



The second stage—The head thrust back and the hair flung into the wind.



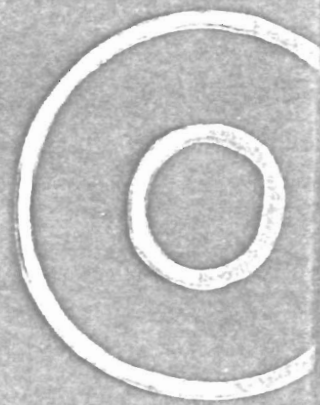
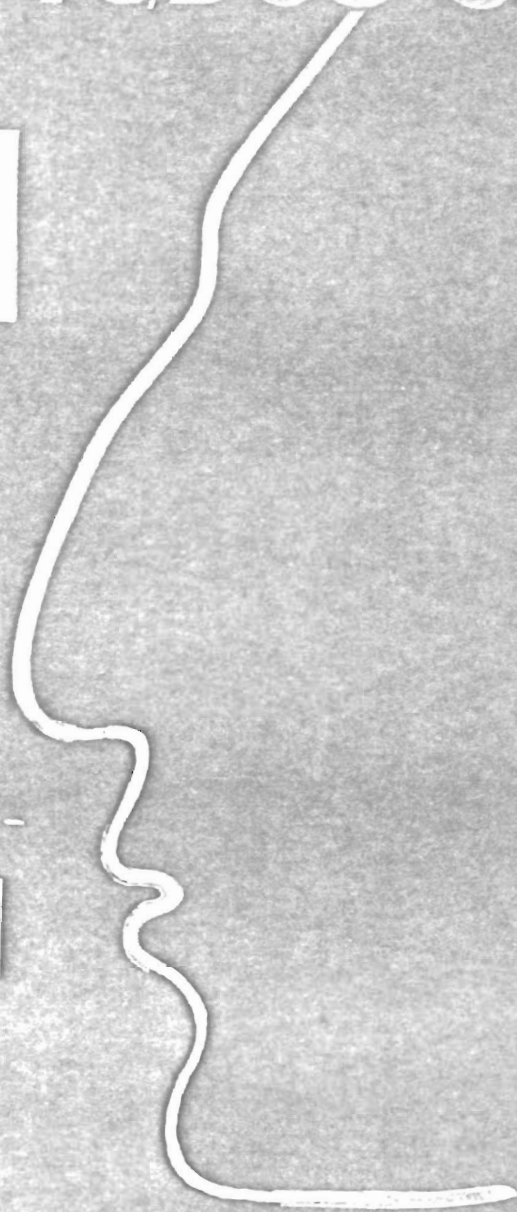
A side view of the first stage.

Oakes



**THE TWO CROSSES OF**

**TODOS SANTOS**



**BY MAUD OAKES**

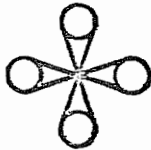
**BOLLINGEN SERIES XXVII**

**PANTHEON**

MAUD OAKES

*The*  
*Two Crosses*  
*of*  
*Todos Santos*

*SURVIVALS OF MAYAN RELIGIOUS RITUAL*



BOLLINGEN SERIES XXVII

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PANTHEON BOOKS



Pl. 6. Domingo, the author's *mozo*.

and Tata Julián asked, "Is it true, Señorita Matilda, that there are people called *mojas*<sup>9</sup> who live some place in the centre of Guatemala, people who know everything that goes on, like the *dueños de cerros*? They send information to God just like a telegram, the same way a *chimán* sends his messages to the *dueño*. They tell him this and that and they arrange everything with God, and he reads the messages sent to him. Is that so?"

"I have not heard of them," I said.

By this time it was after midnight, and I said good night and went home. As I went to sleep I could hear the guitar and Patrona's wailing, and when I awoke in the morning I could hear guitar and wailing still.

All morning the mourners drank coffee and *aguardiente* and smoked. Domingo came and borrowed money from me to buy more *aguardiente*. Patrona continued her lovely, lonely wail. At about eleven the coffin, painted blue, arrived at Domingo's house. Nowadays, all the Indian families that can afford it bury their dead in coffins. The child, wrapped in my blue and red material, was laid on top of the *petate*, which had been put on the bottom of the coffin. Domingo had bought a new straw hat for the child and he put it on top of the coffin; it would never fit inside, I could see. The party left for the cemetery at about half past one. It was pouring rain. I did not go but sent Basilia in my place. She told me afterward that when the coffin was put in the earth, Tata Julián said prayers over it and sprinkled *aguardiente* on it. When Patrona returned home she continued her wailing. I noticed that the youngest child had the new hat on its head.

Throughout the specified nine days Patrona kept up her wailing and went every day to the cemetery with her candle. On the night of the ninth day the family held another ceremony. Candles were kept burning all night to the sound of Patrona's haunting wail.

Several Indians told me that it used to be the custom to leave the body of the dead person all night on the pyramid at Cumanchúm, the one that

<sup>9</sup> When I asked Tata Julián about *mojas* later, he could give no further information.



Wilfred Thesiger has been called "the last, and certainly one of the greatest, of the British travellers among the Arabs." He is also a contemporary reminder that the genius for ethnography need not be trained to produce the best results. Entering the Empty Quarter in 1945 Thesiger dressed, spoke and lived as close to the life of his Bedu companions as possible, and produced, The Arabian Sands, New York, 1959, a record of a now vanished life that brings to mind Clifford Geertz' observation that "all ethnography is part philosophy, and a good deal of the rest is confession."

The book opened to an illustration of the author and his camel in the Empty Quarter suggests how successfully he became part of the life of his subjects.

In E. Lucas Bridges, Uttermost Part of the Earth, London, 1948, is a presentation of the natives of Tierra del Fuego from the experience not only of an author born in Patagonia but whose family memory of the Fuegians reaches back one further generation.

*The Siger*

# Arabian Sands

---

WILFRED THESIGER



LONGMANS



the hills, and in the south some of the Bagara, the cattle-owning Arabs, who had won fame as the bravest fighting men in the dervish army.

I spent most of my time on trek travelling with camels. In the Danakil country I had used camels for carrying loads; here for the first time I rode them. District Commissioners usually travelled with a baggage train of four or five camels loaded with tents, camp furniture, and tinned foods. Guy Moore taught me to travel light and eat the local food. I usually travelled accompanied by three or four of the local tribesmen; I kept no servants who were not from the district. Where there were villages, the villagers fed us, otherwise we cooked a simple meal of porridge and ate together from a common dish. I slept in the open on the ground beside them and learnt to treat them as companions and not as servants. Before I left Kutum I had some of the finest riding camels in the Sudan, for I bought the best that I could find; they interested me far more than the two horses I had in my stable. On one of the camels I rode 115 miles in twenty-three hours, and a few months later I rode from Jabal Maidob to Omdurman, a distance of 450 miles, in nine days.

During my first winter in the Sudan I travelled for a month in the Libyan desert. I planned to visit the wells of Bir Natrun, one of the few places in this desert where there was water. It was not in Kutum district, not even in the same province, but as no officials ever went there, and as I had been told I should be refused if I did ask permission from Khartoum, I decided to visit it and say nothing. I started from Jabal Maidob with five companions. As we topped a rise on our first day and saw the stark emptiness before us I caught my breath. There were eight waterless days ahead of us to Bir Natrun and twelve more by the way we planned to return. For the first two days we saw occasional white oryx and a few ostriches; after that there was nothing. Hour after hour, day after day, we moved forward and nothing changed; the desert met the empty sky always the same distance ahead of us. Time and space were one. Round us was a silence in which only the winds played, and a cleanness which was infinitely remote from the world of men.



# Arabian Sands

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WILFRED THESIGER

*Illustrated*



E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, INC.

*New York, 1959*

of good camels and keep ahead of the news. As a small party we may avoid attracting attention. We will leave the others in the Wadi Halfain and come back to them as soon as we have been as far as the Wadi Batha. But how you are going to get to Muwaiqih from here I don't know. However, we can discuss that when we return.'

Next day we crossed into the Wadi Andam, which here was only a few miles from the Halfain, and following it northward we arrived two days later at Nafi. The wide valley was well wooded and would have looked like a park had it not been for the drought. Ahmad now found us a man of the Al Hiya, called Sultan, who agreed to guide us across the sands to the Wadi Batha. I decided to take bin Kabina with me. Bin Kamam was anxious to come instead, but I persuaded him to remain in charge of the others, arranging to meet them a little farther to the north in the Wadi Halfain, where the grazing was said to be better.

I hired a fresh camel from Sultan; bin Kabina rode his own, and both Sultan and Ahmad were well mounted. We were riding four of the finest camels in Arabia and if necessary could travel both fast and far. At first we crossed a gravel plain, sprinkled with sand of a reddish tint, and broken up by small limestone tables among which we saw many gazelle, all very wild. Gradually, as we went farther, the sand increased until it entirely overlaid the limestone floor. On the second day we reached the well of Tawi Harian, which was about eighty feet deep. Several Wahiba were there with donkeys, but no camels. We left as soon as we had watered, for we wanted no awkward questions. We were now riding northward along valleys half a mile wide enclosed by dunes of a uniform height of about two hundred feet. A curious feature of these valleys was that they were blocked at intervals of about two miles by gradual rises of hard sand. The sand in the bottoms was rusty red, whereas the dunes on either side were honey-coloured—both colours becoming paler as we travelled farther north. In the evening, having climbed up to camp among the dunes, we looked across waves of sand and small crescent hollows dotted with *abal* bushes.

We had been going for three hours next morning when bin Kabina suddenly exclaimed, 'Who is that?' I glanced back and was relieved to see that it was only a small boy, hurrying along to catch





57. Zayid's falconers

Bridges





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AN JUAN

# UTTERMOST PART OF THE EARTH

E. LUCAS BRIDGES

“ And ye shall be witnesses unto me  
both in Jerusalem . . . and unto  
the uttermost part of the earth ”

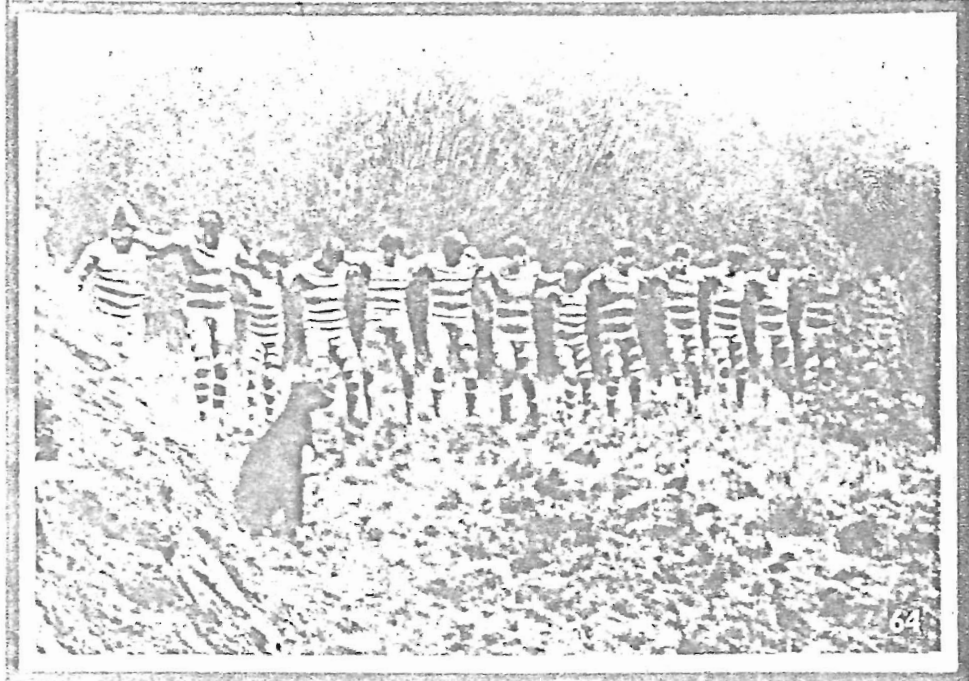
*Acts i, verse 8*

LONDON  
HODDER & STOUGHTON

name I have forgotten, Kostelen (Narrow Face), Dolal and Pechas. Dolal was a son-in-law of Talimecoat, the shag-hunter, and often came to help at Viamonte. Pechas was a famous wizard from further north and was a brother of Koniyołh. Hechelash and his brothers had no bitter enemies and Ishtohn was generally liked, but in times of trouble those four went unhesitatingly with the northern party. Ishtohn now carried the rifle that his father-in-law, Kautempkłh, had snatched from the dead Yoknołpe. The northern party's only other fire-arm was in the hands of Kilkoat; the much-damaged weapon that had nearly cost Kankoat the Jester his life.

That evening a messenger from the mountain men came to tell us that they would be arriving on the morrow. From daybreak many keen eyes were on the watch for them, and at about ten o'clock in the morning they appeared: a long line of men, quite openly armed with their bows and quivers, followed by their womenfolk, children and dogs. They were all that were left of the Cape San Pablo and mountain groups. I saw among them Halimink and Ahnikin, still with their rifles, Kankoat, Puppup, Chalshoat, Talimecoat and Tininisk with their respective sons, Kaichin and Hinjiyołh, the three lads, Kautush, Tinis and Nana, and that extremely eccentric young man, Minkiyolh. Otrshshoөлh, the medicine-man, had died, but his brothers, Shilchan (Soft Voice) and Aneki, were there with Otrshshoөлh's son, Kinimiyolh, and Aneki's own two boys, Doiheı and Metet, who have not hitherto been referred to, but will be met with again in a later chapter. All this party went straight to a wood about three-quarters of a mile to the east of us, where they pitched their camp.

The Najmishk party had not been quite exterminated in the massacre at the stranded whale. Besides "Uncle" Koiyot there were his nephews, Yoshyołpe and Ohrhaitush, the brothers Shijyołh and Shishkolh, their cousin Shaiyutłh (White Moss) and several others, one of them being Ishiaten, whose name meant Scratched Thighs. Although they had joined Ahnikin in the last attack on the northerners, when Kiyohnishah and others had been killed, the Najmishk men had not taken the unfair advantage of carrying fire-arms; and, as some of the northerners had called on me frequently at Viamonte, "Uncle" and his people were now almost on friendly terms with them. Nevertheless there was a vendetta that had to be wiped off the slate, so the Najmishk men now joined the mountain men in their encampment, where they doubtless put the finishing touches to their toilet.



The "Snake Dance." The ceremonial advance from the woods to the *Hain*, which is to be seen on the left. The leader (in the *gōchikō*) is Doihei, elder son of Aneki. Next in the line is Chorche, with K-Wamen, the recently initiated novice, beside him. The seventh from the left is Kankoat, the tenth is Meiet, the younger son of Aneki, and the twelfth is Ahnikin.

*Photo by the author.*



Ona boys take part in the "Frog Dance."

*Photo by the author.*



Ona men shamming dead.

*Photo by the author.*



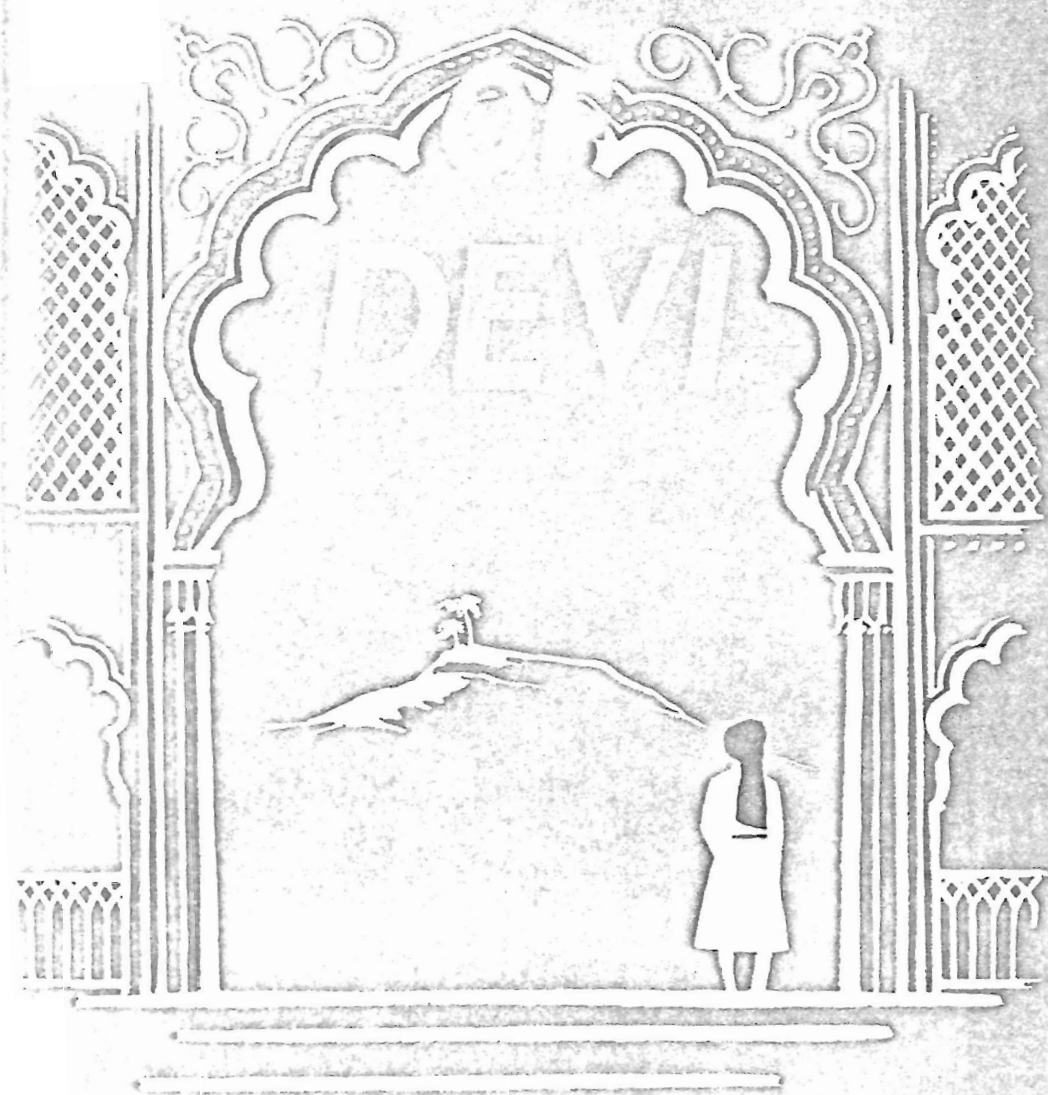
"It was the great opportunity of my life," wrote E. M. Forster of his knowledge of the Indian state of Dewas over the span of thirty years. The picture he sets down was written from the vantage point of the Ruler's Private Secretary. The Hill of Devi, London, 1953, is opened to a photograph of Forster in his role as secretary to His Highness the Maharajah of Dewas State Senior. Once again the fictive mind is rooted in exotic fact.

"I hate travelling and explorers. Yet here I am proposing to tell the story of my expeditions." Thus begins Claude Levi-Strauss' on the South American natives who triggered some of the most widely read anthropological theorizing of the 20th century.

Case 14

Forster

THE DEVIL



W. W. FORSTED

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Forster  
Hill of Devi

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# THE HILL OF DEVI.

*being*  
*Letters from Dewas*  
*State Senior*

*By*  
E. M. FORSTER.



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Tristes tropiques

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C. LÉVI-STRAUSS

# Tristes Tropiques

Translated by  
JOHN RUSSELL

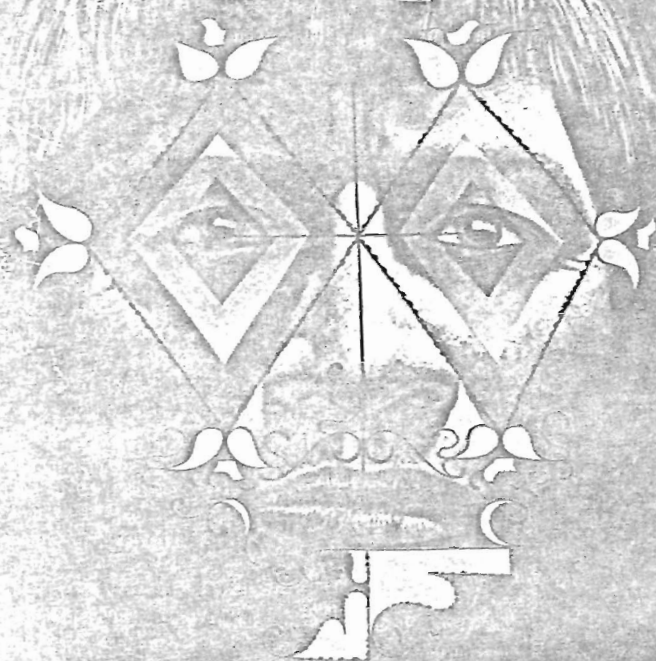
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Claude Lévi-Strauss  
**Tristes  
tropiques**



Anthropologists have long been fascinated and perplexed by the South American societies--characterized by technological backwardness and institutional complexity. Here David Maybury-Lewis in Akwe-Shavante Society, Oxford, 1967, and Napoleon Chagnon delve deeper into the surviving peoples. The Shavante of Central Brazil did not establish peaceful relations with the outside world until the mid-1950s and it was not advisable for anthropologists to begin work with them until the end of the decade.



Maybury-Lewis



AKWĒ-SHAVANTE  
SOCIETY

BY  
DAVID MAYBURY-LEWIS

CLARENDON PRESS  
OXFORD  
1967



The mature men's council at dawn in São Domingos

of being treated with comparative indulgence, often hang around the mature men's circle. They are often told brusquely to go away and to respect the *warã*, but they rarely take any notice. If they are mainly girls they may even be chased away, though this does not often happen. Boys are occasionally tolerated and elder Shavante sometimes take a favourite son (but rarely a favourite daughter) into the council with them, where he is allowed to fall asleep in his father's lap.

The mature men enjoy these meetings for their own sake. It is in their councils that news is made public and gossip exchanged. Everything that happens in the community and in other communities is discussed there. Decisions affecting the whole community are taken and disputes are thrashed out. Therefore, wherever they are or whatever they may be doing, Shavante rarely forgo their evening meeting. Sometimes, if there is something important to be discussed, they may assemble for a council at dawn as well. More usually the dawn council is an informal gathering around a fire in the centre of the village. These are especially well attended during the dry season, when the nights get progressively colder. By July and August the piercing cold wakes most Shavante a couple of hours before dawn, and then the mature men, rather than crouch over the fires in their huts together with the women and children, generally make a roaring blaze in the middle of the village and sit talking round it until sunrise.

Very occasionally there is no meeting in the evening. This is usually due to bad weather but it can also be due to inertia or lack of numbers. I was once at São Domingos when the majority of the men were away. The chief, having some important news to discuss, went to the centre but nobody joined him there. He gave the rallying call and was subsequently joined only by myself and one other Shavante. We talked for a while, after which the chief loudly harangued the villagers and upbraided them for their idleness. This provoked spirited replies from various huts to the effect that people were busy and had no intention of coming to a meeting which was bound to be poorly attended. Apewẽ was therefore obliged to return to his hut and wait for another opportunity to address the council.

Whenever the chief is present it is he who opens the discussion by rising in his place and making a formal speech. When speak-

Chagnon

# YANOMAMÖ

## THE FIERCE PEOPLE

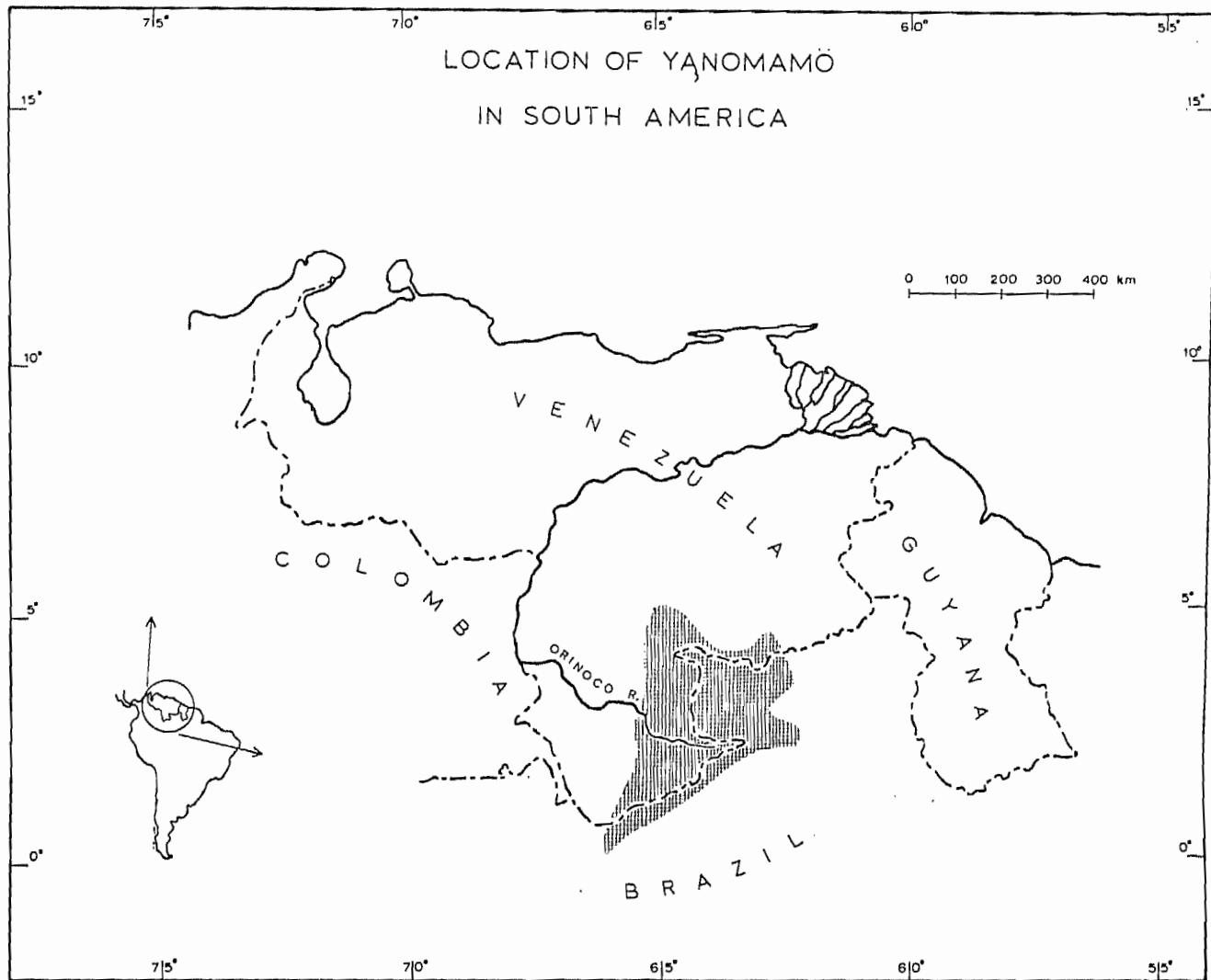
BY NAPOLEON A. CHAGNON

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LOCATION OF YAÑOMAMÖ  
IN SOUTH AMERICA





YANOMAMÖ  
*The Fierce People*

By

NAPOLEON A. CHAGNON

*University of Michigan and  
University of Michigan Medical School*



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# STUDYING THE YANOMAMÖ

NAPOLEON A. CHAGNON  
*Pennsylvania State University*



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*Mōawā and his father-in-law, Dedebeiwā—the secular and spiritual authorities of Misbimishimabōwei-teri.*

*Misbimishimabōwei-teri raiders preparing to depart from Kaobawā's village.*



# 1 / First contact with the Mishimishimaböwei-teri

A thousand previous days concluded with the same melodic incantations, pierced irregularly by a half-scream, half-growl as the shaman struck a powerful blow with his arm or arrow at one of a multitude of humanoid spirits (*bekura*) radiant in their fiery halos, bearing incandescent names, and partaking of the substance of human souls. I did not have to look up to know that the score of glistening men, streaked with green, *ebene*-laden nasal mucus, were growing more aggressive and violent as the effect of the magical powder hit them, and their foreboding preoccupation with sickness and death became more complete. They were growing surly, and I made a mental note to avoid that area as I methodically went through my IBM printout of village residents and photographed people, moving unobtrusively from house to house. I had run out of film and returned to my house—a section of the roof I shared with the headman and his family—to fumble another roll of Tri-x into my Pentax, attempting to keep my sweaty hands from fouling the pressure plate and focal plane. Droplets formed on my forehead, tickling as they coalesced and ran down my nose, stinging as they seeped into the corners of my eyes.

Dedeheiwä, the accomplished shaman, and Möawä, his son-in-law and the man whose house I shared, were leading the afternoon session in front of Yoinakuwä's place, some 40 yards off to my left. I could recognize their somber droning above the voices of the others, for I had gotten to know these two men quite well over the past three years. The village *wai-teri*—"fierce ones"—were assembled to drive out the perceived, but mostly imagined, sickness that Dedeheiwä diagnosed as the effects of *bekura* sent by his enemies in Yeisikorowä-teri, a village far to the south. Dedeheiwä, as was his style, led the attack—very vigorously for a man his age. I remember taking periodic glances in their direction, unconsciously aware that the mood was volatile and a few of the men were becoming uncontrollable. I was concerned about what the headman's younger brother, Yahohoiwä, might do. Living in the shadow of the headman's renown, he had every reason to be concerned about his status and ferocity. He was, however, an unpredictable character and quite capable of violent expressions. Earlier in the day he expounded about his ferocity to me at considerable length and named the men he had killed on various raids—just before demanding a machete. He was piqued when I didn't give it to him, annoyed because I was seemingly oblivious to the status he had and had developed so carefully in his exposition. Later, he openly insulted me as I passed before his house taking identification photographs and making

E. E. Evans-Pritchard, The Azande, Oxford, 1971  
and C. R. Hallpike, The Konso of Ethiopia, Oxford, 1972  
are two recent records of African peoples by distinguished  
anthropologists.



Evans Pritchard

THE  
AZANDE

Evans-Frichard

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ORFOLD

# THE AZANDE

*History and  
Political Institutions*

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E. E. EVANS-PRITCHARD



Namarusu

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AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1971

earlier for the *ba* in other names, a plural prefix. This is a very involved linguistic question. What we have to note here is only that, just as when what follows the *ba* can by any stretch of the imagination be thrown it is taken to be the verb 'to throw', so when what follows the *vu* or *vo* can by any stretch of the imagination be bound it is taken to be the verb 'to bind'. Two further examples must suffice. The Avundukura clan are said to have originated the custom of tying (*vo*) a little bottle-gourd (*ndukura*) containing oil to their waists for purposes of toilet when going on long journeys. The second example is the ruling clan of the Azande, which Europeans have variously spelt Avongura, Avongara, Avongora, and in other ways, and as to the meaning of which they have speculated, not very convincingly. I was told by Azande a long and, to me, fanciful, if not fantastic, story about how a powerful bully called Ngora (or Ngara) was overcome and bound (*vo*) by a man who was consequently given the nickname of Vongora, 'the binder of Ngora', and whose descendants became known as the Avongora. V. H. Vanden Plas in his paper 'Quel est le nom de famille des chefs Azande?' played the same etymological game as the Zande etymologists, and, as he heard the clan name as Avongara, he put forward the suggestion that the name meant 'those who had "*lié-la-force*"' (*vo*, 'to bind'; *ngara*, 'force').<sup>1</sup>

It does not follow that in all cases, and necessarily, these explanatory myths, if they may be so called, are fictions, merely imaginative play upon words. In some cases the associations on which they are based may be sound. Thus the word designating all the true or original Zande clans and distinguishing them from assimilated foreign clans is 'Ambomu', and the statement that they are referred to by this word because their homeland, before they migrated eastwards, was the valley of the Mbomu river has much to commend it, for it is supported by a wealth of tradition and other ethnographical evidences. The word which means the opposite to 'Ambomu' is *auro*, strangers or foreigners. That literally it means 'easterners' may readily be understood in terms of the eastwards movement of the Ambomu. The explanation of the name 'Adio', by which the most easterly Azande are known among themselves, that this people originated on the banks of a river (*dio*) may also appear adequate. But these three

<sup>1</sup> *Congo*, vol. i, 1921, p. 9.



Prince Rikita



Hallpike

The  
Konso of  
Ethiopia

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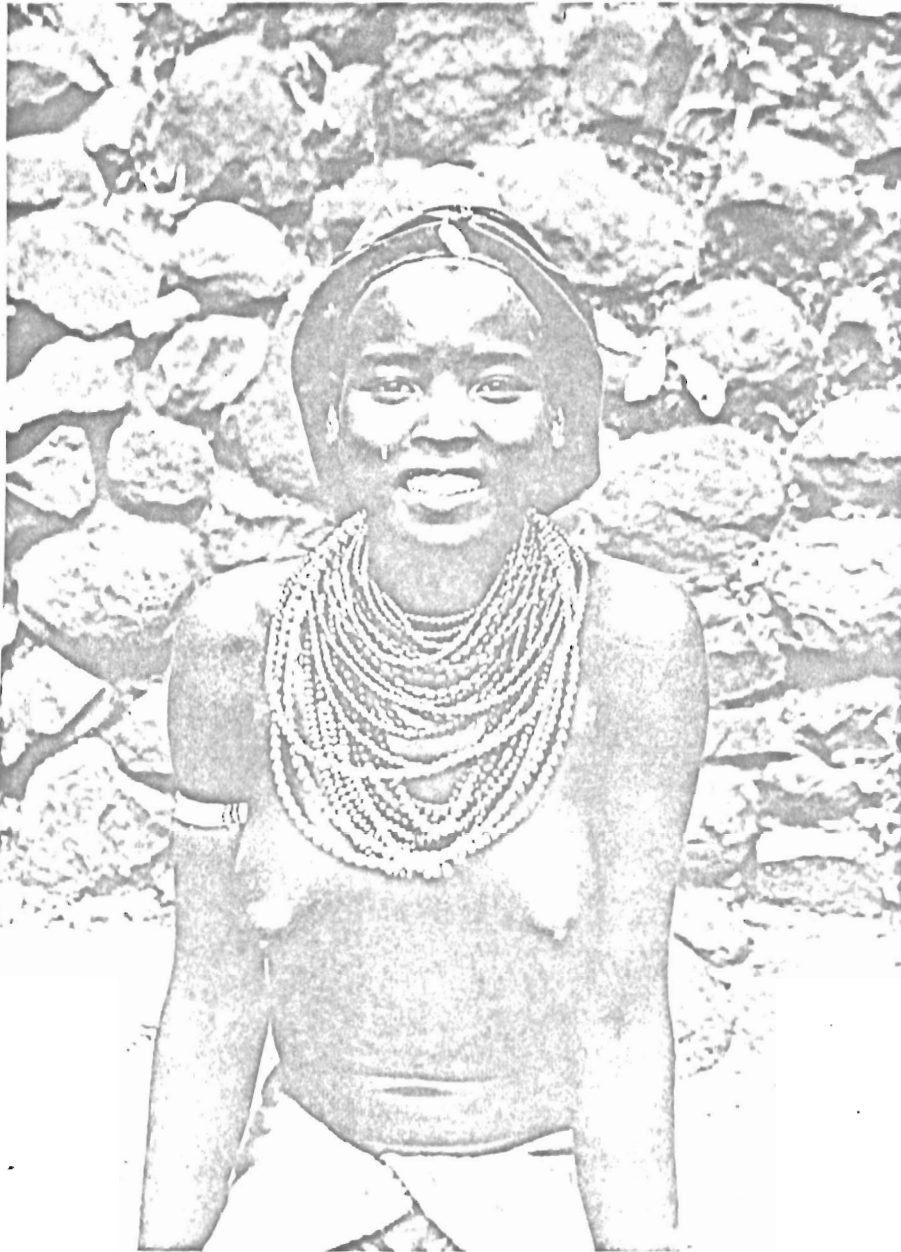
THE KONSO  
OF  
ETHIOPIA

*A Study of the  
Values of a Cushitic People*

BY  
C. R. HALLPIKE

OXFORD  
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1972



VII. Gahanna

the other ills of the human condition—famine, drought, sickness, sterility, and social disorder—and Death in this wider sense is thought to be averted by the well-ordered society.

For the Konso the proper order of things is well summed up in the following text:

I listened to the elders of long ago. They said 'Let people listen to one another. If they listen God will send rain, and ripen the millet, people will be born. . . . After people have listened to one another, God likes it and then rains, and the millet ripens. . . . They bring back a woman from a strange house [lineage] and when she is established she hears the voice of her husband and tills the family fields, and brings fodder for the cattle, the cows give birth, they drink the milk, and the children bring fodder; after the bull that has been born drinks the milk it becomes fat, and the family sells it, and with the money the family is well-off. They hear the voice of the head of the household (*apa*) the millet ripens . . . they laugh, there are no running noses and colds . . . God is good to them. Their children are well-off. Thus when things are established in this way<sup>1</sup> there is no sickness in the land, and this family is well-off. Their women bear men-children. And families and the people who listen to one another in this way, it is good with them. Their men and their old women, and their wives, are well-off together, when they listen to each other, thus they prosper and buy fields. God is thus good to them, and thus their children are well-off.'

This then is Life, and it is fitting to discuss death, as the total opposition to it, at the conclusion of a chapter on Konso values.

Death is very horrible to the Konso. But they are quite ready to talk about it, and the ceremonies surrounding it, at times almost as though fascinated. Sagara Gīya, my diviner friend, one evening gave me a minute description of the ritual that his eldest son would perform when he died; I think he relished the idea of having so striking a ceremony performed in his honour, but he was an unusual man. The after-life for them is the usual drab and bat-like existence envisaged by so many pagan peoples. Death is the end of human existence as they think of it. I was sitting by the open grave in which an old informant of mine was shortly to be buried. Someone turned to me and said 'He was your friend, and told you stories; now he is just flesh.'

There is a short myth which also expresses their attitude to death concisely.

At the time of Creation God said to the turtle [which lives in wells  
<sup>1</sup> '*mugini*', literally, 'sleeping'.

These fresh ethnographic works are R. H. Barnes,  
Kedang, A Study of the Collective Thought of an Eastern  
Indonesian People, Oxford, 1974, and Christoph von  
Furer-Haimendorf, Himalayan Traders, Life in Highland  
Nepal, London, 1975.

Barnes



KIDANG

BARNES

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# KÉDANG

A STUDY OF  
THE COLLECTIVE THOUGHT  
OF AN EASTERN  
INDONESIAN PEOPLE

BY  
R. H. BARNES

WITH A FOREWORD  
BY  
RODNEY NEEDHAM

CLARENDON PRESS : OXFORD

1974



*Udjokring, the mountain of Kédang*





4a. Bala B j ng

4b. A-teru, new  
food ceremony  
at clan temple

symbolic importance of a woman's hair. For the moment, I will remark that the context suggests a comparison with gold, and an interpretation may rest on the assumption that for a woman to put her hair in the spring is a sort of confusion like that of incest,

The consequences of violating most of the other prohibitions are either that there will be a huge flash-flood, or that the frogs and snakes at the spring, i.e. the guardian spirit, will die and that this will cause a drought or prevent the rains from coming and the spring will dry up. That is, there will either be a superabundance or an inadequate amount of water. One might compare the consequence of drought with the use of metal in Malay magic to stop up points of transition and ask if there may not be cases where for the Malays metal might have the opposite effect. The things prohibited in K dang seem not always of the same type. Putting gold or a woman's hair into the spring might be interpreted as putting like into like, that is, confusing things which should be kept separated because they are alike. Other things seem to have the opposite effect of confusing things which should be kept separated because they are unlike. For example, strangers were once prevented from using the water. Clothing may not get wet, and clothing is in that category of things which have been introduced from outside. Another prohibition, which according to an argument made earlier may be of this type, is that on bringing the fruit of the lontar palm to the spring. A final example which is clearly of the type concerns the bamboo container (*hau*) used to carry water. The inhabitants of the hamlet  dang live about equal distance from two sources of water, the one being *wei raw * and the other a spring at the shore. They take water from both of these springs. It is prohibited, however, to use bamboo containers to carry water from *wei raw * which have previously been used to carry water from the beach.

Though there is a heterogeneous set of things prohibited at the spring and though the consequences of violating these prohibitions sometimes seem to have the opposite effect, what is common to all violations is a categorical confusion of things which should be kept apart, and what is common to the results of such violations is that a source of life is impaired.

These restrictions apply only at the spring. The water may be used for bathing with soap or for washing clothing if it has been carried away from the spring.

Portrait of a Man

Himmelstempel Traders

Christoph von Hirsch-Himmelfahrt

1767

.671

.371

.02

Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf

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HIMALAYAN  
TRADERS

Life in Highland Nepal

JOHN MURRAY



their grain in Yalbang at much more favourable rates than in places closer to their home villages.

Chala, a village counted as one of the Satthapale group, but isolated by a high range, often impassable after heavy snowfalls, used to occupy a key position in the local trading system. It controls the route from the Humla valley to the Saina Chaur, the site of a trade-mart, and thence to Bajura and Acham. According to a local tradition Chala was established relatively recently by two brothers of Pandara near Galwa, who considered the site suitable for a community acting as intermediary in the trade along the route between Acham and Taklakot. The Chala people are believed to have originally been Byansis, but they became assimilated to the Bhotias of Satthapale and now speak a dialect approximating that of the people of Munchu and Yalbang. Until some three years ago a trade fair bigger than that of Yalbang was held in October/November, and this fair lasted for nearly a month. Many Purangbas went there to trade with the Chala people as well as with men from the Acham region. Nowadays the attendance of Purangbas has fallen off and this is explained by the fact that the Chinese authorities have reorganized the system of agriculture in the Taklakot region. Previously the Purangbas could leave their villages immediately after the harvest and travel to Chala in October when the passes were normally open. Now they are required to plough their land and repair irrigation channels before they are permitted to set off on trading expeditions. Moreover there is now a greater emphasis on agriculture at the expense of trade. Before the coming of the Chinese one man in every Purangba family was engaged in trade most of the time, whereas now all villagers have to work on the land. Short trips to Yari seem to be possible even in October, but instead of going at that time to Chala, Purangbas now visit the Yalbang fair in November. By that time the route to Chala is invariably closed by snow.

Chala traders still go to Taklakot, but the range of the goods they can sell and buy has shrunk. Previously they could buy with Nepalese or Indian currency whatever they liked, but now they have to take grain or butter to obtain Chinese currency, and even with that they can purchase only a limited variety of goods. Surprisingly *ua*-barley can be bought in Taklakot with Chinese currency and I was told that the production of grain by Purangbas



Bhotia man of Yakba, Humla

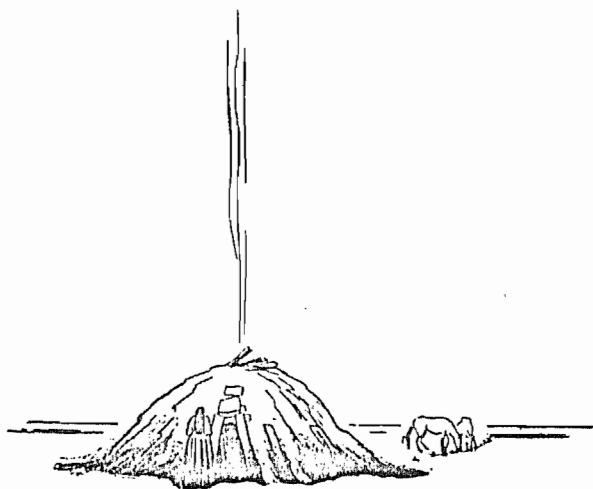
The View  
From Inside



Though much may be said for the value of coming to a subject with a new perspective and viewing from a distance, it is clear that no understanding of a culture can equal that from within. Increasingly the classic ethnographies are those written from someone from within the culture itself. Some of the best are written by natives whose perspective has been enlarged by travel and education beyond their own culture. Te Rangi Hiroa is an exemplar: his Vikings of the Sunrise, New York, 1938, is opened here. The son of a Maori woman and an Englishman, Te Rangi Hiroa was raised close to his mother's people and received international recognition as an anthropologist, physician, soldier, politician and scholar.

# Son Of Old Man Hat

*A Navaho Autobiography  
recorded by Walter Dyk*



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY EDWARD SAPIR

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY      NEW YORK

**VIKINGS  
OF THE  
SUNRISE**



**BUCK**

G.N.670  
.B85

# VIKINGS OF THE SUNRISE

By

PETER H. BUCK

*(Te Rangi Hiroa)*

Director of  
Bernice P. Bishop Museum



*With fifty-eight illustrations  
from photographs*

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

NEW YORK

MCMXXXVIII



- A high chief of Rennell Island, situated in Melanesia, and inhabited by a tattooed people speaking a Polynesian dialect.

*Templeton Crocker*

- High chief of Rennell Island ready to receive guests.

*Templeton Crocker*



and the steering paddle he used. Maori legends mention the canoes of the gods themselves, and invariably they give the name of the steering paddle. The god Rehua, who dwelt in the tenth heaven, is thus recorded in an ancient song:

Te hoe o Rehua  
Ko Rapaparapa-te-uira.

The paddle of Rehua  
Was the Flashing-of-Lightning.

In spite of the caulking, canoes leaked so much that men were appointed to bail out the hold as part of the ship's routine. The bailer, in important ships, received a personal name; Rehua's bailer was named Whakawaha-taupata. Stone anchors with holes drilled through to take the rope were carried on long sea voyages. During storms, a bow anchor was dropped overboard to keep the canoes head-on to the seas. Light anchors were also dropped to indicate the run of currents. The anchors of important canoes had personal names. The Arawa canoe, which sailed down to New Zealand in 1350 A.D., had two stone anchors named Toka-parore and Tu-te-rangi-haruru.

The actual details of the construction of the various Polynesian craft have been recorded by James Hornell. In this work I am more concerned with the mental and emotional attitude of the Polynesians toward their ships. Their attitude even transcends the mental and emotional and becomes spiritual. Knowing that the timber, the tools, and the lashing material were associated with a tutelary deity, we may dimly envisage the dynamic force that inspired the Polynesians in their long sea voyages, both of discovery and settlement.

In Tahiti, the god Tane was represented at one historical period by a piece of finely plaited sennit. When he was





THE  
STREAM OF DAYS

*A Student at the Azhar*

by  
TAHA HUSSEIN

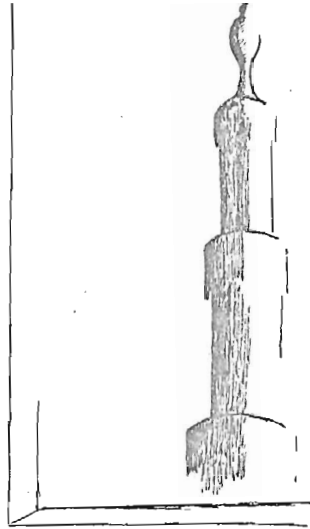
*translated by*  
HILARY WAYMENT

---

*Illustrated by*  
BILLEE BUTLER

---

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.  
LONDON ◊ NEW YORK ◊ TORONTO



*C. Guiteras-Holmes*



# PERILS OF THE SOUL

*The World View of a Tzotzil Indian*

With an Afterword by Sol Tax

THE FREE PRESS OF GLENCOE, INC.

A DIVISION OF THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Perils of the Soul, The World View of a Tzotzil Indian,  
New York, 1961, derives its distinction from the inside  
view of Manuel Arias, cacique of Chenalo--incidentally the  
brother of a current Ph. D. candidate in anthropology at Princeton.

Thursday, June 18

[As soon as Manuel enters my room he says that he has to tell me two important things about the ch'ulel.]

M: "I was frightened, it seemed as if the hill were on fire. It was the 'Uch. I was happy, yet frightened, because it was as if the hill were to break into flames. Then it slowly disappeared and gave place to the white light of dawn. Nothing but clouds, nothing but the sky, and yet it looked as though it were on fire. The 'Uch is God; that is why the people respect it. Some compañeros told me in the market-place: 'We are drinking 'ul because we must respect the 'Uch.' When I was a child, my father and my mother said to me, 'The fire of the 'Uch has manifested itself.' I was in my house on the mesa, and I woke up when it was still night and the roosters crowed, and I saw that the heavens were red. The leaves of the corn were red; the sky toward the northeast was red."

M: "I know how to pray; I can shed any evil that is being wished upon me for something that I have done when I was drunk, because when one is drunk he may anger another." [He remembers at this point other things that one must not do that can have evil consequences:]

"One should never look backwards, because it can bring illness. When we pass anyone on the trail we must not turn our heads to look; we can only see them as they pass. 'People have heat,' explained my mother.

"He died. He who bore my name, died. I did not know what to do: I treated him for komel and for ch'ulelal. I was on my knees when my little boy died. I was in a passion of rage against God, because He didn't hear me and didn't heal my baby. I was in good health when we buried him. It seems that he died of scarlet fever. We don't know the remedy for it. Now I do not kill myself praying. I try to get medicine. If we have sinned, if we are angry, if we quarrel over the land, if we have a horse or a nice milpa, illness comes due to the envy of others. All the 'ilols pray for these reasons.

"I had buried my little boy; it seems that I didn't feel well after the burial. I asked for food. And I felt a tremor in my heart which was like a clock. It was as if my heart were not in its place, it was going from side to side. I was not able to eat. Then I prayed. I wept before

the God. 'What could I have done? Do you think that I was willing to see my son pass away?' I said to God. Then, little by little, I felt better, but every day at eleven o'clock I felt bad. I prayed: 'What shall I do? I loved my boy. I have cleansed myself of sin, I have spoken from my heart. Is it that I spoke only from my mouth?' "

[Manuel lives again the grief of those days, then he calms down and continues.]

M: "A secretary that came here from Ixtapa told me, 'I don't see why you burn candles on All Souls Day. We are like animals; once the body is dead, the soul is dead.' I didn't believe him because I had had a proof that it was otherwise, when my son died. And when I left Juana and they tried to harm me, I prayed many times until I once fell asleep and had a dream. I fell asleep at twelve o'clock. It seemed that my soul was in the church. The priest was lighting the candles. Don Celso came in. The priest told him to be very careful, to refrain from obscene language and from violence. I remained in the middle of the church and the priest looked at me and raised his right arm in a kind of blessing, and with that I was healed. Next day I went for firewood and I felt like jumping, like dancing. I was happy and my strength had been returned to me. That is why I believe in God. It was not my body, it was my soul [that saw all of this], because my body was in bed in Natoc."

I: "What does the word *tok'aalte* mean?"

M: "*Tok'aalte* is harm, it is witchcraft; like fever that a man asks to be visited on another, on an enemy, as punishment."

[Manuel says that he doesn't believe that there are evil sorcerers.]

M: Evil is brought on by Tentación, not by a sorcerer.

[He doesn't believe any more in what his mother used to say.]

M: "Do you think we could look at a Cancuquero, at an Oxchuquero, at anyone from Tenejapa or from Santa Catarina? If we looked they would harm us. That is the way we were brought up by my mother: always afraid."

[He tells me about a man who wanted him (Manuel) to accompany him to Simojovel in search of a woman he believed knew how to be-  
witch.]

Alfonso Ortiz

*The  
Tewa World*

SPACE, TIME, BEING, AND BECOMING  
IN A PUEBLO SOCIETY

The University of Chicago Press

CHICAGO AND LONDON

Alfonso Ortiz, raised by his Tewa grandparents, thus received an education one generation more conservative than that of his contemporaries in San Juan Pueblo. He supplemented this with a Ph. D. in anthropology at Chicago.



Two Maya men in the Vale of Jovel, Chiapas

Photograph by Ralph Hilt





The weight of a picture against that of a word is a balance long understood by the ethnographer. Here the illustrative volume from Prince Maximilian's journey to the Upper Missouri in 1832-1834 is open to one of young Karl Bodmer's stunningly accurate depictions of the Mandan.

The photograph was not far behind the Prince's journeyings. Frederick Starr is among the earliest ethnographers to exploit the medium intelligently for his The Indians of Southern Mexico; an Ethnographic Album, Chicago, 1899. More recent cameras have been turned toward important ethnographic subjects by George Rodger for his La Village Des Noubas, Paris, 1955 and by Leni Riefenstahl in her The People of Kau, New York, 1976.

Case 17

Maximilian



*H. Lindemann sc.*

MAHCHSI-KAREHIDE.

*Indians, Mandans.*





Start

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Starr, Frederick, 1858-1933,

Indians of southern Mexico; an ethnographic album,  
by Frederick Starr. Chicago [The author] 1899.

32 p. 141 pl. 28 x 35½ cm. ob. 4<sup>0</sup>/<sub>3</sub>.

The edition of this book is limited to  
560 numbered and signed copies, of which  
this is no. 285.

1. Indians of Mexico. 2. Ethnology—Mexico.

Nov. 30, 99-178

Library of Congress



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(Copyright 1899: 60350)



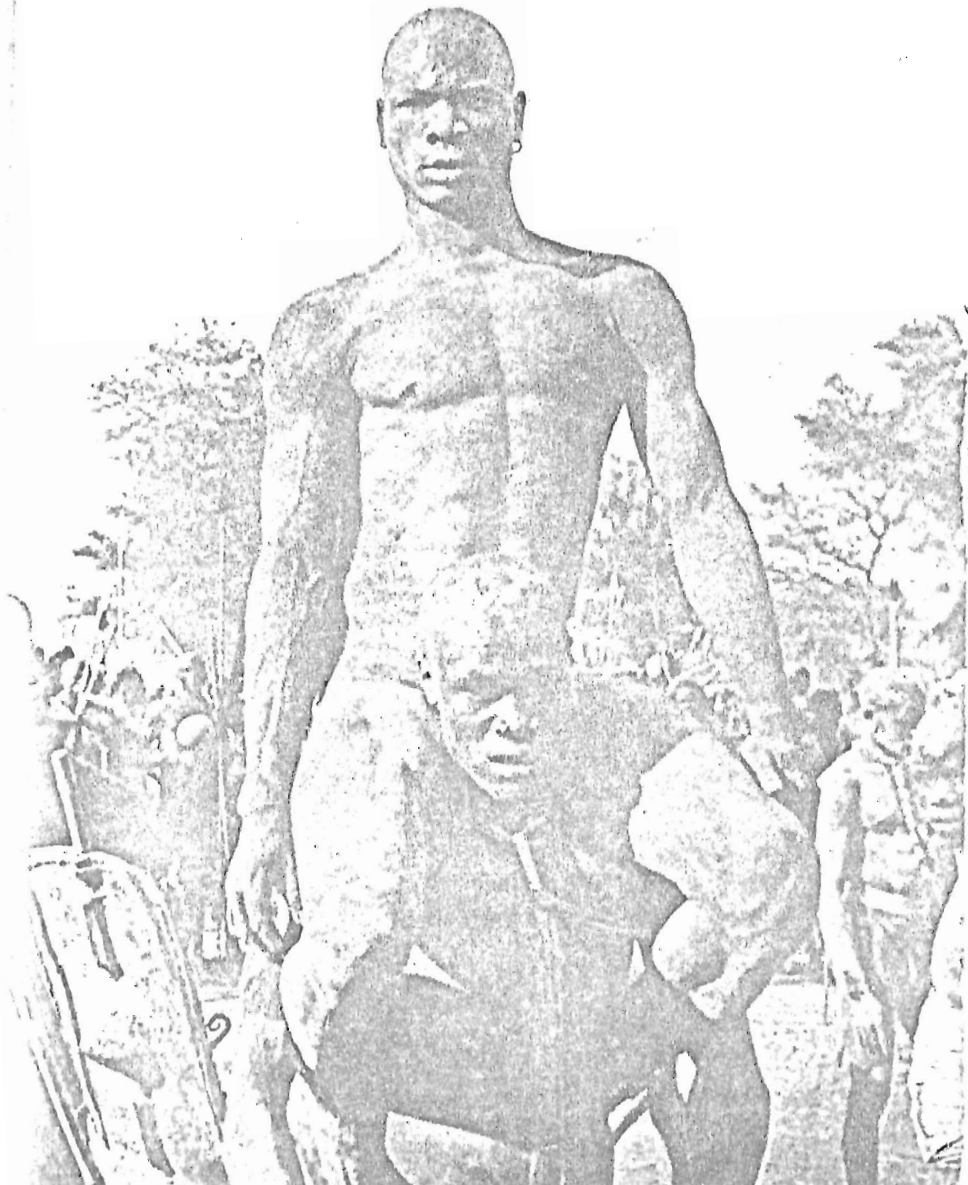


Rodger

LE  
VILLAGE  
DES  
NOUBAS

*Collection « Huit »*  
Robert Delpire, éditeur

Beaucoup de paroles  
et trop de moutons





Riefenstahl



# The People of Kau

Photographs, Text  
and Layout by  
**Leni Riefenstahl**

Translated from the German by  
J. Maxwell Brownjohn



*Fiction as  
Cultural Fact*

*Case 18*

There are many ways of presenting the ethnographic information about a world. But to many minds the most memorable means is fiction. A number of novels are grounded in data as precise as that gathered by any ethnographer. The Malaya of Conrad's Lord Jim, Vicki Baum's Bali, Narayan's India are all worthy exemplars.

Ex 3687.3.35.16



JOSEPH CONRAD

LORD JIM

A TALE



"It is certain my Conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it."—NOVALIS.

LONDON & TORONTO

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PARIS: J. M. DENT ET FILS

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OCTOBER 17<sup>TH</sup> 1918

VICKI BAUM  
LIEBE UND TOD  
AUF BALI

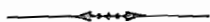
ROMAN

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QUERIDO VERLAG N.V. AMSTERDAM

R. K. NARAYAN



The  
Man-Eater  
of  
Malgudi



THE VIKING PRESS  
NEW YORK

In some instances the novelists are incidentally already anthropologists. Here is Oliver La Farge's The Enemy Gods, Boston, 1937.

3817  
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NEAR THIAUCOURT FRANCE  
OCTOBER 17<sup>TH</sup> 1918



The  
ENEMY  
GODS

OLIVER LA FARGE



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOSTON

*The Riverside Press Cambridge*

1937

## CHAPTER ONE

**T**HE enrolling clerk at Tsaili Boarding School mopped his brow with his sleeve. It was very hot in early September; the room, overcrowded with children, was stifling.

'All right, next,' he said.

Bido Tso, the policeman, shoved forward another frightened little boy. His hand on the child's shoulder was firm, not rough, and he spoke to him kindly in Navajo. The clerk looked at the boy. Thin and big-eyed, the kind that gets T.B. and dies on you. His long hair was utterly untidy, he wore a torn cotton shirt, very dirty calico leggings, and moccasins which were coming to pieces.

'What's his name?' the clerk asked wearily.

'Ashin Tso-n Bigé. It's his fadder's name. He's dead.'

'His father's called Ushin Tsone Begay?'

'No, dat's dis one. He's his son. It's his fadder's name, his son.'

The policeman meant that the boy was called Ashin Tso-n's Son, but the clerk was too harassed, and spoke no Navajo.

'Hell,' he said. 'He's Begay, hunh?'

The policeman gave up. 'Yes.'

'Begay. What'll we call him, Miss Sparks?'

The first-grade teacher looked at the poor little rat. 'Call him Myron,' she said. 'It kinda suits him.'

'Myron Begay, then.' The clerk stared again. 'Age — humm — six. First grade. Your name is Myron, see? Where's he from?'

'Beykashi-ha-Bik'é.'

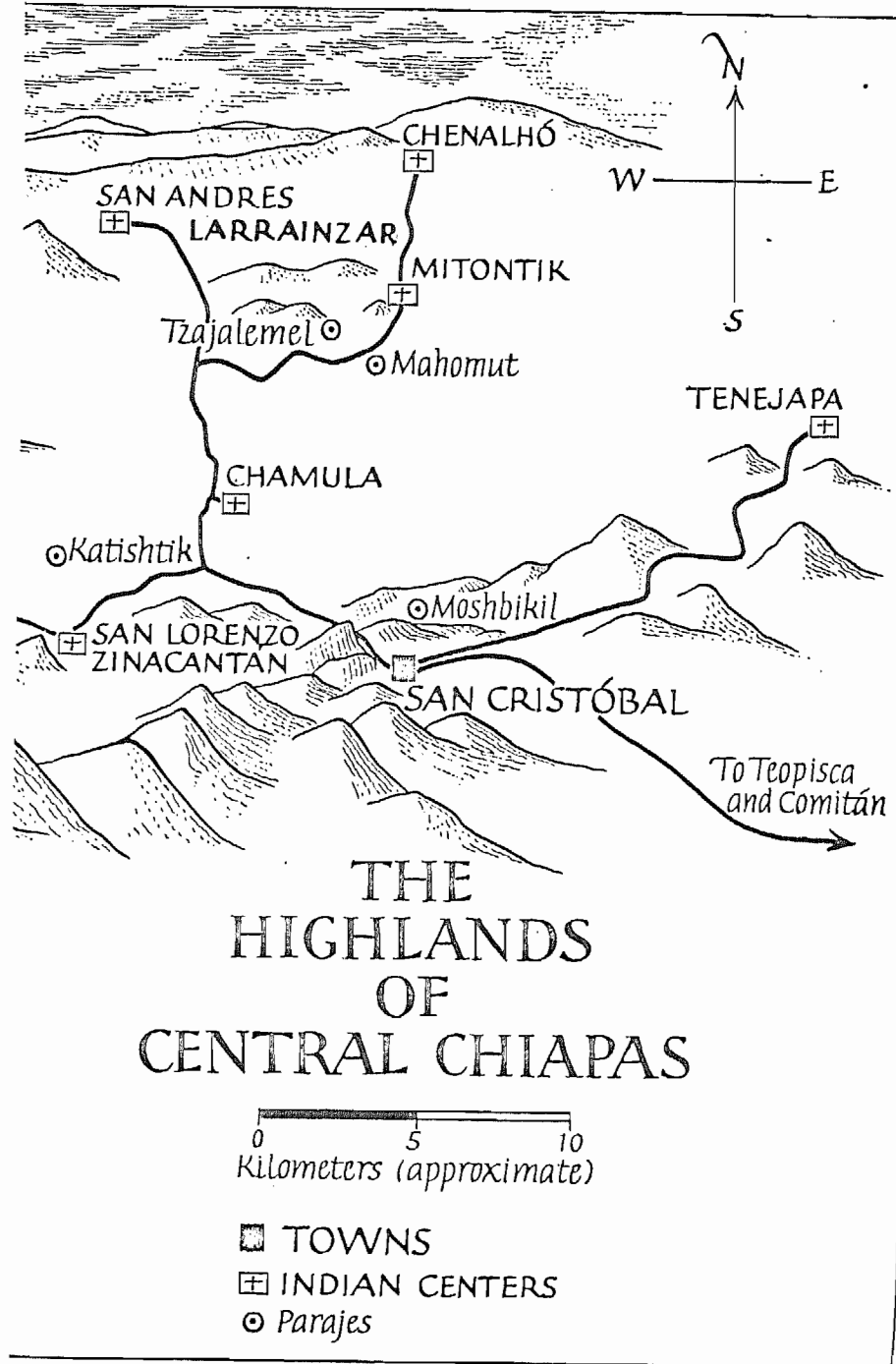
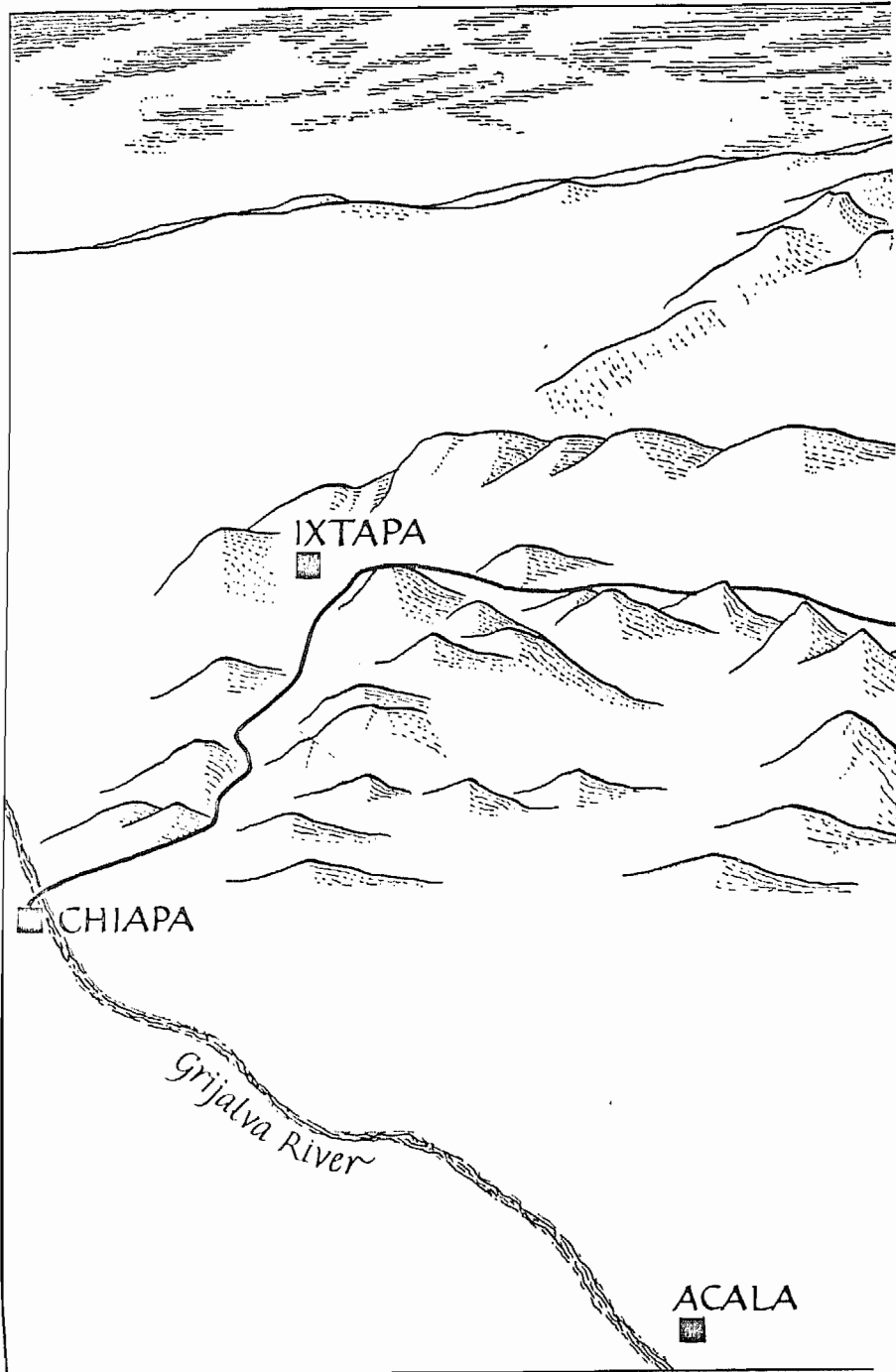
Carter Wilson's Maya novels call not only on his ethnographic study as part of the Harvard Chiapas project, but his historical sophistication as well. Here in A Green Tree and a Dry Tree he reconstructs the 1870 Caste War of Chiapas. Its immediacy has more to do with Wilson's fieldwork among the Maya than his work in historical archives.

CARTER WILSON

**A GREEN TREE AND A DRY TREE**



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK, NEW YORK





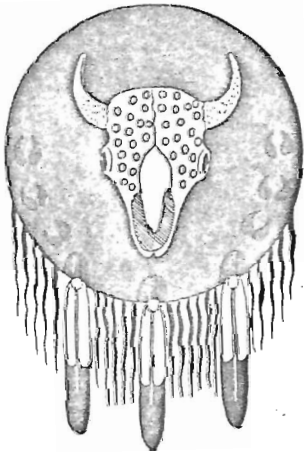
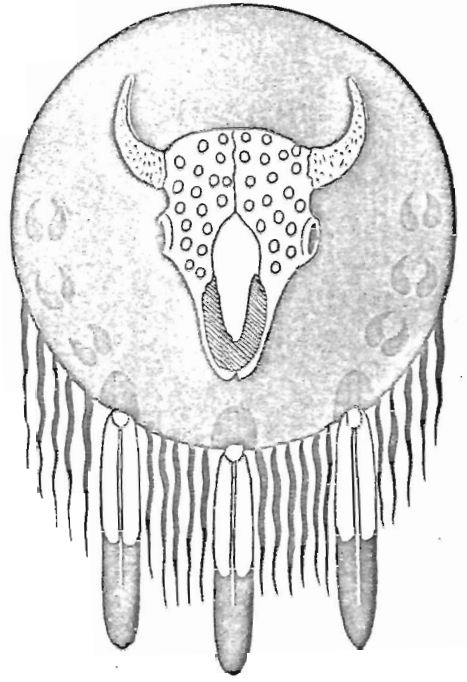
# THE WAY TO JAINY MOUNTAIN

BY SCOTT MOMADAY

Illustrated by AL MOMADAY

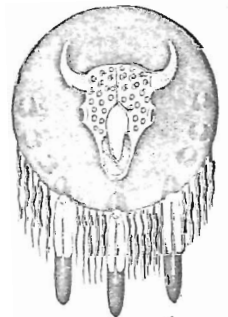
UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS

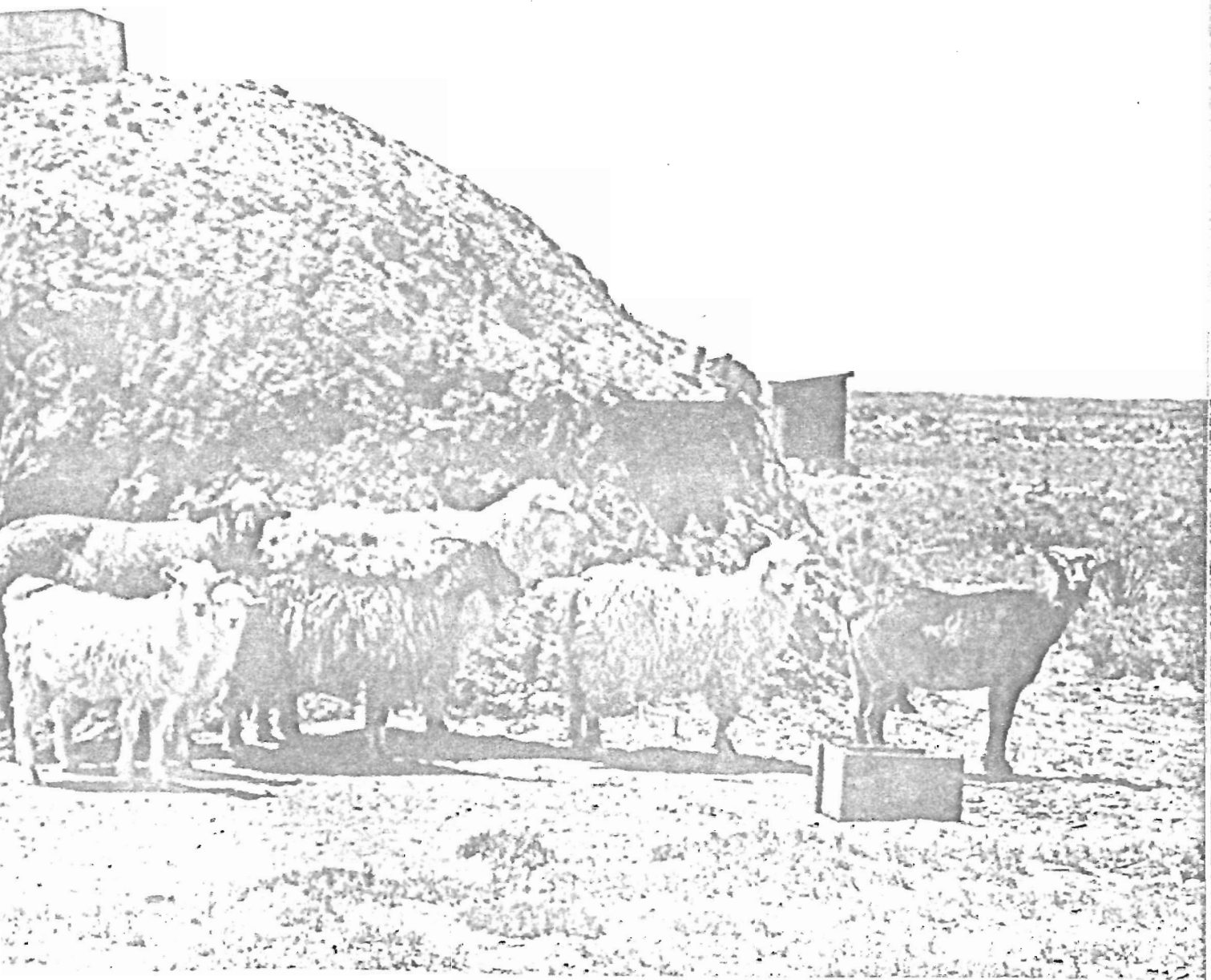
THE  
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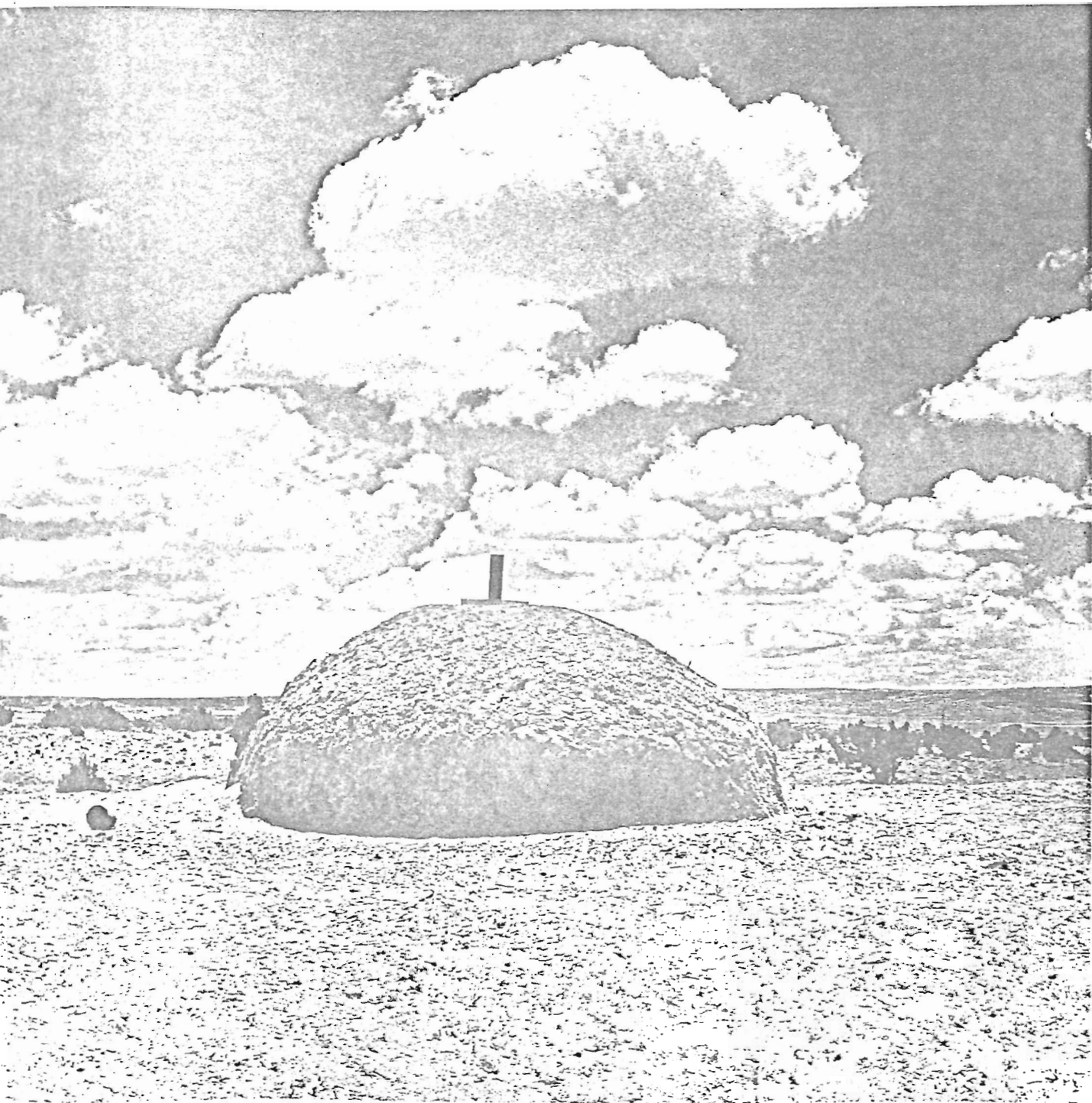
N. SCOTT MOMADAY

Illustrated by  
AL MOMADAY





W. S. 2011



Use: Structure

Captain Cook

Case 19 (Audubon)



Circumstances of discovery, whatever the expedition's purposes, transformed a number of explorers into important ethnographers. Captain James Cook's (1728-1778) great voyages were sustained from 1768 through 1780, though Cook himself was killed in a scuffle with Hawaiians over a stolen boat in February of 1778--just two centuries ago.

The great wealth of ethnographic material, mostly about the South Seas, that resulted from these voyages is suggested here by openings in John Hawkesworth's edition of An Account of the Voyages Undertaken by the Order of His Present Majesty for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere, London, 1773 and A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, London, 1784. The riches of the publications were greatly enhanced by illustrations as demandinglly executed as all other aspects of the enterprise.

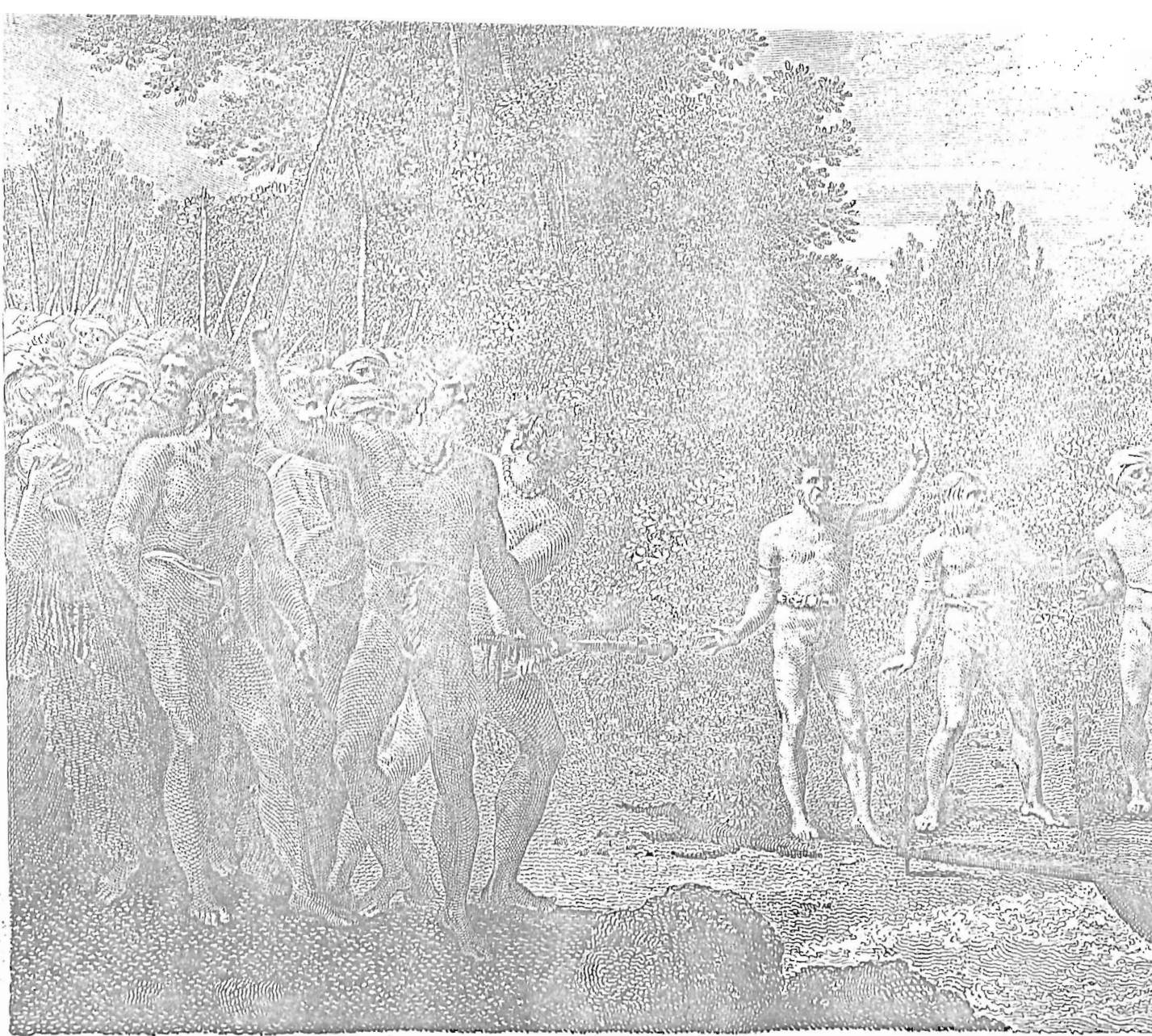
The gift of Cyrus McCormich, Class of 1879





J. Webber del.

A. NIGHT T



Painted by W. Hodges:

*The Landing at*

*— Published Ed. 1. 1777*

AN  
A C C O U N T  
OF THE  
V O Y A G E S

UNDERTAKEN BY THE  
ORDER OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY

FOR MAKING

Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere,

And successively performed by

COMMODORE BYRON, || CAPTAIN CARTERET,  
CAPTAIN WALLIS, || And CAPTAIN COOK,

In the DOLPHIN, the SWALLOW, and the ENDEAVOUR:

DRAWN UP

From the JOURNALS which were kept by the several COMMANDERS,  
And from the Papers of JOSEPH BANKS, Esq;

By JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Illustrated with CUTS, and a great Variety of CHARTS and MAPS relative to  
Countries now first discovered, or hitherto but imperfectly known.

V O L. III:

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. STRAHAN; and T. CADELL in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

ish: they were impressed. The marks upon  
 at are spirals, which are drawn with great  
 elegance, those on one side exactly corre-  
 spond on the other: the marks on the body  
 like the foliage in old chased ornaments, and  
 of filagree work; but in these they have  
 a great deal of fancy, that of an hundred, which at  
 first sight to be exactly the same, no two were,  
 in situation, found to be alike. We observed,  
 and the form of these marks were different in  
 the south, and that as the principal seat of  
 was the breech, in New Zealand it was  
 a part which was free, and in general was  
 than any other.

These people, however, are not only dyed, but  
 have before observed, they smear their bod-  
 ies, some rubbing it on dry, and some apply-  
 ing ocher mixed with oil, which is always wet,  
 so that all touch will rub off, so that the transgres-  
 sions of our people as were guilty of ravishing a kiss-  
 ing beauties, were most legibly written

A New Zealander is certainly, to a stranger  
 the most uncouth that can be imagined. It is  
 a species of the flag, which has been described  
 as the most valuable productions of this country: these  
 consist of three or four slips, and the slips, when  
 interwoven with each other into a kind of stuff  
 and cloth, with all the ends, which are  
 sometimes long, hanging out on the upper side,  
 like thrumb matts, which we sometimes see  
 in the country. Of this cloth, if cloth it may be called,

1770.  
 March.







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A  
V O Y A G E  
TO THE  
P A C I F I C O C E A N.

UNDERTAKEN,  
BY THE COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY,  
FOR MAKING  
Discoveries in the Northern Hemisphere.

Performed under the Direction of Captains COOK, CLERKE, and GORE,  
In His Majesty's Ships the *Resolution* and *Discovery*; in the Years 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, and 1780.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I. and II. written by Captain JAMES COOK, F.R.S.

VOL. III. by Captain JAMES KING, LL.D. and F.R.S.

Published by Order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.



V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY, IN THE  
STRAND; AND T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M,DCC,LXXXIV.

1777.  
February.

The next day we were visited by a tribe or family, consisting of about thirty persons, men, women, and children, who came from the upper part of the Sound. I had never seen them before. The name of their Chief was Tomatongeauoranuc; a man of about forty-five years of age, with a cheerful open countenance. And, indeed, the rest of his tribe were, in general, the handsomest of the New Zealand race I had ever met with.

By this time more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Sound had settled themselves about us. Great numbers of them daily frequented the ships, and the encampment on shore: but the latter became, by far, the most favourite place of resort, while our people there were melting some seal blubber. No Greenlander was ever fonder of train-oil, than our friends here seemed to be. They relished the very skimmings of the kettle, and dregs of the casks; but a little of the pure stinking oil was a delicious feast, so eagerly desired, that I suppose it is seldom enjoyed.

Having got on board as much hay and grafs as we judged sufficient to serve the cattle till our arrival at Otaheite, and having completed the wood and water of both ships, on the 23d we struck our tents, and carried every thing off from the shore; and next morning we weighed anchor, and stood out of the Cove. But the wind not being very fair, and finding that the tide of ebb would be spent before we could get out of the Sound, we cast anchor again a little without the island Motuara, to wait for a more favourable opportunity of putting into the strait.

Sunday 23.  
Monday 24.

While we were unmooring and getting under sail, Tomatongeauoranuc, Matahouah, and many more of the natives, came to take their leave of us, or rather to obtain, if they could, some additional presents from us before we left

left them. These two Chiefs became suitors to me for some goats and hogs. Accordingly, I gave to Matahouah two goats, a male and female with kid; and to Tomaton-geauooranuc two pigs, a boar and a sow. They made me a promise not to kill them; though I must own I put no great faith in this. The animals which Captain Furneaux sent on shore here, and which soon after fell into the hands of the natives, I was now told were all dead; but I could get no intelligence about the fate of those I had left in West Bay, and in Cannibal Cove, when I was here in the course of my last Voyage. However, all the natives, whom I conversed with, agreed, that poultry are now to be met with wild in the woods behind Ship Cove; and I was afterward informed, by the two youths who went away with us, that Tiratou, a popular Chief amongst them, had a great many cocks and hens in his separate possession, and one of the sows.

On my present arrival at this place, I fully intended to have left not only goats and hogs, but sheep, and a young bull, with two heifers, if I could have found either a Chief powerful enough to protect and keep them, or a place where there might be a probability of their being concealed from those who would ignorantly attempt to destroy them. But neither the one nor the other presented itself to me. Tiratou was now absent; and Tringoboohee, whom I had met with during my last Voyage\*; and who seemed to be a person of much consequence at that time, had been killed five months ago, with about seventy persons of his tribe; and I could not learn that there now remained in our neighbourhood any tribe, whose numbers could secure to

\* See Cook's Voyage, Vol. ii. p. 157.

1777.  
February.

John White

Case 20 (Omery)

7

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What sets worlds in motion is the interplay of differences, their attractions and repulsions. Life is plurality, death is uniformity. By suppressing differences and peculiarities, by eliminating different civilizations and cultures, progress weakens life and favors death. The ideal of a single civilization for everyone, implicit in the cult of progress and technique, impoverishes and mutilates us.

Every view of the world that becomes extinct, every culture that disappears, diminishes a possibility of life.

Octavio Paz

John White (fl. 1585-1593), Governor of Sir Walter Raleigh's "second colonie" at Roanoke, and the first observer of native Americans whose record is still available to ethnographers, left us an important collection of detailed and accomplished watercolors. As later engraved by DeBry these became the preeminent icons of 16th century Americans. Studies of native life in Florida, Greenland and the Caucasus also found in White's surviving work indicate that he was already an experienced traveler and observer before his arrival in Virginia with his family, where his daughter became the mother of Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born in America.

White's ethnographic interests were not limited to recording what he observed: the two conceptions of early Britons shown here were reconstructed from his reading of historical accounts, among them Herodion.

The American Drawings of John White, London, 1964.

One of the volumes shown here is a gift to the library in memory of Julius Long Stern; the other is lent by the Scheide Library.

THE  
AMERICAN DRAWINGS  
OF  
JOHN WHITE

1577-1590

WITH DRAWINGS OF EUROPEAN  
AND ORIENTAL SUBJECTS

BY PAUL HULTON & DAVID BEERS QUINN

II

REPRODUCTIONS OF  
THE ORIGINALS IN COLOUR  
SIMILE AND OF DERIVATIVES  
IN MONOCHROME



25-

BRITISH WOMAN (no. 128A, cf. pls. 143, 150(d))



PICTISH MAN HOLDING A HUMAN HEAD (no. 124A, cf. pls. 139, 150(a))

Steltzer

The photographs of native peoples of the Southwestern United States which supplement this exhibition are the work of Ulli Steltzer. They are the results of two seasons among the Hopi and in the Navajo country in 1969 and 1970. They are part of a much larger collection of photographs by Miss Steltzer given to the library by Mr. and Mrs. David Hunter McAlpin, Class of 1920.

Case 21









on wall





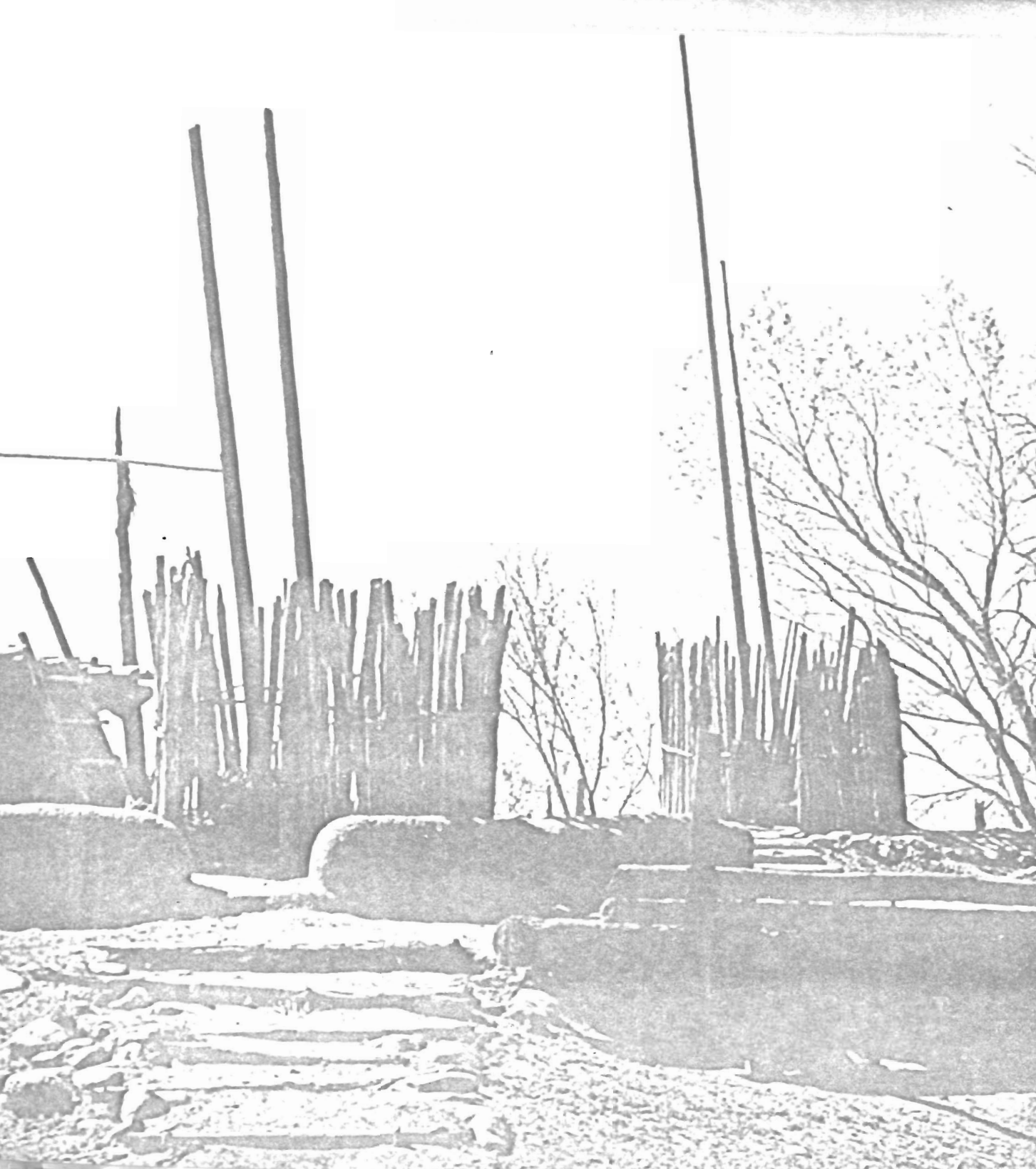


























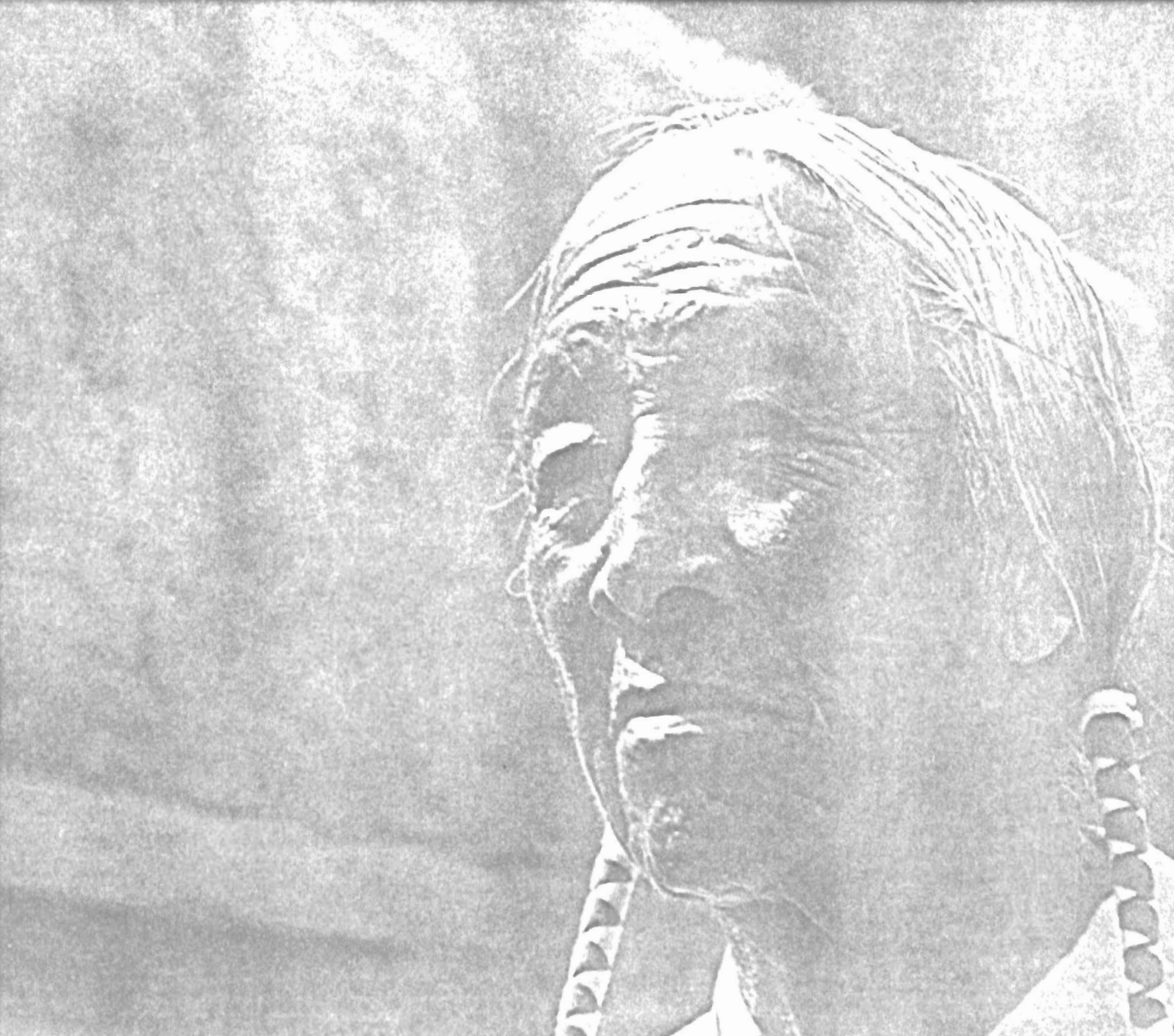


















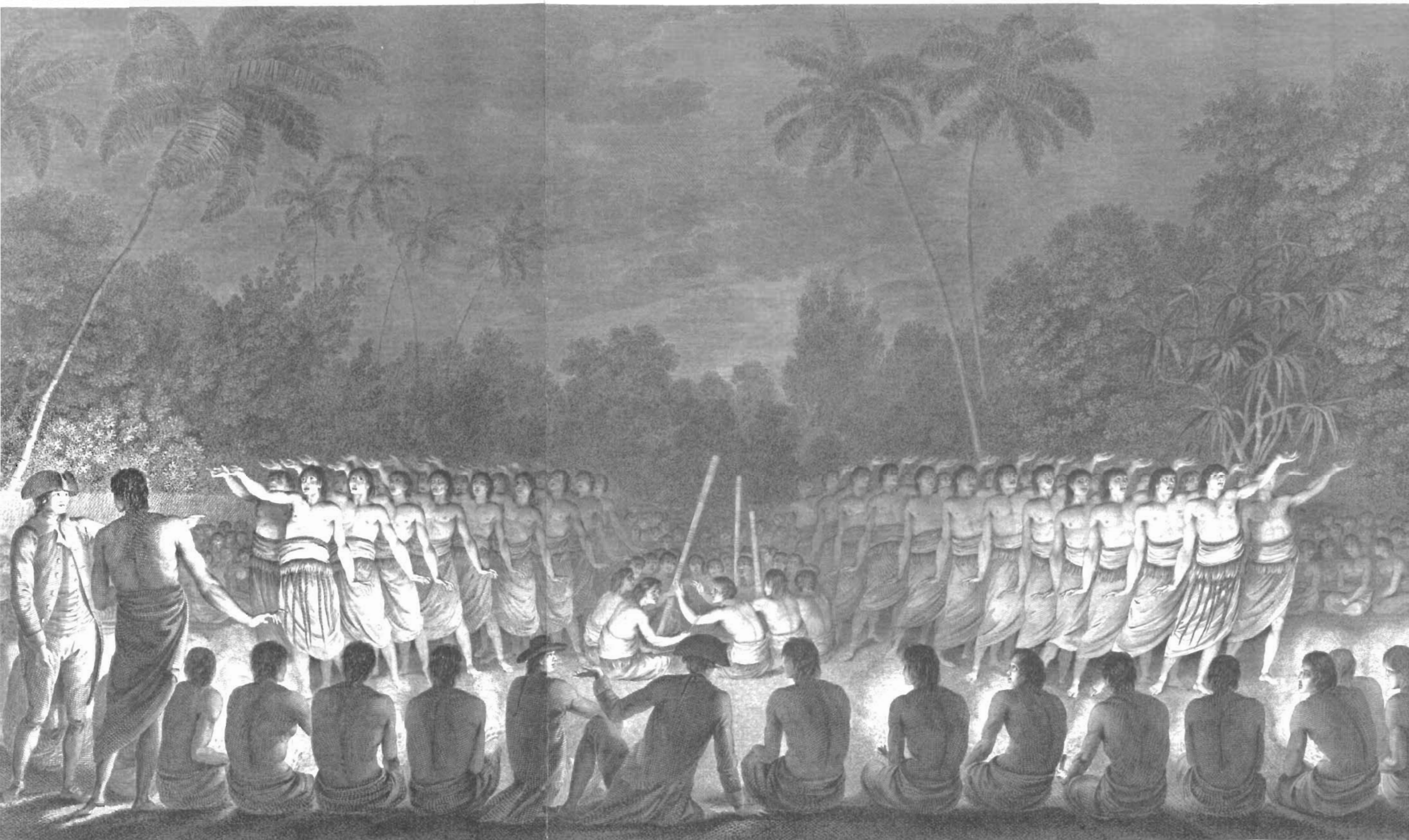












*Windows On Other Worlds*  
*An Exhibition of*  
*Classic Works of Ethnography*

*February third through April ninth 1978*  
*Princeton University Library*