. If I believe in something, and I am strong in believing, all right, God knows this, he knows my belief, all right, he must . . . (Pause.)

DB: And this is the reason you went around to all men, right, to strengthen belief?

Oliver: Yes.

DB: Now in your thinking, is this one reason America did not come, because all did not believe strong?

Oliver: I do not know about things related to the United Nations. Or everything about them. Just believe, that's all. Believe in God, or believe in this thing, or believe that this thing will come up later--that (the decision) is for God. Now what idea he makes in whoever is boss of the world, so he (the boss) brings whatever kind of idea, or he does whatever kind of work, or he brings whatever kind of thing that is strong that something will come up, so as to support this thing . . .<sup>117</sup>

DB: Yes, I understand.

Oliver: Just like, like, it's just like, like, that's all.<sup>113</sup>

DB: Yes, now I understand, but I wanted to be clear. You told me before. Because you know, plenty of people outside are not clear and they make fun of you, because they do not understand the meaning of belief (to you). 'Belief' is something to strengthen you all, and by and by God will know that you truly believe.

Oliver: You look. Suppose there is something that I have not seen, I must believe in it, right? I must believe in this thing I have not seen.

DB: For instance, heaven.

Oliver: Yes. Heaven I have not seen either, God I have not seen, but I must believe without evidence . . . I don't know what time I will find this thing I have believed in. Now something I have seen, and I believe in it, that is not straight. That is not true (belief). But something I have not seen, I must believe (have faith) in it. It must come up, or I must find it. That is true belief (faith), this one. But look at something, then believe in it, that is not true belief (faith).

DB: Ah, now I understand--just like Doubting Thomas, in the Bible.

Oliver: Yes, yes.

DB: I had forgotten about that. (Pause.) When you were a child in this mission school, did they teach you about all these things?

Oliver: No.

DB: It just came up in your mind. . .

Oliver: It just came up in my mind--the reason for it was my asking, that's all. <sup>119</sup>

DB: Yes, you have told me of this time when you waited, and thought, and asked. (Pause.) You told me you are working in this way too with regard to Tutukuvul, you give talks to all. T.I.A.

Oliver: Yes, I give talks to all the Board.

DB: And you told me that you made a little feast for all.

Oliver: Un, worked a little feast, in order to help all, each one around and about. Just one shilling.

DB: Yes, I know of this fashion, they have it in New Ireland. Does Desi cook for you all?

Oliver: Suppose one man wants to cook, he must talk out when we are sitting down together. And he says, "Me, I will cook a little of my rice,"

and they all put a time and then he himself goes and cooks.

DB: And what kind of talk do you put to them all about Tutukuvul?

Oliver: Just all little talks, about work, and about listening to what they're told. Say thank you to God, that's all. They do not get ideas from God. They just stand up for this new thing, a new thing comes up to save them all or help them all in their lives; they must not forget God, they must think of God, they must thank God for this (T.I.A.)

(The conversation is interrupted briefly while a new tape is put on the recorder.)

DB: Now tell me a little more about your thinking about T.I.A. I have heard that some do not do as they're told. Does everyone work strong for T.I.A., or not?

Oliver: All in Tutukuvul in the islands, in Tsoi, they all are working strong, they all listen well to the talk. And they all really like it, true. They all throw up in work (i.e., work hard) and by and by they will want to see. Because they all have not seen yet. All women, men, they are all strong in working, they all hear what they are told. Now at this time they all are working for this thing, Tutukuvul, and they want to "win" (accomplish) all the work of the Council. Do as they are told, that's all. They all obey for all the work for the government, or for everyone (the community). Because I spoke well to all: "With regard to everything, you must obey--the law of the government, of the missions, or of Tutukuvul, or to look after yourself, you must make everything straight. Maski (nevermind) that you don't like something, or you leave something for no reason, you see something and do nothing, or hear talk (when someone says to do something) and do nothing.

You must, I think, (do it).

DB: They do not listen to the Councillor any more, right?

Oliver: They all listen to the Councillor. I told them all this: "Do not 'bighead' to the Council, you must hear the Councillor, and then your work for Tutukuvul will be good because the government won't do something to you. They will not jail you. You must straighten all your work so that you can work strong on your own work. So that your life will be good, you must hold well your work.

DB: Do you all here have plenty of sprouting coconuts to plant, and plenty of ground? I see that your ground here is already full with coconuts.

Oliver: You're just looking at the beach. There is room inside. And you saw one place that belongs to us, in Ungakum. There's a big piece of bush there.

DB: Yes, true, I saw an area of bush.

Oliver: We have one area of bush that we've cut in Ungakum, that belongs to Tutukuvul.

DB: And another plantation belongs to you in Tsoilik, right?

Oliver: Yes.

DB: A big one.

Oliver: It's big, but it's not very big. One hundred twenty (coconuts), that's all. But in Ungakum it will be a little bigger, because there is a big area of bush there that we have cut--because there's a lot of bush in Ungakum. It belongs to us all, together, in Tutukuvul. Boundary at Matupit, and another boundary at Tsoilic.

(Oliver then mentioned various people and areas that are in T.I.A., adding that the people of Kulibung, "this line of enemies," were not in T.I.A.)

DB: Suppose later they see the fruit of T.I.A.--if they want to come inside, can they?

T.I.A.  
ENEMIES

Oliver (with fervor): They cannot come inside. I say that they cannot come inside because plenty of kinds of talk started with them in 1964 at the time of the election, making fun of America and of Johnson, and of us altogether--and no, of Tutukuvul. All right, I say that they cannot come inside. They must stay as they are until they are old and they die and their progeny must be the same, the same. A man who has savvy and he does this, he must act on his knowledge. He cannot come inside of this (T.I.A.), it is just a rubbish thing--they have said that it is just a rubbish thing. Just a stupid idea.<sup>120</sup>

DB: Yes, you told me before, they must follow their own savvy, right?

Oliver: Yes.

DB: And their children too, they cannot come inside?

Oliver: The child must take the place of him, he cannot come inside. And if his child dies, then the progeny of his child, too, must do the same.

DB: Are there some here who are afraid to go inside Tutukuvul because they are afraid that they will be taken to court?

Oliver: No, there are none.

DB: When it (T.I.A.) was new?

Oliver: Before, when it was new, there were some. But now there are none.

DB: What kind of ridicule do they talk about T.I.A. I keep hearing about this but I don't understand well what kind of ridicule.

Oliver: They say that it is a rubbish thing, this Tutukuvul, and it does not have its own government; and it is a rubbish thing that will not later

have fruit. I follow blindly my own stupid thinking, and they all keep following.

DB: How can they say that planting coconuts is rubbish. All men know that planting coconuts is a good thing, right?

Oliver: It is a good thing. They just keep talking about how it is lies to get money that will ultimately go to all the Fathers (Catholic Priests) and the Bishop.

T.I.A. AND  
CATHOLIC  
MISSION

DB: Oh, they say it will stay with the church.

Oliver: Yes. I say, let them (talk). It makes nothing, it does nothing. Just hear the talk (from T.I.A.) and do it (what you're told). Maski (nevermind) if you don't see the fruit for everyone, you must work.

DB: Just you alone, are you a little afraid that this money of T.I.A. goes to the Father?

Oliver: No, I understand the reason for this, there is a rule that came up to make this thing, and I know about it. I can't talk or be afraid, because I understand. There is a reason for it.

DB: I think you know about Father Bernard--do you think Father Bernard would be up to lying to you?

Oliver: I think Father Bernard or Father Miller, they would not lie to me, or the Bishop, he would not lie to me. Because I know this: they are men who keep working at the work of God, and they have compassion for all souls that are bugging up or that keep doing things that are not good in the sight of the Church and of God and of all men. They are all men of compassion,<sup>121</sup> and they must straighten, they must save everyone, all the bodies of men, in a good way. And I say they are true.

DB: I am sorry when I hear this talk because I see Father work hard to help everyone and plenty of men speak badly of him.

Oliver: Plenty of men. You look down toward Umbukul, they do not do this, they do not stand up with Tutukuvul.

T.I.A.  
NON-MEMBERS

DB: Why?

Oliver: They hear the advice of--because they are all men who talk English, down there, at Umbukul, and they hear (obey) Boski.<sup>122</sup>

DB: Boski is still the boss?

Oliver: Unn, because they are men of savvy, but we are just men without savvy, we don't have any savvy. (DB laughs.) We like this thing (T.I.A.) because we do not have savvy. But they, they all have savvy, they do not go inside, because they all have savvy. We, who have no savvy, we must follow this thing that Father, or the Bishiop, or whoever, teaches us about or talks to us about doing.

DB: Have you got a man who did not go into the election, but who has now gone into Tutukuvul?

Oliver: There are some, plenty. Before when they were jailing around and about, and buying off men around and about, and everyone was afraid, they stood up outside. Now at this time, something free comes up, to show everyone, now they all come inside. But they did not talk badly before RIDICULE at the time of the election. They just stopped (and did nothing either way).

DB: There was one Councillor who talked badly of you before who has now gone inside. Barol.

Oliver: He has gone inside.

DB: Did he make fun of you before?

Oliver: He made fun of us a lot before, and he used COUNCIL'S  
ROLE to all the time--policemen from Moresby, or from Rabaul, or from Buka, or from Manus, who came to wreck us--they used to put out money that belonged to the Council to bugger us up order these police to come and bugger us up. They



used to put our own money out (to the police), that we paid to the Council in taxes. Then they ordered the death of this thing (the election) for the government. The government did not just bugger us up for nothing--oh no, they followed the orders of the Council itself. Because they (councillors) all brought money into the hand of the government in order for them to get a little something to come and bugger us up, or stop us with regard to this wish (for Johnson). But they cannot. God has blessed us, at all times, and we work with strength. Maski (nevermind) if we bugger up, maski if we cry, maski if we bleed, maski if they all really make fun of us, if they really fight us, still we are strong yet.

DB: Yes, I see this fashion of yours, and it is very good. But I would like to know why Barol has changed his mind--does he back America now, or back Tutukuvul--do you talk with Barol?

Oliver: With Barol? No.

DB: I think of one thing. He was a catechist before.

Oliver: Um. (Pause.)

DB: I think he is strong because Father is strong.

Oliver: He has heard talk from Father, who talks strongly about this thing, and explains well about it, and I think he has taught him a little, and his thinking has cleared a little, and he wants to follow. But what came out of his mouth was really sharp, in the past.

T.I.A. AND  
METHODIST  
MISSION

DB: And another thing. You all go to the Father at Analaua. MISSION you do not go to your own boss, the Telatela (Methodist missionary). Why don't you go to the Telatela?

Oliver: Because--we do not go to the Telatela because he hears the voices of all the enemy. All munamuna (native village missionary), and telatela--all native telatela.<sup>123</sup>

DB: Some munamuna back you, right?

Oliver: Unn. Some back us, and some don't like it.

DB: Do you sit down together with this Telatela and eat with him?<sup>28</sup>

Oliver: No.

DB: He sits down with many natives. He is not a big head in this way. But it's a little hard to talk to him. Have you talked with him?

Oliver: I have already talked crossly with him.

DB: Cross!

Oliver: Umm, I did not talk nicely, I talked cross.

DB: At what time?

Oliver: About his "buying" all men.<sup>124</sup>

DB: About "buying" all?

Oliver: About bugging up everyone, he did not save everyone, he did not teach them well.

DB: At what time, at the time that you went around in the bush?

Oliver: Yeh.

DB: Did you go to him--Hello Anunio! (Anunio, Oliver's brother, arrived.)

Oliver: The Telatela wants to break this Tutukuvul.

DB: Did he tell you that?

Oliver: He has already said so. He said it to Patuana, in Maleguna.

DB: Who is Patuana?

Oliver: Some kind of (native) bishop or whatever.

DB: Oh--I don't know. Go on.

Oliver: A big man in the Methodist church. He now talks of stopping all Methodists from going inside (T.I.A.). If a Catholic man wants to make this thing come up, he must make it come up amongst Catholics. That was his talk. He was cross about this.

DB: Who gave you this report? I think it's true, but I would just like to know.

Oliver: Father Bernard (Jakubco) came, and he came to bring back the money of Tsoi islands.

DB: Ah yes, at the time that he returned money to you.

Oliver: Along with the money of the island near Enang.

DB: But you all took the money back again, right?

Oliver: Unn, I talked to Father, and I heard this talk, and I took back the money.

DB: Yes, I went to talk to Silikan in Enang about this. Was he a friend to you at this time of the election?

Oliver: Yeh. They were all men who looked after me at this time of the election.

DB: Savemat--did he help you too?

Oliver: At this time he, too, used to help me, or hear my talk. All the munamuna.

DB: Were there some munamuna that did not stand up along with you?

Oliver: Um, some.

DB: This Eliakim of Butei.

Oliver: Yes, he stood up. Penny, too.

DB: With the enemy?

Oliver: No, with us. And Paulos, of Baungnung.

DB: Peni is from where?

Oliver: From Enang. But I think he stays in Meteran.

DB: Who did not stand up with you?

Oliver: Him here, just him. The telatela here. From Umbukul.

DB: Yes. They all hear Boski. Why didn't Noipus come inside? Where did they vote?

Oliver: In Noipus.

DB: Everybody of Puas went where to vote?

Oliver: At Puas.

DB: Ungalik?

Oliver: To Taskul.

DB: Puas went inside the election.

Oliver: They voted first at Ungalik. Later they went to Nuslik, and Unusa, along with the "Big Place" (New Hanover, in this case the villages of New Hanover near Unusa island), they all went then to Taskul.

DB: When they went to Taskul, did they all stand up along with you all?

Oliver: Ungalik and Puas all voted the same as Umbukul.

DB: In the box.

Oliver: Um.

DB: Unusa?

Oliver: Unusa, on the Board.

DB: When I was in New Ireland in 1965, I heard talk that you all had put a day when America would come.

Oliver: This is all just talk, just mockery.

MOCKERY

DB: Another talk that I have just heard recently--that some are afraid not to go into Tutukuvul, afraid that they will bugger up if they stay outside.

NON-MEMBERS'  
FEARS

Oliver: This talk is just talk. They are still thinking of the way it was before.

DB: The election.

Oliver: The election. At this time they buggered up everyone, and now they think of this time that is finished, and they say these things.

DB: Did this talk come up at the time of the election, that those who did not go inside would bugger up?

ENEMIES'  
RIDICULE

Oliver: No, they are all thinking of this thing that all the policemen did. They keep making this kind of nonsense talk, that's all-- that there will be something later for all those who do not go inside the election, or all those who do not go inside Tutukuvuil, by and by they will all come to kill them or whatever kind of thing. It comes up from them-- this talk is just ridicule, that's all, it's not talk that is true, this-- it's just one kind of lie. Just as they talk from nothing about finding whatever kind of strength in whatever kind of something that will come up.

DB: All enemies, that's all.

Oliver: Yes, I do not believe this talk.

DB: Good. (To microphone, in English: "Re some European's saying that they have to explain America's not coming, they don't have to because they knew that it would or pretended that it would.") I was just saying that some men say, "How do they explain that America did not come?" According to my thinking, there is nothing to explain, because you people just have hope--is that true? I mean--OK, I'll ask you: Why did America not come, according to your thinking?

Oliver: Oh yes. America did not come--oh, I didn't see it, right?

DB: Yes.

WHY AMERICA  
DID NOT COME

Oliver: America is a big place, right. And New Hanover is one little place of no account. And America is a big place, and it has plenty of work. America is not something unimportant. Something big to do to straighten the whole world. All right, I must see that America has seen what I have done, or my wishes, it must see, or it must hear about them. But it is up to them, it (America) is boss. If it likes, it can like: if it does not like, it cannot like (to come).

DB: That's it now. That's what I said (in English into the microphone). Do you talk strongly to all that they must buy taxes? TAXES

Oliver: Must talk strongly to all, all Borad must talk strong to all, they must buy tax. It wouldn't be good if Tutukuvul were ruined by people not buying taxes. They must be strong in finding money to buy taxes.

DB: In a little time there is another election for the House of Assembly. What do you think will happen? The candidates of February, 1968--Grose, Peter Murray, I think not Brokem, I don't know about Boski--according to your thinking, what will everyone do at this time? 1968 ELECTION  
PROMISE FOR AMERICA

Oliver: All will follow yet this promise of all, they all have promised to God for America. And if it comes up later again, they must all call yet the U.S.A.

DB: They all follow their promise. You, just you alone, you did not go to Taskul and promise to God as the others did, who put their hands on top (raised their hands when asked if they were for America). You yourself, did you promise to God?

Oliver: They all put their hands on top, they all promised--but me, I promised in my mind.

DB: Yes--inside yourself. During the time when there were luluai, how did you get money for tax?

Oliver: One here, one there, go to a plantation, work a little for all the masters.

DB: Did some have copra too?

Oliver: Just a few. It's not the same now. (Today) people sell it at the bridge (in Kavieng) and the price goes up a little. Before we did not have this.

DB: At the time of the election, were you all cross with the Aid Post here? (Nearby, at Unus.)

Oliver: At this time, everyone went to it. And me, I had talk for everyone. Carroll, before, he bawled me out for this, and I said: "I am not stupid that I would stop all men from going to the Aid Post. It is something to save my baby, or my child, to save their lives. I can't talk about this (in a negative way). But this thing, law, I want to straighten this law; and I just break the law so that there will be a good way again. Now this thing (Aid Post), it is something that has to do with my body.

DB: Straighten thinking first.

Oliver: Yes.

DB: Were there some men who did not go to the Aid Post at this time?

Oliver: They all went, they all used it.

DB: And you? Did you not go?

Oliver: Me? At this time I did not stop here.

(DB asks about some particular people.)

DB: Did you go to church at the time of the election?

Oliver: At the time of the election, when it came up and I stayed in the bush, I used to go find Methodists, I would go to the Methodist church; I used to go find Catholics, I went to Catholic Church; I used to go find Seven Days, I would go to the Seven Day church. All the churches belonged to me, that's all. And in just the bush, that was my place to see God.

(Tape ends. Next side begins with conversation about self-government.)

Oliver: . . . not equal. If they are all strong about hurrying up to straighten our lives and then self-government comes up, then that is all right.

DB: You said--there is no "step," huh?

SELF-GOVERNMENT

Oliver: Yes. Because, you look--in all kinds of work, it will get

up, or it must come up or it must be good, with money, that's all. There are two kinds of things: money and savvy.

DB: Yes, true.

INEQUALITY

Oliver: Now suppose self-government must come to men who haven't got money for everyone. And there is no good road to find money, or there is no good road for all men so that they all must be equal in buying (paying) all, or getting money from whatever kind of work. And all must have good money, all have big money: all right, self-government must come, and it's good, too lucky. But we have not got this. Some men are well off, some are not well off. And all men of savvy savvy well, and one man he does not savvy, he is just the same as one man shit-nothing, that's all. Later, when self-government comes, it buggers up again this man who is already bugged up. Before he was bugged up, then self-government comes, buggers him up again. About money, that's all.

DB: Yes, true.

Oliver: But who will straighten it first, the road? Because--you, all white skins, you have another kind of road, and another kind of law. Now with us, all black men, another kind. That is, we are down more yet. Now a man who has got savvy, he goes and jumps up a little, and he goes and jumps up a little on the step, he goes together with you all. But we, some of us, we sleep (stay) truly no good. Down below. And what road will you--will they make so that by and by all men who are not well off, and all men who have savvy, all must be equal.

DB: But I think you know about us in America, too, everyone does not stop on one step. Plenty of men go on top more, and plenty of men stop down below. Everyone does not stop together in America. You see some Americans, that's all--during the war--there are strong laws in the army--private, sergeant.



All those who stop on one stop must stop together, but the boss of all, he does not stop along with them all.

Oliver: Is it a good fashion for whites to be able to go to blacks (white men to black women), but blacks cannot go to whites (black men to white women)?

DB: It is not a good fashion--in my thinking.

Oliver: And suppose one black skin finds one white woman, and they all jail him for one year--that is a very strong law.

DB: They don't have this law any more.

Oliver: Now at this time what do they do?

DB: This law has been finished for a long time. Pukina told me.

Oliver: Oh!

DB: You did not know?

Oliver: I did not know.

DB: Pukina told me that he said what you just said at Meterankan, to Mr. Seale. All this kind of law that you say is not straight, you speak well. But you aren't thinking of . . . (long pause)

Oliver: Territory of Papua and New Guinea is not a big place.

DB: You aren't thinking of another thing they say in the Bible. You think of one part of the Bible, but you do not think of another bit of talk inside the Bible: all men have sins. Right? There is no place that is straight.

Oliver: Un, there is no place that is straight. All men are men of sin, that's all.

DB: White skins too.

Oliver: White skins, black skins. And there is a reason for this. It is not just for nothing, this thing--it has a reason. The source of it is God himself. Now suppose God put just the good, and the straight; people

wouldn't be straight, the world would not be straight, and people would not believe in God, or lean on God. Suppose He just put goodness. The reason for this is that God himself understands absolutely everything about life-- everything that will come later, or about now--He must understand about everything. He put two things: good and evil.

DB: Yes.

Oliver: And all men must see evil, and must see God.

DB: When you were a little child, did you believe strongly everything that the Church taught you?

Oliver: I heard, that's all--I believed, I heard, but I believed-- but I found it (for myself) too.

DB: You found it, too, later.

Oliver: Yes. I must find it. I cannot just hear it. I must find it, too.

DB: In your own thinking.

Oliver: Yes. (Pause.) Two faces, right?

DB: Two faces?

Oliver: Man--in the world, first--at the time they made the earth. God made the earth. And he made two human beings--the Bible talks of them. Adam and Eve, right? Now you know, the two were straight at first. Then later, God--what is He, a straight man--He is good, a big man, or a strong man. And he was straight about everything. And he could not go show the two about both things. All right, he had to send this one that they call Satan, right? so that he could teach about this too. All right, he went, but he did not tell God. And he went and had intercourse with Eve, to show her. Eve knew how then and she went and showed Adam about it. And Adma had to find out from Eve, because Satan had showed her, she found out from him.

DB: He just showed Eve.

Oliver: "Yes, two things came up, and they have stopped up to now, today, good and evil. All men do these things, both things, all must do both, they are not able to hold one and throw away the other. Not at all, they must all do both things all the time, all the time, during their lives on the earth. And everyone does both things, and sees God all the time in his mind.

DB: Yes, true. And you know all men are not able to get rid of this: sin, it is here to stay, on the earth, isn't it.

Oliver: It is here to stay. But everyone does it. It stays with everyone. But, then too, it is something that belongs to each one alone.

DB: Yes. Some are more good, and some not so good.

Oliver: But it is something related to each one. They teach you, the Bible teaches you and me altogether. But it is something for each (to decide). We look at what is said in the Bible, you follow what kind of talk, what kind of talk--that is for you to decide. It is not enough to stop you completely from one kind of thinking that you have. No, you have worry with you because you do not follow your own thinking or your own wishes. All right, you are sick from this, and your skin is not well.

DB: What, does Satan . . . <sup>125</sup>

Oliver: Huh?

DB: Satan makes this bad thinking come up? Who makes it come up?

Oliver: Satan makes it come up. Or he showed the two about it.  
But the source is not with Satan.

DB: The source is where?

Oliver: The source is with God himself.

DB: With God himself.

Oliver: Suppose I find some trouble. I find a woman. Now I don't forget about God with regard to this. I must thank God for this. Or suppose I find whatever kind of thing. I find fish. Now I have what kind of fish. Or I come and eat. I must say thank you for this. Or suppose I find whatever, I go to the garden, I must say thank you for this. Because I know, everything, God put it on the earth, and it does not have no purpose. I must see him at the time, say thank you, absolutely everything belongs to Him Himself. And my little time (of life) too. It does not belong to many men, it belongs just to me.

DB: You think of God all the time. Why don't you go to school to be a missionary, Oliver, I think missionary work would be good work for you.

Oliver: Missionary (work) is good work for me, but missionary--God does not stop just with missionaries. He must stop with me, too, if I am a man who is not a missionary, or if I am a man who is not straight. God stops with all men who hold His law, and God stops with all men who believe true. And God stops with a man who does something bad, too. All men entirely on the earth, they are men of God, that's all. But my work is to see Him and Say thank you to Him for all the things he has put on the earth. That is for me to do, that's all.

DB: Yes. True.

Oliver: You look, I see everything. I see the sea--it never ceases to break at its boundary. I see the wind: it changes. I see the sun: it does not cease. I see the night: it's the same. And everything must work in this way. God has put everything for all time, for all years, for all months, for all weeks--for eternity. Me too, the same. I cannot cease to be. The

same, too, all good lives. They do not cease to work among all, around the whole world. They must work. But I am not surprised when something comes to me. I say: ach, now, that's all, it comes up to me. It does not have work to do around in a-l places, and it comes up to me, and I find this thing. And I know, it is something from before yet. But its work is to keep going around in its work in all the world.<sup>126</sup>

DB: Now this came up in your own thinking.

Oliver: Yeh.

DB: Did it come up before, just at the time of the election, or before.

Oliver: Just now, at the time of the election, that's all.

DB: When you were going around.

Oliver: Yes, when I stayed in the bush, going around in the bush, then I saw this thing.

DB: Did you stay alone in the bush many times?

Oliver: I stayed alone in the bush many times. I used to come up to a place, I would stop at that place. Suppose I got up and went to another little place, night would find me in the middle of the bush, I slept first, I got up, I went to another place.

DB: Were there times when you had no food?

Oliver: Plenty of times I had no food. If I came to a place, I ate. But I did not feel hungry. (Pause.) At this time sickness did not find me.

DB: I think you were very strong.

Oliver: At this time, God worked hard to look after me. Now I have come, I live well a little while in my place, I do not forget God in my mind, I must thank him at all times.

DB: Yes, because He heard you in bad times.

Oliver: They got my wife, and she sat in jail for one year. And they all said that she would sit down in Taskul and die. And I said: "God is the way," and later this became clear to Desi and she came and sat down in our place.

DB: They all took Desi to jail? Why?

Oliver: Just because of me.

DB: She sat down in jail?

Oliver: She sat down in jail--at Taskul--along with all the children.

DB: One year! Where were you at this time?

Oliver: I was around and about in the bush.

DB: Desi, was she strong too in her belief in God?

Oliver: She too--she did not forget. She saw me at the time I stopped in the bush. Me, I saw her, I saw God too about her at the time she stopped in jail. All right we two together saw God about all our children, to look after all our children. All right, we two together saw God about blessing all men that stopped in pain in jail.

DB: All the children, too, they all suffered at this time.

Oliver: Unn. They all, together, stopped at Taskul. David along with all. David, Banalau.

DB: I am thinking of this school that put out Banalau.

Oliver: Unn, they put him out.

DB: What school was it?

Oliver: This government school, at Unus. Later they went and put him out at Noipus, and they all said this wasn't a school that belonged to America at Noipus. This is a school that belongs to Australia. You all, all you men of America, you have no school. All right, they sent him to

Noipus, they all talked just the same, too. The master said that Boski had already given him this advice : "All of Oliver's children, if you see them, put them out of the school."

DB: Boski said that.

Oliver: Unn. All right, they put out the two, along with me. The two came up to me then, and the two told me, and I said: "It's all right. It's not important. A man who has **savvy, he's alive**; a man who has not got savvy, he's alive too. A man who has money, he's alive, too, and a man who has not got money, he's alive too. All things, the same. One kind, that's all. I don't worry too much about savvy."

DB: Now Banalau, has he gone back to Unus, to school?

Oliver: Unn, Banalau has already gone back.

DB: And they don't put him out.

Oliver: No. Desi sang out to him to go to Unus. Desi said: "This fashion is not good, that all teachers keep putting these two children out of school. I want Banalau to be strong in school."

DB: What standard is Banalau in?

Oliver: In the fifth.

DB: And you told me before, too, your two brothers and your sister's son were jailed just in your name, right?

Oliver: In my name, and in the name of the election, that's all.

DB: What is the name of your sister's son?

Oliver: Wain.

DB: Did he buy tax?

Oliver: When?

DB: When they jailed him.

Oliver: No.

DB: He did not buy tax.

Oliver: They all made this "big head" (the election), and they all went to jail. They did not want to buy tax. They all wanted to make bad names for themselves first.

DB: When they stayed in jail--I think you did not stay there, but I think you have heard stories--did they have pain in jail, or were they afraid, or what?

Oliver: They were not afraid at this time. We had no fear at this time. In the minds of all, they truly wanted to go into this thing. Because they all truly wanted to see what they wanted come up. Now they do not want to change their minds around and about. In the minds of all, they have not got fear--of all kinds--fear of all the masters, or fear of anything, no.

DB: Before were you afraid of white skins?

Oliver: Before.

DB: Were you afraid because you were just ashamed, or were you afraid, or what?

Oliver: They were all just ashamed in front of them, because they were another kind, they all had savvy. And another thing, they were afraid of jail.

DB: During the time of the luluai did they jail many men?

Oliver: They jailed plenty of men--now they did not jail plenty of men, because all work, it was all right. It was straight.

DB: And they were straight in their ways, they did not just bugger up a man for no reason, right?

Oliver: Unn, yes. (Pause.) Hey, did they all tell you the story of one doctor who, before, came up new to Taskul or Analaua?

DB: No.



Oliver: No. A little way of his, it was really not straight!  
This master, doctor, they called him Master Lekin.

DB: I have not heard of him. He was a doctor?

Oliver: A doctor. He cut the bush at Analaua, this doctor.  
He worked at asking all lepers to go to Analaua. But this little way of  
his, he worked at really bugging up all men.

DB: In what way?

Oliver: He came up--but he did not let anyone see him. He stayed  
in hiding, or he stayed a long way away, or he stayed down, when, in Kavieng.  
I would leave if he came up to me. He would really bugger me up with cane,  
beating me.

DB: Beating you with cane! Why?

Oliver: And his dog, too, would bite me.

DB: He came to get all the lepers--and to look at everyone, too?

Oliver: Unn, everyone, and all their sores. But he had medicine  
too that he would shoot into men so that they would die. Suppose a little  
sore--this kind here, this one (he points to one on himself), that comes up  
on the skin--he must take me. And--all went and came together at Analaua.  
And they all dug one big hole, very deep. Suppose you go to Analaua, you  
ask all the sick men there, they will show you this hole. They all wanted  
to work a little trick, to make all men die, altogether. He would gamon  
all to look at some little something, and then fire at them. And all men  
here, they ganged up on them to go to Analaua at this time. But there's  
one thing that broke this--I think God, I don't know--He broke this law, and Mr.  
Lekin did not stop here any more. All right, Taid, he came then, the second  
one came.

DB: Master Lekin, where was he from?

Oliver: He was from Australia. He stopped and cut the bush at Analaua and Taskul, this doctor.

DB: Was he old?

Oliver: No, a young master.

(Anania, the younger brother of Oliver, joined us, briefly. Oliver and Anania, they told me, agree about their ideas, but Anania sees some of the kiaps and straightens things out and hears what they have to say. Oliver does not. Similarly, Anania goes to Edward, the Councillor, to straighten things out and hear what work is to be done for the Council, and so on.)

DB: Anania goes to Edward to straighten out things about work?

Oliver: To straighten out the work of the Council.

DB: Oh. What kind of work?

Oliver: Program about whatever kind of work, whatever they talked about at the meeting in the Council.

DB: Oh, he (Edward) comes and tells Anania, and Anania comes and tells you all.

Oliver: Unn, and what kind of thinking there is amongst everyone, and he (Edward) goes and tells the meeting. And if it is time for a Council meeting, and I hear about what kind of rule or program the Council is considering, he (Anania) breaks it down--breaks it down so that it goes along with his thinking and his savvy. In order to straighten everyone, not to harm everyone.

And he does not want everyone to go to jail. If he (Anania) says that a man cannot go to jail, they don't jail him. They hear him (Anania).

DB: Do the kiap hear (i.e. follow) the talk of Anania?

Oliver: Unn.

DB: And why do you not go and sit down along with all, as Anania does? Do you send Anania?

Oliver: It is his own wish. All kiap know that he has good ideas, they understand the meaning of his talk, that's all; and they all hear talk that is from him directly, and it is good. It is good talk to save all men. And to look out well for everyone. All right, they all get it (his talk), and they understand, he goes all the time to the Council meetings, and all the time all the masters come and sit down with him, and they all sit down together. This is the house where they all come and sit down here. (He indicates the house of Anania).

DB: Here.

Oliver: Unn, and all the kiap. All the time, too, if the D.C. comes, or if he (Anania) goes to Kavieng, the two go around together, or go to Namatanai. Yesterday he told you of another time.

DB: Yes, I hadn't known that he went with Carroll.

Oliver: Yes, he is Councillor here, but he is not Councillor (i.e. he was not elected).

DB: Yes, he is like a Councillor. They hear Anania, and they do not hear Edward, right?

Oliver: No (they do not hear Edward). Because Edward is a man of lies. He talks, but his mouth is not straight. The strength to give talk all the time so that by and by all men will be straight, he has not got it. He does not know how to do it. <sup>127</sup>

FIELD WORK IN NEW HANOVER

My interviews with the people of New Hanover, Australian administrators, other government personnel, missionaries and others who affected or were affected by the Johnson cult, often took place in a context of complex circumstances in which I had to be as much participant as observer. I needed transportation and hospitality, and I needed help. A review of the practical difficulties I encountered, and how many other people helped me solve them, will convey to the reader the essential flavor of the various subcultures that were interacting in the Johnson cult events. This brief survey is no substitute for systematic study, and the reader should take it for what it is: a sketchy report. It is unfortunate that I and other anthropologists did not do the systematic study we ought to have done before the subculture of the Australian administration became subdominant. There is no doubt that their side of the story is not properly represented here: I write from a participant's perspective, sometimes as opposition, sometimes as advocate. The advocacy role is comfortable for anthropologists: we are nearly all advocates for the people we have studied. The role of the opposition is less comfortable for me professionally: it is, in fact, inexcusable. It is necessary, however, to give some idea of the context in which the Johnson cult occurred. The following account had best be considered that of a traveller rather than that of an anthropologist.

In Sydney

Before we left Sydney for New Hanover, we talked to Rev. Jack Robbins, a Methodist missionary who had just come to Australia on leave after spending a week tramping around the New Ireland bush trying to get people thought to be "Johnson cultists" to come back to their villages. Nic Peterson had also talked to Keith Adam of the Australian Broadcasting

Company, who had been sent to Kavieng to do a story on the cult. Mr. Adam summarized what he had learned of the events of the cult for us, and also gave us a rundown on who to talk to in the Administration and how to butter up Mr. Kappy, the manager of the local hotel, who was married to a local girl.

#### Arrival in Kavieng

On our first visit to the District Commissioner's office soon after we arrived in Kavieng, Nic Peterson and I saw on his desk two great, thick files labeled "Native Thought in the Johnson Cult." Naturally, our anthropological mouths watered. We were told, however, that we would not be allowed to go to New Hanover; by District Officer Ken Williamson, who was on Keith Adam's list of people to talk to, and, most especially, by District Commissioner Bill Seale, who was not. We spoke to them first on January 1, 1965. Mr. Seale, who was replacing Mr. Healy, said that it was true that he did not become District Officer officially until January 5, but he certainly would not allow us even to visit New Hanover. They gave us no alternative but to go to Mangai for at least a week, after which they might let us go to southern New Ireland, where something called "the Accounts system" seemed to be turning into a cult.

Then they excused themselves because they had to go to a court case. In response to Nic's question, Mr. Williamson said that it was open, as all court cases are. They did not tell us it was a case in which three New Ireland "Johnson cultists" were being tried for conspiracy and sedition, though they seemed to assume that we knew that: "You heard the news this morning," one of them said; which we had not.

#### Field Work, 1965

The next day, Mr. Williamson kindly arranged for a government Landrover to take us down the road to Mangai and to the teacher there who became our great friend and teacher, Kasino Apelis. We settled down

in Mangai for our two-month study, but every week we went into town to ask if things had changed, if it would now be all right for us to at least visit New Hanover with some of the European friends who had invited us; and every week we were told to come back again next week. We never did go to New Hanover in 1965.

We did have the opportunity to talk to several government officers whose work in the service departments took them to New Hanover, and we also talked to the few European planters who lived in New Hanover. There seemed to be unanimous agreement amongst these people that the Johnson cult had resulted from government neglect and that the only harm that might come from our carrying out a study there would be that we would find this out and publish it.

It was not necessary to go to New Hanover to find out some things about the Australian Administration. On January 4, 1965, there was a farewell party for Mr. Healy in Mangai, at the Council house. I record in the interests of history that there was some confusion about who was to eat first in the gathering, which included native Councillors, Australian officials, and people in general, both indigenous and European. What happened was that all the Europeans ate first, while all the local people, even the Councillors, ate after the Europeans had gone. We hung back with our English-speaking friends, young educated people from Mangai village who just happened to be home for Christmas vacation from their jobs in Port Moresby, knowing that all was not well, and not knowing what to do.

Mr. Healy came over to say a word to me, which I appreciated. I said that we were being very well looked after in Mangai, and he said, "Yes, these people are some of the best in the District." More usually, he went on, "the native is--" and he paused to think of just the right

word--"dilatatory." I did not want to either agree with him or insult him, so I merely mentioned that there were some, like my new English-speaking friends . . . , to which Mr. Healy responded, "Oh, yes, well, they're ordinary, of course." He then said that one of them had worn a better suit at his marriage than Healy had ever owned and that he'd felt like a ragbag at the wedding. I mentioned, as we were eating, that the people had worked very hard to produce this feast and how good it was, and he said, "If you like it. It's always a bit smokey for me."

I saw him then, and in retrospect even more so, as a gentle man who did not really seem to want to impose his views, or have those of others imposed on him. In his speech he said he had been in the Territory for 38 years, and if he had contributed any small thing to the success he was sure lay ahead of them, he left a happy man. In our brief private conversation, he told me that the United Nations had shook him till his teeth rattled, and that three years ago he did not agree with Sir Hugh Foot when he came here, but now he thinks perhaps he is right. What did he say? I asked. Independence, Mr. Healy said. You must give these people independence.

#### Field Work, 1966

When I returned to Kavieng and to Mangai in 1966, I continued my efforts to gain permission to go to New Hanover and to be allowed to see the "Native Thought" files. I also continued to listen to anyone whom I could get to tell me what they knew about the cult. Conversations, largely informal, with European planters and other residents of the Kavieng District often took place over a drink at the pub or the club, where the aim of the conversation was to entertain; an occasional crumb dropped, perhaps a name and a crack, from a member of the staff of DNA (Department of Native Affairs, which became DDA, Department of District

Administration in 1966). Most of the staff of DDA regarded information about the cult as confidential, most especially not to be discussed with an untested anthropologist. The lower the rank of the officer, however, the more likely he was to be cut out of the higher levels of information and camaraderie, and the more likely he was to give me the bare bones of some incident which provided me with a few names of a few cultists to ask about the next time I met someone who might know more, or know more reliably.

I had long, systematic and reliable interviews with a few Europeans who were in a position to know in 1965 and 1966. This group of Europeans comprised staff of various kinds of government services (medical, malaria, agriculture and fisheries, welfare) and missionaries. Most of these people acted on a view of knowledge and information quite different from that directing the behavior of DDA personnel. They believed that the Johnson cult in New Hanover was largely a response to the activities and inactivities of the Australian government, to the power relationships of a fundamental nature shaping their lives, and to the large forces of change at work in the world; and that it didn't matter a whit if one inexperienced American anthropologist wandered around asking questions, in or out of New Hanover. DDA personnel attributed, or pretended to attribute, to this situation tremendous potentiality for significant behavior change. Specifically, I was told that I might be seen as Lady Bird Johnson or as an American come in the vanguard to announce the arrival of the rest of them.

#### Visit to New Hanover with the Methodists

My first chance to find out for myself whether or not my presence in New Hanover would be a dangerous spark to riot was given me by Rev. Ozzie Dale of the Methodist Mission in Kavieng. The mission education



inspector, Mr. Rex Crabb, was coming in from Rabaul to go on rounds of the Methodist schools in New Hanover with the staff of the Methodist Mission station in New Hanover, at Ranmelek. Rev. Dale got permission for me to go along on the ship Daula with Rev. Allan Taylor, who became a major informant for me about the events and people of the Johnson cult and the role of the Methodist mission in it; and with teacher Nancy Anderson, who, along with nurse Val Beckett, subsequently helped me in many ways with their experiences of New Hanover culture.

During the week of August 26 (Friday) to September 2 (Saturday), 1966, I visited several villages along the east coast of New Hanover with the mission boat, asking questions not about the cult but about traditional culture. I already knew that malanggan was a basic institution in New Ireland, and I thought that its presence or absence in New Hanover would give me a good idea of whether or not New Hanover traditional culture was much like that of New Ireland. Oddly enough, it was not at first clear-cut as to whether or not New Hanover had malanggan, because the people I met knew, or thought they knew, or thought they should know, what it was; but by the end of the week I was sure they did not have malanggan in New Hanover. Only one man spoke to me, and only briefly, about the Johnson cult. No one seemed much interested in my being American. Rev. Taylor thought there would be no harm in my coming to New Hanover to do a study. He, like the others who could see no harm in it, expressed interest in my study. Europeans who worked with the people of New Hanover found them terribly exasperating and interesting, and I began to see that some of the Europeans were "hooked" in a strange alliance with them. They paid taxes for them, and they liked them and wanted the affection returned. They were glad to have an anthropologist come, hoping I could add something to their understanding of the people with whom they were working.

Miss Anderson and Miss Beckett were the sort of people who are completely caught up in their work, which was overwhelming in quantity but which did not overwhelm them. Everything was taken in stride, a rapid, purposeful stride. It was these Australian Methodists who gave me my only moments of panic in the field. On our first day out in the Daula, we docked about 7:00 p.m. near the village of Konemetalik. By "near" I mean about thirty minutes by moonlight over slippery mangrove roots arching three to four feet above their bed of ooze. Miss Anderson strode ahead in sneakers, while I came whimpering next, and Mr. Crabb and Rev. Taylor, who I believed shared my apprehension, but quietly, came behind me. I simply do not know how or why we made it without accident. I just aimed my thong-shod feet at the shadows that flickered by under someone's flashlight and lived to tell the tale. This experience prompted Rev. Taylor to elaborate his main theory about the cult: that it resulted from isolation, that New Hanover was more isolated than some other places, and that villages in New Hanover that were the most isolated, like Konemetalik, were also the most cult-oriented. Of course the government officials preferred to stay behind their desks at Taskul rather than to risk their physical persons and abandon comfort to join the isolation at the other side of the mangrove swamp. The Methodist missionaries reminded me of something a friend had once said of the English: that they are like little chips of wood on the ocean, always rising and falling with the waves, always keeping their heads above water, always on top. Wherever they went, their own culture surrounded them like a haze, a protective buffer; and they went everywhere, rushing, doing, never allowing themselves the purposeless, friendly, idle sitting and talking that gave welcome high spots, direction and meaning to the lives of most Europeans of the Territory.

During that trip I met for the first time two cultists who later helped me a lot, but with whom I did not discuss the cult at all at the time: Makios, a man perhaps in his sixties of Patekone village, near the Methodist mission at Ranmelek; and Bosap, in his forties, who was captain of the mission boat, Daula. I did not realize that Bosap was a local, either in or out of the cult, until I took another week-long trip on the Daula nearly a year later. I liked Bosap, and we were always friendly, but it did not occur to me to ask him for help, which he later volunteered, in meeting people wherever we went.

#### Government Personnel

During September 1966 to February 1967, I continued my work in New Ireland, but I talked to people who knew about New Hanover when I met them. On December 20, I had a long talk with Mr. John Lobb, who was just resigning as "didiman," i.e., agricultural officer, in charge of New Hanover. He gave me an interesting account of the failure of the coffee crop in New Hanover and of the influence that failure had had, in his opinion, on the development of the Johnson cult.

In 1965, Nic and I had met Keith Hill of the Fisheries Department. The people called him "Master Fish," an appellation that fit in many ways. He was surely a master of the arts of fishing, an eager student of other people's knowledge of fishing, and, indeed, a devotee of fishing. Master Fish seemed always to be thinking and wondering about fishing, and sometimes even muttering to himself about fishing. However, he had a rival interest in the human species, and always seemed to be juggling the needs and wants, however big or small, of a vast variety of people around his own continual activities on behalf of the development of a fishing industry for the local population. I was one of the people whose needs he fit into his schedule. He knew that I wanted to go to

New Hanover, so whenever he went there, he let me know and offered me a ride. I went with him for the first time January 4 to 6, 1967, just to the government post at Taskul. Many people had suggested that I should talk with Mr. Carroll Gannon, who was Medical Assistant at Taskul, about where and how to undertake a study of the cult in New Hanover.

Carroll was as devoted to his work as was Keith. Both saw the success of their work as completely dependent on their interpersonal relationships with the people they were trying to serve, and both interacted constantly wherever they went. Carroll saw his relentless attempts to communicate as part of his job, but, of course, to a person like Carroll, a job is never just a job. He gave away all his money and did not take the six-months' leave to which he was entitled.

Carroll was as willing to talk to the anthropologist as he was to the natives, just as many DDA officials were as unwilling to talk to the natives as they were to the anthropologist. Their silence was partly due to their following orders. A young patrol officer, Tony Beard, arrived at Taskul just before Keith Hill and I did, January 4, with a letter, in pencil, from ADO Mert Brightwell, which read in part: "Miss Billings is there against the wishes of the D.D.A., the D.C. and myself." The letter indicated that I was to be given no information and shown no files, including Local Government Council reports, which were, in theory, public but, in fact, in a file case in the Council office.

CPO Tony Beard and I both remembered our first meeting, when he and Mr. Brightwell visited the village of Mangai in 1965 but walked past Nic and me as though we weren't there, despite my attempts to greet him. Tony and I laughed about this, and Tony, a friendly young Australian, kindly reassured me about the present letter from Mr. Brightwell and the other government officers. I had come, after all, only for informal

chats and to ascertain whether or not local European personnel thought there was any reason to worry about an anthropologist's visit disturbing the peace. I was assured that there was nothing to fear. I talked to some New Hanoverians people, who knew I was American but who seemed quite able to grasp the minor import for their lives of my visit.

Carroll often talked to me in the months that followed of the entertainment value of the cult. On this occasion of our first meeting, my notes indicate that he said, "Of course, the Blacks aren't the only ones who enjoy the diversion the cult provides--the Whites do too." He also said that he "love(d) the Post-Cult period--everyone is so happy." And everyone around Carroll always seemed happy, or at least smiling. If you weren't smiling, Carroll kept after you until you were.

This visit convinced me that I could safely and responsibly undertake field work in New Hanover.

#### Getting Permission

Several Europeans told me that the government could not stop me from going to New Hanover unless they restricted the area. I made an appointment to see Mr. Seale on Tuesday, January 10, hoping to discuss the situation with him. My New Ireland neighbor, planter Peter Murray of Baia Plantation, warned me with his usual wit: "Make sure he doesn't make you write 500 times, 'I will not fly in the face of constituted authority.'" By this time, I felt that in my dealings with the Administration I had been not only unfortunate, since anthropologists often receive a great deal of help from DDA officers in New Guinea, but deliberately misled.

When I got to my appointment, Mr. Seale saw me briefly in the presence of Mr. Brightwell and of the District Officer (D.O.) at the Government Post, Taskul, in New Hanover: Bob Hoad. Mr. Seale told me

they had decided that the government would help me work in New Hanover if I would go to Lavongai, the village next to the Lavongai Catholic Mission. This area had been in the cult but not as intensely as the Methodist area nearer Kavieng. I was asked not to interview about the cult until I had been there a while and the effect of my presence could be evaluated. Most importantly, the Catholic missions in the Kavieng area are the responsibility of the American branch of the M.S.C.

(Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, headquarters Aurore, Illinois), and American priests had replaced German ones in charge at Lavongai in the 1950s. Thus, my being American could be associated with the missions rather than with the imminent arrival of President Johnson. If I would agree to all this, Mr. Seale told me, he would ask the Bishop in Kavieng if it was all right with him. I agreed, gratefully, as I had no better way, at that time, of deciding on a place to set up headquarters. I also thought that it was best anthropological policy for me to begin my work on traditional ethnography, so not talking about the cult is exactly what I had intended to do anyway. The D.C. made a call to the Bishop, and I went to see him.

After I visited Bishop Alfred Stemper, M.S.C. (from Minnesota), I felt like Sisyphus would feel if he finally got that rock to the top and started down the other side. The Catholic Mission and the missionaries treated me from beginning to end almost as though I were one of their own, and they treat their own, and all the rest of us, with tender loving care. Instead of being regarded as a spy, a revolutionary, a nut or, at least, a nuisance, all of a sudden I was a person who had made great sacrifices to come to help the people, and my life should be made as easy as possible to make up for the inevitable hardships. Whenever I went to a Catholic Mission station in the Kavieng District, I felt as though

everyone there had been preparing just for that moment. Cold orange juice, warm cake, the fattened calf; a chair, a bed, clean sheets, hot showers; a ride into town, a ride out of town, swabs for tropical ulcers, medicines and reassurance; postage stamps, magazines, repair of machines, and any one of possibly hne hundred Roy Rogers movies, or home movies and slides, were offered along with attentive interest in conversation for as long as the visitor wished. What was most appreciated by me, however, was the welcome and gracious assumption that the anthropologist was a Good Person. This is a far cry from the lonely status often occupied by members of our profession, who are sometimes greeted by the European population in colonial situations with all the enthusiasm usually proffered itinerant lepers. Of all Europeans, I thought I was most obligated to justify myself to missionaries, whom anthropologists have so often opposed. This proved to be completely unnecessary with the Catholics of the Kavieng Diocese.

Bishop Stemper said that of course I could ride on their boats, and they would transport my supplies, and he would let Father Bernard Miller at Lavongai know that I was on my way so that he could make sure the "government rest house" was ready for me. (Months later, one of the patrol officers told me that the "government" rest houses belong to the villages where they are built, not to the government. Since neither the villagers nor the anthropologist knew this, it was necessary to get government permission for me to stay in this house in Lavongai.)

After my visit with the Bishop, I went back to the Government office to finalize plans with Brightwell. He told me that his office would be glad to have my report on T.I.A., a new economic advancement society that Father Miller had started. The members were all

the old cultists, and Mr. Brightwell thought the T.I.A. members were working with the belief that their efforts would eventually bring America to New Hanover. "We call it (T.I.A.)," Brightwell allowed with an amused smile, "Father Miller's Cult."

What the Government Thought the Cult Was About

I talked a little to Mr. Seale on this great day about his views of the Johnson cult. He told me that the people of New Hanover did not want their problems solved, that they wanted to preserve animosity. Paulos, he said, is a main leader. (Later, it turned out that he was President of T.I.A. as well.) However, there was "no definite leader or policy," and the cult was "never a stable thing." Furthermore, the "emphasis on Johnson did not affect everyone."

Mr. Brightwell agreed that the cult was a matter of "individuals," that there was "never a policy," and "never leadership." He thought Robin and Oliver, whose names were often mentioned as cult leaders by Europeans, were never really big in it but that they just came to Administration attention. Robin and Oliver "annoyed Touhy," one of the kiaps involved in the early stages of the cult, and he cited them in his report.

Mr. Seale said he didn't know what they wanted, and he thought they didn't know either. In 1965 he had said, with what I now see might have been profound insight: "They just want attention."

What the Bishop Thought the Cult Was About

I had a brief conversation with Bishop Stemper on that day, too. My notes indicate that he also thought the cult lacked leadership: "Often the 'leaders' aren't, as far as the people are concerned." The cult leaders, he thought, were mainly "just young guys." He didn't know how many of the old ones were behind them. When people came to talk to him, it was only the "young guys."



In reference to Oliver, whose name I heard most because he was always evading arrest, Bishop Stemper said he "just roams around." I had heard this idea from several other people, that the men called leaders just went from village to village. Once, the Bishop told me, they brought money to him, eight to ten men, to buy Johnson's ticket to New Hanover. In response to my question, he said that not just the Catholics came to see him about cult affairs. Once when he went out to Lavongai two years ago, a whole group of Methodists came to get his views because, since he was an American, he should know.

Was there religious zeal? I asked; and "Oh, sure," the Bishop said. New Hanover people had had some contact with Americans, but only slight, compared to, for example, Mussau, where there was army discipline. "This was just a cargo cult, and Johnson's name got involved," the Bishop told me.

What Mr. Frawley Thought the Cult Was About

Mr. Brightwell took me to see Mr. Frawley, A.D.C. (Assistant District Commissioner), who was with the patrol that was attacked on the west coast of New Ireland when they tried to collect taxes. Mr. Frawley told me that the women, and some men, didn't know what was going on in the cult. Some enjoyed being made a martyr, he said, with regard to the jail sentences given for nonpayment of taxes. The third time around when they wouldn't pay their taxes, in 1966, they were given six months in jail. When they got out, they talked of their wives and how they had to get along without a man. This was "sheer attrition," Mr. Frawley said. Mr. Brightwell said that he told them: You should have thought of them before you did things to get sent to jail.

Mr. Frawley said the tax had been levied and paid for three years, since the Council was established in 1960 (sic). But in 1964 they gave as a rationalization for not paying that they didn't want the Council, that it doesn't do anything: "A valid argument," Mr. Frawley conceded.

From Mangai to Lavongai

Wednesday, February 6, 1966, Sirape and my other friends came to help me load things into a car. My notes are as follows: "Sirape kept finding excuses not to stay--to go to her house, etc.--saw her sitting with Malu. Think she felt bad about my going. I did, but wanted to get it over with. I took my orange cat in a basket. Got to town and got the Catholic Mission boat within a couple of hours. Stopped at Analaua, the leprosy hospital island, not to go on. Stayed with the Sisters, who were very nice. One American, three Germans (one of the Germans had also trained for nursing lepers at Allentown, Pennsylvania). Black and white nuns live separately. I arrived with a Manus teacher, who was taken to the ward to sleep with other visitors.

"Father Jacobco and many here are from Langsford, Pennsylvania, where there is a Missionary of the Sacred Heart Convent. Sister Mildred at Lamakot, also Sister Regine at Lavongai. Sister Regine and Father "Jake" are Slovaks, he tells me, and so is Sister Jesofa, the American nun here. There are also Poles and Irish Catholics there, he said.

"I ate separately. Talked to the nuns at Recreation, 7:40 to 8:30. They were tired. I think I kept them up. I slept in a room in the European nuns' quarters. My orange cat ran away when I took her outside and she saw other people, and she didn't come back."

I had become attached to the cat, and her presence kept away rats, a not inconsiderable service from the point of view of the local people as well as, of course, from mine. The next morning, when it was time to leave and the orange cat hadn't come back, the sisters promised to watch for her for me. One of the black sisters suddenly popped a black and white kitten into my pocket. Father Miller often said, later, that when I showed up at Lavongai at 8:00 p.m. Thursday night, February 9, with a kitten in my pocket, he groaned inwardly and thought: "Oh, no,

what has the Bishop sent me this time." He kept all his misgivings well hidden, however, and I was warmly welcomed by Father Miller of Toledo, Ohio, Sister M. Regine of Langsford, Pennsylvania, and Sister Liboria of Australia. When I left Sirape, I felt like I was leaving home, but at Lavongai Catholic Mission, I soon felt I had found another one.

#### Getting to Know New Hanover and Kiaps

I did not do any systematic interviewing about the Johnson Cult, or about T.I.A., "Father Miller's cult," until late July. By then, I had a fairly full idea of the traditional culture of New Hanover, and I and my work had become known, not only to the Lavongai village people but to other people from other villages. They had visited Lavongai, I had been to their villages, and we met at meetings: Council meetings in Taskul, and a T.I.A. meeting July 12 and 13 at Lavongai. I had been away and come back several times, something which I felt somehow made me more part of the furniture--I wasn't just a one-shot deal; I would go and come back.

At first, I remained in Lavongai village, mapping and doing genealogies and going along to the bush, and doing what anthropologists do anywhere. One local man talked to me about the cult, and Pengai came on March 2 and gave me a long interview about how the election got started. I continued, nevertheless, to concentrate my questioning on traditional culture.

Wednesday, March 15, I left Lavongai to go to Taskul for a Council meeting on the government ship Mercy, intending to return the next day. The Mercy had a big, deep insides with no windows, and one look in it was enough to convince me that I should stay on top, even though I had been feeling like I was getting sick and even though it started to drop a cold, sharp rain on us and my raincoat was inaccessible somewhere in the depths. It soon became evident that I was getting the "children's ear disease," i.e., mumps, which my native friends quickly diagnosed. There was circumstantial

evidence: lots of children had it at the time, I had never had it, and Mrs. Pat Murray, my neighbor in Mangai, had a severe case. So I went on from Taskul to the hospital in Kavieng, where they didn't want me because mumps are contagious. I was finally allowed to stay when I made clear that I had nowhere else to go. The European doctor, in any case, thought I had some kind of infection and gave me penicillin in the early stages of the disease. My Mangai friends, Sirape, Eural, and Milika came after a week to take me home to Mangai, where they gave me all sorts of attention, hot towels, leaves that make sore skin itch, and the clear certainty that it was mumps, because my eyes were pink. I returned to Taskul March 30, spent some time copying files, visited the Ranmelek Methodist mission, and, finally, with great difficulty, got back to Lavongai.

The story of how I got home hints at DDA subculture, which was, in my view, accurately perceived by the people of New Hanover. The people often said that the Australian government did not want to help them. This often seemed true, to me, but what surprised them was that the Australian government did not want to help me, either, even though I was white. We gradually worked out together that DDA did not want to help service government officers, either (fisheries, agriculture, medical, malaria, etc.), but it took me quite a long time to realize that DDA officials wanted perhaps even less to help each other. Their attitudes to each other were largely punitive, due to their high expectations of each other, or high suspicion of each other. Their unwillingness to help is probably partly cultural, the other side of a well known Anglo-Saxon coin: self-reliance. I will illustrate the evidence for this generalization later, but here I will just tell the pieces that fit with the story of my solutions to the practical problems of field work, most especially the logistical ones.

Mr. Seale had told me that if I cooperated, that is, if I went to Lavongai rather than somewhere else, I could ride on the government

trawler and be helped in other ways with transportation when the government was going my way. During our January 10 interview, however, when I mentioned that Patrol Officer Neil Watts of Konos had said that I could ride along the next time he went to Tabar, Mr. Seale said that I could not and that I should ask him (which, of course, I had many times) when I wanted to go to Tabar. Of Mr. Watts, he said: "He'll have to learn he's not boss of the ship." Mr. Seale had already heard of five going on it, he said, and there would not be room for me.

Regardless of what Mr. Seale said, one could not possibly have gone on the government trawler without the permission of Captain Bill Busch. I first met him on March 17, the day I hitched a ride with him to Kavieng because I had mumps. I had not yet introduced myself when I walked across the trawler to wave goodbye to Steven, the president of the Council, who had nearly missed the departure of the Mercy for having stopped to talk to me. Captain Busch shouted at me: "Who gave you permission to come on my boat with dirty feet?" (As I recall, I hadn't made any noticeable mark on his boat, but it is true that Taskul is noted for its clinging, impossible red clay, which, according to Alan Midgely and myself, cures tropical ulcers.) One was never sure how much humor Captain Busch intended, but one did not press to find out. I managed to make friends sufficiently to be allowed to ride back to Taskul Thursday, March 30, when the trawler was making a trip with the doctor. Captain Busch told me that he would be going all the way to Lavongai and beyond the following Tuesday and that I could ride along if I hadn't found a "road" (as pidgen English calls any means of transportation) yet.

When I got back to Taskul, I asked ADO Bob Hoad for permission to copy, from files in his office, the minutes of Council meetings. I

asked only to see accounts of the type that were "public," one would think, as the meetings were. He said that would be all right. When I went to his office, however, on Friday, March 31, and reminded Bob that I would like to see the Council minutes, he gave me only those for the current year, 1966-67. I then asked Patrol Officer Ian MacDonald, who was advisor to the Council, if I could see the files containing minutes of Council meetings before the current year. He said he didn't know if there were any minutes for Council meetings before 1964. He didn't know if they kept them, or where they were. He added parenthetically that there was a big box of something thrown out. He shouted, "I don't know," and he and Bob left.

Saturday, April 1, Ian invited me along to have a beer at his house. (I later realized that this was an enormous achievement.) While I was there, Bob came to the door. The Mercy had come in with an education inspector and a bank man and two others. Bob had nothing to feed them, did Ian? Two packages of sausages and some steak. He wanted a barbecue, he said, in response to my saying, trying to be helpful, why didn't he open a tin. Then he volunteered that he was up at Ian's hiding. Ian said they were known as one of the two most inhospitable stations in the District, the other being Namatanai, where they all went bush if anyone came. He talked about what a mess one of the kiap's places was. Bob invited me to eat with them, adding, "but don't expect much." I said I'd better go down to Mrs. Gannon (Carroll's old mum, who was visiting), who was expecting me. I said I knew why I was here, but I couldn't understand what kept them in this life. "Money!" they said, laughing.

It is not that being hospitable to their mates would have cost them any money. The government gives its employees warrants in generous

fixed amounts that they are to give to any station, government or private citizen, where they receive bed and board. The kiaps could make money on this, as on any expense account, and apparently did. But I heard many planters complain that they gave their hospitality freely, that the kiaps did not like to give them their warrents because the kiaps were supposed to be sleeping in the villages instead of boozing it up on planters' grog supply; and what really made them angry was that "in ten years, not one kiap has ever bought me one drink or had me in his house in town." I bring this up to show that I am talking about kiap subculture, both from their point of view and from that of outsiders, to answer questions which should arise as to whether or not the behavior described was related particularly to me (or to an anthropologist). I think it was not.

Sunday, April 2, Allen Taylor came to preach at Taskul, and I went back on the Daula with him to Ranmelek, hoping to get a ride on to Lavongai. However, no one went by. Monday, on the regular government "sched," i.e., scheduled radio conversation that takes place every morning amongst various stations, Rev. Taylor heard a message for me from Captain Bill Busch. However, as it was the government "sched," not the Methodist "sched," he heard it only by accident and not clearly. He said I could ride back to Taskul with him the next morning on his way around the island. As Tuesday, April 4, was the day Captain Busch had originally told me he would be going my way, I presumed that I would be in time. And as the government trawler, I presumed, usually stopped at Taskul, I thought for once I would be in the right place at the right time.

I got back to Taskul in a pouring and cold rain. Carroll was in Kavieng, and I went right to the government office to find out what

my message had been from Bill Busch. The officers, Bob Hoad and Ian MacDonald, were apparently busy. I knocked, and they asked me to wait outside (there being only one room to the office) in the rain for about fifteen minutes. It was on this occasion that it occurred to me that these two, had they been tramping through the jungle for a year looking for elephants and happened to run into Dr. Livingston, would not have spoken until he was out of earshot, when one of them might have said to the other, "That must have been Dr. Livingston." After I mulled this over for a while, however, I realized that this was not a fair analysis. They would never have mentioned it at all, to each other or to anyone else. Each just to himself might have thought: "Bloody Livingston must still be here mucking about." I must stress, however, that this scenario is hypothetical, and hypothesized by me while waiting in the rain. I also remembered a line from a poem by Ogden Nash which had once become famous among a little band of Americans I knew in the British world:

Of defining Anglo-Saxon reserve I despair,  
 But I think it consists in assuming that  
 nobody else is there.<sup>128</sup>

I remind myself now that the Australian kiaps who had planned the Taskul station, predecessors to those resident in 1967, had deliberately had their two houses built twenty minutes' walk from each other and from the Medical Assistant's house, though these three were the only Europeans living at Taskul; and that the kiaps sometimes went a week without seeing Carroll.

By the time I was allowed in, I was not in a good mood to hear Ian MacDonald tell me he didn't know exactly what the radio message for me was, just something about meeting Bill Busch at Lungatan (Jim White's



plantation, near Ranmelek from which I had just come). Since Taskul was along the way between Kavieng, where the trawler would start, and Lungatan, and since the message was not clear, I said, "Oh--well, I'll wait here then," to which Ian MacDonald responded with, "He wouldn't have told you to go to Lungatan if he were coming here." I then said some angry things about his not making clear to me whether or not he knew what the message was, and stamped out. Bob Hoad called me back. Ian then said, "Do you want to talk to Bill Busch, or what?" I said, "I don't know the system; can he be talked to?" Ian responded with the only thing he ever said that I thought was amusing and which hinted at redeeming possibilities: "Some people have managed." He then said there was radio contact time at 12:05, and I said, "Can you try that?" and he said, "You probably won't get anything, but you can try." I, of course, could try nothing without help from these two, as radio contact was achieved through some complicated manipulation of a large piece of equipment.

However, contact was made with Bill Busch, and he did want me to meet him at Lungatan, as he was not going to stop at Taskul. Ian and Bob both heard this. I asked them if they could direct me to some native who might be able to help me find a canoe to go back around to Lungatan (which by canoe would take two to three hours). No, they didn't know anyone. Could they just tell me one name of one native that I might start with? No, sorry, they didn't know any. Why didn't I ask Carroll to help me? Bob said. I told him that, of course, I would ask Carroll, but he and his mother had gone to town.

This was the only time the kiaps nearly reduced me to tears. I trudged down the hill toward Carroll's empty house in the rain, and as I came near the little house of Sering, a fine old gentleman who was

Carroll's "boss boy," I decided to throw myself on his mercy. I told him my story, and within minutes he had lined up two canoes, one for me and one for my "cargo," as all white man's goods are called.

Sering's friends brought me on a lovely canoe trip over protected waters to join the government trawler, where Captain Busch and I had a most civilized dinner and discussion. I learned a lot about the Americans who had been there making maps, because Captain Busch had guided them through the reefs.

Captain Busch did not have a high opinion of kiaps, or of many other people. It is his comments on kiaps that are of interest here. He said he would not take kiaps on the government trawler, even if they wanted to go on patrol. Mert Brightwell had said not to. They get \$1.50 a day travelling expenses, and he did not want them to get away with that (as they would have had no expenses on the trawler). "They think only of money," he said. This was the information that made me realize that the government did not help anyone, even its own.

I was very glad to get back to Lavongai Wednesday, April 5, but I had only a short stay, as I had to get back to Mangai for the Kuluvos malanggan. I was gone from April 17, when I went into town with Father Miller on the Joseph (which took six to seven hours, Father Miller trying not to get sunstruck under an umbrella), until Friday, May 19, when I hitched a ride back with "Master Fish," Keith Hill, who was coming to Lavongai village to continue his efforts to teach the people large-scale fishing techniques with the big red nets he had lent to them.

I finally had my first (except that with Pengai) long interview, one which I had to seek out, with a cultist on June 17, 1967. Keith Hill took me along to Unusa, where he was checking up on the net he had left, on its repair and on the results the people had achieved with it.

From Unusa I could easily walk over to the small island of Mamion, where Oliver lived. In 1965 I always heard the name of Oliver linked with Robin and Samuel as cult leaders, but by June 1967, when I arrived at Mamion, Oliver's name was the only one still regularly mentioned. Robin was not active, and Samuel had moved to Rabaul to work in a store.

Keith Hill and I walked to Mamion after we arrived in the late afternoon of June 16, 1967. We were accompanied by Oliver's teen-age son, David, who had been working for several weeks for Keith as his "boat boy": he operated the speedboat that took Keith on his rounds. David brought us to his father, and I arranged to come back the next day to talk to him. Oliver had heard of me and my work, and his son had had a chance to get to know me over several days in Kavieng while Keith was preparing to set out. Still, I was sleeping over in Unusa in the new corrugated-iron house built by the Council and under the supervision of Edward, a "loyalist," from a government viewpoint. From Oliver's point of view, I was staying with "the enemy." But Edward and Oliver had, at least superficially, reconciled, and Oliver came over and sat and talked informally with us, along with his son, in the evening before our interview. Edward was also present. They each told me that they wanted now to work together. I found these people in the Tsoi and Tigak islands somewhat different from the people of the Big Place, New Hanover; somewhat more gentle and hospitable than New Hanoverians, more likely to be uneasy about conflict, more "polite." They did not have malanggan or other large-scale integrative devices, however, and they, like New Hanoverians and unlike New Irelanders, combined matrilineality and virilocality to form their social structure, which was probably, therefore, individualistic. I did not have time to investigate them other than superficially.

On June 17, I went to Mamion, and Oliver and I had an excellent talk. Oliver was the only person I interviewed who was apprehensive about my use of the tape recorder, so I took notes for about two hours, then asked him if I could turn on the tape recorder while we ate the meal his wife served us. I left it on for about an hour but went on taking written notes, mostly to emphasize for Oliver that the tape recorder was just an aid to me for note-taking. Father Miller had taped several conversations with Oliver, with his permission. I was so pleased with the tape I must have felt that it would glow in the dark, because I failed to mark it right away; and a few days later I erased it, thinking it was empty, while recording a talk with Joseph Pukina. I went back August 3, and Oliver and I made another tape that repeated most of what I needed to know, and I had my written notes. But I did not get again quite the same discourse I had lost on the subject of "belief."

In that interview on June 17, 1967, after having talked to Oliver for over two hours, I finally asked him if he ever really believed that Johnson would come. He reflected for a moment before he answered. Then he said, "I must believe. If I do not believe, I sit down and do nothing." It was at this time that I first understood that by "belief" he meant "hope." We discussed the term "belip" in pidgin, and, when he saw what the ambiguity was, he made himself amply clear, both in June and again in August. In these crucially important interviews, Oliver showed me his sophisticated understanding of the power of belief to overcome apathy, and his own attempt to come to terms with epistemological problems.

While I was in Unusa, I had several conversations of substance with Edward, but I did not tape one until we met again at Carroll Gannon's house in Taskul.

I made one more small foray into the bush before I began any systematic interviewing. Several people, Europeans, both government and missionaries, had mentioned the village of Bolpua as a hard-core area of cult. The Big Man in that area was a man called Pilikos. It was one place where men met after the vote for Johnson, and it was near where the American map makers had done whatever it was they did. Bolpua was not on the coast, but back aways into the bush, up a river from the coastal villages of Meterankan. It was not easy for Europeans to stop by and it remained more "isolated" from European visitors than coastal villages.

Friday, June 30, Sister Liboria, the nurse of the Lavongai mission, went to Meterankan to do Infant Welfare, and I rode along. Tolimbe, one of my good friends amongst the young men in Lavongai village, drove the little speedboat, Joseph, and agreed to walk with me to Bolpua while we left Sister Liboria to do her work in Meterankan. We walked for thirty to forty-five minutes to get to the village. Someone was sent for Pilikos. He came after another half an hour. There was a lot of silence, and no easy talk. I asked about traditional culture, the land in relation to T.I.A., and told them I was here to learn their fashion. They had heard of me, some had seen me. We left after about half an hour and walked back. My notes tell me that "Sister Liboria said almost no Bolpua women came to Welfare today. They never do, but she says she thinks this isn't cult. They never did. The people say it's because they don't all live in the village but are living around and about in the bush. The village was long, stretched out on a flat top of a hill. Big, nice houses, nice breeze, a woman hurriedly finishing sweeping as I came up. Many coconuts. The kids don't go to school, Sister Liboria said. Very few come, to school or to Infant Welfare, but government

figures showed this as the largest population of any village of the area--246, or some such."

What my notes do not record is a big, new house that I remember and that I commented on. It was just a roof, no walls, the kind of house people build for communal purposes, for cooking or meeting, but not for sleeping, as it would be cold. I remembered this house when, a month or so later, I heard that a big, new house had been built in Bolpua for secret meetings among cultists. Or was it a warehouse? for the cargo that the Americans would bring? I heard these remarks from Europeans, but not from other local people.

#### The Anthropologist's "Rounds" to the East

Time was running out, and I was convinced that my presence was not going to start a cult. It was time for me to mount some sort of systematic interviewing about it. Rev. Taylor had told me several names of men who lived near Ranmelek, and I would have to go and find them and really come to grips with what they thought. And I wanted to go to visit the surviving wife of Peter Yangalissmat, of whom Pengai had told me, the man who spoke of America twenty years ago. She lived in Narimlawa, quite a walk, I was told, from Ranmelek. What bothered me, really, was not the walk but the showing up in strange villages, a strange white lady with no stamina and no immediately apprehendable purpose. I was therefore very happy when Nolis, a young friend of mine in Lavongai, agreed to accompany me. He could, at least, help to explain that I was harmless, if odd, if that became necessary.

And so, on July 19, we set out for Ranmelek, and points beyond, to interview cultists. Father Miller sent us in the small speedboat, Joseph, to start the "rounds" of the anthropologist. I had assumed Nolis

would know better than I did where places were and how to get there. This turned out to be an ethnocentric assumption, based on the general myth that native peoples all know each other, know all the paths, know protocol. As it turned out, I always had to take the lead, but I appreciated Nolis' company, anyway.

While I worked near Ranmelek, the Methodist missionaries kindly gave me hospitality. On Thursday, July 20, I set off with Nolis from Ranmelek to Patekone, only a half-hour's walk, to find Makios. I had met him briefly in August 1966, when I went with the Methodists on their education inspection tour, and, again, more recently, at Lavongai on July 12 at a meeting of T.I.A. representatives, called "Bord," a derivation from Father Miller's idea that there be a "Board" of representatives for T.I.A. So Makios knew who I was and knew something of what I was, and we had a full and enlightening conversation, most of it on tape. During this interview, he used the pidgin term tok bilas, which means "ridicule" or "mockery." I had never heard the term in New Ireland, and a review of my conversation with Makios indicates that I did not understand it when he first used it. It is a very important concept in New Hanover.

Makios suggested that I go see Saripat, who was in the Ranmelek "hospital" so that he could drink the medicine for TB. He had been Councillor for Magam, the village just beyond Patekone, and he was about Makios' age, i.e., in his sixties. I had never met Saripat before. He knew vaguely that I was around, and seemed content to come and sit on the grass with me, talking about things old and new for me and my tape recorder. My interview with Saripat was a turning point, because he made me understand that the idea that the Americans or the ancestors were going to bring cargo free was "tok bilas," i.e., ridicule invented

by the opposition, not by the cultists. I had not known the term "tok bilas" before in pidgin. I asked him solemnly about it, and he answered solemnly for a while, then laughed and made clear that he was teasing me. New Hanoverians are great teasers, whereas New Irelanders are not, and I am not when I am doing serious business like anthropology. But I became a tease in New Hanover in self-defense, and, fortunately, I knew something about teasing in New Hanover by the time I talked to Saripat.

Saripat mentioned Savemat, whose name I had heard often before, especially from the Methodist missionaries. He was about the age of Makios and Saripat and had long been a trusted Methodist munamuna, i.e., local preacher. It was of some concern that he had joined the cultists. When Saripat suggested that we go to see him, I was delighted. Saripat could show me the way, and, having talked to me for a couple of hours, could quickly indicate to Savemat something about me. Moreover, it was sometimes easier to talk to two than to one when I was a stranger. And I was a complete stranger to Savemat. The three of us talked all afternoon, and I returned again for an hour after dinner. Most of those conversations are on tape, though Savemat spoke in a low voice, sometimes glancing at Saripat for reassurance that it was all right to say what he was saying. This interview gave me my best insight into what had really happened at Ranmelek on that great day when most people voted "on the board" instead of "in the box," because, while Pengai may have composed what went on the board, Savemat actually wrote on it the vote for Johnson. Savemat was perhaps more reluctant to speak to me than any other informant, I think because of his long, close association with the mission, where I was staying.



On my way back to the mission that night, I had a brief talk with Bosap, the captain of the Methodist ship Daula, who was waiting for me. I realized that I would need to have a long taped interview with him eventually, but I was out of tape and out of energy at that time.

Next day, Friday, July 21, Nolis and I started the hard, unknown part of our "rounds." Rev. Taylor took us as far as Lungatan, Jim White's place, by boat, dropped us off, and then we were on our own to find our way to Narimlaw. We had no trouble as far as the adjacent village of Mataniu. Then we--I--began asking how to get to Narimlaw, where Peter Yangalissmat's last wife still lived. Fortunately, we met two men from there along the road almost immediately, so we did not get lost. This was part two of my three-or-more-part awakening to group prejudice, which believes that people of the other group have great powers of stamina and endurance, which we, whoever we are, don't have. "Nolis made more of a fuss about the road than I did. I had to take responsibility," my notes say. I thought a young, strong local boy like Nolis would be able to ask directions and pick his way through the jungle, but he appeared to be more nervous than I was about being lost and about the social awkwardness of the situation. Maybe it was not an accident that two men who were Bord of T.I.A. met us on the road and accompanied us, but, in any case, it was a great relief for us two greenhorns. One of them said that his brother had sent a letter saying that Dorothy was coming. So I knew, at least, that I was known.

My interview there with a group of men was very unsatisfactory. They spoke a little bit with me, but mostly to each other in their local language. I later asked Nolis about it, and he agreed with me that they seemed apprehensive about talking to me, but he didn't seem to understand why. However, he understood one important thing that I missed: one of

the "enemy," that is, a man loyal to the Australian government, was present, Nolis told me, and that may have been the main difficulty. Anyway, it was not all in vain when I met Peter Yangalissmat's last wife, who had a most beautiful, warm smile which displayed the clean white teeth of the Seventh-Day Adventists (who do not chew betel nut or smoke). She didn't have much to tell me, nothing really that I couldn't have learned from others, except that hearing it from her gave a kind of reliability to it. She also had a kind of genuine quality about her, poise, which told me, along with her stories, something about her dead husband, who had had many, many women.

I stopped to talk to Jim White, who had known Peter Yangalissmat too, on the way back to Ranmelek. Some men from Narimlawā came most of the way with us in a cold, drenching rain. I didn't mind the journey as I felt that, to some small extent, the mission had been accomplished. Mr. White was among the planters whose wit never failed him when it came to lampooning anthropologists, but he, like all the planters, never failed to lend a helping hand, to me and to the missionaries, who expressed boundless appreciation for his services and contributions. On this occasion, he lent me a shirt and took me back to Ranmelek in his speedboat.

The next day (July 22), Bate, whom I had met the previous August, and who had worked for Jim White for years, walked down to Ranmelek so that I could talk to him there. We sat on a log near the sea and recorded our conversation on tape. Bate gave me a clear view which confirmed that of Makios and Saripat and Savemat. He was about their age and remembered working for the Germans. Makios sat near us, but out of earshot, ready to go with me on two canoes, for which he had successfully arranged, to see Silikan of Enang island.

Silikan was also a Methodist preacher, and also a man whose name I had heard a lot from the mission in connection with Methodism and with the cult. Silikan was also a Bord for T.I.A. Still conscious of my obligation not to start trouble, I always asked to talk to people who were Bord for T.I.A., and always started my questions with T.I.A. and followed through when the Election came up, as it always did. I always asked about traditional culture, too, partly because I wanted to know about it and partly because I wanted to know how much the cultists knew about it, whatever "it" was.

Silikan was a very bright man, perhaps in his early forties, about Oliver's age. He knew of me, but my coming with Makios greatly facilitated our discussion, which took place in front of Makios and a few others, one of whom, Su, occasionally added a comment. I recorded most of the discussion on tape. This interview gave me two memorable incidents: one in which Silikan symbolized the kind of savvy they wanted by holding up a metal teapot and saying, "I want to know how to make this teapot." When the recording was over, Silikan asked me about various ways of getting America to come to help New Hanover, ways that startled me because they made sense and were possible in terms of the world as I knew it.

I talked some more with Makios while food was prepared for me. I already had some feeling that the ambience of the islands was more like New Ireland than like New Hanover, and the preparation of food for me (which almost never happened in New Hanover, or, if it did happen, was "special," not just part of the routine), prompted me to ask for the kinship system here. It used Tigak terms, identical to those used in Mangai. There was a gentleness, no crying babies, much silence and slow movement. Other characteristic similarities with New Ireland were

confirmed later by the observations of others, Rev. Taylor in particular. Yet the islands did not have malanggan, and they did not have Big Men who sponsored them. Still, emotionally, I think their involvement was differently motivated than that of the New Hanover people.

Sunday, July 23, I went back to Enang for church services and to take some pictures to send back to the people. My notes say, "Nolis didn't come. He has a headache. He pulled (i.e., paddled the canoe) vaguely yesterday. Today's lot are really working, but they sent four instead of two. In New Hanover, the man who pays the piper doesn't call the tune. (I am thinking that I paid Nolis to help me with just such logistical problems.) The piper does, and he's lucky to get any tune. If the piper wants to, he may just walk away with the money. You gave it to him, it was your risk." I attended the church service, shook a few hands, and went on by canoe to Taskul, about a two and one-half hour journey. It was a lovely, smooth journey, during which I wrote notes in my little notebook, but toward the end of it I began to feel feverish, and when I got to Taskul my temperature was 101 degrees, apparently just due to spending too much time in the sun. Now I understood why Father Miller hid under a big black umbrella in the Joseph. I recovered in a couple of hours and began my Taskul "rounds."

On Tuesday, July 25, Bob Hoad allowed me to copy a report he had written which briefly outlined the events of the Johnson cult from the Administration point of view. This document is a great help to the European mind, used to hanging things on properly spaced time hooks. There had been three years of jailing men for nonpayment of taxes. There had been turnover in personnel. There had been several meetings with officials, sometimes from Kavieng, sometimes from America, sometimes from the United Nations, sometimes with a few from each category. Some

were at Taskul, some at Meterankan, some at Lavongai. From what the people told me I was able to locate each event with the description given in Bob's report, which had dates attached. I also felt then that I had uncovered most of the major meetings, confrontations, and so on, that composed, in the minds of the people as well as in the minds of the Europeans, the Johnson cult.

In Taskul I had a chance to get a couple of long, recorded interviews with Carroll. I spoke with Father Fischer, who was in charge of the new Catholic mission station at Puas, on the north coast of New Hanover, and who had been previously stationed in Manus. I also talked some with the kiaps, who seemed somewhat more cordial. Perhaps they had new orders.

Carroll, bless him, never let me have a moment's peace. He told everyone who the "missus" was, that they should "Good morning to the missus," that they should come and talk to me; and he told me in their presence what side they were each on in the cult, how they had changed over time, who they were related to, why they were in jail or hospital or trouble.

On Monday I had two long interviews with non-cultists, Benson, who was young, and Edward, who was old.

On July 25, I also had an interview, arranged by Carroll in his house, with Lapantukan of Kulingei village. Several things about this interview made it distinctive and important. Lapantukan told several stories of his confrontations with the kiaps in which he successfully asserted rights that he felt he had and that, when pressed, the kiaps had to grant him. He was an intense informant, and, while he often said that he hadn't been afraid, it was clear that it had taken staunchness in the cause to risk the ridicule which, indeed, he was subjected to,

and to still feel right about it. Groups of men in jail together could reassure each other and reconfirm each other, but many of the men did have moments wherein they had to stand alone early in the cult when they were not sure themselves exactly what was going on--as I suppose nobody ever really was or is.

It may be that Lapantukan had especially what we might call "the courage of his convictions," or it may be that he had stronger, or different, convictions, than did some of the others. He was the only one to tell me that he thought it was possible that cargo was made by the ancestors. One or two others were noncommittal, but most clearly denied it. This particular aspect of Lapantukan's interview is noteworthy only from the point of view of Europeans, who have found cargo beliefs important elsewhere, because this belief was not stressed by Lapantukan in any way and was not part of his thinking in relation to events of the past, nor part of his program for the future. It was just something that lay there, unresolved but unused, in his mind. After the interview with Lapantukan, I began to think that even if some people had heard of this belief about cargo and ancestors, it was in no way central to the cult. To pursue it would have been like pursuing with a Catholic monk whether or not souls would perceive angels in some form after death, and attributing the life choices of the monk to a positive response to that belief, if he had it.

In the evening of July 25, Carroll capped his services to anthropology and the anthropologist by inviting to dinner a young man who, Carroll said, knew about and would tell me about homosexuality in New Hanover. Carroll himself acted as "manki masta," i.e., cook and house servant for the occasion, preparing the food and serving it to me and Pasingan<sup>129</sup> in the living room, while Carroll himself ate in the

kitchen so that our interview could be private, as well as smoothly organized. He, of course, also told Pasingan something about me and my work and what I needed to know about before we met, so that my informant was ready and willing as well as able when he arrived. This was a crucial interview not just from the point of view of obtaining a full description of the culture and getting a good interview on a difficult subject, but also because of what I learned about New Hanover cultural character in relation to the cult. Briefly, the homosexual encounter was usually pederasty initiated by older man against young boys, who might be unwilling participants. As men grew older, they no longer submitted to pederasty, but continued to initiate it. A respected Big Man was especially able to initiate encounters with whomever he wished. Such men are feared but not respected. The act manifests the dominance-submission relationships of moderately high degree which characterize this culture. Far more important, this information focused for me what I had only vaguely apprehended: there is no respected Big Man and never has been in New Hanover. To find a "hero," someone you can respect, someone who will help you and not take advantage of your weakness, you might turn to a dead father, or perhaps even to the President of America.

July 26 and 27 I had some more systematic interviews with Carroll, during which he told me more about some of the events of the cult and the people and their personalities. I went into Kavieng for supplies and from there got a ride back on August 1 to Taskul and on over to Mamion, where Oliver lived, with Labor Inspector Dennis Shepard. There I talked again with Edward, of Unus, and I taped a second interview, on Thursday, August 3, with Oliver. I stayed in the big house of corrugated iron, which I could have to myself and which was just next to the house of Edward, the Loyalist. Oliver wanted me to come and stay

with his family. I felt that I should, even though I could think of lots of excuses, e.g., Oliver was trying to dominate me and "capture" me away from "the enemy." All anthropologists have lines drawn around themselves beyond which they do not allow the invasion of their person, even though it may cost their anthropology something. This was a case where I drew a line simply because I was personally more comfortable back in the house by myself. But I felt guilty that I was not willing or able to be a little more easy about this. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that Oliver's being of opposite sex complicated matters, which it did, and that if my major informant had been a woman I would have gone over there to sleep at whatever cost to my physical comfort. Certainly, it was the social discomfort, not the physical, which determined my decision.

On August 3, when I had my second interview with Oliver, I also interviewed his brother, Anania, who had been in the cult but who was then working with the government and the Council. No one seemed angry with him for it. There seemed a kind of notion that someone had to make the liaison, reflecting, I think, a tendency to conciliate, rather than to fractionalize, that distinguished New Ireland and the Islands from New Hanover.

I also met Robin and talked with him. I had never seen him before, nor did I ever again. Long before I went to New Hanover I heard of Oliver and Robin, Oliver and Robin, always the two together, and always in that order. Further questioning could produce stories about Oliver, but nothing about Robin, who seemed finally to fade out of the picture. I met him walking along the beach while Oliver and Anania and I were walking back from Anania's house toward the canoe which was to take me back to Edward's. Robin and I began to talk,



went to stand, then sit, under a little roof in the shade, and finally talked for about an hour. Oliver, meanwhile, had gone on ahead, carrying my tape recorder. Robin's voice was very soft and would not have recorded, I think, anyway. He seemed very anxious and seemed to have the "asthma" that Carroll Gannon found to be very common in New Hanover. Robin was more interested than most in the "supernatural" aspect of things, phrased in Christian terms.

I left Robin and caught up with Oliver and Anania on down the beach. Oliver walked back to Unusa with me. He brought along his dog, Snowball. He patted the dog several times. He seemed sad. He asked me several times to write to him from America. When we last shook hands, he said, "Mama, you can't forget me." I told him that certainly I would not.

#### More about Kiaps

When Labor Inspector Dennis Shepard and I arrived in Taskul from Unusa on Friday, August 4, he visited a while at Carroll's but went up the hill to stay at Ian MacDonald's. The next day he came down to join us at Carroll's house. He said he was so angry at the lack of hospitality from DDA at Taskul that next time he had to come this way he would go around to Lungatan to stay with planter Jim White. He said he'd never seen anything like Ian before in kiaps. He said he had been to many outstations, and was a planter in Papua and a Labor Inspector in the Sepik, and he had never been inhospitably received before.

He must have been lucky, or perhaps he was trying to hold out for the "everyone is good at heart" theory. The night before, he had been trying to politely say that Ian was just young, but breakfast had apparently pushed him too far. He said that Carroll had sent up six

eggs to help provide food for Dennis, and Dennis got one egg for breakfast. I asked how much bread he had brought from town, and he said two loaves. And how much had he got for breakfast? One-half piece of toast, with a dab of tinned mince meat on top. He'd had to bring his own sheets and pillow. He wouldn't have known to do this, but others had told him. Dennis deducted everything he could from the government warrent, but he had to pay Ian \$15.50. He said he'd never stay there again. Ian didn't even speak to him--he had four or five bottles of beer, radio blasting from the time he came in, read a book. Dennis just turned in at 9:00 p.m.

Mr. Shepard was incredulous when I told him that this patrol post did not sell stamps or cash checks--well, not willingly. I had thought Ian MacDonald was going to refuse to send my radiogram to Kavieng because I didn't have any stamps, but he merely informed me that it "really is a bit of a nuisance to us," that they have to put the money in an envelope and send it to town for stamps. When I first asked him to send the radiogram, he had thought I was asking him to send my message to Mr. Seale on government time. He had answered, "It's not my job." I blew up and said he had misinterpreted my request that he send a radiogram, that I would, of course, pay for it: "Don't worry, you don't have to help anyone for nothing, you don't have to put a toe over the mark." Ian had retorted, "It's easy to see why Mert Brightwell wouldn't help you." I was able to say, then, that Mr. Brightwell was helping me, that he had let me see some letters that had come to him from cultists and had let me borrow his tape recorder to use in copying them. (I felt that this crack was not quite Fair Play, as apparently Mr. Brightwell had not informed Ian MacDonald of the change in strategy and/or policy toward the anthropologist.) Mr. Shepard said, upon hearing this story,

that it was Ian's job to ask Mr. Seale on the phone or "sched" about my request. "Why, he doesn't even do his job."

What had, I gather, changed government policy toward me was a letter I had written to Mr. Seale in which I blamed, primarily, not the government but traditional New Hanover culture for the Johnson cult. I asked, as I had before, if I might see letters from cultists or other documents. When I went into Kavieng, July 29, I was overwhelmed by the reception I was given. I was offered a chair and a typewriter. Mr. Brightwell sorted out some very important native documents for me, including Samuel's speech. He lent me his tape recorder to help me copy everything quickly. I can only presume that somehow my letter to Mr. Seale had made me respectable, at last, in the government's eyes.

Certainly, government policy played a role in the behavior of its officials. Unhelpfulness is not just a matter of national character. I once had a sharp exchange of words with an American who was working as a patrol officer for the Australian Administration about the role of the government in relation to the people. He had let me ride along down the road in New Ireland to a function which we both wanted to attend. On the way home, near midnight, a woman waved to us to stop. Her baby was sick, and she wanted a ride to the Lemakot mission hospital, which we would pass. My American kiap friend was very annoyed, said the people should arrange their own transportation, and would have gone on had I not protested. I could hardly believe what I was hearing. One would scarcely have gone past such a person in New York City, let alone in New Ireland, where it was unlikely that there would be another car go by before morning. He finally let her ride along, muttering that I should remember that I, too, was a "guest of the government." There was, of course, no public transportation at that time, but the government

did not consider that to be among its concerns. Government, as they often said, is not business.

The clearest evidence that government policy favored men who minded the store in a very narrow way lies in an account of who was transferred in, and who was transferred out. Ian MacDonald was the man the government had ready to take over as advisor to a Council the people had a cargo cult against. Carroll Gannon, on the other hand, was transferred out in about 1968: he had been warned that he was "too close to the people." And in 1967, "Master Fish" resigned because the government told him to collect all the big red nets he had been helping the people learn to use for over a year. The government had decided that, after all, it did not lend government property. "Master Fish" went to work with the Japanese and with the United Nations.

On Sunday, August 6, I got a ride back to Lavongai village with Father Fischer in his speedboat. Carroll rounded up four men to bring my luggage on a sail canoe, as it would have made Father Fischer's speedboat too heavy and slowed it down. One of the four men, who arrived in a cold rain, and who ate and slept in the living room/verandah of the house where I lived, was Alipes, the brother of a well-known cultist who was himself a cultist. I had a long talk with Alipes, which was important because he manifested a kind of trembling and intensity of belief that was not at all widespread by the time I came to New Hanover. I never found any evidence that it had ever been widespread in the early stages, or any stages, of the cult. Yet, many Europeans referred to the cultists as "long long"--

crazy. Alipes was the only cultist I talked to whose intensity was such that he could have appeared "irrational" to a European who wanted to see him as such. But Europeans called the cultists crazy for reasons of their own, I finally came to think; not because of any erratic behavior on the part of the cultists, and not even because they refused to believe us when we white-skins told them that America could not and would not come.

#### Something about Anthropologists

Most Europeans that I met had had negative experience with anthropologists, who often made clear their view that they knew more than did any of the local Europeans, or who wouldn't talk to them at all, on the grounds that no nice people, especially anthropologists, associate with "racists." In subsequent discussions with anthropologists, I have found that many of them pride themselves on having had "nothing to do with" the local European population. Apparently, then, the local government officials' dislike for anthropologists had some foundation in previous experience.

On the other hand, many European business people, planters and their families insisted that anthropologists were about the most awful, neurotic, unhappy mob they'd ever encountered, mad as hatters, given to going to gardens and mucking about in the taro, and unspeakably dull and self-righteous to boot; and yet these European residents never hesitated to offer every assistance to body and spirit and even to the crazy intellectual endeavor which anthropologists so doggedly pursue. As Diane Stanfield Grose said

to me when I mentioned, admiringly, that I noted that she, with her diamond lapel pin and silk dress, had been sitting at the bar New Year's Eve chatting amiably with a local, perpetually drink-sodden human wreck, a remittance man from England: " I found out a long time ago that if you are choosy about your friends up here, you just don't have any."

And so they befriended the anthropologists, if at all possible. I was a pushover: whatever tiny doubts I might have had about mingling with the local Europeans were consumed along with my second peach mouche one night at the home of Peter and Pat Stanfield Murray.

When I was with Europeans in their homes or cars, I respected their etiquette in relation to the local population. (My local friends did not need my wink or later explanation to understand why.) Often, local Europeans and their native servants viewed themselves as good friends to each other, and, yet, they could never socialize as equals. When Europeans visited me at my house, they respected the etiquette of the household: everyone here is equal. I had not expected or tried to make any converts, so I was very surprised to find that several local Europeans were very glad to have the opportunity to abandon the local caste courtesies at my house, and were very excited about finally having a chance to talk to the local people. One Australian woman told me she had lived in New Ireland for ten years and had never gone to a malanggan until I invited her along to one. Many of the caste barriers for many, but not all, of the Europeans in New Ireland were superficial and disappeared almost without trace when Independence came.

"Rounds" to the West

Monday, August 7, I started my second major "round," this time to the west, away from Ranmelek Methodist mission and Taskul to the east. I have the Methodists to thank again for this trip. Once a month, the Methodist ship Daula set out to the west taking the nursing sister, at this time Val Beckett, around New Hanover for her regular Infant Welfare clinics. Val Beckett had a tough act to follow: Doss Pedrick, called "Pederick," whom I did not know. She had been the Methodist nurse for years, had walked around the island and, according to the people, carried her own box. My friend Ngurvarilam told me that Pederik was "truly sorry if you were sick, she got tears in her eyes." Sister Liboria admired Pederik very much, though she said she never saw much of her. I asked if Sister Pederick stayed with them in the mission on her way around, and Sister Liboria said, no, she stayed in the villages, and she often wouldn't even stop for a cup of tea, she'd just walk on through the mission.

Val Beckett certainly could not have carried all her own equipment. She had a huge metal box containing medical supplies, and she also took a big suitcase full of nice clothes--pretty lap laps, blouses, little "trousers" for the babies--that the school girls helped to sew up at the Mission and that were sold at cost or below cost to the people. We stopped at two or three or four villages per day. Val always hoped there would be a large crowd of women and children there to see her and was disappointed if there was not. She "shot" them with various things and gave them medicine and instructions, and sold them clothes. While she was doing all this, I milled around asking to see the Bord of T.I.A., or the Councillor, or I just let myself be found by men who wanted to talk to me. By then many people in New Hanover had seen me

and knew something of my work. I'm sure the Daula captain, Bosap, was more of a help to me in this respect than I realized at the time. In any case, I had remarkably little trouble finding informants who were helpful. I was always very relieved when I found someone, as I often did, who wanted to talk to me, as I felt anthropology seemed a rather frivolous occupation in contrast to Val's medical work, the usefulness of which seemed very clear.

We stopped at several villages during our first day out, Monday, August 7. While Miss Beckett did her work at Metakavil, I went over to the plantation to continue a discussion begun the night before with Mr. Pitts. He had been to Lavongai for church the preceding day and had told Father Miller some of his criticisms of T.I.A. Mr. Pitts said that he thought that the people would not keep working for T.I.A. While they were working, however, it interfered with his attempts to keep a regular labor supply at the Metakavil plantation. For instance, some of the men told him that they were not coming to work for a week, that this was orders from "Father's Association." Paulos and Walla had told them to split up, that some villages should work for T.I.A. and some for Mr. Pitts so that he would not be left without labor, but he had no control over who showed up for work. "It's the same core group that was in the election," Mr. Pitts told me. "They just go haywire. They can't do anything in moderation."

Mr. Pitts thought Father Miller had let T.I.A. go too far. He should have started it just in Lavongai village. And why the collection of big money? It's top heavy, it's unwieldy. "I would hate to be a Father or a kiap here in ten years' time," he said. People will be asking what's happened to the money, and in ten years' time the question will be magnified.



Mr. Pitts had told the people to ask their Association for loans with which to pay their taxes, instead of asking him. "Even with the best of intentions, I couldn't possibly provide enough work or money for tax money for all of them," he said.

Some T.I.A. members asked him to oust some men from their jobs so that others, who had let him down three times already, could work for tax money. Then they had the temerity, when he refused, to ask him to loan them money with which to pay their taxes. He told them that since they could find £5 for T.I.A., they could also find £2-5-0 for taxes. After all this, they still came and wanted to borrow his spades for planting in T.I.A. gardens.

At this time, the Methodist missionaries also had doubts about T.I.A. When I told Val Beckett what Mr. Pitts had said, she said that he was a very experienced man, good and wise, and that she would trust his judgment.

We went on to Meteselen, where I talked to several men about their vote for Johnson and what they thought of the Council and of T.I.A. Kuplis, who had long been committeeman there, said that he used to like the work of the Council, but no more. He had worked for years without pay and had nothing to show for it. Furthermore, when he asked the Council for barbed wire with which to fence in his chickens and pigs, Councillor Willi had told him, "The government is not business!" Whenever they wanted something, this was the answer they got. They were working very strong for T.I.A., and they were still strong in their election for Johnson. They showed me lists they had kept of people who had not voted for him. Factions in this area were well defined, and remained undaunted.

Our next stop was Meteran, the village which had been the second

polling station at which people had voted for Johnson. A leader in this event, and in this village, was Cornelio Logo, who had been a missionary at Lungatan (near Ranmelek) at the time of the election, and had been one of the original participants in the plan. Bosap took me to meet Logo, having told me that Logo had questions to ask me.

Logo said that he had brought the message right away to Meteran, after the election for America at Ranmelek, and everyone had immediately thought it was a good idea. He said that they still wanted America and that they were working hard in T.I.A. President Walla was from their village.

Logo told me about a brass and cement object that the Americans had put on top of the mountain at Mt. Patibum, that no white-skins had seen, only black-skins. On it was writing which, Logo said, they had tried to read with their books, but "it is too strong." Then Logo asked me if I had seen one like it near the school in Meteran, which was quite a long walk away from the village, and up a hill. He said that the teacher there had not translated the writing for them, but then added that they worried that nobody told them straight what the meaning was.

I said that I would like very much to see the brass and that I would try to come back when I had time to go to the school to see it. We spent our first night out at Baungung, the transition area between cultists (those who "voted on the board") and non-cultists (those who "voted in the box"). It was here that I learned some interesting stories about Iquarungai, the Paramount Luluai with many wives,<sup>131</sup> but I did not gain much insight into the main question I hoped to answer on this trip: why had the southern coast "voted on the board," and then, when the election patrol reached Baungung, there was a division; then on around to the west coast, in the big progressive village of Umbulkul,

everyone voted "properly," in the ballot box, as was the case again around in the large village of Noipus. In Ungalik there was division, but around on the east coast, at Taskul, there was a unanimous vote "on the board" again for Johnson, as there was in Nonovul, the last stop, in the Tigak islands.

Had the north coast not heard about the vote for Johnson? Were they a different ethnic group? By this time I knew that they spoke the same language that the south coast spoke, Tungak, and that they were considered to be the same group. I also knew that people from the south who happened to be in the north voted as the north did, and people from the north who happened to be in the south rebelled with the south. Clearly, then, some kind of situational factors were at work.

I had only one hypothesis when I started out along the south coast toward the non-cult west and north: New Hanoverians seemed to enjoy a good argument, enjoy opposition, and the cult did seem to be something of a game. Could it be that since the south coast had rebelled against the proper election system first, the north coast voted properly just in order to take up a position against their south coast fellows? This is how I said it in my notes: "Saturday, August 5: The only way to get the other side of the island accounted for is to count them as In The Cult--The Opposition. By the time the news got to them, the best way for them to get into the Act was as the Opposition. Steven of Umbukul (Council President), Anton of Ungalik (both non-cultists from non-cult areas) are New Hanover-type personalities. Barol (Councillor and non-cultist from Neitab, with whom I had spoken in Taskul at Carroll's house) didn't think the idea of the cult was silly. He just chose the other side. He said "No" because others came trying to boss his place to go into the election, and he said, 'I'm boss here.' Factions--Polemics--

it's all in two's. They can't seem to have three factions. Their game is for two. Thus the other side of the island can have (the) same traditional background--same structure. Ian MacDonald said today Steven was doing the same thing (as the cultists) only through Administration--same thing as Oliver--i.e., trying to express power."

This was my greatest leap into a kind of abstract, technical theory, like the Age-Area hypothesis, based more on a gimmick (i.e., simple, single-factor "theory" that views people behavioristically as responders) rather than on a view of persons as complex organisms which contemplate meaning. I found no evidence to substantiate this hypothesis as applied to the geographical distribution of the cult. I think the hypothesis can be successfully applied, however, as a partial explanation for some other more complex distributions. Many social theories support the idea that movements thrive on opposition, and I think opposition thrives in New Hanover. I found, however, that the north coast did not feel in opposition to the south coast: the north coast just did not find out what was going on in time to get into it. They did not find out for perhaps two reasons: first and foremost, two strong, generally well-informed leaders stopped the eddies of cult that reached their villages before the vote.

When we got to Umbukul, Tuesday, August 8, I talked to one of these men: Boski Tom, long a government teacher, long a friend to white men, long a fluent speaker of English, yet not a "yes-man" to the Administration, told me: "I stopped it." He also sent a note along to Councillor and friend, Barol of Neitab, and told him to stop it there. And in their two places, people "voted in the box." When I interviewed people in the villages of those men, and intervening villages, however, most of them said that they followed Boski Tom's advice "because we did

not understand well." They were no more likely to blindly follow a leader than were south coast people. Boski Tom himself would probably have felt contempt for them if they had, being himself an independent and open person.

A second reason why the west and north coast did not vote for Johnson may be related to social and geographical "isolation," i.e., distance from the southeast coast where the Americans were making maps and where the idea took hold with Pengai and his fellows. Some Europeans told me there was less "development" on the north coast, in terms of coconuts, speaking pidgen, and, hence, trips to Kavieng; but I did not see evidence of "less contact" in my brief tour. There were fewer coconuts, but there were not many on the south coast, either. I think if the north coast had had a month to gain information, they would have voted for Johnson, too. Some informants told me they were sorry that they had not, but they just did not "savvy" at the time.

When Val Beckett and I got around to Patipai on Friday, August 11, nearly back to Ranmelek, I had an important interview with a non-cultist in a cult area, Isaac. He did not go into the election because he hadn't heard the explanation, didn't savvy, hadn't heard the story. It happened suddenly, he told me, I thought a little defensively. But he was now in T.I.A. The stories that Isaac told me that were most helpful were about Peter Yangalissmat, who had been luluai, and Gapi, who had been Paramount Luluai. After the war, the two went around collecting money from the people, saying that it was to "buy" the land on which they lived. People paid because they were afraid of the Paramount Luluai. Isaac had not heard of Peter Yangalissmat's talk of America, but he knew that he had been in jail in Buka. "Did the Japanese do it?" he asked me; and I told him what I knew of it.

We sailed home to Ranmelek on Friday, August 11. As the Daula drew near, one of the young boys who helped Bosap began to dance on the back of the ship. Val and Pising, the young nurse who helped her, told me this young man was always in gay spirits as we get near Ranmelek-- "We're all glad to get home." He usually sings, they said. Bosap put on his hat and blew the conch shell--supposedly to bring people down with lights (as it was getting dark) and to help unload the ship, but also to celebrate our return.

Next day, I went by canoe down to Jim White's place. We had talked several times before, but this was our lengthiest interview. Once before (Friday, July 21), he had told me he knew Peter Yangalissmat, found him a "big, powerful man" and also "extremely sensible, very down to earth." This time we talked mainly of Jim's attempts to alert the Administration to the need for regular patrols in New Hanover. He referred me to the minutes of the District Advisory Council for 1962, which reported Mr. White's concern, and the Administration's response: no funds, no personnel.

Mr. White had been a kiap early in his career and continued to have a great interest in the development of New Guinea. The Methodist missionaries had great praise for his contributions to them and to the people, which were hidden behind a gruff exterior. Local people always imagined that the planters were terribly rich, which most of them were not. It was not an easy life, but one which had appeal for those, like Mr. White, who were comfortable with a rough, adventurous routine.

Back at Ranmelek that evening, I had a long, enlightening interview, on tape, with Bosap. I did not really realize until I was writing up my notes how crucial his role must have been in helping me find people to talk to during our trip around New Hanover with Val Beckett. When

the Daula pulled into ports where I was a stranger and had only an hour or two to interview people, Bosap not only gave me the names of people to see, but was busy finding the people for me, explaining to them what I was up to and, apparently, approving and facilitating my work. I had felt that I was "lucky" that people turned up and were so willing to talk to me. At the end of my second week-long trip with the Daula and Bosap, in August 1967, I finally realized that Bosap was not just a great boat captain but an important informant.

During our interview, he cleared up many points, told each story well, especially the story of the beginnings of the cult at Ranmelek, and the writing of the blackboard the night before. He also reminded me that he wanted me to go with him and Pilikos on top of the mountain to Mt. Patibum to see the cement there. If I went without him, he said, and did not see him again afterward, I should send him a letter and tell him the meaning of what was written thereon.

Several people had talked to me about cement, some describing with some detail some kind of cement peg with writing on it in metal. Laksia, in Mangai, January 22, way back before I moved to New Hanover, had told me something about cement pegs. Now it was nearly time for me to go back to America, and I had not yet seen the cement peg. I was very curious myself about what these could be.

I had about given up hope that I would see a cement peg before leaving New Hanover, when Carroll Gannon gave me the chance

to see one. He stopped in Lavongai to take me along with him to Neteran Sunday, August 27. Cornelio Logo's three-year-old child had died suddenly the day before, and Carroll wanted to check on the death. Monday, August 7, my first day out with Val Beckett, Bosap had introduced me to Cornelio Logo in Meteran, and he had wanted me to see the cement and brass in that village. This was my chance, come just in time.

When Carroll and I arrived in Meteran, we sat a while with Logo, who was mourning his child. Then I asked if I could go to see the cement, and Logo sent Maris, with whom I had talked before, to take me. I must admit I was quite alert with the excitement of finally seeing the cement peg by the time I came, huffing and puffing, upon it. Maris and another man, Tude, watched me with anticipation as I read the writing on a metal plaque on the top of the cement peg. I photographed it twice, then drew a careful picture of it in case the photographs did not come out, which was fortunate, because they did not. All the while I was photographing and drawing, I was trying to think of how to tell these men what it said on the peg. Logo had told me everyone knew of the pegs, and "we have tried to read it with our books, but it is too 'strong.'" Bosap had said they were worried that people weren't talking straight to them about the meaning of these words. How could I tell them without losing my credibility? Being half in the cult in my heart myself, I was surprised and a little disappointed to read, on a round bronze plate imbedded in a round peg of cement, about six inches in diameter and



a foot high:

U.S. Army - War Department - Corps of Engineers

Bench Mark

\$250 Fine or Imprisonment

For Disturbing This Mark

On the morning of the day I was to leave Kavieng, September 13, Mr. Seale handed me two folders labeled "Native Thought." These were the files Nic Peterson and I had seen on our first visit to the District Commissioner's office in 1965. I spent about two hours going through the papers, probably about 400 pages, that filled and overflowed these long-sought documents. This important task, undertaken in such haste, nonetheless added a crucial dimension to my understanding. I found out that there was no incident reported, no evidence of any encounter that I had not already learned about, either from the cultists or from Europeans and other non-cultists. Of most significance to me at the time, I found no reports of any "bizarre" psychological states, any "irrational" behavior, any physical or psychological event beyond the ordinary: no trances, no shaking, no crowd frenzy, no prophet leading blazing-eyed believers. Government officials and others had maintained that the cultists were "long long," crazy; and if I said they did not seem crazy to me, people replied that I had not seen them when they really "believed." I was never able to elicit from such informants any examples of the alleged crazy behavior. When I asked, "What do you mean, crazy? Did they tremble, or go into trance, or what?" I was several times told that, one time, Paulos had shaken in an encounter with a kiap.

My hurried but page-by-page inspection of the "Native Thought" files, wherein I found nothing I did not already know (though often from a different perspective) reassured me that I had not missed something fundamental and unrecovered by missing the first year of the cult.

I then went to the Government Library at Konedobu in Port Moresby, where I was allowed to see Annual Reports and Progress Reports from the Kavieng District. I was startled to see my own letter as part of the Annual Report for that year. This convinced me that my letter to Mr. Seale was what had finally gained me government assistance. After I had spent several days copying from these documents, the librarian came and told me that she was sorry, that she was not supposed to have shown me those reports. I had nearly finished them, and I relinquished them.

I found that it was difficult to ascertain whether or not documents were meant to be publicly available. The clearest case illustrating this point involves my difficulty in seeing old press releases. I went to an office of communications to which I had been directed by the secretary of Mr. J. Keith McCarthy, who was then Director of the Department of District Administration, to see press releases. My requests were treated as incomprehensible. I said, as I left, that I would have to trouble Mr. McCarthy to find copies of the press releases since this office seemed not to have any. When I got back to Mr. McCarthy's office, the secretary was on the phone. As she hung up, she told me that I was to go back to the office from whence I had come, that they had found the press releases, after all. When I returned to the office, I was

directed to a chair in front of a shelf of bound volumes five feet from where I had stood before. Mr. McCarthy's name had been the magic word which suddenly made these volumes available to the public.

Two comments convey the essence of the problem of gaining permission to see documents in government offices. One man in an office said to me, "I don't think I can help you. I push the paper at a very humble level." And Margaret Mead, whom I happened to meet at the YWCA (on her way home from Manus<sup>132</sup>), told me, in her usual no-nonsense manner, "You have to learn the subculture of public officials. That's part of an anthropologist's job." Thirty seconds later, the YWCA dog bit me and then wagged its tail, which I couldn't help but take as some kind of double whammy reinforcement of this message.

## DISTRICT ADVISORY COUNCIL MINUTES

(Excerpts)

30th November 1962

Jim White suggests a Native Affairs Officer should be permanently posted to New Hanover. Since the establishment of the Council and suspension of luluaia, the young men were becoming "contemptuous of law and order" and were "disinclined to accede to the dictates of the Council." Instance: a recent European Medical Assistant of the area had difficulty getting young men to parade for small pox vaccinations.

Mr. Williamson outlined staffing problems. Time-consuming operations in Land Title restoration. Also, population of 7,000 "could hardly warrant one experienced officer and that he considered that progressively the Council would overcome the difficulties that now exist." Also said they would have a patrol officer available in January, 1963, and it was proposed that he spend most of his time in New Hanover.

5th April 1963

Mr. White raised the question of the adequacy of Native Affairs staff, particularly in the New Hanover area where he considered that law and order is not being fully maintained. Chairman pointed out that a new patrol officer is now posted to the area on a full-time basis.

"The Chairman [Mr. M. J. Healy, D.C.] informed the Council of the increasing duties of the members of the Police Force and the limitations of their scope due to lack of staff. Mr. White moved and was seconded by Bishop Stemper: That the Director of Native Affairs be requested to take prompt steps to increase the patrol officer establishment within this District on the grounds that Local Government Council development

and maintenance for law and order are beyond the present establishment."

CARRIED

14th May 1963

Letter from Mr. Healy to Director, DNA, Mr. J. K. McCarthy: Mr. Healy reports the motion, and says that he has referred it to District Officer Ken Williamson. Mr. Healy says that he "cannot agree entirely that New Hanover is understaffed with one officer. Whilst during the last two years or so there has been an increased incidence of larrikiniam amongst the young men, and an indifference to some extent to local authority, it cannot be said that these people are lawless as the pattern is much the same as in other parts of the District where Councils have been established and traditional authority has been relaxed.

"I would agree with the District Officer in his plea for extra staff to cope with the full Administration of the people of the island areas, such as Lihir, Tanga and Anir. To date little has been done in these areas due to the lack of staff and adequate transport. There is definite need for staff for these remote areas and it is hoped you will give a sympathetic thought to this problem."

31st May 1963

Mr. Healy reported on his correspondence with the Director of DNA.

Jim Grose says staff should be kept up to strength.

Jim White emphasized that Councillors had not the authority over the young people in New Hanover who "only showed contempt for law and order."

The D.O. said it was a difficult period throughout the Territory and "referred to the proposed increased activity by the Police Department within the Council areas."

Friday, 4th October, 1963

Chairman M. J. Healy said that Mr. W. Allen, District Inspector of the DNA, had visited New Ireland and made a visit of short duration to New Hanover and there conferred with Mr. White.

Mr. White advised that whilst Mr. Allen had called on him he was not aware that the visit was in any way connected with the complaints through Council that New Hanover was inadequately staffed.

Chairman advised that this matter had been carefully studied over a period of months and that he, the D.O. and Mr. Allen were of the opinion that whilst DNA staff was not at full strength level, the matter of maintenance of law and order was at a satisfactory level. The Chairman further advised the Council on the proposals to extend regular police operations within the District and the continuing roll of operations by DNA staff as police officers.

There were discussions on this matter in which most members of Council took part.

1st May, 1964

New Hanover. The cargo cult on New Hanover is still active. A patrol will return from New Hanover today to report on latest developments.

Mr. White stated that the current cult was the result of native thinking which to his knowledge had been prevalent in New Hanover for the past 12 years. He said that he had reported to the DD.C. in 1952 that a dormant cargo cult was present in New Hanover. He considered that further outbreaks would occur.

Mr. Healy said that outbreaks of this type were difficult to handle.

Mr. White said that village to village patrolling was the only solution to this type of cult.

Mr. White said that he considered that the Local Government Councillors on New Hanover were unable to assist the Administration in its efforts to control the cult.

Mr. Needham asked Mr. Boski Tom's opinion of the cult.

Mr. Tom replied that he was unable to offer any solution.

Mr. Healy said the two patrol officers on the island had had only partial success in bringing the people to normal thinking.

Mr. Grose asked Mr. Tom if, in his opinion, the American survey team previously working on New Hanover could have had some bearing on the outbreak.

Mr. Tom said it was his opinion that Bosmailik, having no house or garden, had too little to occupy his mind.

Mr. Healy said that Bosmailik had worked for the Americans for a year.

Mr. White said that the majority of the newly elected Local Government Councillors were involved in the cult. He said that he considered the people of New Hanover were not ready for a Council and that the whole area should be handled as it was before the Council was established. He suggested it should be recommended to the Administration that the Council be abolished.

Mr. Healy replied that it was too early to make such an outright recommendation and that the position should be further assessed in the future.

Mr. Needham suggested that this matter be placed on the agenda for the next DAC meeting: by that time it would be possible to make another assessment of the situation.

Mr. White asked Mr. Tom, as President of the Lavongai Council, whether he believed that the Lavongai Councillors fully understood their duties and responsibilities.

Mr. Tom replied that when the Lavongai Council was formed, the Councillors had gone to Mangai to observe the Tikana Council and had learned from this observation.

Mr. Robbins said that at the recent Lavongai Council elections almost all of the old Councillors had not be reelected.

Mr. Tom replied that 20 out of 24 had not been reelected.

Mr. Healy said that this was not unusual.

Mr. Robbins said that it was significant that many of the newly elected Councillors were involved in the cult.

Mr. Healy replied that there was no cult when the elections were held.

Mr. Grose asked what had happened to the money given to Mr. Healy by Bosmailik when Mr. Healy visited New Hanover.

Mr. Tuohy said that all the money had been paid back to the contributors with the exception of people from the Tigak islands.

Mr. Tuohy said that it was also significant that the Councillors who were not re-elected to the Lavongai Council were not involved in the cult.

Mr. Healy said that these men were more mature than the newly elected Councillors.

Mr. Grose asked if any Council in the Territory had ever been disbanded.

Mr. Healy replied that he did not know of any.

31st July, 1964

New Hanover. The patrols had commenced patrolling the south coast of New Hanover on the 22nd July. The purpose of these patrols was to advise the people that in one week tax collection would commence. Word was then received that the cult leaders had called a meeting of two



representatives from each village for the 24th July, the meeting to be held at Tsoi. Patrol Officers Benham and Spencer had proceeded to Tsoi--Mr. Williamson was also present. The arrival of the Administration patrol had disrupted the meeting. Seventy people were gathered at Kitibung; thirteen of these had been convicted of failure to pay tax. The patrols had then resumed patrolling along the south coast. The situation in this area had been normal until the patrol had arrived at Metakabil on the 30th July. Here the patrol had been met by 300 people who displayed a blackboard stating their refusal to pay tax. Mr. Frawley was proceeding to New Hanover to assist in the legal proceedings against this group.

Mr. Williamson informed the meeting that a three-man American Geodetic Survey party would arrive on Monday to visit New Hanover and complete work on the installations there.

#### General

(Other business brought up by members)

Mr. White, speaking about the New Hanover cult, said that at the same time that the cultists had held the meeting on Tsoi, another meeting had been held at Baungung, this area supposedly being unaffected by the cult. Mr. White said that at this meeting it was stated that the Australian Government had agreed to leave New Hanover. He asked why the known ringleaders of the cult had not be arrested for spreading false rumours; he said that it seemed obvious that the first step in confronting the cult was to arrest those responsible for it.

Mr. Williamson outlined the difficulties of securing convictions on charges of spreading false rumours. He said that warrants, relating to other charges, had been issued for the arrest of several cult leaders, but it was not hard for these people to avoid police patrols.

Mr. White then asked how many times Administration Officers were going to tell the people they would have to pay tax. He referred to a newspaper report in which it was said that Mr. McCarthy had stated that the people had to pay tax by the end of July. He said that the patrol officers on New Hanover were now telling the people that they had more time to pay. He asked how many more times this would occur.

Mr. Williamson replied that the people had now been warned for the last time that the tax had to be paid. He said this last warning had been given because the two patrols covering the south coast had not been able to fully cover the area due to the circumstances outlined above.

Mr. White said that due to the delay in collecting tax the people were rapidly approaching the point where they would not be able to pay tax--this was because the people were spending money on a continual round of parties. He urged immediate action to collect the tax.

Mr. Williamson asked him if he had any suggestions as to how this could be done.

Mr. White said he thought it could be accomplished by concentrating all available patrol officers on New Ireland to New Hanover to quickly cover the whole area.

Mr. Williamson replied that there were too many commitments in the Namatanai Sub District to allow officers to be transferred to New Hanover, even for a short period.

Mr. White said that if enough officers were made available the area could be covered in a week, and tax could be collected while the people still had money. He said that it was better to collect tax rather than put people in jail.

Mr. Williamson said that an increase in the number of officers on New Hanover would reate problems of supply and the problem of apprehending the ringleaders would not be simplified as they could still move more quickly than patrols.

Mr. Robbins asked the Chairman if action could be taken against natives on the main island who are soliciting members for the cult.

Mr. Williamson replied that no action could be taken unless these people broke the law.

Mr. Robbins spoke of the danger of the cult spreading on the main islands.

Mr. Williamson said the effect of Administration action on New Hanover would determine the attitude of people in other parts of the District, who, at the moment, were fence-sitting.

6th November 1964

Mr. Williamson, called upon to give a resume of the situation in New Hanover, reported as follows:

Patrols had now resumed along the south coast of New Hanover following the return of staff who had been withdrawn from New Hanover because of the Lokono incident. At Lavongai and Magaum people who had money were paying tax, although some had been convicted for failure to pay. A patrol of the north coast area would commence on the 17th November, and a patrol was now in progress on the west coast of New Ireland in the Lokono-Kaut area.

Mr. White said that the public was always told that the New Hanover situation was in hand. He said this was not correct. He said that only a small portion of New Hanover had been covered by patrols. He referred to his remarks at the last meeting, in which he suggested that all Department of District Administration officers in the District

be concentrated on New Hanover, and said he considered that this should still be done. If all officers available were concentrated on New Hanover, resentment against the Administration might be countered and smothered. He requested that serious thought be given to his suggestion.

Mr. Healy said that it was not possible to take officers from the Namatanai Sub District in view of the current situation on the west coast of that Sub District. He said that the New Hanover people's thinking is changing and the Administration should let it change without trying to crush it.

Mr. White said that he did not agree with this latter remark. He said the fact that some people are paying tax does not mean that cult is waning. He said the situation could still explode.

Mr. Healy said that Mr. Williamson did not mean to imply that the situation on New Hanover was satisfactory.

Mr. White referred to Mr. Fenbury's recent visit to New Hanover and asked if this visit had resulted in any plans to attempt to change New Hanover thinking. He asked if any effort had been made to find the reason why the cult had occurred.

Mr. Grose asked if any definite statement had been made by the New Hanover people as to why they are defying law and order, and why they were refusing to pay tax.

Mr. Williamson said that Mr. Fenbury had talked to detainees at Taskul who said they had received nothing from their Council. A check of Council records had shown that Aid Posts, water tanks, schools, etc., had been built by the Council in the detainees' home areas.

Mr. Grose said this type of reasoning was being used as an excuse for the people's actions and was not the thinking behind the cult.

Mr. Williamson said that the real thinking of the people was hard to determine; the people were against any organised authority not their own.

Mr. White agreed with this and said that in his opinion it was due to four things:

- 1) that there was no patrol officer stationed at Taskul for some time;
- 2) that the hospital had been removed from Taskul;
- 3) that the Public Health Department had built an Aid Post at Baungung against the wishes of the Council, the D.A.C. and all Europeans in the area.
- 4) that water tanks had been built but not installed, and the Public Health Department subsidy stopped.

Mr. Healy said that the P.H.D. subsidy had not been stopped; the people simply did not want those things.

Mr. White referred to the coffee scheme initiated on New Hanover by the Department of Agriculture which had foundered and said this was another cause of discontent.

Mr. Grose suggested posting a D.A.S.F. officer to New Hanover for twelve months to salvage the coffee scheme.

Mr. White supported this suggestion.

Mr. Healy said it was basic to establish law and order first.

Mr. Grose agreed with this but said it would be easier to establish if the people felt that something was being done to alleviate their reasons for defiance. He said there was no reason why an Agriculture Officer could not be stationed at New Hanover for twelve months.

Mr. Healy said the current D.A.S.F. staff situation would not permit posting an officer to New Hanover.

Mr. Grose said that an officer could be transferred in.

Mr. Healy said that law and order should be re-established within the next two months, and it might be possible to implement Mr. Gose's suggestion then.

Mr. Grose said he considered that something should be done now. He stressed the point that an Agricultural Officer would have to be stationed on New Hanover permanently. Chairman agreed to discuss this matter with the District Agricultural Officer.

#### Co-Operatives

Mr. Grose then referred to co-operatives in the Kavieng Sub District and the demand for co-operatives in the Namatamai Sub District. He said he considered it was time that business training at a village level, rather than co-operatives, was introduced in the Kavieng Sub District. He said that the elementary economics of village business life could be taught rather than introduce co-ops. He said that in sophisticated areas there was a tendency to move away from co-ops. He said that he introduced this suggestion for discussion only, by the Council, at this stage.

7th April 1964

#### Letter to Healy from Fenbury, Secretary to the Administrator

The recent history of your District Advisory Council viewed in retrospect is most disappointing and gives cause for alarm. The obvious apathetic outlook of members evidenced by poor attendance and consequent inability to obtain a quorum appears to indicate that the greater percentage of members have little interest generally in the future administrative welfare of the Districts.

Naturally, as District Commissioner, and Chairman, you must accept a large part of the responsibility for the poor showing which your Council makes in comparison

with similar bodies in other Districts. . . . It is therefore imperative that you take some positive action to revitalise the District Advisory Council. . . .

The reasons given in the second paragraph of your memorandum of the non-submission of minutes for the last two meetings of the Council are far from convincing, and it is required that in future, minutes be promptly forwarded to this Headquarters for processing, after you have initiated action in regard to any resolutions adopted by the meeting.

3rd December 1963

Mr. Power's report of the Lavongai Council Elections:

The third elections for the Lavongai Local Government Council were held from 10th November 1965 to 25th November 1965.

Elections were conducted at 23 polling places covering as many electorates. Of the 24 councillors elected, 10 of the present members were returned to their electorates for a further term of two years. The new councillors elected appear to be of good stock and have the popular support of the people in their respective areas. In most cases the successful candidates were on a first count majority which indicates that the voters were sure of their choice. Only on four occasions did the result go to a second or third count.

The elections were well publicised and quite a deal of interest was displayed in them. Particular interest was shown in the elections by the females of the community who turned up in large numbers and were all anxious to vote. Large attendances were recorded at the villages of Baungung, Umbukul, Belewaia, King, Noipuos and Kulibang (Tsoi).

Even in the "Johnson cult" areas the elections were well attended, although a large percentage of the cultists refused to vote or take part in the elections. This was typical of villages on the south coast of New Hanover extending from the villages of Metekavil to Meterankang and of Patipai and Kulpetau on the north coast. Apart from these places 100% of all those who attended the elections recorded a vote. 1,232 people voted at the elections.

Meterankang was the only electorate who failed to nominate a Councillor. The fact that groups of people from all other electorates elected a member indicates that there is a move towards them giving more support to the Council and showing active interest in Council affairs.

There is a definite break-up amongst the people of the areas. Whereas, before, almost everyone was unanimous in their dislike for the Council and the Australian Administration, we now find that even in the villages of Meteran, Metakavil, and Patipai (where the percentage of non-voters was the highest) 20% of the people in each group stood firm against the Johnson cult and voted in a Councillor.

Those people who are on the side of the Council in the cult villages are very strongly on its side and are making every effort to remove the unsavoury atmosphere created by those who are still active members of the cult.

The majority of those Councillors who were returned are a solid group of men who have fought tirelessly to revive the Council for the past 10 months, and will provide the hard core of the new Council to sit next January.

Mr. Brightwell reported on the results of the Lavongai Local Government Council elections held in November, 1965. Mr. Brightwell



had been represented till the present time by Mr. Boski Tom, now an in-patient at Port Moresby Hospital. Mr. Boski Tom is the Lavongai Council President.

A copy of D.O.'s [Taskul] report on action taken regarding the woman spreading false rumours was shown to Mr. Weston who expressed satisfaction with the present situation.

7th January 1966

Mr. Weston raises the question of Junior Technical School being established at New Hanover. It was to be, now has been, taken to Namatanai. Thinks should be Junior High School instead of technical school because New Hanover has done well with 89 pupils of St. 6 level. District Inspector "confirmed Mr. Weston's statement regarding the excellent performance of New Hanover pupils."

4th February 1966

Watori suggests a patrol officer be stationed in the Tigaka to help them feel less isolated and to help them accept the LGC. Failure to pay tax, and hostility towards LGC.

1st April 1966

Hoad re Johnson cult. D.O. Taskul: Cult still strong at Lavongai and Materan, but at Tsoi the people were slowly relinquishing the cult. Still leaders throughout the area. Rev. A. Taylor doing a valuable job reorientating the people's thinking, more so towards the Methodist church than to the cult.

Mr. Weston said he felt that one of the causes of the cult was that the Administration were continually starting new projects and then after a period of time removing European staff and discontinuing the projects. E.g., Umbukul had had two European teachers, now none. Father Kelly said it was one of the best schools in New Ireland. Moved

and carried unanimously that these two be returned--"THE DISTRICT ADVISORY COUNCIL REQUESTS THAT THE OVERSEAS STAFF OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT IN NEW HANOVER BE BROUGHT UP TO ITS PREVIOUS STRENGTH TO MAINTAIN THE PRESENT HIGH SCHOLASTIC STANDARDS AND TO MAINTAIN THE DISTRICT POLICY OF CHANGING THESE PEOPLE'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CULTIST ACTIVITIES."

Tigaks and west coast mainly paying tax. Rev. Ozzie Dale says difficult to know if because they want to or because afraid of the law.

1st June 1966

Letter from Education Department in Konedobu says European replacements are dwindling over the Territory, but he will look into New Hanover's request separately.

BOB HOAD'S REPORT

District Officer Robert Hoad allowed me to copy this account of the Johnson cult in July, 1967, which made it possible for me to gain a chronology of cult events in relation to the perspective of the European world. Mr. Hoad prepared this account for his superior officers. It illustrates the kind of incidents and interactions which constituted the cult from the point of view of the Administrators.

"The first manifestation of the cult occurred at Ranmelek on New Hanover Island in the New Ireland District on 15th February, 1964, the first day of polling for elections to the House of Assembly, when 300-400 people took part in a demonstration. They wished to vote for President Johnson of the United States of America.

"On 19th February at Meteran village there was a similar demonstration, after which the people left the polling area.

"On 26th February the polling schedule of the New Hanover section was completed with only 25% of electors having voted.

"On 28th February a patrol led by the New Ireland District Officer arrived at Meteranken and was later approached by an apparently excited and truculent group of about thirty young men. Discussions were held.

"On 29th February the patrol had discussions with local missionaries and obtained a little further information and a rumour that a meeting was to be held at Mt. Patibum, site of the U.S. Survey Unit's camp.

"It was rumoured that a meeting had been held at Buta Island on 1st March, convened by one Bosmailik, who is thought to have started the cult.

"On 2nd March at Nonowaul polling place a large gathering of people met with Patrol Officer stating they wished to vote for President Johnson.

"A Malaria Control Officer returning from New Hanover reported that the cult was widespread among the north coast villages of New Hanover, the Tsoi Islands and inland villages.

"On 16th March an Assistant District Officer went to Meteranken and contacted local people.

"The District Commissionaire New Ireland District went to Nusawong and on 20th March addressed a gathering of people. A sum of L443 subscribed by the people to "buy" President Johnson was produced.

"On 21st March a meeting was held at Meteranken attended by about 250 people, an American Army Sergeant and Government Officers.

"On 31st March a meeting was held by cultists at Potpotingan.

"On 29th April two patrols joined forces at Tsoilik. They were met by about 80 truculent natives led by one Oliver. Arrest of 12 tax defaulters was prevented by mob action.

"On 6th May the District Officer accompanied by a Patrol Officer and Mr. Nicholas Brokam M.H.A. , proceeded to Tsoilik. Attempts to arrest Oliver failed.

"On 23rd May 1964 a meeting of citizens was held at Taskul when a Council meeting failed for lack of a quorum. The meeting supported Government action.

"On 5th June a reinforced Native Affairs-Police party was established at Taskul and was briefed next day by the District Commissioner.

"On 8th June the District Commissioner, acting Assistant District Officer, a Patrol Officer and a party of 8 police commenced a tour of the area.

"At Meteranken it was learned Oliver and a group of people from Tsoi had called a meeting of some 300 people from nearby villages earlier in the day urging resistance to Administration.

"The party moved on to Lavongai Catholic Mission where 70 people assembled and discussions were held. For the first time a religious aspect of the cult became evident.

"On 19th June a meeting of the Lavongai Council was held at Taskul. It ratified the Tax Rule and supported Administration action.

"The Director of Native Affairs visited the New Ireland District after the first session of the House of Assembly concluded on 16th June. The House had unanimously supported a policy of strong action.

"On 23rd June a large group gathered at Ungakum during tax collection. After six tax defaulters were remanded in custody, tax collection proceeded.

"On 30th June a meeting was held at Taskul attended by 150 people who through spokesmen repeated that they wished to leave the Council and be represented by President Johnson.

"On 11th July the District Officer Kavieng reported the cult spreading to other areas. A patrol was sent to Mussau to investigate the cult activities and found attempts had been made to establish it there.

"On 22nd July two Officers commenced a patrol of the southeast coast of New Hanover.

"On 23rd July the District Officer visited Meteran.

"On 24th July a Patrol Officer proceeded to the southern end of Tsoi. An Assistant District Officer joined the District Officer and landed at Kitibung where a meeting of cultists was reported to be scheduled. Thirteen were convicted for failure to pay tax.

"On 30th July 300 men at Metakabil said they would not pay tax. Sixteen were convicted for refusal to pay.

"Another Assistant District Officer arrived at Metakavil on 31st July.

"On 4th August the District Officer accompanied by the U.S. Army Survey party proceeded to Metenes Harbour.

"Four hundred people attended a meeting at Meteranken village on 8th August. Present were Mr. Jim Grose M.H.A., the District Officer and two other Native Affairs Officers and two Americans of the U.S. Army Survey Unit.

"On 5th September 1964, at Nuseilas village when one man was arrested for refusal to pay tax about 40 men advanced on the patrol. A general melee was broken up with tear gas. Five men were arrested and were subsequently convicted in the District Court Kavieng.

"On 24th September a tax collection patrol was attacked by about 50 men at Lokono village. Twelve police were injured, four seriously.

"On 27th September a major patrol departed Kavieng. It found Lokono, Kabien and Kaut villages on the west coast of New Ireland deserted.

"Two patrols then moved out of Kavieng and Kaut to regain contact with the people.

"The District Commissioner, Kavieng, reported in February that there were rumours of disaffection emerging among some groups of New Hanover people towards the "Johnson Cult" and its promoters. He requested a propaganda leaflet be printed in Pidgin and distributed to follow up the rumoured schism. This was done.

"A patrol reported at the end of February that an account system was in operation in the Kandas Census Division and it was planned to give -considerable attention to this area also.

"Reporting on the acquittal on the 1st March, 1965, of three men charged with conspiracy, the District Commissioner, Kavieng, stated that his Officers and himself were disturbed at the impact the loss of this case would have on the people in and around Kavieng and on New Hanover.

"He also stated that in such cases in the future he would seek professional legal advice immediately the situation arose, and also seek proper Police investigation as he was of the opinion the local officer was not sufficiently experienced to investigate such difficult matters as Conspiracy and Treason. The possibility of a further indictment against Matmakas and his fellow conspirators was to be fully examined.

"I request your fullest support in this matter as I do not believe we can wait for something serious to emerge and then attempt to deal with it.'

"The faint glimmers of success in New Hanover were somewhat overshadowed by the loss of the Conspiracy case, however, pressure aimed at counter-acting cult activity was being maintained in all quarters."

## " THE SO-CALLED JOHNSON CULT "

## Progress Report No. 1

Department of District Administration

15 February 1964 to 30 September 1964<sup>133</sup>15th February 1964, Ramelek.

Spencer (P.O.)<sup>134</sup> By radio. Spencer was advised by D.O.<sup>135</sup> to hand them New Ireland ballot papers and let them mark them as they wished. Spencer was travelling on Mercy. When he told 300-400 they could vote only candidates on the ballot paper, the spokesman, Pengai Baitaspinis of Nusawong, claimed that this was their country and that they would vote for whom they liked. The people had then left in a group and gone home.

When Spencer had arrived earlier, 7:30 a.m., he found blackboard in polling area [translated here]:

"All Patrol Officers:

"We wish to speak clearly about our elections. We want President Johnson of U.S.A. to govern us on this island, New Hanover. That is the wish of us all."

19th February 1964, Materan

Spencer arrived, found blackboard: "1 Johnson Bilong U.S.A."

He told the massed people Johnson not a candidate, and they would gain nothing by voting for him. The spokesman for the group said they all realized they were stupid to continue in their ideas, but they would do so nevertheless. His assistant said all so wished. All stood,



walked away cheering and jeering. Both men and women participated.  
40 votes recorded during 2-day stay at Meteran.

27th February 1964

25% voted (source, Healy). Rest for Johnson. D.O. (Williamson)  
to Magam. All men absent at Nusawong meeting.

28th February 1964

Sent constable to ask the Councillors Kasil and Bosmailik to come  
to Magam for talks with the D.O. Returned at noon, said both Councillors  
refused to come to Magam but would see D.O. at Meterankan.<sup>136</sup>

Went. An hour afterward "a group of about 30 young men came  
whooping into the village from the direction of Nusawong.

"The group assembled in front of the rest house. They were in  
an excited state, appearing truculent and ready for a fight, though no  
weapons of any kind were in evidence. Kasil the Councillor and a  
Methodist Missionary teacher, Samison Silau Mirikan, were spokesmen."

The D.O. said, "There is no harm in wanting Johnson for a candidate,  
but it is futile." D.O. asked how they had come to select Johnson.  
Samison Silau said they knew of President Kennedy's death and that  
President Johnson had replaced him. He would not say where they had  
heard the news.<sup>137</sup>

The D.O then said, "Broken laws will be dealt with firmly."

The group moved away from the guest house, and, shortly after,  
Kasil came back shouting that they wanted police accompanying the  
patrol to leave immediately.

Conclusion<sup>138</sup>

So far no offences, but talk of "cargo" and anti-Australian

feeling, while not strong at the moment, could develop into a serious situation.

Williamson planned a patrol, to proceed normally without discussing the cult.

2nd March 1964

Report from Ray Sheridan, Malaria Control

Apparently the cult started at Bolpua, from where track leads to the former U.S. Survey Unit camp on Mt. Patibum. Bosmailik worked for them.

It is reasonable to assume that the activity of the U.S. Survey Unit, the use of strange aircraft (helicopters), landing craft, and abundance of stores and equipment, and strange night flying aircraft have impressed these village people, even if the Unit's members did nothing to directly instigate the movement.

Patrols are not to discuss the cult. The D.O. considered that if the movement was serious this patrolling action should bring the situation to a head quickly; otherwise, it could gain strength and develop into a real cult with all its unsavoury manifestations.

16th March 1964

Assistant District Officer I. B. Tuohy went to Meterankan. Locals contacted the President Boski Tom and Councillor Pera Vaitas came to meet him. Both had solidly opposed the movement.

17th March 1964

A.D.O. Tuohy went to Bolpua and Nusawong. There Kasil said that "the people had got ideas about President Johnson because only a few

candidates had made themselves known to the New Hanover people and they had come up only a short time before the election date."139

One man asked what it meant that New Guinea is a Trust Territory.

#### 18th March 1964

Meterankan village. Council meeting. 17 present. One Councillor asked what was the result of their election of President Johnson.

70 were outside listening to the meeting. One stood up and said all would refuse to pay tax. Public Gallery acclaimed. Pukina gave emotional speech, saying, "You can hang us all to the rafters of this Council House but we won't pay tax." Touhy reiterated that the law would be enforced.

Healy arrived, arranged meeting for March 20.

#### 20th March 1964

D.C. M. J. Healy addressed 80 people. Bosmailik produced a bag of money containing £442-9-11, which was to be used to pay for President Johnson's trip out. The impracticability of their ideas was again explained. It was finally agreed that the money would be returned to the contributors. There was an orderly end. Flag down. When the people dispersed they appeared well disposed towards the Administration.

During the patrol many said they did not have tax money ready but would pay as soon as they could.

#### Facts

Bosmailik went to American Survey camp. Was with Americans about a year, '62-3.

Kasi's aid was sought by Pengai. (He rolled his eyes when speaking. Withered arm.)

Movement was for America. Johnson's name thought of later.

Pengai and Bosmailik held a meeting at Bolpua on 14th February 1964. Another meeting at Magam.

23rd March 1964

D.C. sent telegram 23rd March: "Cult leader Bosmailik youth 20 years and 7-D-A background has voluntarily handed in £443 subscribed to buy Lyndon J. and has agreed he was in error." Others confirmed their loyalty to Council and Administration and said they would pay tax.<sup>140</sup>

29th March 1964

Touhy had trouble getting carriers for the Americans. He was told that people were at a meeting at Meterankan. 250 present. Pukina again a prime mover. The meeting coincided with a visit by American Army Surveyors to the Mt. Patibum area. They asked one of the Americans, Sgt. Mathews (a Texan) to attend. Here they affirmed adherence to the American Movement. Sgt. Mathews said he reluctantly went, and explained the impossibility of Johnson's coming.

Because of the situation of general unrest, a policy of regular intensive patrolling was decided upon. Census revision, collection of council tax, routine duties of village hygiene, etc., were to be carried out.

P.O. Spencer proceeded to patrol westward, and P.O. Smith continued to patrol northward of Taskul. When increased passive resistance was later met by Mr. Spencer, both officers worked together on the southwest coast and good results were obtained at Baungung. Non-cultists were encouraged by the support from the patrols. But tax collections were very poor.

30th March 1964

Meeting at Potpotingan. Kipong and Leaminis of Lamamaria (Kiting) threatened Salip and Umasan, both of Potpotingan, that their heads would be cut off when the Americans took over Lavongai because they did not support the Johnson election.

After the meeting people of Potpotingan subscribed more money to "buy" President Johnson. Kipong of Patiagaga, who addressed the meeting, collected £10. The meeting detailed Silau and Ungamami to stop any Government Officers at Ungalik and prevent them entering Potpotingan. About a week later Poram of Lukas said that the money which had been collected would be sent to America.

Smith resumed his patrol of Tsoi. There he had previously met opposition.

Tax collection was negligible. Two visits by police and two patrols by Smith had failed to bring a dozen census defaulters to Court.

2nd April 1964

A.D.O. (Touhy) reports this a cargo cult. They think they will get more free from U.S. than from Australia. No anti-Australia feeling, only pro-America. His patrol proceeded without incident.

29th April 1964

Went to Tsoi to get twelve natives who failed to line for Census. Smith and Spencer joined forces at Tsoilik on 29th April. They were met by 80 truculent and abusive natives led by Oliver. Oliver demanded that the Election be heard. They surrounded the defaulters, and we could not get them. The P.O.s and three police were closed off from the 12 census defaulters, making their arrest impossible. The crowd

jumped about, swinging their arms, jeered and swore at the patrol, telling the officers not to return. The mob bore no weapons, relying entirely on their overwhelming numerical strength. The patrol withdrew to Taskul, and the Acting D.O. recalled the officers to Kavieng to fully report.

6th May 1964

D.O.<sup>141</sup> and P.O. Spencer and Nicolas Brokam<sup>142</sup> to Taskul 5th May. There heard that people from Tsoi and Kulpetau were waiting for them at Tsoilik.

Arrived Tsoilik 8:00 a.m., 6th May. No one there. D.O. left police and N. Brokam on Mercy and proceeded with Spencer and 3 police. Two police guarded the boat at the beach since the mob had previously threatened to seize it.

The D.O., Spencer and Corporal Korau proceeded down a track, and at a garden, one census defaulter was pointed out and arrested.

They went on to Mamion, where Spencer pointed out Oliver, who had prevented the arrest on the previous Monday. The D.O. informed Oliver that he was under arrest and would be charged with interfering with the police. He protested, and the D.O. took him by the arm. Oliver broke loose, grabbed a stick, then, flourishing it wildly, ran to a canoe and crossed the channel to the other island.

Loud calls on a conch shell were heard and taken to be a general call to arms. The patrol party returned to the Tsoilik rest house and put the census defaulter aboard the launch Mercy. Mr. Brokam had come ashore but was advised to return to the boat in case of a violent reception since Mr. Brokam had never visited the Lavongai people before.

At 10:30 a.m. there was some movement, and Oliver approached, followed by some 30 men. The two officers met them on the track and told them they would speak to six people but not to a rabble. However, all went to the rest house. Oliver delivered a tirade about their Johnson election, and said Government Officers were white-skins and did not understand them. He repeated himself, worked himself into a frenzy, jumping and swinging his arms to supplement, no doubt, the shortness of his ideas. Mostly, he was unintelligible. Boski Tom, Councillor Sumain, Pelevaitas and Committeeman Fredi, all could make little of his speeches. D.O. repeated that he was under arrest. To prove it, I grabbed him by the shirt; he stepped back, and the front of his shirt fell out--by the feel of it; the material was rotten. The mob closed in, making the arrest impossible. The meeting broke up when I asked who supported this madman; they could pay for the cost of the extra police to be brought up. With that, Oliver with 24 supporters got up and stamped off, leaving about 15 Government supporters, mainly from Tsoilik.

D.O.'s report: "The pattern of resistance is that of mass assembly without weapons, merely reliance on the weight of numbers. If the people know the numerical strength of the police, they will assemble on the basis of five locals to each policeman. Whilst there is no fear of the use of firearms they will continue to assemble in overwhelming strength. The alternative is the use of surprise tactics. If police and Patrol Officer authority is to be maintained, the leader of the disturbance, Oliver, must be arrested and brought to court to answer charges.

"It is known that of the £443 raised to buy Johnson, £200 was subscribed by the Tigak Islanders, from Eruk to Enang. On May 8th I returned their money."

Father Kelly (of the Lavongai Catholic Mission) gave the D.C. three letters to President Johnson. They were given to Father Kelly by two aged men. D.C. thought they should be sent, as reply would be useful. Sent.

The position was assessed as being at this stage as bad as it could be. The direction from Native Affairs headquarters instructing that sufficient police be employed to allow Courts to operate had not been followed, through an error of judgement as to the police strength required.

22nd May 1964

Magilung<sup>143</sup> of Tikana asked the government to take action to stop the spread of the cult, after 33 subscribed E14/13 at Putput.<sup>144</sup>

23rd May 1964

A meeting of citizens was held at Taskul on 23rd May 1964. The unanimous view of the meeting was that the Government should take action to enforce the laws. Twenty-four responsible citizens, the D.O., and one P.O. attended the meeting, which was held in lieu of a Council meeting which failed for lack of a quorum. Only 6 Councillors, who were elected in February, 1964, came. Eight former Councillors also came. The meeting also called for firm support by the Government to protect loyal members of the community, enforce the payment of Council tax and resume the Council program.

25th May 1964

D.O. says this is a cargo cult, anti-government, subversive to maintenance of law and order. Council not functioning. No power



to act without police. We need them to avert possible defensive actions which could involve loss of life.

The D.O. says there are now 2,000 strongly loyal to Administration 2,000 positively against, 3,000 will wait-and-see if Administration can or will enforce law. P.O. urged strong action. Asked for 40 police, part riot squads, to be stationed in New Hanover.

Conference in Port Moresby, 1st June 1964, recommended:

- a) Commissioner of Police to send 40 men under experienced regular Police Officer;
- b) DNA to assign at least one experienced A.D.O. for special duties in New Hanover;
- c) Director Department of Law to arrange for a Legal Officer to accompany them in advisory capacity;
- d) Service of a stipendiary Magistrate to be made temporarily available on New Hanover;
- e) Before any action against cultists, matter to be raised in the House of Assembly.

The Native Affairs Police Force was established at Taskul on New Hanover 5th June 1964.

8th June 1964

Mr. Tuohy (Acting D.O.) left in charge at Taskul while D.C., Inspector Young, Mr. Benhem (Acting A.D.O.), P.O. Spencer and 8 police toured loyal and wait-and-see area.

At the first village visited, Mossuang, the people fled before the Native Affairs officers and one policeman as they landed, leaving only an aged man and a few women in the village. The people returned as the patrol left the area. Subsequent calls that day at Nuslik and

Noipuos were generally well received by the people. Noipuos, which had fully paid 1964 tax, asked what action was to be taken against those who didn't. Demonstration by police with riot equipment made a good impression, especially with those who were in some doubt of the ultimate intentions of the party.

From Noipous onwards Councillors, when available, joined the patrol. Six were collected.

Elsewhere, reaction ranged from cordial welcome to suspicion and a sullen acceptance.

At Meterankan, heard that Oliver was there, and called 300 to urge them to adhere to the cult teaching and maintain their resistance to the Administration.

Rumour: Queen Mary would arrive off Lavongai Catholic Mission with 700 American troops on 16th June. Also thought that helicopter pads were being secretly prepared to be used in this rumoured operation.

Patrol moved from Meterankan to Lavongai Catholic Mission. Seventy cultists forming a cohesive group there. One man told the D.C. the people had made a promise to God, and if necessary they would die for their belief as Jesus had died for them. This was the first occasion that a religious element became evident. It was impossible to reason with them.

#### 19th June 1964

Lavongai Council meeting. Twenty-one Councillors elected Boski Tom president. 1964 Tax Rule ratified. Passed resolution supporting Administration action to restore order.

Director of Native Affairs visited after the House of Assembly urged firm action.

Patrolling was able to be continued without incident because of the strong force of officers and police.

30th June 1964

Taskul meeting. About 150 people came from Lunganpakau, Konemetelik, Patopai, Mossuang, Metesai, Patiagaga, Varsauvamvam. P.O. Spencer reported the following discussion.

Boas of Konemetelik:

"We have come to see you with no crosses. We just want to discuss our difficulties. We come to tell you that we don't want you to come all the way to our villages to get tax and have to go away empty-handed. We have all come in to tell you that we don't have money, so it is no good coming to the villages to get it. Because we haven't got money-- and since it requires money to make the Council work--we wish to withdraw from the Council. We don't want to be responsible for the breakdown of the Council in areas where the people do pay tax. We don't want trouble with you, and we want to go. We don't want to fight with the Government, but we have voted for Johnson, and if he does not come we will eventually come back, but we want the chance to wait his coming without the Council.

"We have not come with our Councillors because we do not recognize them as our leaders in light of the development during the House of Assembly elections and because of this: they are loyal--we are not.

"We refuse to accept their authority. We are sorry to hear that people are being punished for not paying their taxes (at this date, no person had been prosecuted) because we have no money and no means of obtaining it. Because of this we want to be left out of the Council.

Piris of Varsauvamvam:

"Would you please let us out of the Council because we cannot

afford to pay tax. That is all."

The following discussion between the P.O. and the native spokesman then took place:

P.O.: If the Americans arrived to boss you would you pay tax?

Boas: Yes, we would pay tax for them because we voted for them.

P.O.: Where would you get the money?

Boas: They would show us better ways of earning money so we could pay tax.

P.O.: How do you propose they would help you to earn money?

Boas: I don't know, but I think they would pay us higher wages than your government does.

P.O.: Have you been to Moresby? Rabaul?

Boas: Yes, just after the war to Rabaul.

P.O.: Have you been anywhere else?

Boas: No.

P.O.: Anyone been to Australia?

Meeting: No reply.

Kopules of Kulpetau: We haven't changed our minds in regard to our election. We still want Johnson.

P.O.: How long are you willing to wait for the Americans?

Kopules: We are willing to wait for 3 years.

Boas: We can only wait till we know in our minds that we are wrong; and then only will we come back to you.

Gideon of Kulpitau: We want to choose our way of life. We will wait for America. If they don't come, then we will come back to your way.

P.O.: You want to get out from under Council Administration. Does that mean you don't want the Central Government also?

Gideon: I won't answer that. We just want to make our own choice.

Boas: Why is it that a lot of people who voted correctly have not paid their tax, and why aren't they helping to clean the Council Headquarters? Why don't you get tax from them instead of annoying us who don't want to be part of the Council? (A Good Question.) That is all.

Pasingandau of Kulpitau: I just want to second what Boas said.

Puil of Sunganpokau: What Boas said about leaving us to find our own way till the Yanks come is everybody's wish. I think the same as Boas regarding the state of Taskul.

Boas: We have pointed out why we don't want to remain under Council Administration, and a question now arises, who do our Councillors have authority over? We do not recognise them as leaders.

Pasingandau: I'd like to hear the answer to Boas' question.

Gideon: Who is going to hear the Council's talk: a Councillor should be the voice of the people, but after the House of Assembly elections, we changed our minds as to what our future would be, and now the Councillor is not a true representative of our wishes.

Lakios of Kulpitau: The Councillors have always misinterpreted our wishes regarding matters in meetings. For instance, the tax rule. In every case, the people's views regarding tax rules have never been ascertained before the meetings, and this has resulted in the present refusal to pay tax. We claim that the rule is not a true representation of our ability to pay. I don't blame the Administration for this, but I do think it is the fault of the individual Councillors. (This goes back to 1961--not the latest rule.) I want the Council to change this. I asked Kulpasingan to ask the Council for a pit saw in 1962, but he refused to raise the matter in the meeting. That is an example.

Boas: I heard that the Council passed a resolution to wipe out the cult. Wouldn't it be better to attract people back into your way

of thinking rather than force them? And then forget what has gone before.

P.O.: You have all had ample opportunity to come back in the easy way--and you still can, despite the presence of the police.

Binge Bingetupelam of Konematelik: I second Boas' comments that we just don't have the money to pay tax. We don't want you to waste time with no results; we just can't pay.

The shrewd suggestion made by Boas, if accepted, would have only strengthened the cult leaders and provided greater justification for pursuing their aims with the technique then in use.

During the tax collection on Tsoi Islands, a large group gathered at Ungakum on 23rd June. On the demand for tax payments by the Council clerk, one man, Warluk, said, "We have no money and will not pay tax." There were over 100 men present, and the Patrolling Officer warned police to stand by, and the Council clerk laid an information against the first defaulter. After 6 defaulters had been remanded in custody, the people started to pay their tax.

The Patrolling Officer reported: "It was apparent that they had tried to call our bluff but when six had been remanded in custody they gave it up. It must be understood that there were 40 police standing by and unless the party is in force I feel that the people will resist when court proceedings are instituted."

#### July 1964

Meeting at Magam to strengthen stand for Johnson. Attended by Matamakas of Kabliman, Ngurpuo of Kaselok, Anos of Putput.

Matamakas was asked by William of Kaselok to hold a meeting so all would know about the "election." They did so, 17th July, at Keselok (New Ireland).<sup>145</sup>

4th August 1964

Benhem radioed (from Lavongai Catholic Mission) 30th July that at Metakabil village that day the patrol was met by a group of 300 males carrying a notice which stated they would not pay tax. By Thursday evening, 16 had been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for this refusal.

Because of the lengthy procedures required, another magistrate, A.D.O. Frawley, was sent to Metakabil. Arrived 31 July, noon. Benhem advised that on Friday a number of the 300 assembled approached the court in a threatening manner demanding red (prison) laplaps. They were told their request would be considered.

Passive resistance being met along that section of south coast.

Following convictions at Metakabil, Mr. Benhem reported a weakening of resistance in that area, and he did not expect any defaulters from Lavongai village. However, east of Lavongai, including Meterankan, Magam, Bolpua, where the cult originated, resistance was expected.

Some £400 in Local Government Council tax was collected during this patrol, and some people paid tax during court proceedings. At 4th August 68 people had been convicted on various charges, including riotous behavior, tax default and threatening behaviour.<sup>146</sup>

8th August 1964, Meterankan

At the request of a group of Lavongai people, a meeting was held at Meterankan village on 8th August, where approximately 400 assembled. Benhem, Spencer, and 35 police were there. People from Tsoi, Butei, and Enang and 13 Councillors from the Tsoi area. Jim Grose, M.H.A., acting D.O. Tuohy, and two Americans, Master Sergeant Smith and one Kauli of the U.S. Army Survey Unit were there.

The assembly was orderly but became demonstrative on two occasions when all rose in unison in support of their spokesman's statement concerning allegations that they had been told President Johnson had been put in jail. This was firmly denied, and the crowd sat down again when ordered to do so.

Sgt. Smith and Mr. J. Grose made a good impression, and what each said appeared to be effective. The people, however, stuck to their beliefs, largely, it was felt, because of the loss of face they would suffer by capitulating.

Mr. Tuohy finally addressed the gathering, reiterating the fact that the law would continue to be enforced and tax defaulters would be jailed. People could air their grievances through their Councils again, and explanation of taxation, central government expenditure and Council expenditure was given. Utu Technical School, and the costs involved in running it, was used as an example.

During the meeting Pasingan Bola of Butei (Tigak) read from an exercise book, in English, the following:<sup>147</sup>

WHY DO WE DISLIKE THE AUSTRALIANS?

- a) We dislike the Australian because we have been in the hand for 45 years and we still live just like our grandfathers long ago.
- b) Because the Australian owed [sic] our lands and said that the government govern our lands without buying them.
- c) Because the Australian dug a hole for us to kill us.<sup>148</sup>
- d) Because we paid our taxes and couldn't see the result of our taxes.
- e) Because our wages and salaries aren't just the same.
- f) Because the Australian treated us unfairly and they often say bad words to us as "black bastard."
- g) Because they won't teach us how to be experiences [sic].



- h) Because they gave us these two things or businesses: the cooperative and legislative council and said that they will save us. They don't do so.
- i) The school. In school they treat us differently from their own child.
- j) Their teachings are not skill.
- k) Because they said in their report that we have long tails and long ears.<sup>149</sup>

WHY DO WE LIKE THE U.S. AMERICA?

- a) Because we know that the U.S.A. has governed the Africans properly and treated them fairly and we hope that they will do the same to us.
- b) Because this is our land and we do want the U.S.A. to be here.
- c) We do like the U.S.A. because they have saved our lives in second world war when the Australians ran away from us and we do like them much.
- d) We do like the U.S.A. because in the teaching of the eleksion [sic] they said that we choose what country we need and do so by electing the U.S.A.
- e) Conclusion: We do not want the Australian because we have been with them for many years and haven't got changed in our lives. We do ask the Australian not to govern us any more. We must wait for the U.S.A. has his turn. We do like the U.S.A. to teach us the best way how to live good, happy and useful lives.

There was good cooperation from U.S. servicemen who told the people that President Johnson did not want to come to Lavongai. He had his own job to do in the U.S. and that the people must follow the Australian Government.

The people expressed resentment at not having had sufficient attention in the educational and economic fields. They also showed a lack of comprehension of broad political patterns as by their insistence on seeking to come under U.S. Administration. Their desire to take a greater part in their own Government was evident in a number of statements.

Encouraged them to establish village committees, advise Councillors, attend Council meetings, speak there. Arrangements should be made for them to speak at those meetings.

A report from Mr. Benhem dated 21st August 1964 clearly showed the cult as a classic example of "cargo" cult with the "Johnson" aspect an interesting but not unusual manifestation. The anti-Australian, anti-Council expression was becoming more predominant than the "we want Johnson" theme, though the most significant aspect was the underlying opposition to any form of authority.

A certain amount of competition for leadership and/or notoriety among the younger men was becoming evident by their appearing as group leaders and spokesmen. On the other hand, older men are against the Government, Councils and any other authority through their desire to escape from the pressures of today and revert to their former closed and traditional society where their authority might be re-instated.

In the fields of Health, Education, and political development, the New Hanover people have, for their population of 7,160, fared much better than other groups.

In Education the Administration has provided five schools each with permanent buildings. There are 21 teachers, including 3 Europeans, and a total enrollment of 628 students. The missions--Catholic, Methodist, Adventist--have 19 schools, 906 students counting unregistered schools, total, 1,600, or 25% of the population.

Health Administration: 1 hospital; 9 aid posts.

Missions: 2 hospitals; also mobile and static Infant and Maternal welfare services.

The Lavongai Council was established in 1961, and includes Tsoi and Tingwon. The third Lavongai Elections were held in January, 1964, and interest was good, as usual.

In the field of economic development, co-ops have been established at 9 centres but agricultural development has received some setbacks due primarily to the difficulty the Department of Agriculture has experienced in maintaining continuity of staff.<sup>150</sup>

During the period 1/4/63 to 31/3/64 copra valued at £13,000 was sold through their co-ops. Shell valued at £1,000 was shipped from New Hanover during the same period. This represented a substantial increase in the value of copra produced during the 1/4/62 to 31/3/63 period.

The D.O stated that in his opinion immediate diversification of cash crops as a means of satisfying the nebulous wants of the New Hanover people was not the answer to the present problem. Placing of one or more agricultural officers on the island would only be acceptable to the people in their present mood if those officers planted, processed and marketed crops and handed the proceeds to the New Hanover people without any physical involvement on the part of the latter.

Activity on New Hanover to the end of August had been in two phases. The first phase was one of contact and familiarisation by police patrols. The second, then just completed, consisted of warning villagers of impending Local Government Council tax collections and the actual collection of tax. The latter phase had required two officers, Benhem and Spencer, working together as Court and Prosecution. £1,600 was collected as against an estimate of £4,300.

The next phase then planned was for 3 P.O.s in 3 separate parties to endeavor to apprehend certain individuals for whom warrants of arrest had been issued. Among these were Aaron Lip, charged with assault; Oliver, for riotous behavior and evading arrest; and Oliver's brother, Robin, for riotous behavior.

The people of the Nusawong-Magam area requested time to find their tax and one month was granted. It was noted that traders on the south coast of New Hanover reported greatly increased takings in their stores over the past few months. This greater spending was attributed to the belief that "cargo" was coming, and, therefore, there was no need to conserve resources and to the belief that by pleading lack of money for tax, liability would be avoided.

5th September 1964

Behaving in a Threatening Manner

Patrols continued without incident until Saturday, 5th September 1964, when a patrol led by A.D.O.s Frawley and Benhem with 14 members of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary visited Nuseilas village after prior warning that the patrol would be arriving to collect tax due to the Tikana Native Local Government Council. The patrol met with a general refusal to pay, whereupon one of those concerned was arrested with a view to his prosecution for such refusal. Thereupon some 40 of those present advanced on the patrol in an apparent effort to intimidate it. Two or three of the people carried mangrove sticks, and one was armed with a bush knife. A general melee followed, and the patrol found it necessary to use tear gas to break up the demonstration. This was successful, and four ringleaders were arrested which, together with the one originally apprehended, made a total of 5. No one was injured during the demonstration. The 5 were taken to Kavieng for Court action.

Charged with behaving in a riotous manner contrary to Sec. 30e of the Police Offenses Ordinance. Convicted and sentenced.

Nuseilas is one of the Tigak Island villages affected by the New Hanover cult. It was reported that cult followers believe that by paying tax their chance of receiving "cargo" will disappear.<sup>151</sup>

24th September 1964

Patrol Attacked at Lokono, West Coast Tigak, 10:00 a.m.

Patrol: A.D.O. Frawley, 1 P.O., 1 C.P.O.,<sup>152</sup> 14 police. Attack by 50 males armed with spears, stones, clubs. Since Lokono has a total population of 100, it appeared attackers may have included men from adjacent villages Kaut and Kabien. Four police received serious head wounds, and 8 police received minor injuries.

No officers were injured, though they received some knocks. Attack appeared directed at the Constabulary, not the European Officers or the Councillors.

A major patrol departed Kavieng early Sunday 27th September. Travelling by sea, they visited Kavien, Lokono, Kaut, etc. All villages and settlements were found to be deserted except for one aid post centre where the orderly was in attendance with one elderly patient. It appeared the people were fleeing before the patrol.

Nuseilas and Lokono mark a new phase. In the first phase, the cult took root in the minds of the people and from its small beginnings was spread throughout the Lavongai and much of the Tigak Census Divisions while its emissaries were attempting to spread it further afield. It remained largely within the law except in the matter of tax. With these incidents, groups of cultists have moved outside the law and adopted positions of open defiance of government authority. Action will continue to ensure that law and order is re-established and maintained. When firmly established, resources will be directed to re-establishment

of developmental programs in accordance with the priorities and abilities of the people.

P-NG'S NEW POLITICIANS SPEAK THEIR MINDS<sup>153</sup>

Quick Action Wanted on New Hanover Cargo Cult

From Stuart Inder in Port Moresby

Easily the most surprising and most interesting development in the inaugural session of Papua-New Guinea's unexpectedly vocal House of Assembly was the way in which the Administration accepted a debate on cargo cult activities as giving it a mandate to take sterner action against the cult.

The Administration announced that since most speakers in the debate obviously wanted some quick action against a "Lyndon Johnson cult" in New Ireland, then that was just what they would get.

The Administration attitude impressed most of the new members, and even the old hands praised it as a shrewd move, for the outcome was exactly what the Administration had hoped for.

The Government had believed for weeks that only strong action would settle the New Ireland trouble, but remembering the Navunaram riots (when natives were killed) and the Buka cult outbreak (when hundreds were gaoled), they were loath to start any action that might rebound in the UN.

Once armed with support from the first elected Assembly, they felt on strong ground should anything go wrong when they moved against the Johnson cultists.

### Political Dynamite

This method of getting the majority to share the responsibility for political dynamite obviously had a future, as valuable to the officials as to the Territory itself.

The Johnson Cult is currently in control of about 2,000 of the 6,000 people of New Hanover, a small island off the tip of New Ireland.

It was noticed in February when several hundred people in that area informed electoral officers for the House of Assembly elections that they wanted to vote for "President Johnson bilong America," who, unfortunately, was not among the six local candidates.

Attempts to reason with them failed, and, as a result, only about 28 per cent of the people voted.

Later in February, field staff visited Materanken where the cult had been originated (reputedly by Bosamalik, a youth of about 20) to try to reason with the men, but the cultists demanded that the Australians leave and the Americans come in.

### False Alarm

Further talks, in March, seemed to quieten things down and the field staff considered they had persuaded the cultists to abandon their ideas and return the money they had collected among followers to pay President Johnson's fare over.

But it was a false alarm, and the situation became worse.

The cultists became more truculent and threatened patrols, regarding any effort to reason with them as Administration weakness. Nicholas Brokam, the member for New Ireland, was unable to land in the area to talk to them because of the cultists' threats.

Brokam, who is Under-Secretary for the Assistant Administrator (Economic Affairs), brought the matter up in the House by way of an urgency motion.

Both Brokam and New Ireland planter Jim Grose (New Guinea Islands) had discussed bringing up the matter of the cult even while they were still in New Ireland, and they learned that the Administration would, in fact, welcome a debate.

Brokam told the House that he feared there would be breaches of peace, and that the cult would spread to New Ireland proper, unless it were stopped now. He said there should be a law against cults and the police should arrest the New Hanover cultists.

In the ensuing debate, there hardly seemed to be a member who did not have something sound to say.

To the public gallery, it appeared as if the whole of the Territory was breaking out in cargo cult activity, as member after member told about his own experiences and suggested, with confidence, how the cult problem should be solved.



## First Rate Debate

There must have been at least 15 different solutions (gao! them, educate them, cut off their supplies, show them factories abroad, built them factories at home, etc.), but there was one clear message going through the entire debate; Whatever the final solution was, the New Hanover cult had to be wiped out now, because no man should be allowed to cock a snoot at law and order.

Not for the first time in the session did observers ponder at the way in which inexperienced, backwoods politicians managed to confine themselves to the question in hand, and with an economy of words.

Only rarely did Speaker Niall (who gave loose and welcome rein to the debate) have to explain to a member that cargo cults, not village pumps, were the items under discussion.

Even Paliau Maloat (Manus) demanded action-- a plea which was not lost on those who knew that Paliau was a former cult leader himself, and was once gaoled for his own activities.

Mr. J. K. McCarthy, Director of Native Affairs and one of the 10 official members, replied that where people had little knowledge of the civilised ways of life, it was plain humanity to treat these cults with sympathy and he was proud to say this was Administration policy.

The Government had never set out to crush such movements, but to persuade people that their beliefs could lead to disaster.

Nevertheless, this particular cult had destroyed law and order in its area, and the Administration was now prepared to restore it--with the full support of the House of Assembly.

Since there was already a big police detachment in the New Ireland area as Mr. McCarthy was speaking, and Mr. McCarthy himself promised to go over as soon as the House finished the session, New Guinea awaited the sequel with interest.

Footnote: It was reported from Port Moresby on June 24 that 2,000 Lyndon Johnson cultists on New Hanover had agreed in principle to pay council taxes "on the eve of a visit to the island" by Mr. McCarthy.

### "The So-Called Johnson Cult"

Progress Report No. 2

Department of District Administration

1st October 1964 to 31st December 1964

West coast, New Ireland. Patrols found that people not involved in the attack were frightened and ran away when patrols approached. Contact was eventually made with individuals and groups, and they began to move back to their homes. On 6th October 1964, patrols operating in

the area reported that families were all back in the villages of Kabien, Kaut, Lokono, and on the 7th October the patrols withdrew.

Thirty-five people from Lokono, Kavieng No. 1 and Kavieng No. 2 were arrested and taken to Kavieng for court proceedings in connection with the attack on the patrol 24th September.

Court hearings commenced at Kavieng early in October. Two were discharged, 33 convicted, thus: 1 fined £5; 5 imprisoned for 1 month; 4 imprisoned for 2 months; 22 imprisoned for 4 months; 1 imprisoned for 6 months.

"On Wednesday, 7th October 1964, Mr. Benhem, acting A.D.O., went to the Kavieng Police Station in order to assist in the preparation of Court papers. There he saw prisoner Simion of Kaut village whose appearance indicated that he had recently been injured. Simion informed Mr. Benhem that he had been assaulted by several police constables early that morning. After discussions with Police Officers, a parade of police was scheduled for 1:30 p.m. that day.

"Acting Inspector Curtis conducted the parade and later carried out an investigation. During the parade 2 complainants, Barasul Stauley, a Methodist Mission teacher, and Simino Kulput, a Councillor of Kaut village, who were in lawful custody, identified their assailants. Following investigations 4 members of the constabulary were charged in the District Court, Kavieng, and were found guilty of unlawful assault, under the Police Offences Ordinance. One was fined £5, three were fined £10 each, and all 4 members were dishonourably discharged from the constabulary.

"In a later report the D.O. Kavieng, stated, 'From the first day of the patrol which I led following the Lokono incident, the Police, particularly those who had arrived as reinforcements, showed a serious

lack of discipline. At one stage I was forced to tell the police that any further lapses would mean their immediate withdrawal and return to Kavieng. Under other circumstances the disciplinary lapses would be regarded as minor, but when a large body of hostile natives were expected to confront the patrol, these infractions, e.g. leaving a guard post, must be regarded as very serious."

On 8th October 1964, a further incident occurred at Kavieng Police Station when a number of Police refused to return to Taskul on New Hanover. The reason stated at the time for their refusal was that since Court proceedings had been instigated against 4 police accused of assaulting the Councillor Simion and another native when in custody, they wished to remain to see what would happen to them.

At a Disciplinary Tribunal subsequently held at Rabaul on 2nd November 1964, thirteen members of the Police Force were charged under Section 23(b) of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary Ordinance with having willfully disobeyed a lawful order given by a person having authority to give it. One constable involved had been discharged at his own request, on 31st October 1964, prior to the sitting of the Tribunal.

Twelve members pleaded guilty and 1 not guilty. After evidence, the charge against him was dismissed.

It was proved that a lawful order was given. Then the representative of the Police Association withdrew. He said he couldn't help the members charged further.

When determining punishments, their **previous conduct was taken into consideration**. Ten lost one months pay, two lost two months' pay, and four were discharged dishonorably. They had been involved in the Rabaul Police strike.

There was a patrol (in November) to the Lavongai-Magam area covering a portion of a previous patrol which had not been completed as a request for further time to pay taxes due had been made by the people of the area.

This area, being the one where the cult originated, was regarded as crucial. A total of £75 was collected from the villagers of Lavongai, Saula, Kulungut, Magam, Neila, Nusawong and Neikaputuk. This represented payment in full or in part by 37 adult males.

Of 20 persons charged with failure to pay tax, two received suspended sentences and 18 were committed to the Corrective Institution at Taskul for two months.

The attitude towards payment of tax had softened as the majority had made genuine efforts to meet their tax commitments. This was a marked change for the better. Passive resistance is breaking. Councillor Kasi of Magam demonstrated a complete about-face in his efforts to persuade his people to pay their taxes.

On the west coast of New Ireland an unarmed patrol (P.O., Welfare Officer and 2 constables) walked to coastal villages via Putput and Tome.

Most of the adult males of Lokono and Kavieng villages were in prison at the time, but the attitude of those remaining was friendly, and the patrol received all necessary assistance.

Over £30 was collected in taxes from those who volunteered it, and no attempt was made to force payment. Some hardship was apparent, occasioned by the shortage of manpower and shortage of spears, axes, etc., which had been confiscated by the previous armed patrol. These confiscated articles were returned to the villagers a short time later.

A medical patrol to the south coast of New Hanover area reported friendly cooperation from the villagers.

The Methodist Mission made its annual monetary collection as usual. A disturbing feature of developments had been noted in the part played by teachers of this mission in various villages. The D.O., Kavieng reported on 22nd September 1964, as follows:

"Since the commencement of the cult, both Missions, Catholic and Methodist, have sought anonymity, but because of the participation of more than one Methodist teacher in the cult and some criticism of the mission arising from this, the Rev. Robbins of the Methodist Mission has begun to take more positive steps to combat the spread of the cult but I doubt if he would or could do anything about it."

They have either acted as spokesmen for the cult group, provocateurs in incidents or a communicative link to and from the original cult group to their respective areas.

Action was proposed to counteract this by arranging with the Methodist missions for mission teachers to be brought together for a course in political education.

Possibly the old practice of mission activity in particular areas being confined to the original mission pioneering the area, on a loose but usually adhered-to basis of mutual exclusiveness, contributed to the preclusion of missions other than the Methodist becoming involved to any extent. The only other mission, Seventh-Day Adventist, is by comparison newly established and in the minority.

Cult activities continued, and it was reported that Oliver and Robin (warrants issued) had held a meeting at Upuas 6th December 1964. However, it was significant that only 7 males out of a possible 100 attended the meeting. One person was convicted and sentenced to 2 months for assisting escapee Oliver, on evidence given by the Tsoi Councillor and two other men. They also told P.O. Mr. P. J. Power that at the meeting

cult leaders Oliver and Robin stated that the Americans would arrive to take over New Hanover on 25th January 1965, providing the Australian Administration had left by that date.

A report was received at the District Office Kavieng that Matamakas of Kableman village addressed a meeting of Methodist mission pastors and teachers held at Kableman village 9th December 1964. Informant: Councillor Pita of Kulangit. It was alleged Matamakas told the assembly to prepare themselves and others to converge on Kavieng when they would tell the D.C. to leave New Ireland along with other Government Officers. If he did not do this they were to break down the jail and release the prisoners. If the Administration tried to arrest them, they were not to fight back but should submit quietly.<sup>154</sup>

Following investigations, three persons were charged with conspiring to commit a crime under Section 541 of the Queensland Criminal Code. They were Benedict Chow Chan Kieng, Kapilis Lamangan and Matamakas Lengat. All were committed for trial by the District Court on 30th December 1964.<sup>155</sup>

20th October 1964

Summary by Williamson:

a) New Hanover, and particularly south coast, has been exploited by certain of their leaders from 1945 until death of Singarau in 1962.<sup>156</sup>

b) A division between Methodist and Catholic has existed a long time on south coast. Johnson cult appears to have more Methodists than Catholics. At least, its leadership is strongly Methodist.

c) Rumours of anti-European attitudes were reported in 1953.

d) The Johnson cult originated in Singarau's former sphere of influence (the wreckage of his shipping venture is still at Meterankan,

a symbol of his era).

e) Pukina of Lavongai and Pilikos of Bolpua were close henchmen of Singarau and have been prominent in the present cult activities.

f) Singarau is likened to (other cult leaders elsewhere).

g) Many staff changes have occurred at Taskul over the past 10-15 years.

As in New Ireland, New Hanover lacks leaders. They oppose the idea of any one attaining superiority over his fellows. People admit this.

The extreme insularity of New Hanover people is most marked. Very few have travelled widely outside their island or Kavieng.

### "The So-Called Johnson Cult"

Progress Report No. 3

Department of District Administration

1st January 1965 to 1st April 1965

The situation on the 1st January 1965 indicated that, despite an apparent weakening of cult influence in the Lavongai area, there was still a long way to go before a more rational approach by the people, toward satisfying their wants, would replace cult thinking. The general attitude of the people was reflected in the fact that 3 warrants to apprehend remained unexecuted. It had also been established that Oliver of Tsoi was active in trying to keep the cult going.

Early in February there were rumors of disaffection emerging among some on New Hanover towards the cult and those continuing to promote it. A message to the people of Lavongai was printed in Pidgin English and distributed by the D.C. It pointed out that two dates had



been set by cult spokesmen for the arrival of the Americans, the 1st of January and then the 25th of January, but that since the Americans had not arrived it was obvious the spokesmen were fooling the people. The people were urged to follow the advice of the Administration and their Council to take a rational approach towards improving their way of life and satisfying their wants.

1st March 1965

The conspiracy case, The Queen v. Matamakas and Others, concluded with the three accused being acquitted. The possibility of further indictments was to be carefully examined.

17th March 1965

Deputy D.C. reported that in view of the fact that the tax rate for Lavongai Council for January to June, 1965, is half the normal rates, i.e., £1/5/0<sup>157</sup> and that reports of heavy spending over recent months have been received, and tax collections to date have been very low, it must be assumed that these people will again oppose the Council in its efforts to collect tax. As these will be second offences and convictions could entail heavier penalties, we must anticipate some active resistance to prosecutions and implementation of Court Orders.

22nd March 1965

The D.C., Kavieng (Mr. William Seale) wrote that we must be prepared to deal with an explosive situation with possible violence, and this will require strong and experienced staff in the field and at District Headquarters.

Press Advice

April 2, 1965.

American member of UN Visiting Mission, Mr. Dwight Dickinson, addressing a meeting of about 300 New Hanover people at Taskul, told them America would not come. America would not accept their election.

He spoke after several New Hanover men had related reasons why they wanted to elect President Johnson. The first New Hanover speaker, Leopamais, of Lavongai village, was educated in Rabaul to standard 9. He is now unemployed in the village. . . .

Pengai Peni, a brother of Bosmailik, one of the leaders of the Johnson cult, told the mission his people did not wish to pay taxes to Local Government Councils. They wanted to pay money only to the country for which they voted. Turning to the body of the meeting for support of this statement, Peni received a solid shout of assent.

Darius Lapan told the mission that people would not change their attitude. Then he turned and asked his supporters if they wanted to abolish Lavongai Government Council. This brought even louder shouted agreement.

Boski Tom, President of the Lavongai Council, who with other Councillors sat apart from the main group of the people, replied to various charges of Administration neglect. He said the failures were mainly due to the people themselves. Money had

been stolen from co-ops and young men would not work their coffee gardens.

Press Release

October 7, 1965.

D.C., New Ireland, says that prosecutions against all Council Tax defaulters in the Lavongai Council areas have been completed. Some 346 prosecutions in all were initiated by the Council as a result of which 228 adult males were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from 2 weeks to 5 months; 92 adult males were convicted and adjudged to pay fines from £5/- to £20.0; 7 adult males were convicted, cautioned and discharged and 19 were acquitted. Others associated with the cult and eligible to pay Council tax have done so, and the Council's action in initiating prosecutions undoubtedly influenced this attitude. . . .

The situation is being watched. Apparently there is no change in attitude, although this cannot be satisfactorily assessed until the deadline for payment of Council tax for 1965-6 is reached. The rate is £2-10-0 and must be paid by 30th November, 1965. . . .

The three cult leaders, Robin, Oliver and Samuel for whom warrants of arrest have been issued, have continued to evade arrest, although efforts to apprehend them continue and will be intensified.

TERRITORY OF PAPUA AND NEW GUINEAAdministration Press Statement No. 152.Port Moresby, October 13, 1964.

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON TAX OPPOSITION

## AND CULT ACTIVITIES IN NEW IRELAND

(Statement by the Secretary of the Department  
of the Administrator, Mr. D. M. Fenbury)

The Secretary of the Department of the Administrator, Mr. D. M. Fenbury, recently returned from a ten day inspection tour of New Ireland, and a short visit to Rabaul where he attended the official opening of the eighteenth cocoa fermentary of the Tolai Cocoa Project. This project was initiated by Mr. Fenbury in 1952.

While in New Ireland Mr. Fenbury visited New Hanover, and the West Coast New Ireland mainland villages involved in the recent attack on a government tax gathering patrol at Lokono. He also visited Namatanai via the East Coast road.

At the time of Mr. Fenbury's departure from New Ireland the Lokono people had just returned to their villages and police enquiries into the circumstances of the attack were proceeding. The Lokono people and other communities nearby had abandoned their villages and gone into the bush after the attack on the patrol. Since Mr. Fenbury's departure from New Ireland a number of people have been charged and convicted.

Mr. Fenbury speaking in Port Moresby today said that while it seemed clear that the rejection by the Lokono and adjacent communities of their own Local Government Council had been inspired by the New Hanover unrest (the New Hanover and Lokono people all belong to the one linguistic group) there had been no overt manifestations of the so-called Johnson cult at Lokono.

Despite the proximity of the disaffected groups to Kavieng, the Administration headquarters of the New Ireland District, the New Hanover and West Coast people although close to Kavieng in terms of map miles, were in fact considerably more isolated and backward than might be thought.

On a Sunday morning at New Hanover, in company with the visiting Justice and local Administration officers, Mr. Fenbury talked informally to the 30 or so young men from New Hanover currently serving short terms of imprisonment for refusing to pay their Council taxes. Enquiries elicited that only six of this group had ever been to Rabaul, and only eight of them claimed to have ever visited Kavieng, a mere four hours away by sea. Most of the young men were illiterate although there had been schools on the island for many years. While copra production on New Hanover had actually increased during recent months, there were very few new plantings. The island was economically retarded, mainly because the people were disinclined to make the necessary effort. There was no shortage of land and no particular difficulty in exporting and importing goods.

More concentrated attention to cash cropping was needed, but above all the people had to be educated into realising that progress was inseparable from effort on their part. The problem was one of motivation.

Lack of ready cash had not been a factor in the recent refusal to pay Local Government Council tax. In fact, many people liable for tax had deliberately spent their money at trade stores when tax collection became due. When Mr. Fenbury visited the small island of Niuseilas, off the West Coast area, whose people had previously refused to pay Council tax, a Mission "Wotnabar" collection was in progress, and was believed to have yielded several hundred pounds from the West Coast villages.

When the New Hanover prisoners were asked why they had rejected their own freely elected Council, which was there to serve them, and over whose policies they had a very large measure of control, spokesmen claimed that the Council had done nothing for them. One man stated that he and others in his village had had to buy their own watering tank. When it was pointed out that the Taskul Local Government Council on New Hanover, besides building aid posts and schools, had already installed 27 water tanks in New Hanover villages and had others on hand awaiting erection, there was no reply.

In subsequent discussions with these people it was emphasised by Mr. Fenbury that the Local Government system was essentially a democratically constituted organisation enabling small villages to pool their financial and manpower

resources to achieve regular progress towards higher living standards, and at the same time to have a voice in the management of their own affairs. To this one man replied that he did not believe in elected representation. Everyone should be equal in the management of community affairs.

Mr. Fenbury said that while political disturbances in slowly evolving Melanesian societies frequently exhibited elements that, from a Western viewpoint, were illogical and irrational, such phenomena were rarely as simple as some people imagined. In the existing New Hanover and West Coast situation two important elements appeared to be apathy towards economic development and a withdrawal from the increasing complexity of modern life. With this there was an emotional regression towards anarchy. At Meterenkan village the people were polite-- and disinterested in the Government and all its works. To many unsophisticated villagers, conditioned for centuries to an easy if primitive subsistence pattern of life in small, politically fragmented communities, the implications of such institutions as Local Government and the House of Assembly were frightening. This promoted a tendency-- probably an evolutionary phase--to draw back and reaffirm the ancient pattern. The reactionary attitudes discernible on New Hanover seemed to apply not only to elderly men but also to the young, and also to some Mission teachers.

The senior representative of the Methodist Overseas Mission on New Ireland, the Reverend Robbins, was

considerably disturbed at the number of Mission teachers apparently involved in the Lokono disturbance. He had walked about the bush for days, under extremely uncomfortable conditions, contacting the Lokono people and persuading them to return to their villages. At Lavongai the resident Catholic missionary, Father Kelly, could offer no explanation for the islanders' strange behaviour.

The activities of a mysterious Raluana man (Raluana was in the Rabaul Sub-District of New Britain), who is said to have been roaming about New Hanover for the past eight months, were being investigated by Native Affairs officers. The apparently clandestine presence on the island of this man--one of the Raluana anti-Local Government Council group--was first reported to the Administration by a Raluana man who had been one of the original leaders in the 1951 Raluana anti-Council movement, but, like most of the early dissidents, had since conformed.

While no substantive evidence had been obtained, there were also grounds for suspecting that the original New Hanover "We Want Johnson" attitude had been influenced by some of the American Negro servicemen who had been members of the various U.S. survey parties operating on the island over the past two years.

Certain young members of the reinforcing Police detachment sent to New Ireland had been deeply angered at the vicious and unprovoked surprise attack made upon them at Lokono, and later some of them allegedly assaulted one



of the men taken into custody. The Police said to have been involved in this assault had been charged.

Mr. Fenbury stated that one of the major problems now facing the Administration was that of instilling into village groups such as those of New Hanover and the West Coast of New Ireland some sense of urgency in regard to the need to develop their resources. While emphasising that he was stating a personal view, Mr. Fenbury said he felt such people now needed to be told, much more clearly and frequently than in the past, that while nobody enjoyed paying taxes and few people liked hard work, time was running out for the target working villager who was resistant to change. The people would either have to go on or ultimately they would go under. Unless they developed their own land and their own institutions much more rapidly than they were doing at present, history would overtake them. Most of the Territory's indigenous rural communities had no appreciation that Asia was obviously on the march and was not very far away. The Administration together with many other development and welfare agencies, was working pretty solidly to show the rural inhabitants of the Territory the way to achieve higher living standards and political solidarity, but only the people themselves could travel the long road leading to economic satisfaction and political security.

The attitudes exhibited by the New Hanover and West Coast New Ireland people indicated that the time might be overdue to start emphasising these unpalatable facts in

very clear language. It was understandable that while large sections of the indigenous community of the Territory desired the end results of progress, they were still disinclined to make a consistent effort which necessarily involved disruption of the ancient seasonal rhythm of village life. This, in essence, appeared to be the crux of the New Hanover situation. Similar lotus-eating attitudes appeared to be current in the Namatanai area, which, while the ancestral home of the Tolai people, exhibited none of the Tolai progressiveness.

Communities along the isolated West coast of Namatanai were currently being exploited by shrewd entrepreneurs from the Duke of York Islands. The so-called "account system" which these men operated was essentially a swindle--but despite government advice the Namatanai people still apparently preferred it to Western forms of economic organisation.

By contrast, the attitudes of the shrewd and sturdy middle-aged farming element which constituted the backbone of Tolai society were refreshing.

INTERVIEWS WITH CULTISTSInterview With Makios

On Thursday morning, July 20, Nolis and I walked the short distance, about half an hour, along the path from Ranmelek Methodist Mission station to Patekone village to see Makios, a man about 60 who had long been luluai for his village. I had met Makios twice before, once on my first trip with the Methodists in August, 1966, and again just recently, Wednesday, July 12, 1967, at a meeting of T.I.A. at Lavongai. I had asked him if I could come to see him and he had seemed glad for me to come. He was there and ready when we arrived.

We sat on benches constructed in a small covered veranda of Makios' house. Chickens, crying children and neighbors came and went as we talked.

DB: All right, Makios, tell me a little first about this election and I will give you some questions. You tell me a little first-- when did you first hear of this election?

M: There were three. (I do not know what misunderstanding occurred here.)

D: Three.

M: Three. All right now, we believe our election will come up, and we want it to come up true. All right--because we, altogether--we remain like one whatever. Because Australia behaves this way, we are not straight in this no good life. Because--this now-- we want, for instance, we want to see a very good way come up

ELECTION--  
CAUSES OF

among us inside of Lavongai. That.

DB: Um. You made this election because you want to see a good way come up.

M: Yes.

DB: What kind of thing, what kind of way--you think of what kind of thing?

M: We think because we are lacking so much. All right, we want one whatever something to come up among us. Such as America.

D: America.

M: Yes.

DB: Your liking remains still for America?

LIKING FOR  
AMERICA  
REMAINS

M: It remains still.

DB: It remains still.

M: It is thought about still among all men--all women, too.

DB: All women, too?

M: All have this wish.

DB: Some Europeans think the women don't like this, but I haven't heard them speak angrily about it.

WOMEN

M: It is the wish of us all--all women, all men together.

DB and Makios mention events just before the election day at Ranmelek, and Yaman's role in speaking out about their vote "on the board" for America. Makios says plenty here were jailed for not paying taxes. Some, however, voted "in the box," for instance Bengengerau, the present Councillor, who opposes the cultists.

DB: What do you want?

M: We don't live well. We haven't got good food, good clothes..  
(tape unclear).

DB: Do you want iron roofs?

M: That. Speedboat, whatever thing.

DB and Makios discuss Oliver, of whom Makios knew nothing on the first day of the election at Ranmelek; as Oliver had not been around yet.

DB: Now why does everyone go inside Tutukuvul now?

M: This now just because of this, our election. All right, we go into Tutukuvul so that we can see--we want to straighten our journey.

T.I.A.

DB: You don't know yet what will come up from Tutukuvul?

M: I don't know.

DB: What do all say about Tutukuvul?

M: No one knows what will come up, but we are still firm.

T.I.A.  
NO ONE KNOWS  
ITS FRUITS

DB asks if some think that America will see that this is a good place and will come, and Makios says this is something to think about, and wait and see.

DB tells Makios that Oliver had said that unless a person believed strongly in something nothing would come up, and Makios agrees that is true.

DB asks how the people here get money to pay \$10 to T.I.A. and \$5 for taxes. Makios says they don't have a good way, they just have to sell little things around the place, like buae and daka. Where? At Taskul and in the islands. Some work on plantations. Some sell sago but there isn't much.

MONEY  
FOR  
TAXES

DB mentions that she wants to go to Narimlaw to see the wife of Peter Yangalissmat. Makios knows them.

DB: I have heard that Yangalissmat liked America.

PETER  
YANGALISSMAT

M: Yes. But he died, and now we get this thing up after his life.

DB: Has he been dead a long time?

M: Yes.

DB: When you got up election did you think of the talk of Peter?

M: We thought of it.

DB: When you first heard Yangalissmat, did you like what he said?

M: He got it up, we just thought of it.

DB and Makios discuss his wartime experiences. He had seen Americans, and he and others worked for the Japanese carrying cargo around in the bush, cutting trees and the like. They saw Americans again recently at Mount Patibung, to which they carried cargo.

AMERICANS  
DURING THE  
WAR

DB: Did the Americans on Patibung say America would like to come here?

M: No.

DB: Tell me a little about the ways of the Americans--what did you like about them?

M: Their ways are not the ways of all men. Their ways are very good. They invite plenty of men, and sit down together to eat, and whatever thing--they give everything to them. That now, this way we have seen, and our liking remains.

THE  
AMERICAN  
WAY

DB: Did some Americans eat kaukau and sak sak together with you?

Voice: Yes.

DB: Are there some kiaps who sit down together with you all?

Voice: No.

M: Where--in Patibung?

DB: In New Hanover, in Patekone.

M: They stop together with us, but they aren't--they aren't the same. Their way (the American way) is another kind. But now everyone--this now, the election, spoke firmly to everyone. Their way (the Australian) is all right now.

ELECTION  
CHANGED  
AUSTRALIANS

DB: I have heard talk from some there is the idea that all your ancestors will make cargo, and bring it to the cemetery. I don't know where this talk came up, the Methodist area or the Catholic area, I don't know. I have heard this talk. Now have you heard this talk among you?

ANCESTORS  
AND  
CARGO

M: Who told you?

DB: I heard this talk from one man in Taskul, but I don't where he was from. You don't have (this talk)?

M: We don't have this talk.

DB: I have also read it. Did it come up in the Council? Did you have this talk at election time?

M: No.

DB asks about jail, and Boserong who has been present through most of the interview, answers. He has been in jail for two months in Taskul (New Hanover), five months in Kavieng (New Ireland). Some went to Karavat (New Britain). Their work in jail, Boserong said, was to dig the ground, carry big logs, dig up the roots of trees. No, they did not look after the prisoners well in jail: they had to carry big logs, and the police hit them, not with their hands, but with their sticks. No, the white skins did not hit them. Cigarettes and buae. the

JAIL

whiskey of (native) men," are taboo in jail. Food was not good, and they drank plain water.

Boserong was a nervous person who was intense and stuttered slightly, He spoke with conviction. DB asked if any good things came from the work that jail labor did in Taskul, and Boserong said, "No." DB asked what he would have had the men do if he had been boss. He answered, hesitating, that he would have had them do good work, and let them sit down a little, and only give them a little work. And he would let them all have betel nuts and cigarettes.

Boserong twice has not paid taxes, and he does not know whether or not he will pay them next time they are collected. Both he and Makios know that there will be another election in May, 1968. DB asks whether or not they will vote for America.

TAXES  
1968  
ELECTION

B: We have promised for the election for America.

DB: Promise to whom?

B: To God.

PROMISE  
TO  
GOD

DB asks if he promised in front of others or inside himself. There is no response. (Probably the question was not clear.)

DB: Some men say God sent this thinking to all men. Do you all have this thought?

(Long Pause)

B: It's like this: we sit down with this: we sit down with this Australian way. Our skins pain from their way. All right, the thinking came up. They themselves talked like this: "If you like whatever country, that's your business."

VOTE FOR  
WHOMEVER  
YOU LIKE

DB: Who said that?

B: All the kiaps.



DB: All the kiaps.

B: Yes. All right, we stopped, we thought now. Then we did as they told us to, and we voted for America. Later, they heard of our election, and they got angry.

(Pause)

DB: First they told you it was all right for you to vote for whatever country you liked?

B: Yes. We looked at all the countries--if we wanted a country, we would vote for it. So we sat down, we looked at all countries. All right, we looked at one country, America; we voted for it.

DB asked if they continued to go to church following the election. Yes, they were not cross with the church. Some MISSIONS missionaries (local) and munamunas (local Methodist preachers) followed them and went to jail. Plenty of Catholics, too.

DB asked if Bosmailik (who was called cult leader by Newsweek and whose name was still bandied about by some Europeans) was the cause of the election, and Boserong said, "No." Who was? Everyone was, everyone had this idea, and they brought it to BOSMAILIK AND LEADERSHIP Bosmailik. Bosmailik now works on the speedboat of the kiap, Mr. Brightwell.

DB: Does Bosmailik no longer follow the election?

B: No, he was jailed with us, but the kiap called him, thinking it wouldn't be good if Bosmailik caught our thinking and it grew up big again.

(Pause)

DB: You are not cross with the church. Do you think God supports you? MISSIONS

B: Yes.

DB: Does the telatela (European missionary)?

B: No, this one at Ranmelek (Alan Taylor) is angry with us.

DB: When I first came, Mr. George was here. Did he support you?

M: No.

DB: Was he cross with you?

M: He was that.

DB asked if any from here had gone to talk to the American Catholic fathers, and they said no. DB asked if everyone knew that these Americans were here just because of the church, and there was no response. DB asked if some men would like these Americans to help, and they said, "Yes." DB asked if any of the American priests had helped them and they said, "No." Were they angry? There was no response.

DB: You were angry with the Council. If you were boss of the Council money, what would you do with it?

M: True, they talked of the Council money.

(Pause)

COUNCIL  
TO HELP  
THE WEAK

B: They told us the Council would help men that were not married, old women, old men, all who sat down no good, the Council would help them.

DB: True, Makios?

M: Yes, that. They said it would look after women who had no relatives and whoever, old men, were badly situated, who had no one who helped them--all right, the Council would see to them. Now none of this--it didn't help those who lived badly.

DB asks if the Council gave them a tank, and they say, "No." They drink at the river. Would they like a tank? Makios says, "Yes." but who will give them one? Boserong says that tanks are good because they contain good water, with no germs in it.

DB: Has the Council done anything for you? Haven't you got one thing that came from the Council?

M: No.

DB: All your money went for nothing.

M: It went for nothing. It went to stay in the bank for the Council, and they haven't helped us with this money of ours, not at all. It's just for them, so they can go get paid at the time of a meeting of theirs.

DB: (Laughs) Then they all go get it. This money from taxes goes and stays in the bank, to pay them all.

DB: Do you worry here about--we, plenty of white, are cross about all this work at Taskul. Why not use (jail labor) for a road? Do you worry about that, or not think about it?

M: We think of it. But then later who will get it up, and who can do it well. Because now this idea of ours is strong at this time.

DB: American is to come.

M: Yes.

DB: I am sorry that you have had pain for following your thinking. You don't just "grease" and "yessir, yessir" all white skins. You are not afraid. one man told me that you were afraid before but not since the election.

M and B: That's true.

DB: Before were you afraid?

M: Before--some men before, big men. They have died. We come behind, and we are not afraid."

JAIL  
LABOR

FEAR OF  
WHITES

B: Now this election comes up now, we are not a little afraid of any white skin. If one white skin comes up to us in our place, to throw away one little bit of talk, disregard it.

We discuss what things were like under the luluai system. Makios was luluai. It was easy, he says, to raise the ten shillings (\$1.00) required for taxes then, by selling a little betel nut or pepper or the like. But this five dollars (\$5.00) for Council tax is hard. "Where can we get this money?" Makios asks.

LULUAI  
SYSTEM

DB: When you were luluai, did everyone obey you?

M: Everyone obeyed me because the black hat was there. The road was good, and inside the place, everything was good.

DB: Were all men afraid of you before?

M: Everyone was afraid of me because if they didn't obey me I put them in jail.

DB: If they didn't obey you, you jailed them for how long?

M: Just for two months.

DB: What work did you give them?

M: Clean the village, the road--if all was straight, all right, work on food vor everyone (communal gardens).

DB: In the luluai'stime, did women pay tax?

M: No.

WOMEN

DB: Does the Council tax women?

M: It taxed them at first, five shillings. Now that is finished.

DB: After the election for Johnson, were the women up to voting in the box?

M: No.

DB: Did the Council ask taxes then from women?

M: Yes.

DB: But women didn't go to jail. Why? You can't jail a woman. When you were luluai were you able to jail women?

M: No.

DB: Just men.

M: Just men.

DB: According to your thinking, should women pay taxes?

M: No.

DB: Does the Council think that now too?

M: Yes.

We discuss Tutukuvul. Saripat is Board here. They T.I.A. do not "make line" for work, as some places do.

DB: You all work hard for T.I.A. I saw smoke rising from your new clearings all along the way when we came in the speedboat. If America does not come, will you be cross with Tutukuvul?

B: No.

DB: Why?

(Pause)

B: T.I.A. is a new thing. We don't know yet about its work. We work, that's all.

DB: You think something good will come up from it.

B: We don't know yet. In Magam, they have planted 100 coconuts, they say.

DB asks what they think of Steven, President of the Council.

M: We know about him--but his work, at meeting time--  
COUNCIL:  
PRESIDENT STEVEN  
 he disregards a little what the other Councillors say.

DB: Did he support your election?

M: No.

DB: Was Boski Tim strong about jailing you?

M and B: Yes.

DB: And Steven?

M and B: No, just Boski.

---

COUNCIL:  
FORMER PRESIDENT  
BOSKI TOM

---

B described an incident of arrest.

B: They used to get all the kiaps and the policemen to ARREST come up to us and fasten our hands with handcuffs and we would go down to the ship--to go to jail.

B said that Boski came with the arresters. The ship "Mercy" and the government trawler came. Once kiaps and police came from Nusawang and got all the men at the bridge in Magam. The last time they got B and others was in Meterankan. This was the time they got my brother, B says.

DB: Did they get plenty of you at one time?

B: Yes, men from all the way up to Lungatah. Everyone came and we went to meet in Bolpua. We remained there I think two months--we were waiting for the kiap to come down. Because the kiap sent a policeman to come and get us here, to pay taxes in Taskul. All right, we disregarded his talk, and he (the policeman) went back, and he went up to the kiap, and he told the kiap. So we--all the men of Lungatan, they gathered together and all came down to Bolpua. Lungatan came to us at Bolpua. All right, we waited, waited, waited, waited, waited, the kiap did not come up. All the Councillors worked at reporting us. They got plenty of policemen to come to hold us.

Makios knows about this and adds supporting comments.

B: All right we were there, and ten kiaps came up. One came by

road, one from the ship, and one from the bush. One came with all the policemen, and one that came from the bush came along with the labor line.

DB: Came from the bush! Were they hiding to get you?

B: Yes. They all came up--but we did not hide, we sat down in a house that belongs to Polokos.

DB: They tell me that at this time you were not afraid.

B: We were not afraid. All right, they all came up now to us. They came with the police and went to hide in the bush, at the edge. Close to us. One had slept in Nusawung. All right, one came from the ship, and he fired his rifle. He fired, and this line in the bush, and on the road, they all ran then, and they came up to us. We sat down. They came up now, and worked at hitting us around now. For taxes. All right this brother of mine ran, he ran this way and this (other) brother of mine, he ran to go above to the road, and met this kiap. He (the kiap) stood up on the road down below, and then he shot. One brother--one went first, and one went behind--he heard the shot and he fell down then, fell down then and he lay down then. The other, he didn't hear, he ran, so he (the kiap) shot him in the backside. All right, they came up then, and they worked all kinds of--they hit us, started at the head, hit our faces and heads, all over our bodies, hit us with their sticks, fought us--then they got all the handcuffs. When all the handcuffs were finished, they got rope and fastened us. One policeman pulled one way, one policeman pulled the other. One man, the rope was too tight on his belly; and he fell down, lay down then. Elai, of Magam. And we all talked of carrying him. The kiap said: "Maski. You can't carry him. Because it (the rope) scrapes him for liking America." So all went to the ship, to Taskul. The first time, two months, when the election was new. The second time--they

were cross, all the kiaps, with us--all right, five, six, seven months.

They went to Taskul, Kavient, Karavat (New Britain), Namatanai (southern New Ireland).

M: All right, they went the third time to Taskul. I was with my child and some men, too, in my house. A police line came--from here, from there. We didn't run away. We stayed (where we were). They came, asked around and about, "Where are all the men of this place?" Me, I got up and (said) "Me." All right they came, were about to hit me. And I said: "I am not running away. I am not a pig that you should come and hit me. I am a man. I am a man like you."

DB: Good.

M: "You police, you are a part of the government. The government did not tell you to come and hit me, all the people in this work you hold." So they didn't act like that then. "If you want to get us, get us with nothing. You can't hit us." They heard me. All right we got up, we went back to Bolpua. We went and slept here. Then Master Bob read our names. So we walked along the road that goes (toward Taskul). Near Taskul, they locked us with handcuffs. Not me, only all the boys. We slept. In the morning, 8a.m. we came down to the office, made court.

DB: In front of Bob?

M: The Council kiap.

B: Brighwell. Bob was still in Bolpua.

M: All right, they finished court.

B. We said, "No," we were not afraid, but we had no money to pay taxes.

M: We didn't want to pay taxes.

DB: Why?



M: Because we have no work, no way to get money.

DB: Did you tell the kiap?

M: Yes. We just find money around and about with a little sago, betel nut, pepper. Money did not start with us. This money belongs to you yourselves. It comes from you. They asked me, "Did you pay tax already?" We did not pay tax. Because we have already lost taxes. They work us this way, on and on and on. They told me, "All right, you go back to your place and all the men will go to jail."

Makios came back along the road alone. (He was treated differently probably because his advance age excused him from paying taxes.)

DB asked if the people were already cross with the kiaps during the war or when the Council started. Makios says, "No." Saripat was the first Councillor, for two years; Kase the second, COUNCILLORS for three years.

DB: Was Kase a good Councillor?

B: No.

M: It was him now, they jailed all the people now when Kase held this Councillor's position.

DB: When you voted for America, were you already angry with Australia?"

AUSTRALIA--  
WE ARE NOT CROSS,  
THEY ARE.

B: This time when we voted at Ranmelek, we had no anger.

DB: Had no anger. You had a liking, that'a all.

B: Yes. The anger came after the election.

DB: After jail.

B: Yes. When the Americans were staying on Patibung, the kiaps came down the, and they were cross then.

DB: Ah. Americans were still on Patibung.

B: Yes. They were staying on Patibung. All the men worked on top. All right, the kiaps came and saw that every place had no men, then they started to get everyone then for jail. All the Americans stopped at Patibung. They got ready to go, and they came and stopped at Meterankan for a meeting with all the kiaps. They put chairs and tables, and the kiaps and Americans sat at them. They asked us: "Do you want America now?" and all of us together said, "Yes, we want America." All right, the kiaps were cross then. The Americans left, and the kiaps worked at talking angrily to us, and at getting men for jail.

DB: And what of your anger? Were you cross with Australia when you went to Ranmelek?

M and B: No.

DB: The anger came later.

M and B: Yes.

DB: But I think you were cross about some things--the coop, for instance. Have you got the cooperative here?

They tell me they still have a cooperative store, in Meterankan (which is perhaps a three-hour walk away to the west.) They say they do walk there to buy. They cannot buy at the Methodist Mission store, because it is just for the school children; and has only rice, sugar and a few other things. DB asks where they get tobacco? From Mr. White's store (at Lungatan, about a one-hour walk to the east).

DB asks if they planted coffee.

B: Yes, plenty. Its roots are growing around. The talk came to us that we should get together to work a coffee garden, just like T.I.A.

DB: Did the didiman tell you?

B: Yes. We got together, planted it, looked after it (at Magam).

M: Patekone, too. But as to the fruit--they told us to work it well. First they said the pay would be big. All right, we worked, collected one bag. I saw the pay. It wasn't straight. Two shillings three pence. What for? A big bag, and pay like this. They said the pay would go up.

DB: I heard fifteen pounds (L15, about \$30 U.S.).

M: That, I heard it too.

DB: Just two shillings three pence.

M: So you can see all the gardens are there now. The pay is not straight, to my mind.

DB: Now, today, are you all still cross with Australia, with the kiaps?

NOT CROSS WITH  
AUSTRALIA,  
BUT LIKE  
AMERICA

M: We are not angry with them, but they, they are angry with us.

DB: You stay with your liking for America, but you are not cross with Australia.

M: Yes.

DB: I thought so, but some whites say you were cross with Australia, (so I ask you).

DB asked how the women and children got along while the men were in jail. (This was a concern often expressed by Europeans, who said the men didn't care that the women and children had nothing to eat, etc.) B said some were strong at processing sago; and some were not, and had nothing. However, B said that the men made gardens while they were in the village, and that the women and children could eat from these gardens while the men were in jail.

WOMEN

DB: Did you go to school at a Methodist school?

B: Yes.

DB: Ranmelek?

B: No. I was just little and they schooled us, hit us (laughs), and I ran away.

He was born after the war, and went to a little school in Mangam. Makios and Boserong talk about the school at Ranmelek, and Makios says that it was there before the war.

WORLD WAR II

M: The Japanese came to Ranmelek when the telatela was there. They asked us about the master at Lungatan. Some went along the road, some in the pinnace to get Mr. Welke. We went along the road, they went in the pinnace, stopped in the passage and got all the masters on the ship. We don't know where the ship was taking them all. It went on and on and on out into the sea, and all the masters died during this time of theirs.

DB looks through a notebook telling M and B that she is looking at this book with all the questions she wants to ask.

DB: I have heard it said that some men here are afraid it they don't go into T.I.A., that America, if it comes, will cut them all like Japan did before.

T.I.A.  
NON-MEMBERS  
AFRAID?

M: This talk, it is not discussed.

DB: You don't talk about this thing,

M: Talking around, that's all. (Means idle gossip.)

GOSSIP

DB: Talking around, that's all. You have heard this just talking around.

M: Yes. Some men who aren't doing anything, have talked like that.

B: All these men who voted in the box, they make fun of us

TOK BILOS  
(RIDICULE)

M: With talk like this.

B: This kind of talk belongs to them.

DB: With what kind of talk do they make fun of you?

B: They talk like this: We who are so strong in this thinking for America, all right, when we are with them all, they will give us good things.

DB: Ah! And you reply to this talk with "If America comes, it will cut your neck?"

M and B: No.

M: We don't reply.

DB: Who started this talk about if America comes it will cut the neck of all who don't go inside Tutukuvul--or of all who don't go inside the election? I think this talk came up in Tsoi? I am asking you, that's all. Do you know where it came up?

M: We don't know.

DB: But all men here don't believe it?

M: No.

DB: Before did some believe and were some afraid?

M: You heard from whom at Tsoi?

DB: No, I heard from Carroll at Taskul, he said Tsoi started this talk. I hear plenty of talk from white skins. I want to hear well from you. Whites, too, are up to talking around and about and something big comes up from nothing, among us, too. Now I want to come and ask straight from you.

M: Some men who voted in the box talk like this: "Maski, you are the ones to stop and wait, and we are the ones to die--if America comes, it will kill us."

DB: Ah--and they are just making fun.

M: Yes.

DB: Ah, just making fun! Yes, you all are number one at teasing and making fun, and I bugger up because I don't understand. You fool all

white skins. Everyone makes fun of me--right Nolis? (All laugh.)

M: Now, some of their talk--(that of) those who voted in the box--they talk like this: "Now we stay like this, and you will stop and wait. Now why does the road remain like this? All these rivers, by and by America will come, it will put a bridge over them."

D: Oh, I see! This is the talk of all who did not go inside.

M: That's it. Then they talk like this: "You all wait for America, by and by it will come and give you something free.

DB: Oh, making fun, that's all!

M: Making fun!

DB: All this talk I have written in my book, I don't hear it in Lavongai (village). There is not one man. Now, I want to come to you all because I think, "This talk, where did it come up?" Now, I understand, it comes up from making fun, that's all.

M: All right, we reply to this talk of theirs, we talk like this: "We don't make fun of you, we don't talk back to your remarks. You must stick with your election in the box, and we of the election that goes to America will stay the same. Nevermind talking around."

DB: Yes. Each one follow his own likes, right?

M: Yes.

DB: That's a good way to be. Now at this time, were there plenty of secret meetings, plenty of secret meetings around at the time of the election?

SECRET  
MEETINGS

M: It was straight, that's all. It wasn't aimless, it wasn't something for idle talk.

DB: Everyone knew, it wasn't something to hide.

M: Yes.

DB: I had thought that. I heard from a master in Kavieng. I don't know his name, he is on one of the islands, he said: "Oh, all the time everyone makes plenty of secret meetings." Now, I said: "I think they just hide from white skins, I think they don't hide from other natives--or do some hide meetings?"

B: We don't make secret meetins. If we want to hold a meeting, (we do it) in the village, that's all.

DB: Now, have you some men--I think the Councillor has done this kind of thing in plenty of places--if you all talk of whatever thing, are there some men who go report you to the kiap?

M: That's it.

DB: In English, "spy."

M: That's it.

DB: Have you plenty?

M: Yes.

DB: Have you got some today, too, who do this, spy?

M: Spy? Yes, they spy on this talk.

DB: Today?

M: That's what they do. Later, if they have spied, they go talk around, and go just talk empty talk, shoot us with these empty rumors, then go come up with them to a Council meeting.

B: These men who voted in the box--if we talk about some little thing, now he gets it, does and brings it to the kiap.

DB: But I think the kiap can't jail you for talk.

M and B: Yes (he cannot).

DB: You said, Makios, for money, that's all.

M: For money, that's all.

DB: Some in Lavongai village are not clear--they think they jail for talk.

M and B: No. For money, that's all.

DB: And this talk that America will come and bring plenty of cargo free, it comes from all men who voted in the box, ridicule.

FREE  
CARGO  
FROM  
AMERICA

M and B: Yes.

DB: It didn't come up among you all inside the election.

M and B: No, no.

DB: I had thought, "There is good thinking in this election, it's not crazy thinking."

M and B: Yes.

DB: Making fun. I think some ridicule, too, comes up from all the white skins-- By and by all the ancestors will bring cargo free.

TOK BILAS  
(RIDICULE)

B: It gets up, too, from all white skins.

DB: I think all white skins gave this talk in Council, that's all.

M: No, it's not just Councillors, all white skins, too, get up this talk.

DB: Do they come here with it?

M: Yes.

DB: Have you heard it?

M: I have heard it.

DB: Who?

M: Master White, too, talks badly of us.

DB: Oh yes, I have heard Master White in Kavieng. (Makios laughs hard.) "Bloody Kanaka" (DB mocks European tone. M laughs). That's Master White's way. <sup>159</sup>



M: All right, suppose we don't do something--suppose we don't drink medicine, they talk like this: "You don't want to drink medicine, you wait for the medicine of America." Like that.

DB: Master White?

M: Some native men, too.

DB: Yes, in Metavoi, Carrol said, (Councillor) Wiili closed the Aid Post to all men who voted for America. "You can't go."

M: That's it, that's it. This talk, like this. Suppose we go down to the hospital, they talk like this: "You can't come here. You wait for the Americans. They're still there, (in America), along with your medicine.

DB: The hospital for you is where? Do you go to Ranmelek?

M: We go to Ranmelek, and we do not hear talk like that from Sister (the Australian missionary nurse, in this case, Val Beckett).

DB: No. Is there another Aid Post in Nusawung?

M: Yes, he (a native medical assistant) is good, too. He doesn't talk like that.

DB: This kind of talk comes from what Aid Post?

M: Further on down, now, from this man who was doctor boy at Meterankan.

DB: In Meterankan. What is his name?

M: He belongs here. Lolo. Before he was doctor boy.

DB: Why did the election come just here--Tsoi, Taskul, up to Baungung. Now Neitab, Umbukul, it didn't come there?

M: They went into the elction in the box.

DB: Why? I think they didn't hear the talk quickly, or why?

M: They all heard (emphatic), but their talk was like this:

NORTH COAST  
VILLAGES  
WHICH VOTED  
"IN THE BOX"

"Maski, some places vote for America, and we will go with the box."

DB: Is the other side (of the island) cross with you all (who voted for) America?

M: No, they aren't cross.

DB: They aren't cross.

M: Just all the Councillors, that's all--not the people.

Just the Councillors. They got up this talk and it went to the meeting. All right, it came up, and the kiaps didn't reply to their talk. (His tone was annoyed.) They (the kiaps) didn't talk like this, "What, I think it would be better if we jailed them all." The kiaps didn't talk like that. Just the thinking of the Councillors, that's all. All right, they got this thing up, and they worked all the time at reporting the boys. So then the kiaps said: "All right, I am just supporting the law of yours.

COUNCILLORS:  
THE OPPOSITION

"REPORTING"

DB: Do you know Barol of Neiteb?

M: From Neiteb. I know him.

DB: What do you think of him?

M: He's one who gets up this kind of talk. This tax-- he sat down along with you and me at the meeting (of T.I.A.) and I saw him and I thought: "Why did this man here come inside?" A man who likes more big money to come into his hand. (DB laughs.) You heard me in the meeting. I said, "Nevermind all this baseless rumor--I don't like this empty talk inside the meeting. I follow the talk of T.I.A., that's all. I want to hear it well. As to this talk of our Councillor (Bengebengerau) which he took to the (Council) meeting, we didn't talk in this way. He made it up in his own mind, then took it to the meeting." <sup>153</sup>

T.I.A.

DB: Why did you put Bengebengerau in the Council?

M: He told us to call him at the election.

DB: Because he wanted it.

COUNCILLORS:  
THE OPPOSITION

M: Yes He told Kase, "You give me the badge, and in two weeks I'll go bring it to the kiaps in the office."

(That is, he would return the badge, as other Councillors had, thereby scorning the office.) "I'll go and return it." He lied! He liked this thing--he liked this work too much. All right, we tried him. Then he put it (the badge) on his skin, it stayed, it stayed, I think two years now. His way is not straight. He reports us at the time of the meeting. Plenty of lies from him! Whose talk is this--"You all wait, something good for you, by and by you will get it from America"--that, it belongs to this kind (of person), that's all."

B: He talks at the meeting, he says he wants two policemen to come here because we don't listen to him. Two policemen to stay with us so we work on the village and the road, to stay with us while we work. From Taskul (the police). "All right, I (Bengebengerau) sent the word with one policeman: 'Tell the kiap to send us two policemen. I don't know, I think today, tomorrow.'"

DB: Do you think he will come?

M and B: No!

DB: I think the two won't come.

m: They won't come. This is just his own talk, the Councillor made up this talk.

B: We just stop and look, that's all.

DB: When will you put a new Councillor here?

M: I don't know.

B: Now, in this year.

DB asks B if he has worked on a plantation. Yes, at Jack Birch's. Yes, he is a good master. Boserong just "worked his own business," he did not work by the day. B. also worked for Jim White. Makios said he is not a good master, because he charges too much in his store.<sup>154</sup>

DB: Now, I want to ask you--I have heard that all who were in the election say that America must come. I think some say they lie, Do you just stay with your liking--or have you got a strong belief that America will come?

AMERICA:  
BELIEF,  
LIKE

M: We have.

DB: Strong belief.

M: Yes.

DB: It still remains.

M: It still remains.

DB: Does this belief come from liking, or did someone talk to some American?

M: No, it does not come from some American who was with whoever. Just what we like. (His tone is a little impatient.) Because, as I said a long time ago, I said: Look at the way we live. I don't dress well. I sit down and buggerup.

(Pause)

DB: And you want America to come show you about something good.

M: Yes.

DB: And you believe strongly.

M: I believe strongly. (His tone implies a "but".)

DB asks where the children here go to school. Magam and Lungatan. Ranmelek is for older children. DB says that in some places parents have kept children from school, because of this trouble, and Makios says they did not have that here, the children have gone to school all along.

DB returns to the subject of coffee. Were they shown well what to do? They say yes, they only quit working with it because the pay was too little for all the work. They were told their

COFFEE

work was good in the little coffee they produced. It is all bush now.

DB: Now you told me that all the men who did not go into the election also did not go inside Tutukuvul. You said that if a man goes into Tutukuvul he must go into the election. Now suppose he does not want to go into the election, you would put him out of Tutukuvul, right?

T.I.A.: ONLY  
PRO-ELECTION  
PEOPLE MAY  
JOIN

M: Yes.

DB: Are there some men who try you--who tries, he wants to go inside, he deceives you.

M: They pretend. They want to pick up the talk.

DB: Ah.

M: Just like all the talk you and I have already discussed--they like to hear whatever thing, later they go talk around.

DB: They spy.

M: Yes. They spy.

DB: How can you know what man deceives you and what man truly believes in the election?

M: I think like this: If a man is true in going inside (T.I.A.), he will be in a big hurry to become a member (i.e., to pay his dues). Now suppose a man is pretending, works as a spy, I put him out.

DB: But how do you know well about all the lies of all men. Are some able to foll you first?

M: Some men lie.

DB: But if you know he doesn't truly believe in America, you must put him out...

M: I put him out.

DB: Who is Board here?

M: I am.

DB: You are Board, all right you can put a man out.

M: Yes.

DB: They all bring money first to you, right?

M: They all bring it into my hand. All right, I must bring membership (cards) to them so they go inside. Now suppose a man does not believe in this thing he goes inside Tutuukuvul, I put him out. No good he goes and hears whatever little talk, quick as he can he goes and brings it to the Council, it goes to the meeting.

DB: True! Yes, you talk truly. How many men along here do you think do not follow you?

M: Plenty of men inside this place have already won membership. Along here. But along the part in the middle, they don't all go inside as members, because they all remember their going inside the box (i.e. they voted in the box). They all stay with the box.

DB: They still stay with the box.

M: Yes.

DB: In the middle where?

M: In Neila.

DB: In Neila. (A village in the mountains between Nusawung, which is Pengi's village, and Makios' village, Patekone.)

M: Yesterday I saw one man who came along with us to cut

down trees, and I said: "Who is that here?" And they (the other men with Makios) said "Basile." And I said: "Why does he come inside, does he want to spy? I don't want him to come. You all tell him to go. If he wants to work so much inside Tutukuvul, all right member (said quickly, and meaning that he should hurry up and pay his dues.) Now I don't like a man who pretends to work in order to pickup talk."

DB: He works for nothing (without paying). He does not bring money into your hand?

M: No. All right I said, "Tell him to get out. I don't want him to come inside."

DB: Is he a young man?

M: A young man.

DB: From where?

M: From Neila. True, my son-in-law<sup>155</sup> and my son, young-- the two are young. Here now, I don't like a man--in the meeting I heard talk like this from the two men, from Walla and Paulos, the two said this of Tutukuvul in the meeting. The two said the same in our meeting, where you and I sat down--they said "You cannot let a man go for nothing and go and work along with you. A man who is not a member, put him out. If you see him, put him out."

DB: He must be a member first.

M: If he is a member first, all right. One thing: true, about Manikan, the man who got his money back from us (i.e. from T. .A. at the T.I.A. meeting July 13-14) at the office, at Tutukuvul-- he went and pretended about his hand being no good.

Why does he have a good body and he says he wants to get his money back. I sit down and I look.

DB: You know him.

M: "Yes, Manikan. All right he goes, he goes and gets his membership, and he goes to the office, brings (his membership card) to the office, and gets back his money. Because the office can make good his membership (dues), his money is written inside a book, and he buys this book (with his membership dues). They keep straight everyone's money--with all pencils, ball point pens--these. This money goes to buy all the things to complete the good records of his money that stay safely inside the office.<sup>156</sup> All right, later he wants to get it back, now that he has bought the office, he gets his money back. All right they (President of T.I.A. Walla) said this: "You get this money and you must look to the future. If this fruit of Tutukuvul comes up, you cannot go inside to get it." That, they talked like that inside the meeting. Walla said that."

DB: "Yes. yes." (Pause.) Suppose a man brings money into your hand, who carries it to Lavongai?

M: I myself.

DB: You carry it there. Um, um.

M: Yes.

(pause)

DB: (unclear) "Now I understand. I wanted to understand the reason why you didn't want a man (in T.I.A.) who had gone into the election in the box. He spies on you in Tutukuvul."



M: He spies. He goes and deceives--he is with everyone in Tutukuvul, hears a little bit of talk, goes...

DB: Goes and reports you.

M: Yes.

DB: Even reports you to some kiap in the Council, as Bengebengerau did.

M: Yes, that.

DB: Now suppose Benge wants to go inside Tutukuvul, you can't take his money, right?

M: "No--can't take it."

DB: Who is Board in Magam?

SARIPAT

M: Saripat.

DB: Saripat. He was Councillor before.

They tell me he is in the hospital at Ranmelek. I say I will go talk to him when I get back to Ranmelek today. I say that I am planning to go to Narimlawa (where Peter Yanglissmat's surviving wife lives).

NARIMLAWA

DB: Yesterday I said to Nolis, "Do you know everyone in the place (Narimlawa)?" "No! (DB imitates Nolis, who is present) I don't know. And I don't know the road, Dorothy! (Everyone laughs).

We return to the subject of Saripat, who got sick at night after coming back from the T.I.A. meeting, and they carried him to the hospital. He is well enough to talk to me.

SARIPAT

DB: Now is his (Saripat's) thinking like yours--in Magam (Saripat's village), too, all men who don't want to support the

election (for America) cannot go inside Tutukuvul?

B: Yes, It's just the same.

DB: He supports you all. Has he been jailed?

Voice: He has been jailed.

DB: He does not pretend.

M: He believes. He was the first Councillor--everyone didn't to to jail under him.

DB: Now did everyone put him out of the Council over this?

M and B: No.

M: He didn't want this work.

DB: He didn't want this work.

B: Two years, then finished.

DB: Then finished--he didn't want it any more. But now he is Board in Magam. How many Board in Magam--one Board for one place, right?

M: One.

DB: And you, you are the Board along here.

M: There are two.

D: Who is another?

M: They all asked me to come up (on top on the mountain to work), and I told (the other Board) him, "You go on top, I'll go down (to Lavongai to the meeting).

DB: Yes, work at this. (Laughs.) All right, I am grateful, you have given a lot of talk here. I truly thank you for your good help to me. Good talk and good help. Plenty of things are clear now. Before I was not clear.

Interview with Saripat

I walked back to Ranmelek with Nolis after the interview with Makios and went to the hospital. This "hospital," like other "hospitals" in mission stations, was a couple of one- or two-room shelters: a place for the men to sleep, a place for the women to sleep, and a place for the nurse and her aides to swab sores, sew up wounds, pass out pills for various things (like malaria), give "shoots," often of penicillin, for various things (especially for bad tropical ulcers), and deliver babies. I easily found Saripat, a man of about 60 years of age, who did not seem ill. He came outside, and we sat on the grass in front of the ocean, about twenty-five feet from the hospital. I remember I had a little trouble balancing my tape recorder on the ground, and my usual trouble settling myself for so long on the ground.

Several times I have noted in my transcription of the tape, accomplished in 1970, that Saripat was a public-spirited man, more like a New Irelander than like a New Hanoverian, in some ways. I saw this quality again in the Tigak Islands, but only rarely, and in some contexts, in New Hanover. Saripat had held positions of leadership: he had been luluai, Councillor, and, finally, Ford for T.I.A. Saripat was unlike a New Irelander and a typical man of New Hanover in that his interview was full of interesting sociological analyses, insights into characteristic local personality regularities, and some teasing of the serious anthropologist.

I began by asking about traditional matters, in particular about maras. Saripat knew quite a lot about it, but he had never been in

Maras seclusion or dance himself. Makios, who was born before Saripat, had himself sponsored Maras. Saripat attributed the demise of Maras to the changed situation since the Germans came: People are too busy nowadays. The kiaps come, the doctor comes, whoever comes, they all have work for the people. Also Maras lasted 4-6 months, and the kiaps came every month and brought everyone, including Makios, out of seclusion.

Saripat was born in Magam, his mother's place. His father belonged to Lungatan. He wife is from Magam, and they live there. <sup>157</sup>

Magam and Patekone, Makios' village which neighbors Magam, have separate T.I.A. plantations. I asked about the clans of Magam, and what clan gave land for the T.I.A. plantation. Saripat explained that the meaning of the name, "Tutukuvul, is "stand up together."

S: We aren't like one, one. The meaning of this name "Tutukuvul," is just that, we stand up together, come together.

T. I. A.  
AND  
LAND  
DISPUTES

DB: Are there some men of Magam who don't want to give ground to this? Some who are cross? <sup>158</sup>

S: No, no--we have no talk.

DB: Oh, I'm glad. In New Ireland the Demarcation Committee has not encouraged this united stand, and there are many disputes.

S: We had this way (hGre). Every year in the past, cross around and about over land, cross about ground that had sago. All right, when T.I.A. got started, I got up in the meeting and talked--because when I was luluai we had these disputes around everywhere over ground. And I went to school at Mangai in 1961--I was Councillor 1961, 62,63--a man got my place in 1964. I said to the members: "Before, you and I have talked around about our ground, every little tiny piece of ground of one clan,

'Whose is that? Whose is that?' Now this way of all our ancestors has made us rubbish, until today we are truly rubbish. We no longer have anything good. All these new men who we've brought up will be like us. The reason for this is that all our ancestors and our fathers and we, too, today, we will continue strong in this way so that all our children and our descendents will go the same way we are, too. They will go and bugger up more in the future. There is not a good thing that belongs to everyone that will bring them all up."

"All right," I said, "This way must finish. Rumors, cross about ground. You and I are members together, just like the meaning of 'Tutukuvul,' you and I stand up together, that's all, on one piece of ground. Now you and I will cut the bush on it, and you and I will burn it, you and I will clean it, you and I will plant coconuts belonging to you and me altogether, that's all. Later, when you and I are dead, all the new men will get up, they have savvy, all will be well off from this, that now you and I plant this plantation for Tutukuvul."

"Now later, later, still later, you and I cannot know now, that's the business of those who come after you. By and by they will say, 'Thank you truly to all our fathers and all our ancestors; they got this thing started, and you and I live right now.'"

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T.I.A.  
AND  
FUTURE  
GENERATIONS

DB: You talk very truly. I came on a speedboat, and I saw smoke all along. I thought, "By and by all the grandchildren will say 'thank you' for this big work."

S: I told them, "All children and descendants of those of us who are half-old will thank us for getting up this business T.I.A."

DB: And all men hear your talk, they are not cross?

S: No. They all "Yessir." All right, we started the

plantation on top first. We got a letter from Walla and Paulos telling us to count coconuts, to hurry us up. So I said, "Wait with the part on top, the big bush. Come and do this plantation down below, with little trees, burn it quickly, hurry up, plant, and I will go and report at the meeting."

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T.I.A.  
WORK

At the Lavongai meeting, they questioned all us Board. "How many coconuts in Magam?" I said, "We have cut bush and it hasn't burned yet. I come now, I don't know, has it burned? or tomorrow? or this next week? This week I will start work on the trunks. We cut in the middle, get it, put it." We like this work Tutukuvul. We really like this thing, too. True, I am no longer young, I am already old. I have three daughters, and the three have given birth to plenty of children. I am so sorry, it would be no good if all my grandchildren bugger up like me. I look for some way to find money, clothes for me and my wife. I haven't got anything. The reason for this: my father, my wife's father, did not plant coconuts. I worry so much, and I said: "all right, you and I will work now."

As for the Coop, it didn't get up in the same way as Tutukuvul. All the men who were boss of the Coop, they didn't boss us directly, all Coop members, in order to work together on the Coop plantation. No. They just said: "You all plant coconuts--belonging to you, for your children," or "for your wife." One by one. Is this way enough so that one man can win?

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COOP  
COMPARISON

DB: Along here, because you all are not straight about your ground, I think this talk is not enough, is it?

S: Un, that's it. All right now, we ourselves--true, each one puts his own membership dues, and he has got men to boss--all men put him, mark him as Board. He must get them, put them all on one piece of ground, work together to start something that later will grow. They didn't work it the same way in the Coop, no.

DB: Did they put one boss in the Coop or just a clerk?

S: Clerk? He is for the Store. Now all the Directors, they are for each place.

DB: Oh, the Coop had Directors, too. Who was Director for Magam?

S: Ah--wait--Yaugasaul, he was Director in Magam. Now Lavongai's Director was at Neimal. Eremus was Director at Nusawung. The work of all was just to talk: "You plant coconuts for yourself and your children--by and by you will be rich when the coconuts grow." It's all right, I can talk to a man--a man who's got good strength, a good life, he can win over work. Now, a man who has not got a good life, now a man who has one arm that is dead and works with one arm, one arm he works with, can he work? How? He is not able.<sup>159</sup> All right, they put talk like this to us: "You get up the Coop now." We just worked like that. We worked, looked around and about for a way--this was not it, a new road for us now. And so now again we start this Tutukuvul of ours now, and it's all right, a little, since we put together a man who is sick, a man who is short of wind, or a man whose arm is dead--we can put them together (the feeling of helplessness which appears often in New Hanover culture is manifested here in one who seems determined to overcome it and who, perhaps, is himself less dominated by it than many of his fellows).

T.I.A.  
WILL  
HELP  
WEAK

Whoever has a good life, good strength, we can work together on the plantation. A man who is sick can finish all the little bits of work inside the plantation, a bit of work that isn't hard. He can put together in one place the coconuts sprouts, or just plant coconuts in a row. A man who no longer has good strength, who is half-sick--

DB: Or half-old.

S: Half-old.

DB: Women, too. Are there some women in Tutukuvul in Magam?

S: Yes.

DB: How much do they pay?

S: Two dollars (\$). I am a member for ten dollars (\$10), and this ten dollars carries my wife, too.

DB: Yes. Good talk in Tutukuvul, when a man is sick, his wife can go work in Tutukuvul, so he doesn't lose a day.

S: Umm. Or a woman who has no husband, or her husband has died-- member for two dollars (\$).

DB: Good. Some without a husband have children, too, they must look after.

S: And a man who has no wife, he can be a member for ten dollars (\$10). In Magam, there isn't a man who stays outside, all have gone in.

DB: Makios said in Patekone some are out because they were put out. If a man doesn't stand up strong for--Makios said you, too, like this idea, that America will come. Is that true?

S: Who?

DB: Makios said you.

S: Me. Um. What can I talk to you about? About liking?

It remains the same in my heart.

STILL  
LIKE  
AMERICA



DB: The liking itself remains. Did you go to jail?

JAIL

S: Yes. Four months.

DB: The first time?

S: The first time I was at Lungatan plantation, working for Master White. They got up the election along here--they voted for America along here. Me, I came inside this liking, I along with them. I said: "All men do this for all men together, that's all."

MY  
OWN  
GROUND

DB: Yes. It came up to you all together.

S: Un. There's nothing more. I cannot disregard talk, and I cannot go away, because this is my ground. Suppose I were a wandering man who came up to New Guinea, who is the man who would come and trick me and say: "Why do you like this election, which they call a 'crazy' election?" I would say: "I am not crazy in (part of) Australia. I am not crazy in New Guinea. No."

CRAZY

DB: Belongs straight to you (i.e., the ground on which he acts is his).

S: Belongs straight to me.

DB: I don't think "crazy". I told Makios, I stayed a long time in Lavongai (village) and I heard the talk of everyone, and I understand your liking a little bit. You want America because Australia has not helped you well to find a good day. Right?

S: Um, um.

DB: Makios said there are some men in Patekone who don't go inside Tutukuvul because they still stay with the election in the box. They don't follow the election for America.

NON-CULTISTS  
NOT ALLOWED  
IN T.I.A.

S: On the board.

DB: And all these men spy--work at spying, then report to the kiap. Is that true?

SPIES

S: That is true in his place, in Patekone. But in Magam there is not one man who spies--inside. I tell you the truth, Dorothy.

DB: But you heard from Bosmaras about this meeting and your present Councillor Bengebenge?

S: Our Councillor? But he doesn't get talk from me. He doesn't get talk from all these men of mine.

COUNCILLOF

DB: He gets this talk from his own thinking, that's all?

S: He gets this talk from on down, now from Meterankan I think, Iguarat, too, now from Meterankan--he writes all this talk, then puts it together with this Councillor here, all right then he goes and reports about this in Taskul. I heard this talk, and I was startled in Lavongai [at the T.I.A. meeting]; and I came back to Magam and sang out for Makios and Baunganga of Neila, and Daunkilikan of Neila, I came and asked the three: "This Councillor represents whom?"<sup>160</sup> He represents us at Patekone, right? Ah, we don't know here. What for? Now this Councillor got this talk where?"

DB: "Momotim" means "spy," eh?

S: Um. So they said, "We don't talk together with this man, I think he knows he hasn't got a man that listens to him about the work he bosses, now he shoots this talk around."

DB: What kind of work has Bengebenge asked you to do?

S: He has no work, just this kind they all make, that's all.

DB: Do work--

S: Do work on the road, and in...

DB: He hasn't got good work that something good will come up from it.

S: Unn. Just work on the road--find money for tax.

GET  
MONEY  
WHERE

DB: Find money where! (Laughs.) Money doesn't come up from

nothing on trees.

S: Unn. It's true. It's true, Dorothy. You look. I worked for the Council three years. Now I told the men this: "It's all right, work first, work on the road first for us to walk on, then don't go to a plantation, you go to the bush where there is sago and you go chop for one month and some, then you go sell it again in the islands." There was no business with sago--no. Just go "sell it again to all the black skins, just like us, in the islands."

DB: Just steal money of another black skin.

S: Then we get the money and bring it back, then we send it again for taxes.

DB: And this black skin in the islands you sold sago to goes to jail because he has no money.

S: Naunem (You bet). You look. Too much work and too much sadness because I work for the money of yours, just as you say to me, in order to pay taxes. I pay taxes to the Council, I pay taxes to the mission, I pay taxes to the school: now me, my wife, me my children, my grandchildren, what will we eat, and with what will we dress? They themselves go and buy good clothes for themselves, they sit down well to eat, with our money; later we will go looking for it (money) again.

DB: Who is "they"? The Councillors?

S: Yes. And all the "debate" men of all kinds of work--in the school, the mission. What about us?

DB: There isn't some good thing that stays right with you.

S: There isn't some good thing that stays right with us.

DB: True. I see this. But you were in the Council--1963, I think. You put the tax at how much?

S: We put the tax at two pounds straight for 1961.

All right, one President who died, President of the Council, Singarau, in the 1962 estimate he put L2-5-0 (two pounds and five shillings, about \$U.S.4.75 then).

DB: What did you think at this time--you, alone?

S: It was too much money. How would I find it? Haven't got any good thing. Because they all said--when we were schooled at Mangai, all the kiaps said: "You all, yourselves, put the tax for the new Council at Lavongai. Go and find out the thinking of your people, all who elected you." One Councillor said: "Why should I come up to all the people, because all these men already listen to the talk from us.

DB: All the men in the village.

S: All the men in the village. The Councillor of Baungung, Manuel, said this: "Why should I go any more to all the people. They have already put this on me." I said: "Oh, all right, but it's a good way that the kiap tells us about." Me, my name, Saripat, me, me, I feel angry with Manuel. Now I say, "I think it wasn't all men who put the election on you, Manuel, I think you, yourself, you called yourself that you should come school about the Council. Because you say you and I cannot think of all the people. The kiap has told us to go talk among the people so that we will know by what road one shilling comes into the hands of our people. How does it come up? In one week he finds how much money. Or in one month he finds how much money. That--this is the road the kiap tells us about, so that we can know about the tax for Lavongai."

They all sat down and thought. All the kiaps said "Oh, nevermind, you all put the tax." All right, I called for L1-5-0 for each man, that we should begin to tax with this.

DB: 1961, eh? For women?

S: For women, five shillings. Three dollars altogether, \$2.50 for men, .50 for women.

DB: I think the man himself has to get up (the money). Are there some women able to find a way to get up money?

S: They aren't able. All right, all the kiaps asked all the Councillors. They all sat there and closed their mouths. They all thought, "How will our Council run quickly? How will it run well on L1-5-0? All right, then Singarau called for L2-0-0. Everyone agreed to it. Finish. It was the tax law for us now in Lavongai. One little kiap said: "All right, they put me to boss this Council of Lavongai, and I say to you, I have already been around Lavongai, and I saw all the coconuts on the beach, and they don't belong to plenty of men. One here, one there has got some, he bosses all these few coconuts from before. Plenty of men haven't got coconuts."

DB: If you see a big stand, only one here, one there, has got them.

S: Un. Now I put the question: "In Minn (a village far inland), and on top in Saula (the village directly above Lavongai, about one-half hour's walk for the inhabitants), they can get L2-0-0 for tax where? The little kiap asks us now." Then I said: "Come on, Singarau and Pilikos, you two reply to the talk of the kiap now."

DB: Pilikos was also a Councillor.

S: Un.

DB: Pilikos supported L2-0-0.

S: They all did. They supported it, and I said: "Singarau and Pilikos, reply quickly, you can't sit down and think, just hurry up."

The two sat down, The two were short of wind now--short wind, short wind (pant pant)--then the two said: "Ach! What, they don't all have money? They all go to work for tobacco, in the islands." "Hey, not every place! Not everyone from Minn, and not everyone from Saula--one man here, one there, that's all."

DB: I see. It's getting a little clear to me.

S: We come to work now, they put this thing--put five shillings on top of the L2-0-0 in 1962--L2-5-0. They made the estimate, five shillings went on top for 1963, \$5.00 now. So all men, then, stayed in jail in 1963. So they wanted to put five shillings on top--go to \$5.50 at this time we were still there, we hadn't thrown away our badges yet--so we said: "Nevermind, now \$5.00, it must remain the same." "Who says?" "We want it. Suppose you and I put five shillings more on top, \$5.50, more men will come inside the jail."

DB: Yes.

S: They said, "Do you all tell the truth?" "We tell the truth. It must stay \$5.00. This must stay." So then they followed this, we promised in 1963 that it would stop at \$5.00, \$5.00 would stay the same. And we put our hands (up) for it, we promised for it, that it would stay the same. Now it remains still, this \$5.00."

DB: Yes. It stays still, and Bosmaras along with Silaupara talked about downing it to \$.50--at this meeting that you didn't go to--just now.

S: Umm.

DB: All the Councillors didn't want to.

S: Bosmaras along with whom?

DB: Silaupara--from...

S: Ah, from Metekavil.

DB: The two said that everyone in the village talked about this.

S: Umm.

DB: Because some think the Council does not get up any good work, now why throw away big money then.

S: Um. You look. How many years have passed--six years, going on seven; where is a good work, there is no good work. There is not one good work.

COUNCIL:  
NO GOOD  
WORK

DB: At the time this election started did you come to Ranmelek along with everyone?

S: I came, I came from the plantation, and everyone had already gone to Mataan, They had already voted and gone to Mataan.

RANMELEK  
ELECTION  
DAY

DB: Is that a place near the mission?

S: Un, Savemat's place, just here. Everyone had gone, I was behind them, They said: "There's nothing more--we have already put our election."

DB: And you didn't hear first--about this little talk of Pengai and Bosmailik?

S: (Pause.) I didn't hear it.

DB: Were you surprised about this?

S: Um.

DB: When you first heard it, what did you think?

S: About--?

DB: When you came to Ranmelek and heard about the election for America, you thought what--good or no good?

S: Oh, I said this is all right.

DB: You approved of this,

S: Because my liking was the same.

DB: Did you see some of the Americans that stayed on top on Patebung?

S: I didn't see them. True, I used to meet them just on the road.

AMERICANS

DB: Did you see them during the war with Japan?

S: I stayed in the village. True, some went to Buka, as cargo-boys for all the soldiers, and they saw some Americans, and they saw their work.

DB: What were their stories? I want to understand well--what kind of way was it that the Americans had that they all liked?

(Long Pause)

S: Everyone then, they all shot talk toward us about this election: "What was it you liked that you wanted America for?" Because this knowledge--there wan't any. But we ourselves, we wanted this America to come and boss us--like it should come and show us some of the things we want.

WHAT  
THEY  
WANTED

DB: Give you a little savvy.

S: Yes--come and show us a little savvy--to help our place.

DB: You want what thing to come up in your place?

S: Umm, that.

DB: You want all houses with iron roofs and this kind of thing or what? Clothes, all things...

S: The wish of all the people.

DB: Yes, the wish of all the people. All these kinds of thing, right?

S: Um.

DB: Yes, we are one kind, we like plenty of things that come from money, don't we?

S: Un. (Pause) But--I couldn't put it like that, me, alone.



If it were just me, one man, that wanted it, oh, I wouldn't be up to starting anything.

DB: No, I understand what you say. Your talk is a little different, Saripat. All the time I look at what you say, and all the time you think of all men. You think of all, you don't think of just yourself. You think of what all men want. You look after all men and you think of all--of your descendents and of all men at the time of taxes. It's a good way.

S: I (pause)--I already have white hair, and I am already old.

DB: Oh!

S: Now I can stay as I am, I should do what. If my life were strong, I would look after my life, or I can find this time of mine that is coming up later. All right, I can see first with my own eyes this wish of mine, then I can die. And my wish is, I want to save all these new men.

DB: Yes--you think of the men who come later.

S: Yes.

DB: It is good thinking. But--you all believe that America has a lot more savvy, or some kind of thing--do all men think that America has got a lot of good savvy or what?

AMERICA  
HAS  
SAVVY

S: America has a lot more good savvy. And they know how to show men well about absolutely everything.

DB: You heard this talk--of this way--from all men who worked at Buka or what?

S: I heard but then I know about this country, it's a big country and it bosses us altogether. It bosses all the countries, America. Inside of this country, they say this: in the year that has finished, I think, six hundred thousand; and in Australia, way below.

BIG  
COUNTRY

DB: Yes, true.

S: And in America, one hundred eleven thousand million people.

DB: Yes, a big country.

S: A very big country! It is in a book, I myself, I got it at the time I worked in the Council. This book, they call it "United Nations."

DB: Ah yes.

S: And I looked at this number for the country of America-- one hundred eleven thousand million thousand people. I looked at this big country. I, too, want America to take me--I go inside.

DB: Makios explained well about talking around. I heard there was talk around, at the time of the election, "By and by the ancestors who are dead, they themselves will make cargo for you all." Now Makios said: "This talk does not come up from us of the election, this comes up from making fun, that's all." Is that true?

DO  
ANCESTORS  
MAKE  
CARGO?

S: Unn. This talk--it doesn't belong to us. This talk, all these men make fun. Now they say we vote for cargo. As I said, some men worked along with some Americans in Buka who gave them free some good cargo and some good things. They say, "Them, they want these men (Americans) for cargo, that's all." Now about this talk, I don't know well. About all my ancestors, like my father who died before, I don't know. I don't know. But--I put a little question, that's all, from me to you, Dorothy, like this: Me, and all kiaps who work patrol, they all get my name, Saripat, and my father's name, for what reason?

FATHER'S  
NAME

DB: Oh, I don't know about this thing--true, all kiaps get your name?

S: Un.

DB: I think because you are a big man, that's all, you were luluai and Councillor.

S: Yes--all men. All men, like they sing out the name of a man, the name of a man who stops in the light (alive) and the name of his father, too.

DB: Ah--now I understand, because if a kiap comes to you he sings out your name and the name of your father, right?

S: Um, um. Why?

DB: Yes, now you tell me, me too, I don't know.

S: Now this talk--did you ask Makios about it?

DB: I just asked him about this...

S: Talking around.

DB: Talking around about by and by the ancestors will bring cargo.

S: You heard where?

DB: He asked me, too, I heard where, and I said one...I heard it around from some men in Taskul. Carrol told me that some talk like this.

S: Kiap?

DB: Carrol--Doctor boy.

S: Ah, ah, ah--he told you. (He is really pressing and interested.)

DB: Yes. I think--yes, he told me he heard this talk around.

Are there plenty of men who believe about this thing? Plenty  
of men believe by and by cargo will come up from the ancestors?

CARGO AND  
ANCESTORS

(Pause)

S: I think--I don't know well, Dorothy. I don't understand well about all men, they believe...

DB: Whatever thing...

S: About all the ancestors. About all the ancestors, about

cargo comes up from all the ancestors, I don't understand well about this.

DB: Now you yourself, just you alone, do you believe in this thing?

S: In...

DB: By and by cargo will come up from the ancestors?

S: I (laughs) am not talking clear (laughs) to Dorothy (laughs), that's the truth!

DB: You don't know well.

S: I don't know well. No good I pretend to you. Because-- because--I think of a bit of a dog it doesn't belong to now, the time of the election--it belongs to long before, to all our ancestors.

DB: Yes, I want to hear about this. What did all the ancestors teach about this?

S: When all the ancestors were still alive, they said: "When a man dies, he is completely dead." And they said, "A man goes to Mait," this here, a place which we call Mait.

DB: Oh, that's the place where they made mias before, I think.

S: Just that, in Mait here! But--they asked, "What do they do in Mait," because Mait is down below, (where) they buried this man who died. "What do they do in Mait?" In our local language here they call this area inside the ground "Mait." "What do they do? They go make lap laps. And they go make blankets for us."

DB: Oh! Who talked like that?

S: They did, all the ancestors, this bit of talk belongs to all the ancestors themselves.

DB: Oh. This bit of talk belongs to all the ancestors themselves.

S: Unn!

DB: This was the belief at a time when the church had not come up yet, right?

S: Unn!

DB: Your belief, the ancestors are able to help you all.

S: Them, they said: "It was them, all your ancestors who died and went (and made these things)." Now they didn't understand well where all these things came from--lap laps come from where? And whatever kind came, whatever kind, whatever kind, whatever kind of thing came up, they all said: "Oh, I think all these men of ours before who died went and made this thing for us now." Like that. This talk doesn't belong to us!

DB: It belonged to the ancestors before.

S: It belonged to all the ancestors here!

DB: You hear it when you were a young man?

S: I heard it when I was still a young man, it's not now! It's not now that I hear this talk. This bit of talk belongs to long before.

DB: At the time all white skins were new along here.

S: Unn!

DB: And lap laps were new things!

S: Naumen! (You bet!)

DB: Your ancestors weren't very clear...

S: Unn!

DB: And they wanted to understand.<sup>161</sup>

S: Naumen. This bit of talk does not belong to us, now; today we get it up over the election.<sup>162</sup>

DB: Oh, thank you truly for this good piece of talk! Now some were thinking around, "Ah, I think all lap laps belong to all

ancestors who died, that's all."

S: And altogether cargo and absolutely everything comes from all the ancestors (they thought). (It affected their actions how? The way we wonder where the moon came from?) Like that. This bit of talk belonged to all the ancestors themselves here.

(Pause)

DB: Now, another kind of talk that's not new, this talk of America is not new, either. I have heard talk of this Yangalissmat, Peter...

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PETER  
YANGALISSMAT

S: Umm.

DB: ...of Narimlaw.

S: Yes.

DB: Did you hear his talk at the time the war finished?

S: I heard the talk of this (man).

DB: What did he say then about this?

S: Uh?

DB: Peter said what--that by and by America would come, right?

S: Unn.

DB: He said--did he believe this or was it just what he wanted?

S: He said: "Later America will come."

(Long Pause. Tape is not winding well)

DB: Was he your friend, did you know this man, Peter, well?

At the time he died, did he still talk of America?

S: Uh?

DB: (Repeats.)

S: He had worked along with American soldiers in--this man--

DB: And later he said, "By and by America will come."

S: Um.

DB: Did he lose this thinking or no, he died along with this thinking?

S: He died along with this thinking. But he didn't have men to get it up along with him.

DB: Didn't have another man to help him.

S: Un,

DB: It's not only now that you all follow him.

S: You look. All the luluais--we (Saripat and Peter) were luluais together--now all the luluais put together talk, along with Peter. All right, later, this talk of America, all luluais were afraid; and they all put it just on top of Peter. All right only Peter went to jail, and all the luluais were clear of it. Because all the luluais were afraid. They all said: "Ah, it's just him, that's all, his wish, him alone. It's not the wish of us altogether."

DB: Ah. Is this the reason he ate bun (poison)?

S: Uh?

DB: Is this the reason Peter ate bun?

S: No, another one here. They did wrong to him in his place.

DB: They made poison in his place.

S: Un, they made poison in his place here. (Pause).

Now according to his wishes he stayed along with them, and I think if this election had got up while Peter was alive, Peter would get up with it.

DB: Yes--I think.

S: But Peter is dead, and now this thing.

DB: Comes up afterward.

S: All young men, that's all, now they get it up.<sup>163</sup>

DB: Why does this election get up now--because they all stayed together at Patibung, right? Is this the cause of the election?

(Pause)

S: They stayed together with them (the Americans) on Patibung, then they all left. They no longer stayed on Patibung...

DB: ...at the time of the election.

ELECTION

S: Un. They had already gone back. Now this election got up straight in 1964; in the second month, then they got up this election along here. And along here 860, 860 members, people, they all came and met here for the election. Me, I bossed it, I wrote this total of all the members, from Lavongai school to Kulingei village they came and met here, 860 people for the election. Now this broke around and about in the middle here, this broke around and about in the middle here, that's all.

DB: What do you mean, "broke around and about"?

S: This here, this following about all thinking "broke" the proper election. It came back to the box and it went where--later here. There wasn't a man who voted any more in the box (at Ranmelek) not plenty of men. On Monday they all came for the election in the box--one, one, one at a time, that's all.<sup>164</sup>

DB: Yes.

S: Along here.

DB: And--you had already thought of America? There weren't many men who came up to the box?

S: No.

DB: Wait, I'll turn this (tape).

\*\*\*\*\*

S: In Patekone eh--Um. Oh, I am moved, Dorothy--I look at you and I think of this walkabout of yours, you come for what kind of work, and ...

DB'S  
WORK



DB: In order to get understanding, that's all.

S: Unn.

DB: Just as you all like to get savvy from us, we too like to get your savvy. Not everyone wants to--(tape off).<sup>165</sup>

DB: When did you see New Guinea?

S: I saw New Guinea in (pause) 1956.

DB: 1956. What part?

S: I just went on a ship, went ashore at Lae, stopped at Lae.

DB: Did you work on the ship?

S: No. I went along with my wife to the hospital in Lae. Stayed March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October.

DB: A long time. Did you just eat from money at this time?

S: Un. Came back on a plane in October, Christmas, 1956.

DB: And your wife?

S: We two together. Now I know--some parts have got good business.

DB: Yes--on top in the Highlands, where the Chimbus are from.

S: Un, yes--it's got it.

DB: Your place is too hot, I think.

S: It's true. Now look. We don't know about this place and that place. What did Africa do before? Long before. Did men have savvy or not have savvy?

(Pause)

DB: This is a big story. I know more than most white skins

SARIPAT'S  
LIFE  
HISTORY

OTHER  
PEOPLE'S  
HISTORIES

because it is my work. Africa before won over the white skins, at the time of Jesus. Then white skins won writing, and won everything. Then machines. (This must be very abbreviated). Machines are new to us too. My true grandfather worked at planting gardens with a hoe. He did not have a tractor. Machines are new to us, too.

S: I know, I know.

DB: Yes, I think when you were little you saw all the ships that came up with sails--no, you had not...

S: I hadn't been born yet. I hadn't been born yet.

DB: You have heard stories.

S: I have heard stories. I just asked for no reason. (Pause) True, one master, we two talked and he said that all our ancestors were the same as yours, too. They all fought with spears, bow and arrow, shot men with stones, too.

DB: True.

S: Cover up fish with the leaves of trees--they didn't have good things, too. Now at the time when Jesus was born, he was born, died, worked inside his place, kept on doing it, finished work, died again, and this knowledge now comes to us now. Now as I see it, and I look and I think it's true--now it's true. But how--now we, too, want the same; but how do we get it? True, as to this savvy about writing, plenty of men write, they know English, they work. But they want to get up one thing inside our place, our island. They want to get something started.

DB: What kind of thing?

START  
BUSINESS

S: They want to start a business or a whatever kind of thing to get up this place of ours. (Some say you) can't get up this thing, there's a man who will jail them all.

DB: Some men say the government will jail you if you get up a business?

S: Unn.

DB: Who? Talking around?

S: Just talking around. And you look, plenty of men want to get up the place? No! Look, one of our teachers, Boski, a good man for getting up the place--now with regard to school and everything--and you look, he doesn't stop along with us.

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NO  
LOCAL  
LEADERS

DB: Ah. He doesn't stop with you any more.

S: Un. For a long, long, long time he hasn't talked along with us about anything.

DB: Ah, following the ways of the kiap now. Just big head.

S: He goes behind all the white skins, and they all go stand up along with the white skins, and they all go and talk together.

DB: That's not a good way.

S: Now afterward, all the work, it comes for us.

DB: (slight laugh.)

S: And, in their own place, there isn't any.

(Pause)

DB: Does Boski Tom live in a house with an iron roof?

S: He doesn't have a house with an iron roof, either. He says he's got a check.

DB: Check, for money?

S: Unn. He' got a check. It belongs to him alone. It does not belong to all this line altogether so that it can get up. It belongs to him alone, and he uses it for himself alone.

DB: He doesn't work for you all together.

S: He doesn't work for us all together. It belongs to him alone. Now with regard to getting up this place, to showing the way for this island, to getting up his place, so that afterward he has got a name for it, like he's a good man and he's a clever man among all men of this island New Hanover--no. He still works it that way. It belongs to him, himself, belongs to him alone, so that he can eat. It will be like that until he dies, and finish only then. He doesn't belong to this country New Hanover, no.<sup>166</sup>

DB: Now this new President of the Council, Steven, does he help you or no?

S: He helps us with what? (Rhetorical, sarcastic) No.

DB: No.

S: Him, all men voted for him. And afterwards, as is the way of all Councillors, like this: everyone votes for all the councillors, and afterwards they all go and turn their backs on their people. Then they go stand up along with all the masters, and afterwards they go and report again all the people inside the place. They don't think, these Councillors, Ach! I can't go and stand up along with all the white skins, the white skins didn't put the vote on me. The natives put this vote on me, and I am their boss.

LEADERS  
JOIN  
ELITE

DB: They just think of standing up with all the white skins.

S: No, I can stop along with the white skins and get rid of this rubbish thinking of my kanakas. I will bring them all to court they will all go to jail, by and by they will all be in jail and will lose this rubbish thinking of theirs.

DB: I tell you the truth, Saripat, this thing is present in all the world. A native gets a little savvy, like Boski, and

he leaves his friends, goes and stands up along with all the white skins.<sup>167</sup> This thing is no good. Do you know about self-government? You will be boss. United Nations--United is the same as "Tutuukuvul"--named Australia to look after you, and Australia will go, and you will be boss. Now at this time, plenty of times a lot of trouble comes up because all the big men of the place true, like you and Makios and all the big men truly of the place (village), they don't put them as boss because they don't know well how to speak English and all this kind of thing. But they have got a good understanding of all the people.

S: Um.

DB: Now all the men like Boski--all who know how to talk English--in a little time they all "big head," "big head," and merely follow the ways of all the kiaps.<sup>168</sup>

S: Um.

DB: And they don't think straight about all the things inside the village. They think of, Ah, I dress well.

S: That, it's straight. I dress well, put on trousers, I sit down, I drink tea, I eat a bit of bread I go and buy for two shillings in Chinatown...

DB: (Laughs.)

S: All right, I have good food--nevermind all these men, they're all rubbish men, all going around and about crazy. That, this kind of thinking.

DB: But this election--were there some good things that came up from it?

S: Uh?

DB: This election, were there some good things that came

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Good  
Changes  
From  
Election

up from it? Did Australia change a little? One man in Tsoi, Edward, Councillor from Tsoi, he said to me: "Dorothy, I did not support this election, but I look at it and I see some good things that came up from the election. Before we had no hospital in Taskul; now we have a hospital. All the kiaps know we are cross now, we can't wait now." He said that.

S: About the election, (everyone) called us crazy--you look, all the men inside all the plantations and in all the towns, they get big money for their work, the reason for which is the election, that's all.

DB: Ah--they raised the pay a little because of the election.

S: Un. There wasn't one good thing before at the plantations--no big money, nothing good that we told stories about. Before there wasn't anything. Now we hear stories, and we think: Just that (the election).

DB: The election.

S: The election, that's all.

DB: I think you are right.

S: Um. (Pause.) I was cross around and about with all the kiaps. In this way, we want something to come up. All right, now we put forward our election, in order to show you (the Australian kiaps) all some good road. We want America to come to show you all a good road. Now you look--they all think now.

DB: Yes.

S: (Speaking as though he were a kiap) Ach! This thing, it's not the wrong of whoever, it's the wrong of ourselves, all Europeans. We have shut off all savvy from the natives, and look,

they all create all these things now we used to hide from their eyes, and they all put forward the election now, and maski, we will leave it. Some go. Some of us will go. All right, then they throw away free some things. They (the New Hanover people) just talk about something, iron to go for whatever, whatever thing they want at this place; quickly, that's all, they send it. Just like that. Now before it wasn't like that here. (Pause.) The election is a really big thing, and a good thing, the election. (Pause.)

DB: Saripat, I just worry that Savemat is waiting for us.<sup>169</sup>

S: Ah--it's all right.

INTERVIEW WITH SAVEMAT AND SARIPAT

Saripat and I walked the short distance to Savemat's house, a house set by itself in an open area out of sight but not far from the mission. Savemat was a more slowpaced person than Saripat, perhaps due partly to age--though he didn't look any older than Saripat. Sometimes I got the impression that Savemat might have been a bit deaf, but perhaps his not understanding me as well as Saripat did had other bases. Saripat a few times explained things to him in local language while we were talking. I was never sure that Savemat trusted me. We talked in the afternoon, and I came back again after dinner. During the second part of the interview, I could hardly get a response from Savemat. Perhaps he was just tired. Or perhaps he was unnerved by the fact that I had gone to eat dinner at the mission. I did this partly because it was the course of least resistance: everyone expected me to, no one offered me food as New Irelanders would have; and I was tired and hungary and in need of a break. I think it unlikely that suspicion of me played any great role in the rather sluggish dialogue that sometimes characterized this interview. Saripat told me that he had seen me in 1965 in Mangai, and had asked about my work, so he had a broader perspective on me than did Savemat and most of the others. Probably the difference between the two interviews related mostly to the difference between Saripat and Savemat as personalities, and the difference in their



life histories. Savemat had been a preacher for the Methodists for many years, and his defection seemed especially regrettable to the church--and perhaps particularly difficult for him. Savemat gave an impression more characteristic of New Hanoverians in that he was mainly interested in his own role in the events and proceedings of the election for America. Savemat, Saripat and I sat on three sides of a table, Savemat and I across from each other, inside Savemat's house. No one came or went during the entire course of our conversation. I began by asking Savemat about his clan affiliation, and what other clans were found here. Then I asked him about T.I.A.

DB: I asked Saripat and I will ask you too, Savemat: have you got any quarrels over grounds here because of Tutukuvul?

Sv: None.

(I turned off the tape for a while, thinking it might be inhibiting conversation. When the tape recording resumes, we are talking about the events leading up to the election at Ranmelek. This is the part of the election where Savemat's role loomed largest, and in which he, and I, were most interested.)

Sv: On Friday, there was a big church meeting of all the women, for them to pray. All of Ranmelek didn't want to make this church service.

Ranmelek  
Election

DB: Why?

Sv: All were ashamed (embarrassed)? No, they were afraid to stand up in front of the eyes of all. All right, they said to me, "You make this church service first for us."

DB: (Laughs) I think they were ashamed.

Sv: I told them "All right," and I went and made the church service for them all. This was Friday now--and they, all women, talked plenty now. I went to hear them: "When this church service is finished

all of us women are going together to Magam (village)." And I asked them, "Why?" (He is speaking dramatically.) "Ah, there's a meeting here, it will be held in Magam." "Meeting about what?" "About the election, that's all."

I went and heard their talk now--and I asked them all, "What meeting?" "Just a meeting to talk to all men and women about the election." "All right, I think I will go along with you all to this meeting."

MAGAM  
MEETING  
THE DAY  
BEFORE  
RANMELEK

DB: Now at this time you didn't know yet.

Sv: Unn, I didn't know. All the women went, and I followed them. We went and came up to all the men who had already sat down in the little place of this man here, of Saripat. All right, I came up in the middle of this talk. They had already talked, Some said: "This election that we will make tomorrow, we cannot support this schooling that the Council gave us."

DB: Who said that to you?

Sv: That was the talk inside the meeting.

DB: And did they all call America then?

Sv Unn. They said: "Today we will call another country. And we altogether will be together about this--because for far too long we have been with Australia and we haven't got good savvy about making all things like all masters know how to make among them today." The talk was like that now. So I sat down and heard all the talk like that. All right, I, too, I got up and talked to them all now. (He is whispering urgently.) I said: "All right, now I, too, I go first among us in the work of the mission in this part, and I think you want to hear my talk too. I get up

now, I want to talk to you all. My wishes and my thinking are the same, too. I want us to stand up at this election tomorrow. We will call America." All right, we were at this meeting, then left.

DB: Who called--Yaman?

Sv: No. The Councillor here--the Councillor of this year-- what was his name--

Sr: Kase.

Sv: Kase.

DB: Kase, did he support the election, too?

Sv: Un, it was he who arranged this coming together at Magam.

DB: The wishes of all were with America now.

Sv and Sr: Um.

DB: On Saturday, where did you meet?

Sv and Sr: In Ranmelek.

Sv: All right, this meeting in Magam finished here--  
Bosmailik talked to me, and said, "Brother, it would be better if you yourself write this blackboard tomorrow and write what we want in this election. Now me, I can't go early to Ranmelek, I want to go back to Nusawung. Now I heard what Bosmalilik said and I said to him, "Hey! Brother, I am a little confused here, I don't understand well about this.

THE  
BLACKBOARD

DB: (Laughs) Yes!

Sv: All right, what shall I say in this writing, so that I will write it all right. He said to me, "Him, here, this big man of America, his name is Johnson. Just that, then he called it (the name).

DB: Oh, Basmalik gave the name to you.

Sv: Yes.

DB: They talked first of America, and later of Johnson, right?

Sv: Yes.

DB: They talked first of America and later of Johnson, right?

Sv: Yes.

DB: They didn't think strongly of Johnson, they thought strongly of America, uh?

Sv: Un.

Sr: America to boss this country.

DB: Um, um.

Sv: Now he called it "so you can write it," and he said: "Write the name of President Johnson." All right, that's all. Me, I came then and--because he said to me, too, that me, I boss all the blackboards at this school here in this house here. All right, I came back then, lifted up one blackborad, I came, then I came and wrote it.

DB: You yourself wrote it! Oh, many times I have heard of this blackboard and I didn't know who wrote it!

Sr and Sv: Un (Both laugh).

Sv: All right, I said to my nephew, "I stood up the blackboard by one house nearby here, by the road." All right now, in the early dawn, I told Gira to go lift up this blackboard and go stand it up at the little house to wait for these kiaps that are conducting the election. (Tape off and on.)

DB: All right, go on.

Sv: I said to Gira now: "Gira, you go, lift up this blackboard I've written, you go stand it up at this house they put up for all the kiaps to sit down in and conduct the election.<sup>170</sup> All right, Gira went then, and lifted up this blackboard I'd written, went and put it at this little house for all the kiaps."

All right, the kiaps hadn't come yet to this place for the

election; and one Councillor, Liman of Magam here, he went,  
and he read this blackboard, and he found this talk. (Pause.)

All the kiaps hadn't come up yet. He went on top (of the hill) to all  
the kiaps, to the house of the telatela: "Another election here, they  
have already written it, it's on the blackboard."

DB: Now Liman didn't follow you all, uh?

Sr and Sv: No.

Sv: All right, three kiaps heard this talk now, and they no  
longer waited for the time to start work.

DB: (Laughs.)

Sv: They went quickly then! (DB laughs. Sv's tone is one  
of amusement.) They went down quickly then, and they went and read the  
blackboard too, now. All right, they sang out--the call came for all  
men and all women to go together.

DB: And the kiaps said what.

Sv: They went and talked to everyone. All right, when they had  
finished reading this blackboard, now then they turned it.

DB: Ah, turned the back side. I heard this part.

Sv: Yes. Turned the back side of the blackboard. Now they all  
talked straight about what they had laid down to do. "This day we come  
up to meet here in order to conduct this election among all candidates.  
Now you all from all places you all go one by one, come up to the kiap  
and talk about your liking, your thinking, you stand up for whom." All  
right, everyone heard this talk of the kiap and said: "Ach, you all can't  
hear him. Don't follow the talk of the kiap. Nevermind going one at a  
time. Maski, I stand up (i.e., I stand by our vote on the board). All  
right, it went on like this until all thought and all said (whispers):

"All right, we go altogether."

They all went close now, and the kiap looked at them; policemen, too, looked at them stopped them: "Hey, you heard what the kiap said, so you can't come together--you all come one by one. Now start with the village of Kulingel." And everyone called, "No. We don't have plenty of likes, plenty of thoughts. This one vote of ours, that's all, it's there, we put it on the blackboard."

THE VOTE  
FOR  
JOHNSON!

(He laughs, a little ruefully.) All right, the kiap asked everyone, "You all, is this what you all want?" Now, every man, women, altogether they exploded after this bit of talk here--they all said: "YES!"

(Sv is being very dramatic and DB is laughing in response.)

Sv: Really shouting. Now they called out this word, then clapped their hands, then were no longer there.

DB: I think they (kiaps) were completely confused now about this!

Sv: True! Three kiaps stood up and everyone left then. They turned the backsides and they went about then. They all came to the door of my house here. Then they came again, made a meeting, and asked all--because some hadn't gone yet, still stood around. All right, we came and we held them then, and talked with them, and asked them all again, and they all put in the man (Johnson). The answer of all: "I have no talk" (i.e., nothing to argue about, I agree.)

DB: Stand up for Johnson.

Sv: Umm.

(Pause)

DB: Then what did they do--they finished and they went then?

Sv: They went then--to their places.

DB: And you had this over and done with.

Sv: The kiaps remained, because they had put three days here,

to stay here, in their program.<sup>171</sup>

DB: And they waited three days.

Sv: Un. They just stayed and waited, that's all.

Sr. and Sv: Who would come up?

DB: There wan't a man, uh?

Sv: The three kiaps, that's all, they stopped on Saturday, Sunday, Monday--they went, then, on Monday.

Sr: Tuesday they got up...

Sv: got up and went to...

Sr: Meteran.

DB: Ah.

Sv: Came up to Meteran.

DB: And the talk had gone ahead to Meteran, and everyone worked it this way in Meteran, too.

Sr. and Sv: Un.

DB: And Taskul came last, uh?

Sv: Uh?

DB: Later all the kiaps went again to Taskul and they all did the same thing, too, in Taskul, right?

Sv: That's it.

DB: Ranmelek first, then Meteran later, Taskul the last of all, right?

Sv: Very quickly they sent word to Meteran and they, too, followed this.

DB: Now Savemat, I asked Saripat and I want to ask you, too. You like America for what reason? I think plenty of people have asked you about this thing, too. But I want to understand well. Some men give me one bit of talk, and some give me another bit of talk, and I

METERAN  
VOTE

TASKUL  
VOTE

WHY LIKE  
AMERICA?

want to know about your thinking, yours alone.

Sv: Um.

DB: You like America for what reason?

(Pause)

Sv: Me, according to my thinking, it's like this: I think America can school me well about making all kinds of things like all the masters know how to make. Because, this plenty of years we have sat down along with Australia and we don't know how to make one thing. (He speaks quietly, but his tone indicates urgency to explain and a little indignation.)

SAVVY  
ABOUT  
MAKING  
THINGS

DB: Um.

(Pause)

Sv: Now, too, the talk we have heard from the mouths of all (Pause) who go first (leaders), they all say: "This day is a day for you and me to be ONE, that's all. That is to say, you and I cannot divide ourselves, all black men and all white skins. This day is a day for you and me to be equal, that's all.<sup>172</sup> But we look, according to the thinking of plenty of us, we see that the meaning of this talk is not true. It's ...

EQUALITY

Sr: They lie.

Sv: Lies, that's all.

DB: Is there someone who gave you this talk, "a day for you and me to stand up equal, that's all?"

Sv and Sr: Um.

DB: But they don't follow it.

Sr: They don't follow it. Me, I was with them at a Council meeting, and this thing came up.

DB: You heard this talk in the Council?



Sr: I heard this talk when we met in Taskul, then they put this forward.. All the kiaps said, "At this time it's not like we white skins and you natives--no. This (time), you and I are one." Like that. You and me, it's as if we were brothers' and we sit down at one table and we talk together, and we sit down together. All right.

(tape off and on winding problems)

Sv: This kind of lamp like this here! (He was lighting a lamp.)

DB: Oh, first rate.

Sr: What kind of "first rate" here!

DB: What kind of lamp here?

Sv: Ach, coffee butter here.

DB: You put what here?

Sr: Put one piece of just a plain stick here, and it shoots a fire, and it's got all...

DB: Good, good, why something else?<sup>173</sup> All right, go on--oh, wait. (Tape off and on.)

Sr: As we look inside this talk of all the Europeans, now it's not true.

DB: They don't follow this talk.

Sr: They don't follow this talk. We look at them, and they themselves go and for instance they sit down now, and they eat well, at their table; and we are the same yet as all our ancestors. We stop and bugger up like them.

DB: You think America will act in a different way toward you? Have you seen the ways of Americans in this regard?

Sr: I haven t seen them.

DB: Have some men told you?

AMERICAN  
WAYS

Sr: I have heard talk, that's all, about this.

DB: Now Savemat, you too, have you heard talk about this, about the ways of Americans?

(Pause)

Sv: Un, the same, that's all, I used to hear from some at the time of war, some were with some Americans a long way away--in Mussau, I think,

DB: In Emira.

Sv: Un.

DB: And Buka.

Sv: Yes. And they used to say of the ways of them (Americans), they used to be like good friends together with them.

DB: Um (Pause.) And all these Americans who went on top to Patibung, did they tell stories of all these men?

Sr: They didn't tell stories of the ways of all these men in Buka and Emira--all of them too, used to do it in Patibung.

SB: They did it too--did what?

Sr: A man would come up, now they, themselves, would get food and put it out for all these men and they ate together with them. They used to sit down together with them, and eat along with all the natives. (Pause.) And we see it like this: I think they are better about this bit of talk now, about you and I are brothers, and you and I are one now.

DB: Um. (Pause.) Yes, I like to hear this talk of yours, but I am not surprised at it. I have heard this talk from some before. But, I haven't heard it from all, and I want to know if it is the thinking of some or the thinking of all men, if they know this way of the Americans is different in this regard.

Yes, me too, I don't like this way. But I think the kiaps have changed a little now. You all got up the election and I think the kiaps have changed a little, right?

KIAPS  
CHANGE

Sv and Sr: Um.

Sv: We see that here.

DB: They know you are already cross and they're afraid you'll follow the way you did before here (i.e., the cult).

Sv: True.

(Pause)

DB: And what is the thinking of everyone in Mataniu--does everyone stay with their liking for America?

Sv: The liking of all remains, but just remains in the heart.

DB: Remains in the heart. (Pause.) Now Makios told me all men who wanted America go into Tutukubul, and all men who don't like America do not go inside. Is it the same in Matiniu?

LIKING  
REMAINS  
FOR  
AMERICA

Sv: Who?

DB: Makios.

Sr: Makios, Makios, Makios.

Sv: Un, it's the same, too, but we don't know about the thinking of all. All the men who weren't with us for the election before, they see us go inside this business, this Tutukuvul, and they don't like to follow us. Now we don't know--what the reason for this is.

(Long pause.)

DB: In your place (Saripat), Magam, now you said they all go in.

Sr: Um.

DB: But I think all men of Magam like America.

Sr: The liking of all remains. We are together.

DB: It is the same in Lavongai (village)--the liking of all remains.

T.I.A. is discussed. Saripat went to the first meeting,  
but Savemat did not.

T.I.A.

Sr: He (Savemat) sent us, and he stayed (here).

Sv: I stayed to work on the verandah of a house. We wanted to make a feast to take away this cook house of a woman who died; so we worked, turned two bags of food to eat, at the time of the meeting.

Savemat mentioned some men who had been jailed.

JAIL

DB: Were you jailed too, Savemat?

Sv: No. We stayed together in Bolpua. We, along with Magam (village), now we went and stayed together at Bolpua. We went and waited for this kiap in order to go talk to them all about our liking. Then later one telatela went, talked to us- -all right he talked to me, sang out for me.

DB: This telatela here (Alan Taylor)?

Sv: Yes. He said, "You and some men here, too, you all have your names at Taskul. A big punishment is there for you all. Some, no. But you all, who are big, who go first among all, you all have a big punishment for you. Suppose you all go to jail, I think (they'll give you) three months. So he said: "You, it's something to be ashamed about if you, who do good work for the mission, go to jail. Something to be ashamed of.

DB: Mr. Taylor said that.

Sv: Un. "It's all right, if you approve in your thinking, you must follow it. I want you to go to Rabaul. I send you to go to Rabaul to our Chairman." All right, I went, I followed his talk, he sent me to go to Rabaul.

DB: For Synod.

Sv: No.

DB: Another meeting.

Sv: No, I just went. I found a ship, made arrangements, all right, I went.

DB: You didn't buy tax--or it hadn't come up yet?

Sv: No, we didn't want to.

DB: But you did not pay either, Savemat?

Sv: I think (pause)-ah! The telatela straightened it.

DB: Ah, telatela--and sent you to go to Rabaul.

Sv: So I went and stayed in Rabaul, five months, and they went to jail--on and on, then I came back. All right, the telatela went to Synod, and he came and got me then. Come back. So I came up, I came and stayed a little, and my child got married. She was at school in Meteran. She wrote to me, wrote a letter to me that said: "Papa, I want you to come first--come and see me first, see your two grandchildren," two little children of hers. "So listen to me and come first and see us." All right, I got up, I went to see them.

(The tape fails. When the record resumes, we are talking about T.I.A. Savemat collected money from individuals in his-- T.I.A. Methodist--area and when the time for a T.I.A. meeting drew near he took the money for Father Miller to Lavongai. Father Miller had heard some talk about T.I.A. money being collected in the Methodist area on false grounds, with the expectation that somehow the money and T.I.A. would help to bring America.)

Sv: Father heard this talk of mine, and he said: "I don't know about this here. It would be better if you hold back this money and you go back first. You go back with this money, and tell all the men in your area that they should come up here on the day of the meeting, and listen to the talk so that they will all understand the reason for membership here. No good if some men bring money for no reason. Better you take

back your money, tell all men of your area to come to this meeting." He said this to me on this day; and I said, "All right, I will go back. I will talk clearly, Father, I can't come back to you for the meeting because I have a little work." He said, "All right, you go to your work. Tell the others to come." So they all came along with Saripat to get up this Tutukuvul. They put in a President and Secretary.

DB: At the first meeting.

Sv: Yes.

Tape off. Break for dinner. When I came back after dinner Savemat remained pretty much unresponsive--whether tired, old, suspicious, bored, I don't know. I had to keep asking questions and I got slight response, except for a few instances. He had waxed eloquent about Ranmelek, in which he played an important part. That was his day and he enjoyed it, as they all did, and as I did in listening about it. So did the kiaps and the planters. That was the day Something Happened, something that might affect lives in some way that was fundamental.

I asked if they had been angry with all whites, and Savemat said, "No." With the church? No. They continued to go to church. They continued to use the government medical services.

Sv: We are not cross with all white skins because--this thing about the election, they opened it to us; and they called it "Open Election" because as "Open Election" (implies), they opened this election for us to vote for whomever we liked. We weren't cross with the white skins.

NOT  
ANTI-  
EUROPEAN

DB: I thought so, but I wanted to ask. I think you did not go to jail, but I think you have heard the stories of plenty who did. Did they do well by those men who went to jail--were they afraid, or what?

POLICE  
BRUTALITY  
AND  
RIDICULE

Sv: There were plenty of men who came and talked-- plenty they held in jail. They carried stones, they ran with the stones, and the policemen stood up over them all and said, "You run! You run with that stone, and whatever thing heavy you carry, you run with it." And all men ran with something heavy--stones. This in Taskul. And all the policemen, they talked plenty of talk, like this: "Your being in jail suits your craziness!

DB: They made fun.

Sv: Unn. "For your craziness." And "You voted for another country."

DB: I don't know why they didn't make a little school in jail. Plenty of times I thought: "Why didn't they hold school in jail, so that all men could get a little understanding." They carried stones about and...

Sr:...dug ground.<sup>173A</sup>

DB: I asked Makios and now I ask you: this time they sent everyone to jail--I think they just worked in Taskul--did they send some men (from Taskul) to help you all to get up the place, or did they just get up Taskul?

JAIL  
WORK

Sv: Just worked at Taskul, and in all the towns, like Kavieng, Taskul, up to the Namatanai area. Now they straightened all the government places like that. I call it that way, helping "government places" in Taskul, Kavieng, Namatanai.

DB: I thought it would be better if they built up a road for you.

Sv: No.

DB: So that you could have trucks--it would be easier for you...

Sv: No. All this work among us, ourselves, bugged up. Now they take us to this jail because of tax, we didn't pay tax. Then go

straighten the parts that belong to the government--that is, on ground of men who have paid (taxes). Now all those in jail straighten it, that is, we do. Me, I went and worked four months--in jail.

DB: At Taskul?

Sv: Yes, four months.

DB: For tax?

Sv: For tax--the time they got us in Bolpua.

DB: A yes, you told me. Did you work at carrying stones, digging?

Sv: We carried stones (there is some resentment at last in his voice, which has until now been matter of fact), we dug all the roads.

DB: At Taskul.

Sv: At Taskul. And we dug up all the stumps of all the trees at the airport on the other side of Taskul.

DB: Ah yes, I haven't seen it yet, but I have heard talk of the airport.

Sv: We worked at all this work like this in Taskul, that's all. Now all this work buggered up of mine, in my place. The road buggered up, everything inside the place buggered up.

(Pause)

DB: Yes, Now--

Sv: Now have you seen Kavieng here, along the beach, they put stones on the beach away (from Kavieng)--that was (built by the men) from here.

Sr: Jail (labor) from Lavongai. (There is some pride in his tone.)

DB: Jail (labor) from Lavongai just got up another place.

Sr: Um.



(Pause)

DB: Now, there is talk from some places that there are some men, like this big man Oliver--do you know Oliver, of Tsoi? Did he come here? Did he stay with you here?

Sv: For the election?

DB: Yes.

Sv: No.

DB: He just ran away into the bush. I visited him, in Mamion, in June.

Sv: Um (sounds interested), did you hear a little talk from him?

DB: Yes, I heard talk from him. He gave me plenty of good talk so that I could really understand a little. He told me of one time when the kiaps made fun of you--they said, "Do you have a plane so you can go to America?" Now Oliver said: "I've got one!" Now he told me, "I was just talking, I wanted to big mouth to them."

Sv: Un.

DB: (Laughs) Now another bit of talk I heard--I forgot to ask Oliver about it--I want to ask you: Some talk comes that there are some men who met some Americans in the bush, and these Americans said that America would come. Did you hear this talk at the time when the election was big--it was strong?

(Pause. They are unresponsive now.)

Sv: I didn't hear it here.

DB: I think its just making fun.

Sv: Um, um.

DB: Do you think so?

Sv: Umhum.

DB: I think a kind of talk gets started, and a man doesn't really do something. Another bit of talk I hear--that some are afraid to

TOK  
BILAS

stay outside of Tutukuvul; suppose America comes now, they will cut their throats, or they will not give them cargo, or they will do something bad to them. Did this bit of talk come up to you, too?

Sr: Along here we don't have it. In my place in Magam, I do not hear this talk. We don't talk of it.

DB: Matiniu (Savemat's place)?

Sv: No.

DB: It doesn't come here, uh?

Sv: No. (Said with a tone of some disgust).

They say they don't know of any fear of staying outside Tutukuvul.

DB: Oh, now Saripat helped me with one bit of talk--that the ancestors are able to make cargo and bring it to you--Saripat said this bit of talk belongs to the old days, to the ancestors themselves. Did you hear this talk when you were young here?

(Pause)

Sv: (quietly) No.

Saripat explains to Savemat in local dialect, in which I understood a word here and there. Savemat responds with an occasional "Um," then resumes pidgen to talk to DB.

Sv: I think they talked of it, but I stayed at school.

Saripat resumes local dialect, then explains to DB in pidgen:

Sr: We two talk of this bit of talk you and I talked about earlier over there. This bit of talk doesn't belong to us who live now. It belongs to the ancestors from before--like this, a man dies, they said he went to Mait.

MAIT,  
PLACE  
OF MIAS

DB: I remember now who told me first about Mait--everyone at Mangai told me of Mait. They said it was the true place of mias. (Saripat laughs slightly.) One little island, the place where they make mias for them. (Saripat laughs slightly.)

Sv: That's it.

DB: It is true, or just a story? They say two islands, little Mait, and big Djaul--everyone in New Ireland says that.

Sr: That's true.

Sv: That's what they all said--in the old days.

DB: I think you were with the Church when you were too young, and you didn't hear. You were learning about church things. Yes, it's true, if white men came up for the first time, how would everyone understand about everything? They would think, "What is this?"

(Pause)

Sr: About all the talk of the ancestors before--I think it's true, or not true?--about one talk about one thing, about the book. I think of one bit of talk of the ancestors, they said a man who died went to Mait. Now one bit of talk about a kind of sickness also came up--and now about the sickness there was one book that used to stay here, about the Sanama (Samana?) of men, eh?

DB: Un.

Sr: Now--about what they called it, all our big men before--they all called it in our local dialect "Nemta Wolawa."

DB: What is the meaning of that?

Sr: It's this: Something that belongs to a big man." They called this big book that used to stop here, "Something that belongs to the big man." And--we understand a little the talk, just as in local dialect, "something that belongs to a big man" is Nemta Wolawa. Now in pidgen, "something that belongs to the big man." Now this book, it was, see--like that now. This thing belongs to the Big Man. Suppose a sickness came up to me, it did not come up for no reason.

DB: Ah yes--it came up from another man working poison, eh?

Sr: And--suppose a man did not work poison on me, now who brings this sickness to my body? Something of God's, or God he gives sickness to my body.

DB: I think that is the belief among us, plenty of us. (Pause.) But I think plenty of men believe in this, all sickness comes from poison of another man--is that true? Along here, plenty of men--?

Sr: There are some men, plenty of men, who talk of this--"He dies from the poison of a man.

DB: They all talk like that about this Yangalissmat--right?

Sr: Um.

DB: You told me that.

Sr: Unhun.

DB: He didn't die of his own poison, another bugged him up, right?

Sr: Un--we hear talk like this, a man made poison against him that he should eat bun.

DB: He made poison against him, did he just make a spoken spell?

Sr: I don't know well.

DB: But another man bugged up his thinking, right?

Sr: Yes.

DB: I heard the story, too, but I don't know well--I just heard the story from Yangalik. And--this big book--Nemta Wolawa--wolawa' is "big man."

Sr: Un, "something that belongs to the Big Man," like that-- (pause)--"something that belongs to the big man." Just like now the liking I have got is something that belongs to the Big Man on top.

DB: Ah--that is God, uh?

Sr: Um.

DB: I think you all here believe strongly in God, right?

Are there some men who do not believe? I have not heard of one, but you work in ...

Sv: How would I know? I just know them.

DB: Know what they say.

Sv: Un, what they say, and what they do.

DB: You don't know about their "core," eh?

Sv: That's it.

(Tape off. New tape on.)

Sv: ...like this--bottle.

DB: (in English)--I asked what kind of cargo they wanted to know how to make, what kind of savvy they wanted, and Savemat said lap lap, shootlamp, bottle. (To Savemat, in pidgen.) All books, pens...

WHAT  
KIND OF  
CARGO?

Sv: Yes.

DB: All these things.

Sv: Iron--to make houses.

DB: When I was a little child I used to ask my father about all things: "How do they make this? How do they make this thing? Why does this thing work?" Now, my father always used to say, "Oh, I don't know, I don't know. You go to school, then you'll know." (DB laughs, and Sv does, too, then.) But we women can't understand all this kind of thing--just some things. My brother understands well if I ask him. If I gave him this (my tape recorder, which has not been winding well), he wouldn't bugger it up, he would know.<sup>174</sup> Yes, I understand your thinking, you see all this, and you don't know how. Among us, when we are young, we do not

LIKING FOR  
AMERICA  
COMES FROM  
GOD

understand, but we can go look and understand--not completely, but a little. True.

Sv: Yes (very soft).

DB: And do you think, when it is time for you to pay taxes again, do you think all men of Mataniu and Magam will pay taxes or do they want to go to jail again?

TAXES  
AND  
T.I.A.

Sr: There is already talk, at the Tutukuvul meeting, that we, all Board, will be strong in talking to all men to pay tax, give the Council money for its work, it bosses its work. Then all men will stay well in their places and be there to work on the plantation of Tutukuvul, so they can find its fruit later.

DB: Do all the Mataniu men follow this?

Sv: Just the same. Plenty want to disobey the talk about bringing taxes. But this talk here, they listen to it, among us.

DB: Plenty want to disobey, but plenty listen to the talk.

Sv: No good they all go to stay in jail, and there's no one to work the plantation of Tutukuvul, and this thing...

DB: ...buggers up.

Sv: Yes.

(Tape off and on)

DB: In a little time, election again. In the month of May, 1968. Do you know about it? No.

Sr: I saw--in Lavongai.

DB: Oh yes, Father Fischer talked to us. How do you think all men will vote again for America?

(Pause)

Sr: That's something to talk about.

DB: Something to talk about. Everyone hasn't already talked about this, eh?

Sr: All men haven't talked yet about this.

DB: I'm sorry I must go back. I would like to stay with you, hear your thinking. (Pause.) This election--is there one big boss, or are the thoughts of all men together, that's all?

Sv: Huh?

DB: Is there a big boss at the time of the election?

Sr: Big boss for what?

DB: Is there one man who bosses the thinking of you all?

(Pause)

Sr: No (his tone is slightly annoyed perhaps).

DB: Like the kiap always talks badly of Oliver, doesn't he. Now do all men listen to the talk of Oliver, or no? Do all men just think of him?

Sv: Of Oliver?

DB: Yes. Have you sat down and talked along with him, Savemat?

Sv: Unn. When the election was new, I stayed in a house of ours at Kavolik and talked.

DB: What kind of talk did he give you all?

Sv: He talked about that election, "You be strong for it."

(Pause.) But he, too, he wasn't here with us over there--at the time we got up...

Sr: Tutukuvul.

Sv: Huh? ...the election. We here in this part, we started this election. But all of them, in Tsoi, you already called them, they were third to vote here. First, Ranmelek; second, Meteran; third, Taskul.<sup>175</sup>

OLIVER  
AND  
LEADERSHIP

Like that--it was ours, and they went and heard it, that's all, and just followed, helped this thinking from here. Now they did start it. One thing, that's all (that they did), they talked strong. They went about, didn't want to go to jail--the two, (Oliver) together with this man here, Robin.

DB: Robin is where, I only found Oliver.

Sv: He lives on Kayolik.

DB: Island?

Sv: Un. Toward us, it looks toward Taskul.

(Pause)

DB: Who is Council here in Mataniu?

Sv: Of Mataniu and Makantaumetai, Liman is Council today.

DB: He doesn't follow you all in liking America.

Sv: No.

COUNCILLOR  
"APPOINTED"  
BY WHITES

(Pause)

DB: And you (Saripat of Magam) go with Patekone--name--?

Sr: Bengebengerau.

DB: Why did Liman not follow all men here? Why did they put him in the Council? Liman did not follow all men in thinking about America?

Sv: There weren't many men who put him (in as Councillor). At the time Liman was elected as Councillor, some here who did not follow us in this election, they called him--Liman.

DB: Oh--all who voted in the box.

Sv: There weren't plenty. I think some white skins, too. It's something we watched, and it was wrong here. It wasn't something for all white skins.



DB: True! Very big wrong. I don't know how some whites were able to put him (in).

Sv: Um. We heard this talk from another telatela who stayed here before at the time...

DB: Mr. George.

Sv: Yes, when the election was here. He came back at the time all had voted, and he came and talked to some: "We put in some strong government for Mataniu."

DB: Mr. George said that (laughs).

(Saripat laughs.)

Sv: Now they called this man here (Liman).

DB: Something for all white skins, for what reason here!

Sr: Yes, we heard and, "Och! This isn't straight here-- because the Council is something that belongs to all the people in the place; because he makes talks to them, and they must listen to his talk. Now if they don't vote for him, who can hear him?"

Sv: Because all other men put him in.

DB: Yes. Have you got a Coop here? A store?

COOP

Sv: We have had--before--but after the election it buggered up. Liman lives today in our store here. On the beach, his house--if you run in a pinnace you see it.

DB: Ah yes, I saw this house.

Sv: House with an iron roof.

DB: Of Liman's.

Sv: It belongs to Liman here--the man who was storekeeper of this.

DB: Clerk.

Sr: Yes.

DB: Did it bugger up from stealing, or people didn't like to go to it or ...?"

Sv: Just that--they didn't like to bring copra, and...

DB: I think they didn't give them good pay for copra--at the Coop.

Sv: Ah, plenty were cross because they didn't get a rebate.

DB: Ah, rebate. Yes.

Sv: And they didn't want to work any more for copra.

DB: Now I also heard from Igua--a young man at Meterankan-- he told me Master White gives L3-0-0 (three pounds) for a bag of copra, and the Coop L2-10-0 (two pounds ten shillings).

Sv: What?

DB: (repeats) You don't know well about this. In Magam is there a store? A coop?

Sr: I think just at Meterankan here.

DB: Ah, you all come together with Meterankan.

Sv: It's the store of all here. The boundary is along here.

DB: Is it true, this talk that the Coop doesn't give big pay for copra?

Sr: Naunem, just that. First they talked about four pence, then they didn't follow this pay. We went to see--they went to sell to Master White, some went to Meterankan, then they went and looked at the pay of Meterankan and they all said: "Look--they all lie around and about to you and me. In a European business, another kind; and in our business, another pay for it."

DB: Yes.

Sr: It's not straight. From Mr. White, a little bigger, and from the Coop it's not big; now what road should we follow, now, so

that it will be all right for us later? That now, do it, the Coop goes and buggers up.

DB: Did you all plant coffee along here?

COFFEE

Sr: We planted coffee--and they said big pay for this thing, coffee. Now for cacao, coconuts, the pay for the two changes. It falls down--later it gets up again, but for coffee, it stops, still the same.

DB: It does not go big...

Sr: It's big pay, for coffee.

DB: Oh, they told you this.

Sr: Naunem. We started to work coffee. All right, we were strong with all little coffee gardens around and about, then saw all the coffee bugger up around and about, and all the ropes of the bushes, they downed the coffee trees here, some went and died around and about, now all the coffee went and grew around and about in the bush. We don't want to clean it now because there's no longer any pay for it. They said: "If you all work this business with coffee, all the places of the whites skins already have coffee--they all eat their own food. Now this business of yours by and by will be nothing." Now this thing they gave to us now, we let it stay in the bush. We don't want to clean it.

DB: Who told you all the white skins already have coffee and won't buy it from you any more? (Pause.) Some men, uh? This talk came.

Sr: I went to a meeting in Kavieng along with all the kiaps, and the number one of Education, number one of the didimen, doctor, they talked.

DB: When you were Councillor?

Sr: When I was Councillor. All right, one of the didimen, I don't know his name any more, he brought this talk into the midst of us. "This coffee now, you and I planted this business now in your place, with coffee; all right now, suppose you straighten the work for coffee, then

you can get money for it; and suppose you don't straighten it, then you, yourselves, close the road to this business of yours, and they cannot buy your coffee." Now as to schooling us about the work of this thing, coffee--we don't know how.

DB: They didn't school you well, uh?

Sr: Um. Who will school us well about producing coffee because it is not a tree that belongs to us.

DB: Yes, true. This kind of know-how does not come up from nothing, eh?

(Tape off/on)

DB: (in English to DB) I asked where they got money for luluai--ten shillings. Saripat says there was no good way, just selling sago around and about to all the Tigak Islands. (To Savemant and Saripat). All the Tigaks get this money to buy sago from coconuts.

Sr: Entirely coconuts.

DB: One thing I forgot before about the election. Some told me this thing cannot die because they promised to God--some.

MONEY  
FROM  
WHEFE

PROMISE  
TO  
GOD

Is this true in your place in Magam?

Sr: Just that, there's no talk, just that, it remains like that.

DB: Now among you all, too, here, too, Savemat? Do they all promise out loud...

Sv: Um.

DB: Or promise just in their thinking, in their "cores?"

Sv: Just the same as I've already said, at the time when the election finished in Ranmelek.

DB: This "Yes" (that they spoke)?

Sv: Yes. All right, we finished, came and met here, all who belonged to this place and one down, we came together here, sat down here

and held a meeting again. Asked everyone about this election--and one man, I think Silau...?

Sr: Silaumirigen.

Sv: Silaumirigen asked us altogether, "Suppose you altogether agree in this liking, then you and I altogether, our hands on top." All right, this: All of us came and put our hands up for this. This, all the time we refer to this, our hands up at this time. (Pause.)

DB: And at this time you all promised to God, too?

Sv: Um, just that, put our hands on top.

DB: That is the meaning of this.

Sv: Yes, that, they call it that.

DB: If you all put your hands on top, the meaning of it is that...

Sv: Arm goes on top, to (pause) to God here.

DB: To God.

Sv: Just that, always, suppose you hear them all talk just about--this time here.

Interview With Lapantukan

DB: Did they burn over the ground today, uh?

L: No. Before we burned it, now yesterday they planted.

DB: Yesterday they planted.

L: Some planted, and some cut the bush again. Now they cut down big trees.

DB: un.un.

DB: to tape recorder: Now, Lapantukan is Number Two (Vice-President) of Tutukuvul. He says that they cut ground that is new ground, not the kind that had food before, because it might bugger up a little, maybe it's not strong.

DB: (to Lapahtukan) I am putting what you say on this tape just because it is hard work to write it all.

L: I live on a little island (not in Kulingei proper, on the mainland of New Hanover).

DB: Oh yes, a little island--what is the name of it?

L: Palung.

DB: Palung. Oh yes, I know of it. What is your true place, the place of your mother?

L: My mother's place, Lungatan. But not truly Lungatan. In the past long ago, in the time of all our ancestors, the mother of my mother belonged to an island. Belonged to Selapiu. As was their fashion, they were all cross before.

PREPARING  
GROUND  
FOR T.I.A.  
COCONUTS

GENEALOGY  
AND  
HISTORY

DB: Over spears?

L: Cross over kumu<sup>176</sup>

DB: What kind?

L: One woman went to get kumu that belonged to someone. All right, they were cross then, she got up and came to Lungatan. Well, she stayed in Lungatan, then my grandmother gave birth to my mother. My mother was a good one (i.e., well, healthy) and later she gave birth to me. They came and bought her, and she came married to Kulengei; all right, gave birth to me in Kulengei. But I don't know well about all--I think another grandmather? or what? (Laughs.) Because they all belonged to days before, and I don't know well.

DB: And all the grandparents of your father belong where?

L: Belong at Kulengei.

DB: You grew up in the place of your father.

L: Yes.

DB: Now, what is your father's clan ("bird")?

L: Balus.

DB: Balus. And your own clan?

L: Ah, Kulingar. (Pidgen English term).

DB: Kulingar. That's Manilawa (in local language).

L: Yes.

DB: Now, at this time in your place did you hear the little talk of Bosmaras and everyone who came up to the Council, they all heard this talk of Bengebengerau, that plenty of men who go inside Tutukuvul think that America will come from this. Have you heard this talk at Kulingei?

L: No.

DB: No, eh? Does everyone still want America in your place?

L: No--everyone works, that' all. Later, if this thing comes up, they all will follow, that's all.

DB: I've gone to many places and I hear that plenty of men are afraid to go inside Tutukuvul because, like, this election, they all bugged up from it and went to jail and and whatever. Have you got some men who are a little afraid to go inside Tutukuvul?

L: In my place?

DB: Yes. Afraid about money.

L: Un, some people, there aren't many. Three, I think. But I know about these three men. Even before, I sang out about this work of the Council, and these three are three men who don't do as they are told.

DB: Nevermind whether it's the talks of the kiap, of the Council, of T.I.A.

L: Unnn (yes), that's all. Maski if they follow their wants, or their savvy. I think, maski, I'll let them be. Whatever kind of talk they shoot about me, I say it's nothing. A man who shoots me with this kind of talk, he doesn't understand. Then too, he gets me thinking, and I will hold work so I will see the results of my sweat. I don't talk back to them. I work strong. I look at everything, all the food, but I don't (just) look, I work hard, that's all. I can find food. I don't have money, I work hard, I will find money. I have no lap lap, I work hard, I find it. I don't (just) look, but I work. The same for Tutukuvul. I heard, I work. Something I haven't seen, but I work. I work.

DB: One thing I didn't know before, I didn't know you were Councillor before.

L: Unn (yes).

DB: During the time before the election were you Councillor?

L: Un. This thing of the kind about which they all called us

---

RISE  
OF  
ELECTION



crazy, it got up along with me.

DB: Un.

L: This election got up along with me.

DB: And you went inside it?

L: I went inside it, myself, I held my work in this part during this year, and at the same time with this election, I went inside it.

DB: Un.

L: I stood up for it. (He is speaking with interest and clarity.)  
I don't hide it.

DB: Umm.

L: Something I was with.

DB: Um.

L: I went to jail for it.

DB: Oh! How much time?

JAIL

L: (Thinking I meant how many times?) One time, that's all,  
I went to jail.

DB: One time, that's all. For how many months?

L: Six months.

DB: Um. The first time?

L: No. The first time, they sang out for us at Lulingei, along with a mission boy, and they came and hit us two, me and the mission boy.  
Hit us for nothing.

DB: What is the name of this mission boy?

L: Anunia.

DB: Anunia

L: Un, Pasingan.<sup>177</sup>

DB: Where is he from?

L: From--from--where--

ARREST  
AND  
POLICE  
BRUTALITY

DB: He doesn't stop with you any more?

L: Un, he has left.

DB: Now, who hit you two for nothing?

L: A policeman.

DB: And him, too, this mission boy Anunia, he went inside the election, right?

L: Un, both of us.

DB: He hit you for nothing the first time they came to get everyone for taxes?

L: Unn. All right, they all reported us two (unclear, as he speaks fast and with excitement), they came and knocked at our house, we had come to sleep--

DB: Where?

L: This, here. They got up with these pieces of wood they all hold, they hit us two.

DB: Oh!

L: But this kind of stick they all hit us two with, we two felt no pain. It was like nothing.

DB: Really!

L: Un (laughs a litte). At this time, we all, we stood up close to something, big pain or big work that they all gave us, we...

DB: You all were strong about ...

L: We were strong about this. Nevermind if we had blood, but we didn't feel pain.

D: Un.

L: This thing, it was like nothing. They gave us something that

wasn't sharp, for us to cut wood with--we cut with this ax that wasn't sharp, it was like nothing. Sickle too--they hadn't hit them well, they gave them to us, it had no teeth in it. we cut with it, everything.

DB: Um.

L: At this time, we believed truly that God was helping us with this kind of work we were getting up.

GOD  
HELPS

DB: Yes. Now I am very sorry, I hear this kind of talk about this time and I'm very sorry, Lapantukan. Now at this time of the election you all were strong and you believed that God was helping you with this?

L: Un.

DB: God helped you.

L: Yes, yes. Now I felt my strength, and my belief and I saw them.

DB: You all no longer believe still that God helps you?

L: I believe now that God helps me--now. In this work I hold, and with this thing, I believe yet that God can help me, and show me about this thing.

DB: I just look at you all working very strong in Tutukuvul, and I think plenty of men think God stands up along with you in Tutukuvul, right?

L: Un.

DB: All these men in your place that go inside Tutukuvul, do they work strong now?

L: They all work strong.

DB: I look at all the work and I am really happy--I see all the trees fall down, and the smoke going up over the place--oh, they work very hard!

L: Unn. All right, the second time they sang out for us (to pay taxes)...

TAXES

DB: The first time did you buy taxes?

L: No, they hit me.

DB: Why didn't they ask you for taxes?

L: They hit me for nothing. All right the second time they sang out for us, I thought very hard about my people. I do not like to have my people all go and suffer and me, I stay out of jail.

PAIN

DB: Ah.

L: That's not all right, according to my thinking. According to my likes, it's like this, I like the people to have pain along with met yet, I pain.

DB: You must go at one time.

L: Un.

COUNCILLOR  
SHOULD GO  
TO JAIL WITH  
HIS PEOPLE

DB: Paulos of Ungat said the same thing to me.

L: All right, the second time they sang out for us, I haven't got the money. All right, this big kiap here, Mr. Benhem--

DB: Mr. Benhem, yes--

L: He has money. (He said) "It's all right", and I said, "What about my people?"

DB: Yes, yes.

L: My people go and stop, and my people come back. That now. I said thus to him: "It is not all right with me."

DB: For Mr. Benhem to buy tax for you alone, and all the people stay in jail.

L: That now, I asked some man. And he got up and he said: "You, you, you, I mean, are Councillor of all." And I got up and I said: "It's true, I am Councillor, and who is it that put me (in as Councillor)?"

DB: Yes.

L: "All the people themselves put me. All these men (who will go to) jail, all these men put me. Now later suppose I go back to the place and I go (sound) my bell (gong), now who is it that will hear?" Then the people all got up.

DB: Yes, good talk.

L: They all went to jail, they all came back. All right they stopped, stopped, stopped--the third time now. The policeman came, the policeman of the Council.<sup>178</sup>

DB: The second time you did not go to jail.

L. Unn.

DB: All right, go on.

L: No.3 now. No.3 now. --police came and sang out for me. I said to him: "You go tell the kiap: I have big shame now. All my people go to jail, and me, I stop. Now, at this time, I want to go to jail along with my people. According to my thinking, it is absolutely all right in every way for me to go along with the people to jail, along with my people." The policeman got up and said: "It's all right, we will go together and you talk to the kiap." I said to him: "You are a policeman for the kiaps, the kiaps at Taskul. Now me, I am the kiap in this place, in my place. They all put me, I am kiap here. Now you are a policeman, a policeman for two kiaps. You heard something from a kiap, you come and tell me, another kiap. Suppose I want something, I am a kiap. Me, I tell you, you go tell another kiap. (We both laugh.)

DB: Oh good! Did he listen to you?

L: He listened to me. He went. All right the kiap wrote a letter that came to me. They came and gave me the letter in the afternoon.

It said: "Tomorrow morning you come to me at 8 o'clock in the office."

DB: What kiap?

L: Ahh (hesitates). I think just him, Master Bob.

DB: Bob, ah.

L: All right I looked at the letter. Then I said to the policeman: "Tomorrow I will not come up to the kiap in the office--at 8 o'clock, I truly will not come up to the office to the kiap. I have already told him I am very much ashamed before all my people. I have not changed my thinking--my thinking remains the same, I will go to jail along with my people."

DB: At this time were you Councillor still?

L: Unn, I was Councillor.

DB: Who is Councillor today?

L: Me. All right, we stopped, we slept, we got up in the morning, we stopped. On Tuesday, they sang out for us for not doing as we were told. All right, on Wednesday we stopped, stopped. All right, sun went down, dark, we slept. Got up on Thursday morning--they sent an order, three "black hats" on the road, now one "black hat" ran along in a speedboat. They arrived and gave a letter to me.

DB: What's a "black hat"?

L: Policeman. They all brought a letter to me. I said: "You go first. I will go along the road. You go on the speedboat." (Laughs big.) I fooled them all (he laughs). All right, they all came back.. They ran here on the speedboat on Thursday. They came and stopped. They waited, waited, waited, the sun went down. Me, I stayed. In the afternoon, they came up, I said to them: "Now, according to my thinking, and according to my wishes, it's all right that we all should go to jail. I have nothing to say. It is my wish that I go along with you to jail. Because we

have disobeyed orders, we have not got power (half-whispered). It's like that, that's all. It's all right, My skin feels no pain." I told all the people all this, and they all said, "All right. You boss us, suppose you say something we can listen." All right, we slept, got up now on Friday, they sent a clerk to come to us. The clerk came up. I told the clerk, George Tompul, that we were going to work for money for the government, But I just made that up. All right, we got up now in the morning, on Friday, we came, came up to the office here, the office that was here before, Tombul sat down in it. We came and waited and waited and waited--Master Bob along with us, another Council kiap (has to think)--Master Spencer, the two came and "Good Morninged" to me. "Good morning to you both!" (Laughs.) All right, the two waited and waited and waited and waited all right, the two called for me now. They called for me to go on top. Called for all (Kulingei people), lined us up, counted us. All right, then they called me up alone: "What, you have no money?" (Lapantukan changed his voice to dramatise the dialogue that followed.)

"What! You think I voted for you that I should give you money? You cannot think my vote went to you and I will give you money. Now the election went where? The election went to U.S.A., to America."

"Ah, you think America, is coming?"

"Yes, I think America is coming."

"True?"

"I know American is coming to me."

That's what I said, I did not hide it in front of the kiaps. I told them straight: "America is coming up."

"You know what time it is coming up?"

"I don't know about time, but I know, America is coming up."

"True? You know what time, you know what month?"

"I don't know about time, I don't know about the month, but I know America is coming up to me."

I worked it like this, again and again! (He tells with some excitement and laughter.)

"All right, do you know what kind of ways they will have with you all? You like America."

"You already know, kiap. Plenty of times I have told you already. This isn't the time for court. I just want jail." (Laughs.)

DB: Good you are strong about your thinking.

L: (imitating kiaps response to him) What!

"I want jail, that's all, I don't like plenty of talk, because I don't know my people pain, and me, I stop. I want to suffer along with my people. According to our thinking and our wishes."

He sent everyone out. They went down. He called one person:

"Do you have money for taxes?"

"I don't have money."

The same, called one (at a time) the same, the same, the same, all have no money.

All right, in the afternoon, we talked more. We had court. We went and stopped waited and waited and waited--afternoon, waited for them--on and on, I think up to half past 4. They called me now. I went on top to the office, I went and stood up. Two sat down.

"All your people sleep in the jail house."

I stood up. I didn't look at the two, I just stood up.

"Huh?"



"All your people sleep in the jail house, and tomorrow finish your court."

"What is this?! (laughs) (Imitating them): All your people sleep in the jail house." Me, I am boss. I am boss for my people, and I boss my ground, and all the trees inside on my ground, me, I boss them. You two boss, no. I boss all my people, and all my ground, inside my ground. Now I want, according to my thinking and my likes, all the people to go back and sleep in the place (village). Tomorrow they all will come."

The two sit down.

"We want you to sleep in the jail house."

"I told you a long time ago--I want the people to go back to their place.<sup>179</sup> You look, my place is not a long way. Just close. They go sleep, tomorrow they come up here. Rest, sleep in their place, get food. They have not eaten. All this little food you gave us at noon, it was already strong, already dry, they couldn't eat it. They cooked it and threw it away."

DB: What did they give you to eat?

L: Tapiok. The two sat down now after I talked about food. The two sat down, sat down. The two went first then--Mr. Bob went first:

"You all go sleep in your place. And tomorrow you come up."

All right, they got up then, they all left. All right, I stood up. The two came back to the office. I said:

"I will go sleep in the jail house."

DB: You alone?

L: Unn.

DB: You said what then?

L: I had nothing to say to the two, I stood up, that's all.

JAIL  
ALONE

I stood up, stood up, stood up. Then they said:

"You will go sleep in the jail house."

"It's all right, it's a good thing."

I said, "All right, that's all."

Now when I still remained in my place, I said:

"My skin has completely gone inside to pain. I want my skin to pain along with my people. That is what I want. Because me, I am boss. Suppose I pain, all woman pain--suppose men pain me, too, I pain."

All right, I got up now. I took off this something of mine (Council badge), I shot it at the two.

DB: True!

L: Unn. (Laughs).

"This thing, I didn't buy it with my money. This thing, you all gave it to me for nothing. Now all the people themselves gave it to me. It wasn't you all. You all gave it to me but the people put it on me so that I would boss everyone. In this way me, I am the government of all. Now you jail me--it's all right, it goes back to you all. I throw it away." (trying to shame them--a typical New Hanover thing.) All right, I went down. I turned around, I came back again to the two. I said:

"Hey, you two! It's no good for me to sleep in my own lap lap. I want a red lap lap."

(We both laugh.)

"What!"

"I want a red lap lap to sleep in this house in. Because the red lap lap is the mark of this house. It is not marked by this lap lap I wear--it's no good for me to sleep in my lap lap in this house."

The two disregarded my talk. "It's all right."

I went down.

NO  
RED  
LAP LAP

DB: Now, did they give you the red lap lap?

L: No. I went down. I went to eat then. Nighttime. I went on top into the house, I went to sleep. (Laughs.)

DB: All right--you went to sleep in the jail, and what?

L: I went to sleep in the jail. Kept sleeping up until 5 o'clock in the morning. Bob came down then, came and got me from the jail house. Came and got me, go down to the bridge, got into a speedboat, we go to Kavieng.

DB: To Kavieng!

L: Unn. Now all my people, they didn't know. They thought I stopped there. They came now in the morning--sorry, I want too much to cry about this thing that I am telling about. (He give a short laugh, though he is moved nearly to tears.) They all came, they all came and heard then. Everyone, they came, they all cried. All right now, my wife, ahh, she turned back she cried as she went to our place.

"Let it be now, there's nothing more. Suppose we all go to jail, there won't be another wrong, that's all."

All right, they all came now, all stayed in jail. And me, I didn't know.

DB: You were in Kavieng.

L: I was in Kavieng, I didn't know that they were all in jail here. Me, I was in jail in Kavieng.

DB: You were in jail in Kavieng!

L: Unn.

DB: Oh! Why did they bring you to Kavieng. I think they didn't want you to stay with all the people.

L: Un , no good I give talk to them all, they all said I gave strength to all. Because every day they all reported me, every day they all reported me. In this year, the reports came just about me, report, that's all came up about me.

DB: Reports from all who voted in the box.

L: Un.

DB: Who reported you?

L: Tito, he's one. And Borau--from my place.

DB: The two did not stand up along with America, huh?

L: Un (thinking). Now who. (Thinks.) Plenty of men.

DB: Reported to Bob?

L: Yes, to Bob. Plenty of things, but I wasn't afraid. At this time, I didn't feel afraid or anything. No, not at all, true. Strength, that's all, was with us. Just strength was standing up. Maski, they all do whatever to us. we don't feel all these things. Strength, that's all, was standing up. We prayed, that's all, all the time.

DB: In the village too, did they all pray?

L: Unn. Oh! This time was not a good time for us. It's like (pause)--we sat down together and cried, that's all.

BAD  
TIME

DB: Did the mission boy pray along with you?

L: Unn. (Pause.)

DB: Now suppose you all pray to God, what would you pray for, that He would help you with what?

L: That He should help us in this election of ours.

DB: That America will come.

L: Unn.

DB: Another thing you prayed for?

L: That he should help us with this kind of thing--that the police come up to us with.

DB: Oh, help you skin so you can stand up strong--all the policemen hit you all? Or did they make fun of you, or what?

POLICE  
RIDICULE

L: They all said I was Councillor of America--ah, I was President of America. Oh, all kinds of talk, oh...

DB: You cried at this time. Work was too hard.

L: What could I say? The "black hats" truly...They all said Johnson will come along with cargo for us.

DB: Who said?

L: Them, all the police.

DB: They just made fun, that's all.

POLICE  
BRUTALITY

L: Unn, made fun of us. The police, they kicked as ass of some, they hit the ass of some, they said, "Him, Johnson comes in a plane here, he will come to you all, he comes to help you with your work." All kinds of talk, all kinds of talk.

DB: At this time were there some men who believed by and by America would come, or is that just ridicule--believe America would come along with cargo? Were there some men who believed cargo would come free? Was this talk just making fun?

L: (Pause) Un.

DB: Just making fun?

L: Un, making fun, that's all, of us.

DB: There wan't one person who believed? Just one?

L: No, we know, it was like making fun of us.

AMERICA  
AND  
CARGO

DB: Another bit of talk I have heard: by and by the ancestors who have died make cargo and will bring it to you all. This bit of talk, is there someone who believes it? Or is it just ridicule?

ANCESTORS  
AND  
CARGO

L: (Pause)--Here? Un, I have heard it too, from some, they got this bit of talk and they say it's all right. I (am one who) hears it, that's all.

DB: Do you believe this talk?

L: (Nervous Laugh.) Do I believe it?

DB: Yes, you alone, do you believe in this talk, that the ancestors will bring you cargo? Do you believe a little?<sup>180</sup>

L: Un (talks slowly), I believe a little. I haven't got anything to hide from you.

DB: No, don't hide it from me.

L: (Matter-of-factly) I heard this thing and I believe a little in it.

DB: Saripat, he said this belief stopped with all your ancestors, too. It's not a new belief, saripa told me.

L: I heard this thing, and I believe a little in it.

DB: Who gave you first this bit of talk?

L: (Very quite) I have forgotten.

DB: When you were a little child, did you hear it?

L: No, no.

DB: It came to your ear now, that's all.

L: Unn (enthusiastic now), now, that's all, it came up--from this work of ours that we've done.<sup>181</sup> But long before yet, I didn't hear it. It's like new talk, yes. (Pause)

DB: You all believe very strongly that America will come, right?

L: We believe strongly yet. Because our liking remains. The liking remains the same. But we don't bring it up around and about, it's something that is inside us.

WHY  
WANT  
AMERICA

DB: I understand--um--good. I want to ask you just one little thing: why do you all want America to come? I want to understand well about this thing.

L: We want--it's like this: Ah, the lap laps we put on are already old with us. All right, we want to throw them away, get new lap laps. It the same with this. We know already about all the ways of Australia because they have already held us. Australia. We know about absolutely everything. We know already about them. About the mission, and about the government, and about all the businesses they give to us, we know already about them. Now they make us pain for nothing--it's as though we just do all the hard work and there's no fruit from it that we hold. All the fruit belongs to all of them, that's all. We are like rubbish, we sit down like pigs around and about, we are like dogs, we are like cattle, we just pull the paddies, that's all.<sup>182</sup> All the big work, we hold it, and we hold it for all of them, that's all. There, this thing--and there are plenty of things. We look. All right, now we don't know about this kind of thinking that came up among us. Who put this thinking (in us)? This thinking, it--that is, we shook hard when that it came up in our bellies. (He hesitates over the sentence, as though not sure how to say it.) We don't know, I think it's time has come or...we don't know about this.

DB: You all think who put it...

L: (Talking very fast) According to our thinking, I think God himself put it. We believe like that, that itself. Because we shook (like everything) when it came up in our bellies. Everything that you see, we pulled the paddle. All right, we want something new for us.

DB: Why does your thinking go to America, it does not go to Germany, or to England, it goes just to America.

L: It goes just to America. It does not go to another country. To America, that's all.

DB: Is there a reason for this?

L: I think there is a reason for it?

DB: But you don't know if it? You know of it?

L: I think.

DB: What: You give me your thinking.

L: I think I know, I know or I don't know? If I know. My thinking is like this: our hearts go to America. Our hearts do not go to Germany--our hearts go to America, that's all.

DB: Have you seen some American, Lapantukan?

L: I haven't seen them.

DB: You did not go on top to Patebung, huh.

L: Unn, I did not go on top to Patebung, I didn't see them, I just stopped in Kulungei. I just heard the story that came up to me.

DB: What kind of story reached you about the ways of the Americans--good or no good?

L: I heard a story like this: Suppose all old men, they go on top among the all, they came up to them they got them all and gave them all food.

DB: All old men.

SOURCE  
OF  
IDEA

AMERICAN  
WAYS



L: All old men. They were all too sorry for old men.  
Their pay, it wasn't little. Suppose a man worked for them, big pay.

DB: Did you year anything else?

L: No.

DB: I think during the time of the war plenty of men stopped  
together with all (the Americans) in Emira and Buka.

L: There were plenty of men.

DB: At this time were there stories that came up about the ways of  
the Americans?

L: There were.

DB: What did they say of their ways?

L: Good ways. They said: suppose there were something new they  
wanted to eat now--they ate of it, then it went into the rubbish. Another  
something would come up. Everyone (New Hanoverians) rested together with  
Americans and they told me about this thing. Now they used to throw away some  
part of it, and all Australia...

DB: They came and got it!

L: Some of us saw this and they came and told us the story because  
they all stopped together with them. On many nights, they used to go to the  
rubbish of America (Pause).

DB: What is another story you heard at this time?

L: (Laughs)--That's all, I heard this story.

DB: Were the Americans good to all the natives at this time?

L: (Whispers)--Good. They all said: "You are all the same skin  
with us." The Americans said that.

DB: "You are all one skin" with the American. Did some black skins

of America come to this part at that time, did they say?

L: They all came together. Everyone saw them during the time of the war. They came and told me. They stop (are alive), some of them. (Pause)

Lapantukan

DB: One thing more I want to ask you, Lapantukan, about this man Yangalissmat. I went to Narimlawā to see his wife. I have heard stories about him, that he, yet, got up this talk of America at the YANGALISSMAT time of the war. Is that true or not true? (Pause) I think you were young at this time, very young, eh? (Pause) But you, yet, you have heard, eh?

L: I heard this talk about Yangalissmat (Pause)

DB: I haven't found a man who knows well about Yangalissmat. Did you talk together with him at this time, or were you too young?

L: No, I didn't stop together with him.

DB: Un, you don't know well about his thinking.

L: (Mumbling) Because at this time he was cross, too, with me at the time (hesitates) I was a young fellow.

DB: Peter was cross with you?

L: Um.

DB: Why?

L: (Mumbles, Laughs) That's another story.

DB: There was stealing women around and about.

L: Oh, his own wife yet...I got her from him--now he was cross with me because I stole her from him.

DB: Now Yangalissmat was cross.

L: Un. All right...

DB: Yangalissmat--yes, go on --

L: At this time now I didn't used to stop together with him because I had this anger with him.

DB: Un. But before were you two friends or not?

L: No.

DB: You weren't friends. Now--I asked Ainaailik about all these women who lived together with Yangalissmat. But one thing I forgot to ask her and I want to ask you. I think you don't know or what. Some of the women that Yangalissmat attracted, is it true that he "pulled" them from other men? Did he pull all young women that's all, or did he pull some women that belonged to another man?

L: Ah (long pause)--unn, I heard that, too, he used to pull women that belonged to some man. I don't know well.

DB: I will ask a man who stops more close.

L: Un.

DB: Now one thing more. You said that everyone made fun of you all about putting a day and month that America will come. I think you all no more believe about this putting a day, right? Is that straight or not straight?

L: About putting a day, un?

DB: Unn.

L: No.

DB: You, alone, you did not believe.

L: Un, but I was surprised about Oliver--because he has no wireless that he could hear everything.

AMERICA:  
WHAT  
DAY?

DB: This belief came up from nothing, un?

OLIVER

L: The belief came up from nothing. Me, I said: "I don't like to hear about the day--because I don't have a wireless. But according to my thinking (he is speaking with enthusiasm again) and to my belief, like --

DB: It stands, that's all.

L: Yes.

DB: Now this man, Oliver of Tsoi, during one year he put the day on 25 and the month in January--did you hear this talk?

L: I heard.

DB: And did you believe?

L: No. I said he has no wireless.

DB: Lies, un?

L. Un.

DB: Talk without basis. It's not lies, I think it's just talk. Talk that has no savvy, that's all, right?

L: But according to my own thinking, I heard this talk, and in my own mind I said: "I don't like to hear this kind of thing like this, because he is a man just like me--he has not got a wireless."

DB: He's a man just like you and he has not got a wireless, un.

L: Un. But I want it (America) to come up still following my belief which remains inside me. I want for me to see, yet, with my own eyes. Now maski, me myself, I work just the same. According to my belief. This belief (about the day) came up from nothing in his mind.

DB: Now--you told me--about Tutukuvul, all the men don't think any more about America--along this road. Do some men think America will come up along this road with Tutukuvul?

L: (Pause)--Un, some.

AMERICA  
AND  
T.I.A.

DB: Now you alone, have you a little hope?

L: Me? Er, ah, I think like this: according to my own beliefs--  
I haven't talked to one man--I haven't talked to anyone.

DB: Remains inside you, that's all.

L: Inside me, that's all. My liked stop in my own heart.

DB: Yes.

L: I hide them in my heart.

DB: Hum.

L: It's something that belongs to the heart.

DB: I understnad--hm--you can't talk around and about to all.

L: I can't talk around and about--because I know already about  
(pause) this place.

DB: Now--you believe that the place will get up a little with  
Tutukuvul?

L: I believe the place will get up a little with Tutukuvul.

DB: I think so.

L: I want it to be strong and to (pause) run with this Tutukuvul

DB: True. I think you will be a good vice-president here, Lapantukan.  
All right, I truly thank you.

(Tape off, then on again)

DB: In your place, in Kulingei, you all know this sing from before  
that they call Maras? They put men inside a fence and later he comes out MARAS  
moratipitip? Now they look strong...there is something that hides inside  
this little house, they make it from the bones of a man. (Pause) Makios of  
Patekone told me about this.

L: Everyone in the place, they all know about it.

DB: Everyone knows about Maras. All in New Hanover, all around the island, do they all know about Maras?

L: I think in another place, and in another place no, or I don't know.

DB: Do you know how to work it in Kulingei?

L: No, we didn't work it in Kulingei. But another kind of song in Kulingei.

DB: What is the name of some of the songs you have?

L: Among us--this kind of song, there is no man who works them. They call...all who have died yet, they work this kind of song. Now a man sleeps and he works this thing.

DB: Ah--sees these men who have died work it.

L: Un.

DB: What is the name of it?

L: Lam.

DB: Lam. Now--they say that all men who have died work it?

L: Um.

DB: You all are able to look at this?

L: Unn--now--a man sleeps--now he looks at this kind of song and dance ll men who have died perform.

DB: Um.

L: All right, he holds it fast (remembers it carefully)--he holds it fast, all the little works of it (all its little details)--and its song--now later, he comes and sings it now, teaches all men about it.

DB: All the men who have died teach all the men who stop yet, un?

L: Just one man. He sleeps.

OTHER  
SONGS  
AND  
DANCES

CREATED  
BY DEAD,  
SEEN IN  
DREAMS

DB: One man.

L: Um. But he dreams in the night.

DB: Dreams.

L: Un.

DB: He dreams about this singsing.

L: Un.

DB: No he looks--in his area, he sees all men singing and dancing.

L: Un. Al right, he gets up now, he works this thing, this song  
and dance.

DB: Ah.

L: He shows all.

DB: Shows all.

L: Un.

DB: Lam.

L: Un.

DB: This sing has what--has it got decoration, has it got spear,  
or what?

L: No, it hasn't got spear--but it has got one kind of flower here.

DB: Flower. What is it's name?

L: Some, we call it aring.

DB: Aring. Have you stood up in Lam?

L: I have already stood up in it.

DB: You have stood up how many times?

L: Ah...

DB: One or plenty?

L: Plenty of times.

DB: Plenty of time. Suppose it's the time for Wartabar, do you perform it?

L: Wartabar?

DB: Un.

L: We perform it at Wartabar.

DB: Now, ah, have you got another sing straight from your place in Kulingei?

L: (Pause)--It's got plenty of singsings.

DB: Plenty of singsings. Have you worked this susuk?

L: No. That's for hard work.

DB: All right.

(Tape off. Then on)

DB to microphone in English: Kulingei is planting on black ground. There is a kind of red ground, Lapantukan tells, with little stones in--if you plant food in it, it comes up OK at first but then it buggers up. But food comes up all right on this black ground, so he expects coconuts will.

GOOD  
GROUND



Interview With Bosap<sup>183</sup>

(Excerpts)

DB: Did you work in Emira?

B: I worked in Emira a little, I went to Buka, I came back  
 . . . along with my kantire you've heard talk of.

DB: Who is that?

B: Yangalissmat.

DB: Were you working with him in Buka?

B: No, I saw him put in jail in Buka.

DB: You saw him in Buka?

B: They brought him to court, and I stayed with him. All right, they jailed him, they pulled him onto a boat, they got him on a boat they called Dora. This man who was captain of it, I've forgotten his name. A fellow from of New Zealand. . . .

DB: You tell me the story: why did they jail Yangalissmat, do you know?

B: All right, the story of the work of Peter--Yangalissmat--  
 one thing: he liked America. Number two thing, he used to marry  
 around and about. He didn't pull women (from other men)--because  
 this man, he was another kind of man (he was something else). His  
 skin (body)--suppose he talked to a woman, right away this woman  
 wanted him. Now one thing, too, what he liked, he really liked  
 women because--that's what he liked. This thing, women, this is  
 what he liked. He didn't pull women.

PETER  
YANGALISSMAT

DB: He just stood up and the women came to him.

B: He knew how to talk, and he knew how to sing over all those things of the ancestors.

DB: Oh, he knew how to sing to pull women.

B: Nounem. (You bet.) But this thing, he learned from my own father.

DB: Oh, your father knew how, too. (Much laughter, including from Bosap.) Did he teach you, too?

B: No. Because I was his child, and he gave it to his bisnis (clan). That is the way of all us kanaka. If I have a child, I can't give something to my child.

DB: Just give to kantire (clansmen), tipasig (sister's son).

B: Unn, tipasig, maski about kagnat (son). Because, he is not of my clan.

DB: Must go to clansmen.

B: Unn. . . .

DB: All right, go on now. Two things, Peter liked, America and women. One thing I asked Isaac yesterday: did he just pull young women, new women, or did he pull women who already had men?

B: And he (Isaac) said what?

DB: He didn't know. He asked Boas, and Boas said: both, new women and women who already had men, them too.

B: He spoke the truth.

DB: Yes, Mr. White told me that Yangalimat was a really good man, but he had plenty of trouble with women all the time.

B: The master told you he was a good man, had a good head, good savvy, but one thing, about his likes, he liked women, that's all. Suppose he came up to Lungatan and he came to sleep here, he would get a woman in Patekone. Suppose he came up to Magum, he got a woman in Magum. (We are all laughing.) But at the time he bossed us, at this time when things were no good, during the time of the fighting,

he pulled two sisters, one mother of the two, now this was something that was big in court.

DB: Is that a big law of yours?

B: Un.

DB: Is it wrong in our law or yours?

B: No. It is not wrong among us. He was just wrong about this thing that they worked like this: all men, all the luluai of the place, there was no Council yet, there was--all right, all together they all put the talk to him to make to come up this, all liked America.

DB: At the time of the luluai.

B: Unn, this thing came up, later it came up in court, all men all together, they put it to go on Peter, he was just one who liked (America). All right, they jailed him then.

DB But all the luluai, they too liked America?

B: They themselves liked it.

DB: And all men who were nothing (not luluai) or some other official too.

B: All men who were nothing, too, they liked this thinking.

DB: And did they all used to sit down and "grease" about this thing?

B: It was like this. He (Peter) was a "gold medal" of the army, a . . . (he is trying to say "sergeant").

DB: . . . sergeant, a big man in the army.

B: He walked around among us, and he used to ask all the luluai (what they thought), and send their talk.

DB: But all ordinary men, like you, you too used to talk about America?

B: No, I worked on the islands, I didn't know.

DB: Oh, all big men, that's all.

B: All big men, but all men of the village, too.

DB: Who reported on Yangalimat?

B: Akule and another. Two soldiers. Akule is from near Baungung, and was second in command to Peter. He names others from other villages. Gapi, who was "white hat" (Paramount Luluai) of Lavongai.

DB? Gapi brought him to court. Isaac said, after the war Yangalimat and Gapi went around to all men and asked for money for miss from all to pay rent on the ground. Have you heard this story?

PETER,  
GAPI

B: (Very soft) I didn't hear it.

DB: All right, go on. Was Gapi a soldier at this time, too?

B: No, he got a ship of Japan first. He was pulling to Tingwon in a canoe, all right he found a ship of Japan for policing us in Lavongai. All right, they stopped this ship, and they sang out to Gapi. All right, they saw his skin and his number, number-one luluai, and they got him, and they all went to Tingwon, and then studied from all. All right, later, then, he came on top, and Gapi brought (word for "to broom," sweep up, gather) all the people who came to the place. By and by he got some of my brothers who showed me about sitting down good, and then the fight came up. Gapi, he got a name, too, for finding this thing--he had rifle, he had cartridge, all the things of a soldier stopped with me, too.

DB: Did Japan give them?

B: No.

DB: America.

B: America.

DB: And Australia?

B: Australia, too.

This master, they called him Master Bell,<sup>184</sup> he was captain of this ship. We two (Gapi and Bosap) were here when Master Bell came up. Master Bell knew Peter Yanglismat. He was his cook when he looked after a plantation. All right, he sent the talk, came and got Yangalismat, went and gave him a rifle, gave him cartridge, he gave him all the things, and he said: "You broom all of your people and you bring them to one place, and talk good to them all. I want to get up now." All right, Yangalismat came back, he put out the talk, he "broomed" all the people that already stopped in the bush like wild pigs, like wild dogs. We came back, stayed back in (our) places. Came and cleaned the place, fixed up our houses--the fight came up then. All right, Gapi, Yangalismat, the two, like, held the place then. The two were boss then here. All right, we walked in the middle, between the two. The two got all the things, and came and brought them to the place, and they came behind. All right, Gapi saw that the fashion of Peter was another kind, with regard to making trouble around and about with all the women.

DB: And Gapi didn't have this (trouble), huh?

B: Unn. Because Peter had plenty of things at this time that people needed: tobacco, laplap, all kinds of things. All right, he got plenty from his master because he was number one among us. He would get a woman, "grease" with her; he would come up to a place, grease with a woman, give her tobacco, something would happen. All right, trouble now. All right, then he married two women, just one mother of the two. This thing, they didn't like to report Peter. Peter still walked about. Now one thing, like this: People didn't like Peter to be number one for us because he had got into plenty of trouble over women. They wanted one good man to carry this work. All right, Peter worked

along with us, on and on, all right, this thing started with him. Peter didn't start this thing (wanting America), it was the people of the place here who asked Peter: "Why don't we want all these men to come boss us?"

DB: All America, eh?

B: Unn. Because they came up and saved us with a good life. They (Japan) had pulled us to a no-good place; all right, when they (America) came, we stayed in our place.

DB: All ordinary men used to ask?

B: Along with all luluai. All right, Peter said: "The thinking of all." All right, he went and made it happen. All right, the kiap of ANGAU<sup>185</sup> heard this, and said: "Better go to court."

DB: The kiap of ANGAU?

B: Yes. All right, they all said Peter was crazy, his head was full of pek pek,<sup>186</sup> his head was crazy. They fastened him with rope, they jailed him, he went to Buka. That, that's all.

DB: No! They fastened him where?

B: In Kalasau. We two stayed there, they put him in court in front of the sun. He stood up like this (where I am), the kiap stood up like you (where you are), one policeman put a bayonet to his breast, this one who stopped at the side put his bayonet here, one stood up here and put his bayonet here, one stood up behind him, he put his bayonet--and him, he stood up in the middle and they held court.

DB: Oh, no, they held in in "court" with bayonets.

B: Yes, during the time of the fighting (he speaks urgently) it wasn't a good time that they held him in court. Me, I stood up, I was his "second." His brother was there, too. His number-one brother, he wanted that the two should go back. Because, at this time, they all talked like this: if he didn't win the court case, they would cut his

neck. For liking America. That, that's all. Now this thing, Dorothy, they all tell you about this man that he liked women all the time, one thing: he was rich with what we ourselves had need of during the time of the fight. We weren't able to get anything. All right, the woman herself wanted, she wanted something from Peter, he brought this thing, later he brought it: then this thing happened. The woman wanted it herself. It was not Peter's wrong. Peter didn't do anything wrong.

DB: Peter didn't do anything wrong.

B: Peter didn't do anything wrong, the woman herself wanted it.

DB: The woman wanted it.

B: If it were Peter's wrong, he would have fastened the woman, fastened her with rope. But it was what the woman wanted.

DB: The woman's wishes, she wasn't forced with anything.

B: She needed something, and asked Peter for this thing. That, that's all. The second thing, they all brought together all the talk against him. With regard to stealing women, I ask the law: if I steal, I fasten this woman and hold her fast. But the woman wanted it. All right, now they all get up and they say: "He likes America to come boss us, and he makes fun of us." There now! This bit of talk they brought with nothing (no evidence), it did not come up from Peter's mouth. All right, Peter got up and he said: "During the time I have worked at the work of the soldier, it has been the wishes of the people of the place themselves, and of all the luluai, that by and by this country should help us; because it sang out for us in the bush. In a little time we would have died altogether, and now we come and sit down well, and they themselves fight, and we like them. All right, they all see this fashion and they like it. Now we, all together, like

America. But they are all afraid of court, and they all put it on me. I think it would be better if I go to jail. This is something for jail." All right, they all said: "You bloody snake-head (in vicious tone of voice), "crazy, you must go to Buka, you work with cargo till you die!"

DB: Do you know the kiap who sent him? His name?

B: No.

DB: All kiaps of war time?

B: Yes, all kiaps of war time, that's all.

DB: Did you follow him to Buka?

B: He went to Buka, and me, I stayed then. They got the musket from my hand, they took off the cartridges from my body, they went back. All right me, I came and stayed here. They took everything belonging to a soldier from my body; and me, I stopped in the big house where I had worked along with Peter. All right, we, plenty of men, came and stopped and did nothing in our places. Later I was surprised when they sent a book, and there was my number, and there was my name, and there was money for me from this time. . . .

DB: Peter stayed how long in Buka?

B: I think about one and one-half years. He didn't go to the jail, he carried cargo, that's all. He was a cargo boy for all the soldiers. In Buka.

DB: When the fight was over, what--were you staying here?

B: When the fight was over I was staying here. We stopped in our place, and talk came from Taskul that all of us should study who we would like among all the masters who came. They will boss us at the time of the election. Now we would like what master, or what man, we should call him at the time of the election. Now, the kiap

ELECTION  
PREPARATION



who brought this talk, his name is Master Spencer. All right, they called one Mr. Smith, and two more whose names I've forgotten. All right, now he brought this talk, and we came and we learned this thing. All right, they all knew that some of us have got good savvy, and he told all of us to teach all the women, all who don't know how to read, and all who don't know how to write, teach them about this. Time passed, and there were about two weeks that we schooled about this thing.

DB: Two weeks with Mr. Spencer?

B: No, two weeks for us kanaka to school about this.

DB: Did you go to Taskul?

B: No, we came and got the talk just from all the Councillors. . . . We school for two, now make it three (weeks), the election came up. We all tried hard about this thing because it was hard work for those that don't understand well. All right, talk like this came up: suppose a woman or a man doesn't understand well about this, he will "buy" this because he doesn't understand well about it. (He means pay a fine.)

DB: Buy it! From whom, the kiap?

B: No, the meaning of the election, they wanted to get up the thinking of a man so that he will savvy quick about this thing.

DB: They wanted to make you afraid?

B: Yes. All right, we were strong about it now, it came up, all right, make it three weeks something, on Thursday, we closed this thing. All right, on Friday, a message came from Nusawung, from Bosmailik. . . . He wrote a letter, just on Friday, just one night's sleep and then tomorrow morning, time for the election. Saturday, we were to have the election. All right, this letter came. It got up

in Nusawung, and went just up to Lungatan. From Nusawung to Lungatan.

DB: Bosmailik wrote it, and it came to whom? (He thinks I said came with whom.)

B: He sent it with his brother.

DB: Who?

B: Pengai.

DB: Oh, I know Pengai!

B: All right, this letter, Pengai came and brought it to Magam.

DB: To whom in Magam?

B: To the committee of Magam.

DB: Who's that?

B: I don't know his name. The letter came to Lungatan. Me, I didn't stop in the village of the Council, I stopped in that piece of bush--I told you, Dorothy, about it.

DB: Who got the letter in Lungatan?

B: Unias. Ukal is another name of his.

DB: Is he committee or luluai or brother or . . .

B: No, he kantire of--he's just one young man, that's all.

All right, he read this letter, and he was very happy about its thinking.

DB: This letter said what?

B: It said: I want us, in the area from Bolpua to Lungatan, to vote for a man of America whose name is Johnson. All right, this Unias, he saw this letter, he read this letter, he ran quick as he could to Cornelio, mission boy for Lungatan.

DB: Cornilio Logo?

B: Logo. . . . (He then goes on to tell the story of the meeting in Magam Friday night and the vote for Johnson on the blackboard Saturday morning.)

B: The kiap looked at the blackboard. All right, he got up then and he asked: "All right, we'll start now." All the men walked up close together now, and women along with children. We could no longer see the kiap. The place was really fast with people. Dorothy, I tell the truth before you and before God. He comes now, Pengai, and he says this: "We have nothing more to say. Our election stands up already." Everyone turned, clapped their hands. (He is clapping as he talks.) Everyone left. The kiap alone, that's all; he stayed in the place, which was clear. Not a man left anymore.

DB: Everyone left!

B: We had left.

DB: (Laughs)

B: From Lavongai, from Bolpua, from the other side, Narimlawa, Kulengei. . . . We came to Metaun, now there was no longer any grass there. People at this time! All right, Cornelio stood up in the middle of us all and he said: "Whoever wants President Johnson of America, he must put up his hand." One time more (he repeated), because his voice wasn't enough to reach people on the border. He got up and he said: "If a person wants to vote for President Johnson of America, his promise goes before God." As soon as he finished talking, we all put up our hands. All right, put down our hands, we clapped. All right, they asked, "Who doesn't want him, hands up." Not one man. All right, they clapped their hands more, we cleared out then, there wasn't anything more. Finish.

DB: I would like to know what you think of Boski. I think before you respected him, and now, no.

LEADERSHIP,  
RESPECT

B: We respect him.

DB: You respect him. But he stayed outside of this election. Did he ridicule you?

B: Boski, it's like this: he himself was strong in jailing us about this thing. He is, like, a boss of us, but he doesn't help us (pause) natives. He goes back to all the white skins. Now, we believed in him, that he would go and find out a road to save us in our lives. All right, when we got up this thing (the election), and he didn't stop with us, we no longer respected him.

DB: Who is one man who ridicules you?

B: Bengebengerau.

DB: What does he say?

B: He talks like this: We tax to America, we will be surprised when a ship brings cargo for nothing to us.

TOK BILAS,  
RIDICULE

DB: What is another thing he says?

B: Another bit of ridicule like this: We work this thing, we members, by and by there will be no fruit come up from it.

DB: Who said that?

B: It just came up, that's all, in a meeting, but they didn't call the name (of the person who said it). I just heard it in a meeting. Another talk like this: We get this up and it will be just like our election. By and by it will just finish, we will go to jail, and there will be no fruit to it (they say). We hear these things, we know: these things will die down. Our belief is that we will find something. We prove it by bringing money. This talk is nothing. This talk just gets us up to work.

DB: Yes. You get up strong when you hear this ridicule.

. . .

B: They all ridicule us, they say tomorrow a ship will come up to bring cargo of ours, that now. It's not true.

CARGO

DB: This talk does not come from you yourselves.

B: It does not come up from us ourselves. Now the meaning of this—I talk now: we all feel this here, all who work inside amongst us: we do not hold this thinking one little bit. True, (we have) lap laps; true, we have something; but something that will eventually save our lives, we haven't got it. Now we want one country to come to bring us to a good road that will be enough. Now about liking free cargo, cargo for nothing--we have savvy, we aren't crazy, we aren't dogs. We've got the spirit of God in us, we savvy. About something good, or something free, or something that's not free. Now if we were crazy, we would carry away things for nothing, we would go to jail. But we savvy about law. We wouldn't steal. That's the meaning of this idea that we want cargo for nothing, the meaning of that is we steal yet. There is no country where everything is free. It's something having to do with money, that's all. It's something having to do with finding it in our place.

DB: I understand. Ach! Plenty of lies come up from people ridiculing you.

According to Government reports, it was on the 21st day of March, 1964, that a meeting was held at Meterankan attended by about 250 people, an American Army Sergeant and Government Officers. The following account of that meeting was given to me by Bosap in our talk 12 August 1967.

Bosap: All right, we held a great big meeting at Meterankan. METERANKAN MEETING  
I came in the middle of the talk, and I wasn't able to catch it all, but I caught some. . . . We went to the meeting, and they had written a blackboard again (proclaiming their vote for Johnson). They didn't

talk with their mouths, they went and stood up the board. All the big men (Australian government officials) went and sat down and they said: "Who is the cause of this election?"

. . . Bosmailik got up then and said: "Me."

The big men then asked: "All right, what is the source of this savvy then that you bring to plenty of people?"

He got up and he said: "There is no source of it, only our liking, that's all, that President Johnson will eventually be boss over me. The liking of us, ourselves. We aren't throwing out law, we are following law. You talked of election, we voted. Just that, that's all."

All right, they got up and they said, "All right, thank you."

All right, some, then, got up (Bosap is talking excitedly), and they said: "What is the reason for this thing, your election for Johnson?"

One man of Lavongai, his name is Joseph, got up. They asked him, "Are you the 'second' of Bosmailik?" "Yessir!" said Joseph. "Me. I am Joseph Pukina, I am of Lavongai." "All right, come," they said. All right, he came.

"What is the source of this thing, you voted for Johnson of America? President Johnson."

(And Joseph answered), "The source is as follows: You, yourself, you lied to me. You lie to me. You live well, you eat well. Me, I walk about just like a bloody pig! Or a bloody dog. You are up to no good with the women of our place, with black women."

DB: Oh, this was the time that he talked of these things!

B: Yes.

"All right," (Joseph went on) "if a black man wants to play together with a woman of yours, one year, three years something, six months something, he stays in the jail. Then, (another thing): we, all

people altogether here, we are like three coconuts of yours, you get money from us. We work truly hard for you. And we know, all of us, that there is only one God. One, black or white, is with us. But one thing: we work like dogs in your eyes. That. Another thing: plenty lies more. We look out for money, gather our copra, we go send it to you, you give us a little, you yourselves take it, send it on, and get big money. Me, I am good and true a fool. Plenty of other things. All will come out."

DB: I think it was this time that the D.C. asked Joseph, "Who is one white-skin who has one black woman?"

B: Yes, he said that.

DB: And Joseph told the names of all, he told me.

B: He told you the truth. This Joseph, he wasn't afraid at this time. And he didn't go to jail, either, because they heard. His mouth talked straight. He didn't just ridicule the government, he didn't just mock . . .

DB: Yes, he talked straight.

B: He talked straight, that's all, about something we, ourselves, we feel about our life and our situation. Just like that now. One thing: our skin is not of one kind. The skin of all you masters is the color of sago. Then about this one thing we know you lie: these things you school us about are nothing. The root of the school remains with you. With you, all you white skins. All the talk of Pukina (Joseph), I supported. I would talk the same in court, me, I know.

DB: Thank you.

B: And he didn't talk easy.

DB: He talked strong.

B: He talked very strong!

DB: He is a good man.

B: And he shouted, and all men heard his shouting. All right, closed the meeting. All the big men (of the government) heard the mouths of two people here, three here, and they all talked the same. We brought about what was wanted by us all, together with the children and the women. There's nothing (more) we would like, that's all: President of America, Johnson, to boss us. Just that, that's all. All of us together.

And, "Who put this savvy to you all?"

"There's no man who put this savvy to us all. We schooled about this thing you yourselves, you put it to us about three weeks ago. That's all. But about this liking of ours, it came up on Friday; and Saturday we made it happen. Finish! All right, the meeting is finished! Come on, let's go. Go to your place! (Bosap spoke in a rushed, fast, urgent, commanding voice as he recreated this drama.) We went.

DB: And all the kiaps, were cross at this time?

B: And all the kiaps were cross at this time. (His tone is conspiratorial.)

DB: And were they a little ashamed, too?

B: They were a little ashamed because plenty (of people) talked.

I later (August 17) told Joseph Pukina that Bosap had told me about his talk, without fear, to the D.C. and all the others at the Meterankan meeting. Joseph then went on to elaborate some of the other things he had said. Joseph told the visiting officials, "I am no donkey. I am a man. I have got legs, arms, eyes, a nose, and a head, just as you do. But I eat my food with my hands, and you, you sit down and eat in a chair, that's all. And you do your work--write



papers, or whatever." Joseph went on, "I told them, 'We like America, never mind if America doesn't like us, we like (America).'"

Joseph's Book

Joseph Pukina told DB that he put Pamais to the task of making a report to the U.N. because he spoke English. Some official asked for the copy of the speech from which Pamais read. Joseph's book contains some of the notes from which the speech was written. They refer to a leaflet of explanation dropped from a helicopter, an idea of A.D.O. Merton Brightwell. On the cover of the leaflet was a picture of a New Ireland mask that featured two long "ears" around which two snakes entwined themselves. This art work was intended to induce respect because it portrayed a traditional object, but it was entirely foreign in New Hanover and had unintended consequences, as can be seen in the brief excerpt from Joseph's book which follows:

We the people of N.H. are doubt about that snake on that news. That drawing of the snakes we meant it like this: in the heads of each one of us has this snakes. So we the people are very sorry at this sign and so we are trying to come and take off the snakes in our mad heads. Because if Australia has a real love to us he could help us and take the snake off our heads. So Australia doesn't want to take a good care of us then we can let him go away from us. In the minds of us the people of N.H. want to ask the love of this country America if he loved our wish to him he could come and care of us now. But if America doesn't want to love our wish to them then we say okay. And after this we don't want any of the European countries to govern us anymore. If America doesn't want to obey our election to them, then we had to live

like our grandmothers and grandfathers from the olden times. But we make our vote to America that we want America to care of us at the present moment.

Pamais' BookReport

This bad election was started among the people, because the people knew that the Australian people tell so many lies to them. Some foolish words also about this election to the American people. Before long, in the year 1950, they sent the co-operative societies to us and they said they will be helping us in two ways:

First of all the co-operative said if we help the co-operative well, we will stop giving tasces (taxes). The time when the war was not yet coming the people of New Hanover pay taxes. The Australian soldiers make wars to New Guinea and they came to our land. Till now at the present time the Australian people are living with native. The war ends, the people of Australia gave us the co-operative. When the co-operative starts at New Hanover taxes are cut off. They told the people not to pay taxes anymore.

Secondly co-operative said like this, those who are poor, old man old woman widow or a child who has no father is going to be help by a co-operative They said they will give them good dresses. Dressed up like European by putting good laplap and good clothing and also clean trouses (trousers) and shirt. You can see some people around New Guinea dressed a bit like European because they had job around the towns or a teachers' job. But what about the poor people? We don't see the co-operative helping these people. They only telling lies to us and they don't keep their promised to us. Another word for the co-operative is this, old woman, old man, poor-boy, poor-girl can take something in the store without payment. Now at present time we don't see one old man taking something in the store without payment. This

are the name of the masters who drop these words to the people of Lavongai they are: Mr. Cart and Mr. Singirau. All these words have been started by those two men in the year 1950. They told the people of New Hanover to make share capital and give L10-0-0, L15-0-0, and L100-0-0. And if a man gives some of these money he'll be a great master of the Society. So please we people are sorry of this telling lies to us.

Mr. Cart and Mr. Singirau told the people in the year 1950 that if a man gets big rebate he'll get L100. or L200. for his Rebate. So if he has taken the money the man had to go and buy iron-roof for his house. In our villages not one house built up with iron-roof none at all. In 1953 Mr. Heven arrived at Lavangai, and he told the people that they had meeting. So in the meeting Mr. Heven said like this to the people. The money which you buy your Rebate with is bigger then the Government money. Mr. Heven said, see, if spread your money on the Kavieng wharf and your money will built up as bridge. That is from the Kav. (Kavieng) Wharf to Nusa Is (Islands). The cars can run on it, and also the people had to walk on it. So that's Mr. Heven's foolishness to the people. In 1958 the Copy (coffee) was started at New Hanvoer. Mr. Carry went to New Hanover and told the people of New Hanvoer that they had to plant coffee. The people do what Mr. Carry told them to do. Coffee around the villages of New Hanover grew up. Then the coffee gets fruit. Mr. Carry himself said to the people that the Govment will give the people of N.H. a machine. That machine will help you for your coffee to take off the skin of the coffee. After the coffee has finished on the machine then its ready to fill in the bag to sell it. Mr. Carry told the people that if you fill in your coffee in one of those small white bag of rice you will get L15-0-0 for one bag. Then if a man fill one copra shake

bag with coffee he'll get L100-0-0 for his bag of coffee. Now we can see our coffee get spoiled up only because of liar to us.

Some people have done the selling of coffee. See if a man fill his coffee in one of white bag of rice. He went to sell it, and how much did the man gets? Only 5/- (5 shillings). If a copra shake bag only L10/- out of one bag. And that's Mr. Carry's foolishness to us.

#### Council Report

In 1961 the Local Council was started in N.H. the Government gives you Council because it's a good thing really to save the people. Those who are poor, poor woman and poor man are going to be save by Council and also to make them happy later on. And the Council did not come to pull your own money. You are the chief of your money. Its your own thing if you want to give taxes for how-much. Its your own wish.

If a man has no money and he has to pay no taxes let him. We see this now at the present moment we don't see those things that the Council has promised us. You know among European and native there is a rich man and a poor man among European and native. And how they push poor native to jail? Is this good? If a poor man went to jail and also if he has a wife and children, who is going to help his wife and children with money. Where is the Government to save the children and the wife of that poor man, who went for jail? This the people saw and their minds are not good at this. That's why we are worrying about the Government because he told so many lies to us.

Well now they talked or schooled us about the self Government. Mr. Jim Groose said to the people of New Hanover. Youself had to see what country are you going to vote for? Youself had to pick one country. We had a look around the countries. They don't teach or show us well about many things: For Example for work to find money for the couneller (councillor).

That's why we see and look around the European countries, and now we are voting for this country America. Mr. Spencer got jelous (jealous) of this election and he said like this to the people of N.H. The people of N.H. will have no Government for 2 years. He said no school also for the children of N.H. and no medicine also for the people. He said they had to get their own medicine from America. Another word that Mr. Spencer said that the Americans had to give school to our kids.

Mr. Jim White said why you want America for? American people always thinking of wars and sleep under a tree like wild pigs. He said American has no money and he's only like a empty drum. Counciller Vili Temeking said President Johnson paddled up to Pativung to bring cargo at Pativung to those who elect for America. Also the same councillor said that this election is a bad election.

Mr. Benham said like this, the Australian Government put president Johnson already in jail. He said these words last year 1964. We vote for President Johnson not for a native or a European to speak foolish words for this bad election. Because we are voting for Johnson in spirit and true. Even though if we don't see him but we want him to be our leader through our own fault. The people are voting (making) for America now because they want America very much. Long ago our grand-mothers and fathers did not bote (vote) for this country Australia. Only Australia made war up to New Guinea and now at present we see Australian people in our own land. Now, we the people of New Hanover want the Australian people to get out of our land straight away now.

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Other paragraphs that he did not use in his final version are the following:

Government gave us the cooperative and he said that people will have the co-operative and if any mistakes in the co-operative people in the village has to straighten the Society. Why the Government leads the cooperative and then it took the co-operative and leads the clerk again and pushed the clerk in prison? That means the Gov. tell lies to the people.

Another law also for the Govment is about fighting he gave it to the people and we follow it. Then the Patrol Officer came to us and his policeman make fight against us. Then when the people make a fight against them they sent us to prison. And if they fight us they is no prison from them. This is what the Australian laws to us like this. It means that we have no government.

Councillers

We native people are staying like dogs and pigs. We stay like these animals because we have no Government. Australian people has a Government and got strenght from his Government till some European from Aust. make bad things to the native woman or girl. What's the matter with this now? And if a native man wants to make bad things to the European mrs (??) or really make bad things to her they bring us to prison for about 3 or 2 years. That means we have no Gov. to help us to put European people to prison like they do us. See, some European teachers also when they are teaching.

They spoiled the girls who are still staying in school by making bad things to them.



This country Australia made us a slavery that's why the native people doesn't want to obey the Aust. Gov. anymore.

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After the main report, Pamais wrote the following: Sirs, the Fifth Commandment of God tells us that "Thou shalt not kill" Why did Mr. Touhy told the people of N.H. that he's going to call one hundred police boy to come and killed the people? Why is this?

The tenth commandment of God tells us that "Thou shalt not bear witness against thy neighbour's good". It means that the Self-Government should not give his order to our own land. Some times they come and get the money from our own land and spoiled our own land by taking the money from our own coconuts. We know that the people of Australia make gardens in our land. They took money from our land from our coconuts. Then, when they are rich they went back to their country. After when they get their money from our land we people of this island stayed like poor people in our land. They still make us as slavery, that's why we are worrying about their laws that they made to us.

We people of New Hanover wanted President Boski Tom to be finish with his councillors not over run the councillors job here in New Hanover, it's finish, and now we said clear to the United Nation about our dislike to the councillors today.

Edward of Unus

Edward is a reliable old government man, now Councillor, and he was not behind the election. Everything is still not all right, he told me. Some think Tutukuvul is to get Johnson to New Hanover: "The election had not really died when Tutukuvul got up."

Edward told the people: "This (T.I.A.) is about business, that's all. It is not to buy Johnson, it is to get up our place." Yes, he said, they had the talk here that everyone who did not pay dues to Tutukuvul would bugger up.

But Edward is not in Tutukuvul. I asked him:

DB: What have you heard?

Edward: I have heard this: this money will be brought to Johnson, and Johnson will come.

DB: Do plenty of men talk like this?

E: Plenty of men

Edward would not join T.I.A. because he thought it was a continuation of the cult for many people, even though he knew that Father Miller and others who helped to start had tried to straighten out people's thinking about it. Edward told me all this on 16 June, when I stayed in the big corrugated iron Council House that had been built near his own at Unus. The villagers had built it under Edward's direction for travelling visiting officials of the Council or the Government. Carol gave them the iron, perhaps some left over from the hospital.

Edward admitted that the election got up some good things, like the new hospital at Taskul. Before, he told me, it was no good, just bits of wood, that's all. I mentioned that the Taskul station looked good now, and Edward said, "Number one," a clear affirmation.

"The government had turned its back on us. This election turned the face of the government to look at me." He demonstrated by first turning his back to me, then turning back around to face me. "Now I eat along with you, I sleep along with Bob and Carroll--just after the election. Before, it wasn't like this. Before, I was rubbish, that's all."

Edward had been a soldier in Port Moresby, where he looked after the man who is presently D.C., Bill Seale. He found him first in Nissau, then went with him to Buka, to Moresby, to school. "Oh, he is just too good, he is like a father. He calls me 'child.'" Yes, he ate along with Mr. Seale. "He is a good friend of mine." Edward spoke with Mr. Seale during the election, and he came to get him to take him to Taskul.

Edward has been Councillor here since 1963, following Sumaiyen "who is getting old," who was elected in 1961. He, not Edward, went to the Council school in Mangai. Both men are of Kol clan, but most people of Unus are Tien, as is Edward's wife.

Edward was at the Methodist missionary school, Vunerama, studying to be a missionary when the war came. He was there 1939-41. The fight came in 1942, when he had been in school two years. "Japan got us first," he told me, "to carry cargo." Japan took them to the west coast, where they ran away. Boski Tom, who is a half-brother to Edward, was with them. They ran away into the bush, where they found some soldiers from Australia. "The Australians looked after us, because were about finished, we just bones and nothing else. Japan buggered us up." The bush was in Papua, near Buna (between Milne Bay and Lae). "All right, when were were fat, they put us on a plane in Lae to go to Moresby, to an airport, Naisab. All right, we went and stayed at Vititauvel in Moresby,

near Sogal. When we finished school, I went to New Guinea, to Salaumana. I got a ship in Finshhofen to Manua. I slept one day, then came to Manus. I slept one day, then came to Emira." Yes, the Americans were there at that time. He stayed six months, then came to Master Seale in Nissau.

Edward was a soldier, on the ground. He stayed there until the end of the war, 1946. There was an airport on Emira and Nissau. On Nissau there were Americans, Australians, New Zealanders: "The three men were friends during the war."

Edward told me how he had first heard of the election for Johnson. Two men from Ungakum went to Ranmelek, and they came back and told everyone: "They all vote for Johnson. They all heard it from the Americans who stop on Patebung." Edward told me: "All men believed--me, too--believed American would come up. Everyone threw away money now, £10 here, £10 at Ungakum. They gave it to Voluk of Ungakum, Voluk took it to Bosmailik at Ranmelek." Edward said that Bosmailik now drives a speedboat for the government, for Mr. Brightwell.

Edward went to the meeting at Meterankan, a Council meeting. Healy came. He sent a man to get money from Bosmailik. He got it and gave it to a Patrol Officer to give back to the people. Mr. Healy told them, "The election is not true. Australia is boss. America cannot come up." Edward believed him and lost his thinking about Johnson. He came back to his place and told them that it was rubbish talk, that Australia and America, the two were brothers, good friends. "You cannot make war between the two countries, the two are brothers." Everyone heard him, and some believed. "Some wanted to hit (me), and the teacher, Alek, who helped me talk, and the former Councillor, Sumaiyen." They hit Matlowo, the Councillor of Unusa, and swelled up his cheek. "Some still followed Johnson. Plenty followed me."

I asked Edward to tell me some of the ideas the cultists had. He told me of Cornelio Logo, of Meteran, who saw an American when he slept in the church. He dreamed, and God told him that America would come. I asked Edward who told him that, and he said Silaupara, a Councillor of Lungatan, told him this at a Council meeting. Silaupara himself followed Australia.

Edward went on to say that they had all believed that cargo would come: rice, meat, laplaps, all kinds of things. There were schools, and hospitals, by and by America would come and put them. But when I said that I had heard that some said that they could talk to America on a radio, Edward said he had not heard that.

I had one other long interview with Edward, which I taped at Carroll Gannon's house in Taskul on 24 July. Edward seemed much like a New Irelander to me, and the first part of this interview shows one reason for this. He tells me of his efforts to stop fighting, and to reconcile factions, and of his own renewed friendship with Oliver, who had treated Edward as "the enemy." The high value he places on peaceful coexistence is characteristic of New Ireland culture, but not of New Hanover culture. Edward was loyal to the government, but not anti-anyone. The Tsoi islands, of which Edward's home, Unus, is one, seemed to me and others to have a culture that was generally a little bit more like that of New Ireland than was New Hanover culture. For instance, the islanders sent more food to the mission schools for their children than did the villages in New Hanover. Still, Tsoi islanders speak Tungak, the New Hanover language, and have funeral customs similar to those of New Hanover, and also lack malanggan as an integrating institution. And most Tsoi islanders voted for Johnson.

When I taped this interview with Edward, I first asked him about a meeting that I had hear about on his island. Edward said, "They were about to fight, but they didn't want to fight."

DB: What were they angry about at this meeting?

Edward: At this meeting, we came up and we sat down together. All right now, Anunia was chairman of this meeting. Me, I sat down; and he asked me, "What about it, are you a little clear in your head? Because you all are drinking."

DB: Drinking. Where did they get drink?

E: In Kavieng. And we drank in the house of all the teachers.

DB: Beer.

E: Yes. (Edward talks very slowly, and sounds older than he looks. He is probably 55.) All right, we came to the meeting now, and Anunia asked me, "You all right?" I said, "I'm all right. I'll sit down in this meeting in order to hear you all, you talk." All right, now he talked to us about paying taxes, and later he said, "All right, if you all have other talk, now you talk." And Eliuda talked about a classroom for the school. He talked about Johnson, he's the school inspector.<sup>187</sup>

DB: Ah, yes.

E: He came and he said that we should enlarge this classroom, that we would have Standard six at Unus. He talked, but Elison and Wain asked, "And you all fasten all men in this work, and so then what, everyone isn't ready with taxes." Eliuda said, "We haven't decided about this work, we are talking about it. This meeting of ours is to think about it." Benson got up and he said--he talked angrily to Eliuda. All right, Eliuda was cross with the two. Now they all were

about to fight, and me, I stopped them. I said to Benson: "If you want to fight, you'd better hit me, because I belong to the government, and I am your Councillor; maski, you can't hit a man who is nothing. You must hit me, myself, for the work of the government, and the work of the school, because me, I hold the work of the school, I get up your place." But the committee of the school said, "Me, I am boss of all this work. If you want to fight, fight with me." Now Benson didn't want to fight with him. Everyone was cross. Later Benson said, "No, I don't want to fight with you, Papa. I don't want to." So he held me and he cried.

DB: Ahhn.

E: Now Benson cried on me. All right, I said, "You all can't fight. If you fight, you break the law of the government. So you yourself break it, you go to jail. The kiap doesn't get you, the kiap doesn't come and pull you: you yourself, your wrong, you go put yourself in jail. You fight for one minute--six months in jail. You don't fight for six months--you fight in one month, that's all." (DB laughs.) All right, everyone left, I went after them, and there was no fight. Just talk about everyone wanting to fight. They came close to fighting, but me, I went and broke it off. I said: "You can't fight." That's all.

DB: So a fight didn't come up.

E: There was no more fighting.

DB: Have they built this classroom now? Or do they wait now?

E: They just talk about it.

DB: Just talk about it.

E: But they ask me, "Why work for the Council?" And me, I say, "Me, I haven't got work (for you for the Council). Some time, if I look and I know there is work for the Council, I will tell you. I

myself I can sing out (to you to do the work). But, let it go for the time being. You work for money.

DB: Work for money.

E: Yes.

DB: Now they go to work for money where now, Edward? In what way do they make money?

E: They work together to cut copra. Suppose one man has got copra, now all go. They go cut it for him.

DB: Cut it for this one man.

E: Yes. All right, it goes to smoke, and they go cut it for another man; and it goes to smoke, they see to another man.

DB: Ah, you all still work together.

E: Yes.

DB: Good, good. This copra--all come together to help one man--does the money go to all or go to the man whose coconuts they are?

E: It does to this man whose coconuts they are. But the work--together.

DB: If a man hasn't got coconuts, what does he do to make money? Have you got some men who haven't got coconuts?

E: No, everyone has coconuts.

DB: Everyone has coconuts. And is one month enough for this work, to make money for taxes in this work?

E: (Still thinking of the previous question) Another thing: those who went to cut for another man, now this man buys them. Another man who hasn't got coconuts, just a few coconuts, he must go find money from another man.

DB: He must go find it from another man. Another man must give it free, or (he does) a little work for him?



E: Yes, a little work for him.

DB: To help with a lot of copra.

E: Yes.

DB: I understand. Edward, before, we talked a little; but I want to ask you something I didn't know about before and I didn't know to ask you about. You were Councillor before, at the time of the election, right?

E: Yessir.

DB: I've heard something, and I want to clearly understand about this: this talk, that cargo will come free from America, or will come free from the ancestors--this talk came up among whom? Did it come up among men who were inside the election (for America)? Did it come up among men who were outside the election?

E: It came up among men who spread the election--they got the election from Ranmelek, and they brought it to us in the islands.

DB: It came up first in Ranmelek?

E: Yes.

DB: All the men who were really inside the election . . .

E: They were really inside. Now there are two men of Ungakum: Voluk and Kokalo. When we were at a party in Ungakum, for money, the two told us that they got up an election for America in Ranmelek.

(Pause)

DB: They talked of America then.

E: Yes.

DB: Did the two talk of this thing, of cargo, or did this come up later?

E: It came up at this time.

DB: They also talked of cargo.

E: Yessir. Me, I was there, I heard it too. We sat down, about money, and the two talked about the election in Ranmelek, they all voted for America to come. Now it would come, they would get cargo, school, medicine, all things of ours would come. The two talked like that.

DB: The two talked like that.

E: The two talked like that.

DB: Thank you, Edward. Now, another thing I want to understand well about--I heard just last week, I didn't ask you before because I didn't know about it--I heard last week--this man Oliver, he used to put a day and a month when America would come--is this talk true?

E: Yes, it's true, this talk. He used to talk like this" "It will come in the first month, on . . ."

DB: The 25th.

E: Yes, he said that.

DB: Some men believed it?

E: Some men believed.

DB: Were there some men who did something to get ready for America, or did they all just sit down and wait?

E: They just sat down and waited.

DB: Um.

E: There wasn't a duty to work at whatever something so that America would come, and . . ."

DB: Now, you heard this talk, and you did not believe, right?

E: Oh, I was in the Council, I didn't believe.

DB: Now, all these men who believed, the 25th came and the 25th went, and Johnson did not come. All these men who believed before, what did they think?

E: They still believed.

DB: They still believed.

E: Yes. Like this, they shot it forward to another day.

DB: They just shot it forward.

E: Yes.

DB: And these men who gave money to Oliver before--are they still behind Oliver or do they say now that Oliver lied?

E: Now, there's none of that now.

DB: Before?

E: Before, they believed.

DB: And gave money, too?

E: Yes, and now, there's none of that.

DB: I want to ask you well, Edward, about Tutukuvul. Before, you told me there was plenty of rubbish talk that came up inside it.

E: Yes.

DB: Now I would like you to put on my tape, this rubbish talk that comes up among you all in Tutukuvul.

E: Now, Tutukuvul is one thing, a good thing--but among all men, that's all--they talk around a lot of nonsense about it. Now Tutukuvul is a good thing. Father started it at the meeting, this, and it is good. His talk is straight. But all the men, they go and talk again, this thing comes up, that America will come.

DB: Did this talk come from the mouths of all men who are members inside of Tutukuvul?

E: It came from the mouth of Oliver, who used to bring it to them (everyone). All the men who are leaders in Tutukuvul, it didn't come from their mouths. Oliver himself.

DB: Oliver himself.

E: Yes.

DB: Were there some men who believed in Oliver's talk? (Pause)  
Who knows, un?

E: Me, I can't know about the minds of all men.

DB: I think this is the reason you don't go inside Tutukuvul--  
they would put your name along with all this rubbish talk.

E: Yes. If it went straight, I would already be inside. But me,  
I don't want to, because I hear this talk: They want to pull the  
election into this thing, Tutukuvul, and me, I don't like it. I just  
stay as I am.

DB: Father, too, worries a lot about this, so he put a boundary  
to break it. Father Fischer told me everyone must understand that this  
is another kind of thing. Does everyone listen to you, as Councillor,  
or do the T.I.A. people "bighead" (do as they like)?

E: No, in my place, all are good. They all listen. All who are  
in Tutukuvul and all who are not, all are good.

DB: Is there a quarrel between Tutukuvul members and those who  
support the Council?

E: All men who belong to Tutukuvul and all men who belong to  
the Council were about to fight just about this talk of Oliver's.  
All right me, I stopped it.

DB: About what talk?

E: About this thing Tutukuvul, that later America will come  
and put the flag of America.

DB: Oliver said that.

E: He said that, and that there is gold they will put here.

DB: Gold--meaning money?

E: Yes. (Pause) And all men who aren't inside Tutukuvul, they

will be no good later. And all men, all who are teachers, all who are doctors, they will get these men, later they will do something bad to these men, later we all will be no good. So Oliver said. Me, I tell the truth, it was in my own place, and Oliver is a man of my place. All right, this little quarrel came among all my people about this.

DB: I think, Edward, it was your strength that ousted this quarrel from your place.

E: Yes.

DB: You don't like fights.

E: I don't like fights.

DB: Now you sit down and chew betel nuts along with Oliver.

E: Now I sit with Oliver, eat with Oliver, we two play together. If a quarrel is about to come up, I block it quickly. We don't quarrel, not for a long time.

DB: A very good way to be. A very good way of yours, Edward.

(Pause)

This time Oliver's son, David--they got him to go to jail for pulling out cement pegs, right?

E: Yessir.

DB: You explain it good to me. David said to me that he pulled out cement pegs on his own ground, that's all, and he told me that he won the court. Now, another man told me--but he didn't know much about it. Do you know about this well?

E: Why he pulled out the cement?

DB: Yes. Why did they put in the cement, and who put it in?

E: Master mark.

DB: Master mark.

E: Yes.

DB: From Kavieng?

E: Yes, from Kavieng, they came and put this mark.<sup>188</sup> This cement, Master mark put it.

DB: For what?

E: This is what he said: that he was marking first, and later the Demarcation Committee will come up to mark this piece of ground for one man. Whoever owns this ground, he will come up and say, "This belongs to me, this ground."

DB: Did Master mark talk to you alone?

E: He talked to plenty of men.

DB: He sang out for everyone to come and hear?

E: Yessir.

DB: Where? He stood up and talked in what place?

E: He talked to us in the place where the Aid Post stands.

DB: Ah, yes, in Unus.

E? Yes, Unus.

DB: Oh, I think David didn't hear this talk.

E: David didn't hear it.

DB: And later he pulled out the cement.

E: Yes.

DB: Ah, now I understand. One more thing. Do you all have a Co-operative to buy copra?

E: Yes, there is one.

DB: It buys bags of copra for how much?

E: Two pounds.

DB: If you want to get up money to buy taxes, do you sell to the Co-operative, or do you carry it to the bridge (in Kavieng,

CMB)?<sup>189</sup>

E: Yessir. Plenty of men carry copra to the bridge.

DB: Why?

E: They like money.

DB: Big money.

E: Big money.

DB: And suppose there are plenty of men who get together, they get even bigger money at the bridge, right?

E: Yes.

DB: But the co-operative still remains here among you all.

E: Yes.

DB: Who is clerk for it?

E: Marios.

DB: Do you have some men in your place who go to work for some masters to get up money for taxes?

E: Some men work for all the masters on all the plantations to get money.

(Long pause. Tape records sound of notebook pages turning, as DB checks lists of questions.)

DB: Self-government. Edward, what do you think--do you know about self-government, or is it just talk?

E: I know about it. But it cannot come up quickly.

DB: It cannot come up quickly. Why, now?

E: Because we haven't got a good thing that has come up in our place: there are not plenty of things that we have planted, for this thing, self-government, to come to us.

(DB notes in English that the value of freedom is relative to context, talks briefly on the subject, then explains to Edward in pidgen

what the talk in English for the recorder was about.)

E: Just to be boss, with nothing, by and by it will be no good.



Interview with Boski Tom

DB: Now, if you would tell me--you were Council president at this time?

BT: Yes.

DB: Did you have any idea that this was going to happen--that they were going to vote for America? before it actually happened at Ranmelek?

BT: I didn't know that this was going to happen, but I went up to see the Americans on the mountain.

DB: Oh did you go up to see them?

BT: On the 9th of January, 1962. That's when they elected me one of the Councillors.

DB: I didn't realize they were up there in 1962. They were there some time then. And what did you think?

BT: I only thought of what I knew, during the war, all around the Territory, when the Americans was treating them.

DB: Well I'd like to hear that from you.

BT: I think they noticed that the Americans give them more things.

DB: Just because they had more?

BT: Yes, they had more things, because of the war, they give them more than they want, and they thought--they didn't learn about America and Australia, but they thought America was better than the other.

DB: I often hear they ate together, during the war, with native workers--do you think that's true?

BT: Oh yes, just the same as the Australians. I was a soldier, I'm a returned soldier--I knew that.

DB: Where were you?

BT: I was enlisted in the Papuan Infantry Battalion.

DB: In New Guinea?

BT: Yes, I was a teacher in Rabaul, and when the Japanese invasion came I was taken by the Japs as one of their carriers. I walked up the Kokoda trail with them. We went up to within 40 miles of Port Moresby. You see, their plan was to build a big air base at Port Moresby and bomb Australia. That's what they were intending to do. Yes, about 40 miles. There's a ridge there--Yuribaiba ridge. And the convoy was destroyed somewhere on Milne Bay. The Japanese convoy. . .

DB: Were you people punished for having worked for the Japanese?

BT: No. I went there and they questioned me. I was interrogated by. . . I forget the name. . . I was taken to the Headquarters--under General Haring. I told him everything. I told him the truth. They asked me a question like this: "Who helped the Japs?" And I said, "All of us." Because if we disobey we lost our lives. They were a different people--cruel.

DB: Were they--cruel? I always hear that from the Americans but you never know what to believe about war stories. But from what I've heard, especially from the people in New Ireland. . .

BT: Oh yes, they do not want anybody to tell a lie. They don't want stealing. They cannot be cruel to a person just for nothing--if he's right or honest. But to people who are dishonest or disobedient.

DB: I had heard that they just went around cutting people's necks for no reason at all.

BT: What? Killing people for no reason?

DB: Yes.

BT: Nobody can kill anybody for no reason.

DB: Right, I agree with that.

BT: The answer I gave when they asked me, "Who helped the Japs?", "Everybody." I helped the Japs because I save my life. If I say "No"--well, I do not know where I am now."

DB: Then you didn't work with the Americans during the war--or did you?

BT: I didn't work with the Americans, but I was with some of them. Once I was very sick, I was taken to the American camp, the doctor gave me a very good medicine. I went there, we line up, it's mess time--they gave me. . .

DB: One of those. . .?

BT: Plates.

DB: Plates that they use.

BT: We stay together and ate together.

DB: And the Australians also ate with the natives during the war, did they?

BT: Ah yes.

DB: What did you see in Patebung. Did you just go up on one day?

BT: The main reason I went up there, I didn't know what they were doing there.

DB: Well, nobody seems to know. Brightwell doesn't know. Seale doesn't know.

BT: I went up there and I look at everything. There was an altimeter and something--I went there to ask them for two things, for measuring height. I am a teacher. They said, "They are very high (expensive), but we can show you

one," and they show me one: "This is an altimeter here." Their main work is to try and correct--to make an accurate map from here to Manus, and everywhere.

DB: Why do they keep putting down these cement pegs?

BT: Oh yes, with a small metal thing in with the name of . . .

DB: What do they say on them? I haven't walked up to see them.

BT: It's the name only of the unit that is working there, and the date.

DB: But why are they having an American team out here mapping? That's what I don't understand, I would have thought the Australians.

BT: I think it's up to the Australian government--the Australian government might have sent a word for the Americans to come and do it because they was better. I'm not telling the truth (meaning he doesn't know, is just guessing). They might have better instruments, and some of them were excellent in doing the work. That's what I thought.

DB: Well I suppose any government can get the right to make its own maps. Was it a government-paid team? U.S. team?

BT: Army--USA Army Geographical something--I forget.

DB: You know they don't even know this in the D.C.'s office, don't even have it written down.

BT: When Mr. Healy was the D.C. there, I went there and I asked him and I asked him about the altimeter. I want to find out how the local people are helping, and I found a little trouble. Some of them had been walking away with cigarettes, packets of cigarettes. I came down to the Coop store and I bought some packets of cigarettes and I sent them up to the Army there.

DB: Oh. But then you didn't have any idea that this election was coming up. It came as a surprise to you, did it?

BT: Yes. I think the first meeting was held on Thursday afternoon.

DB: I haven't heard of that one--where?

BT: Nusawung.

DB: That was with Pengai I suppose?

BT: No--Bosmailik. I was up there. I was Councillor of that area.

DB: You're a teacher here?

BT: No, I'm just waiting for retirement. Yes, I was teaching here.

DB: So you were councillor at Meterankan and they had this meeting at Nusawung?

BT: When I was there the time for the election at Ranmelek was coming up, so I sent a note to Mr. Weston, Stan Weston.

DB: Oh yes, he was in Jack Glebe's place here, wasn't he, Wasange (plantation)?

BT: Yes, he was here, but when Mr. Jim White went on leave he went into his place and he was in Lungatan. So I sent a note up to try to contact Mr. Beresford--I think Mr. Beresford was our school inspector here--to ask permission, him and the D.C., if they allowed me I stay for the first election there. But I waited and no answer, so I got my canoe and came down to. . . I think the man who took my note up did not give it to Mr. Weston. I do not know. I didn't check. So I came here and that thing happened. It happened then, and when they came down to Meteran the same thing happened and when they came here, nothing happened. I sent word round.

DB: How do you explain its not happening here? You were here at the time, were you?

BT: I stopped it.

DB: You stopped it. Were they ready to go in?

BT: Yes. Many of them came and asked me, "What are we going to do now?" And I said, "We'll follow what the government wants us to do, that's all,"

DB: But many of them came and asked, did they?

BT: They say, "What are we going to do now, they election for America, and what about us?" They sent two letters to me. Councillor Willi wrote to me and asked me, asked me to write a letter and send it around New Hanover. "Tell them to elect Johnson." Not "President Johnson," just "Johnson," and I was wondering, "What Johnson? Is he a half-caste or. . .?"

DB: (Laughs.)

BT: Then the next letter came, from Willi again, and he told me, "President Johnson," and he mentioned Father Kelly.

DB: What did he say about Father Kelly?

BT: He said that Father Kelly said that we are going to make our election for Mr. Johnson. And I said, "No, I will not follow that." I told the people here, "We will follow the right. We will not follow their talk. We do not know what is going to happen. There might be trouble." I wrote a letter to my vice-president, Barol. He sent word out to Ungalik, but the news about this Johnson cult had spread up to an island called Nusalik. That's how the Johnson cult got into. . .

DB: The Tigak area.

BT: Baungung (village) came here and asked me, "What are we going to do?" And I told them this cult idea about Johnson (is no good).

DB: So you were able to influence Baungung, too. I believe most of them followed you too.

BT: They came and asked me, two of my uncles. (I told them), "If you try to follow them, there will be trouble, I can see it. There will be trouble because Australians are looking after us--so we must follow what the Australians want us to do. It's a safer way, and a peaceful way."

DB: What prevented Noipus and Neitab and Ungalik from going in?

BT: (Firmly) I wrote to them.

DB: Who did you write to--to Barol (Councillor at Neitab).

BT: To Barol.

DB: I did talk to Barol once and he told me some people came from another island by night once and he told them to raus (get out).

BT: Um, that's right. We had the same idea, Barol and I, we worked together.

DB: He's a very good man, isn't he?

BT: Very good man. He's been doing work for the Catholics for a long time.

DB: Yes. You're a Methodist, aren't you, Boski?

BT: I'm a Methodist. I'm a Methodist, but I can be a Catholic-- Catholic, the same. We're worshiping one God, only the rules (are different).

DB: How do you account for this here? These are your people. I've been here 6 months. Why do you think this cult occurred? Why did they decide to vote against Australian authority?

BT: I think it's because of discontent of some sort. This thing started a long time, I think after the war--

DB: Mr. Seale mentioned that there had been cults here. Have people been talking about America since the war?

BT: Ah yes, they met them during the war. A lot of them went to Emira there. America was there, they saw them, they worked with them, and they went to Buka.

DB: What kind of things? In what way did it start? Just talk?

BT: Just like what I've said before--they thought that America was better than Australia.

DB: And this thought stayed with them.

BT: Right.

DB: You were here at the beginning of the Cooperative. Do you think their complaints had some justice about the Cooperative movement failing here? Do you think the Cooperative movement has failed here?

BT: Yes, yes, because of some of the leaders. They went round telling the people propaganda and the people . . .

DB: Believed it.

BT: Yes, they believe it when it was said, but later they could not see what had been said.

DB: Some of these leaders did tell them false things, then, did they?

BT: Singarau.

DB: Tell me a little about Singarau.

BT: He said that the Cooperative came here to help everybody, small and big and weak and strong and old and young.



DB: He said all that?

BT: Not he only.

DB: This Mr. Evans that I keep hearing about, did he say all this? Did you meet him?

BT: Oh yes, Mr. Evans.

DB: Did he tell tall tales too, did he exaggerate?

BT: I've not been with Mr. Evans when he went around with the people, but I've heard from some of the men in the village. We cannot see what these, all men, leaders of the Cooperative, told us before. I think once one director--I knew one director who asked them a question based on what those big men were talking about, that coops will help everybody. I've been thinking about what Singarau and other people said--when they came around and said, "The Cooperative is going to help everybody." How will it help us? And I said--he was a nephew of mine: "You're going to work. You have to work for everything. Have a meeting and try to find out whether it's a good idea, and then you're going to work for it. You work hard and you'll get your money. There's no other way you can get money to put into the Aid Post to help everybody. You can get money to build an Aid Post in your village, or a tank." This is when the Council started it.

DB: Ah--no tanks.

BT: (Sadly) No tanks. I think this is what they were discouraged about, because they didn't see what these leaders told them before.

DB: Then you think they were sort of justified, that the leaders had misled them?

BT: I know that when we went around (I was asked to go around with the D.C. and some of the government officers to talk about the Council), and a few of those village leaders told the people, "The Council will come" (he puts mockery in his voice as he repeats what they said, indicating their enthusiasm) "and will help everybody. Everybody will have iron roof houses."

DB: They told them that about the Council?

Another voice: Yes (amused).

BT: Yes. And I finished that speech. I covered everything. I said, "If we work hard, pay more money, the Council can help. But the Council cannot help. We have to stand on our own two feet and use our land to plant coconuts, caocao, and then we'll build our own houses, the Council, everybody, not for one man." That was at Minn.

DB: That's what they never understand. That was at Minn, eh?

BT: Yes--at Minn.

DB: They were very strong cultists, I believe. And when this election came, did you go around?

BT: Yes, I went around once with Mr. Power--went around and talked to them, and I asked them, "What are you fighting for? What is your aim? What is your aim?" And they say, "Oh, we're just trying our idea." "And when you'll get nothing out of it, what are you going to do?" (He changes his voice back to the reasonable mature man, from the kind of gay tone he took when speaking their words. Gay, nonserious, casual.) They didn't answer me.

DB: That's very interesting, when you say they say they are just trying their idea. That's definitely the impression I get. But

many Europeans think that these people actually believed that America would come. Now my idea is that they didn't so much believe it as hope. What would you say, did they ever really believe that America was going to come?

BT: I don't think so (laughs). I don't think so (laughs again). It will be another war. I'm just joking.

DB: Yes, yes, yes.

BT: If they will come I think America will be fighting with the . . .

DB: Yes.

BT: Or if now, no fight, they say, "All right, you come, you take this place, we're not going to fight, there's nothing good in New Guinea."

DB: Oh no, not true. (Pause.) But you think the idea could have spread all over the whole island if you and Barol and perhaps a few other people hadn't stopped it.

BT: Oh yes, yes, yes. It would be worse. There'd be somebody-- if the idea spread all over the island, nobody will listen to the government, everybody will get together, and there will be somebody--killed I think.

DB: Now I think that Umbukul is quite a cooperative village isn't it--are they cooperating with the Council here at Umbukul?

BT: In some ways, yes. Yes, they work for the Council, they listen.

DB: And what do you think about this new association, Tutukuvul, Boski?

BT: What?

DB: Do you know about Tutukuvul?

BT: Yes, I think I wrote a letter to Mr. Pitts and asked him about it and he explained to me.

DB: Well, is anybody here in Umbukul joining it? In your home village, Meterankan, they're really all very strong for it.

BT: Yes, I think some people are. It's all right. It's to help, I think.

DB: Do you think it's "dangerous"? That's what some people say.

BT: How is it dangerous? It's one of the--what?--economic development. It's for the economy of the island, of the whole Territory. The main thing is they want money--they have to have a way to. (He laughs.) Long ago they didn't think about planting, using the land to plant plenty of coconuts. It's time now. Money--they have no money.

DB: They have no other way of getting it?

BT: Yes.

DB: This is the only way isn't it?

BT: There used to be trocchus shells, they used to be divers for trocchus shell.

DB: Did you people once sell trocchus shell?

BT: Oh yes, yes.

DB: To the Chinese?

BT: Yes. It's going now, the Chinese are buying trocchus shells now, and sea slugs. What do you call them?

DB: Sea slugs, I think that's what we call them.

BT: Mishadama, mishadama.

DB: I don't know. I've heard them talk about sea slugs.

BT: The Chinese, they cook it first, cut it up, and cook it, and then they dry it, and they send it in bags.

DB: Are they buying it here?

BT: Up in town. Only a few local people are doing it. I think they are good for inland Chinese who use them for soup, or something like that.

DB: Yes, that's what they need. Yes, there ought to be a lot of things like that. All these people are always talking to me about "Master Fish" delivering the big red nets. (I explain the interest of Keith Hill of the Fisheries Department in starting canning of fish in grated coconut.) He's hoping to get something like that started here. It wouldn't employ many people, I guess. It would employ a lot of people fishing, but I don't know how much fish you people have around here.

BT: That's the main thing somebody have to find out about. (He laughs.) Nobody knows.

DB: Nobody knows.

BT: Uh. (Pause.)

DB: Then you don't feel alarmed about this Tutukuvul society?

BT: I don't feel alarmed. I only guess. When the Germans first came here, they started with economic development.

DB: Yes.

BT: (Laughs.) I won't tell you, you know it.

DB: No. I don't know all that. I have only heard from some of my teachers. But you mean here in New Hanover, too, the Germans started economic development?

BT: Yes.

DB: Did they plant all of these plantations?

BT: Oh yes, yes, yes. I can tell you some of the German planters who were here. I've seen some of them. I was born in 1911.

DB: In 1911! You don't look it.

BT: Oh yes, I was born in 1911, and when the Germans were sent back, I was a big boy. 1918 I think they were--

DB: Yes. So you knew them.

BT: I know them. Here, Mr. Gregit, at Wasange, and Mr. Okmucken, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Mark. That's the three Germans I know.

DB: And you knew them?

BT: I know them.

DB: Well then, perhaps in a way you really agree with some of these people who were the cultists, that Australia hasn't done as much as they should have done. What do you think about this?

BT: What--before?

DB: Now--now, too. Frankly, many Europeans are very critical of the Administration here. Not just Americans. Australians, too--Englishmen.

BT: Oh, I got the same thing from some of the Australians who had never been here before--during the war when they came they talked like what you are saying now.

DB: They were critical?

BT: Yes, they blaming the Australians who were here. But I think it was a different time before, and we do not know. Many of us did not have any education, and we just thought everything was all right for us.

DB: Yes.

BT: A laborer used to get 4 shilling or 6 a month.

DB: A month, and thought he was well off.

BT: That is 4 shillings defer and 2 shillings later.

DB: I know, now this is something that confuses me. I very often hear the people say how wonderful the Germans were, because when they finished working for them they got a big box of laplaps. Then I'll say, but how long did you work? And they'll say: "Three years".

BT: But they didn't get any pay.

DB: No pay.

BT: They got no pay because they received them (at the end of work.)

DB: Did they give them a big box of laplaps?

BT: Oh yes, very big, I've seen it myself.

DB: It was really a lot, uh? How much do you think it was worth?

BT: One of the workers, or two, he comes into the store. All right, you see what you want. . .

DB: Did they really say that, they could take what they want.

BT: Yes, they could choose what they want. And they choose anything. I went to see the box--the German did before--and I can tell you that nearly every villager has a "whale" box. I think just because the whale box was cheaper, and there were a lot of boat builders. But now there are none.

DB: Nearly every village?

BT: Nearly every village has a whale box. Whale box was 50 pounds to 70 pounds before. My father has one.

DB: Well, the main thing is, you're willing to see things in perspective, and see that the Australians have had other jobs to do. You've been to England, haven't you? People keep telling me you've been to England.

BT: No--only to Australia.

DB: Where did you learn to speak English so well. Everyone keeps telling me that nobody else in the Territory speaks English so well! Where did you learn?

BT: I learn it from Rabaul. My teacher died just recently--  
Mr. William Charles Groves.<sup>1</sup> In Rabaul, in 1923.

DB: What school were you at then?

BT: Government school.

DB: Government school! Now you're the first government school person I've met. Everybody went to Vunarima or something.

BT: No, Vunarima is Methodist.

DB: Methodist.

BT: There were no missionaries when I left here. I didn't know about the mission.

DB: You didn't know about the Lotu!

BT: I didn't know about the Lotu.

DB: You mean you were educated first.

BT: First from the Administration school.

DB: Where was that first school?

BT: Kokopo.



DB: When you were how old, what year would that have been?

BT: Eleven.

DB: Eleven. 1922 uh?

BT: Twelve - 1923.

DB: When then did you first hear about the Lotu?

BT: At Rabaul. The school was divided into two groups, Methodist and Catholic. But I didn't know where I . . . and they just said, Oh I think you go in Methodist.

DB: (Laughs - so does BT.) You didn't know what it was all about. Had you heard about the Lotu at all?

BT: No, I didn't know about the Lotu.

(Tape off, then on. DB summarizes conversation that has taken place: We are discussing the role of the mission in life here, and Boski says that people have lost interest in life, they don't have any fun here, the Lotu has interfered with all their amusements, the boys no more sing native songs, and they are in fact losing interest in their own culture now. So we're discussing who will finally get the blame for this cult and so on, and the mission's role in it.)

DB: Just tell me a little bit just what you think the mission's role has been in all this.

BT: (Pause) In some of the culture?

DB: Yes.

BT: When we have pig we have dancing in and out. When we have feasting in memory of the dead, in memory we make a feast--in memory of someone who died.

DB: Is that the feast that's called wag?

BT: Wag, yes. Now it's all stopped. It's a waste of time.

DB: Is that what they say? It's a waste of time?

BT: Yes. They say we make a feast, and we make all the dances.

DB: A waste of time!

BT: They say because people who try to make these try to make charms, what they call maira.<sup>2</sup>

DB: Yes.

BT: "That's where part of our gardening has dropped because people were thinking of making feasts for the dead. . . There are two reasons why the mission stops it. If we make a feast, and we have this native drum--rangamut--and the people bot (dance and sing) at night . . .

DB: I know about bot.<sup>3</sup>

BT: The missions say when the people bot at night, mixing with the girls. . .

DB: Promiscuity.

BT: That's right. That's right.

DB: They worry about that. So that's why they stop it.

BT: That's why they stop it.

T.I.A.     MEMO

We have met three times. Now all the officers of T.I.A. want to make a report to all members about all the meetings, so that all can understand well about the work of everyone.

In the first meeting all the men from plenty of places came to Lavongai to hear talk about getting up this Association of ours. At this meeting we talked about all these things:

1) Name of the Association: TUTUKUVUL ISUKAL ASOCIASON (sic) (T.I.A.)

2) Work of the association--we want to work at getting up all kinds of work regarding planting coconuts and caocao and agricultural work.

3) Officers--T.I.A. has got officers to boss all members. These are the officers:

- a) President--number one boss
- b) Number Two President--number two boss
- c) Treasurer--clerk of the money
- d) Secretary--clerk of the book

Now all these officers work along with all members of the BORD (sic). This board is like this: 30 members of each place must make one man boss of all and he must represent all. All right, he is a member of this Board of T.I.A. and of all meetings about work for T.I.A.

Now at this first meeting, everyone chose Paulos and Walla to look after the work of the new association,

to find members and to gather money for dues.

4) Dues (pay of a member)--At this meeting everyone made \$10.00 the dues to come inside T.I.A. (But this went up a little at the last meeting. Now the dues for a new member is \$12.00.)

5) Some laws were made at this meeting:

a) All members must work to help all the work of getting up the place. All must hear the talk of the boss of each place. For instance, all work at cutting bush and planting.

b) All money that comes from dues and work of the association can go to help the work of the members however the members wish.

c) All members must pay Council tax. Because a man cannot do one good work if he is in jail.

Now the first meeting finished with talk of finding members and getting up the Bords of each place.

#### Second Meeting

Discussion at the second meeting was as follows:

Paulos opened our meeting by talking about the work of himself and Walla. He said the work of the two was straight. They worked at finding members and getting their dues. He said some places already have Bords, and he told who was Bord in each place.

Walla talked about the money that came up in dues. He talked about how many members there were in T.I.A.

Money that came in October (1966) through March  
--\$7128.80. All this money is already in the bank.

Now members at this time were as follows:

Members who have paid all the dues--383

Members who have just paid half--797

Total members--1180

Now in the third meeting this number changed a  
great deal. In the report of the third meeting you  
can see.

After the talk of Walla they talked about the  
time for completing the membership of all half members.  
Everyone said one month was all right. They said  
all half members must finish paying their dues by the  
time April is finished. Now when this month is  
finished, some haven't finished their dues, all these  
must finish at \$12.00

#### TALK ABOUT NEW MEMBERS: THE LAW FOR ALL

They said that new members can come inside like  
this:

1) School children in 1967, if they finish  
school and want to come inside, they must pay \$10.00,  
that's all.

2) All adult men and women, if they want to  
come inside now, they must pay \$12.00 dues.

Now if a person wants to be a member his or her  
name must come before a meeting of all the bords and  
all must say it is all right for this person to be a  
member or not.

#### TALK ABOUT FINISHING A MEMBER OR OUSTING A MEMBER

All bords along with the officers talked plenty about the law for leaving membership or ousting members.

Now two law came up:

1) A member who wants out: He must come to a meeting of the bord or send talk with his representative, so that the meeting can hear his talk. Then all can approve or not approve that he be out.

2) Suppose T.I.A. wants to oust a member who has done a big wrong. The member must come before the bord and hear their talk. Now he can return their talk well. Later in a court the Bord can oust the member or not, whatever it likes. But they cannot oust him for nothing. He must have a big wrong that he has done, in breaking a law of T.I.A.

#### THE WAY TO MAKE OFFICERS

1) All members in each place must first choose bord for them all. Thirty members in each place make whoever they like the boss of them all. He will be member of the Bord.

2) When all the members of the bord meet, they can appoint all officers as was discussed at the first meeting.

3) If an officer does not do his work well, all the bord can change him, and put whoever they like in the place of the officer who is no good.

Now Walla gave us some good talk about getting up the place. He said that everyone must quickly cut the bush and plant the station. They cannot allow the law of holding the ground to bugger up the place. Everyone must bring their thinking together and work hard so that everything will be all right with the ground and with the station. Now we must mark the ground and cut it and plant it.

TALK ABOUT TOOLS--All the bords approved using \$80.00 to buy some tools. Now later if each place wants to use these tools they can ask for them and get them.

FLAG--All the bord talked about a symbol for T.I.A. or a flag. Now we all approved this flag here.<sup>190</sup> The meaning of it . . . The flag is blue, like sea water.

The map of Lavongai island--green--we want to plant all good things on our island.

T.I.A., the letters of our association, because we want to use the association to get up our place. Color: Gold.

The coconuts and caccao show us the kind of way we want to use to get up our place. We want to plant the ground and use all kinds of ways to plant it.

The triangle and ankor show us this:

The triangle is the mark of God. The

anchor is the mark of our hope. The meaning of it is this: we hope through God. All good things come up if God blesses our work. All right, our flag tells us God must bless our work. If He blesses all the work it can be all right, and run good.

LAW OF WORKING A PLANTATION IN THE VILLAGE:

1) A man who works a long way from his village . . . if he wants to come inside the plantation all are working in the his village, he must repay the work of all men. He can repay like this:

a) He can buy the day he loses for 40 cents (\$.40).

b) He can repay his work when he comes back to the village. . . . He must repay one day for each day all the men have worked.

c) He can pay a man to do his work. Now if one man is lazy or he does not want to repay the work of all the men with his work (or money), he cannot be a member of the plantation of this place.

The second meeting finished.

Third Meeting

May 11 and 12--1967

First we want to take roll call, but all members from each place are not straight. Now all Bord go to



the office of T.I.A. and all, along with Paulos and Walla, worked one day to straighten this thing.

On the second day everyone met again. Now Walla and Paulos talked about members of the Bord of each place . . . . Some villages did not choose their Bord yet. Later I want to give the name of each place, the number of members there, and who is bord of this place.

Then all Bord talked about all the people on the Tigak islands. They want to be able to come inside T.I.A. Some men from the Tigaks asked the Board if it was all right. Now they said because they had sent money to be returned to them. Father (Miller) talked about some talk he had heard from one government boss and from the Telatela (Methodist missionary). . . . Then they replied to this talk. They told the Bord, the Telatela has said it's all right for all men to be able to be member of T.I.A. But he does not like some incorrect talk that got up in the Tigaks like before. All men must savvy. This T.I.A. is a matter of the wishes of each man. T.I.A. is not something to bugger up a man, but something to help the place. Now the Bord talked quite a bit about all men in the islands. Later they voted to mark the boundary of T.I.A. They approved all islands, but they all said it is something that belongs to our islands. It is not an association that belongs to another place. I cannot talk about all the talk of everyone about this thing. This is enough.

## MARKING GROUND

Then they talked about what places they had already got the ground ready. Moris said all of Meteran, Netekavil, and Metemana had already marked the ground. Bengé said that Ungat, Patirina, and Baikeb had marked the ground. Kereilus said the same for Metewoe. Alan and Pikakus spoke for Lavongai, Saula and Kolungat also and readied ground. Silautusikei said all members of Neingang, Butelang, Tuila and Baungung were readying (their ground). Some places had not marked the boundary of their plantation. They will mark it now. The Bord talked about this marking and cutting the boundary of the ground so that all can work a plantation on it. Everyone said: All men must cut the boundary and sing out for Father and the officers to come and look. But Father talked to all the officers after the meeting. He does not know at what time he can come and look at each station belonging to everyone. Because quite a few have been got up. He along with Daniel Bokaf marked the part belonging to the plantation of Lavongai, Kilungat, and Saula. Eventually they will come to each place. But Father said it would not be good if everyone waited a long time. It would be better if everyone cut the bush and planted the ground. Suppose all men do not agree about the ground. (Then) they approve it. All right all must cut bush and plant.

his membership. They talked quite a bit about this thing. I cannot write it all here. One law that all liked was this: A man who is a member just gives the name of one person who he wants to get his membership if he dies. This is the same as the law of the Bank. When a man gets a passbook he must give the name of whoever is to get his passbook when he dies. They all said that the Bord should go back to the village and ask all members in each place. All right, at the fourth meeting everyone can talk again about it.

#### INCORRECT TALK ABOUT T.I.A.

Plenty of bord talked about some places some man talked no good about the association of ours. What about this rubbish talk. Walla replied to the talk with some good talk. He said: He does not think much about all this nothing talk. He is sorry for them, because they do not understand the work of T.I.A. Now we altogether work all our own work. He said: We cannot be cross with them. By and by they will look at our work, and they will understand the reason for our association. He said: If you and I do not get up our place, who will get it up? He would like us all to work strong and hard so that all can understand the thinking and the work of the association.

Father Miller said: we cannot be cross with all these men who talk badly about the association. That is their business. We work so that all can see

our work and all will understand. But it's no good to write this talk of theirs on paper and send it to an officer or to Father. That's really no good. You must not write. You cannot waste the time or yours and mine with rubbish talk. You cannot be cross, just work hard.

Moris said: we must forget the talk of everyone. We must follow our work. The talk of all must make us work harder.

Maias, also, said that we cannot be cross. We work, that's all.

Silikan also met with plenty of nothing talk of theirs. But he is not cross. He told them: He is following his wishes. They, too, can follow their wishes. If they all want to talk badly, that's their business. But he cannot understand why they want to bugger up this work with their rubbish talk. Then Aisoli said: the talk of Silikan is good.

#### HALF MEMBER

During this talk about half members, there was more and more talk. I cannot write it all. All members of the bord were a little hot about this thing. Plenty of men are just half members. Some Bord said, maski send their money back. Some said, no, be a little sorry first. Give some more time to finish. Some replied--they work easy, too easy. Because it is time for them to finish their membership. We have talked

plenty of time to everyone. If you extend them one more month, the month will finish and the half members will still be there. Now Pasigandau said, we cannot be cross, we must be sorry. Some have no road to find money. Then plenty of bords replied--it's all right--all can be members but all must finish their membership with \$12.00. Because the time for membeships at \$10.00 is finished. We must work now. Now plenty more talk came up about this thing. But everyone approved this talk here:

MONEY of the half members is in the bank. The boss of them all (bord of each place) can talk to all half members about finishing their membership for \$12.00. If the half member does not want to, he can get his money back.

Now all new members must come in at \$12.00. There are no more half members.

Then Walla thanked all the Bord members for a good meeting. We all thanked God in prayer and the meeting finished.

#### REPORT ABOUT MONEY

We want to tell all members about money. In the bank there are two books for T.I.A. In the book for writing checks we have \$8,614.40. In another book there is \$3,078.60. The total of all money of T.I.A. is: \$11,693.00

## REPORT ABOUT MEMBERS

Now the members in each village are plenty. We cannot write them all for each place. But we want to give the total full and half members. There are 984 full members and 560 are half members. We truly hope that all half members finish their dues. Because we want full members, that's all.

## REPORT ABOUT WORK

Plenty of places have already blocked some ground. Father is not able to look at all of them quickly. He would like all members to cut the bush and plant the ground if there is no talk about the ground. By and by he can come and mark the ground or he can send Bokaf to mark. Bokaf knows all about this work. But we want to talk to all members about this thing. You cannot mark ground of a man who has already planted it. You cannot mark the ground that there is plenty of talk about. Mark ground that belongs to everyone and that is bush, that's all. We do not want anger and arguing about ground. Our place has plenty of ground that is bush with nothing else so that the place can get up. We are truly happy because plenty of men have marked and cut ground. Work, work, work so that we and our children will have something later.

## TALK TO ALL BORD

We have heard that plenty of Bord do not look

after the book well so that we can savvy who works and who does not work. You, all Bord, must look after your book well. Mark straight who works and on what day they work. If this is straight, all right there will not be any talk later. Suppose it is not straight, there will be plenty of talk later. Walla talked to us, he said: This fashion of talking about ground, it is not a good fashion. It is as though we hold something to yet. And it's also as though we do not want something to come on our ground. Now the ground is the root of something. If you and I are strong in planting all things in our own ground, we can see the road to being all right later. Paulos too talked to us. We must do the work of T.I.A. inside each of our places. We must be strong for Tutukuvul Isukal Association.

If a member wants to ask something of the officers, he must write Walla or Paulos, then we can reply.

(This news was written and distributed by Carroll Gannon. He had been putting out a "Lavongai News" from time to time.)

Walla's Speech

About forty Bord members came to Lavongai village for the fourth meeting of T.I.A. Bord representatives and officers, August 30 and 31, 1967. A large meeting house, with half-walls and furnished with split-log benches and long desks, similar to those used in school rooms, had been built near the Government Rest House (Haus Kiap). Nearby was a small rangama, a quonset-hut shaped house where visiting Bord members could sleep. There was much anxious talk about how these visitors would sleep and eat, and accusations and recriminations were generally exchanged.

The first day of meetings lagged as small groups debated who should be admitted, while others wondered what was going on and milled around impatiently. But the second day proceeded purposefully, as each Bord member stood up and reported to the group about the situation in his village.

President Walla, from Meteran village, began the meeting with a call for unity. He drew an outline map of New Hanover on the blackboard and in it drew small circles around the coast. "Our custom from before," he said, "was to follow our clans. Meteran village has Balus, Silau, Kokomo, Sui. In Meteran, five lines of men live. In Tiaputuk, four lines. Each pulls the talk around and about. Suppose some talk comes up in Meteran, there are five lines. There are no men who unite. It is not straight. We are not one kind. However many clans there are, there are that many lines of men. This was good, according to our thinking.

Then Walla wrote "T.I.A." in the center of the map of New Hanover, and drew lines from it to each small circle representing clans, in each of which he put a "T."

"Now T.I.A. stops all round. It puts its name everywhere. No longer are there five lines in Meteran village: there is one line now,



on the ground. You and I all hear the talk of T.I.A. now. All men stop with T.I.A. If we did not have T.I.A., we would not have anything or anyone to unite us. This is the source that will straighten us, that will make us all one. T.I.A. showed us this road, and by and by we will be one.

"There is no more 'I belong to this line (clan).' With regard to ground, Big Men before followed clans, followed the pupu who bossed everyone. Our mouths were strong in calling the names of our clans. (But) I hear that God put the ground. It is true. I think you and I call clan names for nothing. They have no hands with which to work. God put the ground and gave us hands with which to work. God did not think of giving ground to clans: clans have other work. If we do not pay taxes, the government does not jail clans. They jail me, one man, because I have the strength to work on the ground. Clans can stop and rest well. God did not put the ground for clans; he thought of us men. If a man moves (from one village to another), the law of T.I.A. is there. All men sit down in the same way in another place. T.I.A. is to show us a good way.

"If three stand up in one task and three in another, things will not be straight. Pulled one way and then the other, you and I will be hot for nothing. But if all stand up together and pull, if you and I pull T.I.A. together (he demonstrates, pulling with his hands), it will come close. If we hurry for something we like, something we want, it is not a long way; it is nearby.

"I think of one thing: coconuts. By the last meeting of 1967, all places must each have 1,000. Then we can have 24,000 in 24 places. I would like 24,000 by the last meeting of 1967."

EXCERPTS FROM INTERVIEWS

The following are excerpts from interviews with various people chosen because they are relevant to particular issues or topics that were prominent in the Johnson cult.

One of the major questions that concerned outsiders was whether or not the cultists were seeking cargo. Europeans close to the cultists thought that they were more interested in savvy and in equality than in cargo, and that they wanted savvy about cargo and the world in order to achieve equality. Under the heading "Savvy, Cargo, and Equality," I have given excerpt from interviews with cultists, non-cultists, missionaries, and government officials. Under the heading "Crazy or Justified?" I have cited some especially vehement statements by men who were for the cult but not prominent in it. Under the heading "Being Cared For Well," I give their statements which indicate that it is help rather than anything else that some people seemed to want. Under "Anger, Fear and Rejection" I report these informants' comments on the presence and relevance of these feelings during the cult. The contexts within which various countries were referred to as "Papa" by the Lavongais is recounted under that heading. Both cultists and a missionary saw a relationship between "Faith and Action" in cultists' behavior, and their views are reported under that heading.

Finally I report some "Ideas About What Caused The Johnson Cult," from those who were inactive in it and from those who were active against it. The ideas of those who were active for the cult have been amply given in their interview. I conclude with the views of several categories of Europeans: Plantation Managers, Government Officers and Missionaries. These accounts suggest the distinct perspectives of these groups both with regard to what caused the cult and with regard to what should be done about it.

Savvy, Cargo, and WealthPasingan and Boserong:

Boserong (aged about 50) brought a friend of his, Pasingan, to see me at my house one evening. Pasingan asked me what country started T.I.A. (The question was probably rhetorical, but I did not realize it at first.) I said that no country had started it, that it was started by Father Miller, and it was an organization to plant coconuts. Pasingan's great beaming face, full of--yes, rapture--blissfully happy, like a preacher talking about the Love of God and feeling himself gloriously blessed--gradually fell back into a "secular" look as I talked. Boserong's look went from cheerful to routine. It was clear that they didn't believe me. I wasn't really looking at Boserong, as I was concentrating on Pasingan. It was embarrassing, as they had apparently given me such a build-up, to Pasingan, as a white-skin. It was as though he had come to me to say, Thank you, we know that you, YOU will help us; and then I lied to them in an obvious way, the way all white-skins did, and they were prepared to make stock, polite responses. So to ease the embarrassment I made an "open" remark, lamely, at the end: "That, that's all, that is my savvy." Boserong let out a great whooping laugh: "That, that's all, the little savvy of the missus!" Pasingan laughed. Thus, I helped them save their face, but at the expense of my own.

Boserong and Pasingan

Boserong brings a man to my house whom I designate in my notes as "Mad" because he is wide-eyed, smiling, seems a little distant and mystical. I later learned his name: Pasingan. We had this conversation:

DB: What makes a good way of life?

P: True, one thing is very important: work. [n.b. He assumed that my question was rhetorical. This is a common style for New Hanover.] When I was little, my mother and father showed me how to work sago, gardens, all little things. But not one thing. Then later a man told me to make a canoe. Now, why did he push me to this work that before they didn't show me about? I know how to work for food, but no one showed me how to work for money. I go to sleep with nothing [i.e., hungry, if I have to depend on money for food.] This thing, a good way of life, comes up from good schooling.

DB: But suppose you live well, would you like a house with an iron roof, a speedboat?

P: Yes.

Man from Sauala: We want to be taught how to make engines, and ships, and all the things white-skings have got. (August 29.)

#### Silikan of Enang Island

Makios arranged two canoes to take me to Enang island to interview Silikan, a very bright man in his early 40's. I heard a lot about him from the Methodist missionaries, as he was both a preacher and a cultist. He had also become a Board for T.I.A.

This interview gave me two memorable incidents. One had to do with the kind of savvy people wanted. When I asked that question, Silikan looked around and picked up a metal teapot and said, "I want to know how to make this teapot." He thus dramatised for me what he went on to say: that it was hard for them to make money, and that they therefore wanted to be able to make the things they used themselves.

The second incident occurred after I had turned off my tape recorder. Silikan drew me aside and asked me quietly in what way they could get America to come. I told him all the reasons I knew why America could not come. He then said, "We are to have self-government, aren't we?" I said, "Yes." "When we have it, can't we oust the Australians and ask some Americans to come and help us?" I was startled and chagrined. "Yes," I had to admit, "you can."

Silikan then said that he thought he had heard Father Miller say that perhaps a government could come up inside T.I.A. I said that he must have misunderstood, that T.I.A. was just a business, not a government.

Yes, he said, hurrying to agree more for my sake than his, he had wanted to ask Father Miller but did not get to it. Now, he said, he would do so.

This incident became increasingly instructive as time passed, and a government did come up inside T.I.A. President Walla, of T.I.A., was elected President of the Council, which he and other Councillors then voted out of existence in the early 1970's. T.I.A. began to build roads and to provide ships for transport of copra and the other kinds of development that a government might have been expected to provide. The imagination and determination of these people created a situation which seemed out of the question to me and to most other white-skins at the time they first thought of it.

#### Silikau and Peterus of Lavongai Village

Silikau and Peterus, who is originally from the Sepik, were talking at my house. Peterus was talking about a doctor for whom he worked as doctor boy. I asked if he was good, and Peterus answered, "No, he was no good. He didn't sit down with us."

DB: Why do you think white-skins don't sit down with you?

P: I don't know; I think they think we stink, because our skin is black.

DB: What masters have sat down with you?

P: One from England, Master Jack, in the Power House [in Port Moresby]. We can sit down along with you all, but we are afraid.

DB: Why?

Silakau and Peterus both then said that maybe their skin would stink, or they didn't know. "We wanted a country that could help us."

S: I think we wanted that we should be equal. You have chair, table, ax. Everyone wants these. What country will make us one, so that everything will be straight? (June 28.)

#### Oliver and Father Miller

Father Miller taped a conversation he had with Oliver at the priest's house in Lavongai at Easter time, 1966. The following is an excerpt:

Oliver: You must straighten all savvy, another kind of savvy. You know about all things, and we just know how to read and write. It's not good that you hide some parts. All natives are down. You Americans, your house is good. All Australians who look after us, they're no good. I want change, that's all. If Japan comes up, that's all right.

FM: Your ideas are different now.

Oliver: The people don't want cargo; they want work, that's all, for the good hands God gave them. We are men who are crazy, that's all, and you are men who are--clever, or I don't know.

Alipes

Alipes was the brother of Pasim, who was, Carroll Gannon told me, a strong cultist. Alipes talked in an excited and insistent manner to me one day at my house. I asked him if he had heard of the idea of the ancestors making cargo. He said he had not.

DB: Did you when you were a child?

A: I heard that by and by papa will come. He died when I was little. I have heard of the ancestors, but I don't know, is this a riddle [tok bokis] or a figure of speech [tok piksa] or is it true? I think it is true or [not true]? When I was little I didn't live with my parents. I stayed at school. When the church came, they told us that if you truly believe, you will go straight [to heaven]. If you believe truly, and if you live a good life, you will have a house. Now no one made it; it just came up from nothing. (July 28,)

Bate of Mataniu

Jim White directed me to Bate, an old man of the village which adjoins Mr. White's plantation. He had long been a faithful employee. He was in the cult.

After I had talked with him for a while, I asked him if there was a belief, as some people had suggested, that the ancestors make cargo. He laughed and said, "I think they are joking, that's all."

Robin of Tsoi

I saw Robin only once, on the day of my second interview with Oliver (August 3rd). Oliver and I and others were walking down the beach, he holding my tape recorder, when we saw Robin and I was introduced. I stopped to talk, and the others went on. We talked for about half

an hour, he very shy, speaking quietly. He talked more than most about the death of Jesus and other specifically Christian beliefs. I asked him what traditional beliefs in New Hanover about death were and what he thought about the idea that the ancestors would bring cargo to the living. The ensuing conversation went something like this:

R: All before did not go completely. I think they stay in Pukpukis, a marsalai [spirit] place, or Tingwon, or Mait.

DB: Do they just stay doing nothing?

R: I think they died, and now they make all things. All countries have savvy now--about [how to make] shoes, all the things for fighting guns, etc. .

DB: Who taught them? Or is this a new power of those who are dead?

R: Yes, a new power of the dead.

#### Reverend Allen Taylor

Rev. Allen Taylor came as missionary to Ranmelek Methodist Mission not long after the vote for Johnson there. He and the two other Australian missionaries there, teacher Nancy Anderson and nurse Val Beckett, ate their Sunday meal with the local teachers and nurses. One day I commented to Rev. Taylor that I thought the cultists only wanted cargo so that they could sit down with the Europeans and be accepted. He said, "I'm quite sure of it." (August 1.)

After talking with Makios, I told Rev. Allen Taylor that the idea of free cargo was apparently injected by Europeans and carried by natives who tok bilas (make fun, ridicule). He agreed that they want savvy, and they never expected cargo free. (July 22.)



Carroll Gannon

I asked Carroll Gannon, Medical Assistant at Taskul, about cargo beliefs. I told him that Makios and Saripat said that talk about cargo came from the enemy faction, and I thought it was probably encouraged by government officials who had a vested interest in showing that the people were crazy, rather than neglected. Carroll said that Bob (Hoad, D.O. at Taskul) and the American anthropologist (Ted Schwartz) had heard of cargo, "but will all my close contact with them I never heard of cargo, never heard talk of cargo." (July 23.)

Bob Hoad

Bob Hoad came down to Carroll Gannon's house the same day I talked to Carroll (above), and I asked him what he had heard about cargo. He said that he had never heard that the ancestors made cargo. He heard a bit about cargo, but mainly about ships and planes and helicopters coming with Americans. (July 23.)

Crazy or Justified?Tombat, Piskaut, and Sione

Tombat, Piskaut and Sione, all of Lavongai village, are complaining about being called "long long (crazy) in the cult. We are all sitting on DB's verandah.

P: I am thinking of this new Solomon [dance and song] Yangalik has composed about the time of the election. It really makes me cry to think of this time. Some think it was easy, but there was much pain. I am not sorry for myself, they did not hit me, but all the old men and so on, I am sorry too much for all of them.

DB asked if they had hit some old men, and all three said, vehemently, that they had. They hit Paulos (who is about 40-45) and his nose bled. Sione says that he saw them all go through the streets of Kavieng, handcuffed, and ropes around their waists. "Suppose one man fell down, they all fell down." The police said, "All kanaka of America here, by and by America will come and get them." DB asked if all the police were native, and Sione said, yes; but Piskaut said, "Ach! What, all native, not all whites, too?" DB said, "Some masters, too," and Piskaut said, "Unn."

Tombat: All were not afraid at this time.

Sione: They were not afraid, true!

DB: I think they were not crazy.

S: They were not crazy. They had savvy.

T: They were sol [angry, jealous].

S: They were sol.

T: My belly is hot from waiting. I don't like to wait wait wait. Just as a drum that is empty makes a big noise, so those who cry out bit "long long!" have got no savvy. They are empty. A man who has got savvy, like a drum that is full up, hasn't got a big cry.

Piskaut then imitated detractors of the cultists: "The Americans like you? You are dirty, stink, you are all backward" [pidgin: tudak nabout]. As I told you before, this liking cannot finish. This is no lie." (July 18.)

#### Piskaut

Piskaut was talking to me one night at my house about the election. Shaking his head and looking earnestly at me, he said, "It is not play, Dorothy, this fight." (May 22.)

Being Crossed Over WellTombat and Joseph

I told Tombat I am worried that I've not really got good savvy about the election. He very kindly tries to give me some savvy.

I ask what the women thought of the election, and he said all the women had no talk. They followed all the men.

I asked if the women had been cross, and he said, "No, they weren't cross. They said: 'Let all the men finish their liking.'" No, he didn't hear of ancestors or America bringing cargo.

D: Did they want savvy, not cargo?

T: They wanted savvy and cargo.

Tombat said, "If I don't look after my wife, well, she'll run away to another. This is an analogy."

Tombat then used a local word: sol, which means a great anger, and jealousy. Tombat described the word thus: "I am cross because I want something and they don't give me anything good." The election got up from this, he said. "We thought, 'One hundred Christmases go, and they don't show me about one good way. Plenty of years since the ancestors, we were all young then. What, are we to sit down like rubbish, on and on? I want a good way to to save my wife so that she will like me. Plenty of men suffer about this.'" Here he slipped from the analogy as analogy to the same statement as direct statement.

Tombat goes on: We stop, stop, wait, wait, and Australia doesn't get up one good way. Plenty of kiaps come--Touhy, . . .

Joseph: We thank you for coming to straighten this election. We work hard and do not get big pay. I am not crazy, I just want a good way. (July 19.)

Joseph Pukina

To reassure Joseph that I would not report what he said to the kiaps, I mentioned again that I was in no way working with the kiaps, that they had not wanted me to come to New Hanover. His eyes went big, and I thought he was very serious, which he was, but he was also joking, satirically. He said, "They had heard that Dorothy goes and helps the people. 'Oh, no, definitely not, she cannot go!'" He told me they ousted a good doctor onxe, one that sat down with the people.

Anger, Fear and DisillusionTombat

DB: Were all men afraid of jail?

T: Not afraid because they were cross, because they wanted something good. Plenty said we stink, we're crazy—man and master. But Dorothy, we are not crazy. And we were not a little afraid. If I am cross I cannot be afraid. Maski if there are police with muskets, we aren't afraid. This, then, this election got up like this. Sorry, Dorothy, that you weren't here. It was truly something strong. (July 19.)

Yangalik, Piskaut and Silakau

Yangalik is one of the older men (past 50) who used to work for the government. He is now committeeman, a Local Government Council position, for Lavongai village. I asked him if the Europeans had always been cross before, and he said that all were good before the election. It was not the election that made them cross, he said; it was just that the people did not like the Council and the tax. I suggested that they were not so much cross as sad, because the election was as if

a child chose its mother over its father. Piskaut and Silakau said yes, but they changed the analogy to a woman liking a man. In response to my question, they said that they, too, in local language, have the same word for the feeling a mother has for her child and a man for his wife, mekutebul. We translate it as laik in pidgin, they said.

Silakau, Joseph, Tolimbe, Thomas

One evening (March 14) Silakau came over to DB's verandah, then Joseph, soon followed by Tolimbe, then Thomas. They are all neighbors and men of about the same age, 40-43. They stayed late, until about 11:00 p.m. One of the things they "greased" about was their resentment over the one-way law about black/white marriages.

They talked about their desire to see Australia, about getting drunk, and about their resentment over the one-way law about black/white marriages. I asked them if they were cross with white men for keeping black women. No, Why? We are afraid, the said. Oh, I said, you mean you are not cross in front of them. Yes, only cross secretly. I asked why they were cross. "Because," Joseph said, pinching DB on the arm, "if I touch your skin I can go to jail for 12 years."

Papa

Many men in New Hanover referred to Australia as a bad papa.<sup>191</sup> They talked of their need for a good papa, and hoped that America would be one. As noted elsewhere in more detail,<sup>192</sup> men in traditional New Hanover gained their schooling or savvy in the arts of life, "magic," and war, from their fathers.

The following conversations illustrate the New Hanover usage of the term "papa" as a metaphor.

Bate

The following is an excerpt from an interview with Bate of Matiniu village, taped at Ranmelek, July 22.

B: It was always the same. Our way of life, in all places, was not straight. All right, the church came. Everyone got understanding from the Bible. It gave us this talk about marmari [mercy, pity, being sorry for others who have less than you do]. This is a big thing. For instance, me and Makios,<sup>193</sup> he must marmari to me, and I to him. This wasn't something of mine; I didn't know about it. I didn't know about church. The missions taught me. I heard this good talk. The English came and taught us about this thing, church, but they do not follow this talk of the Bible well: marmari [said with conviction]. I am so sad. I am just nothing in the eyes of the English [English-speakers]. My way of life, it is as though I've got no father.

DB: You have no father?

B: No, I have.

DB: Oh, you are speaking figuratively.

B: Yes, I speak figuratively. A man with a child, the child must cry to the father for all good things. You want to know the root of this thing [the election]? This thing which we want, they all say this thing is to help all men who don't have anything, or a man who is not all right; or an old man or an old woman, later they can sit down well.

Boserong

Boserong told me that a child cannot save his father. It is only the father who can save the child. Australia is the father of us, and Australia has looked after us; but money where? A father should help his child get up money. We pay taxes to the government, taxes to the teachers, taxes to the mission boy, taxes for the doctor, taxes to the police--how? Get money where? Joseph can save his child. If I had any children, I could save them.<sup>194</sup>

Edward

Edward, who was out of the cult, told me why he is not afraid, as some are, not to go into T.I.A: "Australia, papa to me, is here. I am like a fish inside the fence of Australia . . . I eat good, sleep good, play good under Australia. I know, we are under the United Nations."<sup>195</sup>

Faith and ActionPiskaut and Sione

Piskaut: I am cross about this bit of talk [about T.I.A.], "I'll wait and see." Now what will come up?

Sione: Like Thomas, who doubted.

P: If you don't believe, maski, you do nothing.

S: Yes, like Thomas.

P: If you try something, it must come up.

(July 18.)

Bosap

DB: Just as you said in church on Thursday night, if you believe strongly in something, it must come up.

Bosap: Yes. Now I gave this talk in Unusa, I was thinking of everyone in Tutukuvul.

DB: Did you talk of Tutukuvul, or just think?

B: No, I thought of the talk like this: they will all go and turn it around in their minds, it will go to something of the spirit, and then look at what we brought before.

DB: Ah, yes, each must think of Tutukuvul.

B: Yes, because this liking of ours, we still work to follow it; we don't worry about whether it will come up, we just worry about our thinking about working this thing that we suffered for, because we have promised for President Johnson.

(August 12.)

#### Pasingan

We don't know about the work of America, but we believe. We truly want America.

(August 12.)

#### Father Miller

"The Lavongai native is taken up with his way of life, his desires, his hopes, his longing and his fears. He spends his time looking for food and pleasures--good and bad, profound and simple. He is not ordinarily a lazy person, although lack of direction or motivation can be mistaken for laziness. A man of Lavongai is capable of extraordinary energetic actions and can be more pertinacious than most people. . . .

When he is given a motive that really grips him and holds him, he becomes incredibly vigorous and active. Because of his pride and



lack of knowledge, he clings to an accepted idea like a dog to a bone." 196

Ideas About What Caused the Johnson Cult

Ideas about what caused the Johnson cult ranged from simple misunderstanding to mental illness, from cold politics to passionate madness, from naive religious faith to a sophisticated understanding of social action. Native and European thinkers alike pondered and wondered, blamed themselves and blamed others. Some illustrations follow.

a) Inactive Non-Cultists

Yangalik, Kasau, Abo and Sister Liboria were not in the cult, but neither were they actively against it. They were more or less understanding, and not regarded as "the enemy." Iqua did not involve himself for or against the cult, but he was not sympathetic. He was still working for the Co-op, and he did not join T.I.A.

Yangalik

Yangalik told me this: "Our ancestors worked at this kind of thing: feasting, sing sings. They didn't plant coconuts. That is the source [pidgin: ass] of this trouble." Yangalik as a former government man is really bringing up an old complaint, that people didn't "hear" the government. They had been told to plant coconuts, but they didn't do it. (May 29.)

Kasau

Kasau, Councillor for Kulungat and Saula, went into the cult, but later withdrew his involvement. The President of the Council, Steven, who succeeded Boski Tom and, like him, is from Umbukul and did not go into the cult, is good, Kasau says: he doesn't criticise a lot. I asked him why Steven and his village did not go into the election. "I don't know why. It started with one man. We just heard it, and followed it. We thought it was true. We heard and believed because we thought it was true. Because we didn't know, and we didn't know who started it." (June 2.)

Abo

Abo, a long-time mission worker from Neitab, an island off the north coast, supported the cult quietly. He was a quiet, firm man.<sup>197</sup> He told me this: "The reason [ass] for this election is this: a long time has passed, and we haven't got up. Everyone looks at the news and knows that some places get up. Everyone thinks: no good we go, go, go and take orders, take orders, take orders. So they kicked first. That's what this elections was, that's all. They kicked a little; that's what makes a man get up. They wanted to kick, that's all." (August 29.)

Sister Liboria

Sister Liboria said that Ungat, Lavongai and Saula were never strongly involved. They went to jail because they didn't understand. "Whoever was running it organized it well. No one knew anything about it until Ranmelek." (June 22.)

Igua

On April 12 I was in Meterankan with the Lavongai nurses, who were doing infant welfare. I met Igua, who had not voted for Johnson.

Igua went to Cooperative school in Kavieng, and came to Meterankan, his home village, as a clerk in the Co-op store. He also bought copra. He worked for four years and then trained another man for the job. I asked if the Co-op had bugged up during the election, and he said, "No, I kept it strong. Some people who live at the borders [of the Co-op area] took their copra to Mr. White, because they waited for a rebate [from the Co-op] and it never came. They were cross and went to Mr. White. They got 4 pence from the Co-op, 4½ pence per pound from Mr. White. That meant £2/10 or, if the bag was a bit heavy, £2/15 per bag from the Co-op, and £3 from Mr. White. They went by canoe."

I asked Igua why, in that case, he continued to take his to the Co-op. He replied, "Because, I don't know--which way is true? Because it is the business which belongs truly to us. Suppose I plant something, I can't bugger it up. Because it belongs to us. I have looked at the ways of white people, and it is like this: look after something. We run away from business, bugger it up."

When I asked him what was the reason [pidgin: ass] for the election, he said this: "The reason for the election is this: They all want money so that they can sit down in a good house with an iron roof, plenty of cargo. I think: Will America give for nothing? As a loan? Money comes from our sweat, yours and mine. If we are lazy, we haven't got anything." Earlier in the conversation, however, he said that the election started because "they all stayed on top on the mountain. They saw their way, they liked it. Just like, that's all."

## b) Active Non-Cultists: "The Enemy"

Non-cultists with whom I spoke had various reasons for remaining outside the cult, and for, in some cases, working against it. None told me, however, that they thought the cultists were long long, or crazy. The anthropologist probably seemed to fall in a category along with missionaries and service personnel who showed a sympathetic concern for the cultists, and who did not seem interested in hearing that the cultists were long long. I have no reason to doubt that some anti-cultists made this accusation to some kiaps, and I heard it myself once in a Council meeting.

Barol and Silakau were outside the cult and were at some point against it. Both were Councillors, and Barol was Vice-President of this controversial body. Barol and Silakau were active against the election for Johnson, although Silakau changed his mind and took various stands on the issues. Both were good Catholics and joined T.I.A.

Barol and the North Coast

I met Barol for the first time in Taskul, in Carroll Gannon's house, just before a Council meeting on the evening of 15th March. He told me why his island, Neiteb, off the north coast, and the other north coast villages, did not go into the election for Johnson.

Willi, Councillor of Baungung village (at the western border of the vote for Johnson) sent a letter to Boski Tom in Umbukuk (on the west coast) telling what had happened at Ranmelek and Meteran. Boski then wrote to Barol, who was Vice-President of the Council of which Boski was President. Barol had first heard of the election when it

happened the second time, at Meteran. He had not heard of the Ranmelek incident several days earlier.

Only one man of Neiteb followed the election for America, and that was because he was living on Lukus island, where people voted for Johnson. The people of Neiteb voted properly.

I asked why the vote for Johnson occurred in some places and not in Neiteb, and Barol answered, "Because if I see something, if I know about it, I can follow it. Something I haven't seen, I can't follow."

Barol had not been, however, completely uninformed about what was going on. Three times people from nearby Lukus island came with talk about Johnson. The first two times he was not there. The third time Barol told them, "You must follow me. You elected me [Councillor]." On this third occasion, two men from Lukus came along with one from Neiteb. They came secretly at night by canoe, but Barol discovered them. He told them, "You have a boss at your place. I am boss here. You keep out."

I asked who was boss at Lukus at this time, and Barol named Joseph. "He followed the election. He was Councillor." Barol was not sure if he had sent these men. Lukus lies at the northeastern border of the area that followed the election.

Boski had written a letter to Barol which said: "What do you think? I can't boss you, but I think we look with knowledge at something that is good [Australia], which must remain here." Barol said that the people had completed receiving instructions about this election, but had heard nothing about this one that came up in the midst of it, for Johnson.

At Neiteb, some voted for Nicolas Brokam, some for Jim Grose, Barol said. "Those who stopped where the election was good voted

properly; those who stopped where the election was bad voted improperly."

I asked Barol why he thought some people had voted for America, and he said, "The main thing that made them vote for America was this: America will come up, they will give to everyone for nothing. That was it, the main thing. We of Neiteb did not believe." Barol, a good Catholic and a former catechist, had talked to Father Kelly, then in charge at Lavongai; and Barol said that he had seen all the ways of Europeans, and knew that you must buy. "All things do not come up from nothing; they come up from strength."

I talked to Barol again at his own island when I visited briefly along with the Methodist Mission nurse 10th August. At this time I asked him what the officials had told the people about whom they could vote for, and Barol said that they had not mentioned any countries, but only gave them some names. Barol had told the people that those who could not write could tell the kiap or the Council clerk for whom they wanted to vote.

At this time he told me that the people of his island had gone to Noipus, on the main island, to vote; and that some of his people had gone there a few days before the balloting to help make a little house for the election officials to sit in. Barol's wife, Lucia, had gone to help build the house. (She is the sister of Abo, catechist at Lavongai mission, who is quoted above.) When she came back she came and told him, "We must vote for America, not as you taught us. Don't you know about this?" The people of Nekonomon, inland from Noipus, had heard the talk, and it spread secretly and quickly through Noipus. However, the people of Noipus did not vote for Johnson in the end, though some people of Nekonomon considered themselves to be in the election for Johnson.

When Lucia came back to Neiteb with this talk, Barol rang the bell to call the people together, and he then said to them: "Who put me [in this position of Councillor], you or the government? [Rhetorical question.] I am the boss. Vote as I told you to." He then sent a letter to the Councillor of Ungalik island, Sekpas, telling him to follow the instructions of the government; which he did. Ungalik voted properly, but Patriunpau, a village on the mainland, which came to Ungalik to vote, followed America.

"If only all the kiaps and planters and missionaries and [other Europeans] had worked to put this down it would not have happened. I and Boski worked. We are wantoks [persons of one language group], we savvy." I asked how one should talk to the cultists, tok esi (talk easy, suggest, rather than order)? "Yes, talk easy. If you talk strong they won't hear, true," he laughed. "We wantoks can handle this."

### Silakau

Silakau was my best friend and informant in New Hanover. Father Miller had asked him to help me, not because he held any special position but because it was easy for Europeans to interact with him. It must have been easy for local people, too, because Silakau had been elected Councillor in 1963, a position which put him in the middle when the vote for Johnson came. On February 11, my second day in Lavongai village, Silakau launched into the story of the election. I did not record it as well as I would have later, because I felt some ambivalence about becoming involved in talk of the election so soon after my arrival.

Pengai and Bosmailik started it, he said; the "Seven Days" started it, he added, with some disapprobation. (Bosmailik and Pengai are from

Nusawong, a village under the influence of Seventh-Day Adventist missionaries.) Yaman, a young man of that village whose arm is dead, stepped forward at Ranmelek and told them not to vote. Silakau thought that Pengai had written on the blackboard.

He and Kiukiumalingaro, who was then Committee for Lavongai, had gone down by canoe to Ranmelek on Friday. When they got there they heard there was a meeting at nearby Magam. They went, and they heard this idea, that they were all to vote for Johnson.

Silakau didn't know what to think about this. He and Kiukiu went on to Ranmelek, where they woke up a mission boy to sleep in his house. The telatela, Rev. Alan George, had said they could.

Saturday morning Silakau went to wash his face, then went to where the voting was to take place, and that was when Yaman stepped forward and talked crossly to the kiap: "I don't like Australia. Australians are liars. We want America." Then he asked the people, "Do you like America?" and they all shouted back, "Yes!" Bosmailik did not come to Ranmelek. He was in hiding.

After the shouted vote for America, all the people left. Only Silakau and Kiukiumalingaro, along with the telatela and his wife, voted.

I asked Silakau why he had voted? He said, "Because I saw the face of the kiap, he was upset, and I was sorry for him." Silakau laughed about the whole situation, about how strange it was that only he and Kiukiu had voted.

Later, however, he did not laugh. Everyone was angry with him, but Silakau told them, "I am boss of my own thinking, I don't like to follow another man." He then told me a story which he told me again on other occasions, as did others. I never did understand it, but now, on re-reading all my notes, I think I do. Informants would refer



cryptically and metaphorically to "a dog and his master," and compare the situation they were describing to a dog who would or would not bite people, and who had or had not a master. I now think that Silakau's point was that he could not serve two masters. He would have known the line from the Bible that claims that a man cannot serve two masters. In his analogy about the dog, he claimed that a dog without a master, or with two masters, would not know what to do. He had to have just one master to obey. This is one reason he decided to stick with Australia.

Another reason, the main reason, was that he believed what various Europeans said. He had talked to kiap Spencer at Ranmelek, and Mr. Spencer had told the same thing to everyone. "They all heard him, but they didn't believe him." I said, "They just believed Bosmailik?" and Silakau said, "Yes."

He also didn't believe about America because Father Kelly had not told him anything about it, and he was sure that if it were true Father Kelly would have told him. He asked Father Kelly and Father Jones, too, and they said all the talk about America was not true. The Bishop came to Lavongai, and he, too, said that there was no truth to the talk.

But Silakau's friends and neighbors were cross, because he said all the talk about America was lies; and they told him that America would kill him, slit his throat, when it came. Silakau said that he cried at night, night after night, and couldn't sleep. "You can ask my wife, she'll tell you: I was afraid, and I cried at night." His wife confirmed this. Finally, the D.C., Mr. Healy, sent a wireless to Father Kelly saying that Silakau would be picked up by the government trawler and taken to Taskul for two weeks because he was afraid. The trawler picked up other Councillors, too, and took them to Taskul, away from the cultists.

At Taskul, Mr. Benhem was very sick for a week, and Silakau helped to look after him. He was very good to Silakau and the other Councillors, who really cried when he left. He gave them soap, tins (of food), and sat down with all men who wore nothing special (i.e., not Councillors or officers or some other special status). "He gave me soap in the morning, tobacco in the afternoon," Silakau said. Carroll also gave him tins, tobacco, and some money, about 10 s. Silakau told Mr. Benhem and Mr. Brightwell, A.D.O. from Kavieng, that Lavongai had no good way to make money, and they seemed to agree with him. Mr. Brightwell gave him £4 of his own money with which to start a small business buying coconuts. He bought 300 of his own and made some copra. The money lasted about two weeks, he said, when he was in Lavongai.

Father Miller paid the taxes of many men, Silakau said. Each man was to work two weeks on the mission plantation to repay him. Some did not, but Silakau thinks they were from other villages, not from Lavongai. Mr. Brightwell, too, paid taxes for some. "He was tired of jailing everyone." 198

Sister Liboria told Silakau, when he was floundering and afraid, to forget all the talk about America and "think strongly about God, that's all." He thought that was good advice.

I learned later that Silakau was head of the Legion of Mary, an organization of lay persons who try to help the work of the church. He took his work seriously. He thought a lot about the church and its message and its actions. He was genuinely puzzled one day when he asked me why it was that I, who was not a member of the church, gave more to the people than Father Miller or the Sisters did. I pointed out to him that they were giving their whole lives to help the people, while I was just passing through; that I could afford to give things to people when

I was just there for a short time, but they were here for a long time and could not always just give things to people. Why not? he wondered. It did not just seem quite clear to him. I then said that Father Miller wanted the people to learn to take care of themselves, and used an analogy to make my point. I said that if Silakau went out in a canoe to teach his son to fish, he would not do all the fishing himself and give the fish to his son, but would instead help the son do the fishing. Oh, oh, now he understood. He thanked me for explaining well.

A week later (February 19), I mentioned to Silakau that I heard people telling the Lavongais that they should work hard, but I wondered for what? My question was meant to be very straightforward. I wondered what he or his compatriots thought they wanted that they needed to work for. Silakau responded thus: "Yes, they always say, 'Work, work, work.' If Aping [the Chinese storekeeper] or someone has something for us to do, we work. But, I would like to ask you: work what?" I laughed at the philosophical implications of his question, and later discussion indicated that he understood that.<sup>199</sup> But he had a more practical interpretation primarily in mind, and the slightly sardonic tone of his voice indicated weariness in trying to figure it all out rather than existential despair. Silakau went on: "They say, 'Plant coconuts! For your children.' That will take, what, seven years? But me, I am alive now. I want to work something for myself."

Silakau was telling me about his difficulties trying to find a way to make money. One time he thought of borrowing £100 to start a business. "If I die, my child can pay," he thought. He went to the office of a kiap; they call it "Native Labor." Silakau told the kiap, "I have no brother in my place to stand up along with me. I want a business in my place so I can sit down good with my family." The kiap asked him: "What can you give the government [as security on a loan]?"

Silakau then said that he did not have anything good. Then the kiap asked him, "Have you got ground?" Yes, of my mama and papa. "Have you got bisnis?" Yes, and he named his mother's brother and all his mamas. "All right, wait three weeks," the kiap told him. Silakau never heard from him. He had told them he was a Councillor. "A master has money to get help on a plantation," he pointed out to me. "We don't." So how, he wonders, can he get up a plantation? He does not have the money to hire the labor to get started. (March 14.)

One day I asked Silakau what he thought caused the cult. He said this: "The Council: 1961, '2, '3, '4, '5, '6. Now there is nothing that has come up to get up money. That is why the election came up: we haven't got money. The kiap would come: 'You haven't got money? Go to jail.' The Council: 'You haven't got money? Go to jail.'" (April 9.)

Another time Silakau asked me: "Suppose I want something, what should I do to get it?" (June 28.)

EUROPEANSPlantation ManagersJack Birch and Jimmy Walker

Jack Birch, plantation manager at Eruk island (between Kavieng and Taskul), and Jimmy Walker, plantation manager on the west coast of New Ireland, visited me in Mr. Walker's speedboat one day at Lavongai village. I asked them their opinions about the Johnson cult.

Jack Birch said there was nothing religious about the cult. He would not have thought of that. It was anti-kiap, not anti-white or even anti-Australian.

Jimmy Walker agreed that the cult was anti-kiap. His plantation is near the west coast villages that refused to pay taxes. "We all spoke anti-kiap to them," he said. He sees planters as partly to blame from that point of view. (July 15.)

John Betheras

On another occasion, John Betheras, manager at Medina plantation, criticized his compatriots generally for talking against the kiaps to the local people. "You know I can't stand Administrators," he said, "but I stand up for them to the natives."

Mr. and Mrs. Pitts

Mr. and Mrs. Pitts are from England. They used to manage plantations in Tanganyika, had spent the last eight years in New Zealand, and came to New Hanover to manage the Catholic Mission plantation at Metakavil.

I talked to Mr. and Mrs. Pitts February 26 after church at Lavongai. He said that when he presses questions on his New Hanover

workers they tell him "samting bilong me" (that's my business). Some look right through you. But more talk now, even joke. They are ashamed, he thinks, but they have so much pride they won't climb down.

There's not enough to do: he thinks that's the source of it all. A lot of what they do is to upset and annoy, and they've had too much attention. This is childish compared to MauMau.

I talked to Mr. and Mrs. Pitts again June 23 at Metakavil. Mr. Pitts said that Metakavil is still in the cult. I asked for elaboration, and he said, "They're still anti-Administration." He repeated his view that the people have too much time and too little to do. They both said that the people are like children; they try to annoy you to get attention. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts don't give in and get cross because then the people have won. One man told Mr. Pitts that if the kiaps and Europeans hadn't kept at it the cult would long be dead.

They look back nostalgically to Africa, where the people were friendly and polite.

#### Government Officers

##### Jim Wellington, Patrol Officer

Jim Wellington, a new patrol officer in the New Hanover area, thinks the cult here has none of the characteristics of a cargo cult: no magico-religious elements, no prophet, no preparation, no ritual. It is just an anti-Administration expression.

##### Jim Handcock, Teacher

I talked to Jim Handcock, the teacher at Meteran school. He brought Oliver's son, David, to this school after he had been ousted

from other schools. David claims he was ousted from schools because of his father's role in the election. Jim says he was ousted because he couldn't do the work. David couldn't do the work so he big-headed in class, and he big-headed in class because he couldn't do the work. His was worse than most big-heading because he was very big. He was 16 or 17 when he was here.

Jim thinks most men here are out of the cult in many ways. Many wanted to buy out long ago, but their pride won't let them. They're very damned proud. And they are great actors.

Brian Campbell, Malaria Service

Keith Hill, Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, arranged for me to talk to Brian Campbell of Malaria Service on 14 June 1967.

Mr. Campbell had worked in Manus. He finds the people of New Hanover more open. They talk more easily than the Manus. He found no resistance to his service patrol. In fact, there was a party in every village, and he was made very welcome.

He thinks the cult was due to neglect, genuine neglect. The Administration asked a Manus team to come to deal with New Hanover, because the present experienced officer is leaving. The people have been neglected by Agriculture and the Co-ops. Mr. Campbell told the people to send a delegation to the D.C. They said: "We did! Master. We were pushed from one kuskus [clerk] to another. At the end we were told, 'Your kuskus stole all your money.'" No Co-op officer went, no didiman (Agriculture) went to show them what to do with their coffee. "They're thinking people. You could do more with them than you ever could here [New Ireland]. I was very sympathetic, I'll admit that. Peter Pouwer [kiap during the height of the cult] was transferred from

Milne Bay to New Hanover, and he couldn't even speak pidgin except, 'Sapos iu no harim tok iu kissim sikis mun long kalaboos.'<sup>200</sup> Peter was from a sophisticated area. He didn't get the language, and he was consequently very irritable. If they'd had the right officer a lot wouldn't have heppened. This strong-man attitude--ach!"

Yes, the people never said they expected America to come. Just a Big Hope, to get out of low morale. Paulos said, "If I die, maski, I can wait." They hoped big because they thought America would then get them out of the mess they'd get in. They were terribly disheartened.

Keith Hill noted that they were trying to hurt the father (Australia) by looking for another father-figure. Brian then said how much they appreciated what Keith had been doing for them, bringing huge nets and teaching them how to use them. Joseph Pukina had said to Brian, "Him [Keith], now, this is the man we want." They were just amazed that he would help them as he did.

The cult in New Hanover was quite different from that in Manus. He heard of no dreams or visions in New Hanover. Oh, yes! In Manus, they swore to those visions. New Hanover would laugh at dreams. No gardens were destroyed in New Hanover. Brian thinks the cult in New Hanover is practical, not mystical. Like a Union Protest.

The Manus still swear they saw the lights, the trucks, even those who understand now, but still say, "We saw it."

I asked what caused the cult in Manus, and Brian said neglect. The Missions tried, but they couldn't do it. No Manus believes the cargo stuff today. The Manus are proud. They won't risk being laughed at. When they talk of Independence, they don't mean for the Territory, they mean for Manus!



Carroll Gannon, Medical Assistant, Taskul

Carroll Gannon was transferred to New Hanover in January, 1965, at the request of the new District Commissioner in Kavieng, Bill Seale. Mr. Seale had known Carroll in Goroka and thought that he could do a good job in New Hanover. Mr. Seale told Carroll that there had been cults in New Hanover for 14-15 years, and that deep down he felt that New Hanover had been neglected by two departments.

Carroll was an outgoing, friendly person who masked his solemn determination to help people behind continual jokes, on himself and others. He would never allow himself to be pinned down to any one opinion because he was always interested in seeing merit in various opposing views.

The jail was at Taskul near Carroll's house, and he constantly bantered with the detainees. He had got them to build an aviary, to "beautify the station" and to give them something to do, and he had brought some birds from various parts of New Guinea to live in it. One day, as we were walking past a young man working to construct a new section of the aviary, Carroll shouted out greeting and admonitions and instructions, telling him and everyone we met to "'Good morning' to the missus!" I said something to the smiling young man about Carroll's constant stream of verbal communication. He responded, "Talk is Carroll's food." Clearly, people took his talk good-naturedly. Everyone around Carroll was smiling. Carroll saw the real problem as one of being happy, and he was determined to "brighten the corner" where he was. "Are you happy?" he would call out to people. He told me he just tries to think of being happy with the people, he doesn't worry about getting jobs done. But he said that work is good medicine, and he checked up on the work on the aviary, giving advice and suggestions about how to build it.

He had three rules, he told me: 1) work hard; 2) help others; 3) don't get cross quickly. He repeated these rules to people as he shouted his salutations and walked across the station to his Aid Post.

"Hope is good, maski, if it's false." he once said, when other people were worrying about whether or not T.I.A. would raise false hopes. Carroll was a do-er, and T.I.A. was trying to do something to help the people. "One question you should never ask," Carroll told me one day, "is, 'Can I help'? People only ask that if they don't want to do anything. You should look and see if there's something you can do to help, and then do it." He showed me an article in an old Reader's Digest called "Can I Help?" that made that point, and he heartily supported it.

Carroll thought that T.I.A. could help, and he tried to talk the Councillors and the Administration officers out of opposing it, which they said they did because it was competitive with the Council for funds and work. I think it was quite clear, however, to everyone that the Councillors and their Administration advisors were jealous of T.I.A.'s success. Carroll said that "the government should tell the people: 'This is a wonderful idea of yours. Can we help you?' That would be a win for the people, not for the government. But we're here for the benefit of the people, not for the good of the government." Carroll gradually convinced most of the Councillors to change their minds about sending an angry letter to T.I.A. officers, and even to attempt a conciliatory attitude.

Carroll was pleased that a New Guinea doctor who had gone around the island wrote a report in which he said that many cultists would still be in the cult if it were not for "Dr. Karol"; and that anthropologist, Ted Schwartz, who spent several days at Taskul and travelled to other

villages, told him, "Wherever I've been around the island, your influence for good is seen." Even the Methodist Mission sisters, who were not sure how to interpret his effusiveness at first, later told me that Carroll was a real missionary, spending all his time with the people.

But Carroll was never self-righteous or complacent. It was hard to compliment him, because he then became the devil's advocate. Jailing cultists was not his way, but he noted that jailing cultists had been effective. At first, he said, the people in jail enjoyed being martyrs together, all in the club, following the rules of membership. But when they were in one at a time, they lost their intensity. "Those that say they enjoyed martyrdom have a chip on their shoulder still. Those who say 'We were silly' and laugh are over the border," he said once. "Bob has done a good job. Maybe he was the right man in the right place at the right time. He's sadistic--he put the old ones in for six months to make them savvy. But this worked." Carroll argued outloud with himself about all the various issues of the cult, supporting one side and then another, but always with a view to finding out what was best for the people, what would help them to be happy together.

When Oliver and Robin first met him they thought he was a "trick man," Carroll told me. They thought he was just "greasing" them. He worked hard to prove he was not. Gradually the people got to know him, and they were proud to be his friend. His house was open to them, and they sat in his chairs and were served tea, often by Carroll himself. He shouted at them if they didn't wash Taskul's red clay off their feet before they came in, but he also shouted at Europeans who failed to thoroughly accomplish this ablution. I pressed Carroll to tell me what the people said to him, and he told me many things; sometimes that he didn't know the answers, and thought it unlikely that I would learn them.

"The cult is past, too bad there was no one here to study it," he said once, to torment me. "You should be studying T.I.A. now."

Carroll thought it was his job both to listen and to talk. One Sunday just before I left New Hanover, August 27, Carroll picked me up in a government speedboat at Lavongai village and took me along with him to Meteran village, where a baby had died. When we left after about an hour, Carroll stopped on the beach and gave a talk to the people who had come down to hear him. He told them to do Wartabar (Methodist Mission tax collection), pay taxes for the Council, do T.I.A. work, and so on. "You can do it," he told them. "You are up to holding all kinds of work." He finished, and then added, "Did I talk too much? It wouldn't be good if I came and didn't give you some talk, would it?" They cheered him enthusiastically. It wasn't always easy for Carroll to keep putting out confidence, but anyone could see that they liked his pep talks.

Carroll's insights into the cultists were very interesting, and especially enlightening to one who, like myself, tended to be brainwashed in a puritanical social science which, at that time, rarely mentioned that one thing people do is have fun. One day (June 18) I told Carroll, hoping for his interpretation, that Oliver had told me about making predictions about Americans coming for the kiap, and then saying to me, "mi tok nating" (I was just talking). Carroll said, after a moment's reflection: "Do you get the impression that they're just acting?" Later he said, "They're all actors here, all Academy Award Winners." We considered the possibility that the whole thing was a show.<sup>201</sup>

Carroll wrote a report for his superiors in Port Moresby in which he described the Johnson cultists as "mentally ill." Department of District Administration officials were treating them as criminals

who should be put in jail, whereas for his more benign interpretation of their symptoms, Carroll prescribed a more benign treatment: visitation. Carroll asked central headquarters for a speedboat in which he could go quickly where he was needed for physical sickness, and make the constant rounds he thought would alleviate the mental illness he had diagnosed. Despite the fact that many kiaps called the cultists "long long," crazy, however, Carroll did not get his speedboat.

Carroll's greatest material accomplishment at Taskul was a new hospital, which he convinced the Administration to build after the vote for Johnson. "We have to show the people we're interested in them," he said. He never did get himself assigned a speedboat, but it was probably just as well: lacking one, he walked around the island to invite people to come to a party for the grand opening of the hospital. He took nothing with him, eating with people along the way, changing his clothes for their clean ones as he went, always talking. They shook their heads and smiled about Carroll, and they were pleased.

Carroll was a little disappointed, then, when only 500 came to the hospital opening. Everyone else thought it was a great success, and it was; but Carroll had hoped to see 1,000 there. Jim White donated a cow. Several important Europeans had come, including Dr. Scaggs, from Port Moresby. But only 500 New Hanover locals found their way to Taskul that day.

However, Carroll was cheerful afterward, and philosophical, as always. In thinking back over the party for the opening, he said: "It was just like the cult: those who were in it had a wonderful time, those who weren't always wondered what was going on."

MissionariesFather Bernard Miller et al.

Father Miller was transferred to Lavongai Catholic Mission in 1965, after his predecessor, Father Kelly, had become an "enemy" for refusing to help the cultists bring Johnson, it was said. Father Miller was interested in what the cultists had to say, and he spent a lot of time listening. When Carroll Gannon sent his medical report to Port Moresby in which he said he thought the cultists were "mentally ill," both Father Miller and Sister Liboria, an Australian nursing sister who had been in Lavongai for several years, objected to the diagnosis. Sister Liboria thought that Carroll's report might be misunderstood in Konedobu: "It's all right for those of us who know them and know what he means," she said. Father Miller said that he would say "fanatic" rather than mentally ill.

Father Miller told Father Jacobco, who came to stay at Analaua in 1966, "They're not mentally ill, it's just like a religion." Father "Jake" said, "No, religion is logical, we have systematic arguments." Father Miller replied, "But this is logical. Look at their 'evolution' idea, it's just like Marx. It's terribly logical."

The reasoning, if not the premises, of the cult was often compelling. "I don't know why they call these 'cults,' I think they're very intellectual," Father Miller said one day (August 23), an opinion he often expressed in various ways. When I said that I thought they did not really "believe," that there was no misuse of evidence, that they just had "hope," Father Miller said (April 2), "Oh, yes, it was a matter of hope. They hoped the Americans would come. Just like me, I have hope of eternal life, otherwise it would be pretty silly for me to be

out here doing what I am." Father Miller and his colleagues in the mission had a great tolerance for diversity of belief which their predecessors may not have shared. Of my agnosticism, Father Miller merely commented, "Well, I sure hope you guys don't turn out to be right." He kept in his house carvings which an earlier generation of missionaries had called pagan images; and, after a while, he listened to the cultists without trying to persuade them to abandon their ideas. One day, when I was just beginning to understand things, I said to Father Miller, "It's not 'belief,' it's 'like'"; and he responded, "Yeah, well I wish America would come, too." Father Miller and I, both Americans long away from America, showed signs of slipping into the cult sometimes; perhaps he because he grew impatient with the Administration's failure to come forward with something positive, I because I was trying to see through the eyes of the cultists and began to see how reasonable it all was from their point of view.

In pursuing with Father Miller and Father Jake exactly what the cultists did mean by "belief," I told them that when I asked Paulos if he had heard the talk that T.I.A. will bring America, he responded, "I don't believe [it]." Father Jake said he had heard, "I don't believe [it]" many times, as though there were some intrinsic value in the word itself apart from truth or falsity. "Truth or falsity doesn't seem to be the issue," he said. Father Miller agreed that they don't try to offer proofs: "Laik bilong mipela tasol" ("It's what we would like, that's all"). (June 8.)

Even though many of the cultists were Methodists, in that they came from Methodist areas of New Hanover, many of them came and talked to Father Miller, both because he was American and because he listened with interest. Oliver, who came from the Methodist Tsoi islands,

first came to see Father Miller at about 10:00 p.m. one night. He just wanted to talk. He never asked him to send messages to America. "He's a nice man. A philosophical type," Father Miller told me. I said I thought he didn't really believe, and Father Miller responded, "He certainly believed violently in those days." It was hard for any of us to know what people really believed, and what they really had believed, and whether or not there had been change. There was, in any case, change in outward appearance. Sister Liboria said that she hardly recognized Oliver when he came to visit Father Miller again several months later. "Before, he stood up straight; he looked like a Castro. This [last] time he looked very down. Before, he was very pompous. He used foul language to Father Jake, and he ousted him."

Whenever I compared the Johnson cult to a cargo cult, Father Miller was quick to say that it was not a cargo cult but a "savvy" cult. I agree with him, and with most of his interpretations, which he published in an article for a missionary journal. I read the article at the Analaua mission station on my way to Lavongai, before I had met Father Miller; and I thought it was so good that I could not possibly hope to improve on it. Since then, Father Miller has gained not just intellectual but substantial confirmation for his views as he applied them in his work as an Action Missionary. Here follow brief excerpts from his article:

We often underestimate the pride of this man. He has a deep pride, but is constantly being humbled by the knowledge, superiority and often the scorn of the white man. The Lavongai's pride is not being destroyed, but simply being overwhelmed by all he sees and hears of the European world. He does not hate the white man, at



least not yet, but is simply ashamed and humbled in his presence.

Most white men approach the natives as liberators from ignorance, primitive societies, fears, diseases and hunger or for cheap labor and quick profit, but they do not consider the pride of the man they classify as primitive. Yet the pride is always there like a spring being wound tighter and tighter. It must release with force from time to time.

#### PROGRESS THROUGH RESISTANCE

Unable to penetrate the confusion, the Lavongai native seeks to assert his pride by resistance to the government policies, the government laws, the government taxes, the government elections. But mere resistance means nothing and even makes the native more humbled like a cranky child. The Lavongai has developed an expression of resistance that is positive and for progress. He is not against the present government. He is not anti-Australian. He is pro-American.

This is more than a sentiment or a passing fancy. These people have developed an entire movement around their desire for change. They find that it is rooted in their own history.

Here's how one native put it: "In the old days when the Germans ruled the land, they were good. (Germany ruled the Lavongai area from 1884 until 1914). They brought the native out, took away his leaves and gave him laplaps. They put him in school, showed him

how to plant things and gave him a strong government. They ruled with a kind but firm hand. They made their laws and made them stick. The laws were simple and understood by the natives.

"Then the Australians came with their confusing laws. They protected the native. The plantation workers received better pay. They taught the natives English, but did not teach him new things.

"The Japanese army came and drove away the Australians from the islands. The Kanakas were impressed by the Japanese show of power, but soon learned that the Japanese wanted their land. They wanted to settle the land, but gave the natives nothing.

"The American planes and ships came and defeated the Japs, but then the Americans gave the island people back to Australia. The Americans are more powerful than the Australians. They can do more for the natives. They will come back.

"First came the Germans, then the Australians and now it is time for the American."

"JOHNSON i KOM"

This is how the Johnsonites read history.

This is why the people of Lavongai refused to vote in the recent Australian-sponsored elections for the islands. Instead of voting they met the election officials with a blackboard bearing the large letters: MIPELA VOT LONG JOHNSON. They

wanted Johnson--representing the Americans-to-come.

This move was more than an impulsive idea, a "kranky tink tink." It was an expression of a movement. The people raised their hands to God and took the now famous oath to "behindim election belong mipela" to support our choice. A cult was born, a cause was created, a pledge was given.

The Australians and many other natives laughed at them, called their idea crazy and told them to go along with the local government or there would be trouble. This is just what the movement needed--persecution.

The government tried to force the issue by throwing a number of Johnsonites in the calaboose for not paying taxes. Now the movement had martyrs. The people suffered for their idea. The Johnson movement became a cult with spokesmen like Oliver, a Castro-like leader. Above all, it was a native-born movement. The Lavongais reason, "This is our idea. We like it. It came from ourselves. No one else told us about it. It is ours. The Kiap did not tell us. The Father did not teach us. It is ours. We are going to stick with it."

Temporarily the natives have their pride again. I have given up trying to reason with the people about the government, about Johnson, about the elections and the Americans. It is useless. To the Johnsonites reasoning is useless. You have to show these people.

I try to show them how they can make their own country into something to be proud of. It will not be Americans, Australians or anyone else who will bring progress to their country. They themselves must do it. They must work hard to make Lavongai, their land, a worthwhile home for their children. They can't hope for America or Australia to give them all the cargo needed for a good future. They have to start with what they have, with what God has given them.

"Use your ground," I tell them. "Where are your coconuts? Where is your cocoa? Why don't you have cattle?"

This is what I preach to them. "Use what you have received from God. Use this beautiful land where things grow so easily."

I try to back up my words with actions. There is timber on the island. I have managed to acquire a saw mill. I hope to develop this into a small operation that will show the people the value of building a saw mill, or planting cocoa or raising cattle. It is not easy to show these people the value of a long-range operation. They look for results now. Until they see the value in a better life, they are not very interested, but if they are not very interested there is little value for a better life. It is a complicated work, but I believe this is honest missionary work.

We missionaries have to be leaders not only at worship but in the copra plantations, on the trading

wharfs and in the village meetings. Deep inside the people of Lavongai there is a respect for truth.

We have to help them understand truth in a confusing age. We have to lead them not only to eternal truth but to worldly truth. . . . Our aim is to help them not just to be good People of God, but to be good

People of Lavongai.<sup>202</sup>

Reverend Allen Taylor

Rev. Allen Taylor said that the cult is a communication problem. It can be related to relative isolation of villages and inaccessibility by boat. Umbukul had no cult, and it has a beach. Ships can and do go to it. Cult villages are villages with no exchange--of goods or ideas. They heard this one idea, and they followed it.

Rev. Taylor spent quite a bit of time when he first came to Ranmelek, in 1965, going around to the Methodist villages in his area and telling the people that Johnson was not in "the line" of those they could vote for in the election. He also told them that the Council was a new road, inside the road of the government. By and by, the little road will "eat" the big road, and they will be the same, one road. They must not, he told them, put a fence on the Council road: "If you do, it's your children who will suffer." Of their thinking about Johnson and the Americans, he advised them to "throw it away." He did not call it "rubbish" or "crazy," he said, because these words had acquired an emotional meaning, and it was best not to use them.

One Sunday morning at 6:00 a.m. the police came to Nusailas in speedboats to serve the whole village with "blue papers." The blue paper is a summons to come to court, but the people did not know why the police were there, and they fled, leaving only two old men in the village. Two men came by sail canoe to Ranmelek to tell Rev. Taylor what had happened. Rev. Taylor sent a telegram to the Administration in Kavieng, asking why church had been disrupted at Nusailas, and he received a telegram from Mr. Seale in return asking him to come to Kavieng for an explanation. Rev. Taylor went to Kavieng, but he stopped at Nusailas on the way. He waited for two hours with just the two men who had come for him. Finally, the people started coming back. He scolded them for not being there to greet him, and first conducted a church service. Then they all stayed up until midnight talking. Rev. Taylor convinced them to go to Kavieng with him the next day to straighten everything out. He told them they would be hunted and would have to live like animals if they did not turn themselves in.

When they got to Mr. Seale's office, Rev. Taylor asked him not to speak crossly to the people, and he did not. Mr. Seale asked them why they would not line for census, and they said they had been told not to, by Darius. Darius was told by Samuel, and Samuel by Robin and Oliver. They were sent back to Nusailas on Good Behavior bond for six months.

Rev. Taylor said that Samuel, on his advice, had gone back to work in Rabaul. He was one of the early cult spokesmen, but he had soon gone to Rabaul. Rev. Taylor asked him why he had done what he had done, and he answered that the talk had come that America was coming. Samuel, like many of the cultists, had been unshaven and dirty, but when he arrived in Kavieng he had washed and shaved and put on a clean

white shirt. Many of the cultists let their beards grow, and wore rope belts and carried knives.

Rev. Taylor thinks it is harder for the people in New Hanover than in New Ireland. They don't hear what goes on. In New Ireland, if you go up and down the road, you can see that things are happening. I asked: Like what? Rev. Taylor listed better houses, copra houses, tanks, and a general sense of busyness.

Rev. Taylor thinks that the government does not know how to talk to the people. They sent a paper around telling the people that the Councils had Power. Rev. Taylor thinks that the government is overly concerned with this concept. (30th August 1966.)

Rev. Allen Taylor wrote a brief article for a missionary journal in which he said, in part:

We are very thankful that we can report-- nearly all have been able to find work and earn enough money to pay their tax (\$5)--they are paying this time because their belief in the arrival of America has waned and many have come to see the falsity of such belief.

We attribute much of their change of attitude to the hard work of both mission and administration personnel in educational courses whilst the men were in custody, in generally getting down alongside those who remained in the village (those who simply paid tax out of fear of the police), and explaining patiently to them the work of the United Nations and Australia's trusteeship over the Territory. . . .

. . . We would be foolish to say that the Johnson Cult on New Hanover is finished, but we do believe it is on the wane and that brighter days are ahead. Naturally, our concern very much centres on our children and young people and most of them now seem to reject the idea of "America"—there are pockets where children do not go to school and where the cult influence still has sway. We hope to overcome this when more teachers come to us from the teachers' college and when more Pastors are available from Geo. Brown College. So much depends on leadership--and on continued contact with the village folk.

The Missionary Review

March-April, 1967, p. 26



Father Jacobco's Letter

About Oliver. . . I feel it's hard for me to give answers that make sense because he never made sense. I'm quite convinced he is emotionally unbalanced. He does not want to face reality; he wants to live in another world, a dream world; and he feels persecuted in the present real world.

1. What did he talk about?

He came many times and talked about a lot of things. After the T.I.A. got up, it was mainly about that. Before, he complained about the Administration. They don't care about him. They lie. They promise things, but they don't carry them out. He didn't like the way things were going on New Hanover; so his strategy was to bugger things up completely. Not violence. But resistance in every way possible so that everything gets all fouled up and everybody suffers--and bring things to a head that way. So that the Aussies would get disgusted and leave them entirely alone. He didn't think anything they did was good--and so they shouldn't be allowed to do anything more. All of Oliver's conversation was negative all the time, anti-Australian. He seemed to enjoy telling how much the Lavongai's were shit upon. He wanted to make things worse if possible in order to arouse more resentment for the present Administration.

Before the T.I.A. he talked about himself a lot. He was wondering what they were saying about him--if they were trying to catch him--things on that line. He said he would come out in the open and go to see the D.C. but only on "Father's boat." He said he'd be all right if they weren't

chasing after him. That's why he was hiding, because they were after him. A vicious circle.

He took all these things very seriously and very personally.

After the T.I.A. his problems were much different now. The biggest one: could he be a member. When we finally returned his money, he got real teed off. It was as if the rest of the world passed him by, and he was back where he started from a long time ago. He accused the Fathers of breaking their promises or going back on their word--just like the Administration. I had had enough at that time--and so I said if you want to be mad, okay, be mad--but get going. I had a hard time trying to send him away. He just couldn't realize that I would not take his money. He stood around--he went to the boys' house--he came back again, tried to talk again. I ignored him. It was at least 6 weeks before I saw him after that.

Oliver talked always about the "Spirit" of God moving him. Since I was a man belong lotu (of the church), the two of us were moved by the same Spirit. I had to agree with him, therefore. I could not turn him in, etc. Why didn't he have what he saw Europeans have? Because of the injustice and deceit of man. God intended everybody to have everything. The Americans would not hold it back from them. The Administration was. Therefore it was evil. The Aussies were holding back "save" (savvy, knowledge).

2. What was his worry?

Perhaps you can find it in what I said above. I don't know exactly. What was bugging him? That's the way I would phrase the question. Answer: everything. He wanted a nice home, a radio, a wrist watch, a big flashlight, etc., and he didn't know how to go about getting it all. He had the highest ambitions but always a morbid inferiority complex too. I

often said to myself, if he were logical, why doesn't he blame God for the colour of his skin and the country he's living in--but he preferred to blame the Administration for things they have no control over, for instance, a lack of mineral deposits, etc. For him, economy was just a matter of "save" (savvy). God gave it to the white man--but the white man is obliged to pass it on.

3. What did he hope to gain from me?

Sympathy, for one thing. He wanted to cry on somebody's shoulder. Prestige, of course. I'm sure he feels important--and I think the Administration has made mistakes in that regard, making him feel more important because he's hounded and persecuted and talked about--sought after. He also asked straight out for stuff: cigarettes, beer, rubbish shirts, my flashlight.

Another thing: temporary relief from his nervousness: he always has to be "carrying talk" or "getting up talk."

4. Did he ever really believe America would come?

No. If the Administration had not got alarmed about the whole thing in the first place, the Lavongais wouldn't have taken it seriously either. But as it went, they continue to talk about it not because they hope America will come but simply because it's their cause. They want others to pay attention to them. I figure they themselves didn't take it seriously until the Administration did. Maybe I'm wrong. They did in fact see the Bishop, and they did collect money, etc., in the early stages. But I don't think it was any more than a hope. I think Oliver realizes that he must settle for the Administration--but that doesn't mean he can't talk about

"what might have been." But since Oliver doesn't face reality, it's hard to know if he realizes reality. It's hard to know what he really believes. I think he is just trying to get what he can out of this whole deal--and that is quite a different matter. He's not concerned with whether America comes or does not come, as long as Oliver has some prestige and something to do. The T.I.A. engrossed him. He assumed the role of collecting money as his own. He wants to lead, to talk, to get people excited. All right, let him lead. As long as he's leading something, it doesn't matter if America is coming or not. I think Oliver is not thinking about America as much as he is thinking about Oliver.

5. Oliver always justified his thoughts, words, and deeds.

And with me it was a theological basis.

It is hard to convince him that he is not being impelled by the Spirit of God. I didn't try as such. But I made clear that I couldn't go along with him on some of his conclusions, etc.--and that he was contradicting himself--left and right--he was lying--if this is the work of God, then I don't believe in the same God as he does. I vaguely recall mentioning something like this to him. But again, he saw no contradiction.

I was always trying to dis-align myself from his position. And he was always trying to align himself on the side of lotu (church).

6. Oliver supported T.I.A. I don't know if that was any kind of a switch! Except that he was coming into the open and he was no longer concerned so much about talking about the Administration. He had something else to think about. A real thing! A big thing! Just for Lavongais! And the Administration was not leading it. The American Fathers were! That's why he liked it. I have no idea if he even tried to understand what it is all about.

7. He never told me about talking to Americans in the bush. Or about secret meetings. I figured there were a lot of secret meetings. I suspect there is some unnamed secret leader at the head of the whole cult.

8. I went to Lavongai in April, 1965. I left there in September, 1965. Came back to Analaua in March, 1966.

Since March, 1966, until the present, Oliver has changed his approach during that time:

--He came out in the open

--At first he visited me only after dark.

--Also, the T.I.A. absorbed much of his interest.

Enough for now. . . New Irelanders, it seems, are nicer and more loving. I think it's more than formal courtesy. The Lamasongs are the nicest people in the whole diocese!!!

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ANALYSIS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

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INTRODUCTION

The Johnson cult can be analyzed from many points of view. Here I am primarily interested in analyzing the patterns of behavior in the cult in relation to pre-cult or non-cult patterns of behavior that seem to have been "traditional," at least for the last several generations.

The style of New Hanover culture may be described as individualistic, non-institutionalized, and peck-ordered. I will try to show how these characteristics of style mold the various aspects of culture which I am calling social, political, economic. The modes and media of interaction between persons, regardless of the cultural sphere within which they are primarily acting, also manifest regularities congruent with the dominant style of the culture.

As I am using the same categories of culture in the analysis of New Hanover culture that I used in the analysis of New Ireland culture, I will not repeat my general definitions of mode and media of interaction, social, political, economic and psychological, which apply here as well. I have used the term "expressive" here rather than the term "ritual," which I used in discussing the New Ireland malanggan, because the latter is highly institutionalized, whereas the Johnson cult was not. While the term "ritual," stretched to its outer limits of meaning, need not imply repetition, that connotation is strong and is part of the meaning of the term as I use it in interpreting the New Ireland malanggan. Another connotation of the term "ritual" suggests the use of non-utilitarian behavior to achieve utilitarian ends; and while such behavior was important in the Johnson cult, it was not the simple mechanistic behavior usually implied in this usage. Both forms of expression, the institutionalized malanggan and the non-institutionalized Johnson

cult, constitute religious behavior in that they deal with Ultimate Concerns, which involve but do not depend on the supernatural, of the people who carry the respective cultures of which they are a part.

The style of New Hanover culture is individualistic in that it values the rights, the freedoms, and expressions of the individual, and the integrity of his person, above whatever need the group might have for him. No individual is expected, and certainly not forced, to conform to any set of rules or laws, although some are offered by the culture. But none is offered without contradiction, nor is any routinely followed; so cultural patterns are non-institutionalized, even when they show some regularity. Individuals behave assertively, exploring all possibilities, seeking the main chance; and producing amongst themselves a system of integration which we may call peck-ordered. In a peck-ordered system, individuals do not see their place in the system and line up. Rather, each sees himself alone among his fellows, trying hard all the time to reach the goal. All equally see the system as atomistic, and none receives help from another. All are assertive, and the strong must contend with the weak, who may be only bluffing, but who will not get out of the way until the last minute, when they see they cannot win. All gain sufficient reward to remain in the system, but the weak are more severely and frequently trounced than are the strong. It is the outside observer who sees the whole pattern, and who sees that the system is peck-ordered.

The Johnson cult eventually turned into Tutukuvul Isakel Association, T.I.A., which reversed the fundamental style not only of the Johnson cult but of New Hanover culture generally. It institutionalized relationships among its members and between them and their resources. T.I.A. created a corporate group within which individuals were obligated to each other and to the institution. Equality rather than peck-ordered

ranking was institutionalized amongst members, not just equality as moral beings, but as contributors to the organization. The productions of T.I.A. were to serve only the group, not any special interest groups nor any individuals within it.

## MODES AND MEDIA OF INTEGRATION

### Introduction

The modes and media that characterized interactions amongst individuals and between groups in the Johnson cult were non-institutionalized. Elections are an institutionalized process from the European point of view, but the Lavongais simply rejected the definition of elections offered, vaguely, to them, and spontaneously devised their own usage of this form.

Familiar non-institutionalized patterns of New Hanover interaction recurred in the Johnson cult. The idea of voting for America was discovered while Lavongais pursued their most typical exploratory mode, "greasing." Small groups of men talked, mulled over ideas, tried to see where their advantage lay, and acted quickly when they agreed. They pressed their new idea in well-known ways: demanding, confronting, refusing to cooperate, and dramatizing their position. They made a fortress, deflecting many blows, temporarily losing together in jail, but turning this defeat into a victory of increased strength through martyrdom. Gradually, they reversed the pecking order amongst individuals and groups, not only in New Hanover but between Lavongais and the outside world.

In their interactions, cultists and non-cultists alike spoke as individuals, not on behalf of others. They claimed indifference to the views of others, and there was very little proselytizing. People were expected to do as they liked, and they did. Each chose to be for or



against, and suddenly individuals were clustered at one of two positions, where they amalgamated into factions when they confronted those of the other side. But the two groups which formed at those positions remained atomistically integrated amongst themselves, and no leaders emerged far from the crowd.

#### Non-Institutionalized

##### Withholding, Demanding, Doing as One Likes

In the Johnson cult, people interacted with each other and with outsiders in modes that are characteristic of their culture. People ask each other for things or demand them, and they are withheld or let go, both parties supported by a high value given to an individual's genuine preferences. People may do as they like, and, while others may complain, the culture will finally support a man's right to follow his own path.

The Johnson cultists first withheld their votes for the candidates amongst whom the government asked them to choose. Later, they refused to "line" for census; then they refused to pay taxes to Australia or the Local Government Council. Refusal to cooperate was, in the cult as elsewhere, a display of integrity.

They demanded that their vote for Johnson be allowed to stand, and even that the frustrated and humiliated Australian government officials send the plane fare money cultists had collected to Johnson. They then demanded help in contacting Johnson from the American Catholic missionaries and were angry when it was withheld. They were doing as they wished, and this fact alone justified their actions.

##### Verbal Communication

The people of New Hanover are masters of verbal communication:

articulate, subtle, loquacious, given to complexity and the use of figures of speech and double meanings. Why, then, one might wonder, did they convey their vote for Johnson in a few words written on a blackboard, and confirmed with the shouting of a single word, "Yes!" to a shouted question? Perhaps because they are a people who play with words, they wanted to be sure that this message was seriously conveyed, and without the ambiguities of elaboration. They ran away after their written vote was underscored by acclamation, perhaps as much to allow their short message to stand without afterthoughts, as because they were afraid. Thus they communicated scientific clarity through verbal parsimony.

The Lavongais wrote their historic message to the Australian government officers in pidgin English, the language ordinarily used between the two groups. However, when American and United Nations visiting dignitaries were present to hear them, they found English-speaking natives of New Hanover to put their message into English. The Australians, in at least one instance, insisted that speaking English was not necessary, that the kiaps would translate; but the cultists did not trust them. I think they wanted to speak English for another, more important reason, however: they wanted to be included among the elite who spoke the elite language, rather than be excluded from that group and categorized as bush kanakas who spoke only pidgin English. Speaking English raised not only the status of their spokesmen, but of their grievances as well.

In speaking English, Pamais excluded most Lavongais, who, nevertheless, were glad to be represented as equals to the English-speakers. Joseph, who does not speak English, took some credit for helping to write the speech given to the United Nations by Pamais, who

had taught in a Catholic school and knew English. In general, speaking English was treated by cultists as an unimportant accomplishment. Many men, they said, spoke English and they had not helped New Hanover. Many cultists were men past middle age who did not speak English, and amongst them English was tainted as a kind of effete, elite, ornamental but useless achievement. No doubt jealousy helped to produce this evaluation.

Most of the significant encounters of the cult took place between Lavongais and local Europeans in pidgin English. All of the cultists and non-cultists except those on the Tigak islands around Nonovul spoke the same local language, Tungak. This is the language in which Lavongais commonly "greased." There were no public addresses that I know of, no exhortative oratory by big men at big meetings; and no big men, and no big meetings. Oliver went around talking to people, telling them to hold fast to their election for America. However, he seems to have talked to people in small groups wherever he went. While he was doing his "rounds," he was under arrest; which may partly account for his not calling public meetings.

Joseph Pukina spoke, in pidgin, at public meetings, and in the mode common not only to New Hanover but to all Melanesia: not the elegant, eloquent, erudite oratory of Polynesia, but unrehearsed ad libbed statements full of figures of speech newly created for their dramatic effect. Joseph Pukina was particularly skilled in argument, a verbal assertive device well-developed in New Hanover. Clearly, symbolic exchange carried great weight for him: he imagined that when America came, it would put down Australia with words, not with guns. Just thinking about America's saying to Australia, "And so this is how you look after this part of New Guinea!" gave Joseph Pukina great satisfaction.

New Hanover culture weighs words heavy, as events in themselves, as against mere actions. Talk is a stimulus to action: people, it is said, "get up with talk," i.e., talk inspires them into action. When they described an encounter to me, they often repeated what each person said, playing first one part and then another, creating a kind of naturalistic copy of the dialogue rather than an abstract representation of an interaction.

Non-Verbal Communication.

I have only hints about the non-verbal communicative patterns that characterized the cult, which I did not see in its early stages. The initial incident at Ranmelek involved a hurried last minute meeting at Magam the night before the election, a crowd of people gathered early at Ranmelek, who, when the kiap called for the people of one village to step forward, moved forward en mass. In their stories, the cultists seemed to feel somewhat afraid themselves of the slightly threatening character of this move forward, and of being caught in a crowd of people more tightly packed than they had ever been in. In any case, they all remarked on the moving forward which they felt as a gesture both of defiance toward the kiaps, and of determination to go on with their support for America.

After the vote, the people ran away, regathering again at Magam; where, as Bosap said, "there was no longer any grass, just people." In response to Savemat's asking if they all wanted Johnson, the said "Yes," putting up their hands. He asked once in one direction, once in the other, so that everyone at the edges of the crowd could hear. That was all. They all left. They did not stay to talk about what had happened at that time. Their act was not so much a public act as many private ones, and I imagine each man wanted to consider his decision

himself. Why else would they have all just gone home? Each felt his commitment very personally.

Mob scenes of this sort occurred several more times at meetings with Australian and other officials, where Boski Tom and other anti-cultists sat with the Europeans, away from their own people. Never again was there a large meeting of just the people of New Hanover themselves. Some men, perhaps 30 or 40 at most, spent some time in Bolpua village in a big house that Pilikos had built in order to have a party house for the departing Americans; but there were no general meetings in that house, just private conversations. Small clusters of men talking, wondering, "greasing," is the most characteristic New Hanover communicative grouping, and the Johnson cult fired up conversation in such groups for months, years to come.

There were also stories of the lone messenger, or perhaps two together, travelling from village to village with letters or information or ideas. Oliver travelled in order to give talks to people, to strengthen them in their election beliefs; but also to evade arrest. He had many long talks with small groups of men, some solitary meditations in the bush, some provocative interchanges with government officials and policemen; one where shots were fired, and his life apparently in danger. He ran, he dodged. In one incident a kiap grabbed his shirt, which ripped.

Others did not run but stood firm, ready to endure jail, and the occasional hits of the police.

Everything I heard about the cult leads me to believe that there was tension, fear, running away, firm stances, but not much violence, and no changes of physical or mental state that require special description.

There was, in the Johnson cult, no formal meeting, no careful lining, no cautious movement in relation to other people. Johnson cultists did not move from their individualistic mode to a more coordinated group arrangement during the years of their support for America, either in the affairs of daily life or in the events of the cult itself.

Analyzing, Confronting, Greasing

Wondering, pondering, "greasing" with a few other people: this is the stuff of life, at least as it is now lived, in New Hanover. They do not say so: they often say during such sessions that they are quite miserable. But surely these are their happiest times, and if anything relieves them of their misery it is this noisy camaraderie with their fellows.

The whole idea of the Johnson cult gradually formed in Nusawung village during such sessions, while the men pondered and wondered about this new election idea that the Australians were giving them. People remembered America, regretted that there were no candidates they wanted to vote for, and generally grumbled and remembered. Then Pengai said: "We are just talking. Let us instead vote for America." Everyone present thought it was a great idea, and it went from there.

After the vote for Johnson, small groups of men continued to chew on what had happened and why, and what would happen, and to exchange stories of what was happening.

What made the stories so interesting and exciting was the confrontation with the Australian government. The cultists had challenged them: they had not voted "in the box," they had not lined for census, they had not paid taxes. They confronted their own Councillors, and by 1967 these confrontations fueled more conversations than did the vote for America itself. Rumors and denials and counter-rumors kept the

confrontation tingling, the "enemy" flying back and forth to Taskul to "tell on" the cultists to the kiap; the cultists, some of them, keeping careful records of the ridicule of the enemy, the enemy words and deeds, in worn notebooks--just for themselves or, as some said, to "tell on" the non-cultists to the Americans when they came. These modes are common, too, in daily life as people accuse and confront each other, always looking for a way to gain the upper hand. "Telling on" each other is a mode especially prevalent amongst children.

#### Institutionalized Modes

In T.I.A. the Johnson cultists tried to harness and encapsulate the consensus and energy of the Johnson cult. Where the Johnson cult used commitment to form a predictable, regularized movement, to create a stable structure to contain the spontaneity that is their most familiar mode; T.I.A. institutionalized objectives and procedures and made conformity obligatory. Whereas the commitment made in the Johnson cult was a private one to principles and to oneself, T.I.A. institutionalized rules which had to be publicly followed, such as the payment of dues and the contribution of labor; so that a group effort could be mounted, which would counter the individualism of the Johnson cult and New Hanover culture in general. And whereas in the Johnson cult there was a clear and hostile division between cultists and non-cultists, in T.I.A. there was, after some false starts, open membership and status equality institutionalized for all members in T.I.A.

#### Verbal Communication

T.I.A. was defined in terms of written documents which were mimeographed and given to each member when he paid his dues. These were elucidated and discussed at meetings, where people spoke and made

decisions publicly rather than in small "greasing" sessions, although these, too, continued. But problems of a very detailed nature, like whether or not T.I.A. members should be lined the way workers on plantations are lined, and whether or not written records of attendance at work sessions should be kept, were discussed at public meetings with the use of specific examples and names. The setting, nonetheless, was institutionalized; and, although they sometimes sounded a little gossipy, the meetings were conducted formally.

#### Non-Verbal Communication

In T.I.A. meetings people, at last, sat in rows, met at formally decided-upon times, and generally set down and abided by structures that allow many people to function together as a group. Procedures were carefully followed: anyone who wished to speak spoke. It seemed to be understood by all that a rigorous attention to equal participation was essential if the emergence of cliques, working without reference to the wishes of the whole, was to be prevented. Each individual was heard out and duly responded to, however far afield his comment or question appeared to be.

#### Diminishing Analysis and Confrontation and Idle Talk

There was a clear effort made, I think, to support T.I.A. by seeing it as it ought to be, without the devastating analysis that "greasing" usually produced about most subjects. When I asked if everyone was strong in T.I.A., all informants said without hesitation: "Yes, all are strong." Individuals were not confronted and scolded, nor were they talked about behind their backs, if they were not working as hard as some of the others. In the T.I.A. meetings, where the "Boards" (as village representatives were called) from each village came together, each Board had to report the progress made in his village



toward selecting a site, clearing it, and planting coconuts. Some villages already had several thousand coconuts in the ground while others were still trying to choose a site, having found that the last one they had settled on turned out to be all clay, and so forth. However, no invidious comparisons were made: everyone was publicly praised for whatever had been done, and thanked.

In order to accommodate the new kind of formal meeting structure T.I.A. institutionalized, a new meeting house was built in Lavongai village. The problem of where "Boards" were to sleep when they came for two-day meetings arose immediately. It was solved by the construction of a traditional rangama house, a men's house, which addressed a practical problem but also recognized and nourished a new feeling of camaraderie, like that of the old days, growing among T.I.A. members.

#### Summary and Conclusion

The general modes and media of integration common in New Hanover culture were continued and relied on and valued in the Johnson cult. It was the fit of the cult to their basic character structure that made it so satisfying to so many. But it had about it the sound of a swan song for these traditional patterns, because they would not serve other fundamental interests of the people of New Hanover, who found that their "likes" could not be satisfied with the old way of life.

In T.I.A. the New Hanover cultists were straining against the most fundamental tendencies of their traditional culture, which had been eloquently expressed in the Johnson cult: individualism, peck-ordered relationships and resistance to institutionalization. The spontaneity and individualism of men greasing together after dinner, challenging each other with wit and "the enemy" with barbs and disdain;

the mass meetings, the elan of consensus in a surprised crowd, the acting and pretence that was made honorable in unpredictable encounters; the heroism of the lone messenger or preacher hurrying between villages; the long suffering of those who were jailed, made strong by the hope and promise of the sanctity of their endurance: all this was replaced by the tedium of formal meetings, wherein speeches needed to be to the point, interesting rambles voluntarily trimmed off, free flights of fancy squeezed into the standard vocabulary, the satisfaction of direct confrontation buffered by a seriousness of purpose, and a serious President Walla.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

The Johnson cult was non-institutionalized in its social aspect in that it did not draw its adherents from any specified social group, nor did it reinforce any pre-existing social boundaries. It did divide the population of New Hanover into two clear parts, and that division became institutionalized with the organization of T.I.A. From a perspective that includes all ethnic populations, the Johnson cult attempted to destroy the social boundaries between natives and Europeans.

Its integration was individualistic in that while many individuals acted together, each acted alone, according to the conceptualization of events held by the cultists. They expressed a common, but not a communal, aim. Each relied upon his own knowledge, and did not seek authorities either inside or outside the cult. Individuals who were "on the same side" remained a disparate category in the cult, but those who joined T.I.A. formed a corporate group.

Thus the relationships among individuals and categories of individuals tended toward a peck-ordering as each struggled to maintain or improve his position in all his encounters. They stood firm until they gained ascendancy over the Council and the kiaps, and instead of reconciling, they vanquished the (weak) loser and continued to seek alliance with (the strong) America. T.I.A. equalized the status of its members.

Kinship, Affinity and Locality

The roles people played in the Johnson cult and in T.I.A. bore no relationship to their roles in kinship, affinity or locality systems. These systems overlap with proximity, which did play a role, because of its relationship to ease of communication. But being related to someone or a citizen of a particular village in no way obligated an

individual to be in or against the cult.

Occasionally, men who were kin are said to have communicated and aided each other in starting the cult. Rev. Robbins said that the news of the proposed vote for Johnson was carried by an island man to his kinsman on the west coast of New Ireland; and Pengai and his much younger half-brother, Bosmailik, were instrumental together in starting the cult. But Walla and Paulos, who were from different villages and were not related, played equally important roles together in maintaining the impetus of the cult and directing it toward T.I.A. And Silakau's younger half-brother, Bonail, for instance, was for Johnson while Silakau, a Councillor, tried to convince people to abandon their vote for America. There was no ill feeling between the two because of their opposing views, so far as I know: each expected that the other would do as he pleased, and respected his right to do so without question. And when Bosmailik went to work for the kiaps, no one criticized him. He saw the main chance and took it without hesitation. Others were not angry because they would have done the same as he did had they been in his place.

When I was trying to find out what kinship relationship a cult messenger was to the recipient of his message, Bosap first tried to tell me, and then said, "He is just a man," meaning that the relationship between the two, if any, was irrelevant. Even if men were related, each made it amply clear that he spoke only for himself.

#### Sex, Age and the Nuclear Family

This characteristic individualism did not apply, however, within a man's nuclear family of orientation. If I asked a man what his wife thought of the election, he would say, "She has no talk. She stands up, that's all." This means that she had no critical talk, that she merely stood and waited for her husband to do as he liked. If I asked a woman

what she thought of the cult, she said, "It is something that belongs just to all the men."

If I asked an old man what side he was on, he would say, "Oh, no, I wasn't in the election, I am already old." Neither women nor old men were required to pay taxes: hence, what support they gave could not be put to the test of risking a jail sentence. There was a small tax due from women, but there was no sanction against their non-payment. It was assumed that women might not be able to find a way to make money.

Because of the use of the "father" image in reference to Australia, one might wonder about the relationship between fathers and sons in the cult and in T.I.A. I heard of no special cases, and I cannot think of a single cultist whose father is alive, except the two sons of Malekaien in Lavongai. They were pro-American, but only in sympathy. They did not go to jail. They joined T.I.A., but their father considered himself too old to do so. When I asked him what he thought of the Johnson cult, he said, "I am old, I just watch."

The age group that primarily constituted the cultists also constituted the non-cultists. It consisted mainly of middle-aged men, although there were also many young men, some formally educated, and a few old men. The strongest spokesmen were late middle-aged who, in their own or other people's educated children, began to see what they had--almost--missed. They wanted something for themselves before it was too late.

If any kinship group was reinforced by the cult, it was the nuclear family. Wives generally liked the idea of the coming of America and supported their husbands in their efforts, and in their resistance. However, one young man who was in jail told me that his wife had run away from him in his absence, and I learned that any separation, however

noble, is risky for a New Hanover marriage. I heard of no other specific cases of this sort, however. And though the Australian government officials often expressed concern over the plight of the poor women left alone in the village without men to help provide food, the women never mentioned this hardship to me. I once asked Litanía if the women knew how to do all the work themselves, and she assured me that they could do everything very well. It was my observation that even when the men were there, it was the women who did most of the work.

Kinship groupings larger than the nuclear family were not involved at all in the cult. There was no division of factions along clan or local clan cluster lines. When T.I.A. began its work, however, the land it used was usually designated as belonging to a particular clan, but under the control of a particular man. Time may tell a story of misunderstanding about land when the fruits of T.I.A. begin to ripen.

#### Locality

The split between the south coast and the north coast in the election did not reflect a genuine social division. There was no animosity between the two. Most men on the north coast said they had received only a small trickle of information about the vote for Johnson, and since they did not know much about it they followed the thinking of Boski Tom and Barol. Many men were sympathetic to the cult, and some said they would have voted for Johnson if they had understood in time to do so. It was not that leadership was stronger on the north than on the south coast, or that people were less individualistic, or more involved in cash cropping, or more given to obeying authority: it was just that in a slightly different communicative environment, the leadership of big men who were non-cultists tipped the balance. People voted along with the localities in which they were living at the time

of the vote, rather than as their home villages had voted. Divisions created in this way faded quickly, because everyone realized that there was much confusion at the time of the vote.

The Divided Group: No Ties Bind or Expand

Instead of a network of cross-cutting ties which obliterate groups as in New Ireland, in the Johnson cult there was a nearly impenetrable boundary marking the division between cultists and their "enemy." Individuals did not go to one side or another because they were helping anyone, or following anyone, as they do in New Ireland. Each was loyal only to his promise to God, his individual conviction, the principle of the thing. All that crossed the boundary was ridicule or accusation, but usually there was silence; or tense silence, as there was the day I tried to talk to cultists in the presence of a non-cultist in Narimlaw.

The Australian kiaps kept the division between themselves and the cultists clear and active by jailing them. Only Carrol Gannon wanted to be friends with everyone and wanted everyone to be friends. Though he spent much of his time promoting laughter, he was a serious reconciler, and played an important role in ending the feud between the Council and T.I.A.

But in the Johnson cult, there was no way, once the election was over, to expand the group that voted for America, and there were no ties amongst cultists. New Hanover culture erects boundaries of self-reliance around individuals that prevent the formation of binding ties where they might grow amongst people on the same side of an issue. They stress that what other people think is their own business. No spokesman who became known had ever sat down and talked with another of his kind;

unless they were, like Pengai and Joseph Pukina or Savemat and Saripat, amongst cultists, and Boski Tom and Barol amongst non-cultists, already friends. One might have thought they would have sought each other out, but instead they seemed almost to avoid each other. None of these men ever saked me what any of the others had told me.

Some of the kiaps tried to make friends with particular individuals and woo them to their side, but they did not try to dissolve the division between the two. When Carrol wanted to pay taxes for Lapantukan, and when the kiaps did not want to jail him along with his people because he was a Councillor, he was angry. These acts set him apart from his people. He told Carrol not to pay his tax, and he gave his Councillor's badge back to the kiaps, in order to rid himself of this symbol of association with the government side in the cult.

#### Social Structure of T.I.A.

In T.I.A. there were not only realignments but alignments of individuals for the first time in the Johnson cult. Old social categories were ignored, and new ones were created. People were "in" or "out" by new criteria. At first, anyone with \$10 for dues could be "in," could be a member of T.I.A.; but later, for various reasons, there were attempts to keep out some groups of people.

In the early stages of T.I.A., the government and the Councillors wanted to keep everyone out of "Father Miller's cult." Later, the Methodist mission wanted to keep out the Methodists. The cultists wanted to keep out the non-cultists, and some said that the sins of the fathers must be visited upon the sons and the sons' sons: the progeny of The Enemy were not ever to be allowed to join T.I.A.



But some important anti-cultists joined T.I.A. Barol, probably because he was a Catholic catechist, joined early at the invitation of Father Miller. After Father Miller sent a long, written account to Rev. Taylor, which Rev. Taylor put into pidgin and sent around to his parishioners, the Methodists were allowed to join. Attempts to expand the Johnson cult to New Ireland had been in vain, but there began to be talk of T.I.A. there. And women, alone or with their husbands, could belong to T.I.A.

The village group was singled out institutionally in T.I.A. as the body which would elect one T.I.A. Board representative for each 30 members of T.I.A. from a given village. The land on which T.I.A. planted coconut was donated by individuals who laid claims to ground associated with the name of their clan in a given village. I could see no evidence that there was any clarity in this situation, and the fact that individuals did not want to ossify claims in European documents created by the Demarcation Committee testified to a flexibility they thought they had. They also had conflict: and it was to end this conflict that T.I.A. was able to gain from a few the rights for all its members to use large tracts of land, the ownership status of whose many claimants was doubtless endlessly disputable.

It was expected that people would work on T.I.A. land near their own villages, but they could work wherever they were. In the Johnson cult, contacts were gained across the south coast and into the islands, and in T.I.A. an organizational structure was spread across this same area. T.I.A., according to Walla, was ending social ties, however flimsy, amongst clan members in relation to tracts of lands and substituting clear and strong ties amongst them and all other members in T.I.A., to each other and to defined and surveyed groves of coconuts.

The rules of T.I.A. intended it to be an inclusive body, but New Hanover culture and circumstances rendered it, for some, for a time, exclusive. The enemy, of course, were to stay out forever. But no one thought about a man like Yangalik, who was too old to vote, and who had been a government man, not particularly pro-cult, but not actively against it. He told me one day he was thinking of putting an end to his life because he did not have the \$10 he needed to become a member of T.I.A. He had no illusions about America coming, but he cherished hopes for T.I.A., and he wanted to be a part of it. He did not want to be left out while his friends were in. T.I.A. continued the feeling of camaraderie that had been created in the cult, and they blossomed into a rangama house and a day of celebration when the old songs and dances, and some new ones, were performed.

#### Caste Divisions

The Johnson cult sought an end to the caste division between Lavongai natives and Europeans, but not until all the natives had had a chance to catch up with some of their successful compatriots. Oliver said clearly that some men were up a little and others were shit nothing. He did not want the Australians to leave without creating equality amongst those they left behind, and since Australia seemed to be making plans for a hurried departure, Oliver and others sent their urgent message to America.

Why did the cultists never complain about not being equal to the Chinese? They were never mentioned by the cultists. When they went to Kavieng, most natives went into one of some twenty Chinese shops, all filled with wondrous things; not just all the clothes, pots and

pans, beautiful towels, primus stoves and lanterns that the native people need and buy, but also all the beautiful jewelry, embroidered slippers, and delicate pottery for which Chinese shops are famous everywhere.

The European stores (only two of them), by contrast, were dull, and often rude. They prided themselves on not selling "meri blouses and laplaps" and other things that natives need. They said they did not want them in the stores. Usually, only the educated, Western-dressed local people, some from other parts of the Territory, shopped in these European stores in 1967.

Natives buy their clothes in Chinese shops, from rows and rows of beautiful blouses laboriously sewn up by Chinese women, for a price they can afford. The relationship the Chinese have with the people is one of service: in their stores, they stock things that natives want to buy, and they even set up little stores everywhere, like the one Aping has in Lavongai, that carry soap, rice, kerosene, and so on. In Kavieng, natives and Europeans alike buy wonderful great fresh loaves of bread at the Chinese shops, a great treat one is always supposed to bring back to the village after a trip to town.

Why were not the Chinese, who also managed plantations, some in New Hanover, and who also had the boats that the people could hope to send their copra to Kavieng in, boats that plied the waters irregularly between New Hanover and New Ireland, the object of a cult? Black girls were taken by white men, true, but some old Chinese had native wives. Why not the Chinese, why not vote for China to come, and bring boatloads of those marvelous little cloiséné jars and jade bracelets and bolts of cloth bearing designer-quality designs for half a dollar a yard?

Though there was far more cargo in evidence in Chinese shops than in European stores, the Chinese were not the object of envy. Who could envy them? They worked so hard, and they did not strut the way Europeans do. They do not seem to have things for nothing. They serve others, Europeans and natives, from dawn until way past dusk in some cases; while the European stores are open from 9:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. with an hour and half off (and closed) for lunch. Anglo-Saxons are terrible at business, probably mainly because they will not serve. The Chinese are themselves discriminated against by the white political structure, but they are too rich, too involved with the family and too much better off than the Europeans to notice. One beaming woman to whom I often went, who ran to other stores to get what I needed if she happened not to have it, had put seven sons through the University of Sydney with her labors. She endeared herself to me by never failing to ask when I came in, "How is your research?"

But I never heard any natives say anything that implied that they felt "unequal" to the Chinese, even though they sometimes felt that Chinese employers were very hard on them, and very hard to work for. What bothered the cultists was the enormous caste differences between themselves and their European masters, exacerbated by clear hints that under self-government some of their own men would become those "masters," would take the place of the governing class, leaving their compatriots and, literally, their brothers, behind. It was this social situation, not cargo and economic power, that was at issue.

Cultists did not seek equality with the Chinese not because they could not hope to achieve so much, but because in the Territory of Papua-New Guinea in 1967 the Chinese were in a politically and socially weak position. Cultists sought, instead, identification with those who

appeared to them to be strong: the Australians or, failing them, the Americans. Lavongais talked a great deal about equality, but they never wanted to lower themselves to make themselves equal to the weak, or to help the weak to become equal to themselves. The only people they were interested in being equal to were those who had already won first place in the peck-order.

POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

The Johnson cult was non-institutionalized in its political aspect in that it was begun and carried out by a few, then by many, men who occupied no particular offices, either traditional or modern; nor did they invoke the authority or influence of any institution in support of their ideas; nor had they any authority, even charismatic authority, over each other. Within the cult itself, none ever developed. In T.I.A., however, the charisma of the election for Johnson was routinized, and institutionalization occurred: rules were adopted, and offices were created into which individuals were put by following standard procedures public within the membership of the organization.

The Johnson cult was individualistic in its political aspect, in that each individual was entirely in control of the role he played within it. No one represented or was represented by anyone else. The cult created sharp divisions between individuals who chose opposing positions, often separating people from the men they had elected to lead them, their Councillors. However, it also linked persons in various villages who were in, and those who were out of, the election. These factions continued in the organization of T.I.A. but were eroded by the efforts of outsiders who wanted to be in what was becoming the strongest faction, and by insiders operating with inclusive values.

New Hanover culture is individualistic, and produces individuals who often feel lost in the crowd. Each must assert himself in relation to others if he is to maintain control over himself. He fears the strong and shuns the weak, lest he be identified with them. The consensus achieved in the vote for Johnson, whether accidental or God-given, was

not planned; but it gave the cultists as a group in the pecking order power that no one had realized they had to quickly eclipse their own Council, and to influence the actions of the Australian government. This power was consolidated and extended in T.I.A.

#### Leadership

The Johnson cult did not have a prophet. It hardly had leaders. It had, at most, spokesmen; but there were some of these in each village, and different people spoke on different occasions. It was never planned ahead of time who would speak or what they would say, except when cultists met with the U.N. Visiting Mission, and Pamais' speech in English was written out in advance.

The men who hatched the plan to vote for Johnson must be considered at least the creative leaders of this cult. They lived in neighboring villages around the Methodist Mission, Ranmelek, the first polling station. The only plantation owned and run by a European on the island was included in this area. Many of the men who were spokesmen either were or had been also preachers in the Methodist church. Perhaps this experience made them more likely to speak in public and even gave them a clearer grasp of the Christian beliefs that supported their actions, but cannot be considered to have caused them. Pengai, who was, by his own account and those of others, the first man to suggest that he and his discontent compatriots should quit just talking and do something, was not a Methodist. He was a Seventh-Day Adventist (SDA). Pengai spoke at the Friday night meeting before the vote at Ranmelek, but so did other people. They all said they were going to vote for Johnson. Everyone thought it was a great idea. And the next day, when the kiap called Lavongai village to come up and vote, when that moment of decision

was upon them, it was Yaman who stepped forward and insisted on the vote as it was expressed on the blackboard. He then turned to the people and asked them if they wanted to vote for Johnson, and they shouted their assent. No one appointed Yaman. He just stepped forward. I heard that he also spoke, along with others, at the Friday night meeting, but he had no office, traditional or modern, nor any special qualities. He was a fairly young man, I was told, and his arm was "dead;" it swung loose. I never heard much about him, and I did not meet him. If he had not saved the day at a crucial moment at Ranmelek, probably someone else would have. Other people wrote blackboards and stepped forward in other villages.

Pengai and others described the process by which the men reached consensus about the election: "We sit down, as is our custom, we sit down, meet . . . and say, 'Why is this? Our pay is not good. Oh, I think they don't help us well. Now--what's going on?' Like that, we would turn it around and about." Together they mulled things over, "greasing," trying ideas until they found one that worked.

Pengai singled himself out as a leader by saying that he had offered to take the "name," and hence the blame, for the vote for America. No one else showed any tendency to put the blame on him, each insisting that he himself was fully committed. Some of the older men, like Makios, did remember that they had all let Peter Yangalimat take the blame before, and they said that that not happen again. They mentioned, when asked, that Pengai had found out Johnson's name from Bosmailik, who had asked the Americans, but they did not credit these men with leadership roles.

The leadership against the Johnson cult came from men who occupied or had occupied official positions within the Australian Administration,



They were either young men who wanted to keep what little power they thought they had as Councillors, or old men, who had genuine good will toward the Australian Administration and had formed their own identities in categories and positions created by it. The non-cultists whom they led were sometimes men who just did not want to get into the fight, or who saw it as "silly" because they knew enough about European affairs to see it the way Europeans did; but they were sometimes men who wished they had understood well enough soon enough to vote for Johnson along with their compatriots who "voted on the board."

Throughout the course of the cult, no major leader emerged. After a few months, the initiatives came from the government and the people reacted, some with others, some alone. Everybody did much as he pleased, but some individuals stood out in the crowd. One such man, Oliver, became well known, partly for his daring, or cowardice, in escaping the police and partly for his genuine acts of leadership. His style was in keeping with the style of the old-time Big Man in New Hanover, who became big by acquiring without subsequent distribution, or even minimal reciprocity. People gave him money, and he bought a radio, wristwatch, women, and other things. Oliver thus belongs--though not entirely--to the old traditions, and was not the man to unite these people in the new way of life which they sought.

Many cultists were less interested in the attainment of their stated political goals than in fulfilling their own roles well. When I asked Oliver if he thought that one reason America had not come was because all did not believe strongly, he answered, "I don't know about everything relating to the United Nations. Or everything about them. Just believe, that's all. Believe in God, or believe in this thing, or believe that this thing will come up later--that is God's (decision).

Now whatever idea he makes in whoever is boss of the world, so that he brings whatever kind of idea, or he does whatever kind of work, or he brings whatever kind of thing that is strong so that something will come up, so as to support this thing . . . ." Oliver is saying that he wants America: "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." He is not just giving God the final decision, however; he is giving him the rest of the work. Oliver is not really interested in politicking. He is more interested in philosophizing. And in gaining contact with Europeans, which his role in the cult gave him.

Cultists knew that their vote for Johnson was insufficient to solve their problems, even that it was a symbolic gesture. But they did not know what else to do. They wanted leadership, and they knew, even Pengai knew clearly, that none amongst them could provide the leadership they needed.

Pengai: "Plenty of men among us know a lot, but--they understand arithmetic, they know how to speak English, they understand whatever. . . . They all study this, plenty of men know about it. But where is one more kind of savvy to be a friend to this one? Because we have already won this one. . . . I don't think of something like this (all cargo), about all kinds of cargo around and about. . . . Just one thing, that's all, I think of: something in order to straighten our way of life. . . . Like they must show me a good--they can call it, the government of Australia (must) bring one or however many men. All right now, they bring him and they say, 'You all, this man will get up this work in this way. The government of Australia gives him to you all. All right now, you all must tax to buy his know-how with money in this way.' All right, we can get up, and we can be truly happy following this kind (of way). But now we are looking yet.

But the cultists did not want these new leaders to be like the old ones, keeping a social distance, giving orders along with their know-how. They wanted equality. All cultists except the few who claimed to know nothing about the Americans mentioned not just that they gave food to the people and high wages, but that they sat down with them and greased. Pengai says, "If America sat down together with us, I think it would be very good! Because their ways are good--for instance, when they prepare food, it's not like the way of Australia. They prepare food, you and I together, we sit down and I eat now. Now, Australians, they see us, and they tell us to get out."

In response to my further questioning, Pengai made himself completely clear: "It's like this, they saw this way, that's all; they did not like the food, just the way."

Years passed, and Johnson did not come. However, New Hanover did have an individual, an outsider, an American, who rose to the occasion in the person of the local American Catholic priest, Father Bernard Miller, M.S.C., of Toledo, Ohio. Would a local man have eventually come forward if Father Miller had not? I think not, because Father Miller had access to resources, money, knowledge and institutional contacts that the people knew they needed and knew they lacked. While Yaman's role could have been played by someone else, Father Miller's role could only have been played by another man from outside. Still, like Yaman and Pengai, he fit his ideas and his leadership into the existing situation, and seemed never to be more than a spokesman himself. But he was also a "resource" person, a consultant, and a man whose known tradition gave people what they had never had before: a big man who would hold the money on behalf of all, and spend it as they told

him to. With his guidance, the Johnson cultists turned their energy into building T.I.A., which grew and prospered under the leadership of President Walla of Materan village. Walla has been a true hero. He has not become a glorious leader, and he has not become corrupt or a Big Head. He has been a servant, not a master, of his people.

Factions and Ideology: Cultists

In New Ireland there are strong and complex networks of relationships among people who are always a group waiting for someone to come and lead them. But in New Hanover there are no such networks, no such groups. In New Hanover, people "get up with talk"; and when a strong man talks, a group may form to follow. That is what happened in the Johnson cult, except that there was no particularly strong man who led, only a strong idea to follow.

There never was any legitimately constituted authority in New Hanover, unless there were charismatic leaders, as one may suspect there were, from time to time, whose authority was temporarily accepted as legitimate. But in the Johnson cult, it was the idea that had charisma, that was viewed by many as coming from God; and a constituency was formed not by those who followed a leader but by those who believed in an idea.

And, yet, many cultists did not really "believe" that Johnson or the Americans were going to come in the sense that they offered empirical evidence to support this contention. When outsiders asked them if they still "believed" America was coming, they answered a firm "Yes." But these ardent assertions were political, meant to alert Australians that the cultists had not given up, not a statement about cosmic perspectives. They had, after all, merely voted for Johnson, not predicted his arrival. Only Oliver was accused by outsiders of

having made predictions, and Oliver himself told me of one occasion when he was provoked into doing so by ridicule. Lapantukan was the only cultist who mentioned having heard of these predictions, and he did not believe them because, he said, Oliver had no wireless or other means of contacting America. What was important to Lapantukan and other cultists was that they wanted America to come--it was their wish. Around this vote a political faction formed and developed an ideology to which all cultists, whatever individual differences there might be in the epistemological underpinnings of their beliefs, publicly subscribed.

The development of an ideology amounted to the development of a political platform on which cultists took a political stance. It criticized the work of Australia and called for a new country to take over the job of developing New Hanover. But it also contained an interpretation of history that documented change in the past--one country replacing another in control of Papua New Guinea--and foresaw a final replacement. America was to be the last country. After America, New Hanover would have savvy and would be self-reliant, and therefore would be able to be independent and on an equal footing with other parts of the world and with other parts of their own country and their own island.

The constituency that formed around this ideology was composed of individuals who agreed about their grievances but took no steps to institutionalize their consensus. They were opposed by non-cultists and by government officers, and they were jailed together; but there was never any internal structure amongst them that made them a group. Whereas in New Ireland, whole villages empty out to participate in malanggan or other group events, the cultists never met as a group except on the day they voted for Johnson. They stayed in their villages and heard news from individual messengers and were arrested and jailed when

they did not pay their taxes. Some, perhaps 30 or 40 at most, stayed together in fear in a big house in Bolpua that belonged to Pilikos, but there they accomplished no political organization, nor did they plan any political action.

And yet, like any political faction, they wanted power. Some of them said so. They lacked power, they knew that Europeans had it, they knew that they needed it. They were afraid they were not getting the savvy they needed to be powerful from Australia fast enough to be able to maintain themselves as self-government approached.

They wanted America to come to give them savvy. But they wanted America in particular because they wanted to be part of the strongest available faction. Outsiders found it hard to understand why the cultists would think that America would want to come and bother with them. They seemed to think that America would want to boss them, that they were doing America a favor by offering to come in under her, by offering the American "faction" support. This would make sense in terms of their experiences both with their own wars and with the factions they saw amongst outsiders during World War II. It would also make sense by analogy with their experience of colonial situations: Australia seemed to want to boss Papua New Guinea, as Germany had wanted to before that; so, presumably, all big countries want to boss small countries, and America, therefore, would want to boss New Hanover. Those of us accustomed to thinking of colonial peoples striving to be free must take careful note: New Hanover cultists did not want to be free from outside rule; they merely wanted more powerful and competent rulers, strong men with whom they hoped to identify. When Lavongais talk about being equal, they do not talk about pulling down or destroying the strong. They wish to emulate them.

There was a division amongst Lavongais that was only mentioned in passing: that between the middle-aged men who had little formal education, and the young men, who had gained what Australia had to offer. Some of these young men, like Pamais, were in New Hanover and were in the cult. Some were away at school or at work, and some sent letters home opposing the cult. The cult served primarily the interests of those lacking a Western education, who may have resented being bossed by their own young elite more than they resented the Australians. Cultists joined together in claiming that no black man had enough savvy to boss them, and that that is why they had to call in the outsider, America.

Factions and Ideology: Non-Cultists

Many people in New Hanover apparently felt a need for change. Some of these were in the cult, and some were not. The cult constituency was established partly by the boundaries of election districts set up by the Australian Administration and by the order in which the patrol collecting ballots travelled around to the polling stations. That most of the north coast stayed out of the cult was primarily due to their being far away from where it started. But there were some individuals in the heart of the cult area who opposed the election for America, and who were active in their efforts to end it. Most of these men were Councillors or were closely dependent on the government in the past or present in some other way. These non-cultists also had an ideology, which they elaborated and articulated in their reports to the kiaps. Their ideology attributed to cultists' beliefs about the imminent coming of America with free cargo, which cultists denied. Cultists called these accusations tok bilas, ridicule. This category, tok bilas, stretched over a long continuum, from things the cultists believed but nevertheless

considered ridicule when emanating from the mouths of non-cultists in a sarcastic tone, to things the cultists themselves believed to be absurd. People were very much aware of the relationship between their beliefs and the political faction to which they belonged. For instance, when I asked Edward whether or not he had believed that America might come, he answered, "Oh, I was in the Council, I didn't believe." He never offered any cognitive or evidential referents in relation to his beliefs. Edward was one of several non-cultists, however, who offered trust in European authority as support for his position. Edward had believed along with others that Johnson was coming until he had heard Mr. Healy, the District Commissioner, say that it was not true. As a long-time government employee, he believed a high government official.

Factions and Ideology: Government

The Australian government officials had an ideology to support that shared elements with that of the non-cultists: that the cultists were "long long," crazy. Kiaps encouraged non-cultists to report to them about cultist behavior, both because they wanted to know what was going on and because they found that they gained support in this way for the punitive actions they took against cultists.

While kiaps informally viewed cultists as crazy, this point of view was never part of official policy. When Carrol Gannon pressed his request for control of a government speedboat so that he could visit cultists whom he considered "mentally ill," he was turned down. The government's failure to pursue this avenue of healing casts doubt on the genuineness with which they accepted their own diagnosis. On the other hand, perhaps they did think the cultists were "crazy" but not "mentally ill," the latter being a category that Australian kiaps are not likely to give much credence to under any circumstances.



Some government reports indicate that some officers felt that the cultists would not give in and give up because they did not want to lose face, but the government never addressed this problem, even when it was pointed out by government officers. Probably this was because the government officials were worried themselves about losing face and were more concerned with reestablishing authority, as their reports state, to save their own face than they were with "saving" the people. Carrol Gannon made this point when he tried to stop the Council from continuing its rivalry with T.I.A. The government, he said, should tell the people what a wonderful idea T.I.A. was and should offer to help. "That would be a win for the people," he said; "but we're here for the benefit of the people, not for the good of the government."

Individual government officers privately had varying opinions about what should be done, but all were, of course, obliged to follow orders and to try to reestablish respect for the Administration. Some cultists saw that government officers were part of a faction which they had to support. When I asked Pengai which kiaps were involved in a particular event, he said that they were all alike, just doing their job.

Factions and T.I.A.

From 1964 until the end of 1966, non-cultists hardened into a political faction, with Government and Council support, in opposition to the faction composed of cultists and then T.I.A. members, backed by Father Miller. Father Miller himself never came into direct conflict with the Australian government, mainly because he, like Carrol Gannon, was a reconciler. As T.I.A. began to grow and become a clearly constructive force, opposition to it faded away.

T.I.A. was more easily known than the Johnson cult had been. It institutionalized the boundaries of its group through membership rules,

and their objectives and procedures through written statements and rules. Mere sympathizers were out. Makios made clear that he did not want a man to come to T.I.A. meetings until he had paid his dues, a declaration of good faith. He suspected one man who had not paid and yet came to meetings of being a spy for the enemy. The enemies of T.I.A. ridiculed members as non-cultists had ridiculed those who voted for Johnson, saying that nothing would come of T.I.A., that it would not have any fruit. Members admitted that they did not know exactly what would come of T.I.A., but true belief meant faith in the unseen, and they were very angry, Piskaut made clear, with those who said they would "wait and see." Those of little faith and their progeny as well would not be allowed to share in the good life to come, when the coconuts bore whatever fruit they might bear.

As T.I.A. collected money and planted coconuts and waxed, opposition waned. Government did "come up inside T.I.A.," as Silikan had suggested it might. Walla was elected President of the Council, as well as President of T.I.A., and the Council was voted out of existence. The Council was "just government, not business," as weary Council kiaps said time and again in Council meetings. But the people wanted business, not government; they wanted T.I.A., not the Council.

#### West Coast, New Ireland

The resistance to paying taxes on the west coast of New Ireland seems to me to have been a somewhat different phenomenon from the Johnson cult. No Johnson ideology was ever mentioned there, nor were there any further incidents after the violent encounter with the tax patrol. The Johnson cult did have something to do with initiating that incident, however, according to Rev. John Robbins, the Methodist missionary in charge of that area and the Tigak islands. He said that someone

from Nonovul island, in the Tigaks, was at the Magam meeting on the Friday before the election for Johnson. He took the news back to his island, and some men there carried the message to the west coast of New Ireland where they had relatives, either married into the villages or working on plantations. While I was in Lavongai village, four people from that village were working on a European plantation near Kaut. Rev. Robbins said that people "recruited close villages or relatives, sons or nephews." One active cultist from the islands was married into Putput, Rev. Robbins told me, on the east coast of New Ireland where there was a slight stirring of activity. Many people from New Hanover had married into the east coast villages near Kavieng and had, to some extent, changed the character of those villages.<sup>203</sup> I think the incidents of dissent in New Ireland were led, then, by people from New Hanover or the Tigak islands. Some New Irelanders apparently joined the opposition to paying tax to a police-led patrol, but they did not vote for Johnson.

Attempts to get votes for Johnson in New Ireland failed, however. Eron and Sirape, of Mangai, told me that they had all gone to a meeting in a church in Ngavallis and heard this talk. They listened politely and said they'd consider it and went home. They told me they thought it was very bad to talk against the government and everybody in the church. Pengai told me that Eron and Kamak, of Livitua in New Ireland, had come to one of their meetings in New Hanover. They said they would wait and see.

#### Networks of Relationship

One of the generalizations that many studies of millenium movements make is that they occur in areas that lack integration, and

New Hanover fits easily into that category. Even by Melanesian standards, New Hanover traditionally lacked integrating mechanisms. The melanggan ceremonies that link neighboring New Ireland villages with each other and with Tabar did not include New Hanover, even though some of the strings of red shell currency, mias, used in the malanggan circuit were made in New Hanover.

New Hanover did have something akin to the Melanesian feast, Maras, which drew together in a group effort at least a few villages or, in the old days, hamlets. I gather that it collapsed at the first touch of European contact, in contrast to the New Ireland malanggan, which continued vigorously in 1967. Boski Tom blamed the missionaries for putting a stop to feasting in New Hanover, but missionaries have insisted in vain in New Ireland that malanggan might have to do with false gods or just be a waste of time.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

The Johnson cult was non-institutionalized in its economic aspect in that it was an entirely unprecedented attempt to achieve economic development by bringing in the Americans to lead the way for New Hanover. America did not come, but T.I.A., under Father Miller, did come with an attempt to institutionalize forms of organization which could achieve some of the changes the Johnson cult explicitly sought.

The Johnson cult envisioned no particular mode of development beyond gaining "savvy" from the Americans. When they talked, vaguely, of what they wanted in material terms, it was possessions for individuals: a speedboat, a house with an iron roof. Their general statements about what they wanted, however, referred to a broader concept of social welfare, as was implied in their criticisms of the Council and, particularly, of the Co-ops. In the formation of T.I.A., a real revolution occurred in that individuals gave up their individual claims to ground, not to each other but to a corporate group. The individualistic perspective continued, however, to form their concept of contributions to be made to the production efforts of T.I.A. The profits of T.I.A. were to be used for communal projects, to be determined by representatives of the total membership and were not to be distributed.

The assertiveness which commonly resulted in peck-ordered relationships in New Hanover paid off economically for a few, perhaps, who collected money to send to Johnson which probably never got to the post office. Some had their taxes paid for them by Europeans, but most had not sought or wanted that. T.I.A. institutionalized a different order of things: individuals had to participate assertively just to remain in the organization, but there were no economic gains to be made by individuals. All the profits of T.I.A. were to be returned to

the group, not to the individual members of T.I.A. And it was the organization which gained ascendancy, economically and otherwise, over all other group efforts in New Hanover.

#### Production

The Johnson cult resulted in a decrease in domestic production, from all I could gather, in that during the three years that substantial numbers of men were in jail, or out of jail but thinking about the election for Johnson, there was some lessing of effort with regard to making gardens, and, perhaps, with regard to keeping pigs. Many women whom I asked seemed embarrassed that they did not have gardens, but not one attributed their not having gardens directly to the cult. In some cases, husband and wife had separate gardens, and, certainly, gardening was at least as much, or much more, women's work than men's; so there was no need for the cult to interfere directly with gardening. Still, people acted as though they usually had gardens and were embarrassed that they did not at the time I was there.<sup>204</sup>

Men were necessary to the clearing of new land, and it was this great task that T.I.A. members, men and women together, first accomplished. People planted food first in the cleared areas, and only later did they plant the coconuts for which the ground was, in theory, cleared. Many people did plant gardens in the T.I.A. cleared ground in Lavongai, so it must be presumed that the jailing of the ground-clearers, i.e., men, did affect gardening.

Women were also perfectly able to process sago by themselves, as they told me when I asked. It was sago that they primarily ate in 1967. There seemed to be no dramatic change in this area.

Pigs are raised or hunted by men. Probably the paucity of pigs in 1967 was the result, if not of the cult, of the generally low morale that helped to produce the cult as well.

The fact that people all worked together, went together to the areas to be cleared, cut and cleared together for T.I.A. was an important change in New Hanoverian production techniques. People usually did not work together in large groups, which was one reason they had despaired of clearing large areas for planting coconuts. Silakau made his worry on this score explicit to me: he said he could not pay a group of laborers to work a plantation even if he had one the way Europeans could. But it should not go unnoticed that as soon as the ground was cleared, people planted no communal coconuts but their individual gardens. However, they did, as they said they would, plant coconuts later. But working together presented many problems. In Ungat, there was dissension over how to plant the coconuts. Aine, who had nearly 30 years' experience as boss boy on a plantation, had to assert himself in order to gain acquiescence to his expertise about the direction in which coconuts should be planted so that the sun would shine on all of them equally.

The production of coconuts on T.I.A. land was meant to produce copra which would be sold, all the money from which was to go into the coffers of T.I.A. There was to be no public, individual distribution, no "rebates" as promised, but never delivered, by the Co-ops. But T.I.A. would accomplish the communal projects the Co-op and the Council had failed to produce. In 1967, T.I.A. was just getting started, and people were a little anxiously insisting that everyone was working strongly within it.

#### Distribution

There was hardly any distribution beyond the family in New Hanover

traditionally, so there was little to disrupt or reinforce. Boski Tom told me about food distributions, where one group feasted another, that had been incentives to production, and that had been disrupted by the missions, but he did not attribute any further deleterious effect on production or distribution to the Johnson cult.

In the old days, there were no steady trade partners in New Hanover, nor any reciprocal obligations between any two individuals or social groups. In return for the mias they made, New Hanoverians received only a canoe-load of fish, or a garden full of taro. They did not acquire the entangling alliances that dominate New Ireland life, where mias cannot be used to directly buy food, but only in ceremonial interactions (which, in the long run, produce a gift of food, but not food directly), where prices cannot be asked.

But in T.I.A., the people became economically dependent upon each other. In their joint venture, another man's failure to work directly affected not only what he produced for himself but what he produced for his fellows; but the pressure on each person was not related directly to the end product, but to the process of production. Even when fellow clansmen planted their gardens next door to each other on clan land in the old days, they did not share the product or help each other. Each worked alone. Thus, the economic ties created amongst T.I.A. members was a revolutionary change in their economic system. Those who could not work were, by rule, to give money (4 shillings a day) instead to the whole. This meant that young New Hanoverians who were away in other parts of the Territory working could and did participate in the development of their home island by sending home whatever portion of their salary was required in order to keep their membership in T.I.A. current.



Europeans worried that T.I.A. members might become disheartened if, after a while, America did not come; and the years stretched ahead, seven of them, from the time the coconuts were planted, before any kind of fruit would be seen from T.I.A. labors. But most T.I.A. members plugged on, looking neither to right nor left, determined to go on without knowledge of what the "fruit" of T.I.A. would be.

#### Collecting Money

Oliver, and perhaps some others, collected money to send to Johnson, which probably never reached him. One cannot be sure, but the evidence suggested in Oliver's \$400 radio alone seems sufficient. The collection of money by a strong man and his consumption of it for his own purposes is a traditional pattern in New Hanover, one which people do not like, but which they do not seem to resent. These Big Men sold hope, as Oliver did, and that was often all the buyers ever got. For some reason, that was all they seemed to expect. When they gave money, they were gambling: a person may be disappointed, but not outraged, if one loses a gamble.

In T.I.A. this fashion was strictly outlawed. Not one penny was to be allowed to go astray. Every penny was brought to the T.I.A. office, to the box which Father Miller kept locked, and then to the bank. A man could come and check the membership book to make sure his money had been recorded. And there were no accusations of money gone astray.

The collection of money for Johnson showed people that they did have resources which they could accumulate, themselves, without passing it on to the Government or the Council where it seemed to disappear.

In T.I.A. they confirmed and expanded their potential to pool their own resources.

#### Economic Growth

The effort to produce economic development that was institutionalized in T.I.A. was the greatest long-term economic result of the cult.

The cultists also received some economic help from the Administration in an attempt to make amends for what the government itself viewed as neglect. However, the government efforts were small and soon ceased. They built a hospital, but then they transferred Carroll Gannon, whose achievement it mainly was, away from it; and they did not replace him with a man of his medical experience. They did not build a road. They did not buy a boat. Council plans and budgets indicated that there would be enough money for a boat by 1972. They did not send a didiman (agricultural expert), despite repeated requests from T.I.A., to discuss plans for the new coconut plantations until the end of August 1967, when one came and talked at a T.I.A. meeting and then went back to Kavieng.

However, T.I.A., with Father Miller as expert consultant, had bought three old but working boats by 1972, started a sawmill, and purchased a tractor and grader to begin to build a road around the island. A young man who had worked in the Peace Corps came and volunteered his services in teaching the growing of rice at the north coast Catholic Mission station, Puas. None of these projects has been an unqualified success, but they have been efforts, and in the right direction. They were, in any case, signs of movement.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

The Johnson cult was non-institutionalized in its psychological aspect in that it represented a spontaneous expression of feelings in a form without precedent in the traditional culture. As people talked about and considered what had happened, they began to articulate a set of feelings and interpretations, which they eventually related to the institutionalization of the cult in T.I.A.

The Johnson cult was individualistic in that the fundamental act defining cult members was an individual, private act of commitment. The individualism characteristic of New Hanover culture found counterparts in its successor organization, T.I.A., as well. However, T.I.A. required, as the cult did not, mutual obligations with other individuals.

The challenging, assertive behavior that was so prominent a part of the Johnson cult, as of New Hanover cultural character in general, left a greatly altered pecking order of relationships in its wake, not only among local New Hanoverians, but among all with whom they made contact: government officials, missionaries, other Europeans, eventually with other native people from elsewhere in the Territory. T.I.A. formed a consolidation of cult strength and was able to institutionalize the cultists' new position of dominance in some of these relationships.

Individualistic Personality: Exploratory

Source of the New Idea

Since little is institutionalized in New Hanover, getting an idea for something to do is a regular problem. The idea for the Johnson

cult derived from a combination of memories, imitation, idealization, hope, and mockery all put together in a creative vision that seemed to reflect the quests of many people. There were some idealized memories of Americans for some people, but many cultists had little knowledge of what America was like, and said so, adding, "I'm trying it, that's all."

New Hanover culture fosters the exploratory personality, the one who keeps pecking round until he finds the grain. Trying out an idea was a perfectly legitimate thing for a New Hanoverian to do. Lacking a known path, unwilling to follow each other, New Hanoverians must strike out on their own, or else sit and do nothing.

The idea for the vote for Johnson developed from the experiences of local people. It certainly did not come, as Europeans distant from it mused for a while, from some passing, joking remark made by one of the Americans on Mt. Patibum. Only Pengai and Bosap, who had known him, mentioned Peter Yangalimat and his talk of bringing back America after the war as part of the background for the election. They mentioned him less to credit his originality and initiative than to confess that he had been unjustly treated partly due to their own inaction. He had gone to jail for an idea that belonged not only to him but to many other people, then as now. In 1964, Pengai claimed only to be the "mouth" for them.

Most people did not dwell on how the idea had originated, nor was its origin in any way related to its legitimacy. Many said that they thought that it had been put into their heads by God, but this possible origin did not in itself justify it. Attribution of an idea to the supernatural fits with some traditional theories about getting ideas for songs and dances from the spirits of the dead, sometimes in dreams.

But it also fits with the more firmly founded individualism, which would not easily let Lavongais admit that they were following someone else's idea, unless that Someone was clearly out of the pecking order.

Individuals were not interested in claiming ownership of an idea in the sense of claiming to be its inventor. They claimed the idea of voting for Johnson as their own in the sense that they were each sincerely committed to it. Each man made the cult ideas truly his, and seemed little interested in who else had them, or in their origin. But cultists were interested, as Father Miller stressed, in the fact that the vote for Johnson was their idea, not that of white people, and they were not going to let it go. They were, as Father Miller said, "like a dog with a bone."

The vote for Johnson originated partly as mockery of the election offered to the people of New Hanover by Australia, which seemed to them to be a farce. The Australians were pretending that they were giving them self-government, and that they should want it, when most people felt that they did not know anything, could not do anything, could not take care of themselves in a society bossed by the few black men who had got a little savvy, but had not brought it back to their own people. The Australians had not so far given them savvy, and the election seemed to promise more of the same and ask them to affirm that direction. Some Australians, it should be pointed out, also thought the election, which was pushed by the United Nations, was a joke.

In their protest, the cultists used several ideas from the Western world which they put together with their own to form their message. When they raised their hands to promise to God, they combined a voting procedure with an oath-taking procedure, both probably learned from the Western world, although it is possible that God's presence on

high, rather than imitation of an oath-taking procedure with which probably few were acquainted, sparked this particular interpretation. No one commented on the European source of these acts. Some men told me that they found ideas by thinking, looking within, and trusting their own feelings about what was right, what was true, and what they should do about it.

### Spontaneity

The Johnson cult was the spontaneous synthesis of experiences and emotions that many people had been having, each in his own way. There was no careful plan, even amongst those who initiated the idea. Often details were lacking in the vision. People wanted a new way of life, but they did not know exactly what it should be. That is why they needed the Americans to come and give them savvy: not just cargo, and not just savvy about making cargo, but savvy about a new way of life. Pengai was glad to be able to think back on his dream, wherein he stood and talked before many, because it seemed to help to confirm his impulsive, quickly taken actions where there were no traditions, no wise elders, and no clan consensus to serve as guides or supports. New Hanover culture depends on strong emotional impulses, because it does not have traditional structures that grind inexorably toward a ritual, an exchange, a feast, or any cyclical occurrence. If anything at all is to happen, someone has to want it to happen badly enough to start it, attract others, and keep it going until something is achieved. This may partly explain why people were not angry with Oliver for taking their money: at least he tried to get something going.

The Johnson cult represented a very strong impulse for many people. It was a "peak" experience; everyone remembered just where he was and who he was with and what they were doing when they first learned about

the election for America.<sup>205</sup> It was only after it happened, after they felt that it was a peak experience, that cultists developed a supernatural explanation for it, and elaborated its meaning, partly in terms of divine sanction, but mostly in terms of its place as a culmination of inevitable forces of history in their lives.

Joseph told me that two New Irelanders, Eron of Mangai and Kamak of Livitua, came to one of the early meetings of cultists after the vote for America. Afterward they had both said they would wait and watch and consider. Impulsive behavior is not valued in New Ireland, as it would disrupt a careful system. There is no such system in New Hanover, and impulsive behavior is valued for its power to move.

Spontaneity is valued informally and is clearly required, strategically, by a culture that moves according to no general plan. Theoretically, people think that spontaneous expression is inevitable, that important forces within an individual cannot be controlled. And, yet, there are magic techniques available that allow individuals to manipulate their own or other people's emotions. Most notably, love magic may be used to produce the impulses of romantic love, on which marriage depends, if they are not forthcoming as a result of less drastic persuasion. But the manufacturing of fervor, to enhance or create a spontaneous production, is not limited to love magic. Piskaut told me about the seclusion of boys and men, and the eating of medicine by secluded boys and men, to make them cross when they needed and wanted to be cross for warfare. The whole idea of love magic and cross magic suggests that people feel a certain detachment from their own impulses, a certain distance, and suggests also that "spontaneity" itself is to some extent manufactured. This detachment is again attested to by the great insight New Hanoverians have into their own motivation. They see

the patterns in their behavior. They know that some occasions tend to yield, but do not require, one kind of expression of emotion rather than another. When impulses are needed but lie dormant, there are ways to stir them up. Several cultists said they needed to believe in order to overcome apathy. Oliver went around giving pep talks to help people maintain interest and commitment. "People get up with talk," he and others said.

Finally, in a synthetic flash that rivaled the vote for Johnson in its spontaneity, T.I.A. developed from the cult. Coming as it did when hope was dwindling and jail seemed pointless, cultists seized upon it with great enthusiasm. The initial fervor of the Johnson cult had begun to slip away, despite efforts to detain it, when Father Miller called the meeting wherein T.I.A. was born. Being a basically pragmatic people, Lavongais could not keep up the fervor forever without some injection of new content. There was not much charisma for most people to begin with, and it was all associated with a single act of confrontation, which was past; not with an individual who made repeat appearances, or with a revitalizing act that could be performed again and again. If the energy of the cult was to be maintained, it had to be harnessed, its apparent intensity reduced, its power stabilized through channeling.

Europeans who thought that T.I.A. was a constructive way for the cultists to go nonetheless worried that they would not be able to sustain their effort over the seven years that it would take for the coconuts they planted to begin to bring in some money. What if they had false expectations and were disappointed again? But cultists did not admit to any misgivings. They were strong for T.I.A., they said, everyone was strong; and even though they did not know the fruits of T.I.A., they had faith. This is what real faith is, they said: believing in what you cannot see and cannot know.



Some people no doubt maintained a partly mystical view about T.I.A. being a forerunner to the coming of the Americans and the beginning of a new existence. But T.I.A. had intrinsic benefits. It gave people something to do: it provided not only goals and practical work, but also the organization and structure that had no precedent in New Hanover culture. They seemed to very much want and need these kinds of limits to their spontaneity and individualism, but it remained to be seen whether or not they could tolerate it and use it.

### Emotional Involvement

#### Commitment

The spontaneity that founded the Johnson cult is characteristic of New Hanover culture in general. Spontaneity cannot find much favor in institutionalized settings, which arrange and restrict it; but it may be restricted in non-institutionalized settings, such as New Hanover, by commitment. The difference between these kinds of restrictions is that institutionalization comes from without, and commitment is self-imposed. Commitment clearly is the only kind of restriction that people reared in a culture like that of New Hanover could willingly accept.

Though there were various patterns of external behavior associated with the cult, commitment was the one fundamental act by which cultists defined themselves. They did not lean much on mystical, divine, or intuitive knowledge to achieve commitment. This was not a cult of dreamers, but of the occasional dream, such as Pengai's, which reinforced a tentative direction. It had seemed almost a miracle that so many had achieved the same commitment to the same idea at the same time. Because of the extraordinary coherence of the mass vote for Johnson, beyond what planning (and there was little planning) could have achieved,

many thought that God must have been responsible for it, an attribution which supplied both explanation and confidence to the cultists.

Commitment was never taken for granted. Some people worried openly about the possibility of the loss of faith, about the need for all to help each other remain strong. The big house in Bolpua, which was rumored amongst Europeans to be a warehouse to receive the cargo, was used by the cultists, Bosap told me, so that they could all stay together and help each other keep the faith. (It had been built just so that the people of Bolpua would have a place in which to entertain the Americans on Mt. Patibum who had been so generous to them.) Oliver and Robin went around giving talks, helping people to hold fast to their election for America.

Before they had T.I.A., the cultists had no clear future around which they could unite, but only a past to keep refurbished. They preserved the consensus achieved in the election by preserving their hostility against "the enemy." But somewhat improved conditions and a somewhat contrite Australian administration, in conjunction with America's continued absence, confused the issue.

After the cultists had developed T.I.A. to carry their consensus, they might have relaxed their hostility but for the fact that "the enemy" continued its own antagonistic stance. Australian administrators, non-cultists, and, for a while, the Methodist mission tried to impose limits on the growth of T.I.A. for several reasons: perhaps most important, they were jealous. They were also uneasy about losing their evidence that cultists were crazy, which had partly justified their opposition to them. Finally, they feared a growing power that they could not control and could not be sure was constructive. The Assistant District Commissioner in Kavieng called T.I.A. "Father Miller's cult," a terminology which underscored his cynicism about its practical consequences.

The opposition of these groups became policy for a while and helped to keep unity strong among T.I.A. members. The "Bord" members of T.I.A. were disturbed by the continuing ridicule of their opponents, writing to Father Miller and T.I.A. officers to "report" as their opponents had formerly "reported" to the kiaps. Walla and others said that they should not concern themselves with this ridicule, but work to prove it wrong; and Father Miller told them definitely not to "report" to him and the officers, but to ignore the talk.

People in T.I.A. said that everyone was strong and that they were not concerned about slackening faith, but in the early meetings there was great concern about half-members, who might be half-hearted as well as half-paid in their membership in T.I.A. There was talk among Bord members about giving them an ultimatum of one kind or another, and finally it was decided that they would be lumped with other late joiners and made to pay \$12.00 instead of \$10.00 to join. The punitive and exclusive attitude which had existed between cultists and non-cultists, and which was continued between members and non-members of T.I.A., also existed within the T.I.A. membership wherever there was any evidence that could give rise to suspicion about purity and strength of commitment. Paulos, who had been a strong cultist, went around giving talks about T.I.A., as he and others had done during the election, to strengthen people's "belief" in T.I.A.; and it was he who was chosen to be its first president.

The details of the "belief" in America had never been developed in the cult and were not mentioned in T.I.A. However, for those who had voted for Johnson, T.I.A. would probably never be just an economic organization. What was important was that they had found a place to stand together, and they did not want it eroded. Father Miller helped

them find a way to build a firmer place on which to stand. There they had a practical possibility, but by the same token they had a clear chance for failure. As pure fantasy (for so outsiders considered it), the Johnson cult might not come true, but it also would not come false. It did, however, begin to go stale, and lack of outside support probably did bother cultists, though they denied it. People began to want something more to happen, something suitable for their practical bent, perhaps; something for which they could gain the support of Europeans, something that fit more into the fixtures of world mythology. T.I.A. was a move in that direction, and, as it developed, members chose Walla, a man of a more practical nature, to succeed Paulos as president of T.I.A.

But members retained the heightened inspiration for their work, beyond its utilitarian value, that grew out of the origins of their organization in the cult. No one could deny that as the work of T.I.A. became routine, and as its history faded away in the minds of those who had "voted on the board," and as more and more young people who only knew the story second-hand joined T.I.A., members might gradually lose interest and find that they had other work to do when the bell rang for them to go to work on the plantations they had planted with such high hopes.

#### Detachment

Commitment was crucial to the election for America and to T.I.A. But it was not easy for Lavongais to achieve, even as individuals. Their stark empiricism, characterized in the typical remark, "I don't know, I did not see it," makes faith difficult and commitment to a faith almost deliberate self-deception. Their culture traditionally directs them to detachment, to insight into themselves and others, to the

earnest playing of psychological games. In some ways, the Johnson cult was played as a game, and sometimes the players seemed to be acting. But beyond the acting, there was genuine commitment, though perhaps to something other than the stated objectives of belief.

Some people were articulate about the psychological bases, which we might otherwise think were "unconscious," of their belief: we believe in America because that is the idea that came up, and we are going to stay with it. They knew there was an arbitrary element in the choice, but that did not deter them, as there was no other kind of choice, from their point of view. Their attitude toward those who tried to persuade them to accept more "reasonable" beliefs was: Don't rock the boat now that we've finally got it launched. At least we can go somewhere in it, even if we only go exploring. "Mi triam tasol": I'm trying it, that's all, many said. For many, the choice of America, like giving money to Oliver, was akin to gambling, though the gamble seemed almost preordained.

Oliver had a keen and articulate understanding of the psychological functions of commitment. I think he hoped to achieve it and, after a while, failed. This was his own personal tragedy, but one which made him appear, to Europeans, deceitful. Few natives seemed hostile to him or annoyed about their loss of money to him. Perhaps they were sharing his experiences of failed commitment and had therefore some compassion. Or perhaps they were just maintaining a united front among cultists. My most difficult, and ultimately impossible, task was to try to reconstruct the kind of commitment that had sustained the cult in its most intense phase, when I was not permitted to undertake my study.

No warehouses were built, however, and no airstrips. I think the New Hanoverians did not really believe that the Americans would come.

This is, perhaps, their national tragedy, that they have never found it possible to believe in anything much, be it man or myth; and their belief in Johnson and America derived more from the principle "any myth in a storm" than from any undying conviction about anything.<sup>206</sup>

People were often articulate about the power of belief to motivate, and informants gave analogies from everyday life of the power of belief in overcoming apathy. Why do you believe? I asked; and the answer often was: I must believe, because if I had no belief I would sit down and do nothing. Translation was a problem here, and when they elaborated their belief to me it always came out to mean hope--a word they used in the same form in pidgin English. And according to the European who knew them best, Carrol Gannon, who had been on the island during most of the cult (although not at its beginning), hope was the most they had ever had. No cultist ever offered me any evidence that America would in fact come, only evidence that it was important for the people to do and/or believe something.

And people did believe something; they had, at least, hope. Oliver had hope: he was not just a charlatan, and the people were not just cynics. Here again, the giving of money may find some explanation. Oliver and his kind of innovator were appreciated, because he took their money and told them it was for a high and noble purpose. This gave people a chance to give to Prove Themselves to themselves. They had then given, testified to their commitment in so doing, gained in seriousness. What the receiver of the money did with it was on his conscience.<sup>207</sup>

For nearly three years after the vote for Johnson, cultists were engaged in a series of encounters with non-cultists of various connections. As response and reaction and counter-reaction continued,

without much violence and without much change and without much direction, the cult took on a kind of game quality. T.I.A. gave the people a chance to give money again, to show not just themselves but all their detractors that they were not just playing a game, but were committed to actions that would bring about genuine change. The old lap lap, cast off with glorious abandon, lay where it was thrown, a constant reminder of the old life to which they would return unless they took drastic action without further delay.

Patterned, Non-Institutionalized Expression of Emotions

Peter Lawrence (1964) has pointed out that cargo cults are not radical but conservative; and that they continue to act on the basis of the cognitive structure built by the traditional culture. In the Johnson cult the traditional beliefs that continued to function were not about mythological persons or the efficacy of ritual, but about human nature and Lavongai character, and the efficacy of particular kinds of psychological manipulation of oneself and of other people. Some New Hanoverians are exquisitely articulate about their cultural character. It is constructed of the psychological constants that allowed people to understand each other and to act in concert even though none of them had ever had a Johnson cult before, nor would they ever have one again, nor had they ever institutionalized anything of the kind. Some occasions tend to yield, though they do not require, one kind of expression of emotions rather than another. In New Hanover, where little is institutionalized, people are observant and often articulate about these patterns.

Some patterns were perceived as peculiarly Lavongai, whereas others were treated as human universals. The following discussion

excerpts some of these patterns that were important in the Johnson cult, as well as in New Hanover culture generally.

Like

One axiom about human nature that dominated New Hanover behavior in the cult and maddened Europeans who were supposed to deal with it was the assumption that what an individual wants is incontrovertible: "Laik e bigpela samting," they often said, which means, "What a person likes is very important." When they said this, there was a kind of threatening or threatened tone, as though one needed to watch out if one meant to interfere in any way with what a man wanted to do.

The vote for Johnson was not a prophecy: "Just like, like, it's just like, like, that's all," Oliver said, trying to make it clear to me. It may have been "just like," but what a man likes is not a trivial matter. If the people of New Hanover wanted America to come, or if they wanted to collect or give money, or if they did not want to pay taxes, or if they wanted the District Commissioner to send plane fare to Johnson, they expected their likes to be taken very seriously: laik e bigpela samting. At first they were perplexed that the government seemed to be trying to tell them that they could not want what they wanted. That was unthinkable! It did not even make sense: they wanted what they wanted. Boas asked Patrol Officer Spencer why the Australian government did not just let them finish their liking for America; and then, if America did not come, as Mr. Spencer said it would not, they would gradually finish their liking and come back to Australia. Mr. Spencer asked how long Boas thought they would be willing to wait, and he estimated about three years.<sup>208</sup> The idea that people "finished their liking" was also used with regard to romantic relationships. Yama told me that she did not worry when her husband went off to another



woman, by whom he had two children: "He finished his liking, then came back."

If an individual is asked to do something he does not want to do, he or she just says, "Mi no laik: "I don't want to."<sup>209</sup> The wishes of the individual in New Hanover carry an almost sacred inviolability, and I never felt that any European argument against this bastion of life's meaning ever touched it in the minds of any New Hanoverian with whom the subject was broached.

### Ethnocentrism

Another psychological variable that describes some aspects of the behavior of both cultists and Europeans and was manipulated by both is the kind of ethnocentrism that makes one's own position seem so obviously true that good will demands that one presume that the opponent who does not share it simply has not yet got access to certain crucial pieces of information. Whatever the issue is, then, that various groups have been in conflict about is a problem of communication. This is what both cultists and Europeans thought in the early stages of the cult, or at least what some of them thought and what others pretended to think. The Johnson cultists were anxious to make sure that somehow the message that they had voted for him must reach Johnson personally, along with the money they collected for him, which showed that they were serious. And the Administration thought that if patrols went out, headed by the District Commissioner himself, to explain to the people that Johnson was not a candidate, that they could not vote for him, the people would gradually begin to understand. When they did not seem to believe him, it was thought that possibly it was because the people said that the Australians were lying, and the word and authority of the Bishop was called upon to underscore the same message. The cultists

did not say that he was lying. They seemed to think that he just did not know, that it was really not his line of work. When Americans from the Mt. Patibum group were called upon to support the Australians, cultists gave no weight to what they were said to have said. They spoke only English, and their message was translated by a kiap, which gave cultists an excuse to discount their message.

The cultists thought that Johnson must not have received their letters,<sup>210</sup> because, if he had, he would surely have at least written. The Administration thought that if they could only get it across to the people that Johnson was, of course, not coming and make them see how bizarre their request was, they would stop acting like this and pay their taxes.

Only the native non-cultists never attributed the Johnson cult to a failure of communication. Their position was that the cultists were breaking the law and standing up against Australian authority and the authority of those non-cultists who were Councillors, and they were angry about it. Other people from all over Papua New Guinea voted in the House of Assembly, the one they had hoped to make Johnson a member of, to take strong action against these "cargo cultists."

Non-cultists admitted that they did not have sufficient information to know whether or not it was reasonable to suppose that America might come. Edward had believed at first. Epistemologically, they were with the cultists. The difference between them was, then, that they chose to stand on different sides, for various reasons. Edward changed his mind because he believed Mr. Healy, the District Commissioner. But many did not.

It may seem, to some, bizarre that the cultists did not accept the views of the missionaries, anthropologists, and all other Europeans,

even relatively "benign" ones, about the nature of the world. Some might see this as evidence of "irrationality." In this context, it should be remembered that in our tradition we have learned to accept the authority of the expert and other people who occupy particular positions within the established structure, because we have been taught to do so, and we have no alternative. The New Hanoverians carry no such burden. Even the most determinedly thoughtful amongst them politely excused themselves from believing what I said about America, and I gradually was able to see it from their point of view: after all, I, too, was only expressing an opinion.

Ethnocentric perspectives often make other people's behavior look abnormal. One of the most common attributes of cargo cults is that they are carried on by persons who achieve, at some point during the development or maintenance of the cult, some kind of "bizarre psychological state." I sought information on this subject, and was told by two kiaps that Paulos shook when they talked to him. I assume he shook with fear and/or rage, from the information they gave me. They were trying to make him change his mind about voting for Johnson during these conversations. Otherwise, I heard no evidence of shaking, running amok, trance, violence, or dissociation.

#### Provoking Quarrels

Provoking people to gain their attention is not the only way people achieve close relationships with each other in New Hanover, but it is a "last resort" often and quickly reached. Probably the most satisfying way is by "greasing," that is, talking and laughing together. If they cannot get the friendly response they want, they may try to provoke it through trying to make the indifferent person jealous and perhaps by attacking him while being friendly with someone else. This

double play can be seen any day amongst New Hanover children. It is almost "common knowledge" amongst New Hanoverians and others who know them that they are an especially jealous people.

From a psychological point of view, Abo expressed well what happened in the Johnson cult: "They kicked a little," he said. "That's what makes people get up." For many years the Australians had failed to accomplish the economic development of their island, while sleeping with their women, making laws against black men taking white women, and refusing to "grease" in a friendly way with black men. When the election was offered to them, it looked like another superficial solution to their problems, and New Hanoverians "kicked": they "got up a cross," they provoked a quarrel with the Australian Administrators, and tried to make them jealous by voting for America. Then they played innocent: they pretended that they had been told that they could vote for whomever they wanted, and they had done just that. But they knew exactly what they were doing, and that the Australians would be cross, and that Peter Yangalimat had been sent to jail for doing it, twenty years before.

The cult was like some traditional Games People Play<sup>211</sup> in New Hanover, and to some extent it was enjoyed by all--cultists, non-cultists, and government officers, missionaries, anthropologists, and other Europeans. One of the games played by New Hanoverians relevant to their cult behavior could be called Public Provocation. The initiator of this game wants the attention of the person or persons provoked, and he continues his provocation until he has succeeded in gaining it. That the attention gained is angry attention does not obliterate the value of the game.

In New Hanover there is no melting away from confrontation. People enjoy dramatic quarrels, both as participants and as spectators.

Many factors account for this pleasure in conflict: it is a challenging contest of wits which, though one party may win and the other lose, implies a kind of equality and intimacy between them. A display of anger shows that indifference has been overcome and seems to promote intimacy in New Hanover, whereas it promotes shame in New Ireland. New Hanoverians seem to feel that you cannot trust a person until you have seen his anger; then, at least, you know him and can be at ease with him.

In part, the Johnson cult became an attempt to engage the Australian Administration in a public quarrel. To enrage is to destroy indifference and gain attention, if nothing else. When I had finished my field work, I remembered with new interest a remark made to me about the cult by District Commissioner Seale early in 1965, when he would not permit us to undertake study there: "All they want is a little attention." This observation is more than cliché insofar as it refers to the games outlined here. They did want attention, intimate attention, man to man, and without further waiting.

Unfortunately, this whole game is virtually unknown amongst Australian Administrators, who are usually trying to avoid attention, and who generally refuse to play any game leading to personal intimacy. Many of them are willing, however, to play related games requiring egalitarian roles ("mateship"). Non-intimate but egalitarian responses from Australians and other Europeans are, at least, responses, and from white people; and they were noted by the New Hanover people and were effective in modifying cult behavior.

Having accomplished a symphony of antagonistic relationships by "telling on" Australia to America, and telling on each other to everybody else, cultists withdrew to a higher level of dignity. When

they were ridiculed, they saw it as a point of pride not to answer back. Now they refused to play. Their cause was too important.

New Hanover views about human nature are not likely to have been altered by the cult, even though they did not get all the responses they sought. They did get attention, and they did provoke jealousy amongst Europeans for Lavongai favor. The Johnson cult put the missions against the Administration, the Department of District Administration personnel against the service personnel (public health, agriculture and fisheries, malaria control and so forth); and, finally, the Catholics and Methodists in opposite camps. All of these groups were thrown into competition with each other in their efforts to do the right thing to end the cult.

New Hanover tendencies to provoke competition amongst others was summed up this way by Mrs. Pitts, the wife of the Catholic mission plantation manager: "If they can put two people against each other, that makes their day," she said. The propensity to "tell on" each other is another well-known characteristic of the New Hanover cultural character. Carrol Gannon told me that people often came and asked him to scold other people for what they had done. Sister Liboria, who also listened to many people, noted, "They're either for or **against something.**" This psychological constant formed the basis of the factionalism that fueled the cult after its initial impetus had dissipated, and continued to give energy to T.I.A. during its early days. Non-cultist "loyalists" regularly "reported" to the kiaps about the misdeeds of the cultists. The cultists kept lists in notebooks of the offending acts of the loyalists. Some people accused them of keeping these records to show to the Americans when they came, but no one ever admitted to me that this was their intent. Some cultists did show them to me and to Father Miller. Perhaps

they showed these books to each other, but I think it more likely that they kept them largely to themselves, trusting no one, and having nothing to gain from their peers. They "tell on" each other to someone who is in a strong position, perhaps that great father figure they seek to have on their side in a conflict.

The competition amongst Europeans to end the cult resulted in the building of a new hospital; the establishment of a three-man regular patrol station at Taskul; the "beautification" of the station (which was a small thing but which made some people feel some pride, especially in the aviary); and, most important, many opportunities to "grease" with the kiaps, the missionaries, and even with really big men from the Australian Administration and from the United Nations Visiting Mission. Even non-cultists had to admit that the cult had brought about many benefits, which made some of them furious. The Administration seemed to be rewarding the cultists for their bad behavior, even though they jailed them first.

When the cult developed into T.I.A., non-cultists maintained their opposition, and continued to report to the kiaps. They said that the cultists thought that T.I.A. would bring America and that members had threatened disastrous consequences for non-members when America finally came. They ridiculed members, saying that T.I.A. would have no fruit.

Most non-cultists were Councillors, and while the Council had practically ceased to function, it still had meetings, and it still had the support of the Australian government. In Council meetings, there was much criticism of T.I.A. members for working for T.I.A. and paying T.I.A. dues while pretending to the Council that they had no money for taxes and refusing to do the tasks the Councillor asked them to do. Councillors and kiaps composed an angry letter to send to officers of

T.I.A. which was never sent only because Carrol Gannon interfered and convinced the Councillors that they were trying to destroy the island out of jealousy for T.I.A.

Carrol Gannon and others noted in the people of New Hanover a tendency to prefer to go on blaming other people for their problems instead of trying to solve them. He did not want to see T.I.A., which the people had created themselves, end in failure as the Co-op and the Council and various other projects had done. "The people will fall apart if T.I.A. doesn't work," he told me, "because they'll have no one to blame but themselves." Mr. Brightwell saw the same tendency from a different angle. He said, "They can hardly wait to bugger up T.I.A. so they can complain." Father Fischer, noting similarities between New Hanover and Manus, said that the Manus would rather tear the other guy down than build themselves up. Planter Jim Grose (Member, House of Assembly) told me of a boy who had a clear chance to solve the problem he said he had and who did not take it. Mr. Grose managed to get a job for the boy, who said he wanted it but then turned it down.

The cultists did not blame particular individuals for their failures. Pamais named some in his speech, but most people did not name names. Pengai said that all kiaps were much alike; they were just doing their jobs. They took the blame themselves for not backing up Peter Yangalimat when he went to jail alone for wanting America to come. But Boski Tom, a man of New Hanover himself, did not spare their feelings: he told them at one of the public meetings between cultists and the Australian Administrators that they had no one to blame but themselves for the underdevelopment of their island, long before the cult.

One reason they needed to go on blaming people rather than solving their problems was that they still did not know how to solve their



problems, or exactly what problems they had that they needed to solve. I think the intractable basis for the maintenance of anger rather than constructive action was that in this way cultists kept everyone focused on problems which were not the fundamental ones from which their anger emanated. If the stated problems had been solved, the real problems would have been left without a place to hide. The problems that the cult posed, then, were not the real ones, but were an elaborately dramatized facade which distracted everyone from issues they did not know how to face but of whose presence they were painfully aware.

Some of the cultists, I think, know the real sources of their own personal discontent, but they do not see how general the problems are that they think of as personal, nor do they see that some of these have powerful structural bases that cannot be overwhelmed by individual wills.

The real problems are partly those which characterize the human condition: not just taxes, but also death. But not all societies plunge into a furiously busy and dramatic effort to escape these inescapables. I think the discontents that stirred up the Johnson cult, that will still be there when they all live in suburban-style houses and wear expensive clothes and have great jobs and excel all their compatriots in Papua New Guinea (which they might well do, being people of great capacity), have strong roots in the individualism of their social structure and concomitant cultural system. No matter how successful they are, their culture demands of them that they continue to strive to be self-reliant, achieving, antagonistic, rejecting and rejected, exclusive and alone. If the problems articulated in the Johnson cult were solved, or constructive effort set to them, the camouflage with which they protect themselves from this very painful demon of their character

would be taken from them. They would have to come down from the sky and make a deal with the blue bird in their own back yard.

The war of the sexes deserves special attention here. It is a lively and continuing one in New Hanover, creating many entertaining public battles, and opportunity for much greasing in the separate camps behind the lines. This war was not directly involved in the Johnson cult, but the vision of relationships as perpetually antagonistic, which is nourished by ongoing sexual antagonism, was. Individuals in their families, especially with their spouses, but also with their children and parents, remain adversaries, where giving is giving in and taking wards off being taken.

Sexual antagonism itself may have been invented by wars between clans, but these battles have diminished to occasional land disputes, while marital battles continue as a model of the combativeness that spices and structures life in New Hanover.

Some of the men compared Australia's loss of the allegiance of New Hanover explicitly to a man's loss of a woman that he does not provide for well. The cultists provoked a quarrel with the Australians, just as a woman provokes a quarrel with her husband, partly in order to express anger and jealousy and hurt, and partly in order to get attention: not just attention to practical problems, but a loving emotional response. One of the writings in Joseph's book uses the word "love" in describing the hoped-for relationship with America. If Australia would not care for them, perhaps America would.

#### Self-Reliance, Equality

The cultists would not have wanted so much to be accepted by, and acceptable to, the distant unknown Americans, and even the distant,

scarcely known local Australians, if they had been more securely accepted by each other. The love they really wanted, the acceptance that would have quelled the cult, was the love and acceptance of parents, of children, of siblings: the love of each other. But love of any substance is given no chance to function and grow in an individualistic social and cultural system like that of New Hanover. The love they had was not enough, not enough to allow them to trust each other, not enough to give people control over their own lives.

As with all individualistic people, the New Hanoverians valued self-reliance and scorned dependence. But as in all individualistic societies, there were people that were not able to take care of themselves: the old, the sick, those without family who lived alone. Having relatives did not solve the problem: the institution of the extended family was lacking to provide for the weak, and the weak felt ashamed to be in need. There was a woman past middle age in Lavongai who was laughed at for making herself available to many men. Geneologies showed that she had no close relatives alive. She tried for a while to live with distant ones as a dependent member of the household, and then she lived alone. For this solitary household she needed both the money and, I suppose, the reassurance of liaisons with men, which she got at the cost of being made the butt of jokes. She had no honorable alternative.

People recognized that there were people who were not in a position to take care of themselves. This made them feel guilty, and they demanded that something be done about it. The cult ideology claimed that both the Co-op and the Council had been presented, falsely, to them as institutions that would take care of the old and the sick and those who lived alone. People did not see themselves as in a position to take care of the weak themselves. Sometimes, when they tried to, there

was conflict, and they abandoned the effort.

It was hard to attain a position of honor even for those who lived in nuclear families. People wanted to be wanted, but even in their own nuclear families they often felt only exploited. They were always seeking more intensity, greater desire, unqualified acceptance to make up for a lack of constancy and stability. The more gentle intimacy of affection and communal life that satisfies New Irelanders would leave New Hanoverians restless and unfulfilled. They want to be singled out, to be desired for themselves. When they cannot achieve this, they seek to be powerful and so to prevent rejection because they are needed, if not wanted. Powerful people cannot be rejected, at least not by most people.

Most of the time, New Hanoverians felt powerless, helpless, even using this stance to solicit sympathy and aid from the powerful. But in their vote for Johnson, they stood up to power and felt themselves become powerful: powerful enough to give America an invitation, and Australia an ultimatum.

They wanted power: they knew they lacked it, they knew they needed it. Some cultists used the English word: power. Power is what people need to control their own lives and destinies and each other when love is not enough to secure a place for each. When people are not obligated to each other, they must buy each other or persuade each other, or force each other or fool each other. New Hanoverians used some or all these manipulative techniques, in the Johnson cult as well as in their daily lives.

The cargo and savvy they said they wanted were symbols of the power they wanted. These possessions would gain them equal status with all the foci of power in the world. Many cultists understood that these

goals were instrumental, and some said clearly that it was not the cargo and savvy per se that they wanted: "We want to join," Pengai said.

They wanted to join the great powers of the world, to be accepted by them. Even cultists like Joseph, who flouted mission laws by having two wives, sought the approbation of the mission; and even cultists who had stood most firmly against Australian authorities were pleased to tell me of occasions when, since the election, they had sat down with them, eaten and "greased" with a kiap. Cultists wanted relationships with these people who had power. They wanted equal status with them.

People who have to take care of themselves, who value self-reliance and seek it or have it thrust upon them, must be equal to others in order to be equal to the task. They seek competency so that they can avoid the shame and insufficiency of dependency. It was competency, savvy, not free handouts, that people sought in the Johnson cult. They wanted savvy so that they could make the cargo they needed; and they wanted work, not things, so that they could be self-reliant in the modern world.

People want to be able to rely entirely on themselves when they are not equal with others: when they are used, not protected, by those in stronger positions than their own; and when they are needed, not loved, by those in weaker positions than their own. Equality, the elimination of hierarchy, seems to promise the elimination of exploitation; and self-reliance, cultists thought, would make equality possible. Equality is what people want when they want independence from entangling alliances that degrade, rather than enhance, that take but do not give; when they want freedom to be themselves.

Cultists wanted the right to believe and think as they pleased and to hope as they might. But before they became independent,

they wanted an enhancing relationship with America so that they could gain savvy. They wanted to know enough about the world so that they could "peck amongst the grains" in the same class with everyone else. Along with self-reliance, they wanted self-respect, and the respect of others. They wanted self-reliance, then, so that they could successfully compete in the new world they were facing. They did not want to just join the game, and know how to play: they wanted also to win. They claimed to want equality, but they wanted to be more than equal because only the strong, those with power, have, in their experience, the ability to control their own lives and resist rejection. So they go on seeking close relationships with those in power, seeking to identify with their strength.

Theirs is not a quest for individual identity: the Self in New Hanover may have problems, but never with the Self itself. Theirs was a quest for connection: with the world, they say. "We want to join." But their feeling a need for connection does not come from the occasional slight from an Australian patrol officer or from America's having left after the war, and again after a brief encore in 1963, although they did not like to think that a strong, friendly, compassionate America, whom they had offered to join, would reject them, as the Australians had rejected them. When they made their vote, their minds were on the "kick" that they were giving Australia. I think it had not occurred to them that America might give them a kick or, worse, nothing at all.

It is clear that Australia had "rejected" New Hanoverians. They were not treated as equals. The Australians had not granted moral equivalence to the New Hanoverians. But the existence of a clear caste system in New Hanover is not sufficient explanation of the cult. The Australians had not granted moral equivalence to the New Hanoverians,

but they had not granted moral equivalence to the New Irelanders either; and some of them knew it, and it annoyed them, but it did not hurt them: and it did not cause a "cargo cult." It did not touch them deeply the way it touched the New Hanoverians, because the New Irelanders did not, could not, understand the full meaning and depth of their rejection by Europeans. They had never experienced the isolation, exclusion, and rejection that is common in the Western civilized world; and I found to my surprise that many of them did not have any comprehension of the depth of their rejection by Europeans.<sup>212</sup>

But the New Hanoverians know rejection well, because they experience it in their own society. During the war, the soldiers granted, or seemed to grant, moral equivalence to them. Many, even Oliver, said that all the soldiers from all countries, even Australia, were the same at that time. It was especially the Americans who gave them food cheerfully.<sup>213</sup> That is a simple pleasure that the average New Hanoverian cannot expect at home, even from his mother, though she is his best hope. From the time they are very young, children in New Hanover learn that they have to take care of themselves. They learn this partly by example, partly by precept, but partly by being rejected when they want help.

The Johnson cult was an escape from the freedom of individualism: the freedom of an atomistic social system and its concomitant emotional isolation; the freedom to do as you like and not like to do anything; the freedom from obligation and from having others obligated to you; the freedom of self-reliance, that left everyone alone in the face of tasks that required group efforts, and a higher level of coordination than New Hanover had ever achieved. They were afraid they would be left helplessly independent when Australia left them to their own self-government. Even the non-cultists, Edward, said, "Just to be boss, with nothing, by and by it will be no good."

In general, most people thought that New Hanover had a "rubbish fashion," and they did not want to be left alone with it. They recognized their inability or unwillingness to work together, and they laughed, and they deplored, and they knew they could not go into the modern world with their old ways. They wanted to change because they saw their native fashion as no good. They could not respect themselves living the way they did.

Not many seemed to think that their ways had ever been any good, but some did. Boski Tom said that in the old days they had had some incentive to work and play together, when they gave feasts. He blamed the missions for interfering with these customs. As they began to recover their spirits, people began to remember some of the good things about their old ways, and to retrieve them. There had been some songs and dances spontaneously developed about the Johnson cult. With T.I.A., there developed whole days of celebration, where some of the old and new songs and some of the old and new unity could be expressed.

In the Johnson cult, people did not require anything of each other. It was a pure expression of their natural, individualistic state. T.I.A. offered a clearer hope, but one that was less pure than the commitment to America, an ideal that never had to be confronted. And where the Johnson cult had asked a commitment just within oneself, a private act, T.I.A. asked for a commitment to a public obligation to other people. This kind of communal endeavor helped cultists to overcome apathy. Then they labored strenuously and quickly accomplished the great task that had remained undone for many years: the planting of coconut plantations. But their traditional problems continued: people complained that other people were not doing their fair share of the work. When a day had been designated as a T.I.A. work day, some men would



go off and do their own work first, or some would go back to their houses for their knives and not be seen again until noon. The rules of T.I.A. demanded equal work from all members, all being equal. Those who miss a day owe either a day's work or four shillings or someone else's day's work. A man who was away could pay another man to do his day's work for him, or could try to send his wife in his place. But since nearly everyone was a member of T.I.A., there was no one available to substitute. A person who continually failed to do his work could no longer be a member of T.I.A.

This strict accounting of individual services in T.I.A. continued in a fundamental way the individualism of self-reliance that was at the root of their problems, as well as of their successes. The old and the sick and those who lived alone, who had no one to send in their place and no way to make four shillings to buy someone, were still left unprovided for in the new system, T.I.A. The individualism which made institutionalized efforts necessary in the first place was itself institutionalized in T.I.A., and promised further problems for which institutionalized solutions would have to be found.

But institutionalization was itself not easy for Lavongais to accept. That is why, despite their commitment to T.I.A., they sometimes went back to their houses, or to their own gardens first, on a T.I.A. work day. And communal efforts were not easy for them: the self-reliance that made them demand equal contribution from everyone led them to give much thought and effort in the early days to rules about ousting members who did not do their share, or who did a great wrong to T.I.A. Their angry exclusivity at T.I.A. meetings was directed not only against those who ridiculed T.I.A. from without, but those who failed to come up to standards within. It was this kind of assertive rejecting of other people which created peck-ordered integration amongst them in most

situations. In T.I.A. it met a counterforce in the leadership of Father Miller and Walla and others, who urged the people to ignore ridicule and to hurry and agree amongst themselves and get the job done. Walla said the separation associated with different clans was behind them, the unity of T.I.A. ahead of them.

It remained unclear what the individual who worked dutifully would get from the work of T.I.A. In the past, there was little reciprocity or redistribution in New Hanover. People gave to their big men, or to the Co-op, or to the Council, or to the fund to buy President Johnson, and, now, to T.I.A. The previous schemes promised something in return, which people felt they did not get. The giving was one-way, and nothing came back. T.I.A. promised to "get up" New Hanover: to build roads and undertake other community projects, but no return, no dividend, no direct benefit was promised to the individual. These communal projects would merely provide enhanced opportunities for individuals to make their own way, to rely on themselves, as they had always had to do in the past.

#### Father Image

Cultists often used the image of a father when referring to Australia, or America, or any other country that might help them. For instance, Boserong and Bate said that Australia had not been a good "papa" to New Hanover, and that they thought that America would be a good papa to them. Pasingan elaborated on this theme: he told me a story about not being taught, when he was young, to make a canoe by his father and then being expected, as an adult, to be able to make one. The implication of their remarks, using this analogy, was that those who know should show those who do not so that the latter will be

prepared to take care of themselves and compete with others who do know how.

Cultists also used the image of being "saved" along with the father image: "Who will save us?" they said. "We do not have a good papa to save us." They felt in need of being saved, and by this they meant taught how to develop their place and straighten their lives. They needed to be given savvy.

They said that "Australia has not been a good papa to us"; but in fact no papa nor any leader or big man had ever been a good papa to them. Those who had promised to save them, like Singarau<sup>214</sup> were lying. So far as I could discover, there never had been a model, a father figure, available to the New Hanoverians.

It seems inconsistent that Lavongais, who value self-reliance, who had probably never received much help from their fathers, who might even have been killed by them in the old days so that they would not swell the ranks of an enemy clan (that of their mothers), should expect help from father figures. They acted as though Australia and America were both eager to help them, and jealously competing with each other to do so. Joseph Pukina's story, about what he imagined it would be like when America came and was surprised and shocked to find out that Australia had not been looking out well for its people in Papua New Guinea, illustrates this point. One could easily see in this fantasy the child who decides to run away from home to make his father sorry that he has not been good to him, and finding along the way a new, good man who will further shame the real father.

In searching for parallels to the father image for Australia in the Johnson cult, I found out that fathers in the old days were primarily responsible for teaching their sons to "save" themselves in

battle. Father and son fought side by side until the young man proved himself, perhaps by killing someone. Sons also seemed to look primarily to their fathers for love magic, and perhaps for spells that gave aid in the gardens. Such rites were kept secret and must have formed a kind of special bond between a son and the father who would so trust him.

They sometimes acted as though they were doing America a favor to join with them, and hurting Australia by rejecting them. It is possible that the cultists saw themselves as giving themselves to America as they probably used to do in battle, adding their faction to that of the stronger of two opponents so that the win was assured for the alliance. I never heard a story that followed that line, however, and New Hanoverians are not prone to make alliances today.

More likely the cultists were just thinking wishfully, as Pengai's wife accused him of dreaming wishfully that he was a Councillor. Perhaps they just wanted some country to want to help them, as they probably always wanted their fathers to want to help them. Children lose the close attention of their fathers, to their great distress, when they become second-last children.<sup>215</sup> As infants, they had their fathers and may be ever hopeful of finding them again. Children learn very early that it's everyone for himself, but they are constantly in tears as they learn the lesson. Children are often crying, breaking things, wanting attention, and being a nuisance to adults. It was this psychological character that presented itself in the cultists: they cried about the sorry state they were in, they broke the election plans of the government, they demanded attention to their problems, and they were certainly a nuisance to the Australian Administration.

The relationship between fathers and children is discussed below.<sup>216</sup>  
There were some traditional references to dead fathers in New Hanover

that may be related to metaphorical use of the term "papa" in the cult. Some men referred to the strengths of their fathers who were dead as a threat to the living with whom they were in conflict. One man read me a letter he had received from an angry rival which said, "I have eaten the liver of my father," which meant something more than that he was angry. It is possible that there is some hope or expectation of help from the spirit of one's dead father. However, my attempts to clarify beliefs in this regard were not successful.

In President Walla, New Hanover may have found their papa at last, but he still needs the help of another father, Father Miller, in one crucial way: Father Miller keeps the money box, locked. Walla insists that he do this; and, though he is uncomfortable about it, because he thinks that the people must become independent, he does it, at least for the time being. Walla is determined that the traditional ways of New Hanover are not going to spoil T.I.A. and that T.I.A. will be the road to the new life they all want.

#### Individual Differences

The clearest line between cultists and non-cultists was drawn by locality and political interests. People on the north coast voted in the box; people on the south coast voted on the board; and many, but not all, men who were Councillors or who had worked for the Australian government in some capacity earlier, became opponents of the cult.

But there were individual differences amongst cultists, and amongst non-cultists. The strongest, most outspoken men were not all in one group or the other.

Some of the men who were against the cult were very angry about

it, as Bengebenge was when he continued his opposition to the Johnson election on into T.I.A. But some were analytical, calm, serious, but able to see the amusing side, as was Boski Tom. Two men whom I did not know well provide another contrast: Igua of Meterankan seemed a very solid, reasonable person, slightly annoyed that people around him did not just keep at their work the way he did, understanding that success could not be achieved unless everyone worked together and made sacrifices. Steven, the anti-cultist President of the Council, who succeeded Boski Tom in that office, was conciliatory, soft-spoken, and very political.

I have considered whether or not the cultists, or the non-cultists, are insecure "big-heads," or "mama's boys,"<sup>217</sup> or those who are handicapped or especially deprived in some way; the short or the tall, those with happy marriages or those with broken ones. I do not know enough about any of them to test out any of these ideas, but I know enough to see that there is no simple, obvious relationship.

Silakau had been a Councillor at the time of the election, and he wavered back and forth about the cult. He supported many of the grievances outlined in the cult ideology, but on the day of the election at Ranmelek, he stayed to vote in the box because he felt sorry for the kiap.

Silakau did not really go into the cult, and he never went to jail. He also never paid any taxes. Various Europeans paid for him, and he thanked them. He was pleased that they wanted to help him.

Silakau was well accepted by Europeans, who looked to him as a liaison with his people. He understood European ways, and he was at ease with them. Since few Europeans understand local ways well, we are all relieved to find someone like Silakau who has made the effort to cross the barrier, and who is sympathetic and intelligent. But Silakau was also well liked by his own people, who had elected him Councillor.

Silakau was the eldest son of a man who had been a strong man. He was especially close to his mother: Sister Liboria first pointed this out to me, and thereafter I observed this. Once I saw her put her arm around his shoulders as they stood and talked together. When Silakau talked with his age mates at my house, he did not seem anxious to be always right. He let other people finish stories that he started, and he helped people to look good in the eyes of others. He did not speak against the cultists, and he was in complete agreement with their grievances, but he did not share in their hostility or in their need to be identified with stronger groups. He knew a lot of white people quite well, and I think he felt, without immodesty, that he was as good as they were. I think he had self-respect.

Silakau, the non-cultist, and Joseph, the outspoken cultist, were neighbors, old friends, easy companions. Silakau was quite gentle but talkative, Joseph a very powerful person who liked to tell dramatic stories. Both flattered and teased each other. Joseph was perhaps quick to anger, and rather frightening, while Silakau was never angry, but often asking for sympathy.

Joseph, like Silakau, had a close relationship with his mother. He claimed that he got his two young wives, after his first one left him, in order to get help for his old mother, who had one leg shorter than the other and walked on the toe of her short leg in order to compensate. She lived in a house between that of Joseph and of her other son, Boserong, who was the oldest. Both Joseph and Boserong were cultists, but Joseph had been a public spokesman. Both had personalities that displayed what is called machismo in Latin countries. Joseph had a particularly strong personality and was very intelligent.

Another strong cult figure, Bosap, reminded me of Joseph, but

Bosap had made more accommodations to the European world. He had one wife and worked for the Methodist mission. But he, like Joseph, was intelligent and direct. They were concerned that the truth be known in all its detail, and where Silakau might agree with me out of courtesy, or because he thought what I said was interesting, or because he did not think it mattered, Joseph and Bosap corrected me if I did not interpret what they said exactly as they meant it. Pengai shared with them this characteristic, but he was a very gentle person, interested in the intellectual dilemmas he encountered. Lapantukan was perhaps the least interested in the intellectual aspects of the cult, and the most interested in serving his people, in acquitting himself honorably, in the intensity of his commitment. Oliver was the most philosophical, more interested in the cosmic implications, than any of the others. He was sometimes a "big-head," and sometimes a poor innocent who seemed genuinely very lonely. Robin, whose name was always associated with Oliver's as a leader in the early stages of the cult, was a very shy man, anxious to be reassured.

The increase in self-esteem that came with identification with a strong image, a strong man, was perhaps a motivation for some of the most intense cultists who voted for Johnson. Some appeared to be "big heads" who wanted power, and some were frightened and wanted to identify with power. But there were others who were sober, practical men who supported the election of Johnson because they thought Australia really had not done a good job and who hoped that America would do a better one. Silakan was such a man, as was Abo. They did not seem to "believe" so much as to think. They went along with the bandwagon because it was going in the right direction, not because they thought it was going to heaven.



Those who seemed to most want a strong leader were careful not to find one or make one amongst themselves. Aine knew how to plant the coconuts after 30 years of practice, but T.I.A. members were resentful of his advice. They did not praise or recognize those who had achieved anything that might be useful to them, such as the speaking of English, but were inclined to put it down as trivial. Where in New Ireland all would have identified with the achievement of one amongst them, men in New Hanover experienced no vicarious satisfaction from the achievements of Boski Tom or others among them. What they achieved was theirs alone, and people were more inclined to suspect than respect them.

The desire to identify with the strong may be another factor in helping to explain why people gave money to Oliver and others when they came to collect for Johnson's fare to New Hanover. Schwartz<sup>218</sup> discusses this problem in relation to the Co-ops: why do they go on giving money to men who have already shown themselves unable to keep the money straight? Schwartz says that they give to them because there is no one else to give it to, and they do want development; and perhaps also because they vicariously participate in the holding of the money and in its misuse. They may also participate vicariously in the strength which the holder of large sums of money may feel.

EXPRESSIVE ASPECTS OF THE JOHNSON CULT

The Johnson cult was a spontaneous expression which gradually formed into patterns but was never institutionalized. Parts of the original event have been reenacted in songs and dances, but the experience of consensus in the vote for Johnson that conveyed, to everyone's surprise, meanings well beyond those explicitly uttered, will not be repeated. It was a ritual of change, not of stability, and New Hanover will not pass this way again. What the election meant was explored and interpreted by each individual, and no attempt was made to agree on an orthodox version.

The Johnson cult depended for the recruitment of adherents and for its continuation as a force only on individual commitment. Each individual cultist was responsible only to his own Self, his likes, his thoughts, his feelings, his knowledge, his own faith, hope and action; and not on the wishes or authority of any other person inside or outside the cult. This individualistic perspective shaped the content of beliefs as well as the structure of organization amongst cultists. There was no doctrine, no ritual, no litany standardized, shared, preserved to pass down to the next generation.

Cultists and their opponents developed their respective ideologies, which were mutually competitive, as were their adherents. They asserted themselves against each other as individuals, trying to enlist support by "telling on" each other. The assertion of belief in America was a challenge to the authorized mythology of the Australian government world. The evolutionary ideology developed by cultists predicted and seemed to document the inevitability of a change in the social order, as Australia faded from the scene, its time past, and America entered stage centre to finish the drama. As the cultists rose in the pecking order to dominate non-cultists in some ways, their definition of the situation also gained ascendancy.

T.I.A. represented the routinization of a charismatic event and created a series of secular, practical works carried out for utilitarian ends. But it continued some of the glow of the miracle of its birth and gained some of its strength from its position as part of the ritual of change begun with the vote for Johnson. It did not institutionalize an answer to many questions, most notably whether or not America would come. The expressive aspect of T.I.A. was thus left open for all to come in, and each to hope as he might.

The Johnson Cult: Clearing a New Path

Expressive Aspect of the Johnson Cult Primary

The Johnson cult was an attempt to create a moral order where people felt that one was lacking. In order to do this, it seized control first of the definition of the situation. It expressed thoughts and feelings firmly and clearly, but also in a dramatic form which communicated to those outside it only what affected their interests. They either could not hear, or could not face, its more subtle, yet central message.

Its basic assertion was that all people are equal, that all Selves are morally equivalent to all other Selves and are of ultimate value. This being so, the strong (of power, of savvy, of cargo) are morally obliged to help the weak. The Australians, who are strong in these ways, have been given the responsibility of helping the people of New Hanover; but instead of doing so, they have offered only programs that do not work and about which they have lied. They are morally culpable and must get out of the way so that America can come to save the people of New Hanover.

The raison d'etre of the Johnson cult was its assertion that each individual, his likes, his wishes, his beliefs, his equal worth with all others, is of Ultimate Concern; and each person is worthy of being saved in this world, in his own lifetime.

The compelling motive around which the Johnson cult developed was moral outrage: outrage that the people of New Hanover should be left so far behind other peoples of the world, outrage that Australia had done nothing about it, outrage that some New Hanoverians had crossed over into that other world and brought back nothing from it to their own kind.

The time and place of the outburst was determined by a set of historical accidents: an American Army team worked in New Hanover just before the Territory of Papua New Guinea planned its first national election and worked on a mountain just behind Ranmelek, the polling station where government officers went first on their way around the island to conduct the vote. In this same election district, Peter Yangalissmat had lived and, twenty years before, had suggested that after the war the people of New Hanover should bring back the Americans instead of the Australians. In this same district, his friend, Pengai, still lived and still remembered, as did many other men of his generation and older. And in this same district, there were no prominent local leaders who had gone successfully into the Australian world. If this conjunction of circumstances had not occurred, the Johnson cult might never have happened; indeed, on the north coast, where circumstances were just slightly different, it did not happen. And on the west coast of New Ireland, where political and economic conditions were similar to those in New Hanover, confrontation with armed opponents bent on collecting taxes created violent resistance, but not dramatic resistance. There was stealth and anger and fighting, but no vote for America there.

The Johnson cult was an impulsive, spontaneous expression, a characteristic New Hanover response, a provocation returned for a provocation given. The election was the provocation, as they saw it: it was just another trick from the Australians, another false promise, another lie to get them to do something that would make them work hard

and do them no good. So they "kicked" back.

The cultists did not see their vote for Johnson as an effective cure for their troubles. They did not even intend it to be an expression of moral outrage. They did not make a careful plan, even though they are adept at conceiving alternatives, mulling them over, sorting them out, and clarifying decisions. There were a few men who engaged in their traditional art of "greasing" and who sketched out a few guidelines for the election. But on the day of the vote, their general idea was taken from them by the people and carried by them to the government officials where they stood firm with it.

No one took responsibility for directing the cult once it was started. Messages were carried between villages, but each person saw himself as taking responsibility only for himself, for making a moral stance at whatever cost to himself: here I stand, and here I will continue to stand and so will my children and my children's children.

But there were spokesmen, and Oliver was the most philosophically articulate of them. He told me that the purpose of his travels was to bring understanding and clarification, as well as strong faith, to those who heard him:

DB: You spoke of the fruit of the death of Jesus. What is the fruit of the death of Jesus?

O: Clear.

DB: That all things shall become clear.

O: That altogether everything be clear. Altogether everything, all must see, absolutely everything all must look on it, because it is (hesitate) cloudy all around. Before, it was not like this, they had not looked. They all came and sat down sorry (i.e., compassionate). They used to sit down as brothers.

DB: Yes. And you gave this talk to the west coast, too.

O: Yes.

DB: And around in the bush.

O: Around in all places.

DB: Those who heard you, what did they do, did they follow you?

O: Their minds were clear, that is, they got our thinking, that's all. They must all stand up and be strong in this work, and make this trouble, so that it will have a name, or a year, or a time that by and by all places must hear of this trouble, and seek out the meaning of this trouble, it has come up from what? It has come up from gamon, that's all. Making bullshit at this time, for plenty of years.

DB: From the gamon of Australia.

O. Yes, about looking after everyone.

It is true that the New Hanoverians hoped that the Americans would come and teach them how to make cargo, but it was not material possessions per se that they sought. When they said they wanted a new food, and a new lap lap, they were speaking figuratively. It was as though they had been lost in the bush of their own history for many years and finally saw a light and began to slash their way to it. The bush knife with which they slashed should not be confused with the light: what they wanted was a whole new way of life. They wanted to have savvy which would enable them to take control of their lives in the modern world, and to clear a new path for themselves to wherever they wanted to be. As Samuel said in a meeting with Europeans, following the vote for Johnson: "We do not want the Australians because we have been with them for many years and haven't got changed in our lives. We do ask the Australians not to govern us any more. We must wait for the U.S.A. has his turn. We do like the U.S.A. to teach us the best way how to live good, happy and useful lives."

Extraordinary Days: Daily Routines Transformed

Individuals who converged at Ranmelek on the 15th of February,

1964, had no thought of this day being special in any way other than that the long journey there would be tiring and difficult. They had long had complaints against the government, the Co-ops, the Council, but they did not expect this election to do anything to help them. Then, suddenly, the word spread around that people were going to vote for America. The idea struck like a bolt from the blue, and, yet, suddenly, they all felt happy about it, and they all agreed.

Consensus is what flashed at Ranmelek that day. No one who was there will ever forget it. When the time came to vote, suddenly, without instruction or argument, they all moved forward and said YES! We vote for America! Later, they speculated that God must have put the same thought in all their minds at the same time, because how else could this surprising show of unity be explained.

This consensus, motivated variously by anger, fear, and playfulness, became the fundamental religious experience of the cult. People did not seek to repeat it. Those whose idea it had been to vote for Johnson had not planned this kind of success, and they, too, were caught up in it. After the vote, they gathered together in a nearby village to affirm it. In this and subsequent meetings, they raised their hands and promised to God that, yes, they did want America to come.

The religious experience was not repeated, but the cult developed an ideology that was, by some, repeated to explain and justify their vote. The extraordinary early days of the cult did not become ritualized, but they were reenacted and dramatized. Stories were told, for their direct, not their symbolic, meanings. Meanings were sought, in the interpretation of history, in confrontations and meetings, not in signs and symbols. The cult rejected the meanings offered by all institutionalized authorities of government and mission, inside and outside Papua New Guinea, who attempted to define the situation in terms

of the authorized version of the election procedure, the authorized candidates, the authorized goals. The cult rejected established truths: it was an exploratory lunge toward a new life, casting off old fears and obediences: a leap onto an unknown path conceived of as a leap of laudatory faith, not an irresponsible gamble.

Cultists operated on consensus, and once they had it they were determined not to let it go. They knew themselves well, and they knew they could never reconstruct that consensus if they lost it.

Some Europeans said that if it were not for the opposition to the cult from the government it would have faded away. There is no doubt that the opposition initiated the action in all the events subsequent to the initial vote and money collected that cultists and non-cultists alike remember and talk about when they talked about the election. Still, if there had been no opposition, it is possible that the cultists would have thought up something more to do after the vote, and after the Administration had refused to forward Johnson's plane fare to him. As opposition developed, however, it was only necessary for cultists to react. Opposition changed their expression from an impulsive demonstration into a solid movement. The cultists were forced to take their election seriously because the Australian government did: they began to take them off to jail, to give chase, to shoot coconuts off trees. The daily routine was overturned by the absence of men from the villages while they served three-to-six months in jail.

The opposition did not create their cult, but it did keep the cultists together in their suffering while they were waiting for America to come. But New Hanoverians are too much given to pragmatism, to irony, to laughter at themselves, to have remained together for long, just suffering. Just as the strength of their unity was dissipating,



Father Miller came along with an idea, which gained strength from his being an American; and, together, Father Miller and the people moved their consensus carefully along toward institutionalization.

T.I.A. evolved as the routinization of the Johnson cult, which survived in memory as a purely charismatic event. Some people probably thought that the work of T.I.A. would bring America. Many said that they did not know what the fruit of T.I.A. would be. Father Miller said that T.I.A. was to get up the place, that it was not to bring America; but he did not dwell on these matters because he had found, in the Johnson cult, that it was useless to try to impose his views on people. Many preferred to work hopefully rather than to hear answers they did not want to hear; so most did not ask Father Miller what he thought.

But whatever they thought or felt or hoped, they worked. They cut and slashed and burned and hauled away, and great clear patches of ground could be seen on the mountains. These changes in the landscape alone engendered enthusiasm. Lavongais tend to attribute their problems to their untouched island environment, just as we attribute ours to our urban environment. And just as we like to see little parks and reminders of nature in the hearts of our cities, so it lifts the Lavongai heart to see some signs that nature has been overcome by the work of man.

Those who feared the unauthorized hopes of the Johnson cult feared even more their institutionalization in a Catholic mission-backed enterprise. This opposition again helped to unite and inspire the cultists, now members of T.I.A. Father Miller helped them to use the energy of their cult as a fundamental resource, building a more stable and deliberate construct where there had been only a fleeting one, however intense.

New Meaning Sought for This World

Those who remembered the dead saw in their lives nothing to emulate, and much to abandon. That Australia had not got their lives changed from that of their grandfathers was one of the charges against them. Some attention was given in the cult to whether or not the dead were busy making cargo or doing something good for the living, but there was no uniform resolution to this question. Since they had probably not received much help from them while they were alive, it would be surprising if the people of New Hanover had developed a very elaborate ideology about how helpful their ancestors would be after their deaths.

One among the dead, Peter Yangalissmat, had led them in the right direction, and they had failed to follow. Those who had been close to him remembered him with respect for this, but did not refer their vote for America to his influence. Many who had not been close to him had cause to forget him, as he had found much trouble with women, and with their husbands.

It was the anticipated death of the self, not the past death of others, that figured explicitly in cultists' explanation of their action. They wanted something for themselves, while they were here in the world. Lavongais were not really very interested in whatever life there may be after death. When they wished they had something that they did not have, they often said jokingly, "Oh, well, it's not important, just a worldly thing;" but it was only in what happens in this world, not the next that the Lavongais sought meaning for their lives. A few mentioned preparing something for future generations, but they did not dwell on their children's future. Rather, it was the present, and their own future, that justified their demands.

The worth of the individual was not approached through extolling

the virtues of the dead, as it is in New Ireland. People felt no obligation to the dead from which they sought release, or to the social order they had passed on to the living. People were determined to undermine social stability and to prevent the perpetuation of their culture. Some hoped to get something from the dead, though they did not see the dead as obligated to them. It was the Australians who were obligated to them and who had failed. In the cult, they let it be known that they were finished, not with the dead, but with the Australians as they had been. This was the burden from which they sought release. The worth of the individual was approached in the Johnson cult through a demand that the people of New Hanover be treated as human beings, equal to all others everywhere.

#### The Johnson Cult: An Improvised Drama

The Johnson cult was in many ways like an improvised dramatic performance, rather than a religion, a mental illness, a union protest, or even a political movement.

#### The Plot

At its beginning, the people of New Hanover were presented with the central problem: the Australians were giving them an election in which they were to choose someone to represent them in the new House of Assembly, which would lead them to independence. Except for Boski Tom, the candidates were not known to them, nor had the Lavongais participated in choosing them. Many people in the entire cast did not really hear what the directors were saying about this central problem: they were too far away, or doing something else, or felt that, since they did not understand, the director must be talking to someone else. When the time came to vote, the absurdity of the whole situation, which they had not really talked about, made it easy to accept an absurd suggestion: let us

vote for whom we really want, the President of America, whose name is Johnson. Suddenly, what had been a half-hearted obedience to a government order became an opportunity for genuine self-expression, the kind that is sought in exercises in creative dramatics.

It all happened so fast that no one had time to decide who would do what: but that, too, is a feature that characterizes improvised dramas. The plot for the Johnson cult, unlike that for malanggan in New Ireland, had not come down through the generations, but had to be ad libbed. But they had a strong incentive and a common understanding to help them. The vote for America offered a perspective on reality that pleased them. It expressed one thing that they were clear about: it was something they wanted.

#### Non-Institutionalized Roles and Improvised Scenes

The accounts of the vote at Ranmelek given by Pengai, Savemat, Makios, and Bosap show the sense of drama that built toward the events of that day. Pengai was the "mouth for everyone." It was he who sent Bosmailik to find out Johnson's name from the Americans on Mt. Patibum. Savemat was given the important role of writing the vote on the blackboard, to which he, as a local missionary, had access. And it was Yaman, a young man with an arm that swung uselessly at his side, who created his historic role in the drama when the kiaps called the people of Lavongai village to come forward to vote: he stepped forward and said, "Our vote is already written on the blackboard."

Each person seemed most interested in telling me about his own role, and less interested than I was in the whole drama. One small incident, perhaps of greatest interest to Silakau but still of general dramatic interest, finished the scene at Ranmelek. As everyone melted away into the bush, only Councillor Silakau and his committeeman for

Lavongai village, Kiukiu, remained behind. They saw that the kiap was upset, and they felt a little sorry for him. They, and the Australian missionary and his wife, voted in the red plastic ballot box. No one was left to see them.

#### Pivotal Conflicts amongst the Cast of Characters

In an improvised drama, the personae of the cast and characters sometimes are blended, as they were in the Johnson cult. The conflicts between the cultists and the non-cultists and the Australians and the missionaries and the service personnel are all basic to the plot and pivotal to the action of the play. Without them, nothing would have happened; without them, these categories of individuals would not be in the same production together. Unity was not a goal sought: it would have meant the end of movement, action, and the hope that led the drama onward.

The kiaps of various ranks had their own busy roles to play. Cables were sent, cables were received. Back in Kavieng, meetings were held, decisions were made. Business would proceed as usual, the vote for Johnson would not be mentioned, law and order would be restored. Kiaps were to patrol and enforce the laws as usual.

But since kiaps had not actually been patrolling or enforcing many laws, their appearance in the villages was itself a dramatic event. The scenes became very tense when police began to accompany patrols. Smoke bombs were thrown, guns were shot in the night at Mamion.

Big meetings were held with big men on all sides, some from the United Nations, and all sides put forward their views. None was impressed with the points made by the opposition. Improvisations continued until the kiaps found a role with which they were comfortable: enforce the tax law. No tax, jail. No tax, jail. Downstage, away from the others,

many Australian kiaps and other Europeans slipped some tax money to the cultists to show that they were really good guys, just playing the villain role assigned to them. Bosap said kiaps were all alike, just doing their jobs, but some of them found ways to step out of character.

As the drama progressed, each party to the conflict evolved its own ideology, which was delivered at public meetings and affirmed at countless small gatherings. The background for the plot became clear, but its forward direction began to blur. Why did the Americans not appear?

#### Props and Costumes

There were not many props or costumes in the Johnson cult, but cultists made the most of what they had. It was the blackboard, the policeman's guns and nightsticks, and the red jail lap laps that recurred in their accounts, while probably the red plastic ballot box was a more necessary part of the drama from the kiaps' point of view.

Scenes from the Johnson cult were dramatically reenacted at least several times by the cultists when they performed for various events, usually holidays in the mission calendar. For instance, in 1966 Rev. Taylor wrote to me that the men of Bolpua village, the strong cult center near Mt. Patibum, had "made a dance to tell the story of the arrest and transportation to kalabus (jail)" at Wartabar, the annual day of singing and dancing accompanying the collection of contributions to the Methodist Mission. And in 1974, at the festive opening of the new Catholic church at Lavongai, I saw the story enacted again, danced by lines of men in grass skirts dyed red. In this and other reenactments of the scenes of arrest and jail of which I heard, all the men wore these same red grass skirts signifying the red lap laps that they were given as prisoners, the kind Lapantukan insisted he be given to wear if he were going to spend the night in the Taskul jail. Meant to be the

shameful mark of a convict, they became for cultists the proud mark of the martyr.

In New Hanover, songs and dances may follow standard formats, but they contain new content and are composed anew by performers who have new ideas. Many new songs and dances were composed about the events of the cult, I gathered. In 1967, Piskaut said, "I cried when I heard that Solomon," a song, using the old Solomon format, that told the story of the suffering in jail of those who "voted on the board."

When the drama shifted to scenes of T.I.A., new props became crucial. Father Miller believed that symbols were important, and he created what were called "flags" for T.I.A., painted wooden signs made to mark the new plantations. As each village decided which ground to use, Father Miller went there with T.I.A. officers to set up the sign and bless its installation.

#### The Last Act: Serious Reconstruction

It was the third year after the vote for Johnson, and cultists were being jailed for the third time for non-payment of taxes. They were ridiculed, talked to patiently, taxed, jailed, and still the Americans did not come. And yet the ideology developed for the cult seemed to make their coming inevitable. It not only explained changes in the past, and justified their demand, it also seemed to promise further change, the coming of another country, the coming of the last country: America. Germany came, taught us to plant, left. Australia came, taught us to read and do arithmetic, should leave. America will come, will save New Hanover, will give the people savvy, and then go, leaving the New Hanoverians independent and equal to all others of black or white skin. This was the plot devised for the drama. The citing of so many truths seemed to give credence to the final one that fit so consistently

with the pattern of their history. The people held themselves ready for America to come. Money was collected and disappeared from the scene, but not before it played its symbolic role: that of attesting to the sincerity of the players, the determination to stand fast for the election for Johnson. When I asked Pengai if he still followed his thinking, his liking for America, he answered, "Today, and all the time more that is yet to come. New Hanover, altogether, stops with this-- not me alone."

And so they waited. The drama was at a standstill, and inspiration was thinning, and still no word from the Americans. Their cue had come and gone several times, and they were nowhere in the wings. "Do you ever get the impression that they're just acting?" Carroll Gannon said of the cultists one day. "Is this all just a show?" The show had been very successful in many ways, but it was lagging. It needed Johnson to arrive, deus ex machina,<sup>219</sup> to straighten all the tangles that had evolved in various directions.

It was here that one of the American missionaries, who had been in the background through most of the drama as a spectator, decided to move the performance along to its conclusion. His call to a meeting brought the whole cast on stage again for a surprising denouement, where the people decided to work together to develop their island. Suddenly, everyone paid his taxes and began to go to meetings and to work in the bush.

But even the audience would have been a little disappointed if Johnson had been entirely forgotten, and he was not. Their choice of Johnson was, for many cultists and for the drama itself, poetic license. The evidence that Johnson was or was not coming that was so important to outsiders was of no interest to cultists. The Americans, after all,



were known giants to only a few of the cast, total fantasy for most. There was no reason for their faith to be abandoned. Cultists, now members of T.I.A., continued to vow that they would vote for America again in the 1968 elections, and after that, forever, and so would their children and their children's children.

The Johnson cult never really ended. It turned into T.I.A. and a lot of work. Caution against the New Hanover fashion of each person doing his own thing, of "eating" money, of excluding other people, fashions that had dominated them and prevented any communal effort from succeeding in the past, returned. But this time the people were ready, with T.I.A. rules, Father Miller's help, and great resolve to fight against them.

The first and fundamental importance of T.I.A. was that it provided a way for cultists to pay taxes and stay out of jail without losing face. T.I.A. had a rule that members must pay their Council taxes, because they could not do the work of T.I.A. if they were in jail. It also provided a system of working together, which they had never had before. What had been a drama drawn from Lavongai cultural character became a work of practical import organized in terms of Western democratic procedures and ritualized with Christian symbols. These outside categories were adapted to the local scene and were well received, and succeeded in continuing the feeling that the work being done was special. It was blessed by a Catholic priest, but it was also sanctified by the sacrifices and commitment of the historic drama that had created it.

Hopes that America would come lingered but were gradually adapted to concepts less startling to European perspectives than the original vote for Johnson had been. In May, 1970, Walla wrote to me that people were

very pleased that Wally Lussick, a New Ireland planter, then a Member of the House of Assembly, had come to see them and listened to the idea they now had about joining with America: Someday they would like to become a state, like Hawaii. In the meantime, they were still planting coconuts.

The Johnson Cult and Fundamental Crises:  
Underlying Themes

There were several ideas that recurred in most of my interviews with Johnson cultists which, together, formed a firm moral basis for the cult and were underlying themes in the drama. One of these themes was the emphasis on honesty. Cultists wanted to make clear that they told the truth when asked about their beliefs in the election. Another theme they stressed was that they had been following their own wishes and that what a person likes is very important. It would not be of any value to follow the ideas of another person or an institution unless one also held them for himself. Self-reliance is required in seeking truth as in all other tasks of life. One must commit oneself and maintain a strong faith, without knowing, for sure, in what one believes.

Telling the Truth

It was important to tell the truth even if one went to jail for it, because lying diminished, somehow, one's own self. Pengai told me, for instance, that he told the truth in court, despite continual painful ridicule from the police and other non-cultists:

Pengai: All the talk they asked me, I showed them completely straight about this thing I did, because of this . . . they ask me about whatever thing, I said, "I cannot hide any talk." Something I have done, I must say, "Yes." Now, suppose I say, "No," it's as though I buggered

up my life, too. I must say, "Yes" about everything; anything I did, I say, "Yes." Or something I did not do, I can say, "No."

DB: You must tell the truth.

P: Yes. I cannot lie. If I lie, that's no good.

Lapantukan told me the truth about his half-belief in the idea that perhaps the dead ancestors make cargo, even though he knew that most Europeans and many natives laughed at the idea. Still, he said, "I cannot hide anything."

The cultists had hidden their wishes twenty years before, when Peter Yangalissmat went to jail for an idea that "belonged to everyone," as Pengal said. They were not going to hide their thoughts again, let another man take the blame for them, and fail to be true to themselves.

#### Moral and Intellectual Autonomy

The importance of following your own thinking, your own likes, is emphasized again and again by many cultists. Oliver, for instance, in telling me that both good and evil are here to stay on the earth, said the following:

Oliver: All men do these things, both things (good and evil), all must do both. (With regard to sin,) everyone does it. It stays with everyone. But then, too, it is something that belongs to each one alone. . . . It is something related to each one. They teach you, the Bible teaches you and me altogether. But it is something for each (to decide). We look at what is said in the Bible, you follow what kind of talk, whatever kind of talk: that is for you to decide. It is not able to stop you completely from one kind of thinking that you have. No, you have worry with you because you do not follow your own thinking or your own wishes. All right, you are sick from this, and your skin is not well.

Just following beliefs that are established by some strong institution has no value for the individual. I asked Oliver about his acceptance of mission teachings when he told me his views of good and evil, some of which it seemed likely that he had learned from the church:

DB: When you were a little child, did you believe strongly in everything that the Church taught you?

Oliver: I heard, that's all. I believed; I heard, but I believed. But I found it (for myself), too.

It gradually became clear to Europeans trying to argue with cultists that explanations about what Europeans think the world is like were merely added to the total store of information a cultist had when he considered before he made his decision. In the end, he depended upon himself to know what he wanted to know. Oliver relied on his own ability to experience and to reason about things, but also on his ability to intuit the presence of things unseen and on his faith in the unseen God. He does not take the opinion of any authority, of any church, of any other person. What Oliver knew, he knew from within, from his own mind, which he submitted, in his quest for understanding, to the influence of spirits.

But even God and the Holy Spirit and the spirits of the dead were not able to teach the people what they needed to know. The Spirit came and showed Oliver's mind many things and helped him, but neither it nor the spirits of the dead, being disembodied, could help with the making of cargo or could teach the people savvy about material things of the world. "The Holy Spirit comes down in order to work, so that thinking will be clear, because the Spirit clears thinking. Its work is great. But who will show everything to everyone?" Oliver asked.

The Americans were needed to bring the savvy, not the cargo, that the people needed. Then they would leave, and the people of New Hanover would be able to take care of themselves. They would have the information they needed to be self-reliant.

Those who attributed the idea that they should vote for Johnson to God's intervention reached this conclusion on the basis of evidence that came from within: the strength of their feelings, their wishes, their beliefs. Once they voted for Johnson, with surprising unity, they experienced an Inner Strength, which they hung on to and trusted and, in some cases, called the Holy Spirit. Trusting oneself more than one trusted others, believing one's own knowledge rather than that of others, these were traditional in New Hanover, part of the moral order which gave honor to self-reliance. Elevating this Inner Self to identity with the Divine was probably an enhanced articulation of what was latently present in the New Hanover cosmos. Oliver made clear that this Inner Self that is Divine is detachable from the body and survives eternally as an individual spirit. It would be unthinkable that it should be otherwise. Oliver said it well:

Oliver: You look, I see everything. I see the sea: it never ceases to break at its boundary. I see the wind: it is always changing. I see the sun: it does not cease. I see the night: it is the same. And everything must work in this way. God has put everything for all time, for all years, for all months, for all weeks--for eternity. Me, too, the same. I cannot cease to be. The same, too, all the good lives. They do not cease to work among us all, around the whole world. They must work. I am not surprised when something comes to me. (He means, by "something," a spirit of the dead.) It does not have work to do around in all places, and it comes up to me, and I find this thing. And I

know, it is something from before yet. But its work is to keep going around in its work in all the world.

Those who thought it was likely that God had put the idea of voting for Johnson into their heads did not, however, believe in America because it was God's idea. They believed in America because it was their own idea. They did not profess any profound intuitive knowledge to support belief in the coming of America, only knowledge of themselves that made their vote for Johnson a true one. Bosap said that Bosmailik had told the kiaps, "There is no source of it, only our liking, that's all, that President Johnson will eventually be boss over us. The desire of us, ourselves. We aren't throwing out law, we are following law. You talked of election, we voted. Just that, that's all."

Pengai's story of his dream indicates acceptance of intuitive knowledge, but not a reliance on it. He interpreted the dream as a kind of intuitive foreknowledge that he would play the role of spokesman, but this interpretation was made only on the basis of later events, rather than on the basis of intuitive certainty at the time. His wife made fun of him and interpreted the dream as wish fulfillment, giving knowledge only that Pengai wanted to be a Councillor. His wife, he later thought, had been wrong; but this did not matter. What mattered was that Pengai himself dreamed, wondered, and then knew, for himself. He gave no indication that he thought his intuition had connections with Divine sources, only that it gave him information which helped to affirm the actions he decided, himself, to take.

When Pengai came to talk to me he said he was "just wandering around and about so that I can find the true way and the false way," but it was clear that his quest had to be a solitary one. He said of someone with whom he had spoken, "Do you think he was telling a lie?"

I can't tell if his talk was true." And of any other man, he said, "I cannot know about another man's road. He makes it."

And, yet, despite all this apparent caution in seeking truth, Pengai held fast to his belief in the election for America, which he had been first to propose. If a people has been unjustly treated and kept down, but their oppressors blame them and jail them for their failures, it may be, as it was in New Hanover, that the greatest power the people have available to them is expressive power. The Johnson cultists seized power to define the situation and took control of the symbolic universe which had previously been imposed almost entirely by the European world. They made clear that they would not obey the logic of the European systems, which claimed that they owed tax monies to the Australians and that the Americans would not come. As one cultist, Boserong, said to me, "You say America will not come. I say it will come. Now both of us will wait and see."

Cultists insisted that not only they but also their enemies must follow their own thinking, their own savvy. Oliver said, "I say that they cannot come inside. They must stay as they are until they are old and they die and their progeny must be the same, the same. A man who has savvy and he does this, he must act on his savvy. He cannot come inside of this (T.I.A.), it is just a rubbish thing. They have said that it is just a rubbish thing. Just a stupid idea."

The cultists' attitude seemed rejecting, but perhaps it was really accepting, too. A person's identity and health is composed in large part of his ideas and savvy, and he could not, thus, change his mind without also risking a loss of spirit.

Justification for continuing their faith was made in terms of the integrity of the self. Joseph said, "Suppose America does not want

to come, maski, me, just me, I want it." He then turned and asked if the other people present agreed, and they shouted their assent. Even if their evolutionary ideology was not fulfilled, maski: they had believed, they had told the truth, they had been faithful to what they wanted. They had manifested integrity. The cult had that meaning, then, if none other: they were faithful, not to each other, or to God, or even to America, but each to himself.

#### Strong in Their Faith

Their faith had driven out fear and apathy and helped cultists to take action they wanted to take. Many people remarked on the strength their belief had given them: at this time, they said, we did not feel fear.

For Oliver, faith helped to overcome not just fear but also apathy and indifference. During my first long interview with him, when I decided to ask him if he had ever really believed that Johnson would come, he answered, after some reflection: "I must believe. If I do not believe, I will sit down and do nothing." And in the second, taped, interview, we said this:

DB: You told me before--you said if you did not believe strongly, this thing could not come up, right?

Oliver: It cannot come up, because I just play, or I just go around for no reason, or I do not believe in this thing, and God looks at this. God knows about me, and he watches my thinking just playing for nothing, and he watches my thinking just do things easy, for nothing.

Commitment for Oliver must be serious and may, or must, require sacrifice, hard work. It cannot be just "play," it cannot be just "easy." Many cultists seemed to share with Oliver a good feeling about the suffering they had endured, for instance, in jail, but they did not



talk about it as though it were something that was intrinsically required by their faith. It was circumstantially required: the tax collectors had in fact come, and they had remained true to their vote for America and refused to pay, and the kiaps had taken them off to jail--many said, "for our beliefs."

Still, it is possible that people felt they should suffer a little to show they were sincere in their belief, even though they did not spell this out. This may be one explanation for why they continued to give money to Oliver and, perhaps, others, to send to Johnson. This seems hard to explain when one considers that most people in New Hanover would not trust their own spouses to hold a cigarette for them while they climbed a coconut tree. Johnson did not come, no letter came, no money came back, and no one seemed angry about it. No one ever brought it up unless I did. Then they agreed that Oliver had probably "eaten" the money and that this was not good, but I did not feel that they really cared.

I now think that throwing away this money was a way of suffering for their belief. They committed themselves by giving money, something which they do not do in their traditional lives. They absolved themselves of any doubts they may have had, of the sin of doubting, and perhaps of all kinds of other sins, when they gave money to the cause. If those who collected the money did not do the right thing with it, that was a sin on their shoulders, and of no concern to the givers.

The Doubting Thomases, who had received unfavorable mention in the Bible, were criticized by both Oliver and Piskaut, who insisted that true faith was in something that you could not see, of which you could not be sure. "I must believe in this thing I have not seen," Oliver said. Belief in something that you could see was not true belief.

"Oh, ye of little faith," people who would not join T.I.A. until they had waited to see its fruit. All the cultists must have been fighting against doubt: they did not know whether or not America would come, they did not know whether or not T.I.A. would bring about the life they wanted; but from the accumulation of their individual frustrations, they found faith. Not exactly faith to remove mountains, but at least enough to clear the trees off them; and before that, to "kick a little" at Australia and to go to jail when Australia kicked back.

One reason faith in the unseen has received so much favorable attention in religions is that the quest for rigorous certainty about the unknown may obliterate needed hope, hope that may even make a difference in the visible world.<sup>220</sup> The people of New Hanover have never had much of this kind of imaginative faith. They expend their creative energies in dramatic encounters and poetic images, but they do not then believe in them. Even Alipes, a very intense cultist, said that he had heard of ingua (ancestor spirits) making cargo but that he did not know whether or not this idea was true or was a figure of speech.<sup>221</sup> Lapansinnung a very old man of the Tsoi islands who was not involved with the cult, told me that people went after death to Tingwon island, where the tambarans look after the door. I asked him if these ingua work there, and he answered with a smile, "This place here (where they go after death) is down below. We do not know."

Religion is an area where the skeptic, the exploratory person, must come often to "We do not know," and it is hard to build an unshakeable faith on such uncertainty. Doubting and trying new ideas is an asset for the scientist or revolutionary, a burden for the priest or high chief.

The people of New Hanover opted, in the Johnson cult, to indulge in a faith in the unseen, but their faith was really hope, and their

only certainty was that they knew what they wanted. When the cult became T.I.A., the only thing they knew clearly was that they still wanted America to come, and again they hoped, and they were strong in their faith in the unseen, unknown fruits of T.I.A. Lacking absolute truth, one must act on relative knowledge if one is to act at all. And the Lavongais wanted action; of that, at least, they seemed very sure.

Oliver said you must act on your knowledge: "Now you know about our life in this world: some are all right, and some are no good; some deceive, and some are true, and the way is not straight; some have good ways and some have bad ways, and it's not a straight life. You don't just look and do nothing, and you don't keep hearing and do nothing. And suppose you sit down and do nothing, you are not going to be able to find something good."

#### Change and Help

Cultists wanted action, but toward what? When I asked this question, they usually gave very general answers. Sometimes they just said they wanted change. Oliver said, "They all felt what kind of life they all had and they wanted a new one," and Bate spoke of wanting a new food. Oliver also said, "You know if you eat one kind of food all the time, by and by your body will not have a good life, nor will good blood come up in your skin, and your body has got trouble, and you are sick, and you die. But you must change food, and then your body has got good life."

Cultists knew they wanted change because they did not like their lives, and they felt they had been treated unjustly. Bosap said, "They put me in prison for my vote," and "They cover up something I want." To a Lavongai, these interferences with his own preferences are serious matters.

Often they did not specify what kind of a new life they wanted. Makios said, "We want to see a good way come up among us inside of Lavongai"; and Pengai said, "I don't think of all these things, all cargo around and about. I just think of something to straighten our way of life." Cultists certainly do not want to go back to a traditional golden age. They probably never had one. They are interested in the images of a golden age they glimpsed during the war in the American presence, and they want to go forward to that one.

They did not define goodness as it was represented by their own ancestors, but as they hoped to see it represented in the Americans who would come to help them and as they were trying to live it themselves. They were working in T.I.A. to attain the benefits of the good life for themselves, and so that their children could live on from what they had done. Not the maintenance of a pristine natural state, but changes of circumstances, of work, of knowledge, and of their own culture is what they sought. Their own fashion was, they thought, deplorable; but their persons, their selves, their human nature, were not beyond salvation. They could be changed, but "who will save us?" they wanted very much to know. They were not completely given over to fantasy. When the millenium finally came, when the Americans came, they expected to have to learn new ways, they expected to have to become self-reliant again. They did not expect to be angels when the trumpet sounded, just men. But for them, being men, equal to all other men, fully expressing themselves, their wishes, their likes, their thoughts, that would be enough.

But cultists felt they could not make the changes they wanted themselves. "Who will show everything to everyone?" Oliver asked. And Pengai said that they had learned many things, but not what they needed

to know: "Where is one more kind of savvy to be a friend to this one?" And many cultists said, "Who will give us savvy? Who will save us? Who will straighten our lives?"

Even non-cultists felt helpless to deal with the promised self-government. Edward said, "There are not plenty of things that we have planted for this thing, self-government, to come to us. Just to be boss, with nothing, by and by it will be no good."

They needed help, and they were not getting it. When Pengai was released from jail, Carroll Cannon invited him to stop and talk in his house for Taskul. There, Carroll and Bob Hoad talked about all the things Lavongais could do to get up their place. They meant, no doubt, to be helpful. But when he heard this talk, Pengai thought, just to himself: "This is the way of Australia, they do not want to help me."

But Pengai's understanding of the help they needed was not simplistic. He told me of his fears that Australia would move the people out of their place, as they had done to the native people of Australia. "We have no power," he said, and "Power is the foundation of government." He probably would have agreed with Edward, that just to be boss, with nothing, is not power.

#### Moral Equivalence

The cult was not anti-European, nor pro-American. It was not even anti-Australian Administration. It was an attempt to force the Australians into the New Hanover world, or to force their way into the Australian world. It was an attempt to gain "moral equivalence" (Burridge, 1960), acknowledgment that everyone counts one in this world.

This theme underlay much of what many cultists said and was occasionally given unmistakable articulation. When Joseph Pukina told

me about his angry speech to the District Commissioner, his speech and his manner brought to mind Shylock's plea for equality:<sup>222</sup> "I am no donkey. I am a man! I have got legs, arms, eyes, nose, head, just like you. But my food comes from the work of my hands, and you, you sit down and you eat just from a chair. And you do your work, write papers or whatever."

Many cultists said, "We live like dogs or pigs," and saw it as the moral obligation of people stronger than themselves, the Australians, to help them to become strong, too. Instead, the government sent them one lie after another and brought them to the state they were in, a sorry state, one which would make America sorry, Joseph said, if they only knew what their friend Australia had done!

Australia treated them, they felt, as something less than human: they did not sit down and grease with them and eat with them, some said, but the Americans did. Makios said of the Americans, "Their ways are not the ways of all men. Their ways are very good. They invite plenty of men, and sit down together to eat, and whatever things--they give everything to them. That now, this way we have seen, and our liking remains." Pengai made clear that when Lavongais experienced this good fashion of the Americans during the war, "The did not like the food, just the way." What they liked was being counted one when the good was passed out.

Some who did not know about America were willing to try it: they wanted a change from what they had experienced with Australia. They did not like being left out and left behind: "We want to join," Pengai said. He wanted to be a part of the twentieth century, equal to other men of his time, not part of the era of his grandfathers, and not

just equal, but also accepted, a part of the whole--not isolated on an island but, even far away, part of the mainstream.

It was not cargo that they wanted, as several of them pointed out. Cargo was, however, one of the symbols they hoped to control in order to be accepted, as it is for the nouveau riche everywhere. But they were very much aware of this, and they were not nouveau riche yet, a stage known for its attendant loss of insight and primary commitment to values that once were instrumental to attaining "the good life." New Hanover had not capitulated to the forces that define the value of a person in terms of cargo, but they were afraid that they were losing their right to not have cargo and savvy and still count one. The struggle for equality in savvy in the making of cargo was only one kind of savvy they wanted, and they made this very clear. They wanted savvy, as Samuel said, "about how to live good, happy and useful lives," not lives that were rich, jolly, and peripheral.

The struggle for moral equivalence, rather than the struggle for equality in the possession of cargo or savvy or anything in particular, is a moral struggle for moral goals. Equality is the moral order of things, and whatever or whoever works against it works against a moral order. A moral struggle can only be won by a moral people, people who tell the truth, who commit themselves honestly and faithfully, who do not weakly follow others but who rely upon their own autonomous judgments.

They felt that Australia had not treated them as equals in their work, that they had contributed more than their share and received nothing in return. Lapantukan said, "Everything you see, we pulled the paddle," and Joseph said he "worked coolie" for Europeans. Pengai said, "I work bullshit for you," the white man, and "Now all the money

remains only with the master." Makios said they had paid and paid and paid their taxes, but "All our money went for nothing."

But it was not only inequality with white people that concerned Lavongais. Pamais wrote in his book, "You can see some people around New Guinea dressed a bit like European because they had job around the towns or a teachers' job. But what about the poor people? We don't see the Co-operative helping these people. They only telling lies to us and they don't keep their promised [sic] to us." And also: "And how they push poor native to jail, is this good?"

Oliver also found the idea of a distinction between rich and poor natives unacceptable, and one reason he felt that it was urgent that America or someone come to help them was because he did not want self-government to come while this inequality existed. He apparently was afraid that this was New Hanover's last chance to gain white man's savvy. But he may also have disliked the idea of being bossed by young men of New Hanover in Europeans' clothes who spoke a little English, and knew nothing else. Pengai said, "Plenty of men have savvy about English, and what have they done? They know English for nothing, that's all!" This is what Oliver said: "Some men are well off, some are not well off. And all men of savvy savvy well, and one man he does not savvy, he is just the same as one man shit-nothing, that's all. Later, when self-government comes, it buggers up again this man who is already buggered up. Before, he was buggered up, then self-government comes, buggers him up again. About money, that's all."

And Oliver also said, "You, all white-skins, you have another kind of road, and another kind of law. Now, with us, all black men, another kind. That is, we are down more yet. Now a man who had got savvy, he goes and jumps up a little and he goes and jumps up a little



on the step, he goes together with you all. Now we, some of us, we sleep (stay) truly no good. Down below. And what road will you--will they make so that by and by all men who are not well off, and all men who have savvy, all must be equal?"

The Meaning of the Johnson Cult: What the Drama Was About

The Johnson cult was a dramatic expression in which each actor was able to gain some understanding of his role, and affirm his faith in himself and in a moral universe. Cultists strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage and then they went to work in T.I.A. They let the world know (literally, through the United Nations Visiting Mission) in a powerful expression that they affirmed the value of their lives, however barren of the world's goods and savvy.

But an improvisation is played primarily for the players, not the world, and each plays primarily for himself, though in relation to each other and to a general theme. He enhances primarily his own understanding and only incidentally that of other people. In a therapeutic improvisation, as this one sometimes was, the individual may express all his feelings: in this case resentment and longing, sardonic wit, and the inalienable right of each individual to be his own hero.

The Johnson cult, though it seemed full of philosophy, addressed a less cosmic crisis than did the New Ireland malanggan. Cultists did not wonder, "What is it all for?" Lavongais wonder that routinely, every day. The cult was not about man's deepest fears that his life is meaningless; at least, this theme was a minor one, a stowaway along in many ordinary encounters. The Johnson cult started with the assumption that life is worth living and went on from there, elaborating on this

question: "Why are we wasting our lives doing all this rubbish work for Australia, when we get nothing worth having in return for our work, and are treated like dogs as well? Why have we allowed ourselves to be deceived and put down by this second-rate country?"

This question did not call forth a trivial answer. Some cultists said they would die if necessary for the beliefs which responded to this concern. Beyond their demand for a change in their lives, there was an Ultimate Concern that some of them, I think, would have faced death to protect, which related to their decision that they would no longer allow themselves to be treated as less than fully human on their own ground.

The meaning of the Johnson cult was told in many words, but it must be measured in actions. Men who had always feared the government officials deliberately incurred their anger, and men who had worked for the missions all their lives ignored the advice of the missionaries and risked, and lost, their jobs. Men who seemed to value their freedom above all else went to jail to preserve it.

Going to jail and martyrdom is not a fate that one would expect Lavongais to seek. Ordinarily, they are a people who enjoy play, who expect to be fooled, and who are skilled in survival deviousness, a basic dynamic of their culture. But in the cult, many Lavongais found, for a while, something they wanted, something they could believe in and commit themselves to, something worth being honest about, worth going to jail for; and, therefore, something, at last, for which they could respect themselves and each other. In challenging their oppressor, they came to know themselves as well as the enemy, and their respective strengths. They disobeyed, and they were not afraid. They went to jail

and they endured. They were true to themselves, they quit being false to other men, and they regained their pride.

They saw clearly that they had been unjustly treated. For many years they had worked for the white men: "Everything you see," Lapantukan said, "we pulled the paddle." But they knew that other relationships were possible. During the war, relationships had been different, not just with the Americans, but with other soldiers. Oliver said Australians, New Zealanders, Americans, "they were not 'masters' at this time, we were together."

Each man knew these things before in a private way, but in the election, as one man said, "Our knowledge came together." Each found out that the others had thought as he had. Each found that they were all ready to resist having their common humanity ignored and denied. We are persons who count, they decided, and each of us counts one.

They felt that they were not helpless, that they could take control of their own Destiny. "We can vote for America, we can vote for President Johnson," Pengai said, speaking for everyone. And they responded, "We altogether, it's all right, we like it." And as soon as they had told the kiap of their vote, "Everyone turned, clapped their hands," Bosap said. "The kiap alone stayed, in a place which was clear." The people had acted, and were no longer afraid.

"Poets, their heads being in the clouds, are those who see whales and camels where others see only a chance of rain."<sup>223</sup> The Lavongais were poets who saw a chance to redefine the direction and meaning of their lives, where the Australian kiaps saw only a routine election. We do not have to wait endlessly and aimlessly, the cultists realized, last and left out, miserable in our old fashion, controlled but not helped

by these more powerful people. We can break loose from their image of us, their commands, their ideas of what is possible.

The government did not give up. One government report laments government defeat under their own laws: "The faint glimmers of success in New Hanover were somewhat overshadowed by the loss of the Conspiracy case. Pressure aimed at counteracting cult activity was being maintained in all quarters." The government was determined to win, but the people had decided that they did not have to go on being the victim. "Did I vote for you that I should give you money?" Lapantukan said to a kiap that tried to collect taxes from him. And Pengai said, "We want to buy taxes, but we do not want to tax with you." Through their actions, people found that they had alternatives, and they took them.

The Johnson cult dwindled into T.I.A. It will not be played again; but perhaps some of the players, or their progeny, will perform again together a new drama, the plot of which has not yet shown itself. If America does not come, and if T.I.A. does not bring the millenium, or something substantial, some drama similar to the Johnson cult will probably recur seasonally as Lavongais protest their most cosmic woes, and their practical ones as well.

In T.I.A., the New Hanoverians found out that they can work together in their own places, living with their own families, getting up their own work in their own way. They found a new path on which they can become strong. "This is the source that will straighten us," President Walla said. "T.I.A. showed us this road, and by and by we will be one."

Getting down to serious work is not easy for a people like the Lavongais, but they worked furiously in T.I.A. and hopefully, still not knowing how they would finish the drama they had begun. I think

it was never really complete. Gradually, somewhere along the way, it was over, and people were planting coconuts and pursuing new projects of T.I.A. I do not know, at this writing, how they have all fared, but I suspect there is a residue of discontent, and I suspect there are those who ask each other and wonder, when they are talking and greasing and smoking at night, how the play ended.

Now, as I think Homer or T. Cosfelder said:

You know, lads, the trouble with even the best  
story is,

It all too seldom tells what heppened to us.<sup>224</sup>

CULTS, MOVEMENTS AND CULTURECultural Style

Much has been written about cargo cults and millenarian movements in general in an attempt to define their essential features and to explain their occurrence. My work in New Ireland and in New Hanover suggests to me that, all other things being equal, cargo cults and other millenarian movements will occur in societies ordered by individualistic, informally and inexplicitly structured cultures and will not occur in societies ordered by group-oriented, integrated, formally and institutionally structured cultures. Furthermore, I suggest that some cults, at least, are perennial, recurring, static expressions of individualistic, informally structured cultures, rather than mechanisms representing or creating change.

Plexus

In drawing attention to the factor of cultural style in relation to cargo cults, I do not mean to suggest that other factors are not important. La Barre<sup>225</sup> has reviewed the literature on "crisis cults" and supports, on both theoretical and empirical grounds, his position against single-factor theories of explanation. He concludes that "no particularist explanation--whether political, military, economic, psychological, or anthropological--can exclusively and exhaustively 'save the data' of any single crisis cult" and that when single-cause theories are applied, "the explanation impoverishes the phenomenon. The most that one can concede is that, in some cults, certain components seem relatively more salient; in other cults, other components appear to be; but all components are likely, in some degree, to be implicated in any cult."<sup>226</sup> This view makes sense to me not only because cults appear in great variety, but also on theoretical grounds alone.

### General Characteristics

A review of some of the primary and secondary literature on cults shows that there are a large number of features which are present to a greater or lesser extent in them: prophets, the supernatural, the value of riches or of poverty, perfection in the past or future, how soon change is expected, ceremony or ritual, achievement of unusual psychological states, development of doctrine or ideology, detailed instruction in moral behavior, faithful followers, and so on.

### True Believers

While cults often seem to have only vague leadership, it is often thought that there can be no cult without believers, True Believers. As Hoffer defined them, they come from the ranks of the Undesirables: the poor, misfits, the bored, sinners, minorities:

For men to plunge headlong into an undertaking of vast change, they must be intensely discontented yet not destitute, and they must have the feeling that by the possession of some potent doctrine, infallible leader or some new technique they have access to a source of irresistible power. They must also have an extravagant conception of the prospects and potentialities of the future. Finally, they must be wholly ignorant of the difficulties involved in their vast undertaking. Experience is a handicap.<sup>227</sup>

Furthermore,

People who see their lives as irremediably spoiled cannot find a worth-while purpose in self-advancement. . . . Nothing that has its roots and reasons in the self can be good and noble. Their innermost craving is for a

new life--a rebirth--or, failing this, a chance to acquire new elements of pride, confidence, hope, a sense of purpose and worth by an identification with a holy cause. An active mass movement offers them opportunities for both.<sup>228</sup>

Douglas discusses cultists as one kind of anti-ritualist:

Here we can locate millennial tendencies from our early history to the present day. For these people, society appears as a system which does not work. The human body is the most readily available image of a system. . . . Here the body is not primarily the vehicle of life, for life will be seen as purely spiritual, and the body as irrelevant matter.<sup>229</sup>

This scorning of the body, and of the self, perhaps as "spoiled," is seen again in the description of an Enthusiast given by Taylor in 1834:

The enthusiast, therefore, whose piety is fictitious, has only a choice of immoralities, to be determined by his temperament and circumstances. He may become, perhaps, nothing worse than a recluse--a lazy contemplatist, and intellectual voluptuary, shut up from his fellows in the circle of profitless spiritual delights or conflicts. The times are indeed gone by when persons of this class might, in contempt of their species, and in idolatry of themselves, withdraw to dens, and hold society only with bats, and make the supreme wisdom to consist in the possession of a long beard, a filthy blanket, and a taste for raw herbs: but the same tastes, animated by the same



principles, fail not still to find place of indulgence, even amid the crowds of a city: and the recluse who lives in the world will, probably, be more sour in temper than the anchoret of the wilderness. An ardent temperament converts the enthusiast into a zealot, who, while he is laborious in winning proselytes, discharges common duties very remissly, and is found to be a more punctillious observer of his creed, than of his work. Or, if his imagination be fertile, he becomes a visionary, who lives on better terms with angels and with seraphs, than with his children, servants and neighbours; or he is one who, while he reverences the "thrones, dominions and powers" of the invisible world, vents his spleen in railing at all "dignities and powers" of earth.<sup>230</sup>

And, yet, for all his faults, or discomfort in the world, Hoffer thinks that he plays a necessary role in change:

The discarded and rejected are often the raw material of a nation's future. The stone the builders reject becomes the cornerstone of a new world. A nation without dregs and malcontents is orderly, decent, peaceful and pleasant, but perhaps without the seed of things to come. It was not the irony of history that the undesired in the countries of Europe should have crossed an ocean to build a new world on this continent. Only they could do it.<sup>231</sup>

### Explanation of Cults

Students have looked to various factors for the causes of cult. Some who have looked most systematically at the problem think that it has no solution. Kopytoff, for example, advocates, along with La Barre, a multi-dimensional analytic approach, but thinks that full explanation remains elusive.<sup>232</sup> And Inglis concluded that at the time she wrote, "it is not possible to give a general explanation of their occurrence, on the ground that nobody has yet isolated the external conditions which are the common and peculiar antecedents of every cult outbreak."<sup>233</sup> The conditions which exist in societies where there are cults also exist in societies where there are not cults. Inglis thinks that we know enough to know that it will never be possible to explain them.

Inglis classified theories of cults accordingly as they emphasize cult<sup>234</sup>

- 1) as a traditional religious movement
- 2) as the response to charismatic leadership
- 3) as an expression of economic dissatisfaction
- 4) as an effort toward political change
- 5) as an expression of moral protest (against low status), or
- 6) as expression of a particular state of mind.

While Inglis argues that none of these factors is sufficient to explain why cult breaks out in one society rather than another, she does not reject the comparative method in anthropology as does philosopher Peter Winch.

Winch has questioned whether or not "explanation" is possible in the social sciences as it is in the natural sciences, because human beings, unlike units of study in the natural sciences, can "reason," and follow rules.<sup>235</sup> Of course, those of us who pursue the social sciences do not, in most cases, accept Winch's claim, whether true or false or

even meaningful, as relevant to the scientific method in our work. The philosophical tradition seems hopelessly mired in what would have been ethnocentric in the Middle Ages: it does not apprehend, despite the labors of some notable philosophers, that Science is a way of systematizing and finding regularity, not a way of gaining access to Final Truth. Social scientists do not have powers of perfect prediction, but neither do our colleagues studying animate and inanimate objects and forces presumed to lack both souls and reason. Nagel has pointed out that while natural scientists control a great deal of information about forces in general, and wind velocity in particular, no one has yet predicted when the first leaf of autumn will fall, or which one it will be.<sup>236</sup>

That man's power to "reason" is not irrelevant to the study of anthropology is what philosopher Jarvie has tried to show. He does not reject the comparative method in seeking explanation, but merely exclusive reliance on the structural-functional method, partly because he thinks it cannot deal with change,<sup>237</sup> and partly because structural-functional analysis makes ideas dependent variables. He says,

I feel I should point out that my attempt to explain cargo cults essentially turns on what Stanner calls a "belief in belief;" a belief, that is, that people's theories and beliefs influence their actions and can, to a certain extent, explain their actions.<sup>238</sup>

Thus, Jarvie would like to see "belief" restored to a generative role in the study of society.

Lawrence has also emphasized the power of ideas, but only because he is trying to redress the balance against them after three decades of structural-functionalism:

The Movement must be understood in terms of both its socio-political and epistemological aspects. My purpose is to lay equal stress on both. The first has been given close attention by recent scholars, but the treatment of the second has so far been inadequate.<sup>239</sup>

He is "using the term (epistemology) to cover the general questions: From what sources do the people of the southern Madang District believe knowledge to be derived? And what kinds of knowledge do they hold to be available to themselves"?<sup>240</sup> Lawrence is interested in reconstructing events over time, and in formulating the Total Cosmic Order from which native action springs and takes its meaning:

It would be naive to expect people, for whom the religious and secular are so inextricably interwoven in the same order of existence that it is impossible to classify any important event as exclusively either one or the other, to switch from a non-rationalist outlook to a rationalist outlook in the matter of a few years.<sup>241</sup>

Like Lawrence, Worsley is interested in the study of cults over time, but Lawrence is writing history and Worsley is seeking the compelling force of system among events. In the first edition of his book,<sup>242</sup> he deals with cargo cults in an explicitly Marxian frame of reference, viewing them as stages in an evolution toward nationalism. Religious cults will, he thinks, give way to political movements.

In an introduction to a later edition,<sup>243</sup> Worsley defends himself against charges that his analysis was based on economic determinism, granting that millenarian movements do not always arise amongst the oppressed. However, he maintains that all such movements that have

been "historically important" have been movements of the oppressed. He sees that this argument is tautological but thinks the argument is not thereby weakened.

Worsley has been particularly at pains to reject the view that cults are a response to and a submission to a charismatic leader, maintaining that "charismatic leaders" derive their charisma from social factors rather than from individual personality qualities.

Mead has especially emphasized the role of the individual in all her work, and with regard to the changes that took place in Manus she emphasized, as did Schwartz, the role of Paliau.<sup>244</sup> However, their work does not claim that Paliau's charismatic leadership created a cult or movement. Paliau was a necessary but not a sufficient condition in the development of change in Manus, in their interpretation, in which it is always necessary to know the total context.

A part of the context alleged to be important by many interpreters of cult is the perspective cultists have of their own condition relative to that of others. Aberle and others have put forward what have been called "relative deprivation" theories in relation to cargo cults and other millenarian movements. "Relative deprivation," Aberle has written.

is defined as a negative discrepancy between legitimate expectation and actuality. . . . The discovery of what constitutes serious deprivation for particular groups or individuals is a difficult empirical problem. It requires careful attention to the reference points that people employ to judge their legitimate expectations, as well as to their actual circumstances.<sup>245</sup>

Aberle claims that "It is not necessary . . . to assume that all deprivation experiences are primarily concerned with (material) goods." He has

attempted a rough classification of types of deprivation.

They fall into four groups: possessions, status, behavior, and worth. . . . I conceive of any of these types of deprivation . . . to be the possible basis for efforts at remedial action to overcome the discrepancy between actuality and legitimate aspiration. . . . But the fact of deprivation is clearly an insufficient basis for predicting whether remedial efforts will occur, and, if they occur, whether they will have as aims changing the world, transcending it, or withdrawing from it, whether the remedy will be sought in direct action or ritual, and whether it will be sought with the aid of supernatural powers or without.<sup>246</sup>

Aberle thus makes very clear that "relative deprivation" is only a broad general category which points to a common element in cults which differ in many other dimensions.

It is deprivation in the areas of status and worth that afflict the people of Tangu, according to Burridge's diagnosis.<sup>247</sup> He, along with Lawrence and, earlier, Firth,<sup>248</sup> takes care to emphasize that cargo is wanted for its symbolic value in relation to social status, rather than simply for its utilitarian value. He sees the cult in Tangu as a kind of striving for "moral equivalence" in reaction against the loss of self-respect experienced by Melanesians in contact with Europeans.

It is this contact with Europeans that Lanternari emphasizes in his conclusion after having surveyed modern messianic cults in Africa, North and South America, and the Pacific:

The messianic movements of modern times constitute one of the most interesting and astonishing results of the cultural clash between populations in very different stages of development. Indeed, not only do these movements reveal the reactions of people affected by this clash; they also serve the interests of the more advanced civilizations by tearing down barriers erected by Western colonialism and ethnocentrism. Moreover, they call for a reappraisal and updating of Western values within a human framework much broader than that provided by the nationalism of the nineteenth century.

Although these movements are primarily religious in character, they also demand they strive to secure for their followers certain riches without which life itself is scarcely worth living. These riches are freedom and salvation: freedom from subjection and servitude to foreign powers as well as from adversity, and salvation from the possibility of having the traditional culture destroyed and the native society wiped out as a historic entity.<sup>249</sup>

Lanternari, thus, emphasizes political oppression as a cause of cults, and the cult as a seeking to rectify what Aberle would call deprivation primarily of status and of worth. He also sees the value of self-expression through traditional culture, the value of each unique

historic cultural entity, as part of the "millenium" for which people struggle.

Lanternari, Aberle, Worsley, Taylor, Hoffer--all point to the cultist as in some way an outsider. Kaminsky also makes this point and suggests that a "fruitful approach" to the interpretation of millennial movements would be "to relate the movement to society by constructing typologies of alienation and withdrawal." He offers as illustrations of "objectively alienated" persons "the man whose social and economic position is so precarious that he lacks even the attachment to the existing order that may be pre-supposed for the ordinary lower classes"; the neurotic; "the man belonging to a persecuted race or religion." He has high hopes for his "analytic" approach: "Typologies of withdrawal and of societal crisis could produce valid statements about the development of millennial movements and their origins, respectively. Thus the movement would be explained."<sup>250</sup>

Kaminsky makes some interesting points about social structure and belief:

The movement always subscribes to an ideology that empties the existing social order of all value; it also invariably takes the form of a physical movement--a withdrawal from the existing order. Thus on the one hand its ideology is arbitrary, extravagant, and fantastic; on the other hand its social structure is all but non-existent: it is a perfectly plastic mass, without the solidity that comes from a practical, working relationship to reality. Obviously, then, the typical member is a person radically alienated from the existing order, and,



either inherently or temporarily, lacking in qualities of criticism, realism, and intellectual honesty.<sup>251</sup>

Because so many theorists seem to find cultists to be deprived, depraved, or depressed, the work of Cohn is particularly important. He has studied cults in Europe and finds that some of them occur only amongst the upper echelons of society or amongst a cross-section of groups:

Marxists have sometimes tried to interpret the millenarism of the Spiritualls . . . as a protest by poor peasants against a church which was exploiting and oppressing them. This interpretation is certainly mistaken. Research shows that the Spiritualls were drawn mainly from the more privileged strata of society, notably from the mixture of noble and merchant families which formed the dominant class in the Italian towns. Far from belonging to the poor peasantry, many of them had renounced great wealth in order to become poorer than any beggar. And when they condemned the wealth and worldliness of papacy and church they were protesting not against economic exploitation but against a defection of spiritual authority . . .<sup>252</sup>

It is the "psychic prerequisites for these movements" rather than their "contribu(tion) to cultural evolution" that Cohn thinks the data lead one to most consider:

With all due tentativeness I shall now advance, as a possible topic for discussion, a general socio-psychological hypothesis concerning the causation of millenarian movements. . . . Whatever other value it

may or may not have, the following hypothesis has certainly no predictive value at all.

It is suggested, then, that the decisive causative factors are these:

1) (a) traditional religious world-view (which) includes a promise of a future age of bliss to be enjoyed by the faithful.

2) (a) prophet who carries out an adaptation of this traditional lore.

3) (a) situation of emotional tension arises. . . . It seems that there is in many, perhaps in all, human psyches a latent yearning for total salvation from suffering; and that that yearning is greatly intensified by any frustration or anxiety or humiliation which is unaccustomed and which cannot be tackled either by taking thought or by an institutionalized routine. Where a particular frustration or anxiety or humiliation of this nature is experienced at the same time and in the same area by a number of individuals the result is a collective emotional agitation which is peculiar not only in its intensity but also in the boundlessness of its aims.

4) Such a situation provides the perfect opportunity for a prophet promising a collective salvation which is to be both immediate and total. It is the discharge of accumulated emotional tension which gives energy to the resulting millenarian movement.<sup>253</sup>

While Cohn emphasizes emotional factors, he does not reduce religious movements to psychic attributes. He sees in various movements not just psychological but cosmic woe, "the workings of mass anxiety concerning the stability and orderly functioning of the cosmos."<sup>254</sup> Because of this dimension of concern, one of the circumstances that favor the rise of millenarian movements is the "supposed defection of the authority traditionally responsible for regulating relations between society and the powers governing the cosmos."<sup>255</sup>

Ribeiro takes special care to counter reductionist arguments in his discussion of Brazilian cults:

Various authors have sought to explain the Brazilian movements. Most of these explanations have been of a reductionist character, holding that each outburst of religiosity was due to political and social unrest, to chronic deprivation or to acute deprivation caused by some calamity, to the arousal of mass anxiety and tension or to mass psychopathological disturbance; or they have seen each outburst as essentially a collective form of protest.<sup>256</sup>

One such interpretation which he cites was however unable to explain why the Negro in Brazil, although relegated to the lower social levels and exposed to the most severe frustration, has never resorted to messianic movements.

No one could in good faith deny the relevance of these socio-cultural factors. Yet in my understanding of the matter, due consideration should be given to the aesthetic appeal of the idea of a perfect age, to the

need for renewed dramatic experience, and to the appeal of new types of leadership along with the new social relationships that develop among the members of a movement.

The social scientist slides into over-generalization determined by his theoretical orientation or simply by his cultural bias. He will contribute nothing to a solution of the problem of why these phenomena in some societies and cultures continue to recur through time even though social, political and cultural conditions are changing.

It is clear that wherever a long-established tradition of hope exists, one that gives a dramatic explanation of the cosmos and allows of active participation in the drama in such a way as to fulfill people's fantasies and to take them out of the daily toil or routine of their lives, there any change in social, economic or cultural conditions will favor the rise of a messianic movement.<sup>257</sup>

This emphasis on the aesthetic qualities and contribution of cult is also underscored by Jones, who writes: "Poetic appeal must be a factor in millenarianism--defined as anticipation of the return of a hero or divinity who will establish by fiat or leadership a revolutionary polity for the benefit of a coterie."<sup>258</sup> Thrupp states, however, that "to explain the power (of the millennial tradition) to incite action we have to look beyond the aspect of aesthetic appeal, to circumstances that are not present in the long periods when the tradition is latent

or merely talked about."<sup>259</sup> The implication here is that an investigator must look at the whole tradition as well as historic circumstances.

Some students of cargo cults have acknowledged the influence of certain aspects of traditional culture on religion without carrying through their analysis to an interpretation of the whole cultural style on the whole religious style. Lawrence<sup>260</sup> undertakes analysis of this kind when he writes that Highland New Guinea societies are less religious and more secular than are seaboard peoples and that this difference may explain why cults are nearly absent in the Highlands and common on the seaboard. Lawrence's view<sup>261</sup> that the "total cosmic order" or world view of the traditional culture affects the occurrence or nonoccurrence of cult is a hypothesis which I believe coalesces with the one I am advancing, in that world view is one important aspect of cultural style.

It has been suggested by sociologist Neil Smelser<sup>262</sup> that the religious or secular focus of a culture influences not whether or not a cult will occur but, if it does, whether or not it will be a religious or secular cult. In his study of collective behavior, he classes millenarian movements as "value-oriented movements." Such movements will occur, he thinks, only where there is "structural conduciveness." By way of illustration, Smelser cites "a classic article on religious sects" by the sociologist John L. Gillin, in which Gillin observed that "religious sects will arise only when religion is the dominant interest. When political interest predominates, political parties will spring up."<sup>263</sup> The terms "religious" and "secular" in these accounts of Lawrence, Smelser, and Gillin refer to the content of a group expression, and are in different ways approaching a question that is a refinement of the larger one which I am asking about structure. I am investigating the type of structure within which any kind of cult

or movement occurs, rather than focusing in on what the content of that cult or movement will be.

Some students have looked for general sets of factors that characterize not just one but many types of movements. The work of Gerlach and Hine should warn us against closely defining the content of a movement as its cause. They have examined several contemporary movements--Pentacostalism, Black Power, Environmental movements--and have suggested five factors which they have found to be crucial to the growth and spread of all of them. These are

1) Reticulate Organization. The study of organizational structure must focus on linkages between individuals and groups, because "The concept of individual access to the spiritual source of authority when taken seriously, tends to prevent organizational solidarity and centralized control."

2) Recruitment. Face-to-face recruitment takes place along lines of preexisting significant social relationships.

3) Commitment. There is "a bridge-burning power-generating act" which may be personal but is more generally objectively observable.

4) Ideology. Characterized by dogmatism, rejection of a gap between the ideal and the real (a gap philosophically accepted by established authority), serious involvement, and positive fatalism--i.e., a certainty that they are doing the right thing, which makes it difficult for them to perceive failure as such.

5) Real or Perceived Opposition. The complete lack of opposition inhibits the growth of a movement as successfully as total control and repression of it.<sup>264</sup>

I do not seek here to exhaustively review cult theories. Christiansen has already ably provided us with a critical review that is most helpful for anyone wishing such an overview. One important issue about which he examined the literature is that of whether the cargo cult is internally or externally caused. He points out that while it was earlier thought that cults resulted from contact situations,

The research workers who have studied the phenomenon in the field at the source have gradually almost reached agreement that the cargo cult is an autonomous phenomenon with its origin in traditional ideas which have existed before the arrival of Europeans.<sup>265</sup>

But this is naturally not tantamount to every single cargo cult being an independent phenomenon without any connection with other movements. It is certain that many of the movements have spread like wildfire.<sup>266</sup>

Thus, contact with the alien European culture is not what causes a cargo cult, but contact with neighbors of similar culture may be what causes, by diffusion, a particular cult. When such cults occur and spread, however, it is important to note that they do not spread everywhere they touch:

We know in fact nothing at all about why some societies are apparently immune to the cargo cult, while others seize upon it at every opportunity and at the slightest change. If we could explain why we

have a cargo cult in one place and not in another, it would also be easier for us to explain what causes the cult.<sup>267</sup>

Why do some societies have cults while others do not? Van der Kroef has asked this same question Christiansen and I have asked and has come up with a similar answer. He has compared societies with and without cargo cults and has thought, as I do, that the presence of an undisrupted cooperative exchange system within a cooperative society may be related to the nonexistence of cult in such a society.<sup>268</sup>

In looking for explanations of cargo cults, or for any other phenomena, a multi-dimensional analysis is necessary. It is best to consider as many factors as one can. Taxonomies are useful, as La Barre points out, to remind us of "what we may have left out."<sup>269</sup> I am concerned to point up a factor which "we may have left out" and which is, while not decisive in itself, an essential part of the total context which creates cults and movements. That factor is the pattern or style or type of culture that characterizes societies that have, and do not have, cults. This factor has not yet been given much attention by students of cargo cults, though some anthropologists have used it in their analyses of contrasting types of American religions and cultures. It is this total pattern approach that Benedict used in contrasting Plains Indian religions, which emphasized the individual and his personal experiences and knowledge, with Pueblo religions, which emphasized the group and traditionally sanctioned ritual and knowledge. Her work became widely known in her application of this approach to the Pueblos, the Northwest Coast Indians and Dobu in Patterns of Culture; but Sapir had already made the fundamental distinctions with which Benedict worked between the Pueblos, who repudiated anything orgiastic and relied on ritual, and



the Plains Indians. Protestant revivalism could perhaps be taught to a Blackfoot Indian, but not to a Zuni.<sup>270</sup>

A clear analysis of the two religious types distinguished by Sapir and Benedict was published in an article by Barbara Aitkin,<sup>271</sup> in which she distinguished the religion of the Winnebago and others from that of the Pueblo. Winnebago religion is "individualistic, emotional, centered on personal experience,"<sup>272</sup> conducive to speculation<sup>273</sup> and dissent,<sup>274</sup> urging individuals to "pitiable dependence" not on each other but on the "spirit who has blessed him."<sup>275</sup>

Pueblo religion, by contrast, is "socialized, ritualistic,"<sup>276</sup> urging individuals to be happy in cooperation, in taking care of each other,<sup>277</sup> and in the "subordination of individual self-assertion."<sup>278</sup> Speculation is discouraged,<sup>279</sup> and individuals in fact do not speculate; nor are they self-conscious or given to exploring their feelings or to autobiography.<sup>280</sup>

Aitken is careful to present her views within a framework of complexity: "Two religious temperaments, the individualistic and the social, are present in every human society. The economic environment, acting not directly, but through the forms of human society, gives predominance to one temperament or the other. Whichever temperament prevails, manifestations of the opposite temperament appear as counter-reactions and as protests."<sup>281</sup> Aitken makes a contrast Weber<sup>282</sup> has made for different purposes between Catholic and Protestant religions: "I am convinced that the two religious temperaments, the 'mind naturally Catholic' and the 'mind naturally Protestant,' have their representatives in every human society. But in Hopi society the Catholic temperament sets the tone, in Winnebago society the Protestant."<sup>283</sup>

The contrast between these two types of religion corresponds to the two types of expressive style Lomax finds in folk song and dance. The important characteristics of the expressive style of the songs of individualistic cultures are these: wordiness, precise articulation, textual complexity, and other features that help to create a clear and unique message that carries a heavy semantic load.<sup>284</sup> The opposite characteristics define the song style of groupy peoples: songs are simple, repetitious in text, frequently use nonsense syllables and slurred enunciation. This kind of song is one in which "all those present can join in easily."<sup>285</sup>

Extending this characteristic to expressive behavior in general, and to religions in particular, it may be said that groupy cultures communicate in nonverbal ways, through doing simple things repetitively together, perhaps singing or saying together words that are slurred or just sounds not meant to have literal meaning. In religion, these kinds of communication are called "ritual." Individualistic cultures, on the other hand, depend on verbal elaboration of ideas to achieve integration, a mode of communication that may be called in religion "belief" or "doctrine."

Cargo cults are (among other things), then, attempts to integrate individualistic societies through new "beliefs," or "doctrines" or "ideologies." New ideologies are verbal, wordy attempts to unify through common belief individuals into groups, not unlike the wordy texts of songs of individualistic cultures.

Referring back to the description of Pueblo-style religion given by Aitken, where is there a place in a ritualistic culture which deplores innovation, which does not speculate, where individuals do not talk of themselves and their feelings for the kind of innovative

ideology, individualistic self-assertion and cosmic speculation found in cargo cults, or in millenarian movements in general? We would not be surprised, however, to find a cargo cult amongst a people like the Winnebago, who are given to speculation and dispute, trust their own experience, and seek "pitiabile dependence" on spirits or cargo or Johnson or something far away from their own experience.

Groupy people do not need a new experience or a new ideology and a cult to bring them together. Their simple, repetitious songs, performed with slurred enunciation, reflect the fact that they are already together and no one needs to say anything about it or lead them forward to a new joint effort. Repeating the old joint efforts is pleasing and meaningful, successful and cherished. The semantic load of their songs, and of their rituals, is small: "Societal continuity in these groupy cultures seems to depend on a high level of visible synchronous behavior. The level of coordination of the singing group, then, reflects and reinforces the level of synchrony essential to the continuance of the whole society and should be discoverable in the relatively higher level of groupy behavior in other aspects of social organization."<sup>286</sup>

In his study of movement style, in everyday life and in dance, Lomax has viewed films that "show us these cohesively inclined people dancing beautifully together, walking in unison, paddling in incredible synchrony, even splitting conversation into supportive and matching leader-response patterns where the phrases of two speakers mirror and complement each other like the steps of a pair of dancers."<sup>287</sup> Lomax does not describe the conversational style of individualistic peoples, but in keeping with his analysis of songs we would expect it to be

clear, detailed, informative and assertive, giving opportunity for a solo performance, not the duet described for people more inclined to groupiness.

Firth has put forward a general interpretation of cargo cults that rests on a distinction between types of societies. He has suggested that well-integrated societies are not likely to have cults. Tikopia has had no cults, and Firth at first thought the idea that one might occur there was "absurd. The Tikopia have too well-integrated a society."<sup>288</sup> He found points of looseness that he thought might allow a cult. Still, "while it would be incorrect to say that the Tikopia type of social structure with well-developed unilineal descent groups and chieftainship with strong political authority necessarily prevent the development of a cargo cult, they do seem to some extent as inhibiting factors."<sup>289</sup>

At first glance, Firth appears to agree exactly with the view supported here. However, Firth tends to emphasize hierarchical authority and lines of command as enforcing agents against cult, whereas I am emphasizing the absence of generative forces, or "structural conduciveness," to cult in a group-oriented society. Lomax wrote, "One thinks of Africans, Polynesians, and East Europeans" (n.b., but not Melanesians) "as outstandingly gregarious, social folk who move through life in shoals."<sup>290</sup> Shoals of people do not need chiefs to prevent cults.

Smelser<sup>291</sup> also emphasizes channels of force against "value-oriented movements" in stating that one condition determining the occurrence of such movements is that government represses all other channels. This is doubtless one common precipitating factor for cults, but, to cite La Barre again, "the explanation impoverishes the phenomena." "'Crisis' is a deeply felt frustration or basic problem with which routine

methods, secular or sacred, cannot cope," La Barre wrote. "Any massive helplessness at a critical juncture may be a crisis; the recurrent and insoluble problem of death is, in a sense, a permanent crisis" which may precipitate a cult wherein people "indulge the appetite to believe."<sup>292</sup>

Cult, then, is a creative expression about life and death, as are the other arts; expressions which may be about political oppression, or economic deprivation, or may be about "the more or less permanent crisis of death." The appetite to believe in, and the ability to create, cult ideas is, I think, stronger in individualistic societies than in group-oriented ones.

### Conclusions

Some cultures need explicit, verbalized, discussed, and shared beliefs more than do other cultures, because they do not have the "togetherness" of people who, without shared explicit beliefs, "move through life in shoals," singing together songs and performing together rituals that have no meaning beyond the critical and crucial meaning of shared performance and participation. Peoples who lack this togetherness in their whole social and cultural structure are not likely to create it in a burst of new, speculative ideology, suggested by one individual amongst the many assertive individuals generating their own, equally valid ideas. In group-oriented societies, channels of legitimate information are perceived as controlled by authorities who know how to achieve access to them; but in individualistic societies, any individual may have access, through insight, to legitimate information and may, tomorrow, be a new prophet. "In every age," La Barre writes, "sensitive, aberrant, creative individuals, in their personal anguish with life, and defrauded somehow of the comforts to be expected from old beliefs," (did they have any?) "come close to awareness of the dire contingency

of all symbols." <sup>293</sup> These are the individuals who initiate cults. I suggest that these individuals and the cults they help to start are more common, and more understood, in an individualistic society than in a group-oriented one; and, further, that the appearance of these individuals and of cults in an individualistic society may be a recurrent expression of the structure of that society, rather than a manifestation or cause of lasting change in its cultural style.

STYLES OF CULTURE  
Chapters Nine, Ten, Eleven

## CHAPTER NINE

## PATTERNS OF INTEGRATION

## Individualistic, Peck-Ordered, Non-Institutionalized Integration

INTRODUCTION

There are several lines of structure along which groups may separate from the whole in any society: age, sex, and ability of individuals; class, caste, or faction of groups. These categories also serve in some societies as foci around which groups form.

In New Hanover, individuals are identified by category in terms of clan, hamlet, village, and so on; but in many ways, individuals stand alone, and groups do not form.

Evidence has been presented to show that in the old days there was the institution of Maras which brought together men, but not all men, of any category. The institution was exclusive.

Evidence will be presented from more recent times, since contact with Europeans, which indicates that Big Men were individuals who made themselves outstanding. But they were not leaders of groups, nor did big men form groups.

In New Hanover, traditionally, "group" cohesion is best viewed as cohesion between a series of individuals whose lives come into contact with each other. They lack consensus as a group and conviction as individuals. They lack ritual, sacred or secular, by which I mean they lack sacred, formal practices and practices that are "standard" or routine.

Lacking order of any other sort, they rely on a pecking order to arrange their relationships with each other. A pecking order system



puts a high value on two modes of behavior: assertions of strength, which succeed in dominating; and assertions of weakness, which show submission and forestall the "peck." All individuals must know both behavior positions in a pecking order, as there is always someone above, and someone below. Even the "first" and the "last" positions may be occupied by different persons in different circumstances.

The "pecking order" model does not interpret all relationships in New Hanover life, nor all the data presented here. It interprets that aspect of the culture which has to do with the arrangement of individuals within a group that somehow coheres. There are other modes of relationship between people, and other models are needed for their interpretation. I have characterized the New Hanover culture as "individualistic," because in the final analysis people are not interested in the whole cohering group or, primarily, in their position in the pecking order. They are interested in their relationships with other individuals, and in themselves as isolated beings.

An interpretation of Big Men, however, the absence of leadership and followership, and the behavior of individuals in relation to the weak and the strong, is best given in terms of a "pecking order" model.

#### HIERARCHICAL TENDENCIES AND COUNTER-TENDENCIES

There are forces in New Hanover culture, as in New Ireland culture, that would lead to stratification and hierarchy amongst people if they were not countered, which they are, by other forces. These tendencies and countertendencies are, however, different in New Hanover from those that regulate New Ireland because they are working within a different system or, as it sometimes seems from within the culture, no system at all.

## I. THE STRONG

I will discuss the strong in New Hanover in two categories: big men in roles that existed in the traditional culture, and Big Men in roles created in contact with Europeans.

### TRADITIONAL BIG MEN

In the old days, there were two main types of Big Man. The vaitas status is discussed above in relation to the institution Maras, in which a man might become vaitas. There was also the wolawa, a man who fought well with spears and led war groups.

But these Big Men are not known, except from stories of the past, to the contemporary generation in New Hanover. There is no evidence that these men were especially respected, feared, or followed. A man who was vaitas was one who knew how to make maras, but the institution was not structurally important or widely functioning. The wolawa knew how to fight well in war, presumably, but men only spoke of following their fathers in a fight. There were no old men alive who were said to have been wolawa, and the few old men who had been vaitas were not well known and had no special respect.

### MODERN BIG MEN

"Big Men" for the present generation of New Hanoverians are men who have attained positions of leadership in European-created roles: teacher, luluai, head of the Co-operatives, Councillor. All of the particular Big Men occupying these positions about whom I obtained information shared these characteristics: They used the power they had, or that people thought they had, to take money, food, service, and women from their fellows. People obeyed them mainly through fear. There

was also an element of hope: hope that these men of power, who usually made promises about good things to come, would be able to "save" people.

These modern Big Men in New Hanover did not form a class of men who grouped together to consolidate power, nor did they form groups distinct from men who were not Big Men. They were individuals who made themselves outstanding for their personal characteristics, and they sometimes worked in pairs. Contemporary evidence suggests that a Big Man was probably surrounded by his "lieutenants" or "henchmen," men who have been accepted into the Big Man's "exclusive" group, and into the aura of power.

The Big Man himself and all his lieutenants are, in New Hanover, part of the peck order system, in which each person kicks the one behind him and appeases the one in front of him. In New Hanover, people take from the weak and give to the strong. But they do not give easily to the strong. The strong must be continually vigilant, taking assertively, lest they slip back in the pecking order.

In New Hanover, a Big Man depends not on the strength of the people with whom he is associated (as he does in New Ireland), but on their weakness. He takes what he can from them, and he keeps it. What the weak derive from these associations is a position, however temporary, as an "insider"; or merely a temporary escape from the scorn or anger of the stronger person. There was not a single Big Man about whom I heard who had not lost the respect of the people, and lost their respect because he did something "wrong." His underlings no longer gave things to him, because they no longer feared him or had hope that something good would come from this Big Man. A Big Man in New Hanover had, for a while, some power; but he never had authority. His power was not legitimate; at least, not for long.

Singarau

Singarau died in 1963 of a sickness that set in after he forced a reluctant native medical assistant to amputate his toe. (Sister Liboria said the medical assistant was afraid of Singarau and that Singarau died of septicemia, while native informants think Singarau was probably poisoned. They agree that the medical assistant was afraid not to obey Singarau.)

Singarau had returned to his home village, Baikeb, after having been away for years in his work as a policeman. He spent a long time in Tabar, and even got a malanggan from there to use in connection with a wag (feast for the dead) in Baikeb.

He was a big man when he came back to New Hanover, because he knew about the ways of Europeans. He was also big physically. He was made a luluai by the Administration, and in the 1950s it was Singarau who was mainly responsible for starting the Co-operative society in New Hanover. By 1967, the Co-operative society had failed in nearly every village in New Hanover (largely for the same reasons that it has failed elsewhere in the Territory, relating to the inability of clerks to require pay for produce, especially from friends and relatives, and inability to give the money to the society officials). But when Singarau, along with Boski Tom<sup>1</sup> and European officials, especially a Mr. Evans, first told people about the Co-operatives, New Hanoverians were hopeful.

All around New Hanover, I heard the same story, from cultists and non-cultists, including from Boski Tom (who was the only man in New Hanover who had had enough experience with the outside world to view political and economic ventures as Europeans did) and from government officials: Singarau had made inflated claims for the Co-ops. He went around the island telling people that if they would work for the

Co-operative, eventually they would have stores where the old and the sick and the poor (and all New Hanoverians view themselves as poor) could take things free.

Singarau got himself a boat and carried produce, mainly sago, to the islands for people, to sell it for them. He came back without the food, but simply never said anything to anyone about the money. People were afraid to ask. Joseph Pukina used to go along with Singarau, but he told me he, too, never got any money.

The Administration investigated Singarau eventually and found him guilty of exploiting people in many instances. Administration personnel cheerfully joined Lavongais in accusing Singarau in connection with the "lies" that are said to have produced the Johnson cult.<sup>2</sup> But Lavongais do not blame Singarau as vigorously as do Europeans, for two reasons: first, Singarau's actions are what they expect of all men. Big Men are able to do more successfully what all men want to do. Second, people are grateful to one amongst them who tries to start something that will help them all. They know it is not Singarau's fault entirely that the Co-operative failed, that it is the fault of all.

The New Hanover Big Man's characteristic plurality of wives is of no concern to the Administration, but it has brought them into conflict with the mission. Singarau's threats of violence against a priest brought him into conflict with a European planter. None of these characteristics brought Big Men into conflict with ordinary men, because they were afraid. However, one characteristic common to all Big Men did make ordinary men lose respect for them: the "pulling" of other men's wives, and sleeping with all the women here and there. "Pilikos and Singarau, luluais, sleep with all the women (pidgin: pushpushim ol meri), and then who will hear (obey) them?" Silakau said on this

subject. But Silakau was the first to admit that when he was Councillor he, too, had "done the wrong thing" with a woman.

Here follow some of the things that people said about Singarau:

1) "I was talking with Sekson about his life history, and he mentioned that he had been catechist "in Singarau's place, Baikeb." I asked what kind of a man Singarau was. Sekson said that his skin was fat. He was not very good. He spoiled the place, he took the people to court. He "pulled" the wives of other men. "We were cross. He gave us hard work without big pay.

DB: Did he lie to you about the Co-op?"

Sekson: Just that.

DB? Why?

S: When he came here he told us straight: this is to save everyone, all those whose arm is broken, or leg. Later, they will be all right. We had no ship (and the Co-op had one). We paddled (by canoe) with our copra to Taskul--we swam along with our buggered up copra! Oh, sorry!

Sekson's story indicates that people felt that they had great need, and that Singarau brought them hope. Typically, Sekson pictures Lavongai helplessness, and typically he does so with humor.

2) Piskaut, Tisiwua and I were talking about Big Men. Piskaut said, "We have to have shame and respect for our Big Men." I asked him to name some. He named Igua (deceased husband of Yama). He was luluai, and then became the first Councillor in 1961. "We don't have any Big Men now, just mankis (youths), that's all. During good times, you can have respect. But if something buggered up, then I no longer have respect."

I asked Piskaut to name another Big Man. He named Kivankoto (of Saula village) and Singarau.

DB: I have heard that Singarau did things that were wrong.

Piskaut: Yes, and after that no one respected him any more. Igua, too. He has two children in this way--two daughters, with another woman, with Mersi. But no one is cross about this, her husband is dead.

DB: Had Igua any other wrongs?

P: Oh, plenty plenty, all kinds, around and about. But all men understand truly well about all men.

DB: Singarau?

P: I don't know too much about him, because he was really a man who was no good.

Tisiwua: He could really be cross.

DB: And when he was cross, what did he do?

P: He hit people. He hit his labag (sister's son). They fought about ground at Ungat village. Singarau belonged at Baikeb.

We discussed a quarrel Singarau had had with the mission, about which Piskaut and Tisiwua said they knew little. Then Piskaut said:

P: Singarau had good ways, but he got cross about all little things. He was really a man who got cross quickly.

Tisiwua: Cross if you cut a bit of bush without asking.

DB: And he was a truly big man?

P: Nonnem! (Colloquial strong affirmation.) He was as big as Father Miller, but when he was sick, he was really thin. He was strong. He was a policeman. He would hit you.

DB: With others to help him?

P: No, him alone.

When Silakau was telling me about someone else's sexual "wrongs," he said: "Singarau, too (did things that were wrong). If he bought a wife for his magmagaog, he would have her first, then send her on."

I asked if he would also take his own son's wife first, and Silakau said no, he did not do that.

3) Tombat knew the story about Singarau's quarrel with the mission. Silakau and Tombat were young catechists, after the war, when Father Meinslinger was at Lavongai. Singarau was talking about killing Father Meinslinger because Father was always criticizing Singarau's fashion with regard to women and marriage. Father had particularly talked to Singarau, and about him to others, with regard to Singarau's having "pulled" the wife of Kiukiuvaitas, Kavungkure (labag to Joseph, who joined his household in 1967). Father kept demanding that Singarau send her back, and that is when Singarau began to talk of killing Father. Father Meinslinger was also a man who used to hit men, mainly with regard to their wrong marriages.

One night Father took Tombat and Silakau and others with him to Baikeb to see Singarau. Father put bands with in-turning nails in around his arms, and his arms dripped blood.

DB: Why?

Tombat: You know, a man who has sin must have pain. (Father was thus indicating that he did not pretend to be without sin, in asking Singarau to give up one of his.) "I do not come to fight," Father said, "I do not come to fight. I only come to talk to you about sending back this woman."

DB: And did he?

Tombat: No.

4) At Patipai village, I spoke with Isaac about Singarau. He had been Councillor in 1961, and had known Singarau. He said that Singarau had caught plenty of women, and also plenty of money. People brought other people to him for "court," and Singarau heard the court,



fined them, and took the money himself. It never went into the village account. However, Isaac said, he did a good thing in getting up the Co-operatives. (Isaac was not in the Johnson cult.)

5) I talked to planter Jim White, who has lived on New Hanover since 1952, and who knew Singarau. Mr. White had no sympathy for the cultists, but he conceded that Singarau had allowed people to believe that if they stood behind the Co-operatives cargo would come easily.

Mr. White thinks that all the patrol officers put in bad reports about Singarau.<sup>3</sup> He knew of Singarau's quarrel with another priest at Lavongai, Father Otto, whom he described as a "gentle man." Father Otto told Singarau that he could not hold meetings on controversial subjects outside the church. Singarau challenged him to fight with bush knives.

When Mr. White heard about this he told Singarau that he would take him up on it, if Father would not. Singarau backed down.

6) I talked to Nasson, Councillor at Belewaia, near Baungung. (His village voted at Umbukul, and did not go into the cult.)

DB: Did you know Singarau?

Nasson: Yes, I knew him. He used to go all around Lavongai.

DB: Was he a good boss or not good?

N: He was strong about talking about the Co-operatives. He was a good man.

DB: I have heard that he stole from the Co-operatives.

N: I have heard that, too, but I did not see it.

DB: You do not believe it.

N: I do not believe it because I did not see it.

#### Iguarungai

1) While talking to Nasson (see above) about big men, I asked

him: "I have heard that big men 'pull' women. Is that true?" Nasson then told me, in a humorous vein, of Iguarungai of Baungung, who had been Paramount Luluai when he died, not long ago. He "pulled" all women, about one hundred of them. He kept two in the house, one to sleep with and one to do the cooking. The whole line was used to do work in the gardens. He only took "new women" (virgins), and he only slept with them once, only the first time. Then he sent them out to the labor line.

Nasson went on to tell me of the large plantation that Iguarungai had left behind. He had two daughters, and they each have children who are dividing the plantation.

DB: Are people cross about the land?

Nasson: Who is the man who is cross! Big man, here, you cannot ignore his talk! He'll jail you, he'll fight you.

I asked if men were ever cross with him for taking their wives and sleeping with them. Nasson said that he did not take the wives of other men, only virgins. "A man who 'pulled' the wife of another man had to sleep on top of her in front of everyone. Igua, he was another kind of man, true!"

I asked if people truly respected Iguarungai.

Nasson: There was no true respect, in our hearts (pidgin: long bel). All were afraid, that's all. All were afraid because he was a Big Man, he was first of all the luluais.

③ I interviewed Boski Tom, first President of the Council, and second man in the Kavieng District to gain a teacher's certificate.<sup>4</sup>

Boski: My daddy was a polygamist. We had one man in New Hanover who "won" all. He had fifty wives. Iguarungai. He was one of our Paramount Luluais.

Boski Tom

It is said of Boski Tom, "We used to respect him, but now we do not, because he went away and got savvy; but he does not help us to get up." From the bottom of the pecking order looking up, it appears that the men at the top have "savvy" which they refuse to share. This is the impression that big men need to perpetuate in order to stay big. Furthermore, if they really do have savvy, they can, in fact, keep people weak in relation to themselves by not sharing it.

Two informants said, when I asked, that they had heard of Boski's sexual wrongs; but this was a minor factor compared to his opposition to the cult in their evaluation of him. I heard no stories of his taking money, but no doubt I could have found some.<sup>5</sup>

Peter Yangalissmat

Peter Yangalissmat was remembered by many people of New Hanover as the man who first talked of the idea of asking America to come to boss New Hanover.<sup>6</sup> It was near the end of the war, and the Australians sent Yangalissmat to jail in Buka for a year for spreading this talk.

Before he was jailed, he held a high position as a native soldier. He had access to cigarettes, soap, and other items of European manufacture in particularly short supply during the war. His success with women was partly attributed to this factor, but it was widely acknowledged that he had very strong love magic.

Planter Jim White knew Yangalissmat and had talked with him many times. He told me that he had been converted to the Seventh-Day Adventist religion by the wife of Dr. Carlo, a medical assistant who is spoken of in highly favorable terms around New Hanover. (I went to see one of Yangalissmat's surviving wives in Narimlawa; and the white teeth of the people there, the result of abstaining from betel nut in accordance

with SDA law, indicate that the people of his village were following his faith, ten years after his death.) Mr. White found Yangalissmat a man of remarkable physical appearance, intelligence, and charm, who enjoyed conversation on philosophical and political subjects.

When Isaac of Patipai and I were talking, I asked him if he had heard of Yangalissmat's wanting to bring America to New Hanover after the war. He said he had not, but he did know of him because he used to go around with the luluai, and he had been a medical assistant before. Isaac knew he had been jailed in Buka, but he did not know why. (He asked me if the Japanese had jailed him.)

Then he volunteered this: "I think of one little trouble with Yangalissmat. He used to go with the Waitpus (Paramount Luluai) to all the villages and get money. He said it was pay for the ground, which he said belonged to him. He did not return it. He said it was to buy the land on which we stopped. He got mias, too. Not just in New Hanover, in Tsoi, too."

I asked who was Paramount Luluai, and Isaac said it was Gapi of Umbukul: "The two worked this together."

DB: Why did people give?

Isaac: They were afraid of the Waitpus.

I asked him if Peter like all women or just "new" ones, and whether or not he "pulled" men's wives, and what the men thought of that. Isaac conferred with some of the other men, who thought that Peter Yangalissmat had taken both single girls and married women as well. The other men knew of Yangalissmat's earlier talk of America, and of everyone's putting all the blame on Yangalissmat when the Australians came looking for someone to arrest. I asked if people had put the blame on Yangalissmat because they were cross with him for taking

their money and their women. No, they said, it was just that everyone was afraid.

#### Big Men and Little Boys

An informant whom I met only once told me about homosexuality in New Hanover. He was from a part of New Hanover that did not vote for Johnson. My informant said that a big man who had held a government job in his village liked the school boys and that he himself had left school and left his village because this big man would not leave him alone.

Later, I asked my best informant, Silakau, to evaluate the information I had gained from the informant that I did not know. Silakau generally confirmed the information, but said that he had not heard that this big man liked the school boys. He had heard, however, that he hid quietly inside women's houses, waiting for them.

#### Summary

In all these discussions of big men there are these common characteristics: a man who gained a position in which he had "authority" from the European administration used his position, successfully, to take money and women from other New Hanoverians.

Sometimes, there has been some genuine attempt to "lead," to "get up" something, associated with this exploitation. It is this factor, the possibility that a leader had been found to bring about economic development, that created some short-lived, and even some lasting, respect for these men. Lavongais respect a man who tries to lead them, because they know they need to be led and that they are difficult to lead. "We are like little streams going off from a river, each in its own direction," Silakau once said.

One night after a late-night meeting in Lavongai, Silakau and Joseph and some other men were criticizing the young Councillor, Pamaia.

Silakau said (contradicting his usual evaluation) that when he had been Councillor, everyone had "heard" him (i.e., done as he told them to do). Then he went on in a tone of exasperation: "Why doesn't Pamaïs boss us? He says, 'I can't boss you each, one at a time. You all do what you like.' But what does he expect? Pamaïs did not 'hear' when others bossed." Then the tone of exasperation disappeared from the conversation, and the men began to laugh at themselves, agreeing that none of them ever heard when someone else was boss.

Joseph Pukina then turned to me and "Master Fish"<sup>7</sup> to explain to us their fashion of followership: "When I was boss of Co-ops, suppose I talked about something," he began. Joseph spoke dramatically, gesturing first to one and then another of his fellow Lavongais as he spoke. "Him, he goes paddling (his canoe); and him, he has already gone to the bush. Him, he wants to go get green pepper;<sup>8</sup> him, he is chopping out sago up there. Him, he wants to go sit down in his house; and I go on talking, my mouth fills up with flies."

Later, he added, "But when others are boss, I don't hear them; so why should they hear me?"

## II. THE WEAK

In a pecking order system, it is difficult to define "outsiders." There is no "group" to be inside, and most people feel that they are "outsiders." However, in every situation, some people are more "inside" than others. In New Hanover, these are the strong; and they exert their full strength, lest they lose their place in the pecking order.

### WEAK INSIDERS

While outsiders are generally at a disadvantage, insiders are

not all equally advantaged. Children, the sick, the physically or mentally handicapped, the old, and those who are alone are all insiders who are in weak positions.

### Children

Children are in a weak position in all societies. In New Hanover, it is the children, especially the girls, who run errands and do the chores. But they are not overworked. Their position at the bottom is best indicated by the direction of scolding. Parents scold children, children scold weaker children or weak adults.

Children are usually included in adult activities, but only because they are so demanding that it becomes more difficult for parents to try to exclude them than to let them be present, as spectators, to adult activities. When men speak in public in New Hanover, children are not with them as they may be in New Ireland. But no attempt is made to prevent children from participating in quarrels, especially quarrels between spouses, where children are used by one parent against the other. And no attempt is made to prevent children from knowing about the sexual adventures of their parents. John told about one of his with the help of his daughter, and Joseph discussed other people's past affairs in front of children. (It is these matters, anger between spouses and sexual affairs of parents that might lead to this anger, from which New Ireland adults exclude their children.)

Parents do not guide their children in such a way that they learn what is expected of them, and how to do it. I saw and heard of many instances where parents spontaneously slapped a child's face in response to a child's mistake, or "misdeed"; for so it was viewed. Parents were in a hurry, and they lifted children up and down steps, rather than waiting for the child to take his own time. By the time they were two

years old, they were clumsy. It was not safe for them to be left unattended on a verandah, for they would surely fall off.

Children were fed, and they were fed plenty. However, in many cases father was fed first. At mealtime, as at other times, children were not honored, they were tolerated. The company of children was considered a nuisance, not a pleasure.

Here follow examples which illustrate the evidence for these generalizations.

#### Children and Food

Morris is twelve years old, but still in the second standard. He is behind because his father is "boss boy" at the plantation at Eruk, where there is no school. He has been sent to Lavongai village so that he can go to school, and Silikau, his father's sister's son (see Tukimeringu), looks after Morris for food.

I ate often at Silakau's during my first six weeks in Lavongai village (which began February 10, 1967), and had a chance to observe the mealtime situation. Morris was told that he "ran about, that's all," and that he "knows when there is food, then he comes." Morris received these words with downcast eyes and silence.

The second time I ate there (during my first week) Silakau said, when the food was served by his wife, "Hey! I have no spoon!" Morris (I judge from his look) and I both felt that we were to blame for this situation, and I insisted over their protests on running over to my house to get a spoon. When I came back and gave it to Ngurvarilam, she passed it to one of her children, laughing raucously over Silakau's situation. Silakau drank his soup and ate with his fingers and said maski (nevermind), it was all right.

Morris spent a lot of time at my house, sometimes alone, often



with Silakau's children, with whom he got along well. On Friday, February 24, Ngurvarilam told me that she had scolded Morris this morning because all his lap laps were wet. Usually she does not scold him, she said, because that is Silakau's work. She said that she had told Morris: "If you get sick, who will look after you? Silakau will have to because I won't!" When Ngurvarilam reported this all to Silakau, he said: "If Morris comes to sleep with me (because he is sick), I'll break his neck."

Ngurvarilam told me all this in her usual manner, nervous and laughing. Then she said: "A women who has children, her mouth is sore from talking! Start in the morning, only close it when asleep. A woman without children, she is lucky."

Whenever she spoke of Morris, he was a "big head," or in some way a nuisance. "Where is Morris? He is always gone when you want him to do work, and always here when there is food!" Both Ngurvarilam and Silakau referred to Morris sarcastically as "this big man here."

Sunday, February 26, when Silakau and I were talking in his house, Morris was in the next room playing his guitar so loudly that we could hardly hear each other. No one said anything.

In the evening, Sunday, March 5, Ngurvarilam expressed disgust when Morris arrived just after she had dished out the food. "That's it, that's the kind he is, I just finish and he comes." He disappeared instantly. She kept calling him, then I called him; then Silakau, who was outside and had not yet come in to eat, began to call him. He had gone. "That's the kind he is," she kept fussing.

Then they told me that he has gone to Ngurvarilam's sister, Maria, and will sleep there. Last night he took his bed there. "He's already found good food at Maria's!"

Ngurvarilam kept talking about it, and I thought she felt guilty. I said (straight-faced but teasing) to Silakau, who was taking it all casually: "He ran away because you were cross with him all the time."

Silakau: No, I just gave him a little savvy.

DB: Now he gives you a little savvy.

Silakau giggled in response to that. He often laughed when people scolded him.

Children: Excluding the Outsider

Tuesday, March 14, Gertrude ate the evening meal at Silakau's house. She was nine years old, the child of distant relatives who had gone to Talesea in New Britain. Her mother's sister had been taking care of her in another village, but had sent her to Lavongai to go to school. Silakau said to me: "Some men don't like to have extra children in the house, but it's all right with me."

Wednesday, April 5, Morris (age twelve), Gertrude (age nine), and Silakau's second-youngest daughter, Josephine (age five), were playing on my verandah, where I was working. Serial, Patab's daughter (age five) sat on my chair and was a shy spectator to the scene. Morris and Josephine were "flirting" with each other, partly in earnest, and partly in order to exclude Gertrude. The children were playfully tapping each other, and then refused to tap Gertrude. Josephine shouted, teasing, "Play, play!" Then she hit Gertrude. Gertrude said, in a soft voice, "Shame!" She came slowly over to me, while Josephine pulled Morris down on the mat and lay with her head in his lap. Gertrude tried to laugh, but hardly managed it over her jealousy. Morris and Josephine began to throw bits of betel nut stem at her.

Gertrude said to me then, "Morris is hitting this little girl of everyone's," referring to herself. Meanwhile, back on the mat,

Josephine was suddenly angry and hit Morris. Gertrude started back toward them, saying, "Finish, finish play." Morris suddenly jerked himself stiff on the mat, and Josephine laughed. Gertrude lapsed back into a sad\_stare. Serial sat shyly out of it, but not trying to be in. Josephine was doing the successful flirting, and excluding.

Thursday, April 6. Josephine, Gertrude and one of Patab's children ran in about 12:15 p.m. I asked if school were over for the day.

Josephine: No, we will go back. We have run away from the men.

DB: From whom?

Gertrude: From Yacob.

DB: Why?

They told me that Yacob had wanted them to hurry up, to go get sago. (The school children help to provide for their own food.) I asked why they did not want to go.

Josephine: We go to school, and he likes to hit us. We have come to stop a little, and then we will go back.

They went to my suitcase full of "books" (old magazines that I kept for them to come to see). I reminded them to "hold the books easy," and they whispered this reminder to each other as they got out the magazines. (However, as usual, pages were torn. Both adults and children could not seem to achieve the kind of physical control necessary to maintain the magazines undamaged. This inability to make controlled, gentle movements was typical in other situations as well.)

Gertrude had two magazines under her leg, keeping them from Josephine and Morris while she was pretending to look at a third. I told her to give the other magazines to the other two children, who were pulling at them, and Gertrude cried. Josephine said gleefully, "She's ashamed now."

They began to slap each other. I told them if they wanted to fight they should go outside to play. They left and came back later in the afternoon, fought again, and left again when I told them to go. (A New Ireland child would have been shattered by such orders from me, but for New Hanover children it was something of a game that they insisted on my playing.) Gertrude came back by herself and came and sat on the floor next to me while I worked. After a few minutes she said: "Dorothy, Josephine wants some P-K" (chewing gum, which I often gave them).

DB? And you, don't you want some?

Gertrude: Me, too, I want some.

Interpretation: Josephine, as the leader of the general clamor which made me eject them, had sent the quiet Gertrude to get gum, to reassure herself that I was not really angry, without herself taking the risk (in case I really was angry). Furthermore, she liked to send Gertrude on "errands" for her. And Gertrude, pleased to be included, went.

Gertrude usually did as she was asked. However, the previous day Ngurvarilam had told us all, as we all ate, that she had asked Gertrude to go get water, and Gertrude had not done it. Gertrude looked shamed, and a big tear came down her cheek. (I wondered if she knew where to get water. She had only been in Lavongai a short time. Lavongai residents either go up the river or to a small spring forty-five minutes away in the bush.)

The day Gertrude asked for gum, I gave it to her, and she went away. Later, before dinner, she came back again. She told me that she and Josephine went and got kumu (green leaves, for dinner), but Rosale (age nine, Silakau's oldest daughter) did not want to come. Gertrude called out to her to go hear her mother, and she (Rosale) did not want to go. She repeated and repeated this accusation to me. (This is an

illustration of the New Hanover propensity to "tell on" other people, using the occasion to align themselves with the person to whom they are reporting.) Gertrude was very pleased with herself. "We will mix it with sago," she said.

While Gertrude was telling me about all this, Rosale appeared and shouted out: "Gertrude! You go fill up (the bottles) with water!" Gertrude answered her, her tone of voice showing her failing confidence: "You go hear your mother!" They both stopped a while on my verandah, then Rosale said, with a view to startling Gertrude: "Here comes Father Miller! Let's go, Gertrude!" (Father Miller was not coming, or in sight.) They ran.

The Sisters at the mission asked me about Gertrude, as she had been hanging around. They said they would keep her in the dormitory for a week or so.

I saw Ngurvarilam being nice to Gertrude only once, and that was at the expense of Rosale. Ngurvarilam had given Gertrude her plate of food, and Gertrude did not eat. She said she was waiting for Rosale to come. Ngurvarilam said: "Maski, you eat, Rosale is doing something no good, everyone does not have to eat at one time." It turned out that Rosale had already eaten (and Ngurvarilam must have known it).

Wednesday, April 12, when Gertrude had been at the mission almost a week, Ngurvarilam said to me (when we saw Gertrude, alone, at a distance): "Oh, I had wanted Gertrude to stop with me, but now she is here, maski. She never came to help me when I stopped in the hospital (the local mission infirmary)."

In the evening at the mission movies, Gertrude came and sat on my lap, very sad until Sister Regine gave her a piece of candy, which she gave at once to the two boys behind us. Later, she asked me for a

piece, and I gave it to her, and she put it in her mouth, then asked for two more for the boys behind her (which I gave her), which she gave to them at once.

Intēpretation: Gertrude has no defenders amongst the New Hanoverians here, and is dependent, in her weak position, upon white people. She is trying to make friends, bribing with candy.

Gertrude, from an outsider's point of view, "came last" among the people who were supposed to be looking after her. But each of those persons, from his or her own point of view, was an outsider, rejected, neglected, and abused. Ngurvarilam had been sick, and she was trying to keep a food supply available for herself and four children, plus two extra children (Morris and Gertrude). Silakau seemed always to be unable to go to the bush because he felt sick, or his toe hurt, or someone had to stay home with Antonio, the youngest child (nearly two years old). Silakau himself endured a series of personal crises, all relating to his being rejected by Ngurvarilam. She found ways to avoid sleeping with him, and she found ways to avoid giving him food. Josephine, who appears as the "leading lady" in this narrative, was in tears and looking miserable every evening, as her continual attempts to attach herself to her father were rebuffed, and his attention was given to Antonio. Morris' story has already been told. Rosale was usually very quiet and cooperative. She took her opportunity to make some fun of Gertrude, and on other occasions I heard her ridiculing Tamangamiss. She seemed to be resigned to her lot. She was completely ignored most of the time, and she never made any attempts to gain affection or food or anything else. When Ngurvarilam was sick, Rosale became the family mainstay, going every day to the gardens, and for water.

Her submissiveness was rewarded with exploitation, but also with relative freedom from scolding. Early in my stay in Lavongai, Silakau sent Rosale to help me carry my tape recorder back and forth over a coconut log bridge after dark. I needed her assistance for about a week, and it meant that she had to wait alone for me at the mission, after the other children had gone from their study time at school back to the village. I gave her a new green lap lap as a present for her help. Ngurvarilam wore it to church the following Sunday, and thereafter only Silakau wore it. One of Silakau's old lap laps began to appear on Josephine. Rosale went on wearing her own lap laps. I raised the subject with her once, and she seemed pleased to have done something that brought her into favor with her father. When Ngurvarilam threatened to run away to Kavieng and to take all the children with her, Rosale cried and said that she would run away back to Silakau.

#### Discipline, Crying, and Being Left Out

After dinner in the evening Ngurvarilam slapped Josephine for breaking a glass. Ngurvarilam had told her to wash it, and she did not want to. The breaking, however, was an accident.

We were going to visit Pamais after dinner. Josephine wanted to come, too, but Ngurvarilam said, no, who would carry her when she fell asleep? Josephine gave a coy smile and said she would not fall asleep, she would "play, play, play!" Ngurvarilam still said, "No," and we left Josephine crying.

#### Discipline and Participating in Adult Work

Ngurvarilam said that Silakau is not up to (pidgin: i no inap) hitting the children: "Just me, I have to hit them."

One morning (May 28) Josephine came and told me her mother was sick. She had been sick on and off for a week, I knew. I was interviewing someone when, shortly thereafter, Silakau came over, but left without

coming in when he saw I was working. When I was through, I went over to Silakau's house. He stuck his head out the door and said, "Ngurvarilam is sick, she is crying." I went in briefly to see her, and she tried to sit up for me. She was crying. She complained of being unable to breathe, and of a new lump in her stomach, and of her usual dizziness.

While I was sitting there, Rosale (age nine) came back with a headload of water, and then went to wash a plate. I said something to Silakau and Ngurvarilam about what a good girl Rosale was, working hard. Silakau went out of the house to where Anton (age twelve) was standing and suddenly gave him four switches with a flexible reed. (I did not see this, but it sounded as though he hit him on his lap lap and not with the intention of producing much physical pain.) "You let Rosale do all the work, you like to run about, that's all." Anton, with his back turned to me, cried: not sobbed, but cried quite hard. About ten minutes later I saw him walking, alone, down the beach, and looking very sad.

In the evening, Silakau said he had not gone to get sago today because he was sick, and Ngurvarilam said he should not go if he felt sick.

#### Discipline Through Physical Punishment

This morning (February 10) at school (the Lavongai Catholic Mission school) Agnes was crying hard. She couldn't stop grasping her hands at her chest and shaking with quiet sobs. Her father, who is (the Sisters told me) a big man and a big Johnson cultist, had hit her because she hadn't come to school on time. (She couldn't have been very late.) Sister Regine<sup>9</sup> said, "It's good, they hardly ever hit their kids, they spoil them." But she went and patted Agnes and said, "OK, enough crying now, yes, you must come to school." But Agnes didn't stop.



In retrospect, I think the children may have seemed "spoiled" to Sister Regine because they are discipline problems, but not because they are almost never hit. They are not often hit, true, or hit hard, but mostly—just because they are ignored.

#### Discipline and Rejection

I went over to the Mission early today (Thursday, May 25) because it is a Feast Day. I was sitting working in one of the empty classrooms when I heard a child crying behind the building, just outside. I went, after three or four minutes, to see discretely from a school window what was happening. The child was there with its mother, who saw me; so I could not watch as closely as I would have liked.

The child was leaning over at the waist, bent knees, scratching its ankle; but this was, I think, out of anxiety, something to do once it found itself in that position. The child got into it a couple of times. Mum alternately sat or stood, usually looking off, occasionally looking at the kid, threatening, with slight movement, the use of the coconut frond "bone" in her hand.

Once when it—she, it is a girl—was nearly quiet, the mother threatened it with a greater and swifter motion, and she increased her howl again. As she was leveling off, the mother suddenly switched her rapidly once across the face, and she HOWLED. Mum sat down. The child faced her reproachfully the whole time. (As I recall, the most remarkable thing about this incident was that the mother rarely looked at the child.) The girl was perhaps 14-18 months old. "She learned Distrust. The mother must have been acting on her own motives of Hate. Probably her own mum hit her," I have written in my notes.

#### Children and Crying

1) In church this morning (February 19) a mother was sitting in

front of us with a baby. She flicked the baby's face, slapped its arm away, clapped down its legs, then finally let it suck. Later, the baby grabbed her face. The mother patted the baby; she then pulled her hair. The child chewed her mother's nipple and made talking noises. Mother smiled benignly.

Later, the Sisters told me that this was a difficult child and deserved the discipline. The child is a big problem, one Sister said, because the parents hit it.

2) Kiukiu said this morning (February 19) when we heard a child crying, "Some people fool and tease all the children and make them cry."

3) Last night (February 18), I heard a child crying for five minutes.

4) A child fell down crying on the beach at Lavongai today (April 18). A group of kids were running with me. Most ignored it. When I hesitated, one kid came back and, with a click of disgust, put both hands under its armpits and yanked it up quickly. Contrast with New Ireland, where they take its hand, wait and wait until it gets up, move slowly off, always always going at its pace. Why do New Ireland children cry less? They are stopped before they start. They are made to identify with adults, and are early given responsibility, e.g., to get over the church step themselves (but with a guiding hand).

5) Josephine cried to come with her dad over to the Mission (March 7). He finally said okay, then hit her on the face to make her stop crying, which made her cry harder. He pulled her--not roughly--along by the hand then. The slaps are light--he also spanked her bottom--it's the constant rejection (that makes them cry).

6) Rosa slapped her son Markus (age about two) when he cried because Abo (his dad) was leaving. She just let him go on crying.

Father Miller came and took his hand and waved it goodbye to Abo as he went off in the boat, and Markus calmed down. (Abo and Rosa are from the north side of New Hanover, Neitab island.)

7) Once when Tombat was a little boy (he is now about 35), he saw a log "tripping good" down the river. He jumped it and sat down on it "like a frog." It went good, just like a canoe; it didn't wobble. "Then I went all the way into the sea, and I worked at crying! My mama said, 'Let him go; he likes to humbug.' I yelled out, 'Come and get me in a canoe.' My mama answered, 'No, maski, you go down in the sea.' I cried now at hearing this talk. Then they came and got me; they paddled to the point." His mother hit him when he got in the canoe, for humbugging. (August 18.)

#### The Baby

The baby is an object of general affection in the family. The affection of the other children is mixed with mildly hostile acts of teasing and pinching, but when the baby is scolded by the parents, the other children sometimes side with the baby.

Both parents behave affectionately toward the baby, while at the same time talking about it as though it were a nuisance. Young babies are carried in slings on the back, just as New Ireland babies are.

Weaning takes place gradually at about the age of two years. The baby is left behind when mother goes to the field. With whom is the baby left behind? Primarily, with father. Sometimes with grandparents, but often neither set of grandparents is in the same village; and if one set of grandparents is present, it is likely to be the father's parents. Some women have friendly relationships with their mothers-in-law; and some do not. A woman's own sisters have often married off into other villages.

In New Ireland, the individual isolated in kinship terms is soon provided with fictive kin. In New Hanover, the individual is isolated despite the presence of consanguineal kin, who do not want to look after each other's children or give each other food. Thus, the baby of the family is almost entirely dependent upon the nuclear family of which it is a part.

#### The Displaced Second-Last Child

When the new baby comes, a second-last child may look to his father (in the absence of other adult kin who pay attention). But father often has to look after the baby himself. Where older women are seen carrying babies in slings on their backs in New Ireland, it is more often fathers who carry babies in slings on their backs in New Hanover.<sup>10</sup>

This leaves the second-last child struggling for father's attention. Sometimes the child gets his attention, but because the demand is constant, the ratio of rejections to acceptances is high.

One way that these second-last children can get father's approval is by offering to take on the job of watching the baby. These little baby-tenders soon lose interest in their jobs after father has left the scene. These circumstances of nuclear family life help to interpret the fact that, two months after my arrival in Lavongai, there were eleven children under the age of five, and two under the age of two, on my verandah. I went with the youngest to find their parents, and did not find them. No woman in the village offered help. One five-year-old baby-tender disappeared, and I was left the undisputed baby sitter until she returned. (I put them all out so as not to set a precedent.)

Here follow some illustrations of incidents involving second-last children:

1) One morning (February 24, two weeks after I arrived in Lavongai), Tombat paddled me and Silakau back to the village side of the river,

from the mission side. On the village side, Regina (Tombat's daughter, displaced by baby son Isador) sat howling. Tombat (whose name and kinship relationship to the child I did not know at the time) called her name several times in a tone which mocked the severity of her troubles; then he yelled to me to "get Regina!" Silakau walked past, but I picked her up and carried her a way, and she soon stopped crying. At my house I gave her some gum, then took her on to her mother, to whom she ran, telling her about the gum she had got.

2) The men (Tisiwua, Joseph, Tolimbe, Tombat, Thomas, Piskaut, Silakau) gathered often on my verandah to talk. Some of their children always followed them. The second-last children--Josephine (Silakau's daughter), Regina (Tombat's daughter), and Ladi (Piskaut's son) were regularly rebuffed when they tried to lean on, sit on, or lie on their fathers. However, when the babies were carried in or (in the case of the older ones) walked in, the fathers held out their arms to them and took them on their laps.

For instance: Tuesday, February 28, the men were at my house. Josephine was continually pushed away by Silakau. Then Antonio (age: not yet two) arrived with Ngurvarilam and Rosale, and Silakau took Antonio on his lap right away. (Rosale always stands back, shyly.) Josephine learned and hung on her father. He kept telling her to sit down, and she kept trying to sit on his lap. An hour later he had got up and sat on a chair, and she hung over him, sulking. He usually carried her home, on his back, and she regularly refused to leave until he did.

I noticed this behavior partly because Tombat had had the same problem with Regina at my house on the preceding day. "Regina," he said good-naturedly, "is just like a little flying fox: hangs up, hangs up, all the time, on papa!"

3) May 24, 1967. Piskaut was sitting on my verandah, telling me stories. About 10 a.m. a child started crying outside. It was Ladi, Piskaut's second-youngest. He cried and cried and cried. Eventually, he wandered up to the verandah. (The small children could not get up the ladder themselves, because the steps were about two feet apart.) Piskaut seemed not to notice at all. "Mamai! Mamai!" (Mamai is the local term for father.) Finally, Piskaut said, "shwisssss!" the way they do to silence children. He began to quiet. (Piskaut was sitting behind the half-wall, and perhaps the child was not sure where his father was.) Finally, he quit crying and went away.

4) May 30, 1967. Piskaut and I walked back from the mission together. As we came into view of his house, his three children ran toward us. Ladi, the second-youngest, was carrying the baby. With no acknowledgement of the other two, he took the baby off little Ladi's back, holding it by one arm and setting it on his hip. He went on talking to me and ignored the other children, who waited for him.

5) Wednesday, June 7. I mentioned to Tombat that Montau had not come to see me for a few days. (Montau was the name of his pet bird, a toucan that he had raised from babyhood. It flew around the village, but they did not take it to the bush, lest it be unable, or unwilling, to return home.)

Tombat: He is dead.

DB? Dead! How?

Tombat: Piskaut's child hit it on the head with a plank.

Later, I asked which child it was, and learned that it was Ladi.

6) Thursday, June 8. Josephine, without specific cause, was hitting Tamangamiss with a stick. (Tamangamiss is the man who is physically handicapped. See Kalkot.) They were in my house, and he was shouting

at her to get out (pidgin: raus!). They stopped when I came in, and he said they were just playing, but he looked angry, and he left.

Josephine was pouting, still holding her stick. Then she began playing with my cat with the stick, moving the stick along the floor for the cat to follow. I kept watching her, and she glanced up and away, and finally quit the game.

Silakau has said of Josephine: "This is truly the little girl that breaks everything. If she holds it, it is broken."

7) Wednesday, May 24, Kennedy and his mother, who is carrying the new baby (age: four months), headed down the path to grandmother's house. Kennedy stopped opposite my house, yelled and yelled, cried, stamped his feet. His mother ambled on toward Limone's house. She looked back, and went on. She saw me. I waved and smiled. She let Kennedy go on crying for another two minutes, then slowly ambled back, picked him up in one arm, and turned back again toward Limone's house. (This is the only time I ever saw anyone pick up a crying child. I felt that she had done it because she thought I would be critical, an impression I, of course, tried to avoid giving. Another possible explanation is that Nebi was an unusually docile woman.)

John Kennedy had always been welcome on his father's lap, but by July his father, Joseph, began to be preoccupied with the new baby; and Kennedy began to be continually in tears and pouting outside his house.

8) Boskeru was walking down the beach, about thirty feet behind his second-last child, daughter Devilus. She was crying, yelling, sobbing, and he was smiling.

9) Silakau was coming over to see me, in the rain, wearing my raincoat. Josephine ran out of the house after him and wanted to get

under the raincoat too. He let her come under it and held it around her.

Children, Restless Play, Touching

This afternoon (February 10, my first day in Lavongai), Ngurvarilam and Terecia came over, followed by a million kids. There are 30 here now, singing their fourth song for my tape recorder. There are more kids here than ever came in Mangai. What's more, they're fooling around, hamming the song. Mangai kids never dared.

The kids are squirming on the floor now, laughing and talking (unlike Mangai). These kids have their arms around each other, and pushing and shoving each other's faces, grabbing each other's hands. (Is Mangai repressed, not only in front of me, but in general? Perhaps their parents' and pupus' generations were just generally cowed, and passed it on. Is it a Leftover Slave attitude or becoming Middle Class?)<sup>11</sup>

Ngurvarilam's last baby, 1965 (Antonio) is suckling yet some. Her baby is struggling with her over something, even hitting out. Now Ngurvarilam's baby is crying, though she's holding her. The baby hits out at another, older kid.

Later. One of Silakau's children, Josephine, is weeping in his arms while we talk. Another kid is crying and another one about to cry.

Play, Ostentation, and Private Property

I gave the plastic BAT, a little brand-mark tag, from my new primus to a kid today (February 10, my first day in Lavongai). Who wants it? I asked. There was a slight pause. This kid was the first to sing out, but other hands went up. (No one would have said anything, very likely, in Mangai. Certainly not the first day I was there.) The boy is now wearing the BAT around his neck. (In Mangai, it would have been swallowed from public view instantly.) February 12: the boy I gave the BAT to is still wearing it. (He displays it instead of hiding it. In New Ireland, it



would have changed hands many times by now if it had been worn, which it would not have been.)

#### Educating Children

1) Tombat says that if his coconut tree leans over too close to the house, he must fasten it with a rope to strengthen the tree. Just like a child: suppose he doesn't do as he's told, he just lies down, by and by he will bugger up.

2) A child cried when its mum threw it in the water this morning (Sunday, May 21) to wash it. She washed it, then told it to "Aising" wash. It pelted her with sand. She stood unmoved, looking the other way. It went on slowly pelting her, moving closer, getting stronger, then fading away, I think.

#### Other People's Children Come to Stay

When referring to children, New Irelanders usually say that they "look after" children. Because of the New Irelanders' pleasure in looking after other people's children, I looked for comparable instances in New Hanover. Maria's distinct displeasure in looking after her sister Ngurvarilam's children has been reported at length. I found only two cases where childless couples had taken over the care of children from other people who were still alive.

1) One was a woman in Ungalik island, who had taken over six children. She did not express pleasure in having the children. Instead, she said that they were lucky to have found her; that they had all run away from their mothers because their mothers treated them badly, and that she treated them well, which is why they stayed.

2) The second instance of "adoption" was at Ranmelek. The mission boat captain, Bosap, and his wife had her sister's child living with them. Here follows our conversation on this subject:

Bosap: We (my wife and I) went to Rabaul in 1956. . . . I went to work at the mission station. 1956, '57, '58, all right, we came on leave. We came and got a little child of ours who is in school. Standard 5 now. -

DB: Got it from whom?

B: We got it from its mother.

DB: Its mother is what to you?

B: She is sister to this woman (he points to his wife). She is number one, and this one second.

DB: She gave you this . . .

B: Yes . . .

DB: To look after . . .

B: Because she (his wife) hasn't got any children, and she asked her for one of hers to boss. We two went back 1958, '59; in 1960, I came back.

Again, their attitude toward the situation reflected dominant New Hanover values. Bosap said that his wife's sister had sent them this child to "boss," because they had none of their own to boss. "Bossing" replaced the New Ireland "looking after" in many New Hanover contexts.

#### Making Boys into Men

1) Ngurvarilam's father told the boys, "You must be strong, not like girls."

2) One of the purposes of maras was to make boys into true men. Seclusion served this end by separating the children from their families, who could not see them during this time. Their mothers probably helped to cook the food they ate, but only men who had been through maras themselves could go in and out of the enclosure, taking the food with them.

On Not Knowing How

1) Patab was telling me about her life. She was brought up by a woman that her father married after her own mother died. Her father was good to her, but her stepmother was no good. She asked Patab to cook, and she did not know how to cook; and then the stepmother hit her. Then she asked Patab to do something else, and Patab did not know how, and the stepmother hit her. But her father was good to her, she said.

Before she married Kiukiuvaitas (after his wife was taken by Singarau), she lived with a sister in Meterankan. The sister's husband makes a lot of money with copra, but when Patab goes there they will not give her money for lap laps; so she will not go again. In response to my question, she said that they did give her food when she lived there.

2) One day Silakau asked me why I, who was not a missionary, "was sorry for" the people more than the missionaries were. He referred to the fact that I gave people cigarettes and sometimes coffee for nothing when they came to my house, whereas they had to buy cigarettes at the mission store. I explained that the missionaries were giving their whole lives, as well as many big things, and that they could not just keep giving things to people; whereas I was there only for a short time, and I gave them only small things. Silakau was not satisfied with the answer. There were times, he thought, when the mission could help and it did not. I said that the mission was trying to help the people do things for themselves: just as he would make his son do the fishing if they went out fishing together so that the son could learn to fish, rather than doing it for him. Oh, he said, thank you, now I understand. You explained it well.

Feeding Other People: Children and Adults

1) Mary had been sick on and off for about three weeks (during May) with headaches, dizzy spells, and nausea. She had, nevertheless, continued to go, nearly every day, to the bush for food. (Her husband, John, often feeling sick, did not go.) She had been in the mission hospital twice, each time for about a week, and each time her family brought her food only occasionally.<sup>12</sup> Most of the time she either came back to the house to cook or ate bananas I took her, or ate some of what Lewis brought his wife, Lasi, or went hungry. Her nine-year-old daughter once took her cooked food.

Her younger sister had left her husband and had come to stay with Mary. When Mary became sick, it was not appropriate for her to be in the house with John (Mary was forever scolding John for failing to observe proper shame customs with regard to her sister); and so she went to live with their older sister, near their brother, in another part of Lavongai village.

Mary's two sisters had gone to Taskul May 30, along with about five hundred other people, for the opening of the hospital there. I had gone, too, and I had seen them there. On June 2, when I got back to Lavongai, I went to visit Mary to see how she was. My interest was more than academic. Her children were always at my house, and sometimes one or another of them said that they had had nothing to eat and asked me for something. I asked them who gave them food when their mother was away, and, usually, they said that Mary's older sister gave them food. Sometimes they said that there was sago in the house, and they took it. The twelve-year-old boy caught fish and cooked them himself for the whole family sometimes, even when Mary was there, and he continued to do so when she was sick. Mary had left John many times, and, later, in July

and August, she left him and took her bed to her sister's house. She then fed the children there, and John had to fend for himself. Even though he has three close "mamas" in Lavongai (but not his real mama, who would have fed him, he said), he was ashamed to go to them for food; and he preferred, finally, to eat three or four evenings a week at my house, even though I at first "scolded" him,<sup>13</sup> and even though I finally made him scrape the potatoes himself, and even though I had no coconut (because no one would bring me any) to "grease" the food the way they like it. Sometimes Tamangamiss and one or two others joined us. This happened in July and August; but by June 2, he had shown signs of wanting to use me in his struggle with Mary. One of her main weapons was refusing to feed him.

Of course, I did not want to become involved in their quarrel, though I wanted to know what was going on. When Mary was sick but her two sisters were in Lavongai, I (still thinking like a New Irelander) thought that John and the children would be fed by them. With the sisters gone, I hoped that Mary was well enough to feed her family so that they would not all try to draw me into the struggle and take my food.

Fortunately, Mary was feeling better. She was sitting in her house, cooking, smiling, and seeming very relaxed when I went to visit her upon my return from Taskul. I told her that I had seen her sisters and that I had been a little worried about her, and I wondered why they had gone to Taskul when she was sick. Mary said: "Who knows about them," by which she means, How can people like that be understood? She went on: "John wanted to say something to (my older sister), but I stopped him. (My younger sister) is a good woman; she had no talk, but (my older sister) has fouled her thinking."

She told me that her older sister had been bought by a local man, but she left him. Then she married a man from New Guinea, who was very good to Mary's children; but she left him.

I asked Mary if her older sister (who has no children) liked to look after her children, and Mary said: "No, she just likes to go around." Then she told me what John had already told me: her sister had said: "If I look-after your children, who will give me pay?" To John directly she had said; "If I cook for you, who will give me pay?" To Mary she had said, "What, do you and I work as laborers for John?" (pidgin: wok boi long John?)

Mary's older sister was in Kavieng with her brother during February, but she returned to Lavongai in March, and at first she slept in Mary's cookhouse, where she had slept before. But Mary told me (during our conversation about her, June 2), "I put her out." She laughed. "I told her it would be better if she went and stopped in (our brother's) cookhouse, and stopped alone, because she was always angry at the children for disturbing her things. She scolded them for taking her little knife or something. Sorry, I told her, but they all think that you are their mama (n.b., this was a dig: she is their classificatory mama), and I am not able to look after them, all of them, all the time. I have plenty of children, and I cannot look after them all the time." So then Mary's sister went to their brother's cookhouse. I asked if she were good to the brother's children, and Mary said: "Oh, Dorothy, she is really a woman who is no good." She did not explain further. Perhaps she was just exasperated.

Mary apologized to me for John's having "stolen" my sugar yesterday. (I did not know he had taken my sugar. She was hoping to get him into trouble, I think.) I said that it was all right, that John helped me with my work, and that he was a good man. "True," she said, "he would not hide things (food) in the house, as some do; he has good ways." I asked her who else was a good man like John. I suggested another man

we knew. Mary responded, "Oh, he is truly no good. When he sees his wife giving food to their children he beats her. He does not like the children to eat first (before he does). John and Tombat (her classificatory brother) are good to their children; 'Maski (nevermind), the children must eat first,' they say."

DB: And your half-brother?

Mary: He is good (unconvincing), but (his wife)! She likes to cook, and eat until she is full first; later the children can eat.

"What," I say to her, "you cook for whom, have you no children?"

2) Tombat told me that when he was a child, if his mother was cross with him he would make the rounds of all his pupus until he found one who gave him food. He smiled with pleasure over this memory, thinking he had been quite clever.

3) I mentioned to Tombat and Silakau that in New Ireland people always feed the children first, thinking they might disapprove this priority. Tombat said, in front of his wife, "Yes, I was telling Makan yesterday, the children must eat first; you cannot eat before the children do." Tombat's wife made no response. She always seemed tired and she spent some time in the mission hospital with anemia.

#### Feeding the School Children

Both Mission and Government schools depended on parents to send or bring food to the school for the children to eat. This was a problem everywhere: transportation was much easier for villages near the schools, an advantage which was offset by the heavier demands that seemed to be put on them. Lavongai's proximity to the Lavongai Catholic Mission and school may partly account for its reputation, of which Pengai told me, of not offering hospitality to visitors. (Lemakot village in New Ireland was in the same position near Lemakot Catholic Mission, and, while I

heard no direct accusations about it, I got the impression that Lemakot did not always help as much as it was expected to, no doubt because so much was expected of it by so many. Mangai, however, had the extra responsibility of an aid post and its inhabitants and the Council House, with its occasional extravaganzas; and Mangai was always amply prepared, so far as I know.)

I heard teachers express concern about this problem in New Ireland as well as in New Hanover, but the Methodist missionaries, who had worked both places, said that the problem was much worse in New Hanover. This was not due entirely to transportation problems, because both Rev. Taylor and Miss Anderson said that the Tigak islanders, despite the fact that their journey was over water, were better at bringing food to their children than were the Lavongais.

One day after a harangue in church, Joseph presented his views of the situation to me. He said that the Mission is not boss. The government bosses the mission, the government helps the mission to buy teachers, pencils, blackboards, and so forth; why does the government not also buy the food? Joseph said that the government buys all the food for both the teachers and the students who are boarders at the Meteran government school. The teachers are always cross at our villages, he said. But we give food all the time! We get cross in return.

Here, Joseph went on, we keep giving food, and then our children run away from school or finish and cannot get a job. They just stay in the village, and our food went for nothing. That's what some say, and I think it's true. Some fail at examinations, they go back (to the village), they are nothing now.

I heard some people argue that people who did not have children, or whose children were grown up, should not have to send food to the mission to feed the children there.



From time to time there were PTA meetings in the classrooms after church at Lavongai. On Sunday, May 28, I heard a discussion about how the PTA could raise money. Someone suggested that the new, big, red fishing net that Master Fish had brought could be used somehow. Pamais asked, "Who will use the net?" and someone answered, "All the school boys." Pamais replied, "Master said to collect all the fish on the beach, but everybody puts the fish in his lap lap, goes to his house, and there are no fish on the beach."

#### OTHER INSIDERS IN WEAK POSITIONS

Persons other than children who are weak in New Hanover society tend to be treated as children are treated, i.e., without special compensation for their weakness. The orphaned, the sick, the blind, and visitors are left to cope with their problems as well as each may. They tend to drop back to the bottom of the pecking order. Several incidents illustrate the evidence for this interpretation.

1) Pase (age twelve) has had an epileptic seizure (according to Sister Liboria). Malekaian (see Metakaikot) told me once that Pase did not go to school because "he's crazy." (I have found him helpful and competent: he found my kitten when it ran away and brought it back, and he killed the snake that crawled along my verandah one day when the Sisters were visiting.)

He was in the mission hospital, talking incoherently, and his father, Tisiwua, refused to go and sit with him because he was ashamed of having such a child. His grandfather, Malekaian, was very angry with Tisiwua for taking that attitude and sent Thomas (the boy's labag, true mother's brother) to go and sit with him.

2) Tamangamiss spent a great deal of time at the mission, where one of his jobs was to take the school children to get sago. He got no pay for it: that was one of his contributions to the church.

The Sisters joked with him and teased him, but they liked him because he was "clean": that is, he did not make sexual advances to the school girls.

From the native point of view, there was no woman who would have him. He was always the butt of jokes, but more so than ever when a woman from Saula said she would marry him. She had said so before, but each time she changed her mind. He was about thirty-five years old and a "rubbish man" as they say in Melanesia.

His mother died when he was very young, and his father died when he was about twelve. He had had a seizure of some sort when he was young, and had fallen into the fire. His left side was scarred. The muscles had never healed properly, and he limped.

His conversation was limited almost entirely to a recital of the neglect he had suffered as a child and the neglect he continued to suffer. He repeated himself over and over again. At first, I thought that he was feeble-minded, but later I thought that his behavior was the result of his being emotionally disturbed. As we became secure with each other, I found him intelligent and helpful.

He offered to work for me, as he did for the mission. I paid him two shillings a day (half what a worker at the mission plantation got) to carry water for me and to feed my cat while I was away. He did these things: not without problems, but, then, no one else offered to help me at any price. They let Tamangamiss do it, and then they took his two shillings from him. They did not steal it from him. He gave it to them in return for a moment's friendship.

April 9, after Tamaangamiss had told me about himself over and over again, and I, like so many others, had failed to really listen, I asked him to sit down and tell me from beginning to end. He told me that his father had been from Baungung village and was Yanga clan, "but Yangalik does not look after me well."

His mother was from Lavongai, a Kiukiu, "but she had no ground here. Kiukiu has some, but another man holds it. There is not a single person in this place that looks out well for me. I have not got one little magmaog, or labag, or brother, or sister to look after me."

Then he told me what he had often told me: that when he was little, he ate from a creek (where he caught fish), alone. He came back, he cooked what he had caught, and he had nothing (no sago or taro) to eat with it. "No one said: 'Oh, sorry, pupu,' or 'Oh, sorry, brother.' But all sing out today (because he has two shillings a day), 'Hey, pupu,' or 'Hey, brother!'"

When he was little, he said, they hit him, and they said, "You are not something that I made that you should get food from me." And now they all sing out to him, he kept saying, "Oh, sorry (be sorry for me), brother, oh, sorry pupu."

He had been eating at Silakau's, but that arrangement finished just before I came to Lavongai. I asked him who was cooking for him at that time (April 9). He answered: "Toose (see Panapuruk). She looks after me well now."

After each of his descriptions of his life, he said: "That's the way they do things in this place" (pidgin: fasion bilong ples hia), in a tone of mocking resignation.

He kept calling me "Mama," as many of the men did when they asked for something. I gave him a cup of coffee, as I often did when he brought

my water from the mission tank, and he said, "You look after me well, just like a true mama. I will really bugger up when you go; there is not one person in this place that looks after me as you do."

He said that Toose gave him food, but a month later he was sleeping and eating at Yama's, and a month after that he said Toose and Ngenget gave him food; and for two weeks in July he (along with John) ate almost every night at my house.

3) I visited Ungalik island for about one hour, along with the nurse-missionary, Val Beckett, from the Methodist Mission at Ranmelek, doing her child-welfare rounds. I spoke with a young blind girl, who had two children, one about three years old and the other a baby only a few weeks old.

The children have different fathers, she told me, neither of whom send any money to buy clothes for the children. She charged one of the fathers to the patrol officer, and she said that she had won the court case; but, still, he sends no money.

Her own mother is alive, but not her father. She has a blind twin sister, who is looked after by a classificatory mother in New Hanover. They come to visit on Sunday, if they have a way to travel.

The woman was highly animated, talkative, nervous, intelligent. When we went into the aid post, she stood in the middle of the room and no one helped her to a chair. Finally I did, and that is how we began to talk. She said that she was dependent on white people for help: kiap Bob gave her money, Master "Fish," the former telatela Robbins all gave her a little money and tobacco. She asked me to tell the kiap (Department of District Administration personnel) that the father of her children were sending no money. If she could see, she said, she would be able to look after her children; but since she cannot see, she would like the fathers to look after them.

DB: Do the women here help you?

Blind Woman: Not at all, truly not at all! I am telling you the truth, the very truth! And I do not have plenty of coconuts. This is our fashion: Suppose a person lacks something--his eye is closed (blind) or his leg is broken--people do not help them. You all, all white-skins, your fashion is straight.

As she spoke with me, she kept clenching and unclenching her fists, rubbing her fingers against the palms of her hand as she did so, and biting her lip. Her fingernails were down to the quick, though I did not see her biting them.

She called out sternly to some children, then said to me, giggling: "I am always scolding them all." The women around us looked at her with mild expressions of disgust, and one uttered a disgusted sound.

The blind woman was eager to please. Could she teach me the local language? The white-skins liked that, and she knew it well, she said. She proceeded to give me a systematic lesson in the Tungak language.

Her clothes were as good as anyone else's, but she was not clean. I asked her if she could go to the gardens, and she said, no, but she helped to peel the potatoes and taro. I asked her if she made baskets and mats, and she said, no, no one had shown her how.

It was this incident which, in combination with my meeting a deaf-mute woman later in New Ireland, established the entire focus of my argument on the contrasting ways in which the weak, and then the strong, are treated in the two cultures.

4) New Hanoverians, being people of an individualistic culture, manifest a wide range of behaviors. One striking instance illustrates attentive care for a handicapped person.

Bateton and his wife have a spastic child, Vincent. He is about

twelve years old. He is completely helpless. His low ability to control his muscles means that it takes someone about two hours to feed him every day. He jerks uncontrollably, makes uncontrolled noises, and cannot talk. I saw him once, at his house. Sister Liboria told me that his parents and brothers and sisters put his needs first in the family. One of the parents has, until recently, always stayed with him, but now one of the older children may do so. She has heard his brothers and sisters speak solicitously of him. This case was unusual.

5) Ngurvarilam told me she had gone on top to her garden yesterday, and her head got one of its big pains. Lewis, in a canoe, came upon her crying. "What is it, magmagaog?" he asked. She told him, "Oh, my head pains!" Lewis then said: "It would be better if you take the canoe." So he walked (because magamagaog are under heavy avoidance obligations). "And he looks after Lasi (his wife, sick with anemia in the mission hospital) so well!" His own wife scolds him constantly, and he says nothing.

6) In a pecking order, people are weak or strong in relation to other people. Lewis is easy-going, and women scold him, and men send him on errands, or ask him to help. Tamangamiss and the blind girl struggle for position with the children and giggle when they succeed in dominating. Men at the top of the pecking order have no need to exploit Tamangamiss, as he is far from their position. Silakau, who is one of the top men, even gave Tamangamiss food for a while. (Silakau then scolded him, and Tamangamiss moved on to several old women.) But others, e.g., one perpetually angry and boastful brother of a stronger man, was among those who, I think, took from Tamangamiss the two shillings he earned every day. I saw him greet Tamangamiss one day as he left my house, "Hey, pupu!"

7) I heard of two suicides in New Hanover. One was that of a young girl who drank poison, and the other was that of the big man, Peter Yangalissmat. He also drank poison.

In both cases, the individual had talked for some time about committing suicide. People around them were sorry to hear that they intended to kill themselves. Once the announcement was made, it was the general view that nothing could be done to alter the situation. And nothing was done. When the individuals finally did drink poison, it confirmed the general view that their suicides had been inevitable.

One day, one of the elder men of Lavongai came to my house with a bottle of liquid which he claimed contained poison. He said that he was thinking all the time of killing himself, and that he would do it for the same reasons his friend, Yangalissmat, had done it: because there was no use in trying to do anything in New Hanover. People were incapable of cooperating or of "getting up." He, like Yangalissmat, had been a government employee for years. For all his years of work for the government, he said, he had nothing to show for it. He had given a great tract of land to T.I.A., but he did not have ten dollars to join himself. He did indeed seem very despondent, and I gave him ten dollars.<sup>14</sup> He did not join T.I.A., but his disposition improved. After that, he came to my house and indicated that he needed to be fed several times, when Tamangamiss and John were eating with me; but he did help me in various ways, and he did not present himself in a dependent position again. (He called me "child" after that, unlike all the others who wanted things, who called me "mama.") I think that his despair was genuine. I do not know how long it would have been and how many rejections it would have taken before he drank the poison.

It is significant that "big men" in New Hanover contemplate or

commit suicide. It underscores their essential isolation and helplessness.

Potential suicides are in weak positions. New Hanoverians do for them what they do for any other person in a weak position: they leave them alone.

#### WEAK OUTSIDERS<sup>15</sup>

Most New Hanoverians made no attempt to help outsiders; the term "outsiders" is used here in its most narrow sense, i.e., people who came from somewhere else. In a sense, most Lavongais felt that they were "outsiders," and there was no strong group in which they could firmly belong.

Outsiders were in a weak position, and like all, whether strong or weak, they had to act assertively. As individualists, New Hanoverians have a kind of pride in self-reliance, and they do not like to ask for help. The most important reason for their not liking to ask, however, is that they thereby confess their weakness. A single incident will illustrate these generalizations.

One night when several people were sitting on my verandah talking, Silakau came hurrying over to say that he had visitors from Baungung. They were not people that he knew, but they were going by canoe back to Baungung village, and they pulled into Lavongai for the night. They had come ashore in Palkarung, and people had "mentioned" Silakau's name. (Silakau was the most hospitable person in Lavongai, at least in terms of his ability and willingness to talk easily to people that he did not know. He had been Councillor. Furthermore, he was easy-going, and he did not become cross. Probably, no one in Palkarung wanted to do anything about the men in the canoe, so they sent them to Silakau, expecting him to deal with the situation.)



Silakau had come to borrow my extra blankets. I offered him some rice. I knew that Ngurvarilam had left him at the time, so I handed the rice tentatively toward Tombat's wife, saying that I did not know well how to cook it. Makenbengebengemailik (Tombat's wife) sat there, smiling vaguely. Tombat began urging her to take the rice. I went and got my pan, filled it with water, and handed it to the reluctant cook, who went off to her house.

Piskaut then spoke up: "Why feed those Baungung people! They wouldn't feed us!" He seemed slightly annoyed with Silakau, and with me, for so doing.

Later, Silakau came back. He spoke up to defend himself for looking after people who came. Sione (Silakau's true mother's brother, Morris' father, who had come back to Lavongai village) spoke up sadly: "They would not look after you and me. I have been around the island, and, truly, they would not look at me and give me food. Myself and Anna (his wife). We came back straight and ate at my mother's. We came back straight, and we ate with the catechist at Patiaga." He had in mind a particular trip he had taken when younger, when he had gone two days without food.

Later, Tombat and Pungmat told of their attempts to find food and a place to cook on the way to Lavongai from Kavieng. Tombat was finally able to buy food from some women in Upuos, but they shamed him. They asked him to call his name, then they kidded him. "Maski, so you die at sea." Finally, they sold him four green coconuts (for drinking), one packet of sago, and two fish. "What, didn't they see you?" someone asked, rhetorically, implying that when a stranger is seen he should not be ignored. (Pengai implied this also when he said that people in Lavongai village had a reputation for looking right at you and then going

into their houses.) Pungmat, who is a quiet man, said, "Man, I was angry. The two just looked at me."

Pungmat had just returned from having cataracts removed from both eyes at Nongga hospital, near Rabaul. On his way back, he had had nothing to eat, and he hurried to come up to Ngurkaloboos, his father's clan sister (and Tombat's true mother) at Matamaram (about five miles closer to Kavieng than is Lavongai) before they all slept. They were in their house, and he called out, but they didn't recognize his voice. "It's me." "Who?" "Me, just me, I am coming from Nonga." All right, then they understood and opened the door. He really ate! Then he pulled, in the middle of the night. He landed his canoe at the mission and called to Mercy (to try to get her to come to the river, near her house, and bring the raft across to him), but she slept. So he swam. He went to get up his father and mother (Malekalian and Ngurkot) in their house, next door to his own. They also didn't recognize his voice! Finally, his brother, Thomas, said, "Hey, it's just your own child!" Pungmat then threw out his arms in imitation of his father: "Child!" His wife, Litanian, was sick and asleep next door in Piskaut's house. Piskaut heard the commotion and then they all came out.

Pungmat's story shows that it is not easy for a Lavongai to travel, and it is not easy to be a stranger. This is one reason why Lavongais do not like to work as catechists or missionaries. They say that people are cross if they use the land, and that people do not give them food. They say they are hungry unless they stop right on their own ground, where they know how to get food.

SUMMARY: THE WEAK

In New Hanover, the weak are more likely to be exploited than helped

by the strong, and the weak respond to this situation by making trouble, being a nuisance, or through expressions of moral outrage. The weak may display dependence and submission in hopes of obtaining favor, but when they get only dominance and minimal, reluctant succoring, they protest as much as they dare. If they are children, they may be hit; but they may be hit, anyway, for mere accidents. If they are adults, they may be ridiculed and deceived and further weakened. Some individuals do feel some compassion for the weak, but when they act on it they are exploited by the weak themselves, who have learned the whole system of behavior, even though they usually occupy the weak positions.

People did not quite see the inconsistency between their continuing requests for help and their simultaneous refusal to give it. I think this is because they all viewed themselves as weak and the differences amongst Lavongais as very small. Yet it was the growing vision of some amongst them as able to join the ruling elite that helped to motivate the Johnson cult.

New Hanoverians emphasize the lineal dimension of relationships, complaining about the strong not helping the weak, whereas New Irelanders emphasize the collateral dimension, praising equals for helping each other. Even if the two are brothers, New Hanoverians see one as in a strong position relative to the other, at least in any given situation, whereas New Irelanders concentrate on the equal contribution that any two can make to each other and their mutual dependence, even if one is a small child and the other a big man.

#### SEPARATIVE TENDENCIES AND COUNTER-TENDENCIES

In New Hanover, in 1967, the settlement of most disputes was a private matter between individuals. There was no exchange of monies (as there

was in New Ireland), but, rather a one-way payment from the wrong-doer to the wronged. New Hanoverians settle disputes with a view to justice for the individual, rather than with a view to the peace of the group (which is what interests New Irelanders). If two individuals are in dispute and each thinks he is right, there is a third party to whom they can and do turn nowadays: the village Councillor, or committeeman, or, before the Council was instituted in 1961, the luluai. In the old days, they went out with spears to settle things.

In the old days, too, there was a presentation of food that terminated a quarrel. If a man were angry at another man, and the two wanted to fight, instead of fighting, one of the men could present the other with a heap of food. Later, the recipient gave back an equal or greater amount, having planted a large garden for the purpose. He would be shamed if he neglected or failed to best the first gift. My evidence is not sufficient to show what attitudes were involved in this exchange, but there are indications that the exchange of food was motivated by the desire of each to shame the other. The institution rechanneled hostile energy into food production and prevented violence, without fostering positive feelings in relation to giving. In New Ireland, giving created and maintained egalitarian friendly ties; in New Hanover, giving was associated with dominance and submission, and with shame. In the old days, the associated attitudes may have been more respectful, but there is no evidence for it.

Nowadays, Lavongais are explicit about their confusion with regard to the priority of values. Which should come first, peace or justice? In the old days, there was no doubt: fighting and feeling cross came first, before peace, before justice, certainly before women. But after the missions came and taught them about God and Love, they could see the

advantages. Intellectually, they are convinced that "being brothers" is the right way. But emotionally there are so many other interesting things to do that they cannot wholeheartedly adopt the ways of the mission. Then, too, they do not always agree with the mission about what is right.

Fighting and quarreling take on an integrative function in New Hanover, even though they often do not achieve resolution of problems. Quarreling in public remains a private matter, and it takes on an entertainment value. On several occasions (one of which is described here), public discussion became assertive quarreling, and the quarreling dissolved into laughter. Nothing was settled, but the "air was cleared." Justice was not done, but it was remembered. The quarreling and assertions of rightness dissolved into laughter as people lost confidence in their assertions. Their conviction failed, and they saw themselves as others might, and they laughed. The "game" element made them appear as actors on a stage and partly accounts for their detachment from their own actions.

When quarrels are settled, it is at a personal, individual level. In one instance (described here), a "ritual" act called sese mungel was invoked to create good feelings, but the function of the ritual was clearly perceived; and it was the function of the ritual, rather than the ritual itself, that interested the Lavongais. (New Irelanders were often inarticulate about the functions of their rituals, which does not mean that they did not understand them. However, since they enjoyed the performance of the "ritual acts," they did not need to seek further functional justification for their work.)

1) In the old days, men used to eat together in the rangama (men's house). A big old man bossed the house. The younger men asked an old man who was sitting with us if it had been taboo for men to eat with

women, and he said that it had been taboo for unmarried men, but not for married men.

All young boys stopped with their fathers, and if they reached the age when they shaved, or if they killed a man, then they bought him a wife. Piskaut: "He had to stop with me and with his mother, he could not go among women who were unmarried, or to women who were married."

Piskaut went on to talk about the "time of fighting." If, for instance, Lavongai and Ungat villages were fighting, a father would get his son, and the son had to stand up right next to his father. I asked about his labag. His labag had to teach the boy if the father was dead. Tolimbe interjected that a son had to learn everything from his father. The father had to teach him how to make mias, how to make a garden, how to use a spear so that he could shoot them at men. Piskaut added that eventually the son would go first before the father into the fight, so that the son could shoot a man. If a young man shot and killed five or six men in a fight, they would all come back to the village and beat the garamut. This young man would then be married soon, because then he was grown up.

Silakau said that in the old days, men did not sit down well. They were cross all the time. Piskaut: "A boy who was raised in this way did not stop together with the women so that by and by he would think of doing something no good (i.e., sexual intercourse). He thought all the time just of being cross. Before, we were not ashamed if we lost our lap laps, or if we saw a woman (without hers). We did not think of anything, we did not think of anything no good. This kind of man did not think of women. He thought only of working for pay, of working so that he could buy food with mias. "If a man knew how to make mias, he would not go to the garden. He would only think about making mias."

On another occasion, they told me that they used to have a plant that they ate before a fight to make them cross.

2) Tugule of Metewoe told me that Buliminski himself had not come to New Hanover. A Master Waia was the man who came, walking around the beach along with local village men. He thinks Master Waia was the police master, because many police came, too.

At that time, according to Tugule, the people of New Hanover did not work together. "We did not have this idea of working together before; everyone fought. Brothers and clansmen could help you."

Fighting was still going on when Master Waia made his first rounds. But soon thereafter, Iguarungai of Baungung was made Paramount Luluai, and he came from his village to Metewoe to make peace. All waited for him with spears, ready to mob him; but he said, "I do not come to fight. I come to end the fighting." Then he gave them all money. (Iguarungai is the Paramount Luluai who had, according to Tugule, twenty, thirty, forty wives.)

Fighting is still terminated with money, Tugule said. This money is called kotobut: a payment of money to end a fight. "If I am cross with my brother today, later I shake hands, I give him ten shillings, and then the quarrel is over."

3) Baski Tom told me that in the old days, if two men wanted to fight, they could exchange food instead. A man could go and set a great heap of taro in front of the man with whom he was cross. Then, later, that man who received the taro would plant a garden and present a great heap of taro in return to the other man. Otherwise, he would be ashamed. In this way, the quarrel was terminated, without fighting.

4) Kasau told me that in the village, all quarrels are settled with money. The person who is wrong must pay the person to whom he has done

wrong; and he pays only one shilling if it is a small wrong, or perhaps five shillings if it is a bigger wrong.

5) Sekson, who is "Bord" (representative) of T.I.A. for Lavongai village, beat the village gong for a night meeting. Someone beat the gong for a meeting, other than the regular Monday "line" meeting (to which many did not come), several times a month, and people were annoyed about it. Often, they did not come. Only the Councillor is legally entitled to beat the gong. But people were enthusiastic about the new T.I.A., and they came to answer Sekson's gong.

Sekson began by scolding them. "You hear the bell to work, you go sit in your house, saying you are going to get your knife. All right, at noon you come up to work for T.I.A."

He went on: "Then you said you would build a house rangama for T.I.A. members to sleep in when they come for meetings, and you said you would have a feast to open the house. People came, and they all ridiculed us (pidgin: tok bilas) because we did not give everyone food. 'Oh,' you all said, 'we will do it Monday, next week.'"

Sekson gave his speech partly in pidgin English and partly in local dialect. Tolimbe was translating for me, and he said, at one point, to me: "Sekson tells the truth. The custom of this place, suppose work comes up, we go sit down in the house." (Tolimbe is from the north side of the island, the small island of Lukas.)

Sekson went on talking about his organizational plans for T.I.A. for half an hour. Then others talked. Joseph made a speech describing what had happened when people came to the T.I.A. feast. "They waited and waited, and we had no fish. Finally, they ate the food they had brought themselves, and then went home."



Joseph explained that part of the problem was that they were trying to use the new big fish net that "Master Fish" had brought them, and they did not know how well, and had caught few fish. Tolimbe then said how angry he had been on that day when they did pull in some fish with the net because individuals ran up and grabbed them out of the net instead of waiting for the fish to be divided equally, and then cooked and brought to the feast.

After an hour had passed, some men got up and wandered away. Some wandered back again. Finally, Pamais, the young man who was then Councillor, got up and talked. "You like to boss, and you like to boss," he said, throwing his arm first one way and then the other. "Everyone wants to boss. We do not have just one boss. The boss says something, but all the men go off in another direction. All men are boss."

Yangalik got up and made a supporting speech for Pamais' view. Then Joseph got up and complained that no one had listened when he was boss of the Co-ops, and that now no one was listening when he was boss of the new fish net. And, he added, no one listened to Silakau when he was Councillor. (Sekson had said, earlier: "Will T.I.A. be just like the Co-op?" That is, will it fail for the same reasons?)

Then the talk turned to the subject of money being taken for false purposes, and from there to stealing in general, and from there to a particular theft of betel nuts from Tombat. Mausau (Kaikot hamlet), a teacher who was home on vacation, said this: "Pamais says it is wrong to steal. I want to reply to this talk." He indicated that they were getting nowhere talking about stealing; that they were only making more people more angry; and that the problem was that they had no way to settle their differences. "Stealing is not important, just 'firewood of the earth,' that's all. Jealousy is important. Once you have bugged

up, what will you do? All men steal. Where is the man who does not steal? You and I, we all steal. We all have sin. You no longer have a road along which to straighten this stealing. Once you have spilled water on the ground, you want to catch it back again; but you cannot do it. You and I here in Lavongai, we cannot 'court' people for stealing. You and I, all of us, do it. The wrong has been done (the betel nuts stolen), it is over and done with. You cannot straighten it out."

Tombat, whose betel nuts had been stolen, suddenly ran around the group, yelling: "You like to steal? You like to steal? All right, from now on if I see a man with my towel, I promise I'll shoot him with a spear, just like a dog."

Joseph and another man began shouting at each other, Joseph supporting Tombat: "You like stealing? I cannot save you! If a man does wrong and I kill him, I get six fuckin' years, six fuckin' months in jail."

A general clamour followed that seemed to be about to evolve into fist fights. Mausau then shouted out: "All right, all right, put pay, put pay. 'Buy' the wrong." Tombat, still highly agitated, shouted out: "Put the pay straight into my hand. Go on, go on, go on! Pay, come quick! Go on! Go on!"

Joseph then shouted out: "All right, you and I, we are all cross now." Pigkaut was milling around near me, laughing in despair: "All right, we bugger up now, we aren't up to it (i.e., we cannot settle our quarrels. Pidgin: mepela no inap). Silakau came over to me, laughing: "Hey, Dorothy, what is this? Everyone is cross. Malekaian is cross with Boserong because Malekaian found two children in his coconut trees. 'Hey! You go up whose coconuts?' The kids said: 'We did not just go up on our own, Yacob and Boserong sent us.' Malekaian then said, 'If

you come down today, I'll beat you, I'll run you out.' Then he picked up the kulaus (young coconuts from which people drink) that the children had thrown down, put them in his canoe, and went off." Silakau said that now that all were cross and talking, they would not be able to settle the quarrel.

Joseph raised his voice above the noise of the group: "Who wants to buy this wrong, for one pound?" Then Mausau tried to talk again: "If you take from your cousin, go and let him know. Go and talk clearly to him. You talk about 'stealing' but this is not stealing. Just your brother or your kantire.<sup>16</sup> Or if you go to something that belongs to someone else, say: 'Oh, sorry, I have gone up this tree that belongs to you.'" Silakau translated Mausau's talk into local dialect, agreeing with it.<sup>17</sup> Lakalus, who had draped his lap lap around him like a toga, called out: "Let's sing and dance now, there is a good moon!"

Silakau, noticing Lakalus for the first time that evening, said: "Hey! Lakalus comes now." Silakau playfully grabbed his arm and said, "Hey! You steal?" Lakalus was not amused. He pouted slightly and answered: "I did not steal."

A little later, Tombat came to me and said, rather apologetically: "The quarrel is over, I went and shook hands with the man here." He meant Lakalus. It had been Lakalus who had taken his betel nuts from his house. While the whole gathering was in a state of quarreling set off by talk of Tombat's stolen buae, Tombat had inconspicuously gone over to Lakalus, shook his hand, and ended his own quarrel.

The evening meeting took place June 19. On July 1, Tombat came rushing in and announced that there would be a feast to sese mungel: to "buy shame." A feast had been planned for T.I.A. members last week, and when people came from other villages, there was nothing to eat, and

all the people of Lavongai had slipped away into the bush. The problem was that they had been unable to catch fish.

Now another feast had been planned to "buy" Lavongai's shame. "We will sit down well and look at each other. It is not good if your eyes must go down." (He means that Lavongai people will be able to look people from other villages straight in the eye again after they have "bought" their own shame with food.)

A feast such as this had not been held for a long time. Tombat was very pleased. He asked me, rhetorically, "Good custom?" Yes! I said. Tombat went on: "If I do not finish a quarrel, who will help me? If I have a quarrel with someone, I am ashamed to go to him for food, or if I am cold."

I asked Tombat if he had been paid for what had been stolen from him, or received pay to terminate the quarrel. "You saw how cross I was," Tombat said, "but two days later, if he had brought pay, I would have said, 'Maski, you keep the pay, the quarrel is finished.' Lakalus spoke to me, he said that he would bring pay to me, and I said, 'Maski.'"

#### Quarrels about This and That

Silakau tells me that it was Piskaut and Pungmat who were fighting outside my house Tuesday night (August 22). The dog of Malekaien (Pungmat's father) wanted to bite Piskaut, and Piskaut ran him with a stick. Pungmat then said, "Hey! That's a good dog, it's got work, it warns us of a man who wants to poison us." Piskaut sang out, "Do you want to fight?" and Pungmat answered, "Nonnem! (You bet!) I'll go get trousers."<sup>18</sup>

Then Joseph held Piskaut, and Manmanic (Tombat's brother) held Pungmat. The two cried because they wanted to fight so much. Silakau told them, "I think a tamberan ate your liver and you want to fight."

Boserong (Joseph's brother) and Monika (daughter of Yama and her dead husband, Igua, who was a Big Man) were cross about coconuts. Monika said, "All right, Boserong, you can come and puspus<sup>19</sup> me and my children and my mother, we don't have plenty of relatives."

Ngurvarilam and I were listening and smiling at Silakau's recounting of these tales. She said, "This is the month for fights."

SUMMARY: SEPARATIVE TENDENCIES

When two or more persons are in conflict, other people are not expected to intervene in the quarrel to help end it. He who would intervene risks having the anger turned on him. Disputes are viewed as private matters between individuals, unrelated to the public interest. These generalizations apply to marital conflicts<sup>20</sup> as well as to all other kinds of conflicts I observed.

There is no idea that the stronger using all his force against the weaker, as is particularly evident in conflicts between spouses or parents and children, is in some way "unfair" or "out of bounds." Physical force is an important source of order in New Hanover, and I never heard it derogated.

Another sanction, the one-way payment of a fine from the wrong-doer to the wronged, is sometimes used. The quarrel over the stolen betel nuts suggests that it is the admission of guilt, and the upholding of law, that is important, rather than the transfer of funds itself. It is more important for justice to be publicly acclaimed than to have the details of a just claim implemented.

In New Hanover, then, individuals win because they are strong, or because they are right; but no one is responsible for defending the rights of the group, and no one has defined any. It is probably presumed

that obedience to such general laws as those against stealing is in the interests of everyone. It is the law, however, and obedience to the law, not the welfare of the group, that is important.

Mausau tried to belittle stealing, tried to alter the group's conception of it by saying that everyone steals, but nobody really steals because we are all friends and relatives. His attempt to impose this vision of unity was vociferously rejected and led to the reverse: a general review of all the little thefts over which people had been harboring anger in their hearts. Everything came out. Harmony can be achieved, if at all, only through truth and justice, not through redefining theft as brotherly love, it seems, in New Hanover.

#### INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF EXPRESSION

The culture of New Hanover is characterized by informal and spontaneous expressive patterns, rather than by formally expressed, institutionalized patterns. There is no known path, and many New Hanoverians would avoid it if there were one.

#### Social Structure of Emotional Expression

There are supposed to be avoidance relationships between some kinds of kin, but many people do not observe them; nor is there clear agreement on what they are, or that there are any any more. The absence of institutionalization in social structure has been discussed above.<sup>21</sup>

The Big Man status, vaitas, that is known by some in New Hanover is nonfunctional and not well remembered in New Hanover. It was never widespread, apparently. One may question whether or not it was "institutionalized," but informants' stories suggest that it was in the

villages where it was known and where maras seclusions and initiations were carried out.

The insider/outsider division that commonly forms in New Hanover social settings was paralleled by the institutionalized statuses created by maras: vaitas, Big Man; moratipiti, young boys taken into seclusion to become Big Men. Outsiders, who could only stand and watch, were monol, uninitiated boys and men, and women.

There is no indication that vaitas ever had any political authority or respect or power. Their successors, "Big Men" in European categories, certainly had little of either. People said that the lulua could get people to do things, because he had the power to jail people. People obeyed, then, through fear. The Councillor did not have this power, and even he was informal about his office. There is no evidence that feelings of duty or public responsibility ever were institutionally linked to Big Man status, traditional or modern, or that any motive other than fear of consequences prompted men to obey others who occupied this status. If there was ever any prestige or genuine respect involved in leadership, no trace of it remained in 1967.

#### Ritual Techniques and Emotional Expression

While there are no major ceremonies that structure emotional expression in New Hanover, there are some partly formal occasions and some ritual or magical techniques that accompany or create various emotions. Emotional expression is, however, usually spontaneous and individual.

#### Grief

New Hanoverians have funerals at the time of a death and sometimes, later, a wag.<sup>22</sup> I did not see the latter, and I saw only one funeral. It was not in New Hanover itself, but in Kulipuas, in the Tsoi islands.

The dead man was a kantire of Oliver, pupu to his son David, who took me. At this funeral, there were some who cried, but their crying was subdued, and they walked away from the grave and the group seated around it, as though to hide their crying. I was told that the wife of the dead man remained in her house. There was no institutionalized wailing, no mourners who helped the bereaved to cry as there are in New Ireland.

### Love

The institution of love magic affects the expression of love, but perhaps it does more to hide than to articulate it. Love magic helps individuals save face: no one need admit to the weakness of love. The men who use it merely want a woman who has been recalcitrant; and she may claim she has merely fallen prey to mechanical manipulation, not succumbed to anyone's charms. To be compelled by magic is less humiliating for a people who dislike weakness than to be conquered by a love for which one must take some responsibility.

### Suffering

New Hanover culture used to institutionalize an attitude toward suffering. It is good; it makes you strong. The performance of a favorite dance, supai, in the old days required fastening a structure on the back of the dancers with needles constructed from the spines of a plant.<sup>23</sup>

Silakau told me of the time when he performed in the dance Kambai<sup>24</sup> when he was a little boy. He had to sit in cold water before the performance. He asked his papa, "Why? I don't like sitting in this cold water. I will be cold!" His father said, "You cannot understand, but you will later. It is to strengthen you. When you sing, all the women will like you."

The boys who were initiated in maras were at some point whipped with a shrub called arenge, which is a soft plant, a kind of Croton.



Most of the suffering in New Hanover was, however, in response to daily crises. People feel no obligation here to keep a stiff upper lip, but perhaps some slight obligation (or is it only an inclination?) to keep the stories of their miseries amusing.

#### Hate, Jealousy, Fear

The functioning of hate and jealousy has been discussed at some length, but a further word can be said about them in conjunction with fear and "poison." New Hanoverians talk quite a bit about people being "poisoned." They thought that some people had died of it, and they worried when someone was sick that poison was the cause. I never saw or heard of any formal actions being taken to find further evidence for these vague accusations. Once, when I pressed Silakau to explain their beliefs to me, he said, "We are just shooting around. We do not know, and we are just shooting around and about to try to find the answer."

#### Shame

The payment of money or goods was involved in the settling of shame in New Hanover as in New Ireland. The Lavongai villagers bought their shame (sese mungel) for having invited people to a party and then disappearing into the bush (because they could not catch any fish to give them) by having another party and providing well for the visitors. But they also used a great presentation of food in the old days to shame a person with whom they wanted to fight. As in the North American potlatch, the recipient had to return more than he was given if he were to avoid shame.<sup>25</sup>

Kinship "shame" is known in New Hanover, but honored mostly in the breach. Tombat was telling me about shame customs between cross cousins in the old days, concluding by saying, "Today we break the laws of the ancestors. It's another time."

It seems possible, given the local cultural character, that shame may have been confronted and mocked even in the old days in New Hanover. Lavongais were certainly very thick-skinned compared to New Irelanders. No New Irelander would have made fun of his own shame the way Tombat did one day in telling me a story he thought was amusing. He had gone to the Mission hospital to see Sister Liboria because he had a pain in his belly.

"Do you pekpek<sup>26</sup> water?" she kept asking him, as he stood in line with other people, "Do you pekpek water?" Tombat imitated his response, looking down and around and saying, "Sister, you can't ask me in front of plenty of women!" Or sometimes when this happened he would be cross and just answer, "No!" They need a doctor boy, he said. He wishes they had one. One time he had grile (skin infection, tinea) on his bottom, and he told the nurse just that he had grile. She said, "Show it to me." Tombat told her, "I can't show you my ass!" I laughed at all this, which spurred Tombat on to ever greater heights of dramatic interpretation.

Perhaps their tendency to laugh at themselves is what made it possible for Lavongais to endure all the shame of confrontation and jail and ridicule, which they claimed they felt strongly, which came with the Johnson cult. In that case, being able to endure shame was itself a kind of strength, a show of individual integrity, not something of which to be ashamed.

#### Summary

Most emotional expression in New Hanover was not channeled by institutionalized forms, although some techniques for emotional control were known. What were thought of as memories of institutionalization were sometimes talked about, mostly in responses to my questioning; but it may be that times never were as they should have been. Institutionalized

forms may always have been talked about as standards of excellence that came down from the old days, rather than standard operating procedures.

## MODE AND MEDIA OF INTEGRATION

### Introduction

The individualism which characterizes all aspects of New Hanover culture manifests itself in typical modes and media of interaction which function to create an integrated society. Various kinds of evidence point to its being a pattern of integration which is general in New Hanover and which has organized the culture for at least the last three generations. The structural foundation for this pattern lies in the combination of matrilineality and patrilocality, fortified with polygamy. This combination means that women of several different clans and localities may be married to the same man, live in the same house, and bring up children of different clans none of whom live within walking distance of their own land.

Individuals have relationships with other people, and they are based on individual personalities, rather than on conceptions of social roles or group directions. Interactions hone and highlight characteristics of particular individuals, strengths and weaknesses, rather than weaving them together into a whole. Their paths may reinforce, overlap, intersect, or collide. The individual is left alone, free, on display, observed but not helped, as he copes assertively, exploring where he can, doing as he will, trying as he must.

Children seem healthy, but to get fed requires "finding food from someone who is not cross," listening to your mother tell you how you always show up at mealtime but where were you when she needed help,

or getting it yourself. Charm and accusation, deviousness and truth-telling, are contrasting survival techniques everyone learns early. Deceit and theft are as loudly protested as they are frequently employed. Few patterns are institutionalized, other than the one which is most clearly atomizing, i.e., the combination of matrilineality and patrilocality.

The personalities of individual New Hanoverians tend to be open, spontaneous, exploratory, always restlessly seeking the new, which it is hoped will be better. Their lively quest is an assertive one, and many things are dropped, spilled and broken along the way. Everyone slips and falls sometimes while others laugh and go on about their business. They laugh at themselves as well as at each other. They talk continually, weighing and examining, teaching and testing. Often, they clash, and they are cross, but their anger often seems to turn into friendly camaraderie as they find themselves at odds, but together. They do not tarry long in such encounters: they go on, each on his own way, knowing, no doubt, that other impacts lie ahead; hoping that the next one will be the one that, somehow, works.

### Analysis

Here follows a discussion of some of the most prominent modes and media of integration in New Hanover culture.

#### Open Personalities

New Hanoverians are expressive and explicit rather than reserved and evasive. They perceive their own behavior clearly and understand their own personalities. Lacking formal institutions, they need to perceive patterns in order to move with some confidence and predictability through their world.

Knowing what people are really like, whether it is oneself or others, is of central importance, an end in itself. Oliver said, in an interview with Father Miller, "We want this, that's all. Maski America doesn't ~~come~~, we stay with our like, that's all. Suppose we bugger up, all right, we bugger up for a liking that belongs to us." To "know thyself" was more important than to adapt, falsely, in order to be right, or to win.

Perhaps there were things that the Lavongais did not tell me, but compared to the New Irelanders they were very open. I think New Irelanders are just as perceptive as New Hanoverians, but they generally find it better to keep their perceptions to themselves.

### Spontaneous

New Hanoverians are spontaneous, individual, and personal in their expressions. They do not have to please the group. How the individual accomplishes his relationships with others is his business.

But all behavior is patterned, and spontaneity, itself, is one of the recurring patterns that identifies the cultural character of Lavongais. The following incident illustrates a rapid succession of changes in emotion, all expressed openly and spontaneously in ways that were partly institutionalized, partly improvised, and wholly New Hanoverian.

One day I went from Mary's house, where all was peaceful, to the mission. I came back within half an hour. Her five-year-old daughter, Molly,<sup>27</sup> ran down to the beach to meet me. She took my hand and told me her story in a casual way, interested but not agitated.

Molly: Mama and Patty<sup>28</sup> have fought.

DB: What about?

M: Pawpaw. Patty stole the pawpaw that belonged to everyone.

DB: Were they just cross with their mouths? (That is, was their anger just verbal?)

M: Yes.

DB: Did they fight?

M: Yes.

DB: With their hands?

M: No, with a knife.

DB: Blood?

M: Yes. Mama has already given her a lap lap, and the two have chewed betel nut.

DB: The quarrel is finished?

M: Yes.

Within a few minutes, Mary brought me a beautifully cooked sago loaf, the only time she spontaneously gave me food while I was in Lavongai. I think her feelings of guilt about being inhospitable sprang up over Patty, and lasted long enough for her to bring me a sago loaf (as she had many times promised she would in exchange for all the cigarettes I had given her). Like most New Hanoverians, Mary cannot make empty, formal gestures. She used an institutionalized means of settling a quarrel, i.e., chewing betel nut together, along with the improvised giving of a gift rather than some set amount of money. Then, still feeling bad, she brought me a gift, though we had had no quarrel. But she must have begun to regret that gift and to feel that she had given too much, because a few minutes later she sent John over to get a tin of meat to go with their sago. I gave him my last tin of meat and told him so when he complained that he did not like that kind; nevertheless, they did not ask me to bring my sago and join them to share the tinned meat.

In New Hanover, spontaneous emotional expressions kept surging forth but not without pattern. The patterns were clear, but the timing

was unpredictable, and one always had to be ready to parry the next shot. Mary's swings of emotional expression were probably greater than some other people's, but she was by no means bizarre. She was a hard worker who probably often felt put-upon, with some justification. In the incident described here, Mary was struggling on several fronts to defend her own integrity, to block those who would exploit her without offending those from whom she might hope to have help sometime.

#### Nothing to Do

In a culture which relies primarily on spontaneous impulse to create activities, there often seems to be nothing to do while waiting for an inspiration. Even when inspiration is present, it may find no form.

One day (February 15) Josephine, Morris, Pase, John and some other children came to my house on the way back home from school. Morris went to get the guitar that Piskaut made. One kid shot another with the Pop Gun. The one hit cried, and Pase (the epileptic grandson of Malekaien) went to find out what had happened. He said, "You shit" to the one with the gun, but he did not touch either child or do anything else, and the crying one went away, hit in the left chest.

When they all first came in, Morris (aged about 12) came up behind Josephine (about 5), picked her up and hugged her. After Morris got the guitar, they all tried, unsuccessfully, to get up a song. They sang the first bar of several, then did not go on. In fifteen minutes they did not finish any of the several songs they began.

They tried one that all the girls know how to dance, they said: "Hallelujah." Josephine and another little child put their hands on their hips, pointed and stepped, hands above heads. Someone brought Antonio (age two) to the edge of the verandah, and Josephine (her sister)

went to get her. Josephine first put Antonio on her hip, then on her lap, then jiggled her hands in time to the music.

Finally, Morris and some others briefly tried some American songs. Then they all left.<sup>29</sup>

It is difficult for New Hanoverians to accomplish regular and ample food production because of their general preference for spontaneous over prescribed activities. One of my friends worked hard one day in the bush and came back glowing. He said that he always felt much better when he had worked. And yet every day he had to make the decision again: should he go to the bush, or did his toe hurt too much? He went perhaps once a week and then usually only for a few hours. The absence of routine, and cultural pressures that denigrated the whole idea of "routine" and preferred intensity, forced people to consider and reconsider whatever they did, and things that required overcoming inertia tended not to get done.

#### Exploration, Change

Lavongais do not object to a life surrounded by a swirl of intense emotional interactions through which they must walk attentively. They like novelty, the new and different, or so they think. All their relationships have an exploratory, experimental quality about them: how far can you go, how near can you get? In the Johnson cult, they said they wanted new lap laps (speaking metaphorically). The old ones are all right; there is nothing wrong with them, but we are tired of them, and we want new ones. They wanted to "try" a new country, they liked to "try" new people, and they liked to try new things. The Lavongais wanted to taste every kind of tinned food I had, even though they did not like much of it, whereas the New Irelanders preferred to have me give them the kind they ate all the time, the one they knew they liked.



Lavongais liked to be confronted with new situations where they had a chance to play and move creatively. This is the best explanation I can think of for why they behaved so differently from New Irelanders in their relationship to rain. Here follow two brief excerpts from my notebooks.

Rain about 1 p.m. (February 10), and these women didn't run and huddle in fear as Mangai does. Some kids ran; some women walked back out again in the rain, casually. I see women going about under banana leaves. Silakau is leaving my house under a piece of plastic. (Mangai residents would have waited for the rain to finish.)

A woman from Joseph's establishment is now (February 25) washing clothes in the rain water gushing down from the eaves that are supposed to be connected to the Council tank, but are not. Very efficiency-conscious. She just looked over, I waved and smiled, and she laughed.

Some research done on exploratory behavior gives an added dimension to understanding here. As an aspect of Alan Lomax's work, Ayres surveyed the literature on the relationship between stimulation of infants and adult behavior. Most of this research deals with laboratory animals, but there is some research in human societies that confirms the same general ideas. Ayre's study suggests that "infant stress should produce adults who are bolder, more exploratory, and who have less tendency to avoid novel stimuli."<sup>30</sup> In my judgment, New Hanover infants are certainly far more stressed than New Ireland ones, although neither group suffers ear-piercing, circumcision and the like; and New Hanover adults are far more exploratory in their interests than are New Irelanders.

The pleasure in new stimuli, in exploring, in change may also

partly explain why New Hanoverians do not seem to want answers to their questions. This has been noted by everyone who has tried to communicate with them.<sup>31</sup> They like wondering, curiosity, adventure; and answers mean closure, blocking off, restriction of freedom and free fancy.

Father Miller had started an adult education class at the mission, and quite a few people came at first; but gradually they quit coming, and there was no point in going on with it. One would think that "education" would offer the new stimuli they seem to seek, but apparently it is not worth the psychic price.

#### Kinesics

New Hanoverians did not enjoy slow, careful, repetitive processes, and all of their material goods reflected their preference for fast, assertive, spontaneous movement.

Manufactures: The sago they processed oozed out of the leaves hastily thrown around it in the bush. They produce only enough sago for a few days at most, and often only enough for one day, partly because they dislike the tedious production process and partly because they do not make any kind of container comparable to the sewn-up leaf bags systematically produced in New Ireland in which they could store and preserve surplus sago.

New Hanover women did not know how to weave mats. They sewed together karuka, mats made from a long leaf about three inches wide. I saw only three in Lavongai village. People had nearly all switched to buying Chinese mats at the store. (New Irelanders still use many more mats that they have made themselves, though one occasionally sees a Chinese-made store-bought mat there.)

New Hanoverians do not like to make things, and they do not like to work in a routine manner with their hands to produce food or anything

else. The culturally fostered impatience with careful, detailed, repetitive work is one source for the great desire Lavongais have for money. They like to buy things.

Clumsy, Destructive: In the New Hanover world, people do not move carefully among their kind or among their things. One day I noted, "Josephine is chewing violently on the plastic handle of my nylon bag. New Ireland kids never used phoney oral things, nor would they have risked destroying the handles of my bag." Silakau, her father, said that Josephine was a girl who always broke everything she got into her hands. However, my observations indicated that she was typical. Objects were broken, torn, lost, spilled. I was told of several occasions when women who were angry with their husbands broke plates, tore clothes, and threw things into the sea. Piskaut's child killed a pet bird with a stick.

Physical "Stroking": Children are physically assertive, rather than physically responsive as they are in New Ireland. They want to be held and patted and "stroked"<sup>32</sup> more than they are, and they express their need by hanging, clinging, and obstructing adults; and by wrestling, tussling, and slapping each other. Keith Hill noted that New Hanover children were much more affectionate than New Ireland children: they would sit on his lap for as long as he would let them (Josephine once sat on his lap for over an hour). New Hanover children also sought my attention, lap-sitting, hugs, whereas New Ireland children cried if I came near, until they were six or seven and could understand, from adult urgings, that it was polite to treat me more like a regular person. I think it was not that New Hanover children were more affectionate than New Ireland children, but that the need to receive physically manifested affection was not met in New Hanover as it was in New Ireland. Children were expected to become independent as soon as possible so that no one

would have to be responsible for them, and adults tended to push them away, along with their insistent demands to remain dependent.

In New Ireland I almost never noticed a child giving any sign of need, because by the time I noticed it the mother or someone else had already attended to it. But in New Hanover, I was regularly concerned about some child's manifestations of a desire for attention while other adults went on talking, either without noticing or without taking action or without taking affective action. The following incident is an example.

While I was writing the genealogy of Makaanbengebengemailik (Tombat's wife), her two children were interacting--fighting or pawing, laughing, crying at each other. Regina (the second-last child) kept snuggling behind mama in the basket chair, hiding under the extra lap lap which was used as the baby's carrying sling, perhaps wishing she could get into it. Regina fussed until I brought out the pussy cat for her to see, then again until I got her some PK (chewing gum). It was actually a struggle to do the genealogy, because the kids were so restless.

On another occasion, when Joseph was explaining some songs to me, I wrote, "I am annoyed at all the movements and giggles and agitations of the kids. And they are in The Way for me and others. This could not happen in Mangai!" I wrote the note to help to explain to myself why the adults often seemed quite brusque with the children, to remind myself that full-time responsibility for such children could wear a parent thin.<sup>33</sup>

There was only one occasion when I interfered on a child's behalf, by responding to its nonverbal demands which local adults were ignoring, because I thought it was in danger. As I walked along the beach toward my house, I saw a tiny child, less than two years old, sitting in the sea in water over its waist, crying and sobbing as hard as it could. Seated about twenty feet away on the beach was a collection of three or four

women. Seeing them, I felt reassured that someone was taking care of the agonized little child. I was new in Lavongai, and I did not know either the child or the women, but I suddenly remembered that a gaggle of nearly a dozen children, some very small, had gravitated to my verandah one morning during my first week in Lavongai and that when I saw that some of the little ones were in danger of falling off the verandah (a distance of about six feet) I had made them all leave. They had been present, as they would not have been in New Ireland, without adult supervision. So I asked the Lavongai women if this was their baby. There was no clear response. In any case, they continued to sit. I was afraid that a wave would come and rise over the baby's head and that, in its sobbing, it would drown; so I went to get it. To my surprise, it stopped crying when I picked it up. (I was used to having New Ireland children of that age cry if I came near.) I took it to my nearby house, gave it some chewing gum,<sup>34</sup> and put it out, all cleared up. It was this incident that made me aware that in New Hanover people did not take responsibility for their own or other people's avoidance of physical danger; danger, that is, as I saw it. There were no serious accidents while I was in Lavongai.

Space Relations: It was hard to budge a bunch of Lavongais in response to other people's movements. Whereas in New Ireland people had already rearranged themselves on the mat by the time a newcomer arrived in order to make room for him or her, in New Hanover there were no mats to sit on, and no one moved over to accommodate a newcomer to a group. If I were on my verandah and lots of people were there, I always had to pick my way amongst them, especially the children, to get anywhere.

I first noticed this unresponsiveness to other people's movement one night when I was invited to visit Aping, the old Chinese man who

kept a store in Lavongai. Aping invited me for a beer once on a Saturday night, about two weeks after I arrived in Lavongai, and I was glad to go. He talked quite easily about his history. He had only been in Lavongai for two years. Before, he had lived in Baungung village, his wife's father's place.

His wife never did sit down while I was there. She was about, back and forth, standing at the door and at the window talking with other people who had gathered around. She kept them outside for a while; then she let them in. Suddenly, the room was full, at least twenty young people and children, crouched, kneeling, standing, pushing. I was annoyed, as I had a hard time first talking with Aping and then getting people out of my way when I wanted to try to leave gracefully. Aping had clearly had enough, and I thought that since his neighbors had followed me in, I should try to make them follow me out. I finally spoke quite sharply and got through.

Later, I noticed this physical unresponsiveness in relation to the environment in general. But it is not just unresponsiveness. People get "stroked" by all the pushing and bumping. They are like Italians in a traffic jam, all yelling at each other. They are restricted by the dense and demanding presence of their compatriots, and they are shouting about freedom, but they probably would miss the crowded confusion if they found a way to avoid it.

Playing: New Hanover children manifest the restless interest in playing with things that Americans know in their own children. We call these characteristics "playing" and "curiosity." New Hanover children rushed to pick up any scrap of paper I discarded. They looked at it, twisted it, tore it, wrapped it around their fingers. When I asked Sister Liboria about this kind of behavior, she said she always gave

the children empty boxes and bottles from the mission hospital, and they were eager to have them to play with. While they often looked at magazines with a sustained interest that went beyond kinesic play, they also played with magazines as objects. As pointed out previously, they handled the magazines destructively, although the destructiveness was not openly deliberate.<sup>35</sup>

Sister Liboria said that the New Hanoverians have a "lively personality," that she noticed it right away when she came to Lavongai Mission from Lihir in 1962, where she had been for two years. Sister Fedelio was present when Sister Liboria said this and seemed to disagree. She had been in Lihir for many years and had great respect for the Lihir people. She was then in Kavieng, where she had people from both New Hanover and Lihir working for her, and she said that the Lihir people worked harder than the New Hanover ones. Sister Liboria then said that when she said "lively" she was referring only to their personalities, not to their ability to work. I gathered she agreed with Sister Fedelio's comparison on this subject. From what I learned in general conversations with Sister Liboria, I believe she was referring to the "playful" quality we noticed in the people when she called them "lively."

#### Talking

One very important mode of integration that is prominent in New Hanover (and of secondary importance in New Ireland) is talking, or "greasing." That is what the men used to do in the rangama house in the old days, and that is what they really like to do nowadays. They talk about things that happened to them when they were children; about the day's events, evaluating them; and about ideas they have, questions they have (which they do not want answered), their needs, their hopes. Their discussion of events was quite different from the blow-by-blow descriptive accounts (which usually carried meanings, I think, that I

missed while I was there, meanings about people helping each other) that New Irelanders typically gave. New Hanoverians wanted to make a good story, at whatever cost to accuracy or reputation.

Tombat was particularly good with words and stories. One day he was sitting on my verandah just resting. My black and white cat was lying around, as always. Tombat watched her for a minute, then said: "The pussycat rests while the sun is out. At night, work! Its work: soldier. Watch." Thus Tombat made a dramatic little story out of a completely routine situation.

Another time he said, "We are inside a net, just like all the fish, who think: 'Do I live or die? If I go under the ball (sinker), life.' Some, who are too big, come up on the beach: 'Oh, maski (they think)."

Tombat was interested in language.<sup>36</sup> He said his mother could pray in the Tolai language, which the Catholic Church used to use, and he used to ask her to pray in that language just so that he could hear it.

Tombat understood that talking had functions and that it increased when there was no Council or Board to direct and organize village activities. During one long night's talk, he said that if the place had a Council, a Board, a Committee, everything could run well. But people at the meeting were laughing about their unwillingness to follow formal directives. "Do you hear (obey) the talk of the Board? No," Pamais had said. Pamais made everyone laugh by saying, "The fourth commandment, 'Hear the word of God.'" Then Tombat said, "What is this? If we had a Captain to look after the ship, then it would not go on the reef." Lacking that leadership, however, "the talk is enough to go up to the Last Day."

The quantity of talk in New Hanover is related not only to the absence of leadership but to the absence of standard, reliable relationships of all kinds amongst people. Patterns are inexplicit, and Lavongais talk,



"grease" a lot about what is going on in order to keep themselves informed of structure that is not institutionalized.

The conversation the men used to have in the rangama house was often joking, but it had serious functions to fulfill. Tombat told me that he and Kase and Silakau, who were present, had eaten with their families; but before their time, all the women cooked, and all the men ate in the rangama house. I asked why this fashion had ended. Tombat said, "Because today there is too much work, work for money. We can't sit down and eat and talk in the rangama. We have tax, have to buy lap laps for the kids--and we like money, too. Today we do not have plenty of food. Before, we had plenty. Before, we had taro. Today, we like sago. We no longer learn to eat taro." Thus, with changing times and new demands, the opportunities to "grease" were diminishing.

#### Self-Mockery and Mockery

Much of the storytelling and laughing and greasing in New Hanover consisted of stories wherein people made fun of themselves, either as individuals or as a group. One day Joseph and his mother were at my house, and Joseph told a story about another man's attempt, full of failure, to kill a pig. As he told the story, he demonstrated on his old mother, who smiled at the performance. "The pig was about to eat his balls," Joseph said, stepping over his old mum as he held her ears. He danced and jigged from one foot to another in imitation of the unfortunate pig-killer, calling out in vain for help. Finally, he could not wait for help, and he cut the pig's neck, by which time he no longer had a lap lap!

Many of the stories are about people's inadequacies in situations where we would expect them to be very adequate: fishing, killing pigs, and the like. They do not seem to feel competent or well-schooled in these essential activities. However, their satire is far flung: they

mock not only their subsistence abilities, but their own characters as well. One evening (June 28), Joseph and Silakau and others were "greasing" on my verandah. Joseph contrasted the ways of the white-skins with the ways of "aAll of us black-skins"--scathingly, but with humor, toward the black-skins. "I savvy about the ways inside of him, of him, of him, of him," Joseph said, pointing to his compatriots, who sat there smiling slightly. "We lie. It is our way."

Lavongai character was commonly mentioned in conversation and did not seem to be a topic that was sensitive or esoteric. At a PTA meeting one Sunday, where work was being discussed, Daniel Bokaf, a teacher from New Ireland who worked hard for the people and who was well liked and about to be elected (instead of President Johnson) to the House of Assembly (in 1968) said, good-naturedly, "I savvy well the ways of all Tungak:<sup>37</sup> gamon. Story. Gamon, that's all."

And on another occasion (June 26), Silakau said, "The fashion of Lavongai (is to) catch a bit of talk and turn it, gamon (lie, fool), make it big." Alatun means "make it big, so that the women will think it's true."

The women are, of course, aware that they are being teased. On February 28, my 18th day in New Hanover, Ngurvarilam and her sister, Ngurkaptain, told me, on our way to the gardens, what all the bad words (names for sexual parts) were that I should beware of, and if a man shouted them out to me I was to be angry and not allow it. They wanted to be sure that I knew what was going on so I would not have advantage taken of me. They told me all this with much laughter, which indicated to me that it was a game, but one which they did not want to lose, and did not want me to lose for them.

On our way back from the gardens that day, I stepped in a soft spot and sunk in to my thigh. Oh, sorry, they said. I expected to be teased, but, instead, they engaged in a bit of self-mockery. Ngurkaptain said that Ngurvarilam always went fast and that she herself had to run behind like a dog. When we got back, Ngurkaptain lay down by the door "like a dog," and we stepped over her "like a dog," playing with this idea which she had introduced really to spare my feelings of shame for my incompetent walking. We were also enjoying the little drama she had worked up.

I played some of my tapes from New Ireland one night (February 26), and Joseph and some others sang along with one or two songs they knew. They seemed quite interested, but Joseph never played the "straight man." He sang along, then cleared his throat in mocking imitation of the singers on the tape, getting a laugh from his audience.

A "laugh-getter" had been, apparently, an institutionalized role in New Hanover. "Marsalai" man is pidgin talk for a man who jokes. Yangalik said that in local language Kuskurek is a man who gets up laughter, who talks playfully, who gets people to laugh. I saw individual clown acts at singsings in New Hanover and by Lavongai performers in New Ireland. All men before used to talk playfully, to kuskurek, Silakau told me. He gave an example of a particular kind of joke from before: "Your tamboos would give you a hard chunk of sago." Then they would laugh when you tried politely to eat it. This example implies a characteristic, though not institutionalized, joking relationship between certain kinds of kin between whom there was supposed to be some kind of restraint.

Mockery is well known as a cultural pattern that affects people's behavior. One day (June 24) at Legio (Legion of Mary meeting), the excuse sent by a woman for not coming was that Kasau had talked against her: "You can't sleep, you just wait for all Wednesdays, Wednesday you

go to Legio." The Legion of Mary is a lay persons' group that helps the work of the church. One important task this group has had is to talk to people whose marriages have broken up or are about to break up, and to try to help them to get back together. People do not like to have pressure put on them in these matters, which is probably why Kasau made his mocking remarks.

When Father Miller heard this excuse, he said, "People talk against me all the time, but I go on with my work."

Once before, when this happened, Silakau, who is very active in this group, told me that this idea of not coming because you are shamed by some bad talk was just gamon. "They are just lazy." The excuse is, however, a culturally familiar one, respectable if not acceptable.<sup>38</sup>

The frequent references to New Hanover as a "rubbish place" was partly self-mockery, but partly a serious evaluation of themselves which led to some of their self-mockery. Lavongais laughed at themselves for their way, but sometimes they were sad. "Ours is a 'rubbish' place, and a 'rubbish' fashion," I heard, many times, from different people. They meant that they lived "like a dog or a pig," in thatch houses instead of in houses like European houses, with iron roofs. But they were referring also to their continual fighting, their inability to get anything done, to organize, to work, to lead, to follow; to know what was worth doing, to know how to do it, and why.

#### Angry Interactions

In New Hanover, relationships between individuals are achieved partly through hostile transactions.<sup>39</sup> Relationships that are close are characterized by more frequent, and more hostile (within limits), transactions than relationships that are distant. Hostilities range along a continuum, from physical beating to harsh baiting to mild ridicule to joking and self-disparagement.

These transactions may be initiated with more or less deliberate intention to achieve a relationship where there is none. It is an assertive demand for a response, the peck trying to win not only the grain but, just in case, dominance over others which assures a steady supply.

Public quarrels in New Hanover are a mode of integration. As indicated in the example given,<sup>40</sup> people come together, discuss, become angry, shout; and then laugh at themselves, together. Sometimes quarrels evolve into fist fights, and men enjoy telling of their fist fights over and over again, reliving them dramatically and kinesically, punching into the air.

I did not become openly angry in Lavongai until my fifth week there, though I had felt angry several times and had begun to be on guard. When I finally blew up over a provocation that I thought had to be deliberate, the offender, my friend Silakau, laughed. I was very surprised, because my anger in New Ireland would have meant a formal break. Everyone would have left.

Gradually, I came to see that scolding and teasing put people at ease with me. I then began to notice that, quite often, people would tell me that someone had scolded them, and they seemed to feel good about it. People scolding each other produced light gaiety. It was as though they now felt understood: they were all rascals. I was conscious of not wanting to give in to anger, because I thought that it would open the way for us to deal with each other on something other than a moral, trusting level; and it did. Scolding became a necessary part of my defense of territory.<sup>41</sup>

I became sometimes a kind of scolding mother, not only to the children, but to some of the men who lay around on my verandah. In a way, they did not want to grow up. They wanted to stay children so that they

could expect other, stronger people to be sorry for them, to help them. They wanted to stay rubbish people so that they would not have to be responsible to a structured system of existence that limits the free spirit of the individual. Being rubbish people is a sign of naturalness, purity, the absence of corruption. If it is hard for the rich to get to heaven, it should be easy for the poor, who must be honest and innocent.

If anger binds together those who oppose each other, it more clearly binds those who are on the same side together. Piskaut told me once how he came to be accepted in Lavongai, though his home village is Meteran, because he helped the Lavongai boys fight the boys from elsewhere. I had asked him to tell me about his youth and about some of the other men who were young boys when he was. He told me that Abo (the Mission catechist) had taught them, because there was no regular school then. "Everyone did not come regularly to church, they big-headed around and about." Piskaut was a little older than some, and Pungmat and Lewis were older than he was; "But the two didn't help us well. It was me who looked after everyone. It was their way, they had to fight the boys of another place. Those two didn't help our boys, but I did." Today, Piskaut said, if there's just a little quarrel, it comes out in football games. "I don't belong here, I belong at Meteran," Piskaut said. "But I helped the boys of Lavongai, and they said, 'Oh, a good man, he can stay.'"

The propensity to "tell on" each other in New Hanover has the effect of creating divisions, on one side of which, at least, a person is likely to have a friend. Nebi, Joseph's first of his present two wives, came and asked me for a cigarette one day, saying that "everyone is cross" at her house, and no one would give her one. I later learned that she had complained to Joseph that Nepungup, the second of Joseph's present

wives (and a sister of some degree to Nebi) was always "telling on" her to Joseph. Joseph then beat up Nepungup in response to Nebi's "telling on" her. This had put Joseph, apparently, on Nebi's side, but now Nebi and Nepungup were asunder.

Sister Liboria was one of the people to whom people often went with tales of woe. "Their whole lives are For and Against," she told me one day. "They're either for something or against something." In this way, they were with some and against others, and always for Justice. Being cross had almost a sacred quality about it, which I think derived from its kinship with justice and courage. It was an emotional state that had been sought in the old days for warfare, and it was valued when it was really achieved. It was sought in the Johnson cult. It signified a stand taken, always on the right side. Taking such a stand is what used to make a boy a man. Perhaps it still does.

#### Going It Alone

The concept of "help" is not much talked of in New Hanover. When someone worked for someone else, pay was expected. The person who worked for someone else "worked as a laborer" (pidgin: wok boi) for someone else, a demeaning position unless compensation was received.

In New Ireland, people with sago invited others to come along to join a work group, whereas in New Hanover, people without sago had to "sing out to someone with sago," to ask to go along. The individual was expected to take the initiative to meet his needs. One day, Silakau said something about asking his tambo to help him with something, and Ngurvarilam said, with disapproval in her tone, "Why sing out to your tambo?" She meant that he should do the work himself.

Food is a medium of relationships in New Hanover, as it is in New Ireland. The mode associated with food is, however, rejection and

exclusion, rather than inclusion. Food is there, but it must be taken, because it is not given.

Adults do not help children to do things in this society. They do not give them much savvy, but, then, no one ever gave much to those who are now grown up, either. Knowledge seems not to be deliberately withheld by those who wish to maintain exclusive access to land or skills, but practical knowledge does seem not to be freely available to the young. Still, Pakau (who made nets and canoes) complained that the young did not come to ask him, to take his knowledge from him. Perhaps there is a mutual disinclination to depend on each other. Children are sometimes eager to show themselves to be self-reliant and an asset to their parents, and parents scoff at children for not doing what they probably do not know how to do. Thus, children do not like to admit ignorance. The need to appear to know no doubt contributes to the absence of instruction.

The individualism of New Hanover is not just a matter of social structure or intellectual resources. People are emotionally separated and, I think, lonely. This is an inference, but it is one which I think people would quickly confirm if asked. Lavongais occasionally had pets: a dog, a baby pig, even a wild bird. I mentioned Oliver's white dog, Snowball. I did not often see them seek affection from animals, but they did have pets, and New Irelanders did not.

#### An Enduring Pattern

The patterns of integration that I have described here are, I believe, widespread and of long standing in New Hanover. Once, I asked Joseph if the New Hanover fashion of not obeying a boss was a general one in New Hanover, and he answered, "My wives can tell you this fashion of not hearing when someone tells you what to do is the same all the way to Tutuilla (their home village)."



Perhaps the best evidence there is that it has at least two generations' time depth comes from an interview with Lumbua of Saula village.

Lumbua is probably the oldest man in the Lavongai Mission area. He and his very old wife still walk down the mountain from Saula village on Sundays to come to church. All his children are dead, he told me. They had plenty, but they all got sores or something, and not one is alive. One went to work at Vunepope, the large Catholic Mission station near Rabaul, and he died there.

Lumbua's story is of interest here primarily because it contains evidence that what I saw as the New Hanover cultural character in 1967 was functioning in his youth, and in him as an old man, and was not a temporary distortion due to the effects of the cult, as some people argued or presumed. Lumbua talked on and on with very little prompting, pinched and teased me, told with a merry sparkle in his eyes of the times he had confronted, and bested, authority figures, of the times when he had been wronged, and of his own innocence.

In the old days Lavongais used to fight with spears against men both close and far away. Then they brought Buliminski to Kavieng and put a European, Sali, at Baungung. Lumbua worked for him, making copra. Then he went and worked on a plantation near Kavieng, near one of his kantire, then returned and stayed three years with Master Sali. When his second term of work at Baungung finished, he came back home to Saula and stayed a little. His two kantire, one of whom was boss at Ungat, took the box he had earned for his three years' work and sold it for ten shillings to throw away to the kiap (for taxes). His two kantire took this box for nothing! Then two kiaps came to sing out for him: "Where is your (tax) money?" He did not have any, and his name went to Kavieng in a book because he had not paid his taxes.

Buliminski was not a good man, Lumbua said. He liked to jail people all the time. Lumbua was only very small when Buliminski sang out for everyone (to pay taxes). People stood up at the door to his office (in Kavieng), and they were afraid. Lumbua (who had gone to Kavieng) stood up at the edge of the group. A police master pulled him by the hand and took him to Buliminski. Buliminski said, "You are only a little boy." The police master said, "I see him all the time at the storehouse." Lumbua said, "I worked hard planting taro; I didn't know the clerk wanted me (to pay taxes)." Buliminski said, "You are lying," and Lumbua said, "I am not lying. If I were afraid because I am lying, I would not have been up to coming to you." Buliminski said, "You tell the truth. Do you have this money?" Lumbua said, "Yes." Buliminski said, "All right, you come and pay your tax tomorrow, go sleep in the jail tonight." So he did. He stayed through three Sundays in Kavieng, and he slept in the jailhouse. Others cut the grass; he went to get grass for the bulamakau, that is, the horse.

The kiap talked to a master from an island near Kavieng and asked him to take Lumbua back to New Hanover when he went to Tingwon in his pinnace. He didn't bring Lumbua straight to Saula; "he wanted to steal us to go to Tingwon." The pinnace went to Noipus, and Lumbua got off. Then he "broke the bush" to get back to Saula. Two weeks later he went to Sali's plantation again. "I can't sit down well," he said. He remained with Sali three years. <sup>42</sup>

Then he came to Lavongai to work on the mission. "They made a new work: all men planted coconuts." There was no Father there at the time, only a man, Peselia, and his wife. He thinks they were both Malay. Lumbua worked three years. Peselia and his wife died. They were old. Panape, who had helped Peselia, was now boss. Lumbua thinks he was

Malay too. Lumbua was boss boy and worked two more years, "looking after the men." Then he went home. He already had hair on his face and had worked ten years for the mission. Some men in his village had died. They had bought his wife, Daneroro, for ten mias, when both were small, and she was staying with her kantire in Ungat. "We have been married a long time," he said, and there were "no wrongs" (which often end marriages). He got his wife with mias that he got around and about. Everyone wanted something from the box of goods with which he was paid: lap lap, knife, or whatever, and he got mias in exchange for them.

Finally, Father Kuster came, and it was he who built the church. "We worked free to build it," Lumbua remembered.

There are several incidents in Lumbua's story that suggest a total pattern similar to that which characterized the culture of New Hanover in 1967. In Lumbua's youth, as in 1967, marriage was not a group affair. Lumbua said that his wife had been bought for him when they were both small, but when he returned from work he obtained mias to complete the transaction, not from his relatives as gifts but by selling his goods.

There was no concept of "gift" or of the public interest, either, in his memory of the building of the church. He said that they worked "free."<sup>43</sup> Even at this time, in the 1930's, money was the proper medium of exchange for labor, and it was the individual's job to somehow acquire it. In his culture it had certainly been a remarkable thing that people worked without pay to build the church.

Lumbua also told me that he had worked for Europeans when he was very young, and his earnings, the great box of goods from the store with which the Germans used to pay their labor every three years, was taken from him by his own clansmen so that they could pay their taxes. As a result, he, and not they, was called into Buliminski's office as a tax defaulter, and he spent three weeks in jail.

He had apparently enjoyed his encounter with Buliminski. He presented himself as innocent and honest, just as the cultists presented themselves to the kiaps many years later. He apparently had succeeded in making Buliminski feel sorry for him. The time in jail was apparently as much protective as punitive. Buliminski took it upon himself to find a way to send the young, too young, Lumbua back home.

And why was this young boy around and about on his own? I do not know how old he was when his parents died, but the fact that his kantire, rather than his father, stole his earnings implies that he had already lost his father. Those whom he might have hoped would help him instead exploited him. He talked as though he had sought and enjoyed his restless wandering when he was young, but he probably did not have a secure, settled alternative.

It was hard to understand Lumbua's speech, a bit craggy and toothless with time, and lacking in details that did not interest him. I was never sure quite where we were, in time or space. What is interesting is that in a story where so much was unclear, what was clear were the modes and media of interaction which I later came to recognize as characteristic of New Hanover, but which I had not yet sorted out when I spoke to Lumbua (February 20).

#### Summary

From the point of view of the outsider, people in New Hanover seemed to be having a good time. They laughed a lot, they talked, they joked, they enjoyed themselves at parties. They seemed to be involved in "games" that they enjoyed.

But their interpersonal transactions<sup>44</sup> never achieved the intimacy that ends the game. They could not count on the nuclear family to provide

minimal services when they were in need, e.g., when they were sick. They always had to be ready to assert themselves on behalf of themselves, or against exploitation, or to find a little fun. Their interactions are divisive, and, in the end, the individual is isolated. New Hanoverians turn restlessly to Europeans, to outsiders, to pets, to the "new," in hopes of finding what they have learned they cannot find amongst themselves.

## C H A P T E R   T E N

## THE   ARTS

INTRODUCTION

The arts in New Hanover have not acquired fame and comment from the outside world as have the arts of New Ireland, a fate which does justice to their plastic, but probably not to their verbal and dramatic, arts. Their songs and dances superficially look much like those of New Ireland, although even the casual observer is likely to notice that New Hanoverians use more modern materials, in particular paper and colored yarn, in constructing their costumes and headdresses than do New Irelanders and leave a general impression of having spent less effort to get something together to dress themselves up in. I once heard a Catholic Mission Sister who had been stationed for many years at Vunapope near Rabaul pronounce New Hanover's efforts at decorating themselves and their surroundings for a show as poor, indeed, compared to what the Tolais of New Britain would have accomplished. Her impression is probably that which any casual traveller would have and is generally correct. New Hanoverians do not spend much time on ritual events, whether in conjunction with religious or secular celebrations.

I will dwell here on the performances I saw that impressed me as being characteristically New Hanoverian and not seen at all in New Ireland. I saw many more dances in New Ireland than I did in New Hanover, and heard many more songs, and saw many more carvings. My description here must be given with less detail, and less confidence, and assigned less importance. I think the performances I saw were less important to the New Hanoverians than were the performances I saw in New Ireland, just as

all organized expression is less important in New Hanover than it is in New Ireland. I cannot do justice to the verbal arts in either place, but I think that this is probably a much more serious omission in New Hanover than in New Ireland.

In the preceding chapters, I have tried to show that the culture of New Hanover is, in general, individualistic. In this chapter, that description is extended to all the arts. General behavior as well as the arts of song, dance, and carving may be described as spontaneous (not careful), irregular (not graceful), general (not detailed), assertive (not reserved), rough, and uncontrolled. This description gains support and interpretation, as does the comparable description given for New Ireland, from general theories, in particular those of Hauser and Lomax, which refer directly to the arts.

#### NEW HANOVER ARTS

##### The Dance

##### Structure of Performing Groups and of Dances

Many of the same dances are performed in New Hanover as are performed in New Ireland: they are called by the same names (e.g., Solomon, Sakambul), and they look very much alike. This is particularly true of the women's dances, which are accomplished by a group of women arranged in rows proceeding forward. The men's dance, Solomon, which is said to come from the Solomon islands, has the same general form: rows of men all facing in the same direction and proceeding forward. This dance involves, however, some squatting and even lying on the ground, which is not found in any of the women's dances.

It was not until 1974 that I saw the performance of Sakambul, Sukuk, and Kambai, all men's dances. The former two follow a pattern

similar to that described for Solomon. It is Kambai which is of special interest here, because it is a dance which New Hanoverians regard as their own and which uses elements that display Lavongai characteristics, just as Tantanua is a dance which belongs, historically and stylistically, peculiarly to New Ireland.

I had heard more about Kambai in 1967 than about any other dance, both because it was a dance that was indigenous to New Hanover (and not known elsewhere) and also because Silakau and Timui had both participated in it when they were children and remembered their participation nostalgically. In Kambai, men and boys dance around a decorated tree, circling first in one direction and then in the other, singing as they go.

I have already described the reenactments of the jailing of the Johnson cultists that were presented along with traditional dances on several occasions.<sup>1</sup> These dramas involved the use of some men in solo parts, e.g., policeman, kiap, along with groups of other men in lines, like the lines that marched into jail in their red lap laps.

One other kind of performance occurred that I think is characteristically New Hanoverian: that of the individual clown. He seizes the "stage" alone from time to time. I saw such "clowns" in New Ireland, but wherever I was able to find out who the man was playing the part, it turned out that he was from New Hanover.

#### Style of Movement

Even though the form of the Solomon dance in New Ireland and in New Hanover was the same, the style of movement was different. New Hanoverians move their arms and legs in longer, rougher fashion, taking longer, more sweeping steps than those taken by New Irelanders. There is no attention to movements of toes, fingers, wrists, or other details



of the body; rather, each part is moved as a whole, in a general direction, only loosely controlled. Silakau's comment on the New Ireland version has already been mentioned:<sup>2</sup> "It is not very strong."

In another dance I saw in 1974 that used the same kind of group formation used in Solomon, I have written that the men put down their heels first in "square plopping movements rather than flowing ones: that is, they lose control as they drop their arms and legs." They also used big leaves, which they shook with their hands rather than little ones which they "tremble" in New Ireland.

In Kambai the men rushed around the tree, jumping and smiling, following no definite pattern of steps. It is a rough and tumble dance, at the end of which the men and boys threw their decorative skirts and headdresses in a heap around the tree.

Susuk is a very carefully performed, slow moving dance, wherein the performers balance a large and elaborate decorative structure on their backs. Some men were led by other men, who steered them carefully and kept watching the decorations they carried, which seemed precariously balanced. I wondered why the style of this dance was so different from the usual until I realized, in looking at my photographs (with the help of Father Miller, who noticed what I had not seen), that in 1974, as in the old days, the structures were fastened by "nails," as they said, directly to the backs of the performers.

The dancers do not drink or eat before performing this dance, lest they have blood and pain. Before, Joseph Pukina told me, this dance had power.

The jail drama produced some quite flowing lines of men, who then fell to the ground as the kiap or policeman, carrying a gun, swaggered among them.

The gun-carrier in the Johnson cult drama moved in a way reminiscent of that of the clown, who walked awkwardly and peered at people and conveyed the impression that simple things were difficult for him.

#### Context

In the old days, dances were performed on the occasion of pata feasts. In 1967, they were performed only on mission festival days. I saw them performed only once, on Father Miller's Feast Day at the mission. Enthusiasm about T.I.A. led to a special celebration in honor of its development in Meteran village in 1968, where (according to a letter to me from T.I.A. President Walla) some traditional dances were performed and a feast was served. In 1974, performers from all over the Catholic south coast came to dance for the opening of the new brick church which the people had built at Lavongai Catholic Mission. European missionaries (perhaps about twenty) came from some distance for this occasion, and the people from Lavongai, Kalungit and Saula, being nearest the church, provided heaps of food for those who came from far away.

#### Interpretation

The people of New Hanover enjoyed performing their traditional dances but felt that they no longer had much opportunity to do so. Silakau once said that one reason they did not do the old dances any more was that it would make the old men, like Malekaiaen, cry by reminding them of the old days and of their dead colleagues. But in 1967 Malekaiaen was always present and vigorously participating when practice took place, on several Sunday afternoons before the final performance, in front of some women and many children who were watching. Unlike New Irelanders, who were shy and practiced after dark, New Hanoverians seemed to enjoy the opportunity for display.

It seems likely that dance performance was not highly institutionalized, like everything else, in New Hanover. The Johnson cult drama was, of course, new, and probably in the past it was common for Lavongais to make up new performances for whatever occasions presented themselves. Perhaps the general form is not new: Piskaut said that he cried when he saw that Solomon, referring to the reenactment of the jailing, thereby applying "Solomon" as a generic category more widely than did anyone else in discussion with me. The other Solomon dances I saw in New Ireland and New Hanover were group dances wherein everyone took the same steps simultaneously. There was some group movement of that sort in the Johnson cult dance-drama, but there were also some little scenes of acting and dialogue, rather like a musical comedy.

The rough and vigorous quality of Kambai is consistent with the preferred kinesic patterns as I have described them above for New Hanover.<sup>3</sup> The clowns have also been mentioned:<sup>4</sup> it is interesting that in a culture where so little is institutionalized, and where there is so much teasing and playing, laughter itself is among the few kinds of behavior that achieved, in the old days, an institutionalized form that has endured.

### Singing

#### Structure of the Performing Group and of Songs

Groups of singers who beat drums accompanied dancers in New Hanover as in New Ireland. The groups I saw were, however, much smaller than the group of dancers, whereas in New Ireland they were about evenly divided.

Groups of adults did not gather to sing in New Hanover as they did in New Ireland, either to practice singing for church or for my tape

recorder. Group singing in 1967 was found only amongst the young men, who composed songs or who sang songs composed by people they knew or had heard of, with guitar accompaniment. Piskaut had carved his own guitar, and two younger men had carved themselves ukeleles.

All the guitar songs had the same harmonic structure: two bars of the tonic, followed by two bars each of the subdominant, dominant, and the tonic again. The melodic structure was equally simple and unvarying.

The traditional songs which accompanied dances also had simple melodies and were built on simple structures which were repeated, here as in New Ireland.

The only traditional song which people wanted me to record was that which accompanied Kambai. When pressed by Silakau and a few others to perform, Malekaien sang this song, alone, for us one day and for my recorder.

#### Style of Singing

The singing that accompanied the performance of Solomon was strong, loud, assertive, and accomplished with appropriately corresponding facial and body movements.<sup>5</sup> Several men sat cross-legged on the ground, beating various kinds of drums as they shouted out their song.

The style of singing the guitar songs could be described as "rough" or "casual." No attempt was made to create a polished performance. Sometimes two or more individuals with two or more guitars played two or more songs at the same time on my verandah, each concentrating on trying to figure out what he himself wanted to sing. When a performance was particularly directed at my tape recorder, the major interest in the song seemed to be in its content rather than in the style of performance.

Context

Traditional songs were sung to accompany dances, and "modern" ones to pass the time away in the evenings, as described above.<sup>6</sup>

Translation

New Hanoverians did not know the meaning of the words they sang for Solomon, but they said they knew a general story that went with it.<sup>7</sup> However, the words to the guitar songs were clear and meaningful, and people volunteered to repeat them, translate them, and expand on the meaning for me. (When they finished singing a song, one of the young men would usually say: "Now the meaning of this song is this," and then explain.) The songs described incidents that were "newsworthy" at one time or another, a few of them going back as far as World War II, but most of them derived from more recent events. There was one about the time a woman hit her husband on the head with a stone, and he was unconscious for two days and in the hospital for two weeks. In the song, the woman was represented by a flying fox; and the men found it amusing to sing the song in front of her without ever letting her know that it was about her.

Most of the songs I heard in 1967 were about the coming of the U.S.A. Many had been composed by the men while they were in jail together. One was about the long line of men in red lap laps (the jail uniform) extending over the hill at Taskul.

The Plastic ArtsStructure of Producing Group

From my research in 1967, I concluded that "the Lavongais did not carve in wood or paint, traditionally or in 1967."<sup>8</sup> I did see some decorations for people and buildings. I watched people prepare their

dance costumes from easily available bush materials in a single morning before the dance. Some of them had been working on their head decorations for a longer period of time, each man or woman alone, in his or her spare time.

Kambai: In 1974, I was fortunate to see a production of a dance which requires the production of a work of plastic art: a decorated tree around which men dance. The tree was decorated near the beach in Lavongai village behind a fence of coconut leaves, which were stood up side by side so that they loosely overlapped. Within the four-sided enclosure thus formed, men worked on decorating the tree, which had been cut down and brought into the work area, where it lay on its side. The tree had first been painted white all over and then decorated with various colors. Some parts of the tree were still plain, and I saw two men painting colors on separate parts of the tree. Whenever I went into the enclosure, I saw several men, each working alone, without conversation. Some men were carving objects to be hung on the tree.

#### Structure of Productions

Kambai: The designs painted on the tree could not all have been traditional: they showed boys wearing shirts with button-down pockets, a truck, a plane, a face. Small limbs were banded with stripes, which were sometimes filled with dots of contrasting color.

The most outstanding carved decorations were made by particular individuals and were probably not traditional. Thomas made a long, slim fish. Pasingankungai of Saula made two small wallabies. He had also made a crocodile to give or sell to another group for its dance. His little wallabies were naturalistic and somehow Disney-like caricatures, I thought; and the crocodile was almost life-size, and almost life-like, but also a caricature.

Phillip Matas, Joseph's adult son, made two birds largely out of the natural shapes of coconut husks. These outer coverings formed the bodies of the birds, and to them he attached carved heads and legs. One he painted white, the other black.

These carvings and others were hung from the Kambai tree, along with bananas, coconuts, betel nuts, and other objects.

The tree was carried by a crowd of men over to the dance ground and set up in a hole dug to receive it. In the old days, they said, the tree would have been left in place to reestablish itself and go on growing. Silakau and Timui had especially fond memories of an earlier performance of Kambai when they were small children and were dressed up and carried on the tree as part of its decoration.

Sakambul: Sakambul is a dance in which performers hold a small wooden representation of a bird's head in their mouths as they dance. The bird was carried in soft wood and covered with a brown fuzzy material which represented its feathers.

Dance Decorations: Several groups of women in dances I saw in 1967 and 1974 wore traditional leaf hats, called kapil, when they danced. These hats are identical to one in the Chicago Field Museum collected in the early 1900s. It was made of perhaps twenty leaves sewn together along their edges so that the hat thus formed comes to a peak at one end. It was then painted white, but left otherwise undecorated. The only other major traditional production in New Hanover, the karuka, is made of the same leaves sewn together in the same way. It is a sleeping mat of two layers which is closed along only two of its four sides. Karuka were opened and used as hooded rain capes. They were valued offerings at maras gatherings.

In 1967 many men made headdresses of "god's eye" designs, constructed of wood and wire and yarn. Some were set on top of springs so that they bounced in the dance.

Many people cut fringes for skirts and headbands out of paper, but many also used traditional bush sources for these fringes. As in New Ireland, many used colored dyes from the Chinese stores to color these costumes.

General Decorations: In Lavongai, people made some decorations to hang around between buildings at the Mission on a special day for the church. These decorations are of interest because they contrast with comparable decorations made in New Ireland to decorate the structures on which malanggan hung, the Council house for special celebrations, or the village when visitors were expected. In these decorations people in both places used the white leaf from a plant they found along the beach. The New Hanoverians produced an uneven, relatively unprocessed string of these leaves which displayed its natural scalloped contours, whereas the New Irelanders tucked the white between red and green croton leaves which were all rolled and stabilized together in a highly processed, highly structured border.

### The Verbal Arts

#### Structure of Productions

It is probably the verbal arts in which the Lavongais excel. Their skill with language, the frequent use of metaphor and of the subtle rhetorical question, their interest and ability in storytelling: these features I observed. But I did not study their language or their stories.



Father J. Stamm, M.S.C., who was at Lavongai 1937-41 (and who, in 1967, was retired at Vunapope in New Britain) wrote a Grammar of the local language in which he says this in his preface:

This is a translation of my grammar of the Lavangai (sic) language which I compiled at Lavangai during the years 1937-41. At that time I wrote in the introduction of that grammar: A Grammar of the Lavangai language will be a torso of a grammar for a long time. What I wrote at that time, still stands today: This grammar also is only a torso. A study of this language for a decade or for some decades will not reveal its secrets. I may say it here: the Lavangai language is the finest of all the melanesian languages I have ever learned, and I learned six others. No other melanesian language has such a flexibility of expression, and I dare to say: Any modern book can be translated into this language without unduly forcing the original text.<sup>9</sup>

Many examples are to be found in the verbatim accounts given above,<sup>10</sup> but I will illustrate my point here with some that particularly impressed me but have not found a place yet in this account.

Silakau told me one day just before I left Lavongai that he did not know what to think now that he realized that I did not believe in God as the missionaries did. Not wishing to betray the mission that had been so kind to both me and Silakau, and yet wanting to be honest, I said: "Don't worry about my views. There must be something. Who made the coconuts, and who made the ocean, and who made you and me?" "Yes, I know, God," he answered. I went on with my work and said nothing. After a moment's pause, Silakau said with a smile, "But who made God?" On another occasion he said, idly, "You and I do not know about the

the wind, it is what kind of a thing. We only know that it is there because we hold a lap lap up to it."

Silakau and Tombat and Joseph were the Lavongais with whom I spoke most who were particularly skillful in creating dramatic accounts of daily happenings. I have already given Tombat's and Joseph's most striking remarks in other contexts.<sup>11</sup>

One story was told to me by three different men. It was one which seemed to be well known and one which they thought I should have on my tape recorder. It was about a boy who had sores on his skin and who was made to sleep outside the house with the pigs. He had to cook and serve food to his brothers and parents, who treated him harshly and forced him to find his own dinner amongst the scraps thrown to the pigs. With the help of a magical power he obtained in the jungle, he was able to shed his imperfect skin when he wanted to do so. He kept his new power secret until he had killed his family. He then put on new skin, became beautiful, and lived happily ever after: alone.

#### Context

In the old days, it seems likely that men practiced the verbal arts informally in the rangama house, as they did on my verandah in 1967. Some formalization occurs in the dance-drama and in the composition of traditional stories.

### INTERPRETATIONS

#### Style in Art and Culture

While the arts of New Hanover have been given less attention than the arts of New Ireland, not only by the world but by their creators, they are equally appropriate expressions of the culture of which they are a part. They are probably just as stable, though there is no evidence that

they are supported by strong institutionalization. Only the pointed hat, the kapil, is known to have come down from preEuropean times, and we may guess that Kambai also has a long history in this island.

#### Naturalistic Style

The New Hanover style fits well, but not perfectly, what Hauser calls the naturalistic style: "The naturalistic style prevailed until the end of the Palaeolithic age . . . the naturalistic attitude, open to the full range of experience . . . representations true to nature . . . the concreteness of actual living experience . . . (this) art tries to create likenesses (rather than symbols) of the object."<sup>12</sup> I have stressed the "open" attitude in New Hanover and the attempt "to create likenesses" in the dance-drama and in the plastic arts. There is, however, no "loving and patient care devoted to the details of the object,"<sup>13</sup> and I think it could be argued that this kind of attention was not given in the Palaeolithic art, of which Hauser is specifically writing, either. Details of particular interest are given notice in that art, even exaggerated notice, as in New Hanover art, but there is no attempt to patiently catalogue the object. Both arts have a sketchy quality, reflecting, in the case of New Hanover, the rapid, only loosely controlled movements which are typical of them and comfortable for them and expressive of them. Some of the objects hung on the Kambai tree implied a greater patience than others, a willingness to sit down and smooth the surface rather than leave it as nature made it, or only slightly disturbed from that condition; but these individual differences are the least we should expect of the art of these individualistic people.

The art of conversation, the only verbal art of which I have any knowledge, can be said to be naturalistic. Lavongais tell a story in all its parts, exploring every nook and cranny, dramatizing where words

might not do justice to the fullness of an event. By contrast, New Irelanders trim away all the rough edges, and then all that is not essential, and answer with a monosyllable that affirms or denies. The pattern there is one of brief utterances, perhaps several exchanged, and much silence as part of the rhythm. It is only the essence that is conveyed, neatly ordered and cleaned up.

The naturalism of New Hanover demands a true-to-life, blow-by-blow account, even if it is shameful, even if it is wrong, even if the teller never found out exactly what was the essence of what was going on. Whatever was going on, whatever may have been the root of some encounter, any part of what is happening is interesting and, as part of the whole, important.

New Hanover Plastic Art: Further Interpretation

During my study in 1967, I saw no plastic art beyond the decorations I have described in New Hanover. The interpretation that I made of New Ireland art, using primarily theoretical expositions by Lomax and Hauser, implied that the plastic arts of New Hanover, had there been any, would have been naturalistic. I was, therefore, very pleased to find, when I saw the Kambai art form in 1967, that it was, indeed, naturalistic. Furthermore, while there are many kinds of "naturalism," including, for instance, the Ife heads of Nigeria, the "naturalism" of New Hanover plastic art is consistent with the tendencies that have been described here for their culture in general.

The whole Kambai tree as a work of art can be described as "naturalistic" in that objects of nature were selected and used and, one may suppose, appreciated for their natural, minimally processed qualities. Silakau and Timui remember when they were themselves living "natural" decorations on the tree, along with food, betel nuts, and

so on. The tree itself is not altered in its shape, but used as it is, except that, like the dancers, it is enhanced by decoration. Some men painted a few sketchy designs on it, each artist finding a spot and making his mark. Like the children to whom I sometimes gave paper and crayons, these artists did not stay long at their work, nor did their pictures appear carefully planned or finished. Little attempt was made by the artists to impose order on the tree, just as little attempt was made to impose order on their lives.

In 1974, carved objects that some individuals wanted to make formed the most outstanding decorations on the tree. Phillip Matas' contribution is the most interesting for the point I am making here. He saw in the coconut husks a shape that reminded him of the shape of a bird's back and its tail feathers, and with a little processing of the coconut he made it represent a bird. I think in this act we see a respect for the shapes nature produces, and a reluctance to interfere with them.

Pasingankungaies' wallabies are "naturalistic" in another sense. He carved two little animals that slightly caricature nature's productions, aiming at a general idea and exaggerating here and there to give an impression that is slightly comic. Perhaps we can see these carvings as a somewhat mocking comment on their own attempt to reproduce nature, which I think a Lavongai would not expect to be able to conquer through imitation.

Sakambul was performed on the same day in Lavongai and in Mangai in 1974. I saw only the Lavongai dance, but Kasino saved a bird's head used in the New Ireland version for me. The birds' heads used on that day clearly reflect the tendency toward the geometric in New Ireland, and the preference for the naturalistic in New Hanover, in color and

texture as well as in shape. The New Ireland head is "squared off" and covered with blue felt, and beads are hung from the bird's beak. The New Hanover bird's head is covered with a kind of brown fuzzy material meant to suggest the bird's feathers. Rattles used in the two places show the same contrast. The New Ireland rattle is made of shells that are highly polished and that have been "squared off" by having the irregular end of the shell cut off. The shells are hung in rows and interspersed with beads that are machine-made. The New Hanover rattle, by contrast, merely strings together some shells of dull finish.

I think it is this interest in nature, retouched, perhaps, but only lightly, that explains the New Hanover interest in the display of the bones of the dead, decorated, that apparently commonly took place in connection with maras. Makios knew how to use a vegetable gum to model a flesh-like look on the bones of the dead, and people came to see this work. We may now lean, I think, toward calling this a work of art for New Hanoverians, rather than a spectacular or sensational or magical or religious object.

#### New Hanover Singing: Further Interpretation

Lomax's classification of singing styles as "individualized" or "integrated, groupy" has already been described.<sup>14</sup> While many of Lomax's specific indicators do not differentiate and explain New Hanover songs, his general statement about different kinds of communications in singing does apply clearly. New Hanover songs conform to his classification of "individualized" singing in that the texts of the songs are complex, precisely enunciated, and presented in a "noisy" voice. Comparable complexity is not found in the melodic, metric, or harmonic structure, features we would expect to find in a more highly developed art form that produced solo performers. However, where the New Hanover songs

do meet the criteria for an individualistic people, it is with regard to characteristics that affect the "semantic load" that the songs carry. New Hanover songs have a message, and they want it to be heard. This was especially true of the Johnson cult songs and the reenactment of the Johnson cult jailings, as well as of the cult itself.

New Hanoverians, in contrast to New Irelanders, were interested in the meanings of their songs and dances and volunteered to tell me what they were about. The dance-drama about the jailing of Johnson cultists was the most complex narrative expression produced by the cultists. It was "textually complex," as are the Western European ballads to which Lomax refers as an illustration of the kind of expression produced by persons best described by his "model A," the individualized performance model. While Lavongais did not ordinarily have solo singers, there were solo parts, such as that of the kiap, in this dance-drama. Lomax's model, in any case, defines what he calls "maximal cases." New Hanover, for all its individualism, maintains a group structure in many ways that is absent in, for example, a modern city; and its women sing some songs, and dance some dances, in groups. The extreme cases which I am interpreting here show an outside limit of the New Hanover system which is not a possible alternative in New Ireland. It would be "out of bounds" in New Ireland as an aesthetic event.

New Hanover Dance: Further Interpretation

In the dance, the Lavongai style contrasts with that of the New Ireland style in the direction that Lomax's views would lead us to expect. Lavongais dancing, like Lavongais working and moving about in everyday life, are quick, concerned with the general rather than the particular, the whole rather than the part, the heart of the matter

rather than the control of the details at its extremities. New Hanoverians do not enjoy repetitive process: they just want to get the job done.

With regard to body movements, Lomax has pointed out that "the main posture used in dance is the body attitude that runs through a majority of everyday activities"; and I have reported that the kinesic style of the dance in New Hanover uses the same random, sketchy, uncontrolled, whole, assertive movements, which take their appearance from the spontaneous irregularity which is characteristic of body movement style in New Hanoverians in whatever they are doing. By "random" I refer to the spontaneous, unplanned appearance of movements. By "sketchy" I mean that the movements of the arms and legs are general rather than prescribed in detail. By "uncontrolled" or "free" I mean that they are thrown out of close control, achieving an irregular, wandering quality; by "whole" I mean that the looseness of control carries through to all parts of the body. By "assertive" I refer to the large, fast, jerky quality of the movements.

This description especially fits Kambai, the dance which New Hanoverians consider especially their own. In this dance, the men move assertively as a crowd, not as an organized group, each man moving in relation to the central pole rather than in relation to each other, with consequent bumping and laughing. The social structure of individualism in New Hanover, where people are often more interested in their relationship to impersonal central principles rather than to each other, finds a parallel in this dance.

In one of the dances in which men hold something in their hands, I noted in 1974 that they held big leaves and shook them with their hands, manifesting less interest in the control of details of the body, a concern of "groupy people," than did New Irelanders in their Tantanua dance.



New Hanover Verbal Art: Further Interpretation

The "integrative imperatives" of which Malinowski wrote are fulfilled in New Hanover mainly by the verbal arts. The "semantic load" (using Lomax's terminology) of songs is high: Lavongais are impatient with forms without meaning, and neither daily routine nor sacred ritual holds their attention. They need, therefore, many words of refined subtlety in order to move and fit and change and try. In the Johnson cult, group cohesion was based on an idea expressed in words, not on behavioral forms. It was a "talky" cult: as an integrative movement, it reflected the style of New Hanover art and culture.

Iconographic Meaning in an Informal Culture

So far as I know, no one has suggested any esoteric symbolic meanings for any of the arts of New Hanover, which does not mean that there is none. In an individualistic culture, where there is little institutionalization, one would not expect symbolic meanings to be institutionalized, but it is quite possible, even likely, that individuals attach special meanings to their expressions, however unique or traditional either the expressions or the symbols may be. New Hanoverians seemed to me to be very interested in the meanings of things, general and particular. With regard to their songs and dances, they told me the meanings. They were direct and historical, though sometimes put in poetic, metaphoric forms.

Whenever I saw New Hanoverians singing or dancing, and when I saw them painting the Kambai tree, they were always laughing, having fun, or perhaps at the triviality of their pursuits. It was another example of the self-mockery I saw so much of in New Hanover. Some of my photographs show that when I took their pictures they would immediately

put on a serious, solemn, sometimes even martyred or heroic pose. They were acting, acting serious. With a people like this, one is not likely to find that they have been accused by outsiders of creating deeply mysterious, religious art with complex iconographic meanings. If they secretly do attach solemn meaning to their works, and I think some of them probably do, they would never let anyone know, and it would not be institutionalized.

#### Individuality and Pattern in New Hanover Art

New Hanoverians see themselves as individuals in their artistic expressions. The men talk of women noticing them in the dance they do together, and each man believes that his performance is different from that of other men.

This point of view was especially clear with regard to storytelling. After Thomas told me the story outlined above, he said: You must hear Lomba's version; it is different from mine. Lomba came and told his, and it seemed exactly the same to me. I tried without success to find out how they thought it was different. People then told me that I must hear Tombat's version, that it was different from the other two. Again, I could not see the difference, and I was surprised that they could not tell me what it was, as they usually were good at analysis of this sort.

I now interpret their view that each version of their "Cinderella" story was different as part of their individualism: each version was different to them because it was told by a different individual, each in his own particular style. Since the dramatic arts are so important to them, I should have realized that it was the rendition, not just the content, that was important. I know that my sluggishness in understanding

their stories, which they had to tell me in pidgin, interfered with the performance. One time Thomas wanted to tell Silakau a story, and he gave up telling it in pidgin and, despite my protests, told it in the local language with more animation than was typical for him. I think the men telling the stories to me were not able to put on a high-quality act because of my slow, maddeningly analytic responses to what they saw as a good story. They probably did not feel they could show their various interpretations when I was just barely able to follow essential features.

In contrast, Eruel thought that each version of Vaia that he carved was "just the same," even though one had only a head and another had head, body and limbs. He saw himself as just one of many carvers in a long tradition, as part of a group of men, each doing fundamentally the same thing. New Hanoverians each saw themselves as a solo act.

#### Native Concepts of Style

I have already reported Silakau's comment, that about a dance he saw in New Ireland which indicated that he saw the dancing of New Hanoverians as "strong" by comparison. While New Hanoverians certainly did not think that they had a great tradition in the visual arts, they did seem to very much enjoy the carvings for the Kambai tree. After the dance, I bought the carvings and took them to my house, and many people came by to see them. They smiled and seemed to think they were "cute," rather than awesome or elegant or incredible. I think that they would have recognized the greater complexity of the New Ireland malanggan art to their own, that it was produced only through a much longer and perhaps more technically skilled processing; but I think they would not have taken pleasure in it as they did in their own.<sup>15</sup>

Further Interpretation: The Questing Arts

New Hanoverians do not like institutionalized answers in art, just as they have not accepted them anywhere in their culture. They do not really like answers: they want to foist the responsibility for knowing things onto other people, and then they don't want to hear about it. They do not really want to comprehend, because comprehending means closure, an end to the quest: hence, comprehension is manifestly impossible. There can be no end to the quest.

Ayres' work for the Cantometrics project is instructive here. There is more stress, I think, in New Hanover than in New Ireland, for both infants and adults, and certainly more seeking for new stimuli. The exploratory quality of New Hanover character has been illustrated elsewhere.<sup>16</sup>

The Lavongais are seekers who do not wish to find. They want to see what is there: they do not really wish to change it. They express helplessness in words, in a cult; and they express loose control and lost control and unwillingness to control in their art. They cannot boss or be bossed, nor can the media in which they create art forms. Their whole approach to nature, including human nature, is as a subordinate. In their social lives they let their "liking" take its course, and in their art they let nature take its course. They do not wish to control. They just do not want to be controlled,

New Hanoverians have a Dionysian character in that it is expression --by themselves, by other people, by nature--in all its complexity and vigor that is fundamental to them, not the control they might, given perfect knowledge through expression, then exercise. They express dominance, but do not expect to dominate. Despite all their bluster, their art tells us of a people who do not wish to move others, or to be moved.

## CONCLUSION

It is not necessary to point out that the arts of New Hanover are not "religious" in the ordinary sense; that the Kambai tree is not some kind of tree of life, or earth mother, or great father. The arts have meaning not because they have some religious or political or social or economic or mythological task to fulfill, but because they provide opportunity to play with the elements of style which order the experiences of the dancers all through their lives. This ordering is fundamental communication and, in the long run, is essential to the survival of the group.

The verbal arts are developed to meet the need for communication in this society where individuals feel separate and different, where they are not able to understand their social environment through mastering a few simple rules, where each encounter offers new possibilities, and where people do not really want to be alone forever. The "Cinderella" type story that the Lavongais chose to tell me speaks clearly of the rejection and isolation they sometimes feel in their own families. It testifies that the humiliation and exclusion of the weak results from unjust treatment by the strong, but the weak have secret powers that will help them triumph over those who have mistreated them over their own weakness in the end.

Lomax states that style is defined by redundancy. The redundancy that I find in New Hanover, in their arts as in their daily lives, may be summarized as assertive, sketchy, uncontrolled, whole, spontaneous behavior by individuals, each of whom is going his own way.

PART FOUR: CONCLUSION

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

## CONCLUSION

Summary of the Styles of Cultures

I have described the styles of culture in New Ireland and New Hanover in this paper by comparing and contrasting them with each other. An analysis of structure and function finds a group of people in New Ireland and an individual or category of individuals in New Hanover. This is so in relation to the ownership, use, and exploitation of resources; the organization and leadership of activities, and the political and economic networks of relationships; and the structure of institutions which bring groups together in New Ireland and maintain individuals discrete in their categories in New Hanover. The modes and media of expression between individuals and groups, which bring them together or keep them apart (or both) show how large egalitarian groups persist over time in New Ireland and how even small groups cohere abrasively, peck-ordered, in New Hanover. I have shown how the respective styles of culture are expressed at the level of individual kinesic patterns in everyday life, and at the group level in traditional art productions. Where New Ireland expressions are gentle, detailed, restrained, respectful and inclusive, New Hanover expressions are assertive, general, spontaneous, rejecting and exclusive. In New Ireland, each follows the known path; in New Hanover, each makes his own way.

Summary of Structural Foundations

The group-oriented culture of New Ireland is founded on the matrilineal, matrilocal extended family; which is itself derived from

the corporate status of matrilineal sub-clans and the cooperative functioning of sub-clans of a single clan, as well as those of different clans. The individualistic culture of New Hanover is founded on the virilocally settled nuclear family, the children of which belong to matrilineal clans which do not have corporate functions, either as a whole or in their local clusters.

In New Ireland, the residence rule is not strictly matrilocal. It is said to be bilocal, and people do move back and forth between the home places of husbands and wives. But people with children spend most of their time living matrilocally, because the inheritance rule is strict, and it is matrilineal. In New Hanover, by contrast, it was the virilocal residence rule which was strictly endorsed and generally followed, while the transfer of property was defended variously and vaguely through patrilineal or matrilineal connections. The application of rules and alternatives brought people of one or two clans in New Ireland together with land which they all felt was clearly theirs and to which they attached their labors and their sentiments without fear of dispossession; whereas the application of rules and alternatives in New Hanover left people of several clans together in tenuous units in relation to land which nobody clearly owned or controlled.

Malanggan ceremonies are the institutionalized expression of all significant aspects of New Ireland social structure, culture, and personality. Within them, obligations of many kinds group people variously, and the network of cross-cutting ties thus created unifies and expands, rather than dividing and bounding, all who participate in the whole. There is no comparable institution in New Hanover within which exchange and distribution take place between social persons according to canons of high generosity and reliability. Distribution



in New Hanover was accomplished through random exchanges of goods for money, which people either manufactured themselves or obtained by selling things, usually surplus sago, to strangers in the small islands. Lavongais built no institutionalized social or economic or political or traditional alliances as a result of these impersonal trade transactions. Their lives were unfettered by the long-term obligations that sometimes "stuck to the skin" of New Irelanders. But they built connection to each other through talk, through common cause, through faction, through ideology, and, in the 1960s, through the Johnson cult.

Within the enduring group in New Ireland, all help each, the strong and the weak, to take a full place, giving where help is needed, thinking that their fashion is good, but scarcely noticing that they have attained a society which is egalitarian. In New Hanover, individuals eloquently claim that all men are equal, and each assertively seeks to take his full place, while the weak go to the wall and the strong carry off the spoils; and all see that this is so and deplore the fashion which they clearly see is profoundly theirs.

#### Non-Cultural Factors Influencing Style

I have described styles with a view to showing the coherence of elements within each style. I have not tried to explain how the styles came about. Here I review factors which are non-cultural and external to style, which may have influenced the different developments of the cultures of New Hanover and New Ireland.

##### 1) History of Contact.

New Ireland has had greater access to European culture and to economic opportunities provided by the European presence. The Germans built a permanent road down the east coast of New Ireland before 1910.

People and cash crops (mainly coconuts), which people learned to plant from the high number (by Territory standards) of planters along the road, come up the road into the town of Kavieng, where there are one hundred Europeans and three hundred Chinese. The Europeans are mostly administrators; the Chinese are largely merchants. Several trucks full of merchandise from the Chinese stores go down the road every day from Kavieng, and government officers and service personnel can easily go up and down the road to accomplish their tasks. Paradoxically, the availability of easy transport for government officers has actually reduced native contact with these officers, who now return to Kavieng at night instead of sleeping in the village rest houses.

To get to New Hanover, government officers must go by boat. The increasing availability of speedboats for government officers has done for New Hanover what a fleet of Administration landrovers has done for New Ireland: reduced native contact with the Administration officers, who can easily speed back to the Government station at Taskul at night. New Hanover has had far less contact with government personnel than New Ireland in the past, even before speedboats were available. There was no permanent Government station on New Hanover before the Johnson cult.

Long contact with the Missions is sometimes cited by New Irelanders as the source of their "brotherly love" and help for each other. There have been fewer missionaries for fewer years in New Hanover than in New Ireland. However, Lavongai village is the site of a Catholic Mission that has had a succession of beloved German priests since the 1930s. New Ireland missionary work began with Fijian and Samoan missionaries about the turn of the century.

New Hanoverians have had reduced contact with the outside world due to European reaction to the prevalence of leprosy in New Hanover. Nearby

Analaua island has been a Leprosy Hospital (run by the Catholic Mission) since the 1930s, and New Hanoverians were apparently not recruited as labor after that time. There are very old men in New Hanover who have been away to work, but there is a whole generation of middle-aged men most of whom have never worked on a plantation. It is these men who formed the core of the cult group, but they were joined by all other groups.

New Hanoverians have been free to come and go for years now, but they still do not go in large numbers to work on plantations or elsewhere for these reasons:

a) Planters find that they want to work very little and get a lot of credit at the plantation store. They are viewed as no more likely to get into fights than the Sepiks and New Guinea Highlanders favored as laborers in the Kavieng District.

b) New Hanoverians do not want to go away from home. The reason they give for this is that their wives run off with other men when they are away. This, in fact, is usually the case. It happened when the men were in jail for nonpayment of taxes, and it was one of the main reasons that the men did not want to keep going to jail.

c) Another reason New Hanoverians do not like to go away from home is that they are insecure about being fed and housed away from their own resources. In their experience, going away from home means real hardship. One planter told me that he found that New Hanover men get "homesick" when they are laborers away from home.

## 2) Biological Factors

New Irelanders have more malaria, TB, and stomach ulcers than do New Hanoverians, according to estimates informally made by European medical personnel in the area. It is well known that their early contact with Europeans brought them Venereal Disease, which accounts for the vast depopulation experienced after the turn of the century by Tabar and

northern New Ireland. This explanation for depopulation is the conclusion of a comprehensive study made by Dr. R. F. R. Scragg when he was head of the Public Health Department in the Kavieng District.<sup>1</sup>

New Hanover did not experience this depopulation. Their disease problems were due largely to leprosy. Medical Assistant Carroll Gannon, who worked previously in the New Guinea Highlands, has observed a high incidence of asthma in New Hanover.

New Hanoverians occasionally complained that their problem was that they had no old people to show them what to do. While I have no statistics on the subject, I agree with the impression these informants had: there are very few old people visible in New Hanover, and many more in New Ireland. I have no hypothesis that would account for this difference at this time.

New Irelanders, according to general opinion amongst European medical personnel, have very low red-blood counts (hemoglobin). The average hemoglobin count in New Ireland is below that with which the average European can live. There is at present no systematic study published to confirm this generalization. Informants in New Ireland told me that a doctor of an earlier era had told them to eat green leaves to "change the blood"; and, in an attempt to cooperate, they added some green ferns or a few taro leaves to Sunday dinner. New Hanoverians, by contrast, eat a big handful of the green fern leaves at nearly every evening meal. They look healthier than New Irelanders, but this may well be only because New Hanover has fewer old people to influence the impression given the observer and because New Hanoverians move more quickly and in a manner more familiar to Europeans. (In this book, this kinesic distinction is viewed as part of the overall cultural distinctiveness of each area.) New Irelanders, however, have great stamina and during malanggan

preparations work from before dawn until 2 a.m. sometimes for a week and less strenuous, but still strenuous, hours for a month before the final feast.

### 3) Ecological Factors.

Both New Ireland and New Hanover have large areas of unused garden lands now. However, the existence of the custom of kiut makes it seem likely that New Ireland had land shortage in the past. The past that helped to create the transfer of land to children through their mother's suicide may not have been in New Ireland, but in some much smaller island, perhaps Micronesia, where such sacrifice made sense. There is no evidence of former land shortage in New Hanover. There is some evidence of soil exhaustion in New Ireland in the north; but there is plenty of land available that has long gone unplanted. People do not worry about taro being too small, because they are buying rice from the Chinese and depending on sago rather than on root crops.

Neither New Irelanders nor New Hanoverians are expert fisherman. However, in both islands people can easily get fish for dinner if they want to make the effort. They are aware, however, that nearby sea areas can be over-fished.

### Persistence of Styles in Culture

Many people, both native and European, attribute the differences between New Ireland and New Hanover (when they are brought to their attention) to non-cultural factors, or to factors external to each culture. As mentioned above, New Irelanders sometimes attribute their own style to missionary influence. New Hanoverians all attributed some of their "rubbish fashions" to the disruption of the Johnson cult.

Many anthropologists, too, also tend to explain culture in terms of non-cultural factors, or factors of culture external to the culture under study. I acknowledge the importance of these factors. With the data from my own research, I cannot measure their importance. I have cited them here in order to suggest the directions of their varying influences.

The data from my research supports the concept of culture as a tenacious organizing force. The concept of "style" in culture includes structure and function, but emphasizes the opportunities provided by cultures to individuals for self-expression; and the opportunities these expressions provide for groups to integrate. I have written about these cultures as functional and expressive wholes.

Analyses of functioning wholes have in common an insusceptibility to analyses of change.<sup>2</sup> As I have interpreted New Ireland culture, the institution of malanggan depends on child-rearing patterns, leadership patterns, and artistic expressions. We know that the institution of malanggan predates missionaries in New Ireland; therefore (according to my interpretation), "brotherly love" predates missionaries in New Ireland. The institution of malanggan does not, and could not, according to my interpretation, exist in New Hanover. New Hanover cynicism about Big Men and about "human nature" could not support malanggan. I know of two attempts to bring malanggan art and ceremony to New Hanover. These were isolated incidents which produced no changes in New Hanover culture.

Similarly, my interpretation of their culture does not support the view of some New Hanoverians (and of some Europeans) that before the Johnson cult New Hanover was a hospitable island. There may have been more food and more hospitality than there was in 1967, but the preponderance of evidence indicates that the style here described was not substantially

different from what it was in 1967. Tombat is about thirty-five years old, but when he was a child he had to go from pupu to pupu until he found one who was not cross and who gave him food. That single incident is a "foreign language" in New Ireland. It could not occur.

I have described some aspects of the lives of children in order to show how they are consistent with other aspects of the cultures. I have not treated childhood as a determinant of culture. There is, of course, a vast literature on this subject. I have cited here only one especially relevant study, Ayres' survey of studies of infantile stress undertaken in connection with the work of Lomax.<sup>3</sup>

#### Perceptions of Informants

Taores of Livitua, New Ireland, and his wife, Ewodia, of Kulibung island, off New Hanover, lived in Mangai in 1965. I went to see them in Kulibung in 1967. After we had talked for a while, Ewodia said to me: "Do all the women of Tsoi (islands) give you food as the women of Mangai did?" I said (and this was partly true, and partly courtesy) yes, but the women of New Hanover did not give me food." "Oh, sorry!" she said. Later, when Ewodia was not within hearing distance, Taores agreed with me, at first very cautiously, that people do not give food in the islands the way they do in New Ireland. He was cautious because New Irelanders do not usually make critical remarks about other people. After a little while, we began to laugh at the things that had happened to us in New Hanover and the Tsoi islands.

When Ewodia rejoined us, I asked if brother helps brother in Kulibung as they do in New Ireland. Taores smiled and hesitated. Ewodia snapped, "No!" "True," Taores said, "it is truly a hard life in this place. If I want to do something, make a house or a garden, others do

not help me." He volunteered that he thought it was because the men did not boss well, and they did not "hear" (obey) well.

As we were talking, their child, who was wheezing with a bad chest cold, started to cry. "Finish," Ewodia snapped, and the child went to Taores, who took him very gently on his lap. He stopped crying.

Taores went on with his view that the source of Lavongai's problems lay in leadership. "No one pays attention to the bell for Monday morning line," he said. "The Committeeman, and the Councillor too, they sleep." I asked him what he thought Lasuwot or Francis would do to provide leadership in this situation. He replied: "If Lasuwot or Francis see something that is not good, say if we are having a feast or something, they would excuse the people who came from a long way (i.e., the guests) and keep some of us together to talk. Then they would say: "Our fashion from the old days is just a little bit different from what you have been doing. It would be better if you would do things just a little bit differently." I said: "They would not shame you." And Taores answered: "They would not shame us. Can one man move a big stone?"

Then he went on to talk about the Big Men of Lavongai and Tsoi. "All the Big Men here go around amongst the women," he said. The Big Men of New Ireland are not like that.

There was one further thing that Taores had noticed. He had been at Taskul, at the hospital, and he was surprised when a quarrel came up at the hospital, in front of many people. A man was cross with his brother and told him not to "boss" his (the first man's) wife. Taores thought to himself: "Maski (nevermind), plenty of people, and this is a quarrel that just belongs to two."

I asked Taores if he thought he was treated differently because he is a "foreigner"; and he said, no, that they do not help him, but



they do not help each other, either. He felt that he was treated just as they treat each other.

Ewodia came back. She was preparing great baskets of food for me, to show how well she had learned the New Ireland fashion. "They are not like the women of Mangai, not at all. They are all no good here! Only we feed the malaria control boys!" Taores went on: "You sit down and 'grease' with someone, 'grease, grease, grease,' you would think that they would invite you to eat sometime. Man! They truly are not up to it!"

According to my interpretation of New Hanover culture, the men who did not give Taores food probably were not given food as children, long before the Johnson cult brought disruptions to the islands.

#### Theoretical Perspectives

Support for interpretations of data in terms of contrasting styles may be found not only in the literature of the social sciences and the humanities, but also in that of the natural sciences, and in the work of philosophers of science and art, who, from varying perspectives, have seen commensurability in their theoretical systems.

In the Introduction to this book, I have mentioned some of the most prominent works by students, ancient and modern, who have described contrasting types of society that are kindred to the individualistic and group-oriented types represented in my analyses by New Hanover and New Ireland. In the chapters on the arts of these cultures, I have applied the conceptions of Hauser and Lomax, which extend contrasts in types of societies to include descriptions and interpretations of the art forms found in them. All of these theoretical offerings are generally consistent with each other, and with the contrast I have elaborated.

The analytical continuum from group-oriented to individualistic defined by all these social theorists finds a parallel in the patterns, called "themes," which physicist Gerald Holton has contrasted in his work in the philosophy of science. Holton maintains that different thematic preoccupations have been prominent in scientific research in different types of society. This correspondence is not coincidental: from different types of society come correspondingly different types of ideas that grow into theories. This correspondence between society and culture on the one hand, and personality and intellectual expression, on the other, has been noted and illustrated and upheld in argument by anthropologists, especially those working on the relationship between culture and personality, as well as by intellectual historians, novelists, and all who have interacted in cultures outside their own with any attention to the consequences. The relationship between culture and modes of thought specifically in science has been far less frequently noted, so far as I am aware, and is often denied by natural as well as by social scientists themselves.

It is Holton's contention that "From the beginning to the present day, science has been shaped and made meaningful not only by its specific, detailed findings, but even more fundamentally by its thematic content." Themes in science are the "(usually unacknowledged) presuppositions which pervade the work of scientists," which guide their work, but which in themselves are untested and untestable.<sup>4</sup> They are nonetheless essential to the process of scientific conceptualization and discovery.

Anthropologists will easily see that Holton's work is similar to that which some in our discipline have undertaken. What he calls "themes," we in anthropology have called "patterns," or "styles," or even "themes," and so forth.<sup>5</sup> When we read Holton's description of some of the themes which he has traced in scientific work, we see their striking resemblance

to the types of society that others, including anthropologists, have persistently noted in the world. The work of scientists, Holton says, has "long included such thematic preconceptions as these: simplicity, order, and symmetry; the primacy of experiences versus that of symbolic formalism; reductionism versus holism; discontinuity versus the continuum; hierarchical structure versus unity; the animate versus the inanimate; the use of mechanisms versus teleological or anthropomorphic modes of approach."<sup>6</sup> If we contrast the terms given first in each of these pairs with those given second, we find we are contrasting a set of conceptions which I have used in describing New Hanover with a set of conceptions which I have used in describing New Ireland: thus, New Hanover culture is distinguished by its preference for the primacy of experience, reductionism (penchant for analysis), discontinuity (separatism), hierarchical structure (peck-order), the animate (natural irregularity, spontaneity), and the use of mechanisms (principles at whatever cost to persons and to the whole); while New Ireland is distinguished by its preference for symbolic formalism (in art and ceremony and kinship), holism (the group), the continuum (cross-cutting ties that are firm over time and space), the inanimate (the holding fast of the idea, the concept of the thing rather than the thing itself, to use Hauser's terms),<sup>7</sup> teleological or anthropomorphic modes of approach (primacy of human needs and of people and of the whole over principles).

Holton sees these sets of concepts, or themes, as functioning in opposition to each other. "Almost invariably," he writes, "for every thematically informed theory used in any science, there may also be found a theory using the opposite thema, or antithema."<sup>8</sup> Contrasting themes have been dominant at different times in history: "The reigning themata until about the mid-nineteenth century have been expressed most

characteristically by the mandala of a static, homocentric hierarchically ordered, harmoniously arranged cosmos, rendered in sharply delineated lines as in those of Copernicus' own hand-drawing . . . . This representation was gradually supplanted by another, particularly in the last half of the nineteenth century. The universe became unbounded, 'restless' (to use the happy description by Max Born), a weakly coupled ensemble of infinitely many separate, individually sovereign parts and events. Though evolving, it is continually interrupted by random discontinuities on the cosmological scale as well as on the sub-microscopic scale. The clear lines of the earlier mandala have been replaced by undelineated, fuzzy sneers, similar perhaps to the representation of distribution of electron clouds around atomic nuclei."<sup>9</sup> But while themes may dominate for long periods of time, "thematic questions do not get solved and disposed of."<sup>10</sup> "We have not, of course, lost the concepts of hierarchy, continuity, and order in contemporary work," but "(t)hey are not the new themes that correspond to the characteristic style of our own age--of which one of the most powerful and significant is the antithetical thema of disintegration, violence, and derangement."<sup>11</sup> Holton lists concepts of dislocation, decay, discontinuity, particle annihilation and so on in physics and chemistry as examples of work based on this theme.

These contrasting frames of reference guiding research in science are represented in anthropology by the contrast between functionalist theories, which emphasize parts in a consonant whole, and conflict theories, which emphasize parts in a dissonant whole. Thematic foundations in science replace each other in prominence, just as types of societies and art forms replace each other in historical prominence: "The naturalistic style prevailed until the end of the Paleolithic age . . . . (N)o change took place until the transition from the Old to the New Stone

Age, and this was the first stylistic change in the whole history of art." But neither theme is permanently supplanted by the other: "themata are not proved or disproved. Rather they rise and fall and rise again with the tides of contemporaneity."<sup>12</sup>

These themes of order and disorder are, I submit, analogous to the themes of group-orientation and individualism that predominate, respectively, in New Ireland and in New Hanover, and variously in all societies and cultures. They are basic, general themes which are not mutually exclusive, but are equally enduring. Refined hypotheses may be drawn from them and examined.

Mead wrote in 1936 that it was difficult to find evidence in anthropological monographs which gave details from which she could infer cooperation or competition, the modes of cohesion, analogous to those I have named group-oriented and individualism, about which she sought evidence for interpretation. I think the same condition prevails today. Even the least enthusiastic among us would not dare return from the field without a statement about kinship groups, but to date there has been no comparable imperative demanding that we find out by what mode these groups cohere. We have far more detailed observations of the helpful or rivalrous or anarchistic behaviors amongst birds, bees and worms<sup>13</sup> than we have of comparable behaviors amongst people.

These are worthy themes, as timeless and important as any we use, and there are techniques and methods available by which we can study them in culture and society. If we find that in some one society we are studying one of these themes predominates over the other, we should not presume that it is more fundamental somehow to the nature of Homo sapiens or to other beasts of the planet earth. Holton's work makes clear that all science has worked with proximate goals based on transient,

though perhaps recurrent, themes that are not fundamentally of unequal presence in nature. The widest perspectives in both art and science warn us away from a vision of proving once and for all any final truths about the two themes or styles which have been noted and defined by philosophers and literateurs through the ages, and toward a vision of the complementarity and enduring coexistence of the two types of order presently characteristic of the cultures of New Ireland and New Hanover.

#### Relative Stability of Cultural Styles

The study of change in these two islands is another study, and I will undertake only to suggest what factors might be important in it.

A system is only stable until forces come against it, from within or without, which topple or dissolve or redirect it. New Hanoverians seem to be generating forces from within which will change the direction of their society, while they stand firm against massive forces from without. New Ireland culture, which has survived many crises, continues strong and seeks only continued strength rather than basic change. There are continuing reports that the New Hanover "cargo cult" is spreading to New Ireland and will change it fundamentally, but I think that is unlikely.

According to the interpretation given here, the Johnson cult could not spread to New Ireland any more successfully than malanggan has spread to New Hanover, despite opportunities to do so which must span a century, at least. Huizinga has written of ritual, myth, all aspects of culture as "play," and of play as "fun." "The fun of playing," he wrote, "resists all analysis, all logical interpretation."<sup>14</sup> "All play has its rules . . . The rules of a game are absolutely binding and allow no doubt . . . . The player who trespasses against the rules or ignores them is a 'spoilsport.'"<sup>15</sup>

Using Huizinga's terminology, it can be said that even though New Hanover held some of the most important objects needed to "play" malanggan --the red shell currency (mias)--they could not or would not play. They lacked all the other qualifications to play, and they could not follow the rules. They lack understanding of and interest in ritual, in giving, and in self-restraint.

Conversely, New Ireland lacks all the qualifications for "playing" cargo cult, as it is played in New Hanover. They avoid confrontation, anger, assertiveness, and abstract or new ideas. For New Hanover, the Johnson cult was a game and an art form. It is not a game New Ireland can play, or an art form that they like.

But these two peoples may change each other in their contacts at work, if not at play. Profound changes have already come to New Ireland near town, at and near the point of contact between the two islands. In the villages near Kavieng, many people from New Hanover have settled and planted coconuts. New Irelanders, not accustomed to exploitive behavior, and New Hanoverians, not accustomed to receiving help from their neighbors, have worked together in such a way that New Irelanders have lost their land. New Ireland culture has not had to change in basic ways to accommodate the few white men that have passed their way, but it may have to change in basic ways to accommodate neighboring Lavongais.<sup>16</sup> And New Hanoverians, who have found it so hard to change themselves, may find that in contact with New Irelanders they have gradually acquired the elusive quality of cooperation they had sought, while mysteriously losing their sense of urgency to have what cooperation might achieve in the material world.

Perhaps the two will work together to compensate and complement each other. History provides many examples: H. G. Wells wrote that

"For thousands of years the settled civilized peoples . . . seem to have developed their ideas and habits along the line of worship and personal subjection, and the nomadic peoples theirs along the line of personal self-reliance and self-assertion. Naturally enough, under the circumstances the nomadic peoples were always supplying the civilizations with fresh rulers and new aristocracies. That is the rhythm of all early history."<sup>17</sup> And Lavongai had, in 1967, already provided a "fresh ruler," a young man from Ungalik island who had moved, with his wife, to a New Ireland village near town and who was, in 1967, President of the Tikana Council in New Ireland.

Quite dramatic changes can come quickly when two different cultures come together, just as quite dramatic stability can prevail over the millenia in the absence of new forces. New Hanoverians who have remained at home are using the few Europeans, and little bits of Europeans culture to which they have access, as an aid to the change which they consciously seek. They are using the reliability of Europeans, especially in relation to money, and the savvy of Europeans in relation to organization, to try to change their own fashion. New Ireland has maintained its stability by converting all who come to them, whether Japanese soldiers, itinerant Papua New Guineans, or even Lavongais, to their own fashion, which they consciously value.

It is not easy to know what thing, small or large, might lead to change, or even when fundamental change has occurred beyond recall. Changes in content of culture do not change its structure or its style. Thirty-five years before I made my study of New Ireland, Powdermaker wrote a book that could have been written again in 1965-67. More cars on the road, more foreigners, more schools, and more money had not altered New Ireland culture in any fundamental way. And despite the frenetic



activity of the Johnson cult, New Hanoverians remained themselves skeptical of their ability to change. If New Hanover culture is to change, it will not be because they have provoked a quarrel with the Australian Administration. That is nothing new for them. It is just an old game of their culture, played with new adversaries.

I think we have underestimated the persistence of cultural styles. Which will survive--the culture which accommodates the needs of the weak, or the culture which accommodates the demands of the strong? Or will they survive together, or not at all? Given the limitations on our ability to predict not only the natural courses of these two cultural styles, but the points of their collision with each other and with unimagined others, only time can tell the end of the story here noted somewhere in its mid-course.

## EPILOGUE

In 1971 anthropologist Anton Ploeg sent me an article from The South Pacific Post headlined "Cargo Cult Spreads to New Ireland." It was hard for me to see how this could be, but there was no way for me to be sure except by returning to see for myself. With the aid of a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, I returned for two months during the summer of 1972.

Return to the Field, 1972

I had been back in the United States less than three months when I got a letter from Konda Aisoli telling me that Sirapi had died. Konda's own pupu, Patavani, who had been like a mother to him, had also died; and he felt that a light had gone out in the world. I felt that Sirapi had been like a mother to me, too, though she always referred to me as her "sister"; and I felt that now I would never have the opportunity to return her help, or to let her see the book she had done so much to help write. Konda's next letter, only a few months later, told me of the death of Eruel.

Then Kas wrote me: there had been many pigs, sixteen in all, for Sirapi's funeral. There were many pigs, too, for Eruel's death. Even though he was a memai and a Big Man, his cement had already been put on his grave, because the people of Mangai had decided they did not want to make a big malanggan later.

When I entered Mangai village in 1972, the women who had been Sirapi's close relatives and friends embraced me and cried and said, "Your sister, Sirapi, is dead." I was surprised: none of these women had ever shown emotion in front of me before. I had been at pains to show in my doctoral dissertation (Billings, 1971) that these New Irelanders

felt deeply and intensely, despite their straight faces; and, now, to my surprise and relief, they manifested what previously I could only infer: their deep and lasting grief for one amongst them who had died, five years before.

Milika let me move into Kas' brick house, where I had lived before, with her while Kas worked in Kopkop for the Council, the headquarters for which had moved there from Mangai to be closer to town. Sirapi's close relatives took up her duties to me then, as they had in 1967 when she was sick: Kombulau, of Tivingur clan, brought a delicious baked chicken, and Muktun, of Matanavillam hamlet, gave me a beautiful hot loaf of sago bread. Keres, Sirapi's old Tivingur clan brother who had never paid much attention to me, wept and talked of Sirapi and led me along the beach at Katedon into the bush to see the cement monument standing over Eruel's grave.

People seemed surprised that I could still speak pidgin, not realizing that I had spent much of my time during the five years since I had left them listening to and transcribing tapes of talk in pidgin. During my first lengthy conversation with Kas, I tried to tell him something about my work. I finally said that it seemed to me that the fashion of New Ireland culture could be summed up as "Give, give, give," and that of New Hanover as--and here Kas interrupted and spoke with me--"Take, take, take." "That's it," Kas said. I thought he seemed pleased that I had finally understood something well enough to make it interesting for him to talk to me. His response was the reward I had hoped for, confirmation of my general approach, which allowed me to "ad lib" in New Ireland culture. Having finally seen where the known path in New Ireland was going, I did not need to follow the one ahead of

me so rigidly: I could pause or even take small side trips without offending or losing my way.

Had the "Cargo Cult Spread"?

T.I.A. had "spread" to New Ireland, where it was called T.K.A. In Mangai, Kas and Israel, and especially Eron, were reluctant to support it because of its origins in the Johnson cult in New Hanover. But Sirapi's classificatory brother, Matunga (who had brought the malanggan from Makalo to Kuluvos), was enthusiastic. He was living in his wife's village, Navallus, where there had previously been some interest in the cult in 1965. He rode his bicycle from there to see me one day and was very pleased and excited when I proposed that I come to Navallus to speak to some of the people there who wanted to know whether or not America was going to come.

This discovery was something of a disappointment to me. After all, I had predicted that New Irelanders would not favor the cult. But I was glad to have Matunga's help in carrying out my task of research into the matter.

Before I visited Navallus, however, I returned to Lavongai. The journey itself gave evidence of the success of T.I.A. there: I rode on the big mission boat, the Margaret, which carried a tractor and a grader, second-hand equipment which Father Miller had found with which T.I.A. proposed to begin to build a road, at last, around New Hanover. Walla and Paulos of T.I.A., as well as my old friends in the village, welcomed me back. There were several important meetings of T.I.A., and for most people the practical work of the organization seemed to dominate their concerns. But America was not forgotten: at one meeting, Paulos suggested that I be charged with the responsibility of telling the United Nations that they wanted America to come, but Father

Miller assured the assembled Bord members that I was only a "little mouth" in America. Those who spoke to me about America seemed clear about this: no one was at all interested in my views, though many, including Walla, assured me that they still wanted America to come. From their point of view, America's coming still remained, I thought, a clear possibility. Now, however, their hopes were phrased in terms that seemed more "realistic": they proposed to become a state, like Hawaii. Their ideas continued to be founded primarily on their own hopes and "likes," and not on information gained from other people who, in their experience, were not likely to be trustworthy.

When I returned to New Ireland and visited Navallus with Matunga, I found a group of about twenty-five people waiting for me. Most of them had known me from my earlier visits, and I knew many of them. Slowly and shyly, they told me of their work in T.K.A. and asked me if it were true that America was going to come. I said that this was not true, so far as I knew, and told them what I knew of the situation, in New Hanover, in Australia, in America, and in the world.

Their response was entirely different from that of New Hanoverians. They sighed with some disappointment, but apparently accepted what I had said. New Irelanders, accustomed to trusting authority and authorized channels of information, trusted me and my information. Then they asked me about T.K.A.: was it a good thing? I said I thought it was a very good way for them to develop themselves. They told me that their educated children were embarrassed and made fun of them for joining T.K.A., because of its association with the New Hanover Johnson cult; but nevermind, they said: "We want to develop something for our children. Later, they will see that what we have done is good, and we will have something to give them, and they will join us."

Here the split was between the old and the young, and the old were preparing to give the benefits of their labor to the "enemy faction," their own children, even though this enemy faction had ridiculed them. By contrast, in New Hanover the split remained between those who were In and those who were Out and had ridiculed; and the insiders, the cultists who had developed T.I.A., were still determined that those who had ridiculed them, and their progeny, should never join their efforts. Walla was personally open in this regard and sought unity; but he had not pushed his view on an organization of unwilling members.

Return in July-August, 1974

I returned again to the Kavieng District during the summer of 1974. T.I.A. was still bustling along in New Hanover, but there was some discouragement. Father Miller had got a second-hand sawmill. Of every three trees people brought in, two were to be sawed into planks for T.I.A., and one was to be sawed into planks for the person who brought the trees. There was a tendency for the first tree to be given to the bringer and for the two trees for T.I.A. to be a long time in coming in. Finally, the sawmill broke down, and no one moved to fix it. Still, T.I.A. had built a splendid two-story house where members could meet and sleep (and where Mark and I stayed), as well as an office, both in Lavongai village, where the Government house (Haus Kiap) had been in 1967. And many men had little outboard motors for their canoes.

There was still no road, but there was some interest in the new Japanese fish cannery that had been built on a small island near Kavieng. Laksia, my young New Hanover friend who had lived in Mangai village in 1966-67, drove a boat for them, but otherwise I knew of no Lavongais employed by the Japanese. Still, it was clear that the Japanese had potential, and Walla told me that perhaps the Japanese would come first,

to prepare the way for America.

The Japanese were very much present in Mangai, where a Japanese timber company had taken over the old Council House. Now the New Irelanders had a difficult decision to make: should they continue to try to develop their own timber, through T.K.A. (Now called T.F.A., the "F" being for the English word "Farmers"), or should they sell to and work for the Japanese company? Kas tended to favor T.F.A.: we should do it ourselves and not lose any of our profits to the Japanese. Eron tended to favor the Japanese: if we do it ourselves, the equipment will break down, and we will not have the money or the competence to fix it, and nothing will get done. Anyway, the Japanese had agreed to leave their local industry to the New Irelanders in five years. People asked me what I thought they should do, and I did not know: I thought I should know, or that I should be able to find out, and I made inquiries, but, in the end, I did not know. In theory, I was against the entry of exploitative multi-national corporations, or Japanese corporations, into Third-World countries. In practice, I saw that New Ireland timber was being exported, and New Hanover timber still stood. Daniel Bokaf, the New Ireland teacher in Lavongai who became the cultists' successful candidate for the House of Assembly, had moved back to New Ireland and was working hard for T.F.A. He was a strong supporter of local development.

The Japanese seemed to be very courteous to the local people. They sat in the Kavieng Club with their native officials. Papua New Guinea achieved self-government in 1974, and on that date all exclusive European clubs in the country became open. Several tough old Australians, long-time residents of Kavieng, began to shyly but proudly bring their native wives to the Club. One tiny woman past middle age brought meatballs every Thursday.

In 1974, I stayed with Kas and Milika in his brick house in Mangai. He and Milika's brother were building an addition on the front of it which would be a little store. The village had a new brick church, and in the bush above the village the Methodists had a new brick high school, composed of several classroom buildings and several houses for teachers and students. Mangai also had instituted a "brick factory" to service all these constructions. The people of Mangai were still working together, pooling their resources and their labor.

Only old Vasale, still barely alive in 1972, had died since my last visit. Her son Lovan, the only person who shed tears when I left in 1967, was the only person who shed tears when I returned in 1974. He had buried his mother in her home village, Lemakot, where she had never lived during her adult life. Kas was annoyed: he wanted Lovan to bury his mother in Purapot, where Lovan and Kas both lived. But Lovan was quite ill, with emphysema, his nurse daughter, Mamit, told me. It seemed to me that he would not be up to organizing the malanggan ceremony for Purapot that he had planned for some time. I wondered if, perhaps, that was why he did not want his mother in that cemetery.

The 1974 trip was undertaken largely in order to make visual records. Photographer Mark Isaacson accompanied me. He was extremely sensitive to the kinesic styles of New Hanover and New Ireland: he was impressed by the "serenity" of New Ireland, but, as a native New Yorker, felt more at home in New Hanover. We had some good luck, including the opportunity to videotape the funeral of a woman in Lauen village, where I was well known to many people, including Edward, son of the dead. Edward buried his mother in Kuluvos, near the graves of William and Makalo, still marked by the cement monument constructed in 1967.



We also had a series of disasters, capped by the breakdown of the videotape camera the day after the funeral. After our ham radio friends, Father Freeh and Father Fisher, had both laid open the ailing machine in vain, Mark took it back to the States to recover. He took all his cameras with him, leaving me a borrowed one which I soon took with me on a fall into the sea. ("Did you want to wash?" Silakau asked wryly, displaying the New Hanover sense of humor which at least I now understood.)

Shortly after Mark and the cameras left, I received a telegram telling me to call home. On the telephone in the Kavieng Post Office, I learned that my own mother had died suddenly. A Chinese woman waiting to use the phone put her arm around me when I broke into tears and comforted me, saying, "I was also far from home when my mother died; I know how you feel." Across the road in the Club, my planter friends, upon hearing my news, said, "That's life," and bought me drinks. I went to the Catholic Mission, and Sister Gertrude called the Catholic school and asked to have the children say prayers for my mother. That night I stayed at the mission, and Brother Pat, from Chicago, sat up and talked to me. Father Freeh, whose own mother was near death back home in the Midwest, said, "Everyone's dying, and they always bring me the bodies." Two days later, when Peter Murray heard my sad news, he came and got me for dinner and read dramatically to me from Kipling.

All of these efforts and responses were greatly appreciated, none more than that of my friends in Mangai. When I returned to Mangai on the new bus that ran along the East Coast road and went into Kas' house, I found him and Milika waiting to cry with me. I had never seen either of them cry at funerals, but now they cried. I had never really understood the wailing at funerals until then. What may seem to outsiders from cultures with few rituals as superficial and make-believe now seemed

to me as a great gift not just of concern but of identification.

My friends began to plan a little dinner in honor of my mother on the following Saturday, after the marriage of Alice Aisoli to a young man from Lesu. Many plans, however, had to be changed. On Friday morning, Lingiris, who had been my faithful translator and informant at the Kuluvos malanggan, died after a long illness; but to everyone's surprise and distress, Lingiris' good friend, Lokorovar (whose comments made a great contribution to my understanding of New Ireland art), who had taken ill the night before, also died, suddenly. Now there would have to be two funerals, as well as Alice's wedding, on Saturday.

Saturday morning, Father Freeh came to the little Catholic church in Livitua to perform the funeral services. As he passed by he said to me, "See, I told you, they always bring me the bodies; but this is the first time they've brought me two at once." We cried first with Lingiris' widow, Sebaiko; and then with Lokorovar's widow, Rongo. Neither couple had any children. Then I went down to Mangai to watch wedding preparations.

In Mangai there was slight confusion over variations in wedding procedures in Mangai and Lesu. There was plenty of time for clarification, as we were all waiting for people to eat the funeral feast in Livitua and then come to the wedding in Mangai. There was much waiting and a slow, gray chilly drizzle, through all of which Alice smiled cheerfully and calmly. I left my remaining camera and tape recorder under one of the little shelters built for her wedding and went along with some others back to the funeral. We got there just in time to hear Lasuwot making the funeral speech. Toward the end he said, "Dorothy has been with us a long time; she is one of us: now her mother has died, and this feast is for her, too." I was, of course, very touched and pleased. Then

Lasuwot came over to me and scolded me: "Where is your camera and tape recorder? I talk of your mother, and you don't catch it!" Oh! I wished I had brought it. I made Lasuwot promise to come and repeat his speech for my tape recorder the next day, which he did. I had worried a little bit about intruding on the funeral of Edward's mother with all our camera equipment, and now I had an opportunity to see how I would feel if it were my own mother's funeral. I would have been glad, I thought, to have it recorded. I hope that Edward was.

#### The News to 1980

Letters from Kas have told of the deaths of Eron, Lovan, Keres, Matunga. T.F.A. is growing in New Ireland. Everything is going along well since Independence, in 1975. New Irelanders like Prime Minister Michael Somare very much: they knew him when he taught in New Ireland at Utu High School.

In 1979, Father Miller visited me. I beseiged him with questions. "Well," he said, "the Americans finally came." What! Where? What are they like? "They're Korean," he replied, long-suffering. The Japanese had sold the fish cannery to an American company, which had sent a Korean delegation to man it. The New Hanoverians took very little interest in it. T.I.A. has bought several Chinese plantations in New Hanover, and a Chinese store in Kavieng. Unfortunately, the old "wantok" system had nearly destroyed the store: clerks gave things away, as they had in the Cooperative Society, to their "wantoks," those who speak "one talk," one language, and to their friends and relatives. This is the greatest problem of "development" everywhere in Papua New Guinea: for various reasons, people feel compelled to respond to personal claims in "impersonal" businesses. In New Ireland, compassion and courtesy require a personal response; in New Hanover, it is wise to make friends in this way.

The people of New Hanover have continued to focus their interests and resources on the development of their island. While progress in the economic sphere has been slow, political development has been swift and sure. In 1974, a young man who has remained a leader was charged for having tried to organize Lavongais into taking over European plantations, which he viewed as still really belonging to the local people.

Father Miller brought news of the deaths of old Malekaien and of Oliver, who was probably only about fifty. I had gone to his island in 1972 and 1974, but I did not find him. Now I would never know what he thought of the changes that he had helped to bring about. Father Miller also told me that John and Mary had given up reconciliation and were now each living with new spouses in Lavongai village. Births, marriages, divorces, and deaths in Lavongai are of ultimate importance to the individuals involved, but they put only a small mark on the group effort and on the culture generally.

The people of New Ireland, by contrast, have continued to focus their interests and resources on the life-crisis rites that have long dominated and shaped their culture. Father Miller told me of the death, in 1979, of Francis of Livitua, and of his funeral. The priest at Lemakot said the East Coast road was blocked with trucks of people coming from everywhere in New Ireland to fulfill their obligations to this well-known man. While economic and political developments have proceeded gradually and according to the guidelines of various authorities, these changes continue to be instrumental to the celebration of the changeless events of life which remain of ultimate significance for the people and culture of New Ireland.

The Future

The great task for the people of Papua New Guinea today is to go forward together while maintaining the various, even contradictory, strengths of their many and diverse cultures. So far they have made a remarkable beginning, creating occasions for many kinds of celebration and for the celebration of diversity. The accommodation to each other that the peoples of New Hanover and New Ireland work out in the Kavieng District will be one of many local accommodations to differences in culture and in cultural style. To date, understanding and respect have prevailed: may it so continue, as a model for the rest of the world.

## P A R T   T W O :   N E W   I R E L A N D

## CHAPTER TWO

## MANGAI VILLAGE

pp. 41-146

1. By 1972, Sid Thomas and his son had established a bus service that travelled once a day in each direction between Kavieng and Namatanai. Mr. Thomas had offered this business, which did very well, for sale to the Local Government Councils.
2. It was \$16 in 1974.
3. By 1972, the Tikana Local Council met in a building at KopKop, and the Women's Clubs, organized by the Welfare Department of the government, had built a house where women who brought their produce to sell at the small, weekly Kavieng market could sleep. This area also served as a fair grounds once a year.
4. By 1974, a new Methodist church made of concrete bricks, manufactured by the Mangai people, stood in this area. Back in the bush about three-quarters of a mile was their "brick factory," and another quarter of a mile beyond this was the new Methodist Mangai High School, which the people had also helped to build with their bricks. The Council House had been rented to a Japanese Timber Company.
5. I often thought of Buell Quain's descriptions in Fijian Village (1934) when I was in Mangai. Some of the people I met reminded me of the people Quain described in all their individuality there. In that Fijian village, most people worked generally together, but there was one man who did not care to be one of the group and who had moved into a house near his gardens.

6. For instance, I think Rusrus (Lungantire hamlet) and Eruel (Katedon hamlet) had decided to diminish or forget their ties, which I have shown. Rusrus did this by "forgetting" Tamasingui. Eruel did it by not mentioning that Kare (his father's brother's son) had had a brother called Wanamus, who was Rusrus' father.
7. Unless otherwise indicated, all ages are approximate, based on my best guess. Birth dates since World War II could be obtained in some cases from mission and government hospital records.
8. In 1974, Langiro had gone back home to Tabar when I visited Mangai.
9. In 1974, Tokas and his children were living most of the time in a house near his former wife and her present husband in her village about twenty miles further down the road from Mangai. He had not remarried.
10. The Methodist mission moves its preachers around from one village to another, on the principle that a prophet is not without honor except in his home village. Methodist preachers usually work and live in another village for a year or so and then return home for a while, then take up a new post. In Mangai in 1967, Vatung became the local preacher, which he was glad to do. He probably would not have taken a post in another village, as he and his Mangai wife, Dokas, had many children; and it would have been difficult to move or to separate.
11. Both Patavani and Eserom died not long after I left Mangai in 1967. Konda Aisoli wrote me that the loss of Patavani was, for him and his brother and sisters, like the loss of a mother.
12. Konda married Susanne, daughter of Boas, a Big Man in Lesu who was married to Getti, the daughter of the Luluai who helped Powdermaker there in the early 1930s. They read the copy of Life in Lesu we

- had with us in 1965 and noted in the margins changes they thought should be made in spelling and other details.
13. Ruby Aisoli had helped anthropologist Marie Reay with her work in the Highlands.
  14. Ba was from Manus, but had lived many years in Mangai. He sent his son, Tom, to Manus for part of his school years.
  15. In 1972, Malu and Kiu moved to Kableman with Morokas and his wife, Wusuka, who had no children. Milika and I stopped to see them all and to pick up two crabs Wusuka had found for her at Milika's request. She wanted me, when I went to Coroka, to take them to Margaret Evers, who had taught Milika's daughter Rakaso at Medina High School. In 1974, Morokas and his mother and family remained in Kableman following the death of Wusuka, who was only about 35 years old.
  16. By 1972, Leiwai had married her dead sister's husband, Johnny, who had resigned his work with Mr. Murray and come home to help look after his children.
  17. Here I am using "matrilocal" to refer to the households of couples settled with the mother of either spouse, and "patrilocal" to refer to the households of couples settled with the father of either spouse.
  18. I only discussed this and other general principles I thought I had found with Kas. He saw my "findings" as obvious, I think, merely commenting that "Yes, land passes through the mother."
  19. In 1972, Marau and Daniel Welakamus were living in Luberua.
  20. In 1974, both these couples were living in the village of the women, Navallus. Matunga rode his bicycle to Mangai one day to see me, and I gathered he was a frequent visitor.



21. The people of Mangai tried to keep Kavung at home by electing him komiti (committeeman) for the village.
22. When I first found out, in my endless questioning, that Rongo and Lokorovar were sleeping in different houses, I asked Sirapi if they were cross. She seemed puzzled at first, then assured me that they were not. Rongo was sleeping with her mother: that seemed to be the point. One day, Lokorovar visited his wife there while Sirapi and I were visiting. Rongo and all of us were grieved when he died suddenly, the same day his friend Lingiris died of a long-term illness, in 1974. They had just built a new brick house in Rongo's mother's place.
23. In 1971, I wrote that "Teling and Belmumu thus are one of the young married couples with very young children living virilocally; in this case, viripatrilocally, for the time being. But I expect that sometime in the next ten years they will live for at least several years in Navallus village, so that Belmumu's children can make their claims there." In 1972 and 1974, Belmumu and Teling and their children were living in Navallus.
24. A European planter married to a native women bought some land from Eruel in Kableman in 1966. To show me how foolish I was ever to trust a native, he challenged me to ask Eruel how much had been paid for the land. I felt reluctant to do this, as I would in our own society, but I decided to ask anyway, thinking that I needed to know. I told Eruel that the European had told me he had bought land from him and I would like to know how much he had paid. Eruel answered, "Thirty pounds." My European friend was very surprised when I told him: "He told you the truth!"

25. Billings, 1971, p. 146. Lovan never did organize a malanggan for the Purapot cemetery; and, at the time of writing, none has yet been held.
26. When Kas told me about this quarrel in 1974, I told him that in my dissertation I had wondered if Lovan's viripatrilocal residence would cause a problem and that I now would like to tell about this in the final book, but I was sure he would not want me to do so. He assured me that it was perfectly all right, that he would like me to write about this in the book. I hope he still feels that way about it.
27. See Scragg, 1954.
28. Lovan told me this most clearly. He also told me in 1972 that Sirapi died because she thought too much of her husband, who had died in 1963. Sirapi died in 1968, less than a year after completing the malanggan (described in Chapter Three) for her husband.
29. Lamo has many children of his own. Sambuan must have meant he had no children in his clan who were eligible.
30. Sirapi was taboo to Lovan and did not use his name: thus, she referred to the place where Lovan's house was by using the name of his mother.
31. See Schneider and Gough, 1962.
32. If they had transferred gains and losses, they would have developed a system more like that of Polynesia.
33. I have used European names not in common use in New Ireland to designate the principal characters in this history. I am not certain that this device is any more necessary here than in some of the other histories of other events where I have retained real names. The people in this case do not live in Mangai.

34. In 1974, when I asked Kas and Milika about this incident, Milika said that Robert had returned to his wife. Kas at first seemed not to know what I was talking about. Then he said something like this: "Oh, yes, that was a misunderstanding; it never really happened." Milika remained silent. Later, I asked her what happened to Pamela, and Milika said, "She is prostituting around somewhere in New Guinea."

Selective forgetting and reinterpretation has erased this incident for Kas, as soon it will for all. When the New Ireland reader has read this, let us all agree that it did not happen. Thus will we keep the group together without dispute. I am reluctant to step outside and put this in print, but it is necessary to know all in order to praise well and thoroughly.

35. In 1974, Tokas, who in 1965-67 was living with his mother in Matanavillam with two of his four children after his wife left him, had moved with the children to his wife's village. Milika said they are friends, "he gives her cigarettes." She is still married to the man for whom she left Tokas. There was no indication that this was a polyandrous marriage, but it suggests a kind of situation that might have led to polyandry in the old days. It incidences what seems to be a low-interest sexual jealousy characteristic of northern New Ireland. Polyandry would probably be less possible where polygyny means male power.
36. See Schneider and Gough, op. cit., for comparative and theoretical discussion of this aspect of the "matrilineal puzzle," first identified by British anthropologists in Africa.
37. In addition to the potentially ranked clans, there were other characteristics in New Ireland that looked like Polynesia in the making: a tendency, for instance, to emphasize the first-born

child. (See Sahlins, 1958, for an elaboration of this view.)

These tendencies did not develop. This whole subject is discussed at length below (Chapter Four).

38. Schneider and Gough, op. cit., p. 13.

39. Ibid., p. 8.

40. Ibid., p. 27.

41. Semegi gave one of her children to her husband's childless sister, but she is not enthusiastic about it, as is the sister. This situation is described in the discussion of children below (Chapter Four).

NOTES

## CHAPTER THREE

MALANGGAN

pp. 147-480

1. In my opinion, the data would be worth presenting even if it had no explicit points of my view to direct it. And, of course, I think that the people of New Ireland deserve as much as any fictional Russians to have their names and relationships studied so that their lives may be understood. I see these long presentations of data as the part of the book that is really theirs, though I know it suffers from my selection. The tendency in the past three-to-four decades to publish generalizations rather than data, anthropologists' texts rather than subjects' texts, has no scientific or humanistic justification.
2. My doctoral dissertation at the University of Sydney (Billings, 1971) contains a fuller account which might be of interest to some future researcher in New Ireland. Here I have reduced the number of names in the index in hopes of persuading the reader to read on.
3. In 1967, Taores and Ewodia returned to live in New Hanover, where they gave me an important interview comparing the two cultures in which they had lived. Relevant portions of that interview are reproduced below (Chapter Ten).
4. It is discussed in Billings and Peterson, 1967.
5. And still in 1974. Kasino's letter in 1978 reported Taito's death.
6. In the midst of my notes for this evening, I wrote, "Maybe they (New Irelanders) talk of what they are doing and have done in detail because they are Do-ers, not Be-ers." I think now that

this contrast, noted with New Hanover style fresh in mind, is supported by analysis.

7. Julie Vatio, a young woman from Fangalawa, about thirty miles down the road from Mangai, worked for the Catholic Mission in Kavieng and with mission help visited the United States. When she spoke for my classes in Wichita she said, amongst other things, that women hold the money in New Ireland.
8. "Fast" is translated thus by Mihalic: dense, hemmed in, crowded, tight; and thus by Webster: shut tight, stuck, unyielding, impregnable, solid.
9. A tambo straight, or direct tambo, is one to whom one traces relationship through a known and close marriage, rather than a person to whom one's tambo relationship is classificatory.
10. Kas also thinks New Ireland used to have a class system, with some clans "higher" than others, and some people who were slaves. Two other men who were schoolmates of Kasino's (and who are all in their fifties) told me the same thing. I did not see convincing evidence for it, though there were a few dim clues. It is significant, in any case, that whatever differentiations there are are seen in these terms. Kas certainly had an excellent grasp of the sociology of his own culture, gleaned not from his formal schooling but from his local experiences.
11. The pig was for Nicolas Peterson and me and was presented along with a mamatua malanggan we had commissioned Eruel to make for us. He added several other gifts: ceremonial paddle, kepkep, conch shell, slit drum. Eruel gave no other pigs while I knew him.
12. Mitlang went early before some of Rusrus' close kin. She is the wife of Matunga, Sirapi's clan brother. The main people go first

partly to communicate what pig is under consideration as well as to command a dominant position.

13. I refer here, of course, to this favored topic amongst anthropologists, invented by Gluckman and other British anthropologists to supplement and complement their long interest in segmentary lineage systems with separate parts.
14. A Big Man also uses a leaf as a peace-making symbol in Ulithi (Lessa, 1961).
15. I think Melisa means he has not worked for profit, but that guess is not consistent with the data. Perhaps, he means for power and status.
16. There are probably not only individual but also cultural differences even between language groups in northern New Ireland, as well as between northern and southern parts of the island. Europeans often mentioned that the Nalik people were very "go-ahead" people. Milika, who is from Lesu, is more outgoing than many other people in Mangai, but she may have been an outgoing person in her home village of Lesu, too. She helped Phillip and Sally Lewis when they worked there and often told me of her pleasant memories of them.
17. I am almost certain that Melisa mispoke. He meant the malanggan that Livitua was bringing. I have his speech on tape, and he did say "Mangai," but consideration of all subsequent events suggests strongly that he meant to say "Livitua."
18. Melisa said that he secured his father's resources in the usual way, by giving pig and mias after his death to his father's bisnis. In theory, at least, Melisa cannot pass on these resources.

19. During my first trip to New Ireland, I wondered if I had contracted some dread disease, because I felt that I was moving very slowly, but I did not know why. I finally decided that it must be the heat. Nic noticed it, too, but he did not say anything until we got back to Sydney, and he mentioned that he was glad to see I had returned to my normal pace. I continued to think that the heat, which was much more comfortable than New York City in the summer, must be the explanation until I went to New Hanover, where people move as though they are in New York City, and so did I. The kind of response I had to other people's movement style is called "mirroring" by students of acting.
20. Elsewhere in the world, in West Africa and amongst the Tolais of New Britain, men who come out of seclusion obtain food and other things from the villagers by "stealing and extortion." That is, so one may read, the cultural conception of the transfer of goods. Here when the men come out of seclusion, it is incumbent upon the people to give. There is no question of stealing or unwillingness.
21. I had already made clear my views that it would be good to have things made in the old ways. Eruel, very reluctantly, abided by my demand that a friction drum he made for me be painted with bush paint, made from a leaf. When, after two weeks, the yellow turned gray, as he had said it would, I let him repaint my drum (to his great relief) with paint we bought at the store. So much for "authenticity."
22. Chapter Five tells more of my attempts to discover the meaning or meanings of New Ireland art. I tried every way I could think of to get specific answers: questions that were direct, questions that were indirect; asking from knowledge, asking from ignorance,



asking casually, asking insistently. All attempts produced no clear iconography. When I finally surrendered this ground, my struggle took a new turn.

23. If Insiders ever became an exclusive group, a Polynesian system could rise up atop of the Outsiders. Tendencies against this are discussed below in Chapter Four.
24. New Ireland is further toward the Polynesian system in this respect than are many Melanesian societies, where a man who can no longer function personally loses his power. But no one group of "insiders" become ranked over "outsiders" in a stable hierarchy in New Ireland.
25. This subject is discussed further below (Chapter Five).
26. A note on field techniques: I found this important piece of the story only in my slides, not in my written or taped accounts.
27. I did go to find Levi once, but felt unable to bring up the subject.
28. Samuel is the man who embraced Kase following the latter's speech over the pigs. I remembered the incident but had not recognized Samuel until I looked at my slides.
29. Milika talked easily and often of poison and fears of local sickness "magically" caused. She was more open than others about everything. However, I think there are different emphases in Lesu, her home village, and in Mangai.
30. Kinesics is the study of human body movement. That body movements and gestures are learned forms of communication, patterned differently in different cultures, has long been known to students of the arts, especially to students of dance and acting. For systematic study of this aspect of communication, and for bringing it to the attention of social science, anthropology has mainly to thank Ray L. Birdwhistell, whose essays have been collected in a book, Kinesics and Context (1970).

31. I was relieved to read that Douglas Oliver also found that the men of the village in which he lived in the Solomon islands did not talk much in the men's house.
32. The people of New Hanover talked a lot and talked analytically. This contrast helped me to see that it was not my fault that New Irelanders did not talk much to me.
33. This point is discussed further in its political aspect below.
34. Children are discussed at length below in Chapter Four.
35. New Irelanders do not reject people, and they feel very compassionate toward anyone who may feel rejected. Conversely, they seem to take pleasure in including people, and none in exclusivity. During the Kuluvos malanggan, Pitalai said to me (to make me feel that I belonged, I think) that I had become "a woman of the inside of malanggan now. You're not outside now; you're inside now, for all work."
36. These leaders are discussed below, Chapter Four.
37. This value is characteristic of Melanesian Big Men elsewhere.
38. I paid Lokorovar forty pounds for building my house. He returned ten pounds to me, which surprised me. I gave him back five pounds (prompted by some rare groping understanding), and he seemed very pleased. That was my first clue to watch for these returns in pig exchanges. They went very rapidly, however, and no one ever knew exactly how much went back and forth on these occasions. Once I saw a back-and-forth payment in Livitua where first one side paraded with mias, then the other side collected it and put mias back in their own return, and so on until each side had given about three times.

39. The principle and its applications are discussed below in Chapter Four.
40. Eruel's liking money too much apparently caused some loss of respect for him.
41. By contrast, jealousy was mentioned many times in New Hanover, where people told me they were notorious for this characteristic.
42. In 1974, I found one man in New Hanover who was making mias.
43. Psychological interpretation is an attempt to get beneath appearances to some inner reality. I have only appearances still for evidence, some of the same appearances that have been analyzed elsewhere as relevant to other aspects of culture. These psychological interpretations are based on the whole pattern of New Ireland behavior, comparison with New Hanover, experiences during four field trips, finally becoming friends and getting a grip on "what the devil is going on" (as Geerdts put it: 1978), and acting successfully in that framework.
44. Further evidence that institutionalized modes channel expression is given below in Chapter Four.
45. See the discussion of political aspects of malanggan above for an analysis of how the weak are brought in.
46. I had the controversy over the Pueblos heavily in mind in considering New Irelanders, as they reminded me quite early in my fieldwork of the Apollonian character described by Benedict. Bennett (1946) has outlined the contrast between the views of those who think Pueblo Indians conform through fear and those who think they conform to achieve a non-coercive harmony which they value.
47. See "Modes and Media."

48. It was her retention of the New Hanover gesture for "Yes," a quick swing and cocking of the head, that led me to ask her about her background again, after I thought I knew it. Though I had known her well for months and realized that she was much more outgoing than most New Irelanders, she never thought to mention to me that her childhood had been spent with her missionary father in New Hanover, and I had no reason to ask her until I had learned how to nod "Yes" in New Hanover. Appropriately for their respective styles, the New Hanover gesture for the affirmative is much more assertive than the comparable one for New Ireland, which manifests New Ireland reserve: a slow easing of the eyebrows upward, sometimes so slight that, at first, I thought people were not responding to me at all when they used it.
49. I lost my feelings of boredom and found the New Ireland way of life very satisfying eventually, but not until I had spent years away from the field studying my field notes and gone back with a better understanding.
50. Mervyn Meggitt once told me, in explaining why it is difficult to get answers as complete as anthropologists would like to have them, that of course the New Guinea informant assumes that you have pig exchanges in your country, too.
51. When I tried to use the word "meaning" in pidgin in New Ireland, I got no response. I decided it must not be a word in pidgin. I was surprised when a New Hanover informant used the word the first day I began my work there, and he and others used it, often and voluntarily, thereafter. I did finally, then, get some New Irelanders to use the word when I pressed them. It was the concept that they did not need, I think.

52. There is probably even a well-known view that "Actions speak louder than words," but I never heard anyone say even that. Probably, actions were just expected to do so.
53. These distinctions have been well-developed in their contexts by de Madariaga (1969).
54. After working in New Hanover, I saw that Laksia's differences, which I had noticed from our first meeting, were typical of his culture, not idiosyncratic.
55. I have mentioned this whole behavior pattern in the section on "Modes and Media" precisely because in any given instance I am not sure which, if any, level of analysis of an example is primary. Is this a deep psychological stance or a social or political tactic to gain economic advantage? Probably, it differs for different individuals in different situations.
56. This ultimate rationalism or romanticism showed me how devious I had become, how suspicious we are of others in our opportunistic culture.
57. This is a classic Melanesian response about which others have written.
58. Eruel went with me into the European hotel in Kavieng once to get a lemonade when we were hot and thirsty after shopping for paint. No natives, by custom, were allowed, but Eruel was completely at ease. I think I would not have tried to take anyone else, but I thought that Eruel would enjoy, quietly, the opportunity to innocently outrage custom. Fortunately, my friend Kitty Fischer, an amazing cooperative officer originally from Prague, came and sat with us and was very friendly. She never learned the local caste system.
59. This point is elaborated below in Chapter Five.

60. Powdermaker (1933) tells this story. When I asked, people in Mangai said they knew of it and they tried to piece it together; but we all gave up.

61. I refer here to Tillich's definition of God (Tillich, 1951).

NOTES

## CHAPTER FOUR

## PATTERNS OF INTEGRATION

pp. 481-572

1. My interpretation of this characteristic is discussed below, as well as in the analysis of the Kuluvos malanggan, Chapter Three.
2. Nicolas Peterson was a leading participant in these discussions. Our report (Billings and Peterson, 1967) indicates that we thought then that there were alternate "true" ways to attain the status. Further research added details to, but did not alter, that conclusion.
3. See the beginning of Chapter Three.
4. Kramer (1925) specifically notes that the interest is in "not ancestors, as Heinrich Schurtz says, but in deceased contemporaries" (Kramer, op. cit., p. 81). Groves tells of the wearing of a mamatua mask in a ceremony that seems very clearly to dramatise the return of the spirit of the dead (Groves, 1936).
5. Billings and Peterson, op. cit. Etuel never showed me this again, nor did we ever mention it.
6. Patavani called this custom atataila, a term I heard later in the Tsoi islands, which she said meant the same as the Mangai term. Langiro said that his home islands, Tabar, have the same custom. Kramer, Powdermaker, and Lewis, writing of areas further south in New Ireland, do not mention it.
7. Sirapi was her parents' third child: two boys died first, then a girl died after Sirapi, and then twin boys again after that.  
(Kas had told me that a taboo child need not be the first child:

if the first children die, then the first who lives, e.g., Sirapi, can be taboo.)

8. Makel is Rongo's mother's hamlet in Livitua. Rongo and her brothers helped Sirapi a great deal when I was in Mangai. When I asked their relationship, they cited their father, who is of Tivingur clan as is Sirapi, and is counted as her clan brother. The fact that they are of Mokititin clan, as was Sirapi's father, was not mentioned.
10. This part of New Ireland, along with Tabar, experienced serious depopulation. See Scaggs, 1954.
11. In 1965, I asked Eruel to carve a mamatua for me, which he did. He presented it with a pig and with ceremony, simultaneously giving the name of the mamatua, Munerau, to me and to his granddaughter, Tambeta. Munerau was Eruel's mother's name.
12. Kasino's views on class are mentioned elsewhere (note Chapter Three).
13. This thesis has been developed explicitly by Sahlins (1958).
14. Powdermaker (1933, op. cit., p. 60) noted that "A mother who does not come and nurse her infant when he cries, if she is within hearing distance, is most unusual, and was never observed. The only reference to such an attitude was in folktales." When the infant grows older and a younger sibling is born, "while there is a lessening of the affectionate demonstrativeness shown to the infant, the attitude of both the adults and older children is that of careful attention to the young child. It is merely the fondling and petting which are omitted. Children from three to six are rarely left alone."

Anita Pritchard, who lived in Medina village, half-way between Lesu and Mangai, reported that until a child is three months old



it is looked after by the mother alone; and that "Whenever it cries it is suckled" (Pritchard, 1956, p. 19). She described one instance of a mother's leaving her child with a group of old women and their maximal efforts to keep him from crying: "In his eleventh month, when left with a group of old women . . . he would cry in sheer rage. There were never any tears. While his mother was within his vicinity, he was a happy laughing, fat child; he resented her disappearance on every occasion. The old woman would merely hug him to her, bounce him up and down, sometimes direct his attention to the sleeping Kiuri, but he continued to resent his separation from his mother. Once he could walk alone, I heard no more loud voiced resentment" (ibid.).

15. Sister M. Liboria, M.S.C. (see Acknowledgements) pointed out to me that one rarely sees pupu carrying children in New Hanover as they do in New Ireland; and, on the other hand, the fathers carry children who are past infancy, sometimes in slings on their backs, in New Hanover. I cannot remember seeing New Ireland fathers carry children in slings; though they often hold children; but I forgot to direct my attention to this observation. The extended family in New Hanover is not co-resident, and does not provide grandmothers to help, which leaves an often unwilling father alone with the job.
16. Boas is the father of Konda Aisoli's wife, Susanne, and the husband of Getti, who was twelve years old when Hortence Powdermaker lived in Lesu. Getti told me this, and that she well remembered "Dr. Powdermaker."
17. See exception below.
18. I never learned any more about this, nor did I ever hear of another such case. Siriu is the mother's sister to Terecia, whose mother

hit her in my presence. That incident is recounted below.

19. It was one of Dokas' daughters who was drowned by a crocodile in the Lossuk River in May 1974.
20. I played one of my five records--Mozart, Beethoven, Ravel and Dello Joio, Bob Dylan, and Streisand's "Funny Girl," often, on a battery phonograph, while I worked; but except for this occasion, no New Irelander but one ever gave a sign of noticing. That one was Eruel, who hummed along with Beethoven once.
21. Kungawot is Siriu's sister, and Siriu left home to live with Sirapi because her father hit her. It should be noted, then, that the only two serious, or relatively serious, instances of physical violence to a child I heard of were in the same family line.
22. In 1974, Sambuan's daughter, Piemot, brought a friend along to help me carry camera equipment into the bush. The friend turned out to be Teresa, now 15 years old. She remembered visiting me when she was little, but smiled shyly, after the fashion of New Ireland, and said only "yes" and "no." She had come back to the village without finishing high school. By the end of the day together, she was no longer shy, but neither was she talkative in my presence. I saw signs, however, of her former alertness and wondered what is in store for her.
23. Burrige (1960) uses the concept of "moral equivalence" in discussing a cargo cult in Tangu.
24. This incident also yields information about field work methods. Because New Irelanders do not display their emotions, but, instead, control them, I was unsure for a long time about what their feelings were. I did not tell them much about what I thought

about things, since they seemed especially sensitive to what people, especially Europeans, thought; and I did not want to make them feel that they could not tell me their views if they were different from mine. The incident which I now describe indicated to me that perhaps I would learn more about them if I let them learn more about me.

25. This is another reason I did not often try to tell about myself: except for stories of my own family, my stories did not work. Gradually, I learned how to interest people a little. Unfortunately, the anthropologist is doomed to go on being a bore for many people.
26. I did try to contact him in Sydney but in vain. I never heard from him again.
27. I have some other evidence for this generalization beyond the behavior of this one woman, but insufficient data to confirm or interpret it. In the area of moieties, the division of labor is different from what it is in Mangai: for instance, men make all mumu and carry more heavy loads. However, men also seem to monopolize the political roles more securely than they do in the multiple clan area.
28. Other parts of this story are told in Chapter Two, Marriage and Incest.
29. This exchange was carried out in Mangai for Tom Ritako and Ruby. Also while they were married in church in Port Moresby.
30. See Chapter Two, Marriage and Incest.
31. My own study indicates that by the standards prevailing in Mangai, Rusrus is correct on that point. The attempts of the children of the two old widows, Kumbut and Vasale, to settle on their father's lands were disputed in times of anger: in the incident described

here in 1966, and in a quarrel involving Vasale's son Lovan in 1974, discussed above (Chapter Two, viripatrilocal residence).

32. He refers to the children of his sisters, Sambuan and her deceased twin.
33. It could be predicted on the basis of some theories that where emotions are channeled into institutionalized circumstances for their expression, spontaneous expression would be low in incidence. I have been building this interpretation inductively, however; and with regard to this particular point, I observed that emotions were expressed in institutionalized contexts, and I observed that there is little spontaneous expression of emotion. Here I am only describing the pattern, without exploring or explicitly supporting the theoretical implications of correlations.
34. I have pointed out that Eruel was exceptionally assertive in many ways. More about his individuality is presented in Chapter Five.
35. Guiart, 1963.
36. Mary Douglas (1970) discusses this point at length.
37. Kas was a clear exception. He was a superb teacher, and he was continually able and willing to talk to us. He talked analytically and abstractly about his culture, but he also discussed details of events and showed us material objects and got other people to demonstrate processes for us. He especially missed Nic Peterson, and it took me a little time to establish myself as a worthy listener in his stead. As Kas was something of an outsider himself, having lived away for many years and gone further in his European education than had most men of his generation, it was important for me to talk with other people as well, which Kas understood. He did his best to bring people to talk to the anthropologists.

When I went back in 1972 and 1974, it was with Kas that I could best discuss my own "abstract analyses," and I thought he was relieved, and a little surprised, that I had finally understood some of the things he had tried to tell me.

38. Mrs. Joyce Hill was the wife of Ron Hill, brother of Keith Hill, "Master Fish." The people were glad, as I was, to have them all visit me in Mangai for several days.
39. Eric Berne (1963) suggests that people structure time by playing games. According to Berne, babies need stroking for health; and as babies become adult, social transactions are substituted for physical stroking. Transactions become structured into Games, but the ultimate aim of transactions is to transcend the game and achieve genuine intimacy. There is evidence that friendly or hostile transactions are equally effective in promoting health. The adult equivalent of stroking, the transaction, is provided by "any act implying recognition of another's presence" (p. 15). Berne does not discuss the cultural structuring of transactions.

NOTES

## CHAPTER V

## NEW IRELAND ARTS

pp. 609-645

1. I am emphasizing the deficiencies in anthropological studies of art. I should also mention that there have been great contributions, e.g., Ruth Bunzel's Pueblo studies. I am indebted to C. W. M. Hart for pointing out to me that even Radcliffe-Brown (in his analysis of Andaman islanders) described the dance and analyzed it in relation to social groups in much the same way in which it is analyzed in this paper.

Recently, Carol Jopling has published an excellent collection of articles (1971) which deal with style in art. Several authors represented in this collection discuss relationships between art and culture similar to those which I discuss: Harold K. Schneider (1956), Herbert Barry, III (1957), George Mills (1957), Ronald M. Berndt (1958), John L. Fischer (1961), George Devereux (1961), Vytautas Kavolis (1965), Anthony Forge (1965), James Fernandez (1966), and Robert Farris Thompson (1968). Kavolis (1968) and Mills (1957), have published books relating art style to social structure and culture.

2. Initially, then, I will not try to distinguish the favored or preferred features, but merely those which are identifying from the point of view of the people who produced the art.
3. By "geometric" I mean that straight lines, or simple, regular curves that can be described in simple terms mathematically, predominate.

By "naturalistic" I mean that straight lines are absent, and lines follow complex curves that cannot be described in simple terms mathematically.

4. New Hanover informants associated stories with Solomon dances.
5. It is a well-documented characteristic of some Melanesians that they import and repeat songs and other elements of material and non-material culture without concern for original meaning (Mead, 1938).
6. This and other types are described below and also in an earlier article (Billings and Peterson, 1967).
7. One of the painters was Eruel's brother's grandson, Konda Aisoli, who taught English in the Administrative College in Port Moresby. He was home on vacation, very helpful and very interested in learning his own culture, which he felt he had had slight chance to learn. But on that last morning, he painted leaves on Luta's face without any special instruction.
8. I asked Eruel to repeat a carving that he had made or that we had seen, telling him that I wanted them to take to museums. He made several for me, but he never repeated one, though he said that he would. I interpret his unwillingness to repeat as mainly lack of enthusiasm with the idea of making two things alike in a row.
9. Paul Wingert is outstanding among students of primitive art for his detailed structural analyses. I quote him here to support my general description of the elements of New Ireland art: pierced openwork, fine-line designs painted on the surface, nonnaturalism. Wingert describes the art as three-dimensional, because it makes use of space between forms. He adds, however, that the surface painting tends to "dissolve" the sculptural character of the works.

This is the source of the visual impact which I have described as predominantly two-dimensional. Of New Ireland art, Wingert says:

This art is unique among Melanesian styles. It is a deceptive combination of the pierced, sculptural style of the Massim area and the two-dimensional, symbolic art of the Papua area. . . . Elaboration, fantasy, and all other spectacular qualities were the desired goals in this dynamic style of artistic expression. It (a pictured statue surrounded by slim poles which Wingert refers to as a "cage" effect) was created within an exceptionally strong, three-dimensional tradition which utilizes the spaces within and around carved forms. These forms are also completely pierced or open, so that the sculptural mode of expression is closely combined with the pierced or aerial mode. In addition, all of the carved forms on a Malagan object are painted in small, symbolic designs which tend to visually dissolve the structural character of the work. As a consequence, a very close examination of these forms is required to distinguish the solid or composite character of their elements. The basis of all of these Malagan designs is to be found in natural forms, both human and animal. But these are interpreted and assembled in a fantastic, often bizarre, nonnaturalistic manner which completely reorganizes the original shape. The resultant pierced, three-dimensional design elements are arranged compositionally along a vertical axis in



an interwoven, interlocked fashion so as to combine in a dynamic and imaginatively spectacular manner.

Important characteristics of Malagan style are the solid, sculptural renderings of the body structures to which, in their dynamic poses, these fabulous heads are so often attached; the framing of these shapes by a series of subsidiary horizontal and vertical forms which create an open, cagelike construction around the figures; and finally, the all-important painting of all surfaces, whether parts of the framework or sculptural elements, with a series of small-scale, symbolic designs, often composed of fine-line definition. . . . Perhaps the most significant single feature of this type of Malagan art is the visual import of the painted surface designs: These lead to an optical fragmentation or dissolving of the structural character of both the physical forms and the functional nature of the surrounding open cage structure. In many ways, then, this is an illusionistic art.

(Wingert, 1962, pp. 235-36.) It may be noted that Wingert, like virtually every other writer on primitive art, refers to "symbolic" elements in the art. No evidence for this interpretation is cited.

10. Everyone in Mangai knows that wooden malanggan come from Tabar. One old man from Tabar, Langiro, knew a story about the origin of malanggan. Shell currency first belonged to Tabar, but was stolen and taken to New Ireland and New Hanover. Malanggan were invented in order to "win back" shell currency in exchange for them in New Ireland. Some informants from further south in New Ireland, around

Lesu and Lasigi, say that vavaras come from inland, from the Lelet Plateau. Kramer was given the same information. For a summary of the literature, see Lewis (1969, pp. 104-110).

11. The small separate carving sometimes held in the teeth of a mask describes a similar carving sometimes held in the teeth of dancers. Current hair styles do not exactly correspond to the high yellow crests on the Tantanua masks, but New Irelanders do bleach their hair (with lime previously, now with peroxide) and do comb their hair up high. They let it grow when they are in mourning and cut it with ritual to end mourning.
12. I did not understand what Eruel meant at first because of two predispositions of mine acquired in the Western world: a) the predisposition to believe that the carvings were symbolic, probably of supernatural figures; and b) the predisposition to think that a "descriptive" work of art would be "realistic" and "naturalistic" in the senses in which we use and interpret these terms in our society. All representational art is selective, of course; and New Ireland representational art selects in a style quite different from our own. Fernandez (1966) found, similarly, that the Fang view their sculpted figures as "realistic" representations.
13. The high-crested masks worn in the Tantanua dance are not displayed except as headpieces for the dance.
14. Administrators commented on New Ireland's being a "good district" because they cleaned and decorated, with plant materials, their villages and the main road in response to only slight urgings whenever they were told that visiting dignitaries would drive down the East Coast road.

15. Iconography: "1. symbolic representation, especially the conventional meanings attached to an image or images. 2. subject matter in the visual arts, especially with reference to the conventions regarding the treatment of a subject in artistic representation." This definition is given by The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, 1973.
16. Lomax, op. cit., p. 16.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., p. xiii.
19. Ibid., p. 224.
20. Ibid., p. 15.
21. Ibid., p. 174.
22. Ibid., p. 179.
23. A further analysis would be required here to distinguish people who lean and hold onto each other from those who move together but with space between them. New Irelanders are the latter type of "shoal," reflecting their reserve.
24. Lomax, op. cit., p. 171.
25. Ibid., pp. 9-11.
26. I have relied heavily on Lewis' excellent study (see Lewis, 1969, p. 18), and would not have attempted this paper without the benefit of his thorough research. Lewis leaves open the possibility that New Ireland art has, or had at one time, iconographic meaning.
27. Lewis, ibid., pp. 18-21.
28. The remarkable characteristic of my predecessors in New Ireland is that they carefully state what they did not learn, and what they do not know. That is rare in anthropology in general; and to find it three times, in the work of three scholars, working in the same

place at three widely separated times is a blessing to subsequent field workers that passeth all understanding. False conclusions are not there to delay or deny fruitful inquiry. I may wish I had carried on what might almost be called a latent tradition of New Ireland anthropologists.

29. Leach, 1954, pp. 31-32.
30. Buhler in Buhler, Barrow and Mountford, 1962, p. 129.
31. Powdermaker, 1961; Lewis, 1961.
32. I have borrowed this expression from Lowie's defense of Bastian. See Robert F. Lowie, The History of Ethnological Theory (New York: Rinehart and Co., Inc., 1937), p. 32.

NOTES

## P A R T   T H R E E:   N E W   H A N O V E R

## CHAPTER SIX

## LAVONGAI VILLAGE

pp. 646-862

1. See the discussion of marriage below, pp. 813-46.
2. See above, pp. 704-08.
3. One of Igua's daughters, Agnes, also gave this view. See below, pp. 749-50.
4. See above, pp. 708-13.
5. See below, pp. 1643-45.
6. See pp. 819-20, 1637-39.
7. See p. 754.
8. The names used in this account are fictitious. While people told me and other people stories of the conflicts in their marriages openly and in good humor, I have decided that many of them would prefer that these "private jokes" not be repeated in public and in semi-permanent form. I have, therefore, used fictitious names in many, but not all, marriage case histories.
9. Although they each lived alone with some of their children for several years, each had settled down in Lavongai with someone else by 1979. Mary told one of the concerned missionaries that she could not stay with John because he continued to be dependent on his mother.
10. The names used in this account are fictitious.
11. The names used in this account are fictitious.
12. The names used in this account are fictitious.

13. The names used in this account are fictitious.
14. The names used in this account are fictitious.
15. The names used in this account are fictitious.
16. In pidgin she said, "Emi mekim savvy ol meri long adasaid."
17. Real names are used in this account.
18. See pp. 697-98.
19. See p. 758.
20. See pp. 683-86.
21. The political aspects of polygyny are discussed further in Chapter Nine.
22. The position of children is discussed in Chapter Nine.
23. Paul is not his real name.
24. Sister Liboria noted that a brother can sit on his sick sister's bed in the mission hospital in Lavongai, which he could not do in Lihir, a culture like New Ireland in this respect.
25. See Schneider, 1962, p. 13.
26. See "Marriage," Chapter Two, pp. 813-46.
27. Schneider, op. cit., p. 8.

NOTES

## CHAPTER SEVEN

MARAS, WAG, AND PATA

pp. 863-879

1. My brief survey indicates that in the Tigak islands clan structures and cultural values are more like those of New Ireland than like those of New Hanover. However, the scale of exchange is much smaller, and the intensity of related values lower. They have wag, not malanggan. Wag involves exchanges between small groups.
2. I saw mias only when it was being used in New Ireland, and as there was no use for it during my period of work in New Hanover, that may explain why I saw none. Father Miller showed me a string of mias that had been given him so that I could confirm its identity to that which I saw in New Ireland. The people whom I asked to show me mias all said they had none. In 1974, I met a man who claimed he still made it and who gave me some of the raw materials.

NOTES

## CHAPTER EIGHT

## THE JOHNSON CULT

pp. 880-1600

1. "Music of New Guinea," Sheridan and Smythe Collections, edited by Ray Sheridan. Wattle Archive Series, Number Two (Wattle Recordings, Paddington, N.S.W., Australia).
2. I quote from a government report, "The So-Called Johnson Cult," which is partly reproduced below. It is a major, not a peripheral, point for my interpretation of the cult that government officers, as well as cultists and non-cultists, enjoyed the "game" aspects of it. The "cops and robbers" tone of reports is one manifestation of (and piece of evidence for) this view. In this instance, the government officer was making some fun of himself and of the enterprise in which they were all engaged.
3. Mr. Grose is a plantation owner in New Ireland, a child of plantation owners, who was raised in New Ireland and who was well known to the people.
4. Pamais gave the final copy of his speech, from which he read at the meeting, to some officer who asked for it. However, Pamais had a notebook in which he had written a draft copy of the speech, which he let me see and which is reproduced below.
5. Four policemen were charged in court with assault in connection with related incidents on the West Coast of New Ireland, and another twelve were charged with refusal to obey orders. This is reported below in "The So-Called Johnson Cult" report.
6. Acting District Officer Benhem gave me this justification for his



actions after I had pressed him in vain for some time to discuss his views with me. No doubt he felt, reasonably, that it was not his duty to do so. I finally told him that I was, after all, going to write a book and that if he wanted the government's view represented he had better tell me what it was. He probably thought that it was obvious, but it was not so to me. Aside from this one brief, serious expression from Mr. Benhem, I have not been able to adequately express the administration's point of view, a deficiency for which I am, of course, ultimately responsible.

7. Patrol officer Lawrence Menjies, who was among the European officers at Lokono, New Ireland, when there was violence associated with refusal to pay taxes, told me that European personnel were carefully protected, while police offenders were attacked. This circumstance was generally known in New Ireland.
8. This was Carroll Gannon's line. More of his story is told below. Some people thought that jail labor might have been used more productively than they were, that they might have built roads rather than beautiful winding steps up the hill to European houses.
9. Such a commitment is characteristic of all movements, according to Gerlach and Hine (1968).
10. The views of one of the American priests, Father Bernard Jacobco, M.S.C., working in New Hanover were expressed in a letter to me, which is reproduced here below.
11. An apt term, first applied by Carroll Gannon.
12. The interview with Boski Tom is reproduced in part below.
13. For a long time, I took at face value administrators' statements that New Hanoverians were "crazy," and that that was why I was at first not allowed to go there to do research. It finally became

clear to me that a whole different set of issues were involved.

This story is told below in "Field Work in New Hanover."

14. The interview with Oliver, given below, and Father Jacobco's letter tell of this back-and-forth movement of Methodist money and of the determination of Oliver, a Methodist, to join T.I.A.
15. The three were Father Miller at Lavongai, Father Jacobco at Analaua, and then Father Fischer at Analaua. Father Fischer replaced Father Jacobco at Analaua when the latter was transferred to Lamasong in New Ireland following the death of the priest there. Father Fischer had been in Manus for some time and had dealt with cult and movement there. Bishop Stemper, in Kavieng, was cautious at first in his approval of T.I.A. and sought an experience priest for the area.
16. Oliver said that Rev. Taylor, the telatela (Methodist Missionary), tried to "break" T.I.A. (see the interview with Oliver, below).
17. T.I.A. elected Paulos of Ungat President and Walla of Meteran Vice-President. Paulos continued as Bord for Ungat village and continued to support T.I.A. Walla gave him high praise for his pioneering work as President.
18. Pengai means that he wanted Father Miller to type the "book."
19. He probably came mainly to see me but was hesitant to say so until he had judged his reception.
20. I noted that his purpose is much the same as that of the anthropologist.
21. The pidgin word is kalabus. Pengai was using the English word "prison," which he did more often than did anyone else to whom I spoke in pidgin. I did not understand him at this point during the interview, but only later in transcribing my tapes.
22. Again, Pengai is using an English word, in this case "charge."
23. I did not really understand but hoped to get what he meant in further context.

24. I took this very seriously. I would now judge that Mr. Benhem was kidding. The Lavongais may well have thought that he was just making fun of them, that his talk was just tok bilas (ridicule); but they may have hoped to get him into trouble for lying and being frivolous by pretending to take him seriously. At the time I interviewed Pengai, I knew none of these possibilities and was trying to get at the root of what I assumed to be a misinterpretation of something Mr. Benhem had said.
25. Jail labor spent much time "beautifying the station," constructing and cleaning little paths instead of building the road New Hanover needed. In response to criticism, government officers claimed that it would not be possible to prevent men from escaping if they were taken to work on roads in New Hanover. Carroll Gannon had some of them construct an aviary, which contained birds from all over the Territory. Some people began to feel proud of the developments at Taskul. I began to think that the development of a local theater would help the people more than would, for example, a fish cannery.
26. Pengai used the English word, "unjust."
27. Here, he is referring metaphorically to another country as another "company," showing the similarities, in his view, of the two in relation to his island.
28. He means that all those little boys are now big men, and they still have not seen anything develop in New Hanover.
29. Patebung is the name of the area above Bolpua and Meterankan villages where the Americans came to work on their maps.
30. Emira island, north of New Hanover, was an American center during the war, and many Lavongais had been there.
31. That is, they blamed Peter for the idea and let him take the consequences.

32. I was confused about the time sequences, as Pengai seems to realize.
33. I was disappointed to learn of this death, of the loss of this potentially great informant whom I thought I had just found. From what I found out about him, it was a great loss. More of Peter Yangalissmat is told in Bosap's interview and in Chapter Nine.
34. I thought he was telling me the circumstances under which his vision "came up." He was actually telling me the vision. It took me a long time to catch on.
35. He meant he would be embarrassed to talk in front of so many people.
36. I think Pengai realized that I was mixed up but decided to press on.
37. Nusuwung is his home village.
38. Narimlawas was the home of Peter Yangalissmat and his surviving wife.
39. He is speaking figuratively again of a country as a "company."
40. He means he committed himself, but privately, not publicly.
41. I realized only after many re-readings that Mr. Seale must have been attempting to deal with Pengai by joking, betting him five cartons, of beer, no doubt, that Johnson would not come.
42. Pengai may really have believed that he was jailed for voting for Johnson. However, he knew that Europeans preferred to refer the jailings to the specific breaking of the tax laws.
43. This comment was unique amongst all those I heard about children in New Hanover in that it took a protective tone. Pengai did not say that the child had no relatives. Probably it had relatives who did not want to take care of it.
44. I must have already realized that Lavongais often ask rhetorical questions. To a lesser extent, New Irelanders did, too, and I was confused by them at first.
45. Cement pegs signify ownership.

46. All officials of the Lands Department were called "Master Mark" because they marked the grounds.
47. Pengai used the English word "understanding."
48. My interview with him is reported below.
49. Pengai used the English word "anything."
50. Since Pengai had used the word "understanding," I did, also.
51. He means the question stands on its own, at face value. I had not yet caught on to the standard use of the rhetorical question in New Hanover.
52. Pengai's statement rests on the nearly sacred quality given to what an individual wants or likes in New Hanover. This characteristic is discussed below in the Analysis of the "Psychological Aspects of the Johnson Cult."
53. When Pengai responded in the affirmative with "Yes," he often sounded like he had been holding his breath and just let it out. At the time, I took this to be a sign that Pengai was a little tense. Carroll Gannon thought many Lavongais suffered from asthma. I talked to a few others who had a slightly "breathy" quality to their speech, which I thought was related to the seriousness with which they were attached to the subject of our conversation.
54. In this important statement, Pengai was careful to make sure that I understood that it was equality, not cargo, that Lavongais had liked about the Americans.
55. Here, Pengai makes the breadth of his perspective explicit. Lavongais do not want anything in particular: they want to join the twentieth century. They want to "join" because they feel isolated, but not just from the twentieth century. (See below, Analysis of the Cult.)

56. Pengai was apparently making no response. This was one of the early occasions where it began to become clear to me that cultists did not want to hear what other people thought about their views unless they affirmed their most immediate and intense concerns.
57. A controversy about differential retirement pay for local and European Public Service employees was in the newspapers and on the radio at the time of this interview.
58. There were government-imposed standards in pay, which I did not know at the time of this interview. Missions pay their labor less than do commercially owned stations.
59. He said, in pidgin, ol wantok, all who speak the same language.
60. I made this long speech so that Pengai would know that in some ways I was like "the enemy." I wanted him to know where I stood before I let him go on, in case he did not want to go on. I also felt obliged not to make trouble.
61. I asked this because I was surprised to find how pragmatic Pengai's interests were in relation to all that I had heard. This was my first long interview with a cultist.
62. This statement tells of Carroll Gannon's role in trying to create situations wherein egalitarian communication could take place between government officers and cultists.
63. He is quoting, sarcastically, what he has heard Australian government officers say.
64. Pengai is saying that he did not seek leadership but merely had his dream thrust upon him. His statements here show that when Australians paid taxes for cultists, whether from humanitarian motives or as a tactic, they were destroying what little leadership there was in the cult by discrediting it. Lapantukan, [whose interview is reported is 143

below, saw the importance of his going to jail with his people and tried to insist on it.

65. I missed the importance of his mentioning his dream here.
66. I thought he meant it had gone "underground" on top, in one of the mountain villages.
67. He must have shown me where on his body, but I did not make a note of it.
68. I was not able to confirm this information. Perhaps men died in jail as they would have out of jail. I would be surprised if they died of jail beatings without this coming to public attention.
69. There was a small hospital at the Taskul grounds, later replaced, in 1967, by a new one.
70. Carroll Gannon later told me about this man. He did, indeed, refuse service to some cultists, and he was fired for this action.
71. I wondered if Seventh Day Adventists had any interest in genealogy, as Mormons do.
72. Analaua is the island where the Catholic Mission has operated a leprosy hospital since the 1930s.
73. Pengai's acceptance of basic Christian tenets and rejection of the church as an institution is often found throughout Melanesia. It is probably not an attitude related in any special way to the cult.
74. He gave his own place as that of his father, showing that he is following the traditional Lavongai way in this respect.
75. Patetab is his hamlet in Nusuwung.
76. I had noticed that Lavongais quite often said, "Excuse me."
77. I think such an explanation of the usefulness of reciprocity would have been considered unnecessary in New Ireland.

78. Probably, more people come to and through Lavongai than other villages because of its proximity to the mission. While individualistic patterns may have been clearer in Lavongai than elsewhere because of this, I think I have cited sufficient evidence in this account to show that individualistic patterns, including a low emphasis on hospitality, are general in New Hanover.
79. Joseph Pukina and his wife were present.
80. I think Pengai may have been hinting that Tamangamiss should go and get some coconuts. He had none, nor, I think, could he climb a tree with his partially crippled limbs.
81. I asked about how things were under the luluai, but he answered about the time that concerned him most, that of the Council.
82. It should be noted that Pengai has been extolling the virtues of help and working together. He gave no indication, however, that he thought there was anything wrong with his having to make his own house without help from his brother.
83. Mussau is an island to the north of New Hanover. It has only one mission, SDA, and one plantation managed by a European. The people have a reputation for confidence to the point of aggressiveness, self-reliance, and reliability. Often, these characteristics are attributed to their being Seventh Day Adventists, as these characteristics have been noticed among SDA people throughout the Territory. However, in this case, it seems likely that the traditional cultural character manifested the same characteristics, though in perhaps more moderate degree. Everyone knows a Mussau when he appears, and I know of no cases where an SDA from Pengai's village was mistaken for a Mussau.



84. After nearly a year in New Ireland, I had never heard this expression, tok bilas. The concept was central to New Hanover culture, not found in the same form at all in New Ireland. New Irelanders may lightly tease, but in New Hanover tok bilas means to make fun of, to ridicule, in earnest.
85. I still did not understand.
86. The particular example here is instructive. He is saying that people are ashamed when they do not know what they are expected to know.
87. Probably, this was something of an excuse.
88. Konkaul was a Seventh Day Adventist college in New Guinea.
89. NINSA stands for New Ireland Native Society Associated. This is the name of the New Ireland Cooperative society, and Ninsa was their ship. The name was changed to Medea when the government bought the ship from the failing Cooperative society.
90. Kanaka means unsophisticated native and can be derogatory or affectionate, depending on context.
91. He means he was wide awake.
92. I am thinking that he found out, in his dream, that he was to talk about America.
93. It is very gratifying to find that Pengai contradicted and corrected me when I overstructured questions and made false assumptions. I remind the reader that I had not yet understood much of what I have finally understood and translated here.
94. Pengai must have indicated by his response that he thought that was clear.
95. Singsings has two meanings in pidgin, songs and dances, on the one hand, and magic spells, on the other.
96. Pengai said "spend it" in English.

97. My question shows that I am presuming a similarity between the customs of New Hanover and New Ireland that did not exist. In New Hanover, funds and goods are not distributed to relatives.
98. Again, I am thinking like a New Irelander.
99. He means people buy what is grown in the garden, not the land itself.
100. What he said was that there were plenty of people with claims to the same coconuts he might claim, and he did not bother to try to assert his.
101. He meant that he squared off the rows where he intended to plant, I think.
102. Eron and Kamak were from Mangai and Livitua villages, in New Ireland, respectively.
103. It is noteworthy that Pengai assumed that the Americans would make up their own minds, just as Lavongais do, what they wanted to do.
104. I am suggesting the New Ireland position again, and again Pengai tells me it is wrong for New Hanover.
105. Saula and Patirina are the mountain villages above Lavongai.
106. This is an important statement, again testifying to the breadth of change Pengai thinks New Hanover needs.
107. Pengai's suggestion fits well with European ideas of how the world works, as well as with traditional patterns in New Hanover.
108. This wide range of time that means "now" to Oliver is typical in both New Ireland and New Hanover.
109. They had not yet emerged from their own "Dark Ages," as they see it.
110. Oliver used the English word "total."
111. The term "master" may be used simply to refer to a man of white skin, or it may be used as Oliver used it here, with all its English connotations.

112. Kabin was one of the west coast, New Ireland villages where there was trouble collecting taxes.
113. Villagers hid in the bush for a week until Rev. Robbins, the Methodist missionary for the area, went and got them.
114. He meant that the medicines used against them made them tired.
115. Goliard was considered an "enemy" by Oliver.
116. "I lost it" also means "I have forgotten" in pidgin, as in English. I had interviewed Oliver at length once before (June 17), but accidentally erased that tape. I told Oliver this and explained that this was why I was repeating some questions he had already answered.
117. Oliver is saying that he does not know in what mysterious ways God will move to bring about New Hanover's wishes, and he does not know that God will support or bless the work and wishes of New Hanover. His job is to strengthen New Hanover's support for this election, and let God know that they are serious and willing to suffer for their views: but "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."
118. Oliver is saying that when he says he "believes" that America will come he is using the term to mean he would like America to come. Outsiders, both Europeans and natives, consistently attributed to cultists a kind of mad inability to deal with empirical reality. Thus, they said that Oliver and others "believed" that America would come in the sense that they expected it and thought they had reasons for their beliefs derived from some twisted logic. Some, impressed with the logic of cultists, ridiculed what they presumed to be their crazy premises all based on lack of information and faulty epistemology. Cultists consistently presented their "belief" to

me as a matter of faith, hope and preference. Oliver was more articulate on the subject than some, but many were articulate.

119. Oliver had told me that at the time of the election he just lay in his house for a month, thinking and asking God about things.
120. Oliver is being sarcastic. The enemy, who knows so much, must take the consequences of their actions, and their children after them must continue to take the consequences.
121. In pidgin, ol man bilong sori, which could also be translated "all men of mercy."
122. My interview with Boski Tom is reported below.
123. A telatela is the top position in the Methodist mission hierarchy. The Methodists had begun to put native people into these positions.
124. Oliver is referring to the fact that Rev. Taylor, like many Europeans, paid taxes for some men who refused to pay their own and so kept them out of jail. Some of these men lost credibility with other cultists to some extent because of this.
125. I apparently misunderstood him. He was talking about individual interpretation of the Bible and about conflicts between the Bible and the self. I thought he was still talking about the conflict between God and Satan.
126. I misunderstood this speech at the time. He was talking of the work of spirits. He had previously told me of the good work to be done by all the things that God had put on earth: rocks, minerals, "hidden" in the earth, put to use by the white man but not yet by the natives of New Hanover. I thought perhaps he was talking about the "good work" of these things as he spoke, but study of the speech shows that he was not. For several reasons, I did not press him to explain. Here is the speech in pidgin: "Lukim, mi lukim olgetta

samting. Mi lukim see--e no lus long brok long arere. Mi lukim wind--i savvy senis. Mi lukim sun: i no savvy lus. Mi lukim nait--i olsem. Na olgetta i mus wok olsem. God i puttim ol long olgetta taim, olgetta yia, olgetta moon, olgetta week, long olgetta taim finis. Mi too olsem. Mi no kan lus. Olsem tu, olgetta gutfela laif. Oli no lus long wok long olgetta raun long wold finis. Oli mus wok. Tasol me no girrup no gut long wanfela samting i kamap long mi. Mi tok: ach, nau tasol i kamap long me. No got wok bilong en long raun long olgetta ples--na i kamap long me, na mi findem disfela samting. Na mi savvy, i samting bilong bipo iet. Tasol wok bilong en long wok long raun long wok long olgetta wold."

127. My interview with Edward is reported below.
128. Ogden Nash, "England Expects," in The Penguin Book of Comic and Curious Verse, selected by J. M. Cohen (New York: Penguin Books, 1952).
129. Not his real name. Pasingan is a common name for New Hanover men.
130. Samuel's speech is reproduced below as part of the document entitled "The So-Called Johnson Cult."
131. More of his story is told in Chapter Nine.
132. Margaret Mead was on her way home from her trip to Manus, which was filmed for National Educational Television and which is available as a film, "Margaret Mead's New Guinea Journal."
133. As recounted above in "Field Work in New Hanover," I consulted the following government documents (under conditions of haste and with some ambiguity concerning whether or not they were meant to be public) in the government library at Konedobu. At this late date, I think that their being made public, if, indeed, they are not already public in Papua New Guinea, can do no harm. They are an important

part of the record of the Johnson cult in that they make explicit the government's formal attitude toward the cult, and occasionally hint at the informal attitude of some government officers.

Unfortunately, my notes are not entirely clear, but it seems very likely that I have often shortened sentences and have not reproduced reports exactly. However, I made a point of copying exactly where I thought the language was distinctive and significant.

The Department of District Administration is referred to throughout as DDA. It was formerly, in 1965, DNA, the Department of Native Affairs.

134. P.O. means Patrol Officer.
135. D.O. means District Officer, a rank above Patrol Officer. In this case, the D.O. was Mr. Ken Williamson.
136. Many cultists indicated that they were resentful about being expected to appear wherever government officers wanted to see them. One told me quite testily, in response to what I meant to be a greeting from a European planter, who had asked me to say that he would be pleased to see the Lavongai man again some day, that if that planter wanted to see him he would have to come to the village.
137. They no doubt heard the news of Kennedy's death on the radio and from the American Catholic missionaries. Pengai told me (see his interview) how they found out Johnson's name, which they had forgotten.
138. This interpretive conclusion was written by D.O. Williamson.
139. Kasil and Kasi are probably the same man, who is probably also called Yaman. He is the man who stepped forward at Ranmelek to enforce the people's vote. Later in these reports it is mentioned that Kasil had a paralyzed arm, as did Yaman. Both are said to be from Nusawong village. Yaman is not mentioned in these reports,

and I never met him. Many people have two commonly used names.

140. Two points are of note here. Mr. Healy was a very genteel man, not anxious to use force against the cultists. He apparently had a successful encounter with them March 20. He was later criticized by some for not doing more to end the cult.

Bosmailik disappeared from the cult early, perhaps after this meeting. When I came to New Hanover, he had been working as boat boy for Assistant District Commissioner (ADC) Merton Brightwell for some time. Mr. Brightwell and others tried to help Bosmailik and other cultists in order to end the cult. The cultists were not angry with Bosmailik, because they said he was still in the cult but just working as a boat boy.

141. The D.O. in this case was Mr. Tuohy.
142. Nicolas Brokam was the MHA (Member, House of Assembly) from the Namatanai District, a native of Lesu whose candidacy had been supported by the Catholic church.
143. Magilung is also known as Edward. He is the old Councillor whose interview is reported below. He remained outside the cult, and Oliver considered him to be "the enemy."
144. Putput is one of the villages in New Ireland close to Kavieng that periodically emitted evidence of Johnson cult sympathies. Unfortunately, my various plans to visit this area all came to naught for various reasons. However, two reliable sources have suggested to me that there is considerable influence from New Hanover in Putput and other villages close to Kavieng.

One source was Mr. Wally Lussick of Katu plantation, about five miles west of Mangai on the way to Kavieng. Mr. Lussick was born in New Ireland and grew up there, and is considered knowledgeable

by the people, who elected him to the House of Assembly in 1964. I asked him what he thought about some of my ideas about the cult. He told me that he thought that the people from Lossuk village (between his plantation and Mangai) on down to Kavieng and out into the Tigak islands are more like Lavongais. He saw a definite personality difference. He thought that the influence of New Hanover went beyond the villages close to Kavieng and all the way through Lossuk. He told me that the man called "Thick Lip" (because of his slight facial deformity), who was charged with sedition in 1964, was from New Hanover but had lived in Putput for many years. Mr. Lussick said that he just moved around creating discontent and that he had no job.

My other source is Dr. Peter Lomas, who did his field work in the villages near Kavieng. We were surprised to find that we had very different field experiences in New Ireland, and we finally realized that there were many people from New Hanover in the villages near town.

145. Of these three, two (Ngurpuro and Anos) are from New Hanover. The third, Matamakas, was a New Irelander; but he had lived in Manus. I met him only once and found him to be much more intense and willing to create conflict than were most New Irelanders whom I knew. However, I did not have the chance to have the lengthy conversation with him to which he had agreed. His role in the development of his place has continued, as recounted in the Epilogue.
146. This was probably the occasion on which Sister Liboria's timely arrival in Metakavil "saved" Mr. Benhem, as outlined above in the summary of the cult.



147. Pasingan Bola is also called Samuel. I am indebted to Mr. Brightwell for letting me copy this statement, along with other letters he had collected from cultists.
148. Several people told me that, once, an Australian had made people dig a hole into which they were put after they were killed. One man, Oliver, identified the culprit as a doctor at Analaua. I never found out what this was all about. It seems likely that lepers had to dig the graves at Analaua, when leprosy was thought to be highly contagious and there was little treatment for it; but one would expect that they usually dug each others', not their own, graves.
149. This was another story I heard more than once. One can easily imagine a line like this coming from an Australian in high spirits.
150. I talked to two Agricultural officers who complained that they were not given the help they needed from the government. Both seemed very concerned and had a very helpful attitude toward the people.
151. Rev. Alan Taylor gave an account, reported below, of his visit to Nuseilas when there was trouble there.
152. C.P.O. means Cadet Patrol Officer, probably Ian Beckhaus, with whom Nic Peterson and I talked in 1965.
153. The following article appeared in Pacific Islands Monthly, July 1964, pp. 12-13.
154. Rev. Robbins told me that Metamakas had been to Manus, where he joined the Bahai. He started a Bahai church in New Ireland when he returned. His non-violent technique of confrontation is consistent with Bahai teachings, but also with New Ireland tradition.
155. It was this trial that Mr. Williamson and Mr. Healy had to go to the morning that Nic Peterson and I first visited them. This incident

is reported above in "Field Work in New Hanover."

156. More of Singarau's story is told below, Chapter Nine.
157. £1/5/0 was at that time about U.S. \$2.75 at that time. At one shilling for ten coconuts, it was about 250 coconuts.
158. I was imitating the general European manner, manifested most frequently for New Hanoverians by the planter on their island. I do not mean to single out Mr. White, who was my friend, as the people knew. I never found it necessary to hide my friendships with the Europeans and, usually, I felt that the people were glad I was on good terms with them. Perhaps it was like having a friend at court.
159. People were likely to judge Mr. White's prices without understanding that the mission stores take a loss on their sales.
160. In pidgin, "Dispela Kaunsel momotim whosat?" Momotim means to collect, one by one.
161. Even at this distance, I am not positive that he was teasing me, but I am quite sure that he was.
162. It is tok bilas because it implies that the cultists are as ignorant as their ancestors, not "modern."
163. Saripat may feel that his generation failed. He seemed concerned about those who follow. Many cultists were in their forties, but they were glad to have "respectable" older men like Saripat and Savemat support the cause, I think, though few looked beyond themselves for support.
164. Saripat, a careful informant, meant that the occasional individual voted in the box at Ranmelek after the big voice-vote for Johnson.
165. Unfortunately, my instinct to save tape made me turn off the tape recorder every time I made a long speech about what I was doing

- there. The little bit I got on this tape suggests the theme of some of my "speeches."
166. Saripat was more interested than most in public-spirited leadership. He probably was a more public-spirited leader than were most others.
167. My comment was tailored to the situation. Such behavior is, of course, not limited to "natives": many are those who "scorn the base degrees by which they did ascend."
168. I had not yet met Boski Tom. When I did, I was very favorably impressed with him. I think he probably tried to lead but found no followers.
169. We had sent word that we were coming.
170. Savemat probably referred to the kind of small roof on four poles often built to provide shade for visiting official Europeans.
171. He used the English word "program."
172. In pidgin, "Despela dei em dei bilong yumi bilong wantaim tasol."
173. I now think that holding school at this time might have been viewed by the people as merely an attempt to halt the cult.
174. I often tried to illustrate that not all white people know everything about white people's culture, but it was not really necessary. Lavongais knew that. Still, sometimes it was best to remind them, just as it was best for them to remind me that they did not all know everything about their culture.
175. Tsoi islanders voted at Taskul.
176. Kumu is a pidgin term used generically to refer to the various kinds of greens that are collected wild and are cooked, usually along with other foods. That there was a fight over it implies that it was not abundant on Selapiu, a small, low island.

177. Anunia is a mission name, Pasingan a local name.
178. He spoke here in a conspiratorial whisper, as he did often in reciting his tale dramatically.
179. Here, he whispered and spoke very quickly.
180. Lapantukan would just as soon skip this subject, but the Anthropologist is Relentlessly in pursuit. I was not comfortable in this role. Perhaps, I would have found more believers if I had been more comfortable about making people talk when they did not want to; but, in the long run, I think this approach would have yielded silence.
181. Lapantukan is the only person I talked with who thought that the idea of the ancestors bringing cargo was a new idea and part of the election. Many referred, as he did, to the election as "work."
182. The pidgin expression wok pul means to do the work of paddling the canoe. The other job in a canoe is the easy one, steering. Metaphorically, then, those who wok pul do the hard work, while others just sit down and direct.
183. This interview took place on the evening of August 12. Bosap's wife and her mother were present.
184. This was probably Lincoln Bell. He was remembered by local Europeans and is mentioned in The Coast Watchers, by Eric Feldt.
185. ANGAU is the Australia New Guinea Auxiliary Unit.
186. Pekpek is the pidgin term for defecation or feces, and it should be given colloquial translation.
187. Johnson was a Papua New Guinean whom I had met at various school functions in New Ireland. When Boski first heard about the vote for Johnson, he wondered momentarily if it was this man. Cultists never made anything of this coincidence, nor anything (except a small joke)

of the fact that most of the outboard motors they used were Johnson motors.

188. In an interview earlier on the same day I talked to Edward, Benson, a young man who had stayed out of the cult, told me that the men who had put in the cement were from Rabaul and that they were some sort of "Master Marks," surveyors from the Lands Department.
189. The CMB is the Copra Marketing Board, the office for which is near the wharf, or the "bridge."
190. The "flag" was designed by Father Miller, who recognized the importance of symbols and ritual in organization. The people painted the "flag" on wooden signboards Father Miller somehow produced, and these were set up in T.I.A. plantations.
191. "Papa" is the pidgin term for father. It is retained here in the English translation because its colloquial connotation is appropriate.
192. See Chapter Seven.
193. Makios was sitting nearby as we talked, too far to hear the conversation.
194. Boserong did give money to the children of his brother, Joseph Pukina.
195. In pidgin he said, "Mi savvy, mipela stap long United Nations." I might better have translated long as "with" the United Nations, from a New Hanover perspective, rather than "under" the United Nations.
196. Miller, 1966, p. 20.
197. I feel I have not done Abo justice in this description. He reminded me of Humphrey Bogart. I told him this and tried to explain. He took it the way Bogart would have taken it.
198. Rev. Taylor, Carroll Gannon and other Europeans also paid taxes for cultists to keep them out of jail. Some cultists were resentful

about this, but Silakau, who was not in the cult, appreciated the financial aids he received. Father Miller was disappointed that many, though not all, of the men for whom he advanced tax money did not work as long as they had agreed to in order to repay him. I think they all came and did some work, however.

199. I was reminded by Silakau's words and manner of the lines from T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (Part II, lines 131, 133-34):

'What shall I do now? What shall I do?

. . . 'What shall we do tomorrow?

'What shall we ever do?'

200. Translation: "If you do not obey, you will get six months in jail."
201. I asked Jim White what he thought of Carroll's impression that the people were often acting, and Jim White agreed.
202. Miller, 1966, pp. 20-25.
203. Anthropologist Peter Lomas has worked in this area. It had not become common knowledge that these villages were gradually becoming full of Lavongais. No New Irelander mentioned it to me. But Wally Lussick had noted the Lavongai influence, and Peter Lomas looked systematically at the origins of the population of these villages.
204. When I returned to Lavongai in 1972, more people seemed to have gardens and pigs than in 1967. Several people seemed quite proud of their subsistence efforts, which had not been the case earlier.
205. They told stories of where they were and what they were doing when the election came as Americans tell where they were when they first heard about Pearl Harbor.
206. I owe that line to Professor Mischa Penn, University of Minnesota.
207. Giving money is an important part of many religions. Modern ones propagated on television seem to have less difficulty collecting

208. It was about three years later that restlessness in the ranks prompted Father Miller to call the meeting out of which T.I.A. grew.
209. Father Miller told me in 1980 that he had named his new boat "I don't want to" in the local language. He was following the local custom of giving children names that repeat something someone has said for which the namer wants to reproach him. Thus, people were named "No-good woman," "Choked with excrement" and the like to shame forever not the namee, but someone who had once taunted his or her parent. Father Miller had caught the custom and was showing the people he had noted and criticized an important tendency of their character.
210. Some of their letters were intercepted and sent to the District Office.
211. Games People Play is the title of the book by Eric Berne (1964).
212. Some New Irelanders, e.g., Kasino, fully understood the Europeans. And some Europeans did not reject the local people.
213. According to the Australians who fought with them, the American soldiers always had plenty of everything, including such luxuries as cigarettes and chocolate. Australians, who seemed to feel that the Americans were "pampered" with supplies, were always careful to add their respect for American soldiers in combat. Many Australians told me of their gratitude to the Americans for saving not only New Guinea but Australia during World War II.
214. Singarau's career is discussed below in Chapter Nine.
215. The plight of second-last children is discussed in Chapter Nine.
216. See the discussion of children in Chapter Nine.
217. Ted Schwartz mentioned to me informally when he visited New Hanover

in 1967 that many cultists appear to be "mama's boys," a characteristic which I had also noticed.

218. Schwartz, 1967.
219. deus ex machine: "a god from a machine: a person or thing that appears or is introduced (as into a story) suddenly and unexpectedly and provides an artificial or contrived solution to an apparently insoluble difficulty." Webster's Third New International Dictionary, p. 617.
220. As William James wrote in Varieties of Religious Experience, "Where faith in the fact helps to create the fact, faith in the fact is justified."
221. This distinction is a problem for all religions. Various Christian denominations have variously interpreted the wine and bread of communion as "symbolic" or "real."
222. Shylock: "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? . . ."  
The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 1, line 62.
223. This line is from an article about poet Robert Lowell by Alwyn Lee in "Poets," Time Magazine (June 2, 1967), p. 67.
224. Kenneth Patchen, "Because to Really Ponder One Needs Wonder," in Because It Is (New York: New Directions, 1960).
225. La Barre, 1971.
226. Ibid., pp. 26-27.
227. Hoffer, 1951, p. 20.
228. Ibid., p. 21.
229. Douglas, 1970, p. 17.
230. Taylor, (1834), pp. 18-19. In the early stages of the cult, some cultists wore rope belts around their laplaps and let their beards



grow, according to Rev. Allan Taylor.

232. Kopytoff, 1964.
233. Inglis, 1957. p. 261.
234. Ibid., passim.
235. Winch, 1958.
236. Nagel, 1961, p. 461.
237. Nagel denies that this is so: ibid., note 18, pp. 531-32.
238. Jarvie, op. cit., p. 128.
239. Lawrence, 1964. p. 5.
240. Ibid., note 1.
241. Ibid., p. 265.
242. Worsley, 1957.
243. Worsley, 1968.
244. Mead, 1956 and 1964; Schwartz, 1962.
245. Aberle, 1970, p. 209.
246. Ibid., pp. 210-11.
247. Burridge, 1960.
248. Firth, 1967.
249. Lanternari, 1963, p. 239.
250. Kaminsky, 1970, p. 216.
251. Ibid., p. 215.
252. Cohn, 1970, p. 35.
253. Ibid., p. 42.
254. Ibid., p. 41.
255. Ibid., p. 40.
256. Ribeiro, 1970, p. 64.
257. Ibid., pp. 64-65.
258. Thrupp, 1970, p. 207.
259. Ibid.

260. Lawrence, 1967.
261. Lawrence, 1964.
262. Smelser, 1963.
263. Gillin, 1910-11, p. 246
264. Gerlach and Hine, 1968.
265. Christiansen, 1969, p. 63.
266. Ibid., p. 66.
267. Ibid., p. 67.
268. Ibid., pp. 68-74.
269. La Barre, op. cit., p. 27.
270. Edward Sapir, "The Meaning of Religion," The American Mercury  
(September 1928), as reported in Barnouw, p. 40.
271. Aitkin, 1930.
272. Ibid., p. 387.
273. Ibid.
274. Ibid., p. 369.
275. Ibid., p. 372.
276. Ibid., p. 387.
277. Ibid., p. 372.
278. Ibid., p. 381.
279. Ibid., p. 379
280. Ibid., p. 378.
281. Ibid., p. 387.
282. Weber, 1952.
283. Aitkin, op. cit., p. 380.
284. Lomax, 1968. pp. 16, 132.
285. Ibid., p. 16.
286. Ibid., p. 174.

287. Lomax, p. 28.
288. Firth, op. cit., p. 157.
289. Ibid., p. 161.
290. Lomax, op. cit., p. 179.
291. Smelser, op. cit.
292. La Barre, op. cit., p. 11.
293. Ibid., p. 27.

NOTES

## CHAPTER NINE

## PATTERNS OF INTEGRATION

pp. 1061-1694

1. Boski Tom's view of Singarau and of subsequent events is mentioned briefly in the interview with him presented in Chapter Eight.
2. Pamais, in his speech to the United Nations Visiting Commission (presented in Chapter Eight, pp. 1350-55), mentioned that Singarau had lied to the people.
3. D.O. Ken Williamson's negative account of Singarau is mentioned in "The So-Called Johnson Cult" (Chapter Eight, p. 1201).
4. He was taught by W. C. Groves, some of whose writings are listed in the bibliography of this book. When I spoke to Boski Tom, he mentioned that he had just heard on the radio that Mr. Groves had died.
5. I could probably have found such stories about anyone, including myself. A few thought perhaps the Catholic Fathers were collecting T.I.A. money for their own purposes.
6. See the interviews with Pengai and Bosap, Chapter Eight.
7. "Master Fish" was Keith Hill of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, who was in Lavongai teaching the people how to use a big red fish net he had lent them as part of his plans to start a fishing business. He hoped to get a freezer ship and even a canning factory which would prepare fish as the local people do, in coconut milk.
8. A peppery green bean is chewed with betel nut and lime.

9. Sister M. Regine is one of about forty men and women from Lansford, Pennsylvania, who are serving as missionaries in the M.S.C. order in Papua New Guinea. Father "Jake," Bernard Jacobco, is another.
10. I discussed these observations at some length with Sister M. Liboria, who had been in Lihir (which, in many ways, was like New Ireland) for two years, and who had relieved Sister Clematsia for brief periods in New Ireland. She had been in Lavongai for six years. I am indebted to her for the observation that it is the fathers, rather than the pupus, who carry children in New Hanover.
11. I have left this comment of mine in my account to show how little I understood about New Ireland personality on the basis of study and impression of that culture alone. My own individualistic cultural responses made me feel that New Hanover behavior was somehow "natural," but I knew that my impressions were not reliable and that I had not yet seen the major force of New Ireland culture.
12. Relatives of hospital patients in both mission and government hospitals (except in Kavieng) are expected to provide all food for the patients. None is provided. Sister Liboria's diagnosis of Mary's illness was this: either she was pregnant or feigning illness or had worked herself into a state of illness in order to rebuff John's advances so that she would not become pregnant again. Sister Liboria said that she had seen this sequence of events before with regard to Mary's pregnancies. Several months later, Mary gave birth to a child.
13. This incident illustrates how quickly one adapts to a new cultural system, because actions adapted to other cultural systems are misunderstood. I never scolded anyone in New Ireland, and had I done so it would have been a totally unacceptable act. In New Hanover, however, people certainly would have thought I was a

suspicious character if I had not scolded John for showing up for dinner.

14. He had no cause to think, from my reputation, that I would give him so large a sum. I think, therefore, that he was not just feigning despondency in hopes of gaining my substantial sympathy.
15. While being an outsider is probably always a disadvantage, some outsiders, e.g., European officials and policemen with guns, are in strong positions.
16. Kantire refers loosely to cousins, uncles, nieces, nephews, and people of your own clan.
17. Mausau had been away at school since he was very young, and he preferred to speak pidgin, as he thought that he did not speak the local language very well.
18. When people fight, they are likely to lose their laplaps, which are merely lengths of cloth wrapped around and tucked in. Pungmat is going to guard against this possibility by putting on "trousers," probably the short pants that many men own.
19. Puspus means to copulate.
20. See Chapter Two.
21. See Chapter Six.
22. See Chapter Seven.
23. I saw this dance performed in 1974. It is discussed further in Chapter Ten.
24. Silakau's early performance and another one in 1974 are further discussed in Chapter Ten.
25. Walla told me in 1972 that they had used this kind of overwhelming presentation of food to shame their opponents at a T.I.A. celebration, probably about August 1970. He and others told me this with laughter.

They clearly enjoyed the opponents' confusion and subtle defeat in much the same way they enjoyed the perplexity of the kiaps who tried in vain to collect their ballots in 1965 when they insisted on voting for Johnson.

26. This is a useful pidgin term for defecation, which does not really have a standard English equivalent. It is a term which is colloquial but not vulgar.
27. Molly is not her real name.
28. Patty is not her real name.
29. When children sang in my house in Mangai, it was in response to the suggestion of an adult. Usually, an adult, or perhaps an older child, would lead them. They knew many songs well, having practiced them over and over again, and they seemed to enjoy singing for hours.
30. Lomax, op. cit., p. 213.
31. Other reasons for their not wanting answers have been mentioned in the analysis of the Johnson cult. Most important, probably, is their desire to preserve hope.
32. I am using the terminology used by Berne, op. cit.
33. The extended family both diminishes the problem and solves what is left of it in New Ireland. The only time I ever heard women indicate in any way that taking care of children was difficult in New Ireland was when I told them that in America many mothers have to take care of their children alone, and in some places they cannot let them go outside alone. The women laughed and groaned and were astonished.
34. I never gave chewing gum to the children in Mangai, and they were not particularly interested in the few pieces of hard candy I gave them.

36. Tombat volunteered to make a "book" for me explaining Tungak language. I gladly gave him a notebook, and within a few days he had filled it with sentences in Tungak translated into pidgin or, sometimes, English.
37. Tungak is the name of the language of the Lavongais and, by extension, refers to the people.
38. "Rain" is an invulnerable excuse, both respectable and acceptable, in New Ireland but scarcely used in New Hanover. A New Irelander who kept away from a group because he was ashamed would not have to say so himself. He would be gracefully excused by his fellows without comment.
39. See note 39, Chapter Four. I refer here again to the terminology used by Eric Berne in Games People Play. Berne claims that there is evidence that friendly or hostile transactions are equally effective in promoting health. They are not equally effective in producing group solidarity, according to the interpretation given here. The hostile transactions of New Hanover promote individualism.
40. See pp. 1657-60.
41. My "territory" was never seriously violated, nor did I feel that any great effort was necessary to defend it. I never locked anything up either in New Ireland or in New Hanover, though in both places some people urged me to do so.
42. Three years was the usual term of service.
43. New Irelanders, I think, would have remembered with pride that they had built the church themselves, not that they were not paid for the job. In fact, I think they were not paid when they helped to build a new Methodist high school in the hills behind Mangai



in about 1970, a project for which Methodists were also brought from other places, including New Hanover. Certainly, the people of Mangai built their own new church in the early 1970s. Of course, in the days of which Lumbua speaks, the people had not developed any interest in a church, which the people of Mangai, in 1970, had.

44. See note 36, this chapter.

## CHAPTER TEN

## THE ARTS

pp. 1695-1718

1. See pp. 1552-53.
2. See p. 615.
3. See pp. 1675-80.
4. See p. 1684.
5. Anthropologist Ted Schwartz was in Lavongai and observed this performance. He commented that both the singing and dancing were very "vigorous" compared to what he had seen elsewhere in Papua New Guinea. He had been working in the Sepik and in Manus.
6. See pp. 1700-01.
7. I did not find out what the story was.
8. Billings, 1971, p. 811.
9. Stamm, 1958. Tombat said that "Father Stamm was equal to us in the local language."
10. See especially Chapter Eight.
11. See pp. 1412, 1568.
12. See p. 630.
13. Ibid.
14. See pp. 632-34. I have used Lomax's work very selectively here in order to elucidate and support my own. A test of Lomax's hypotheses, or even the application of all or many more of his refined categories, would require a specific systematic analysis of my data which I have not undertaken, nor am I presently trained to do so. There is nothing that I know of in my data that would tend to disconfirm any of Lomax's hypotheses. One might wonder

how this can be so, when he lumps Melanesians together as a category and my work is built on the contrast between two Melanesian societies. There is no contradiction here: we are simply working at two different levels of analysis. Lomax's work does not require that every single case fit the general pattern he describes. On the other hand, New Ireland and New Hanover do both generally fit the pattern he describes for Melanesia, being alike in many ways about which I have given information, but which I have not stressed in my contrastive analysis.

15. I wish I had shown the work of each to the other. To do so, however, would have presented not only practical but social problems as well.
16. See p. 1674.

NOTES

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

## CONCLUSION

pp. 1719-1738

1. Scragg, 1954.
2. Nagel denies that this is necessary. See Chapter Eight, note 236.
3. See p. 1674.
4. Holton, 1975, p. 209.
5. See Barnouw, 1963.
6. Holton, op. cit., p. 209.
7. See pp. 630, 1708.
8. Holton, 1973, p. 25.
9. Holton, ibid., p. 35. Stanley A. West has explored the use of "fuzzy mathematics" in anthropology in an unpublished manuscript, written while he was in the Department of Civil Engineering at M.I.T., circa 1976, called "Rethinking Applied Anthropology: Deemphasis on Quantitative Analysis in Favor of a 'Soft' Systems Methodology."
10. Holton, ibid., p. 61.
11. Ibid., p. 95.
12. Ibid., p. 62.
13. I have in mind Darwin's account, The Formation of Vegetable Mould, through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits (New York: Appleton and Co., 1896), which contains descriptions of the "mental qualities," social habits and so forth of this perhaps underestimated species.
14. Huizinga, 1950, p. 3.

15. Ibid., p. 11.
16. I am indebted to Peter Lomas for this information. His studies were concentrated in the villages near Kavieng.
17. Wells, 1921, p. 142.

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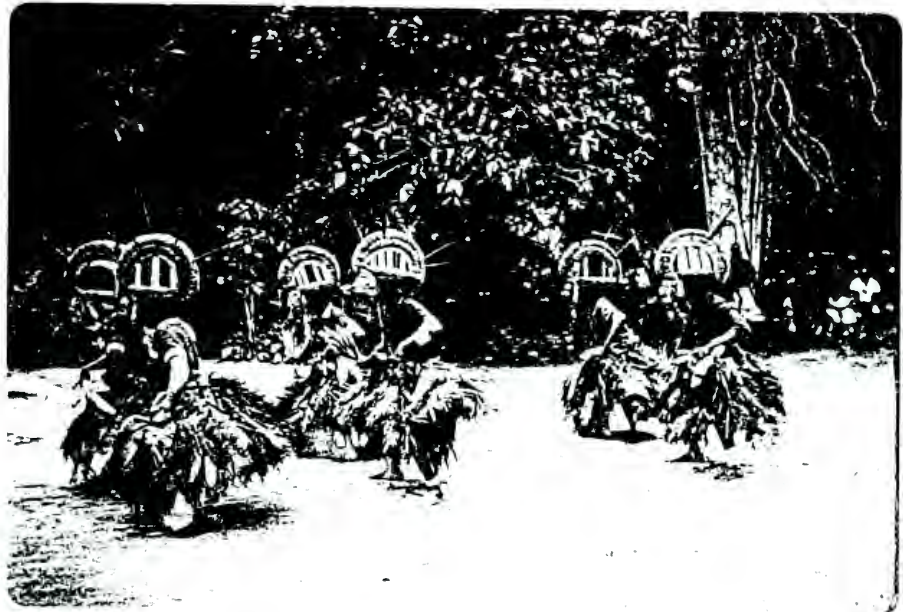
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New Ireland



"Tantanua"





Emi - Sirapi in background



Buying pigs



Bags of sago flour,



Melisa, talking over the food.



Matiu's child helps to buy pigs. She is holding a string of mias.

New Ireland  
Kuluvos  
Malanngan



Lovan



Seronge - Lingiris in background

Francis



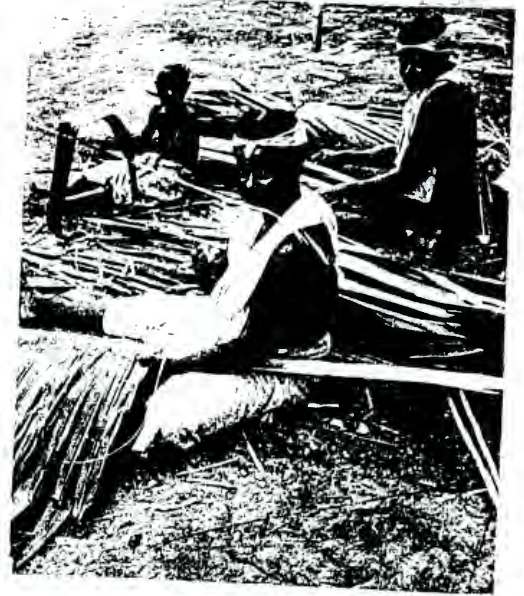
Lasuwot







Milika



Rusrus



(L to R.) Matunga, Loran, Pambali



Lingai, Luverida, Eruel,  
who is carrying a plant  
instead of bamboo.

Bringing the bamboo  
to make the fence  
for Kulavos cemetery.

Panipai  
Malanggan



Vavaras, figures, mamatua,  
Volkswagon hubcap, plastic fruit,  
foreign carving.

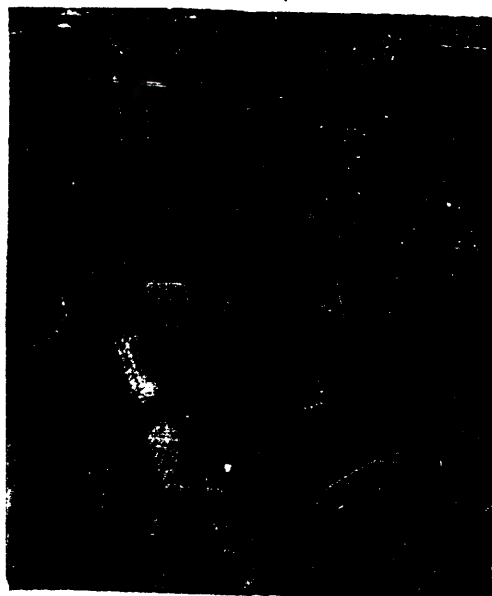


New  
Hanover

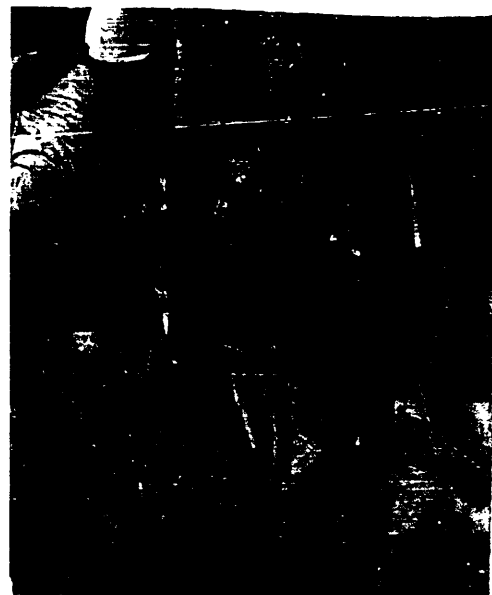


Vigorous Singing.  
(L. to R.) Tolimbe, Tisiwua, two men from Ungat.  
Sister Liboria in background.

(L. to R.) Malekaiah, Thomas,  
Kiukiumalixro, Tolimbe.



(L. to R.) Tamangamiss,  
Tisiwua





Carroll Gannon (right) with  
Silau, on whose head is  
perched a parrot from  
the aviary (background)



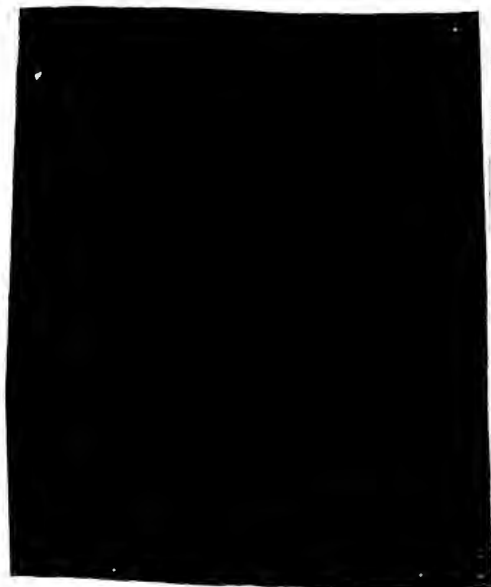
Oliver. His wife  
and son in background.



Joseph Pukima  
(above and left).



A New Hanover copy  
of a New Ireland  
"Tantanua" mask.



Montau ("Wild"),  
the pet bird killed  
by Ladi, Piskaut's  
second last child.

Josephine (right in both pictures) with friends  
on my verandah (left); and with her cousin,  
Agnes (right), also a second  
last child, as is Josephine.





Silakau, his wife  
Nqurvarilam, and their  
youngest child, Antonio.