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F R O M   A N X I E T Y   T O   I N S I G H T

The Process of Formulating a  
Methodology in Practice

A thesis presented in partial  
fulfilment of the requirements for the degree  
of Master of Philosophy at  
Massey University

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I dedicate this piece of work to the Spirit that guides and determines what is to become available to Human Beings.

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## A B S T R A C T

Anthropologists do not have a Methodology that acknowledges their subjective experience during fieldwork, as scientific data. Yet an accurate presentation of Anthropology as a science, depends on inclusion of the person(ality) of the Anthropologist. This anomaly is both, the doorway to the creative element that defines Anthropology as a unique discipline in the Humanities, and the stumbling block of science in the twentieth century.

George Devereux, a French Anthropologist and psychotherapist, initially explored the dimensions of this problem in the 1930's. His dual career enabled him to envisage a model, in which the anthropologist's integral part in the fieldwork was acknowledged. Although he recorded the development of this model during fieldwork around 1935, it remained unpublished till 1967, and is still largely unknown in the Humanities. The potential value has yet to be explored in the fieldwork situation.

The primary aim of this thesis, is to record the experiential process of formulating a Methodology in the practice of fieldwork, using the key concept Devereux proposed: "the subjectivity inherent in all observation is the road to an authentic, rather than fictitious objectivity". (1967).

Within the Scientific tradition, Methodology has been regarded as a prescription for doing fieldwork, rather than a distinctive tool for creating this unique basis of Anthropology. The challenge has been to identify the double bind this causes, between theory and practice, and to present a new approach to Methodology, that offers a practical way of being an Anthropologist. The person whose presence, in the final result, is critical if Anthropology is to reflect what it proposes to explore - the essence of humanity in a scientific manner.

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## PREFACE

### FINDING THE FIRE

There is a space where one is  
both inside and outside;  
Where one is gathering wood,  
lighting a fire and  
warmed by it ... ..  
embers burst to the touch.  
Before we sleep  
we surround the edge of the night.  
The last food  
comes from cool embers  
Our feet push a well  
into the ashes.  
We eat together.

Early morning mist is cold.  
There is a slow awakening of hands to flames  
and bones to warmth.  
I blow on the coals.  
It is in this instant,  
The action captures the entire process;  
the action is not less than the entire experience;  
the action becomes equal to the knowing.  
It is this knowledge that is Anthropology.

## INTRODUCTION

The issue of being a Scientist and voicing oneself as a human being is central to the future of Anthropology as a discipline. Fieldworkers are concerned with the problem of how to present the totality of human experience as scientific data, so that both the subjective, personal experience and the process of objective research is evident. Few who have explored this question feel comfortable with their results. Some write as though they were forced to put themselves on the outer edge of the discipline in order to find some balance.

Ultimately the question is, as Scientists, how do we integrate ourselves into the research output? How can we present ourselves as effectively in charge of research, the process of science?

The surface issue is that the Anthropologist, who has served time doing fieldwork, is present in the final analysis, only by exclusion. A small but increasing number of anthropologists feel sufficiently challenged to ask, is this what we want in the discipline of Anthropology? They would rather include their subjective or personal experiences in the final fieldwork report.

The deeper issue centres on a Methodology which powerfully conditions practice.

The dilemma occurs initially when the Anthropology student, who has learnt a textbook definition of scientific method, has to reconcile this with what actually happens during fieldwork practice. Later, the process record of fieldwork is edited; Personal experiences and key insights, that developed the fieldworkers understanding, are removed to produce a record of fieldwork, that fits the model of the research process. The result is a double bind between theory and practice; the textbook methodology defines and controls fieldwork practice without being responsive to the process of fieldwork and the needs of the fieldworker.

Anthropologists are searching for a way out of the

double bind. There is a need for an alternative to methodology as it is currently defined; at the very least, a pragmatic approach to methodology, that recognises personal experience as a precursor to human knowledge.

The primary aim of the thesis is, to record the experiential process of formulating a Methodology in the practice of fieldwork.

The key concept is taken from the Anthropologist, George Devereux's thesis, "Anxiety to Method in the Behavioural Sciences" (1967):

- "all data is subjective, the subjectivity inherent in all observation is the road to an authentic objectivity". (Introduction: 1967).

The format of the thesis is holistic, in that the focus of the research is on process, rather than outcome; on patterns, rather than cause and effect; the thesis as a whole, must be read as a process record.

To this end, I regard myself as a Scientist using a particular method, in much the same way as a crafts-person would use a tool. I regard becoming a Scientist-Anthropologist and doing Research - Anthropology, as a learning process.

Beginners always have some idea about what it is they want to explore and I was no exception. The difference is that;

- (a) I created a working model for fieldwork before I arrived at my actual fieldwork area in Papua New Guinea;
- (b) I foresaw the model as satisfying immediate orientation needs but envisaged modifications as I adapted to the process of fieldwork. Recording this process would be the basic task of the methodology and as such would evolve over time.

I discovered that formulating a Methodology in practice, is both a practical way of doing Anthropology and a safe and satisfying way of being an Anthropologist; the person whose presence in the final result is critical, if Anthropology is to reflect what it proposes to explore, the essence of humanity in a scientific manner.



## CHAPTER OUTLINES

### CHAPTER ONE

- PART I Anthropologists as Individuals have challenged the professional situation that leads people to study people without being human themselves [Le Barre: 1967].
- PART II Anthropologists, as Individuals and as Editors, have challenged the standard criteria for scientific research by recording their experience of distress, frustration, and revelation within the text of their field results. Some specifically identify the theoretical difficulty of reconciling Methodology with practice.
- PART III To date Anthropologists do not have a Methodology that acknowledges either the subjective personal experience of the fieldworker or the unique process of fieldwork as scientific data. A change is being demanded.
- PART IV Introduces Anthropologists George Devereux and William F. Whyte, who have identified many of the dimensions of the problem of creating appropriate Methodology for practice.

### THE PROBLEM STATEMENT

### OBJECTIVES OF THE RESEARCH

### PURPOSE OF THE THESIS

### CHAPTER TWO METHODOLOGY

Recording the process of formulating a Methodology for fieldwork.

### CHAPTER THREE THE FIELDWORK LOCATION AND PEOPLE

The Lujure people, Nomadic Hunters and Gatherers, who are located around the Yellow River in the South Wapei district of Papua New Guinea.

## CHAPTER FOUR     RESULTS:     6 CASE STUDIES

1.     Settling a Problem
2.     Kumul Meri
3.     Warikori Land - Lightning Meri
4.     Drumbeat
5.     Scrubbing Saksak with Dalini
6.     Conversations with Apke

The data for Cases 1 - 4 is shown in a series of stages:

- (a)   Excerpts from Raw Diary Notes in the Field, and Letters.
- (b)   A Vignette of an event - diary notes rewritten in New Zealand.
- (c)   Notes on the pattern of anxiety to insight.
- (d)   Notes on the context of the situation.

## CHAPTER FIVE     ANALYSIS

PART I     The Methodology in Use.

PART II     The Methodology as it evolved during fieldwork.

PART III    The Nature of Process

## CHAPTER SIX     DISCUSSION

Formulating a Methodology is the Natural Process of Fieldwork.

## CHAPTER SEVEN   CONCLUSION

## CHAPTER ONE

### PART I

I consider that Anthropology, the Science of the study of Man and Culture, could be a touchstone of knowledge about Humanity; ... .. a means of exploring and opening us to new ideas about ourselves and others who inhabit this world.

However, the more anthropological reports I read, the less I feel that a record of what it means to explore the essence of human nature will be found in these writings.

I discovered that I am not alone in my sentiments. Anthropologist Evans-Pritchard declared,

"I find the usual account of field research so boring as often to be unreadable - kinship systems, political systems, ritual systems, every sort of system, structure and function but little flesh and blood. One seldom gets the impression that the Anthropologist felt at one with the people about whom he writes. If this is romanticism and sentimentality, I accept those terms". [ibid;12: 1973]

Similarly Kenneth Read challenged us to consider,

"Why is so much anthropological writing so antiseptic, so devoid of anything that brings a people to life? There they are, pinned like butterflies in a glass cage, with the difference however, that we often cannot tell what colour these specimens are and we are never shown them in flight never see them soar or die except in generalities". [Introduction: 1966]

There is a disquieting contradiction in the presentation of fieldwork reports that are devoid of human sentiment.

"Much of our work bears little relationship to the existential reality of human lives, producing lifeless descriptions of human life". [G. Berreman; 350: 1966].

Objective standards, in the name of Science, may have been met but at what ethical cost? "Anthropology that is remote from human experience often becomes

inhuman in its consequences". [Berreman: 1972]

The issue is of being a Scientist and simultaneously voicing oneself as a human being. It is not a theoretical question of whether anthropology belongs to humanities or sciences [Jongmans; Gutkind; 1967; Berreman; 1968] but the practical dilemma of how to record and present the totality of human experience as scientific data, so that both the subjective personal experience and the process of objective research is evident. Principles of Scientific enquiry and common sense prevail to require that the findings of a particular discipline are made available to members of other disciplines and the public, without their having to go through the apprenticeship experience. To date we have hardly met the first tenet required of Scientists.

"It remains the tradition in Anthropology, that the full appreciation of any finding has depended on experience rather than our ability to present our data in a form that could be examined". [Bateson: 1941]

In spite of our discipline becoming more refined and sophisticated since Bateson's statement, the appreciation of these advances remains limited to a few conference papers and verbal anecdotes shared among colleagues. [Mead: 1979]

To unravel what Jongman and Gutkind refer to as "this organised complexity", demands exactitude and artistry.

Anthropologists who have accepted the challenge, have set the guidelines. The answer is simple, publish one's results and how they were obtained so that others can comment and discuss.

Devereux, the French anthropologist/psychotherapist, responded to interest in the way in which a therapist with his background worked, by publishing his notes, his interpretive comments and his test protocols. J.B. Casagrandes' concern in editing, "In the Company of Man; A portrait of Twenty Anthropological Informants", (1960) was to pay tribute in some way to individuals who, as close associates, form very personal relationships with the fieldworker. "As

a rule they are memorialised in a few brief footnotes or a prefatory sentence". He, like Read and Evans Pritchard, wants Anthropology to reflect the experience of fieldwork.

"Fieldwork is a challenging scientific undertaking, an adventure of the mind and spirit. It is also a memorable human experience yet most anthropological writings tend to obscure the fact.

We are accustomed to articles and monographs which treat our data at a highly abstract level, several stages removed from the vividness and immediacy of what we have experienced in the field". [ibid; Preface XII - XVI: 1960]

Laura Bohannon published her account of fieldwork as fiction in "Return to Laughter" (1954), under a pseudonym, Elenore S. Bowen. In doing so, she made a powerful protest about what she found possible in her discipline.

"I am an anthropologist. The tribe I have described here does exist. This book is the story of the way I did fieldwork among them. The ethnographic background given here is accurate but it is neither complete nor technical - here I have written simply as a human being and the truth I have tried to tell concerns the sea change in oneself that comes from immersion in another ... .. culture". [Introduction; 1954]

In the preface to her book, David Riesman eloquently defends her right as a researcher to do so.

"Any assumption that an autobiography of affective experience is an ethnographic irrelevancy would be setting a wrong model for what is truly scientific; defined as a canon of ethical scrupulousness and choice of the most appropriate methods".

Bohannon reconciled the subjective experience with her position as the observer, simply by recording the activities she was involved in without denying her participation at an intellectual or emotional level.

"I stood over Amara. She tried to smile at me ..... she would die. She was my friend, but my epitaph for her would be impersonal observations in my notebook

her memory preserved in an anthropologists' file:

Death (in childbirth) - cause withcraft: Case of Amara. A lecture from the past reproached me. The anthropologist cannot, like the chemist or biologist, arrange controlled experiments like the astronomer. He can only observe. But unlike the astronomer, his mere presence produces changes in the data he is trying to observe. He himself is a disturbing influence which he must endeavour to keep to a minimum. His claim to science must therefore, rest on a meticulous accuracy of observation and on a cool objective approach to his data.

A cool objective approach to Amara's death? ... .. I became part of the events of the next few days - watching over the dying woman at her husband's request. ... .. When it was over I went with the women.

"Come", they said to me, "take your lamp and we will go wash in the stream". Tonight I feel that I too washed death from me. Like the other women I piled my clothes on a boulder by the stream. The shock of the cold water drove death and nakedness from my mind and theirs. Our own life absorbed us.

On the bank again I tried, like them, to wipe myself with my hands, pressing hard with a downward stroke, using the palm like a scrapper, and ending with a quick outward flip.

Going back up the path to the homestead, rather damp, chilly and quite hungry, I felt awakened from fanciful fears. Like the women about me, my mind had turned to practical matters". [ibid; 200, 1954]

I perceived a subtle challenge in Bohannon's writing that I accepted and began to consider the possibility of recording and relating the experiential process of field-work as scientific data, rather than fiction.



It is not coincidental that, Hortense Powdermaker's account of her research in Lesu, also recounts the death of a good friend. Times of crisis such as birth and death, bring out conflicts that normally remain illusions. [Turnbull: 1973].

Powdermaker does not deny she is troubled about the ambiguity inherent in her role: "I have never fooled myself that I had "gone native". I participated rather freely, but remained an Anthropologist ..."

"My good friend Pulong, was ill and no one knew whether she would live or die. In the morning, before daybreak, she gave birth to her baby, born dead, and her own life appeared in danger. ... Inanely, I remarked to her husband that, I hoped she would be better soon. Even before he answered, I knew my remark was silly.

The fact that I was getting good data did not take away my restlessness. I felt all wrong during this crisis: outside it, though emotionally involved".

[ibid; 116: 1966]

When, as a first year graduate student, Peggy Golde had read "Return to Laughter" by Laura Bohannan, she had recognised something she had been missing in most anthropological works ." The fictionalised description included the authors transitory emotional reactions, as well as more deeply felt and enduring responses". [ibid; 1: 1970].

The issue is the same, death of a close friend in childbirth, as experienced by women anthropologists. The subtle difference may only be in the telling.

In much the same way as reading this book established a personal imperative for Golde's research, into recording women's experience of fieldwork, it motivated me to search for accounts by anthropologists, where the writer actively sought and retained some collaboration with the data. The result to date is listed in Appendix I and is by no means complete.<sup>1</sup>

---

1 It is a surprisingly diverse collection of writings, with a trend toward "Anthropologists as Editors" inviting individual Anthropologists to submit short essays on aspects of personal experiences of fieldwork. Chronologically, the evidence suggests that anthropologists are choosing to include their personal experiences.

What immediately caught my attention was the common goal these writers shared; to record the reality of the fieldwork experience; to present Anthropology in their own distinctive writing style, as a lived experience in the recorded word, rather than a text that fitted a preprogrammed event.

If they didn't realise it on beginning fieldwork, few failed to finally recognise that they had taken on to challenge a traditional norm for Anthropologists: of separating their subjective experiences from the data gathered, in order to present an objective and therefore, scientific report. They began to understand why personal data is relegated to autobiographies, collections of diary notes and letters home, or limited to classroom reminiscences and personal anecdotes shared with colleagues at conferences.

Out of the last forty years of monographs that have been published, 60 percent of the authors make no mention of the Methodology employed. Twenty percent devote a few lines to a few paragraphs - only 20 percent give a clear idea. [Jongman, Gutkind; 1967].

The most consistent statement by the anthropologists listed, was their desire to break with the tradition in which public and students alike, "read an ethnology as a "fait-accomplis" with no clear idea of how the picture of another culture is achieved or of the process of interaction between researcher and community members, the problems, pitfalls and procedures of being an anthropologist". [Golde; 91: 1970].

The inclusion of their experiences were not only appropriate, but vital to the presentation of fieldwork as scientific endeavour.

"We wish to share with the reader the personal experience of fieldwork and to communicate the essentially humane quality of our discipline in a way that is at once aesthetically, emotionally and scientifically satisfying". [Casagrande; XVI: 190].



While theoretician Pelto (1970), acknowledges that, identifying "personal theories of fieldwork" poses the most problems for anthropological research methodology, his advice to students remains unchanged:

"read the collections and autobiographies of individuals' field expeditions. Guidelines for the pursuit of the artistic, intuitive, social interactional side of field research, must be gained by each new recruit, through reading the collected lore of the profession, to which must be added the accumulation of personal experience". [ibid; 209: 1970]:

This advice has been accepted in the past, simply because there was little else. Fieldworkers recount with mock horror, the parting words of wisdom from elders. Kroeber is reputed to have advised one of his women students as follows: "I suggest you buy a notebook and pencil". [Agar: 1980].

More often than not, the novice is sent off with a good knowledge of world ethnography, the names of a few informants, fatherly blessings from mentors, and little else. "Sink or swim, he was told. If the novice sank, then clearly he was not a real anthropologist. If he "swam", and came back with what appeared to be excellent data and intriguing stories about a new ritual, then the training method had proved its value." [Frelich: 1970].

Change in this pattern has occurred as a result of personal imperative.

"My ideas about what fieldwork would be like and how it would turn out even at the village entrance were severely challenged.

I envisaged a primitive man who fitted the textbook and who would adopt me. Instead I stood still holding my notebook, helpless and pathetic - the overwhelming impression was of naked filthy hideous men, decaying vegetation and filth - if there had been a diplomatic way out, I would have ended it then and there". [Chagnon; 1: 1968].

"When I left for the field I, like my questioners, was naive enough to believe that "rapport" was something that was built up, gradually and painstakingly over a period of weeks or months and then ran its own momentum until the end of one's stay, barring untoward accidents or carelessness. I discovered to my sorrow, that the situation wasn't quite so simple, but that knowledge grew only gradually out of a variety of incidents". [Biggs; 19: 1970].

As a result of their initial experiences of fieldwork, Chagnon and Biggs both published accounts of their personal experience, so that other students would not be totally unprepared for the transition from their own culture, to living in a new culture.

Chagnon relates how he experienced the death of a close friend, after a fight.

"Everyone in the village gathered around the ashes and wept aloud.

That night I think I became emotionally close to the Yanomamo for the first time. I remained in my hammock and gave up collecting genealogies.

As darkness fell Damonwas brothers began weeping in their hammocks.

I lay there listening, not bothering to tape record it or photograph it or write notes. One of the others asked me why I was not making a nuisance of myself as usual and I told them that my innermost being (buhii) was cold - that is I was sad. This was whispered around the village and as each person heard it, he looked over at me. The children who inevitably accumulated around me were told not to bother me - I was husuo, in a state of emotional disequilibrium and had finally begun to act like a human being as far as they were concerned". [Chagnon; 135: 1968].

Biggs comments on her need for privacy and her anxiety about her place in the close confines of the family igloo

during winter.

"It had been arranged I would move in with them when they built their winter quarters. The loss of privacy filled me with trepidation. The loss of solitary late evening hours, a time of recuperation, to read Jane Austen, to indulge in secret feasts of half frozen dates and chocolate and simply to think Kapluna (white) thoughts, uninterrupted.

Curiously, the effect of the move when it came, was the opposite of what I had expected.

They accepted me because I was their daughter and Kapluna.

Yet I knew I made only a trivial contribution to the family. My professional anxiety as I fussed over notes and vocabulary must have been frustrating.

The biggest difficulty was to know what they were thinking because their reactions were to avoid irritation and confrontation". [Biggs; 19; 1970].

Gerald Berreman is far more cryptic in his remarks, having waited ten years to publish a Prologue to his II Edition of "Hindus of the Himalayas" (1962).

The title "Behind Many Masks", sums up his sentiments on the disciplines "scientific" outlook, to the presentation of research findings.

"There is a game involved, a conspiracy of silence, in which the person facing fieldwork for the first time believes that experience can be the only teacher; when he becomes a bona fide ethnographer he may join the conspiracy inadvertantly. The rules of the game keep others from communicating their experience, so that he feels his own difficulties of morale and rapport, his own compromises between the ideal and the necessary, are signs of weakness or incompetence. Consequently, these are concealed or minimised. The more acceptable aspects of the field experience, such as those relating to formal research methods, health

hazards, transportation difficulties and useful equipment suffice". [ibid; Preface: 1962].

Morris Freilich echoes Berreman's comments, calling the game Berreman refers to, "the fieldwork mystique".

"a mystery to be solved by doggedly following tradition and being of the right character and personality". [ibid; 17: 1970].

Freilich contends that most Anthropologists pay only lip service to recognising fieldwork as science and are more interested in maintaining the mystique of fieldwork. Consequently a culture of fieldwork has developed to account for the lack of a methodological tradition.

Freilich's solution was to compile a "formal Model of Fieldwork", out of data supplied by experienced fieldworkers, as the way in which the most experienced anthropologists would solve the problems of fieldwork.

Freilich's analysis of the fieldwork process, is intended more as a practical training guide for graduate students, than as a guide for including one's subjective experience as scientific data. His goal is to address "pragmatic-sequential" problems of fieldwork, such as getting funds for research, ensuring one's physical and psychological survival in the field; and "theoretical" problems such as self-socialisation; rapport and exchange ethics and sanity maintenance. [ibid; 1970].

Freilich's determination to break with the tradition, that skills of fieldwork cannot be passed on or learnt, is an important step in exploring the mystique of fieldwork. However, while he agrees that there is no reason why science should not be easy reading, he says nothing about returning from fieldwork and the written reports, or the place of personal experiences in those reports. It is as though, fieldworkers who have a plan for action in the field, will become scientists through the use of the formal model of fieldwork.

"It is usually possible to know with what facts or

formal theories a man entered the field, and with what ideas he returned. Rarely however, can one see much of what happened in between". [Kimball, Watson: 1972).

Personal experience is real enough, but it is a neglected dimension, that in due course, is simply lost.

## CHAPTER ONE

### PART II

Part II weaves a thread through comments of frustration, distress and revelation by anthropologists, who have presented all or part of their fieldwork report as a personalised statement. There are almost as many formats for these records, as there are authors.

Some broad categorisations have been made, that are intended to show, that Anthropologists are still only discovering the surface of this issue. While it appears simple to imagine including one's personal experiences in fieldwork reports, most writers discover there is a complication involved. Some refer to it as "the double bind" of anthropology.

P. Riesman and K. Reod are two of the very few anthropologists, for whom this challenge has been ultimately rewarding. They present unique reports in which the intertwining of the research data and personal aspects of fieldwork are blended, from planning to reporting. They give many insights into the process of fieldwork, a few of which I have excerpted.

Paul Riesman relates in the preface to his book, "Freedom in Fulani Social Life" (1977), how he envisaged setting side by side two ethnographical methods, classical ethnography and the method he tried to work out in the field. In writing he realised he couldn't split his mind in this way; "it was impossible for me to treat a subject at one point as if I had no idea what I would say about it later". [ibid; Introduction: 1977). The goal he then reset for himself, was to focus on the theme of freedom, however that took shape in the field, and also to give the reader an idea of how this actually occurred, with specific information.

"I make use of what I call a disciplined introspection, in which I compare my feelings and reactions in particular situations, with what I think the Fulani feel in those situations. Because the main problem is to know how they feel, I try to show how I got the evidence that leads me to my conclusions. Ultimately, I hoped to learn as much about myself as I did about the Fulani with this approach, for in using it, I participate in both Western and Fulani cultural patterns, each of which had its particular effects on me". (Ibid; Introduction: 1977).

Reisman's concern is that, no matter how personal a fieldwork record is, it must be evaluated. Because there are no established procedures for this kind of investigation, it is critical that more than a general account be given of how the material reported was collected. As in Reisman's case, where the objective of the research changed substantially, his record of this became an important development in his research. He commented that a record of how specific bits of information were gathered was valuable because of the multidimensionality of the problem he was investigating.

Read describes his book, "The High Valley" (1966), as "a subjective work rather than a scientific treatise. It is not easily contained within the boundaries of social anthropology. Any similarly situated anthropologist could undoubtedly write a comparable record, yet it is seldom done and, to my mind, this is a loss". [ibid; 1: 1966].

Read's passion, to honour the personal imperative, that lead him into anthropology, is marked by his skilfulness and insight as a researcher.

"This record has been unequivocally subjective of Gahuku life - its colour, its movement, the great occasions and the everyday events, even its smells, the personalities of its participants, the motives for their actions, and the landscape that formed their setting - as it appeared through my own eyes, filtered by my own likes and dislikes, qualified by my own strengths and weaknesses.



I believe that my professional training fosters an objectivity that has prevented me from making egregious errors in characterising the Gahukus and it has also helped me to see myself, to appraise my own motives more clearly.

Yet this is not what I would write if my motivations had been solely the canons of professional scholarship any more than it is all I would tell if it had been my purpose to reveal myself entirely. I have tried to steer a middle course between these two extremes". [ibid; 247: 1966].

Most ethnographies lose the specifics of everyday activities in generalisations about the culture. In doing so, they remove the events from a contextual environment. Read relates how he focused on minute detail to find the rhythm of everyday events:

"Day after day I steeped myself in my surroundings, anxious to fix each detail in my mind, to know how the light played on a curving leaf, to separate the colours in the shadows underneath a vine, to find the right word for the sound of distant water, for the smell of dust, for the monumental movement of the clouds, searching in these particulars for a larger meaning". [ibid; 250: 1966].

Read's commitment to his ideal for a researcher, enabled him to record how he slowly and often painfully recognised, developed and maintained interpersonal relationships. The fine balance of intimacy and information, leaves the reader in no doubt as to his skill as a writer.

"There is a confrontation of a particular individual who meets and interacts with another individual, whose eyes and mind have been formed differently; where superficially, objectively, all that the two possess in common is that they are both "forked creatures". What this confrontation means is seldom told, lost in the pursuit of ends that transcend it, yet it is with



the anthropologist in the field each day. It is the basic datum of his experience and some cannot accommodate to the terms it imposes". [ibid; 1: 1966].

Read does not deny the mystique of fieldwork, but describes it in such a way that non fieldworkers would be able to compare it to their own peak experiences.

"Insight, so simple, so elusive, so unable to be categorised, yet it has a freedom ...

The effortless release that arrives so unexpectedly at certain turning points on the path to understanding others ...

There can be days of seeking, not quite seeing and then, there is the connection when understanding suddenly casts aside all the confusion". [ibid; 25: 1966].

Rarely have ethnographers gone into the field, as Riesman and Read did, with a specific goal of recording their experiences as scientific data.

More commonly, a retrospective account is published, sometimes years later, to find a more equitable balance for the initial objective account. Splitting the immediate experience of fieldwork from publication of results, by long periods of time, has an interesting implication for Methodology. The most obvious has been the trend of splitting objective and personal approaches, so that a tension has developed between them. The two approaches appear to be in competition. The personal approach is associated with opportunistic sampling, insight and understanding of whole, complex processes; richness and originality or some other quality in the fieldworker's experience is prizeworthy. The objective approach is concerned with replicability, validity, reliability, agreement between observers and data control. Objectivity requires the anthropologist to employ techniques of observation and of analysis that are as public as possible. The personal element has a valid place in objective research, only in the originality with which the investigator formulates a problem, a method, or a theory.

Retrospective accounts in general, appear to deny that "both methods have a place, as both apply empiricism, the philosophical theory that knowledge of external events depends in the first place on sensory experience".

[J. Honigman; 304-307: 1978].

This is clearly shown in the case of Dumont and Rabinow. Jean Paul Dumont, author of "The Headman and I", (1978) wrote his second book about the Panare Indians as subjects, to balance his first book on Panare people as objects (1976). He believed that,

"Between the two different forms of the same monologue of an introspective travelogue and the hard computerized data, which passes for the ultimate in scientific sophistication in some anthropological circles, there must be room for something else". [ibid; 4: 1978].

Rabinow wrote "Reflections on Fieldwork in Morocco", (1975) an essay about being an anthropologist, seven years after the initial fieldwork. His need was to salvage some meaning of the event for himself and to balance his more traditional anthropological treatment of the data.

"During fieldwork of course, things were anything but neat and coherent. In the book I have made them seem that way, so as to salvage some meaning from it for myself and others". [Rabinow: 1975].

The effect of this split is that the reflective account masquerades as the fieldworker's personal experience during fieldwork. In fact, it is an account of how understanding developed, as remembered when the connections have long been formulated. Honigman's insight was that he had gathered evidence that supported the relationships postulated by the theory rather than testing his theory by deducing the hypothesis. [ibid; 303: 1978]. What Honigman failed to mention was that discovering "oneself" later means that one was looking beforehand. It is not a case of either personal or objective approach, as Manda C esara painfully discovered - as this still maintains the bind between theory and experience.

Manda C esara's "Reflections of a Woman Anthropologist" in "No Hiding Place", (1982), are an analysed collection of her diary notes and letters home. She also felt driven to make sense of her field experiences, in particular the many repressed memories as a Russian Jewish child, that were unleashed: "Only in retrospect did I understand why I tried so hard to discover who the Lenda people were, ... .. in the process, I was also discovering myself". [ibid; 13: 1982].

She states emphatically that it is not an "introspective ethnography", [Reisman: 1977]; it is an objective account of the personal experiences and world of the researcher. Certain aspects of her culture were reassigned meaning and became her personal situation. C esara took full responsibility for Lenda culture acting on her as a subject; "to the exact extent that I comprehended it, my environment or situation was transformed". [ibid; 9:1982].

C esara admits that, "while in the field she did science. Understanding came later and involved a much deeper, more concentrated less overtly systematic probing". [ibid; 13: 1982].

Manda C esara expressed the bind as that of being simultaneously, a practising existentialist and a practitioner of social science.

"He cannot escape personal suffering and yet he is not able to record it in his main work except in a preface or introduction. He cannot escape passion and yet he is not able to claim it as central to his knowledge.

While a scholar of the natural sciences need only bring to his study the desire to gain knowledge and leave dormant all other aspects of his personality, an anthropologist needs all aspects of their personality, not merely his drive to know; and he needs them under his command to produce good work.

He is simultaneously an apprentice researcher and an apprentice human being until, that is, he has become master of himself". [ibid; 100: 1982].

To emphasize the painfulness of this split, Cesara appears to be only able to refer to herself in the third person masculine. This suggests the pervasiveness of her dilemma. Only by pushing it totally outside of herself, could she confront the issues.

It is no small irony that the literature on personal involvement is largely in the third person. Kimball and Watson suggest this must be part of the reason that the experiential field has remained indeterminate. [ibid: 1972].

Gerald Berreman republished his book, "Hindus of the Himalayas" (1962), ten years after the initial research with a fiery Prologue, "to set the record straight".

"Just as I felt obliged to be thorough and candid in presenting my research findings, so I have felt obliged to be thorough and candid about how I did the research".

In that interim, Berreman had come to believe that ethnography couldn't be understood independently from the experience which produced it, which is appropriate; however, rather than owning the reasons why he had found it necessary to maintain an illusionary front, he blamed it on the discipline of Anthropology. Perhaps this is also an expression of the painful recognition that a retrospective account can never completely recapture and expose the process of fieldwork. Instead Berreman had to be content with recalling some features of his field techniques and some of the implications of it being a profound human experience, that involved himself and his family.

Colin Turnbull's story of journeying to find the Ik, "Mountain People" (1974), is reminiscent of a travelogue narrative. It was perhaps, the most effective method Turnbull had for keeping control over data, and reads as one of the most subjective comments made by all the writers.

Turnbull relates how he was not prepared, on any count, for what he experienced, despite previous expeditions and an adventurer's spirit. Rather than saying he hastened to don clothes, to restore illusions, after literally catching

sight of himself naked in front of the mirror of fieldwork, he warns readers and other fieldworkers that they may need to cover up when they experience the starkness of the subjective experience; although his opening statement is that, any description of another people and another way of life is bound to be subjective when one has shared that way of life.

Perhaps in order to ameliorate some of the despair and hopelessness of that subjective experience, his final comment is a message to his own culture, with its values of luxury, technocracy and nuclear families.

"The Ik have relinquished all luxury in the name of individual survival and the result is that they live on as a people without life, without passion, without humanity". [ibid; 234: 1974].

There is no doubt that Turnbull has written from his heart. The fact that he remained with the people, in spite of the difficulties, is a measure of his credibility as a researcher. He, like many of the writers, admit that the story they tell can only ever be partial; because they know of no way to present the totality of their experience ... they attempt to recapture that fleeting vision". [Reisman: 1977].

Frelich, Golde, Kimball and Watson, Spindler, Madan and Beteille, are Anthropological Editors, who have invited their colleagues to help create a collection of information on the experiences of fieldwork. Usually the Editors provide an outline of what they consider to be an appropriate baseline for answering. This approach has produced a sudden wealth of reflective material.

Each Editor has defined what they determine are the issues to be discussed by the contributors. The material tends to reply to these issues and hence the tendency is to focus on solutions to problems or the unique variety of daily experiences, i.e. the process of personal adaptation by the anthropologist, rather than the process of fieldwork.

Golde suggests that the contributions present a



a variety of models students could try on for size.

"The pooling of these reminiscences may illuminate the recurring problems, choices and solutions that are common to the encounter between the woman as a stranger and a foreign culture". [ibid: 1970].

Kimball and Watson edited, "Crossing Cultural Boundaries" (1972), in an attempt to capture the anecdotal. They and colleagues had agreed that "someone ought to write some of these things down - it might make a good book"; more seriously they believed that what anthropologists do, is not always accessible. However, they made a clear proviso; the fieldwork report should provide a profile of a group as they are ; it is not appropriate to collate the subjective improvisation and ambiguities of one's own existence in the field with the report. They consider that the subjective report if not trivial, may be embarrassing and therefore, it is not usually compatible with the published findings.

Nevertheless, "as a body of lore about the conduct of fieldwork; the intellectual and professional orientation of Anthropologists; their ethics; their self image and expectations, they are invaluable". [ibid; Preface: 1972].

The question remains, as to whether this splitting of the experience from the scientific findings will clarify or divert attention from the issue of establishing a record of Methodology as practised.

Spindler edited "Being an Anthropologist, A Record of Fieldwork in 11 Cultures" (1970), specifically to fill a gap in methodological literature.

"Anthropologists undergo self expansion and enlarge their range of perceptions and sensitivities when they do fieldwork. .

The changes in personal values, self feeling and attitudes towards others are often profound. Being an Anthropologist in the field usually requires a drastic adaptation to someone else's way of life and an adoption

of the other's point of view". [ibid; Preface: 1970].

The reports by 11 Anthropologists furnish this dimension of experience, observation and reaction that is usually left out of ethnology.

Beteille and Madan have edited "Encounter and Experience", (1975), to balance the general idea that what matters are the results of fieldwork, rather than the techniques one might employ for data collection.

"A balance must be sought between freedom for the individual observer and methodological vigour. A pre-occupation with technical virtuosity should not be permitted to drive underground as it were, the role that the observer's personality plays in what he observes, the links that he forges between data, and the kinds of structure that he prefers to fabricate to make sense out of a multitude of observed roles and relationships". [ibid; 4-5: 1975].

Henry and Saberwal have chosen a very specific aspect of fieldwork, "Stress and Response in Fieldwork" (1969). Four anthropologists were asked to reflectively assess their own responses to distressing situations, in relation to the development of their understanding.

A psychologist, Wintrob, commented on the nature of stress, using a medical framework and psychiatric terminology.

"The literature on psychological stress reactions of fieldworkers is by no means extensive, although one is frequently told that such data exists in the personal notes of many anthropologists. Apparently many anthropologists are very sensitive about those experiences, preferring to keep their data well hidden from the scrutiny of colleagues and students". [ibid; 63: 1969].

The next group of writers show that adapting to another culture is part of the process of fieldwork. They call into question the frequent joking asides about disorientation or homesickness etc., or more formal statements [Wintrob: 1969], that analyse normal stress reactions of fieldwork using an illness framework. The associated negative connotation is that the fieldworker is not coping with fieldwork, rather than adapting. The alternative has yet to be stated in terms of a stress and response or health/wellness framework. Self care is not often discussed in anything other than a medical context, but R.B. Lee eloquently states in his preface to "The !Kung San", (1979), that it took him some years to recognise the complexity of this interplay.

"It came as a shock that my perception of the !Kung and my misperception of myself were so closely bound up. Only as I became three dimensional to myself could the !Kung become truly three dimensional to me. When I was cheerful the !Kung came out cheerful in my writing but as I experienced sadness, some of their sadness came through and as I experienced anger some of their anger became visible and tangible to me. As I came to accept the fact of my ageing, so could I accept their way of doing things". [ibid; 28; 1979].

Due to the extended nature of his fieldwork the account cannot be classified as retrospective; instead he was able to utilize his growth in awareness, during fieldwork.

"The people's way of telling me how I should live with them was to ridicule the ox I slaughtered for a parting gesture. Long after I left I realised that they were telling me I had become arrogant and aloof and that in order to come closer to the people, I must simplify my life style and discard the massive material culture I had imported into their midst.

Four years later I was able to do just that.....

Not only had big changes occurred in the area, but also in me.....

When the people told me I was an old man, at first I



reacted angrily but then I agreed growing old was not to be feared. I also realised other fears; to show my feelings was painful but an important growth". [Lee; 26: 1979].

It may be this adaptation to himself and his feelings, that enabled him to describe his ethnography on the !Kung San, theoretically as a dialectic of elements, and subjectively as process of which he was part. The result as he sees it, "is a coherent picture of the external workings and underlying reality of this foraging society, which includes all the congruent and contradictory elements between the observer and the observed".. [ibid; 8-9: 1979].

Lee has a very developed idea of where he stands in relation to his data; he is a scientist who is well aware of new developments in scientific method.

"Unlike a poet, I subjected my findings to the scientific method....

No longer does anthropology believe that the scientist of culture is neutral. Today's epistemology includes the observer along with the natives in the field of view. When acknowledged, the observers' prejudices and enthusiasms become an instrument of discovery, a part of the learning process and not external to it. Secondly, the observer can not stand in completely objective relation to the people studied; the people themselves are far from neutral, they present an image to the observer of who they are and who they take the observer to be". [ibid; 8-9: 1979].

George and Louise Spindler are the General Editors of a series, "Studies in Anthropological Method, (1967). Their concern is the lack of clear authoritative statements of how anthropologists collect and analyse data.

"The results of fieldwork are available in ethnographies but clear, systematic statements about how facts are gathered and interpreted are rare in the literature. Without this information, the reader of anthropological literature is left uninformed about the process of the science, knowing only of the results". [ibid; Preface: 1967].

The Spindlers have had long fieldwork experience, during which they have discovered, like Lee, the participant observer role is a bind that becomes a gift as the field-worker's self awareness develops to incorporate the multi-dimensional aspects of the role.

"It is the participant observer role that eventually creates personal problems for the anthropologist as well as giving him the most important data he usually collects. The people become friends and he frequently become virtually a member of a family.

The anthropologist must play a role in order to keep his identity while he studies theirs. He may well observe himself in the sense of observing his own behaviour as an observer.

This self knowledge is necessary.....

When he loses the distance, between himself and his respondents, and between himself in the sense of his personal identity and in the sense of his role as a participant observer, he has lost his usefulness as a field anthropologist". [ibid; 297: 1970].

One of the many authors who is part of this invaluable series is John Middleton. His "Study of the Lugbara", emphasizes "The Expectation and Paradox in Anthropological Research" (1970). What we know least about is how human understanding evolves. His reflections on this question lead him to describe his understanding as a birthing process.

"From the first two or three weeks when he knew he was still a stranger but at least not merely a tourist enjoying a few exotic scenes, the Lugbara would have described him as a stranger, not a person, but like a new-born baby, only a thing.

At the time I was not aware of the exact process by which I was becoming acceptable, as a socially responsible and adult being, but looking back I can clearly see the stages in this process". [ibid; 12-13: 1970].

Having identified that there is something real happening,

Middleton's subsequent comments, like Lees, reflect this self awareness.

"It is of no use trying to guide one's field research in particular directions as the people themselves open the doors to their culture and since one does not know what these doors are or where they will lead when opened, one can only wait and hope that this will be done".

Middleton's comments on pattern emerging out of process, are invaluable.

"One cannot force the process. Sooner or later a pattern does emerge, but I am convinced that if one tries to force that pattern in certain directions, then one is guilty of distortion and comes away with an inaccurate view of the total culture.

One cannot predict the events of a given situation but one can see the structure or pattern within the scene that is part of the total drama and one then knows that one understands as much of another culture as one can hope to understand". [ibid; 59: 1970].

Middleton describes the main methodological role of participant observation, as the ultimate paradox; "one has to live as a human being with other human beings, yet also act as an objective observer". [ibid; 2: 1970].

Such a paradox creates an impasse for most fieldworkers, both intellectually and practically. It has given rise to the literature that tolerates and even encourages ambiguity in the role of the fieldworker, by describing Anthropologists as "marginal natives", (Frelich: 1970) and "outsiders" (Agar: 1980);

"maintenance of the marginal-native role permits the ethnographer to move relatively freely in different sectors of the social system". [Pelto; Pelto; 248: 1973]

Anthropologists Jackson, Spindler and C esara label the paradox, "the double bind of anthropology". A characteristic of double binds is that while forcing the individual to make an either/or choice, once the choice has been

made, neither one or the other can ever be 100 percent acceptable. By definition, it is the ultimate Catch 22. [Bateson; 1972]. A bind can be resolved, by the individual devising a personal method, to supercede the historical messages. For example, Anthropologist, Michael Jackson broke the double bind he identified as constraining his research, by redefining the data and writing it as fiction.

"The bind in Anthropological field research arises from a division which tends to isolate and polarise two kinds of data.

- The accounts of informants and ideas intuited in the process (and stress) of day to day life in another culture.

- Techniques which are used to collect measurable data which relegate the informant to a peripheral role.

Both are inventions. The first is the product of a dialogue between the Kuranko and myself, in which the anthropologist inadvertantly projects prejudices and intellectual persuasions of his own.

In the second, "we only have to rememeber that every observation is also a choice ... the relationship between the observer and the observed is always characterised by uncertainty" (Heisenberg) [ibid; xvi: 1970].

Jackson describes his monograph, "as an invention. It is the product of a dialogue between myself and the Kuranko; it is a synthesis of this interaction, presented systematically, in the dispassionate language of social anthropology. In this work, it is a thinly disguised allegory, it is neither I, nor the other whom we encounter.

Yet it holds, for the social world of the Kuranko is just as provisional and negotiable as the social world which I represent in this book". [ibid; 1976].

The Spindler's solution fits their personal definition of the double bind.

"The double bind of being an anthropologist occurs

where long term, intimate personal involvement with a people results inevitably in personal bias; always selective, usually positive, sometimes negative.

It is precisely this kind of personal involvement that makes much of the most significant data collectable and some of the most significant interpretations possible.

We cannot eliminate the biases, for to do so we would have to become someone other than we are, or be devoid of human response in the field, an impossible bias. We think we have been able to adjust to some of our biases by acknowledging them to ourselves and examining our interpretation of data in this light". [ibid; 269: 1970].

Anthropologists, Rabinow, Dumont, Jackson and Césaire, have tried to reconcile this paradox by choosing a theoretical basis that definitively recognised their presence in the art of research, i.e. phenomenology, existentialism, hermeneutics or dialectics.

Rabinow identifies the double bind as hermeneutic in origin; "the comprehension of self occurs in the detour of the comprehension of the other". He chose a modified phenomenological method to collect and analyse his data.

"Fieldwork is a process of intersubjective construction of liminal modes of communication that is often painstaking and partial. That it is not totally opaque, is equally important. It is the dialectic between these poles ever repeated, never quite the same, which constitutes fieldwork" [ibid; 155: 1975].

Dumont recognises the confusing self concept of many anthropologists, in which they imagine themselves stepping in and out of society, being involved and detached. For this reason he contends that there are imperative theoretical reasons for keeping what he terms the "liveliness of the experience". For instance,

"The studied people do not stand waiting passively and

and the ethnographer observes what he/she is prepared to observe" [ibid; 4: 1978].

In order to capture this element, he identifies field-work as a dialogue between himself and the Panare Indians. By definition, the situation is dialectic; "they and I transform each other in three stages; by confrontation, by searching for meaning and finally recognition". [ibid; 4-5: 1978].

M. Jackson also chose to emphasize the dialectical relationship between subject and object, with the aim of avoiding either the extreme phenomenological or objective position.

In creating this praxeological perspective, for research, he had difficulty incorporating everyday activities and personal experiences as data.

He relates how he:

"reluctantly excluded the episodic and "private" material which normally constitute merely an anecdotal under-current and are usually all peripheral to the anthropological report. The everyday concerns of village life such as preparing and sharing meals, helping a neighbour, attending the sick, advising in a dispute, participating in farm work, visiting and socialising, are none the less, the invisible and imponderable elements that determine the authenticity, the humanity, the quality of the report.

The process of joining objective analysis to lived experience is perhaps the most proper task of anthropology, the one which distinguishes it from other social science". [ibid: XVI: 1976].

Manda C esara (1982) chose existentialism as a medium, to explore and write her final statement about the Lenda experience.



While on the surface, the decision to publish an account of the personal experiences of fieldwork seems straightforward, it is evident that most of the writers have experienced difficulty, either personally and/or professionally, in finding a way to carry out this decision.

The problem of including subjective experience as research data, has not been successfully resolved by adopting a theoretical approach that acknowledges the presence of the researcher. The question of the double bind remains.

The only viable known solution is to trace the beginnings of the bind. Bateson traced the background of double binds to family interaction patterns and conflicting messages (1972). Anthropologists may discover the roots of their double bind in the very place they would last look, their own institutions.



## CHAPTER ONE

### PART III

An accurate presentation of Anthropology requires recognition of the presence of the Anthropologist during the process of fieldwork. The difficulty is that, to date, Anthropologists do not have a Methodology that acknowledges either the subjective, personal experience of the fieldworker or the unique process of fieldwork, as scientific data. Part III shows this anomaly is both the stumbling stone of Science in the twentieth century, and the doorway to the creative element that defines Anthropology as a distinctive discipline in the Humanities.

"In this century fieldwork developed a tradition that continues to guide both the training of anthropologists and the activities of fieldworkers. Fieldwork culture, a system where goals rather than means are emphasized, includes mystical notions and "sacred" beliefs, as well as Methodological and theoretical concerns related to science. The underemphasis on science, the focus on goals, ritualism, and artistry have all functioned jointly to keep discussions on Methodology to a minimum". [ Frelich; 17: 1970].

In the twentieth century, disciplines have become recognised by their identification with specific research techniques, as often as for their enlightening results. In turn, techniques become powerful definitions of their discipline's "Methodology". For example, the Methodology used to research Anthropology is "fieldwork", i.e. living and working with a group of people for a period of time. [Agar; 1: 1980]. More commonly "participant observation" is the specific method by which fieldwork is carried out. This textbook hallmark of Anthropology is simplistically defined as "living as well as viewing new patterns of life". [Keesing: 1976].

A dilemma occurs when the Anthropological student, who learns a textbook Methodology, has to reconcile this with fieldwork practice.

In theory, the Methodology designated to research Anthropology is fieldwork. In practice "participant observation" is the method by which fieldwork is carried out. Inherent is a very subtle double bind between theory and practice.

In theory it is common to put participant-observation on a continuum; observation is classically defined as the activity more likely to achieve the desired state of objectivity; by inference the participant end of the continuum is associated with the state of subjectivity, which is regarded as a less desirable principle on which to formulate science. The theory of science as it stands, makes it difficult to comparably account for the subjective state of the participant, which translates in practice as, the actions of the fieldworker. In theory, subjectivity is recognised, but in practise, exclusion is preferable.

The seeds of this dilemma may well begin when students of anthropology are asked to discuss the nature of participant observation without ever having used the method. I, like probably many other students, felt uneasy about what I had written, but at the time was unable to actually point to the anomaly. Within a university setting, where the emphasis is on textbook learning, it is difficult to imagine the distorting effects of practising with a methodology that has been designed primarily for theory building.

"As graduate students we are told that anthropology equals experience; you are not an anthropologist till you have had the experience of doing it.

But when one returns from the field, the opposite immediately applies; anthropology is not the experiences which made you an initiate but only the objective data you have brought back.

One can let off steam by writing memorised anecdotal accounts of suffering but under no circumstances is there any direct relation between field activity and the theories which lie at the core of the discipline". [Rabinow; 1975].

Frélich refers to this as the "structuring effect" of a career as an anthropologist, where the student of anthropology reads theory by Anthropologists while learning about science. With no practical experience of research, the student recognises only the structure of the research model and not the process of research which has its own unique yet complementary characteristics. Fieldwork practiced without recognition of the inherent process is like attempting to drive a car without oil.

To date most fieldworkers, as shown in Chapter One Part I and II, have recognised usually retrospectively, that an essential element is missing, some make the connection by good fortune rather than good management.

Some Anthropologists have identified the difficulties of fieldwork but they have not clearly defined the parameters of the issues. This is in part due to what Margaret Mead identifies as the lack of a language or definitions to discuss the problem. Her collection of "Letters from the Field 1925-1975", describe the making of a new kind of method, but she was quick to admit that, initially, she had not recognised that in making herself intelligible to her family and friends, she was recording steps in the development of a new holistic approach.

"Books and monographs record the outcome of field experience, but there are few records of fieldwork in process. We do not even have a name for what we are doing, except the general term fieldwork".

[ Mead; 6-8: 1977].

Another major factor that hinders discussion, are the authoritative statements on what the problems are by major Anthropological theoreticians and their lack of courage to confront the issues. P. Pelto acknowledges that "the most pressing problem in improving anthropological research design, lies in the structure of primary data gathering, in the actual field research operations; yet his choice is to "operationalise the low abstraction end of the research paradigm; i.e. to systematise the procedures and concepts of primary anthropological description, in order to develop

systematic, rigorously controlled comparisons; ultimately theories will evolve from these firm foundations and controls over the probably unavoidable effects of personal theories". [P. Pelto; 17-20: 1970].

A change is being demanded. The very nature of anthropological inquiry and description, *is* being questioned. In the past, fieldworkers perceived no alternative but to sieve their data in various ways, to remove their participation, their experiences and their personality. Ethnographies were tailored to fit a methodological prescription rather than to present the actual record of fieldwork.

Anthropologists recognise that their experience of fieldwork and what they present as research are vastly different. The difficulty is that Anthropologists do not have a Methodology that acknowledges either, the subjective experience of the fieldworker or the unique process of fieldwork. The result is that both of these critical elements, which define the discipline, are regarded as outside the realm of scientific data.

## CHAPTER ONE

### PART IV

Methodology in Anthropology has a history of being neglected. It is the part of research that Anthropologists have taken as prescriptive and therefore, not shown much interest in, until the recent trend of "Reinventing Anthropology" [Hymes: 1977].

The new awareness of issues within the discipline, has led to a greater readiness to acknowledge and accept the responsibilities of being a Scientist. A few Anthropologists such as Wolff; Berreman; Scholte; Jay; (1977) have begun to clarify the parameters of the issue with a major emphasis on the moral and ethical values of the fieldworker.

Publication of this evolution, within the discipline, enables students of anthropology to anticipate and plan for a new approach to Methodology which acknowledges that besides the structure of the scientific model, there is a process of fieldwork.

A radical shift in emphasis is occurring in which Methodology is being used as a tool of research, rather than a prescription for fieldwork, without clearly showing how this transition is made. It is the researcher's responsibility, as a craftsperson/scientist, to identify and pass on the skills necessary to use the tool.

There are two distinctive aspects to this task; - one is to define the characteristics of the process of fieldwork; the second is to recognise oneself as the tool. Theory and practice occur through the experience of the fieldworker, even though they appear as independent entities, not governed by the researcher's interpretation.

To date these aspects have been recognised only as lyrical end statements of research, in that the intending fieldworker has no information for how to consider methodology as a tool. For example, Beteille and Madan call for 'a balance between objectivity and subjectivity', but give no indication how to achieve this.

"To seek to eliminate the supposedly distorting role of the observer's subjectivity, if at all possible, would destroy the most precious of our tools, the fieldworker himself". [ibid; 4-5, 1975].

Two researchers who have established the edge of this research frontier are W.F. Whyte, who recognises the process of fieldwork and G. Devereux, who recognises the fieldworker as the tool in methodology. Their work creates the baseline for establishing a new approach to methodology.

William F. Whyte believes that,

"Only as we accumulate a series of accounts of how research was actually done will we be able to go beyond the logical-intellectual picture and learn to describe the actual research process". [ibid; 280: 1955].

The immediate consequence of such a move is toward a clarification of the different emphasis between textbook methodology and methodology in practise. Whyte's conviction is that

"the actual evolution of research ideas does not take place in accord with the formal statements we read on research methods. The ideas grow up in part out of our immersion in the data and out of the whole process of living. Since so much of this process of analysis proceeds on the unconscious level, I am sure that we can never present a full account of it.

Generally the published report gives little attention to the actual process whereby the research was carried out. There have also been some useful statements on methods of research, but with a few exceptions, they place the discussion entirely on a logical-intellectual basis". [ibid: 1955].

Kimball and Watson (1972), agree that the finished report typically projects a smoothness of fit, that belies whatever doubting and brainwracking that went into its composition.

Intermediate to self-consciousness, is part of the



process known only as "understanding".

This quality of the process evolves, only slowly through observing how a group and the researcher adapt and change together, within a particular time, space and environment.

Mutual familiarity gives rise to ideas, rather than the immediate awareness of the logical-intellectual dimension.

Whyte describes how

"Ideas dawned on me out of what I was seeing, hearing, doing and feeling. They grew out of an effort to organize a confusing welter of experience.

I had to balance familiarity with detachment, or else no insights would have come. There were fallow periods when I seemed to be just marking time. Whenever life flowed so smoothly that I was taking it for granted, I had to try to get outside of my participating self and struggle again to explain the things that seemed obvious". [ibid: 1955].

Using this approach to methodology, it becomes part of the researcher's responsibility, as a scientist, to give an account of living in the community; in turn an explanation of the process of analysis of the data, becomes possible ... .. as we begin to see a pattern that we have not seen before ... ..

"The ideas that we have in research are only in part a logical product growing out of a careful weighing of evidence. We do not generally think of being immersed in a mass of confusing data. We study the data carefully, bringing all our powers of logical analysis to bear upon them. We come up with an idea or two. But still the data do not fall in any coherent pattern. Then we go on living with the data - and with the people - until perhaps some chance occurrence casts a totally different light upon the data, and we begin to see a pattern that we have not seen before. This pattern is not purely an artistic creation. Once



we think we see it, we must re-examine our notes and perhaps set out to gather new data in order to determine whether the pattern adequately represents the life we are observing or is simply a product of our imagination. Logic then, plays an important part". [ibid; 279: 1955].

An awareness of the process of fieldwork before research began, enabled Whyte to evolve a personal methodology, in which the double bind of the participant observer role, was dissolved.

He comments that,

"Most ethnographies fail to note that the researcher, like his informants, is a social animal. He has a role to play, and he has his own personality needs that must be met in some degree if he is to function successfully. A real explanation then, of how the research was done, necessarily involves a rather personal account of how the researcher lived during the period of study". [Whyte; 280: 1955].

Gulick offers a new angle on the participant observer role, as a holistic experience.

"When the anthropologist is in the field, fieldwork is his total life. He copes with it by using his whole body and personality in the same way he copes with life when he is not in the field.

Life in the field involves the same emotions as life at home - elation, boredom, embarrassment, contentment, anger, joy, anxiety.

To these are added the necessity of being continually alert - of not taking one's surroundings and relationships for granted and the necessity of learning new routines and cues". [Gulick; 123-124: 1970].

Being seen to be part of the process of fieldwork, requires that the fieldworker take responsibility to inform the reader of all relevant factors in the process of research, so an evaluation of the result can take place.

At present there is no prescription for evaluating the process of fieldwork, other than actually presenting some record. Jongman and Gutkind suggest that at least a primary requirement for researchers, is that they make their field-notes available.

"Ultimately we should like to see the fieldnotes, since between these and the final monograph a process of "streamlining" takes place. In short, the quality of the fieldwork would benefit if the fieldworker learns to regard himself, together with his work, as a problem to be evaluated". [ibid: 1967].

Perhaps the most exciting concept to be introduced in beginning to identify the parameters of methodology, in the process of fieldwork, is that of

"reintroducing the process of anthropologizing into anthropology; the incidental and anecdotal become of paramount importance". [Dumont; 13: 1978].

Kenneth Read's answer to his own question as to why anthropological writing is so boring, echoes this point exactly.

"The reason lies in the aims of anthropology, whose concern with the particular is incidental to an understanding of the general". [Read; IX: 1965].

Perhaps the most difficult leap of faith for the fieldworker to imagine, is that of using oneself as the tool of methodology. While there are some guidelines in establishing characteristics and a language for the process of fieldwork, this aspect of methodology is an unknown dimension, except for the work of George Devereux, who sees that

"All research is self relevant on the level of the Unconscious, no matter how far removed from the self its subject matter may seem on the manifest level". [ibid: 1967].

Devereux, a French Anthropologist and Psychotherapist, initially explored this area during fieldwork he carried out in Vietnam in the 1930's. His dual career enabled him to envisage a model, in which the Anthropologist's integral part in the fieldwork was acknowledged. Although

he recorded his model for fieldwork methodology around 1935, it remained unpublished till 1967. His thesis "Anxiety to Method in the Behavioural Sciences", is largely unknown in the Humanities and its potential value has yet to be assessed. Devereux challenges Anthropologists to recognise and use the very difficulties of fieldwork as the basic datum.

While G. Spindler has acknowledged the challenge in his own way, he does not inform the fieldworker, either theoretically or practically, how to utilise themselves as research data.

"All ethnographies are partly personal documents, balanced by strivings for objectivity. Attempts are made by experienced as well as inexperienced fieldworkers to be dispassionate observers. This is a profound bias that does not enhance objectivity.

A great stride toward objectivity is taken when personal involvement is acknowledged, for once acknowledged, it can be recognised, to some extent controlled and even utilised as a source of valuable data and insight". [ibid: 1970].

Devereux's theory redresses the balance between hard core objectivism and directionless subjectivism, by acknowledging that there is often a fine line between the observer status and participant status. It becomes hazy, simply because it is an illusion. The Anthropologist cannot know beforehand just where that crossover line will occur, because access to the physical world is through experience.

In creating dialogue, what we experience is not "external" reality but our interaction that determines the world is real. We are both observer and participant. Only by recognising that these are both properties of interaction, as process, is it possible to appreciate that we record as a 100 percent observer and as a 100 percent participant; both are valid and integrate if understood in a context.

It is a theory about practice.

## CHAPTER ONE

### CONCLUSION

Anthropology has found a reason for being, in the relationship between the mythical charter of the field as a science of man, for man and actual practice". [Hymes; 8: 1972].

In order to demystify and own the practice of Anthropology, we must begin to identify what it is that we do as fieldworkers; "through making explicit and public, the means by which research is accomplished and derived. This requires a description of exactly how ethnography is done, how insights are derived, and how judgements about data are made. [Berreman; 369: 1968].

## PROBLEM STATEMENT

The complex problem of how to be scientific and not deny the personal, necessarily involves the fieldworker recognising him/herself as a craftsperson using methodology as a tool, while simultaneously recognising that they are the tool.

As there is no published record of the process of fieldwork within Anthropology (other than retrospective accounts), there is no record of the personal experience of fieldwork as scientific data. Recording the former, logically implies that the latter will occur, as the process of fieldwork is the researcher's experience.

The Aim of the thesis is to record the experiential process of fieldwork. The focus is on the process rather than cause and effect or outcome. For this reason, the thesis as a whole must be read as a process record.

## THE OBJECTIVES OF THE RESEARCH

- A To record the process of formulating a Methodology in practice, in the form of a thesis report.
- To design a Methodology in which, being an Anthropologist and doing Anthropology are equally as important.
- B To explore the process of fieldwork using Devereux's concept that the subjective experience of the fieldworker leads to authentic objectivity by recording my fieldwork experience in a daily diary over six months in Papua New Guinea.
- To analyse the daily diary to establish the pattern of anxiety to insight.
- C To develop a model for a methodology that allows for my personal experience as scientific data.
- To develop a research format for presenting raw fieldwork data.

THE OBJECTIVES OF THE THESIS

To present a record of the process of developing a methodology for practice.

To place the field research within a context of the discipline of Anthropology.



## CHAPTER TWO

### METHODOLOGY - A PARADIGM SHIFT

"One person's general anthropology need not be another's. There is no single packaged anthropology to be served to one and all; ... the true coherence of anthropology is personal. It is not official or bureaucratic. ... Each anthropologist must reinvent it, as a general field for him or herself, following personal interest and talent where they lead". [D. Hymes: 1972].

It was with these thoughts and feelings that I first began to consider what I would be saying as a Nurse Anthropologist. As a Nurse, I felt confident to practice and challenged by the need to evolve models and theories of and for Nursing. As an Anthropologist, I felt I had no practical experience, but I had accessed a large number of personal views on fieldwork.

Initially, my writing reflected an extreme position, as I responded to the feeling that, science dictated a rigid prescription within which to work. University course requirements were to grasp the nature of scientific method and theory. I sought to stake out a claim for my individual personality within what I wrote. In retrospect, it is clear I was attempting to clarify the split between theory and practice; at the time it was difficult to recognise that these associations mark the beginnings of this thesis.

The research process was a goal, fashioned from the scientific method. The step by step outline of the scientific method, which progressed from the Statement of the Problem to Purpose and Objectives etc; appeared to lay out and structure the path of methodology. Eventually, I discovered scientific method did not necessarily resemble the process of research.

These associations mark the beginnings of this thesis. I considered how I had learnt to Nurse. A three year

apprenticeship training, had given me a framework to systematize my thinking and my practise. As a registered Nurse, I understood the comment that oldtimers made, ... "now you will begin to become a Nurse".

As I practised Nursing, I became aware that my training period was about the practical skills and theory that a Nurse requires. Being a Nurse evolved slowly, with insights at a very personal level. This was not textbook material and occasionally the situation arose that a colleague would understand.

Gradually a synthesis occurred in which my practise as a Nurse, and my being a Nurse blended, resulting in a knowingness about this area of knowledge; the experience was as though I had tapped a very old and powerful source of information. When sharing the situations that defined the action of Nursing with other Nurses, we often agreed that a large part of what we did as Nurses was unexplored in an academic sense; the practice frameworks available did not surface this kind of information. What Nurses do is just in the process of being recorded. As a Nurse, I had the opportunity to use the tools of science to identify a problem within an existing Medical and Nursing theory.

This research experience had a tremendous effect on my preparation for fieldwork. It highlighted the wider context of science that I was utilising. I could differentiate between the scientific method as written in texts, and the practise of scientific method as a tool; i.e. the process of using scientific method. I was also very aware of the importance of piecing together and recording the overall act of research, so as to facilitate the sharing with colleagues and to see research for what it is, a particular way of seeing the world - a human creation.

Generally we wait until new discoveries and new ways of looking at the world become popular. After a number of years we include them in our own practice and philosophy. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, Bell's theories, research into the hemispheric functions of the brain and

self-regulating techniques are examples of research that have had a major effect on our way of viewing reality.

A change in the method of defining and working with data, may evolve a new concept of reality. The term used to describe this change is a "paradigm shift". This event is generated when new data does not fit with the old map of reality.

A paradigm consists of a set of theories, formulae and hypotheses, which describe the structure and behaviour of particular portions of reality, in terms of known information about that reality". [Kuhn 1970]. The beauty of using a paradigmatic approach is that it represents a tool for understanding our experience of the map or blueprint of reality; the tool is not perceived as reality itself, which is one of the difficulties of the traditional approach to methodology.

Traditionally, methodology in Anthropology has been regarded as determining the practice of fieldwork and the pattern of the results. Presenting an alternative to this approach, may be tantamount to recognising that there are grounds for a paradigm shift in Anthropology.

Chapter One suggests that underneath the various issues, lies a continuing way of seeing and understanding the human situation; this way of seeing is what Anthropologists have to offer. But, "without methodological development, most fieldworkers are doomed to a future as mediocre poets or amateur experimentalists". [Agar; IX: 1980].

The alternative is to regard methodology as a tool available to the fieldworker, with which to carry out whatever tasks are necessary. The actual process of fieldwork, independent from the description Methodology, is unknown. This approach from the description Methodology, is unknown. This approach requires that the fieldworker develop and present a model of their personal methodology. "The true coherence of anthropology is personal ... .. Each anthropologist must reinvent it, following personal interest and talent where they lead". [Hymes, 47-48: 1972].

Before I left for the field, I actively set about recording the development of my model for formulating a

methodology in the process of fieldwork. As such, it represents my worldview, i.e. "my assumptions about reality and the way things work in the world". [Flynn; 1: 1980]. It does not deny other perspectives or blueprints of reality or indeed the traditional approach; useful parts of the old are incorporated.

This approach to methodology in Anthropology is paradigmatic in that, it presents a pattern to individual fieldworkers, for evolving their own models of methodology.

What results is a record of the process of fieldwork, i.e. how anthropologists do fieldwork. In this approach, a preliminary model is recorded before the fieldworker enters the fieldwork area; this is a baseline for practise which will modify according to the specific situation. I considered it vital, in understanding the process of fieldwork, to present the theoretical concepts which conditioned practise; since it is a natural progression from these personal interests and queries, to model and theory formulations, about the process of fieldwork.

The model for fieldwork, devised before I left for the field, was based on the work of three theorists: George Devereux's thesis, "Anxiety to Insight in the Behavioural Sciences" (1967); "Grounded Theory", as developed by Glazer and Strauss (1967), and Pierre Bourdieu's "Outline of a Theory of Practice" (1977).

Devereux's thesis states that "we have denied the fundamental source of information about the behaviour of human beings, by not regarding our part in the dialogue as key data". [ibid; intro: 1967].

The Anthropologist attempting to achieve objectivity by self exclusion, believes the anxiety experienced during fieldwork is a result of the frustrations of fitting theory, methodology and everyday reality into a neat jigsaw.

Devereux's thesis suggests that anxiety exists because of the lack of response of the "other", caused by the inevitable partialness of communication. Since the dialogue between the observer and subject can never be "controlled", the experience at the level of consciousness is always

that of incompleteness. The result is anxiety, which is experienced by the fieldworker as well as the people observed. Normally the Anthropologist is not able to integrate this information since the Methodology most commonly used focuses on the information that is "out there" and can be verified.

It is precisely because the 'demand cues' of the group are incomprehensible, that Devereux suggests they impinge directly on the unconscious. Insights to be gained at this level have never been able to be appreciated since scientific methodology imposes a constraint on so called subjective or 'inner experience'. By its very nature, fieldwork experience mobilises ordinarily inhibited impulses which are usually repressed in the Anthropologist's own culture. The person re-experiences, usually through fantasy, life conflicts and allocates specific roles to people in the 'here and now'. This is termed 'transference'. Ordinarily these responses are considered valueless and are omitted, rearranged or produce ambiguity. There is a bind produced in the methodology between the need for the perception of the situation to be true and the fieldworker's need to add or subtract from reality to produce a conformity with his or her own needs or conflicts, which are usually unconscious. The material from the unconscious compensates for the incompleteness of communication on the conscious level. However, as Devereux suggests, this is what causes anxiety and also 'countertransference' reactions which further distort the perception and interpretation of the data. Countertransference is complementary to transference in that it refers to situations where the person allocated the role in the transference process has not resolved that role, so they play the role in a real way. In the ideal psychoanalytic situation the analyst would allow the patient to create a disturbance in his own unconscious and respond like a sounding board, treating the disturbance as the main source of information rather than a source of error. The analyst does not then enter a countertransference role, for instance acting out the role of a "Mother" which the patient may demand, without realising the patient's need to break free of this conflict. The task of the analyst is to permit



the patient's irrational needs to reach his unconscious, without first being processed/distorted by his own consciousness. Most behavioural sciences treat the subjective as a source of error, whereas the psychoanalyst treats it as the main source of information.

Devereux suggests that for the fieldworker the counter-transference resistances "masquerade" as Methodology, causing further distortions. The key for the fieldworker is to take a page from the psychoanalyst's method and accept that there is a process occurring which is the actual nature of fieldwork. The disturbances are logically impossible to remove and therefore, should be regarded as the key data sought after. When recognised as basic data and recognised within the process of fieldwork as bridging links, they become more productive of insight.

Rather than regarding the human need for completeness as the greatest obstacle to the creation of a behavioural science, Devereux suggests that, in practice what happens, is what is necessary to satisfy interaction and therefore should be regarded as the authentic process in all observation.

Devereux's approach is to consider the problem as the data base. Rather than evading it or explaining it away, "the problem" is what reveals an explanation of seemingly simpler data.

In order to explore this self reflexive process, Devereux modified the physicists model in quantum mechanics and relativity, which suggests there is a mobile partition between the subject and observer.

#### Background to Devereux's Model

It is worth explaining the historical background to this model, since it provides the background context for the major twentieth century paradigm shift, which has yet to influence anthropological fieldwork.

On one hand the subjective/objective dilemma is resolved but on the other hand it opens up the indeterminacy of reality or knowing.

that one knows. Devereux's own dilemma, the search for objective truth, that mathematical physicists could not solve in 1926, forced him to leave the Sorbonne only a year before a Frenchman, de Broglie and a German, Heisenberg, independently provided the answers that solved this question.

The classic science model, which existed in physics pre 1930, and still holds for most other disciplines, is that a subjective state exists "inside" and an objective state, which is more real, exists "out there". The observer regards the subject "out there" as entirely separate and the actions of the observer are "controlled" in such a way as to not produce distortions. The bias that exists is known and can be calculated for. Error is therefore, controllable. Elaborate techniques maintain the distance or separation between the observer and subject, thereby preserving validity.

The physicists pieced together an alternative model, which is today seen as being in opposition to this classical model. The question that N. Bohr considered was based on the nature of light - was it a particle or a wave? He postulated that it is the experimenter who is the link that connects light as particles and light as waves.

This presented a dilemma, for never before had the scientist been an integral part of the experimental data or seen to be so, yet Bohrs proposed that the key to wave-like behaviour and particle-like behaviour was due not to the properties of light, but to the scientist's instrumentation.

The next link, revealed by de Broglie, was that in the "observable" world, the effect of an object is negligible; however, in the subatomic world, matter is not evident and behaves differently from how we are used to thinking about it. De Broglie stated that what scientists are studying is the nature of experience. For the physicist, this involves the nature of energy, which can only be experienced. The wave-particle duality remains a paradox, unless the structure of knowledge and the process of knowing are separated. Quantum mechanics is formally involved in investigating "experience".



G Zukav, (1979), suggests ambiguity results from attempting to depict, with language, the real world which is not bound by the same limitations. It also masks the fact that we do not actually know what is going on in the subatomic realm. It is invisible and open to the free creations of the human mind. [A. Einstein: 1938].

We should therefore, as Heisenberg suggests, decide we can NEVER know what actually goes on in the subatomic realm and abandon all attempts to consult perceptual models of atomic processes. Up to a point, i.e. the line between visible and invisible, things are clear but beyond that ambiguous barrier, they are always uncertain. Heisenberg suggested that the principle of uncertainty should stand here as a natural warning for those who try to dissolve the barrier. Beyond the barrier, the data base the scientist tries to explore, dissolves. This lead Heisenberg to state that at the subatomic level "we cannot observe something without changing it".

This statement resoundly challenges the classical idea of causality and therefore, classical scientific methodology. Deveraux's model of the partition shows how he gained these same insights through psychoanalysis and personal fieldwork experience. He constantly sought to follow the nature of objective truth in this field, as he had in physics. He decided, like the physicists, who must choose to observe momentum or position, that the Anthropologist is working with three data bases;

1. the behaviour of the subject;
2. the disturbances produced by the observer;
3. and the behaviour of the observer, i.e. his anxieties, decisions, defences and his research strategies.

Physicists have determined that the observer begins at the point where one says "I perceive". Access to the world of reality is through experience and the common awareness of that is the "I". In Deveraux's model he suggests that the partition between subject and observer is mobile, shifting and constantly being regenerated in order to be broken. At one level it is an illusion, but at another level

it exists as part of the scientific structure. Its nature, however, must be recognised or the data will be distorted.

The partition exists at the interface of the subject and observer, in interaction. This overlap causes anxiety because one's sense of self is felt to extend beyond the skin into the observed system, as far as one's objective understanding of that system reaches. The point where the Anthropologist says "I perceive" at the partition, is the marker where real or claimed knowledge runs out.

Devereux postulates the process of the moment of perception as follows: the partition materialises when the disturbance passes from unconscious awareness to conscious awareness. There is a rupture of the Ego, as a boundary, which produces the "I perceive" realisation. It is obvious then that denial of the subjectivity inherent in observation will lead to anxiety and therefore, distortion.

The issues that are normally barriers in fieldwork such as one's own age, sex, social status, world view, ethnicity, ideology and research strategy, can become bridges since the Anthropologist is able to study the self model of the observer, as well as the subjects. It is this permission which Devereux's model of the partition gives and thereby opens up the essence of the total observational situation.

The Anthropologist's age and sex, for example, may produce unrecognised transference reactions and induce subjects to manoeuvre the Anthropologist into the complementary role, which in their opinion fits his/her age and sex. If unrecognised, distortion results; if recognised genuine, empathic situations can evolve.

In the final analysis, it is the very variables that define one's being, representing one's personal involvement with the data, that produce the most relevant information for Anthropology.

I chose to utilise the pattern of anxiety to insight, from Devereux's thesis, as a means to observe, record and monitor the experiential process of fieldwork.

Glazer and Strauss developed the term "Grounded Theory", to define "theory developed inductively out of data systematically obtained from research". (ibid: 1967).

The research process uses both inductive and deductive reasoning; but the focus in Grounded Theory is on inductive reasoning, where the researcher begins with an idea and collects facts that produce a conceptual framework, eventually perhaps a theoretical construction. This model assumes that there are patterns in nature. The researcher's task is to discover them. The deductive model moves from theory to facts, aligning theory with the phenomena studied.

Grounded Theory alerts the researcher to the view that the universe (nature) which includes human experience, is characterised by pattern. To actually become aware of pattern would involve, for most fieldworkers, a change in their expectation of how theory evolves. In order to achieve this, they must adapt their worldview from one of causality, to a nondualistic view. This is the first step in recognising a holistic framework for research (Rogers: 1970). The next step is to 'let go' and become alert to emergent properties. Glazer and Strauss suggest that the data and interrelations of theory lie close together. When theory is not forced to fit the data, then an integrating scheme within the data will surface. In fact, the researcher does control the emerging theory in the process of data collection, but the facts are regarded as creating a more systematic, impersonal control over data collection than preplanned, routinized, arbitrary criteria based on an existing structure.

They define saturation as "a point where no additional data emerges from which new categories can be developed", and suggest it is appropriate to take time out to consider the data. "This leads to the insights which are the springboards to systematic theorising." [Glazer and Strauss; 252: 1967].

While Devereux's model outlined the fieldworkers role and the pattern of anxiety to insight, Glazer and Strauss's Grounded Theory enabled me to envisage the interrelationship between data and a model where the data pre-empts the model

and the model is fluid rather than prescriptive, as it evolves through the data.

The tendency for fieldworkers is to look for patterning in the action of their subjects and in the setting of the events, then draw generalisations, discern processes and match data to theory. When the fieldworker constructs a connection this is appropriately termed holistic fallacy. [Sieber: 1973].

Robert Jay describes how, when he was studying family relationships in Java, he sought to perceive patterns in the behaviour of various members of families. As he began to see patterns, he interpreted behaviour in these terms. As time went by, he perceived through these patterns, to the exclusion of nonpatterned items. He is cynical that this is what most Anthropologists do and congratulate themselves on making order out of chaos, and on having mastered the local cultural codes. [Jay; 360-370: 1969]. The key is not to search for pattern but allow the pattern to evolve out of the knowledge that it exists.

Pierre Bourdieu places the Anthropologist into a universal perspective so the fieldworker is no longer an Outsider, but has bodily, temporal and spatial orientation. In effect this encourages the fieldworker to experience the uncertainties and difficulties of fieldwork. Just as I used Grounded Theory to define the nature of pattern, I used Bourdieu's Outline of a Theory of Practice (1971), to define the nature of recording process.

I envisaged the theory of Anthropology, as in texts, and the practice of Anthropology in the field, as merging in the fieldworker's actions of thinking, feeling, seeing, hearing, touching, and being intuitive or extrasensorily aware, the sixth sense. [Heywood; 1968].

As a practitioner, the fieldworker would be one hundred percent observer and one hundred percent participant ... there would be no need to split the role into two parts, because actions are of the body and the body is not outside the process of fieldwork.

Bourdieu suggests Anthropologists use the outsider position to substantiate their observations, and in doing so reflect their self image; i.e. they are condemned to see practice as a spectacle, (Husserl), when they try to become part of what they are not. He suggests that this intellectualism, is in fact, compensation for the anthropologist's lack of practical mastery; s(he) is an Outsider who has to use a map to find all the possible routes.

"The Anthropologist can only ever make a point of view on the action and hence the statement is a re-presentation." [Bourdieu;2:1977 ]. As long as the Anthropologist is unaware of his limits (boundaries) he must fail to represent the art; "the art is pure practice without theory" [Durkheim]. Bourdieu's thesis offers the Anthropologist a choice, an opportunity to become aware of the limits of his point of view. He reunites the Anthropologist within the body of his/her experience.

I was particularly interested in Bourdieu's recognition of the ritual nature of action. He considers it vital to focus on specific activities within their temporal and environmental context. It is then not necessary to explain them in terms of a theory, but to see them as pure practice.

In order to differentiate theory from practice, Bourdieu created the term "HABITUS" - "as the universalising mediation which enables individual's practices, without either explicit reason or signifying intent, to be reasonable and sensible". [Bourdieu; 78-79 :1977] The constant unfolding moment of the present in daily life, is captured in the myth making quality of action found in rituals. Bourdieu's example is a classic; the wooden spoon, used by women to stir the cooking pot, is decorated as a doll to be transported outside, as the central figure involving women's power in the rain dances, for spring seed sowing. The movement of the object, like a spoon from inside outside, places it within a total context, a cosmology.

Bourdieu emphasizes that the logic informants use to answer Anthropologists' questions, has many levels; - 'their logic is quite unlike the logic used by scientists'.



Understanding ritual practice is not a question of decoding these levels, but of restoring the practical necessity of the ritual action to the conditions within which it functions.

### Developing a Model of the Methodology

Using these three theorists' concepts to describe my worldview, I developed a personal model of the methodology of fieldwork which is called "Frames of Reference".

This model would initially orientate me in the new role of a fieldworker and in the new cultural context. The model would evolve, as necessary, as my tool for recording the experiential process of fieldwork. All cultures provide general worldview correlates that have a stabilising effect, but it is up to the individual to recognise that, in one aspect they are arbitrary, and must be constantly renegotiated with the people one lives with. A daily diary would record the evolution of the model as a result of living in a new cultural context.

Hallowell (1955) identified self, space-time, objects, motives and norms as general terms for the signposts of an individual's worldview. Just as the individual's ability to control the experience is crucial, because it determines the stability of a culture, I envisaged the fieldworkers' model as a ritual way, (equally illusory and arbitrary) of depicting the constant adaptation necessary to discover meaning in the process of fieldwork.

A ritual is a patterned process in time, which is both diachronic and synchronic [Turner: 1969]. The important part of ritual process, is the recurrent relationship of phenomena from nature/the universe and bodily actions.

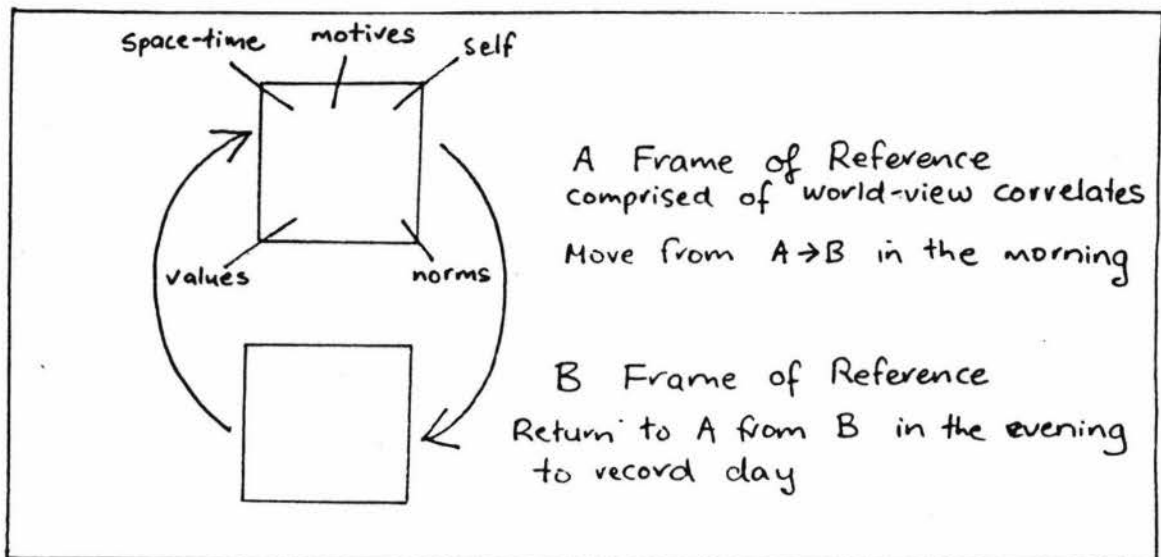
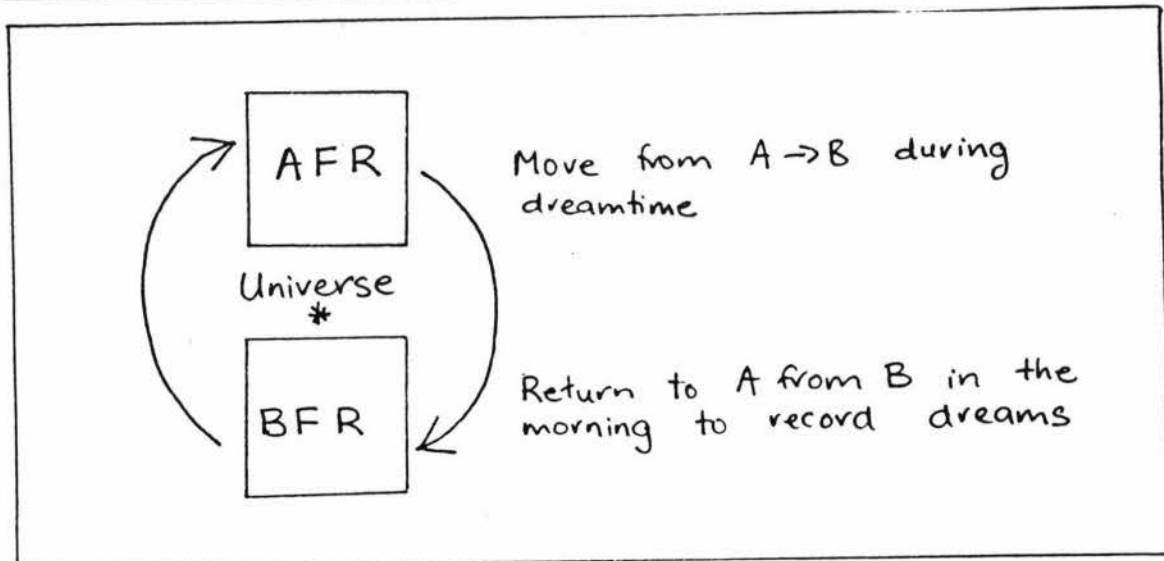
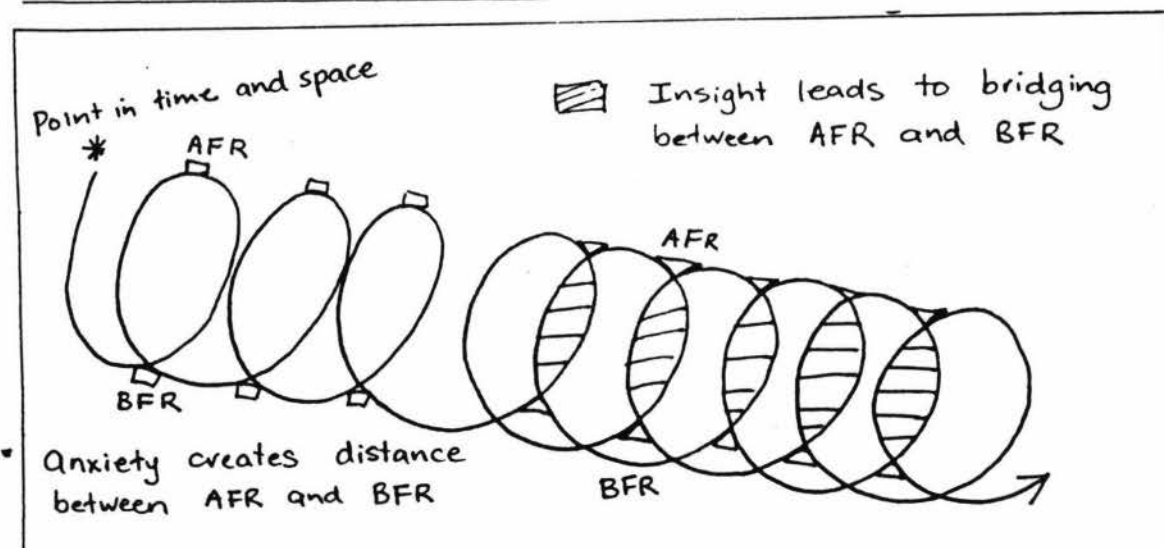
[ Rappaport (1968); Turner (1969); Douglas (1973)]. Symbols and specific behaviours are used to gain control and express harmony in the search for meaning. A pattern

evolves, which is repeated over and over. As long as the fieldworker remains aware of the use of the ritual, as a means to structure everyday activities, then the ritual itself does not take over as the goal to be achieved.

Recording the pattern of the ritual, as a personal model, enables it to be shared with other fieldworkers, so as to invite comment and discussion.

I termed my worldview, the "A Frame of Reference" to differentiate it from the "B Frame of Reference", which stands for the unknown cultural map belonging to the people the fieldworker lives with. I envisaged moving each morning from the A Frame of Reference, out to B Frame of Reference during the day and back to A Frame of Reference again in the evening. [See Diagram 1]. Similarly at night while dreaming, I would move from the A frame to the B frame and back to A in the morning. [See Diagram 2]. Over time and with experience, B - the unknown map, would become available. [See Diagram 3].



DIAGRAM 1. Daily RitualDIAGRAM 2. Dream RitualDIAGRAM 3. Cycle of Ritual

The cyclic nature of the movement from A to B Frame of Reference, I saw as corresponding with natural biological cycles or biorhythms. [Luce: 1973; Conroy; Mills: 1970]. I hoped that by ritualising the cycle, I would create a sense of inner orientation, stability and peacefulness. It would literally be through the window of this ritual, that I might be able to elaborate on the process of my fieldwork, in terms of a pattern. The ritual provided a structure from which I hoped the pattern, well known in the psychoanalytic process, of moving from anxiety to insight, would surface. [Devereux: 1967].

As well as acting as a window frame, the ritual would also ground the disorientating effects that are predictable when one is learning a new map. By recording in the known A Frame of Reference, using familiar objects, I would always be earthing or grounding the unfamiliar energy of the days experiences, in a familiar activity and space.

## Self Care - Health Care

It is the modus operandi in our culture to expect others to take care of us when we are ill. The responsibility for becoming ill is also removed from the individual. For instance, we get a cold because a virus is "going around" the community, not because we are overworked and want to stop! Recognising our ability to take care of ourselves is related to owning the fact that we usually make ourselves sick, and then expect others to care for and cure us. [Simonton; Mathews-Simonton; Creighton: 1979].

I envisaged using the frames of reference model for structuring everyday activity. I also wanted to monitor and provide self health care. In order to do this, I used a problem solving approach as part of the frames of reference model. Recorded as a Health Diary, I would ask myself to:

1. Identify the problem - or anxieties of the day ...
2. Why did I need it?
3. What was I getting from it that I couldn't get in other ways?
4. What did I need?
5. How else could I get that?

This Self Care Plan was integral to the fieldwork model. Based on Devereux's concept, that anxiety leads to insight, I wanted to be able to capture the anxiety providing material and explore it, since it is in this area that objective data lies.

It is more common to move from anxiety providing material than to remain with the feeling and actively set about reaching some understanding or insight on the issue.

The more opportunity an individual has at attending to anxiety, the more they learn that difficulties can be encountered and understanding reached. [Seyle: 1956: 1974].

## The Evolution of the Model of the Methodology

A model is a guideline for practise that doesn't operate without the inbuilt proviso that it can evolve within the context of its use. Its value for the fieldworker, is as a mnemonic device to record the process of fieldwork. I

envisaged the model evolving during fieldwork as the terms of my work contract, as a Nurse Anthropologist, were clarified.

#### Developing the Role of a Nurse Anthropologist

"Transcultural Nursing is a subfield of nursing, which focuses on the comparative study and analysis of cultural caring behaviour, nursing care and health-illness values. The goal of Nurse Anthropologists is to identify, test and use a body of transcultural nursing knowledge and practices, which is culturally derived in order to provide culture specific nursing" [Leininger; 8: 1978].

The Nursing contract was to provide assistance to Papua New Guinea Nurses and aid post orderlies, in their running of Aid Posts, and to carry out a survey of health needs of the people that we made contact with. The results of this information was to assist the Aid Post workers in assessing their impact on the area and to relay information from a few outlying villages, that are only infrequently contacted.

My previous experience, as a Nurse, was to follow principles of transcultural nursing, rather than to practise as a Nurse Anthropologist. In this respect, I expected to develop a role that no longer emphasized one or the other aspect and therefore, planned to use the B Frame of Reference, while I was working, and the A Frame of Reference when I was recording diary notes. For this reason I was particularly interested in developing a style of recording that presented both frames of reference.

#### Developing a Style of Writing

I considered this to be an intrinsic part of evolving a personal model. Anthropologists who have been role models in this area are: G. Bateson (1972) who comments that it is not possible to know everything, he believes it is critical to present the end point in your thinking, no matter how loose and unfinished it might be. This gave me the incentive to at least start this piece of research.

J. Berger relates how:

"My writing about peasants separates me from them and brings me close to them. When I curse the rain and thunder on the hay, my anger joins me to the field and the slope. At other times my relationship to the place and the people who live here is less simple. I am not a peasant. I am a writer.

The act of writing is nothing except the act of approaching the experience written about ... .. the act of approaching a given moment of experience involves both scrutiny (closeness) and the capacity to connect (distance).

The movement of writing resembles that of a shuttle on a loom: repeatedly it approaches and withdraws, closes in and takes its distance. Unlike a shuttle, it is not fixed to a static frame.

As the movement of writing repeats itself, its intimacy with the experience increases. Finally, if one is fortunate, meaning is the fruit of this intimacy." (ibid; 1979).

Peggy Golde's goal was to record the detail of everyday life.

"I do not intend to search for the sensational or the exotic; on the contrary it is my belief that a realistic description of the trivia of daily living can give an intimate picture of the process of adjustment to another culture. It is also my feeling that the best way to transmit what it means to be an anthropologist, (how we do our work; how we respond to the strange and different and come to understand; how we balance objectivity, distance and respect with our own personal values), is to describe the process from the self's point of view, thus enabling others to live vicariously through the experience.

My hope is, that the task I have set, will result in a human document, meaningful in its own terms, but also a systematic self conscious scrutiny of how the chief instrument of research, the anthropologist herself,

may alter that which is being studied and may be changed in turn". [ibid; 4: 1970].

Bourdieu's (1977) artistry in writing is clear.

"The interior of the Kabyle house, rectangular in shape, is divided into two parts by a low wall; the larger of these two parts is reserved for human use; the other occupied by animals, has a loft above it. A door with two wings, gives access to bothrooms. In the upper part is the hearth and facing the door, the weaving loom. The lower dark nocturnal part of the house, the place of damp green or raw objects - the place of natural things, oxen and cows and natural activities, sleep, sex, birth and also death is opposed to the high light filled noble place of humans fire and fire made objects; the lamp, the kitchen utensils, the rifle - the attribute of the manly point of honour which protects female honour - the loom, the symbol of all protection ..; the guest to be honoured is invited to sit in front of the loom ... ..  
[P. Bourdieu; 1977; 90].

What enables Bourdieu to depict space so superbly is that he has separated out the metaphors into; the art of writing about the house; i.e. the anthropologist's job and occupation; the objectification of space that creates that world; and the embodiment of that world; i.e. the life as bodily experience in that space.

In a sense his pen and paper are no less than the experience of being in the home of Kabyle, but entirely different from the Kabyle peasant's experience of existence. For as he asks, how can one man know of all this in one instance except that he recall and recall and create a historical illusion.

Similarly, Bourdieu challenges that Anthropologists warp the critical element "time". For example, he shows how in gift giving the outside observer suggests the exchange is reversible and fails to recognise the element of uncertainty of just when and how the gift will be acknowledged. By abolishing the time factor, one loses the style

of giving, giving in return, offering one's services, paying a visit with little gifts, forced gifts, or kind kind thoughts. Only a virtuoso with a command of his art of living can play on all the ambiguities and uncertainties of behaviour and situation" [ibid; 1977; p 98].

The necessary improvisation, which is full of slips, mistakes and moments of clumsiness, still defines ART. To restore TIME, is an important concept in the theory of practice.

#### Pieces of Equipment

All part of A Frame of Reference.

Small hand held tape recorder

Pentax camera - 50 mm lens only

Red plastic clipboard and a silver pen

A small collection of photographs of family, friends, home, sea, land, trees and animals.

#### Ethics of Professionalism

There are two sides to the coin of ethics; what an Association tells us is right and proper as a code of conduct and what we personally believe to be true and responsible action.

"To do responsible fieldwork today it has become an intellectual duty to extend one's awareness not simply to the people who are objects of inquiry, lent to oneself as well. One's self as a limited instrument, a culture bound personality, consciously bent on interacting with a group of strangers". [Guillemin; 6: 1981].



### CHAPTER 3

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY OF LOCATION AND LIFESTYLE OF THE LUJERE PEOPLE OF SOUTH WAPEI

The photographs have been chosen from a collection of more than a thousand negatives and slides, specifically to emphasize the aim of the thesis:

To record the experiential process of fieldwork.

Sequences record some of the activities of everyday life of both myself, the Nurse Anthropologist and the Lujere people. Due to lack of space, only a small representative sample of sequences have been chosen.

Prior to fieldwork I had not seriously considered the many aspects of photography as an adjunct to recording the process of fieldwork; nor had I had any experience with a camera other than an Instamatic! Not only did I have to learn the mechanics of the Minolta but also how to use a camera around people who had never seen one before.

The Lujere taught me how to use the camera. If I was involved in learning how to make thatching or how to scrub sago or we were crossing a river, they responded naturally to my using the camera. They were doing their work and I was doing mine. They might even suggest that I get the camera and the red notebook if they were familiar with me. Posing for a photograph was not a recognised activity; any photographs I took when people were positioned as in our cultural habit, would show stilted, awkward, startled bodies. The more "correct" photograph of a Lujere person would be in one of their activities, be it daydreaming, sitting talking or hunting.

I learnt that I could not make a photograph but I could be ready to use the camera as part of an activity. In this sense the camera does more than just produce a record but it is an integral part of the fieldworker's way of experiencing.

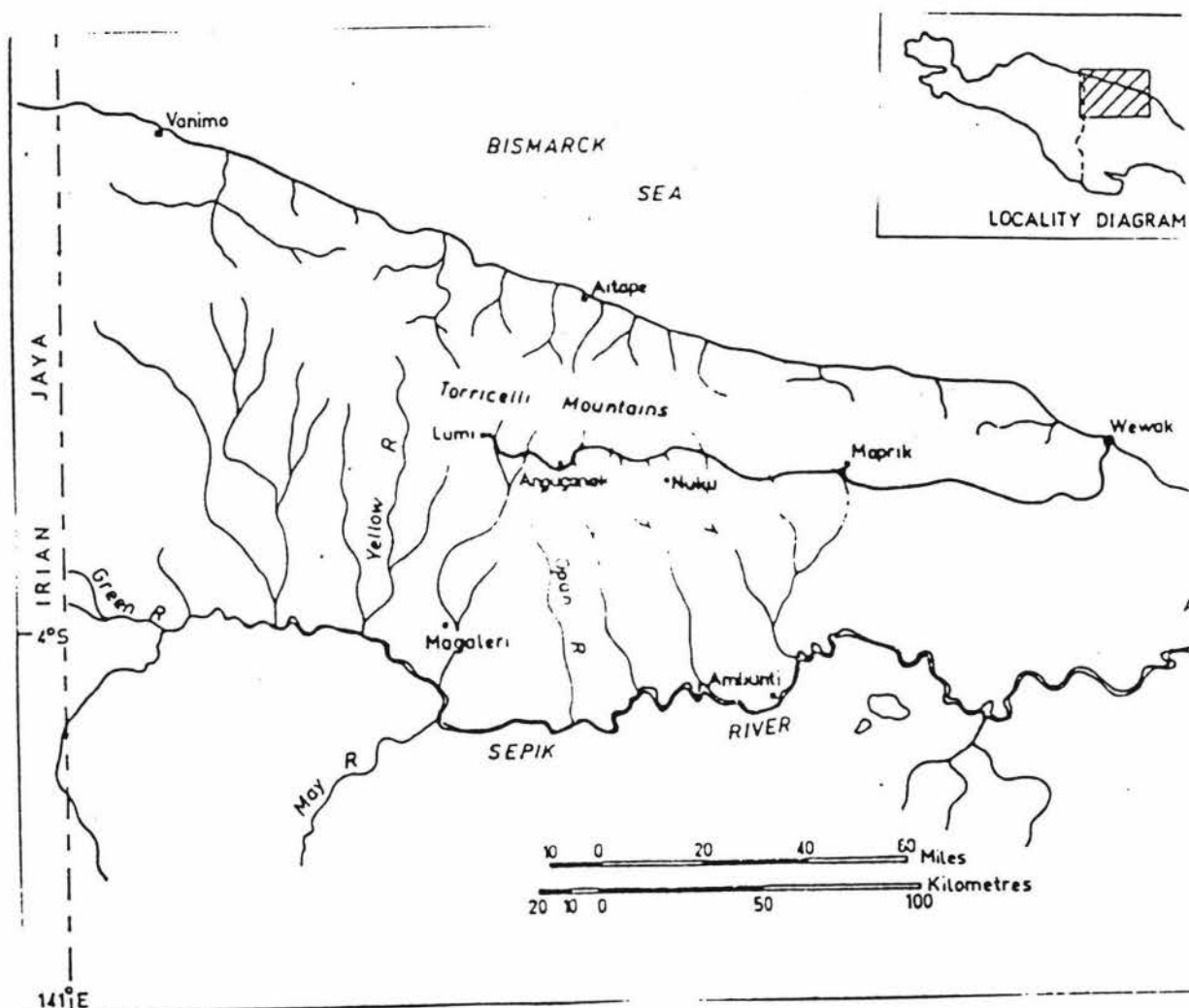
I taught a few of the Lujere how to look at a photograph

and a map on paper, how to identify themselves three dimensionally. The photograph that they enjoyed most of all was of my "lapun mama", my ninety year old maternal grandmother ... "that hasn't taken her eye so this camera is maybe alright ...".

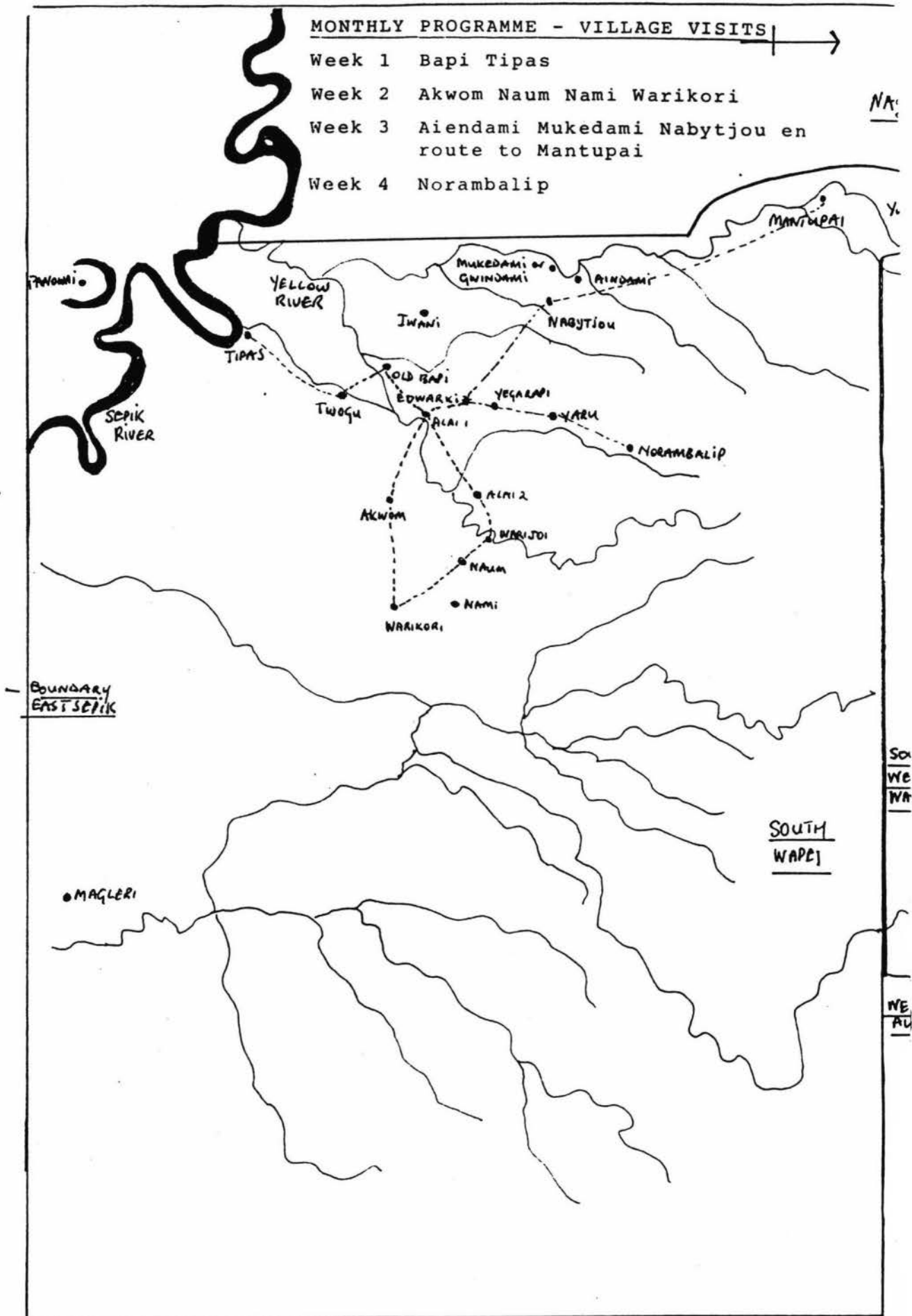
There were times when there were no words, understanding was blank and yet there was something I wanted to respond to. For instance, the building of houses - I took many photos of houses at differing stages of construction. Later, I became aware of a collage of images, out of which I recognised the sequence of how to build a house Lujere style - or an old woman out gathering wood - I couldn't write up my meeting her, but after I had seen the developed photographs, I was removed from the agony of not being able to communicate and could describe what she had been doing.

I became aware that most of my photographs capture people when they are still.

Map 1. SEPIK RIVER AREA - LOCATION IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA



# VILLAGES, WATERWAYS AND WALKING TRACKS





1 EARLY MORNING  
MARKET  
AT EDWARKI







2 DALINI LOADING  
SAKSAK TOOLS  
AND LEAVING  
FOR  
A DAY'S WORK







3. DALINI GRUBBING MARMI OR YAM.

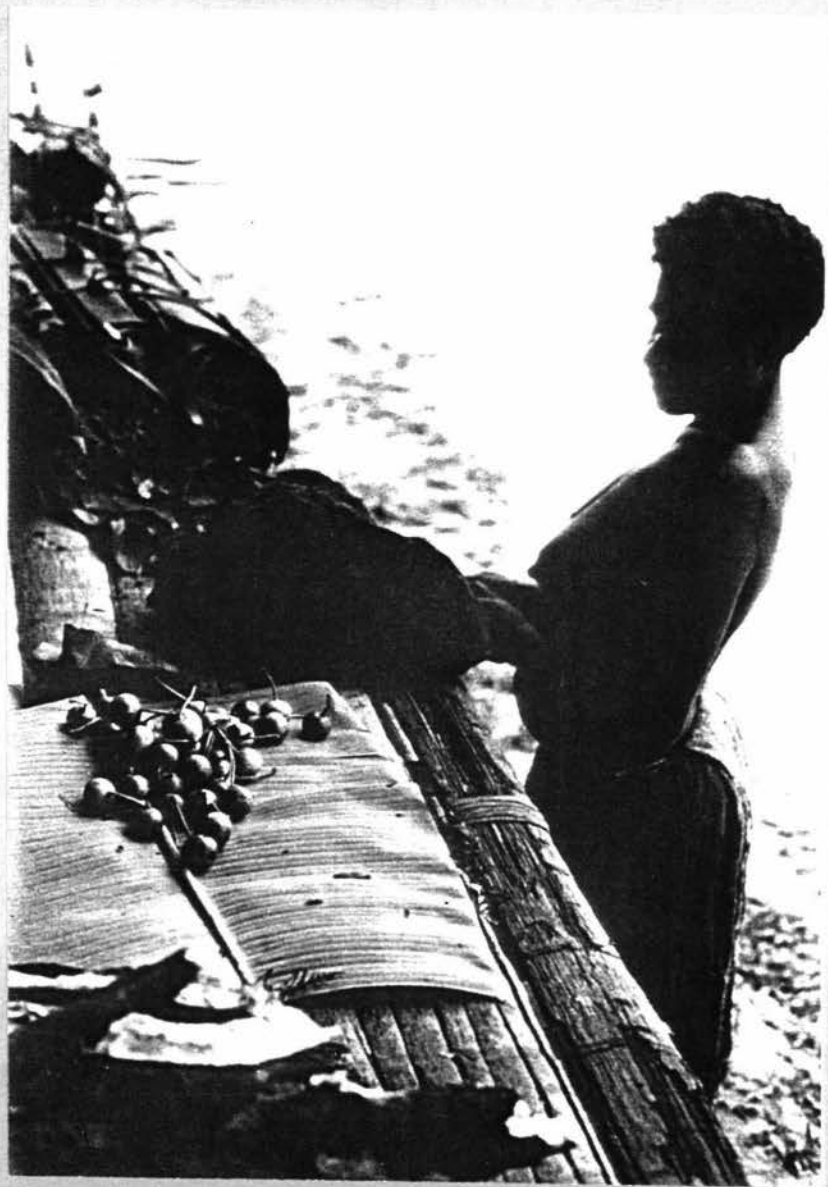






4. ROSA, APARONI  
AND FRIENDS  
FEAST ON SUGAR  
CANE WHILE  
WAITING FOR  
DALINI TO  
DIG UP THE  
YAM.





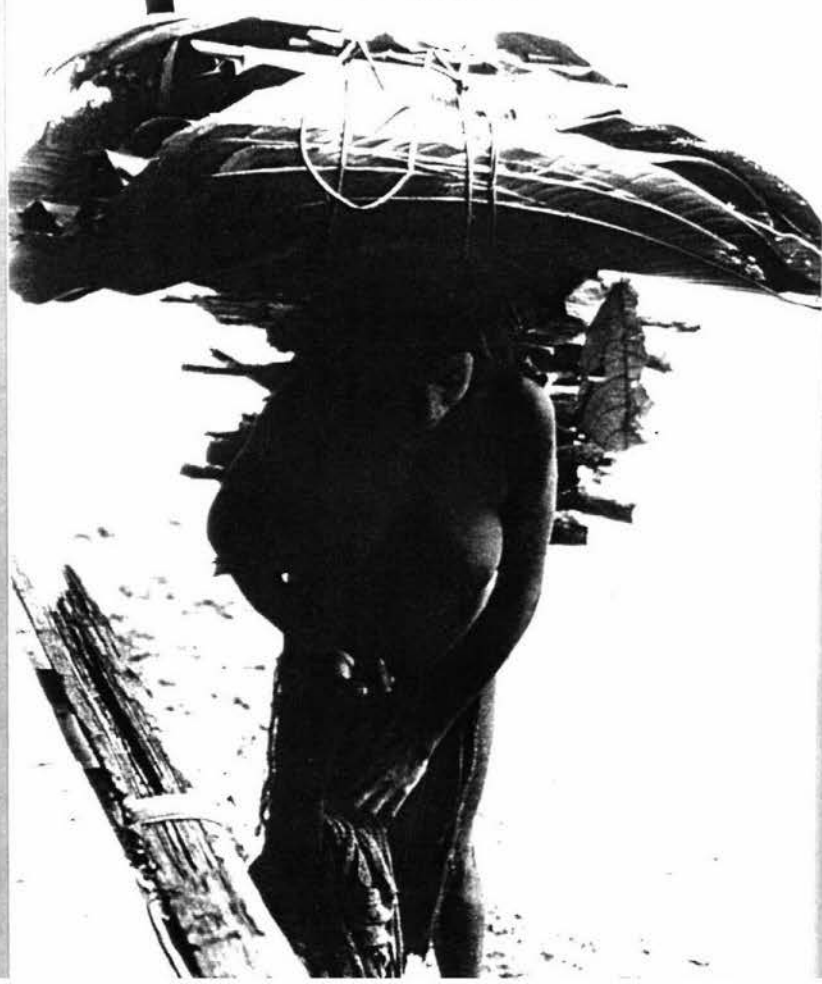
5. A WOMAN UNLOADS HER DAY'S GATHERING  
TO LEAVE US A GIFT OF WILD FIGS (MANTUPAI).

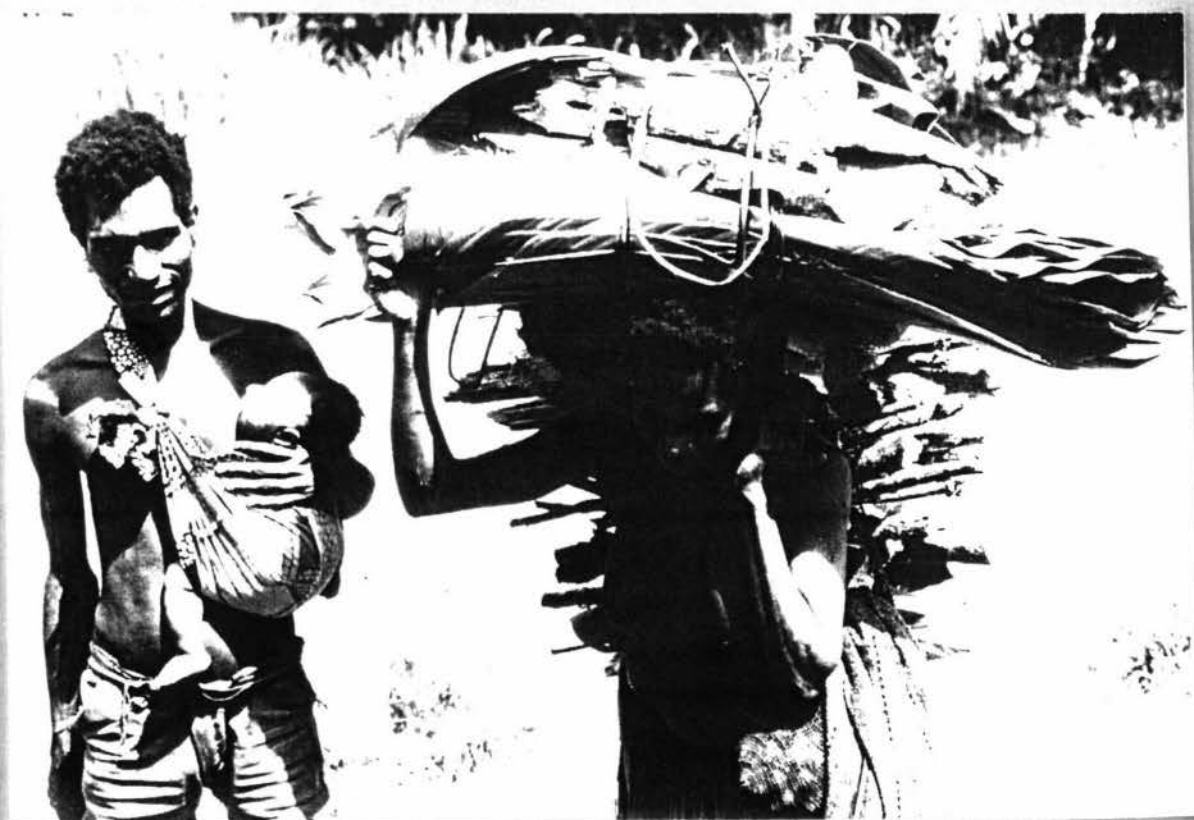


..... THEN RELOADS









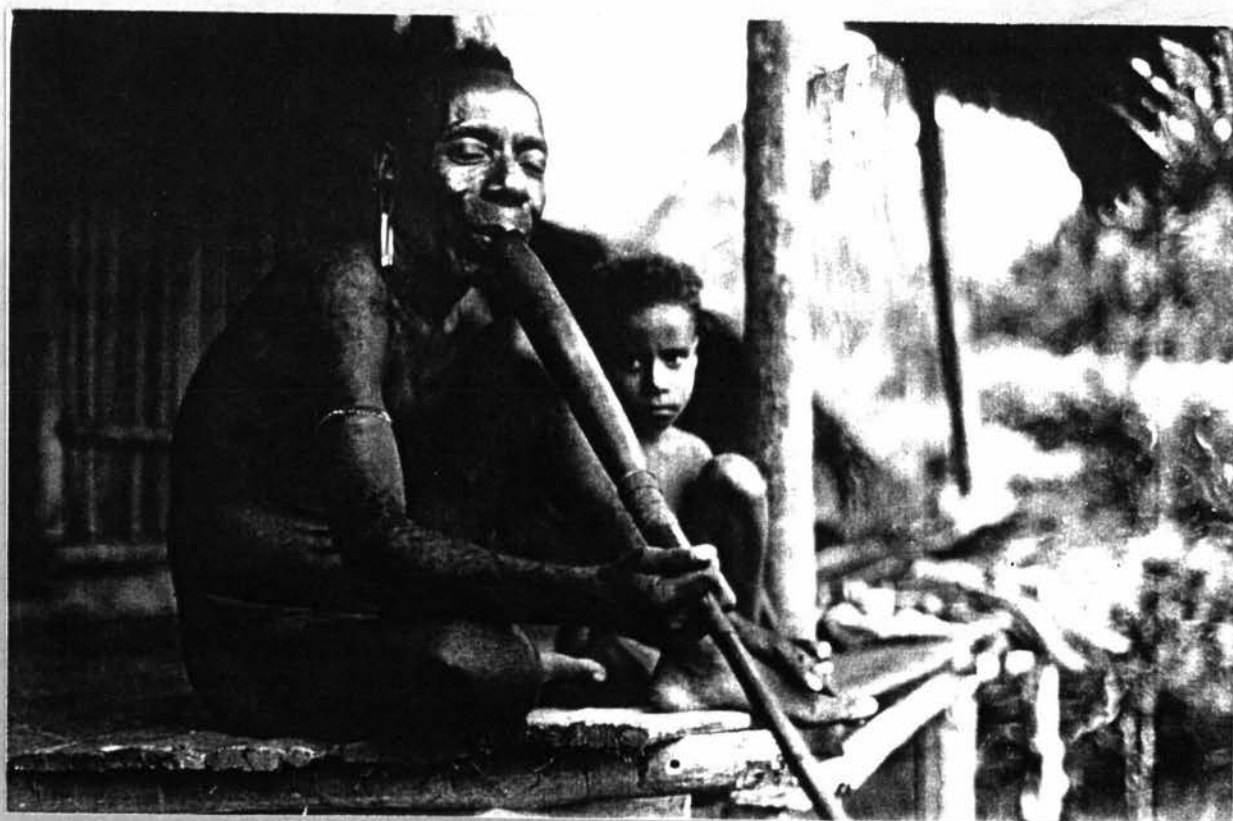
..... WHILE HER HUSBAND WAITS WITH THEIR NEW BABY.





6. REINA OF MANTUPAI

LIEB OF AKWOM





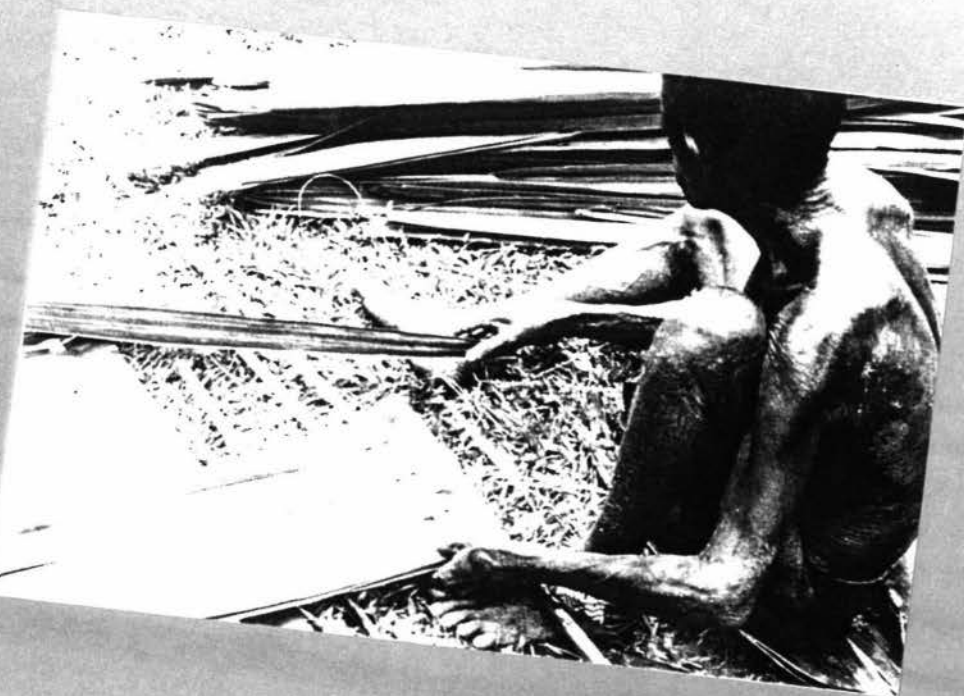
7. APKE OF YEGARAPI

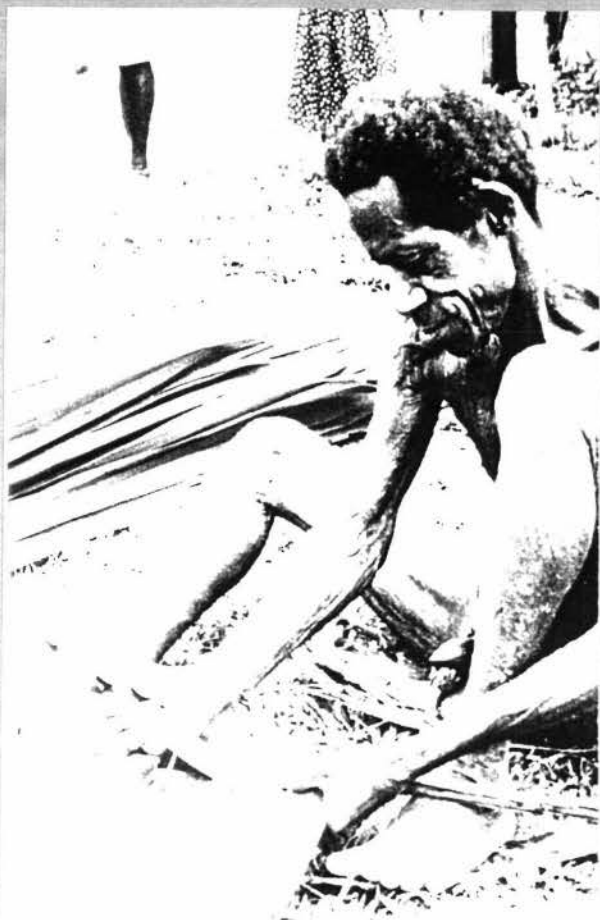


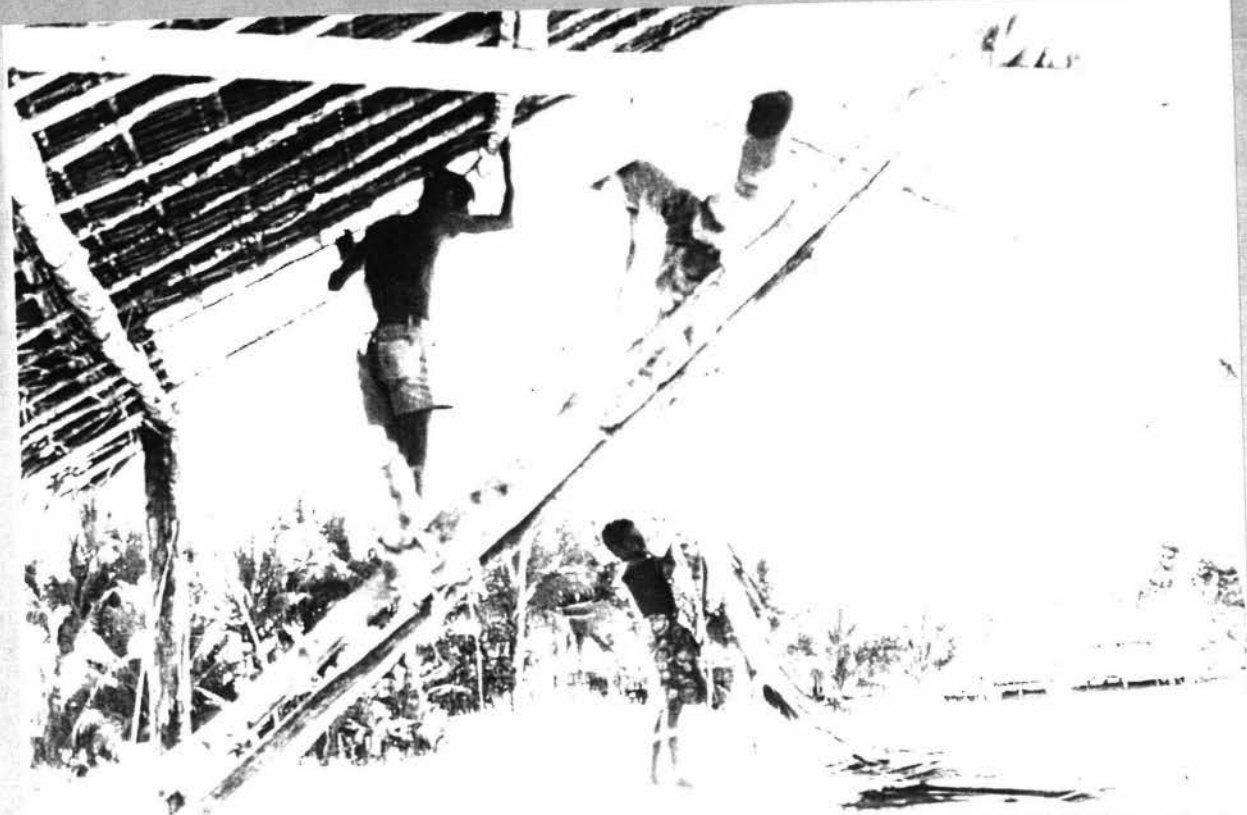




8. PREPARING MORITA THATCHING







9. PLACING THATCHING (EDWARKI)







10. A FAMILY WALKS  
PAST THE  
HAUS SIC





11. A FATHER SHOWS  
OFF HIS NEW BABY  
WHILE WAITING  
FOR HIS WIFE  
AT THE HAUS SIC







12. WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
WAITING AT THE  
HAUS SIC FOR ATTENTION









13 A MOTHER  
WASHES  
HER BABY



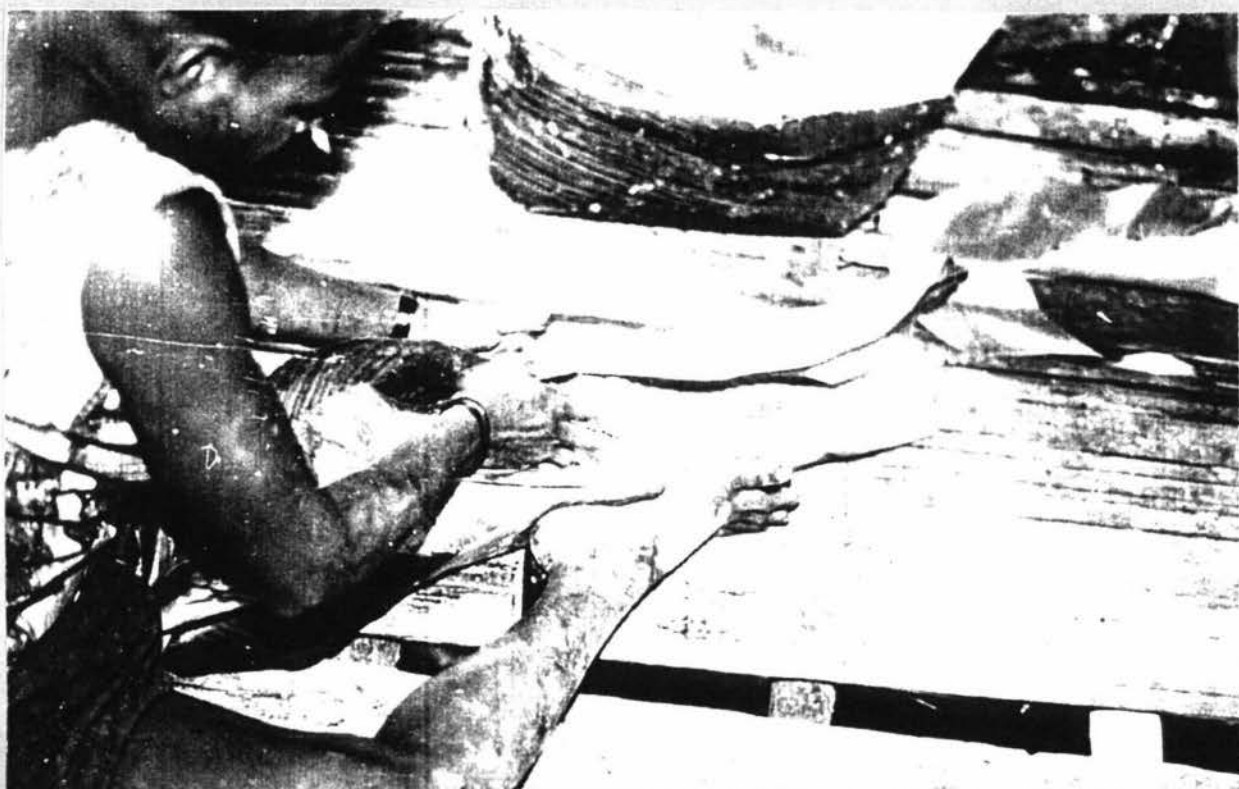


14 LENA OF MANTUPAI  
UNPACKS A DAY'S GATHERINGS

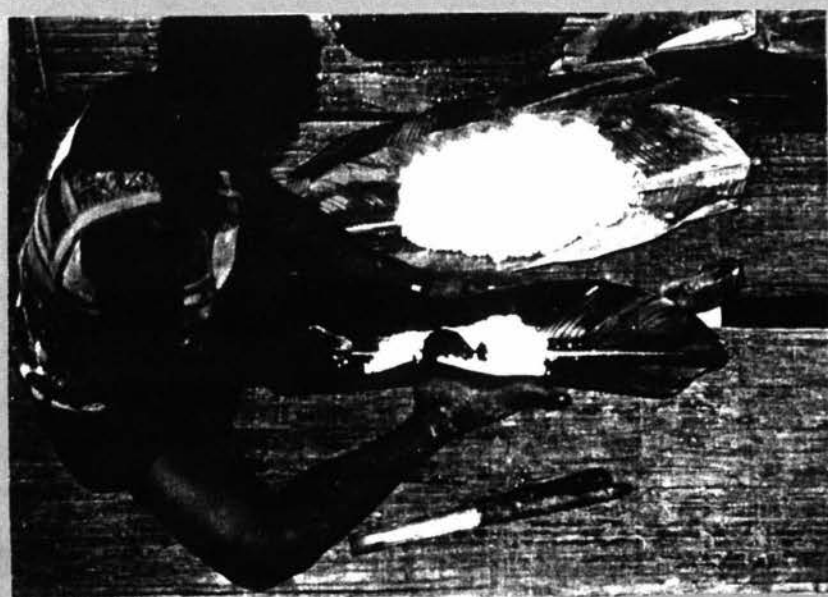


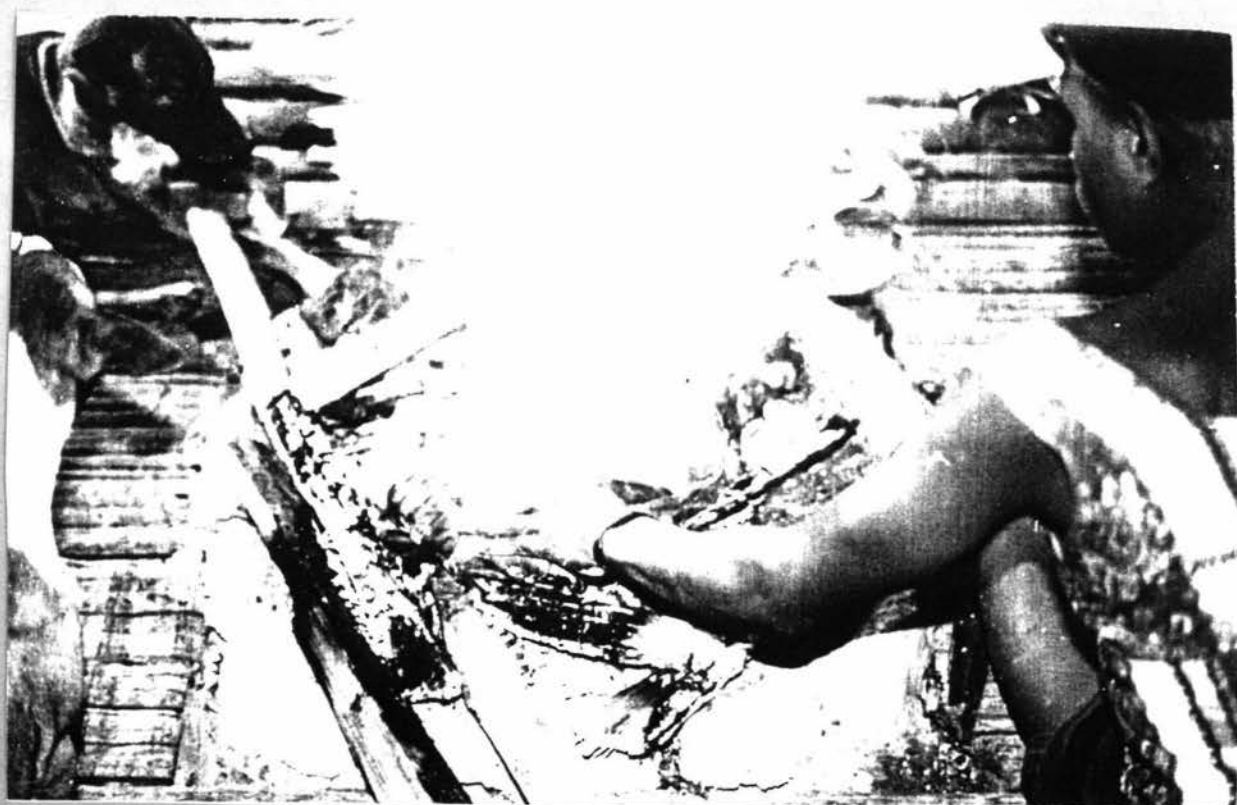






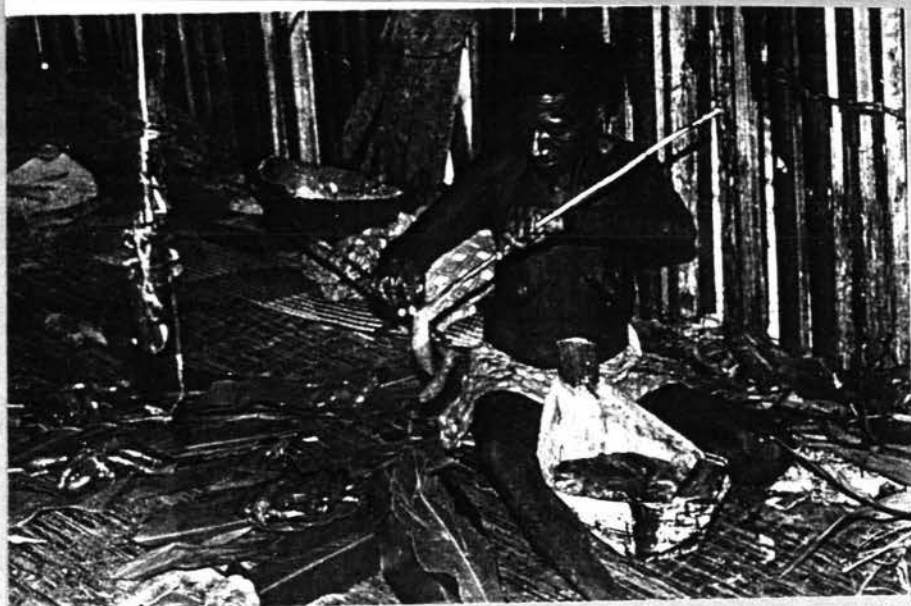
!5. LENA PREPARES FRAIM-SAKSAK  
WITH A HOT STONE FOR THE  
EVENING MEAL





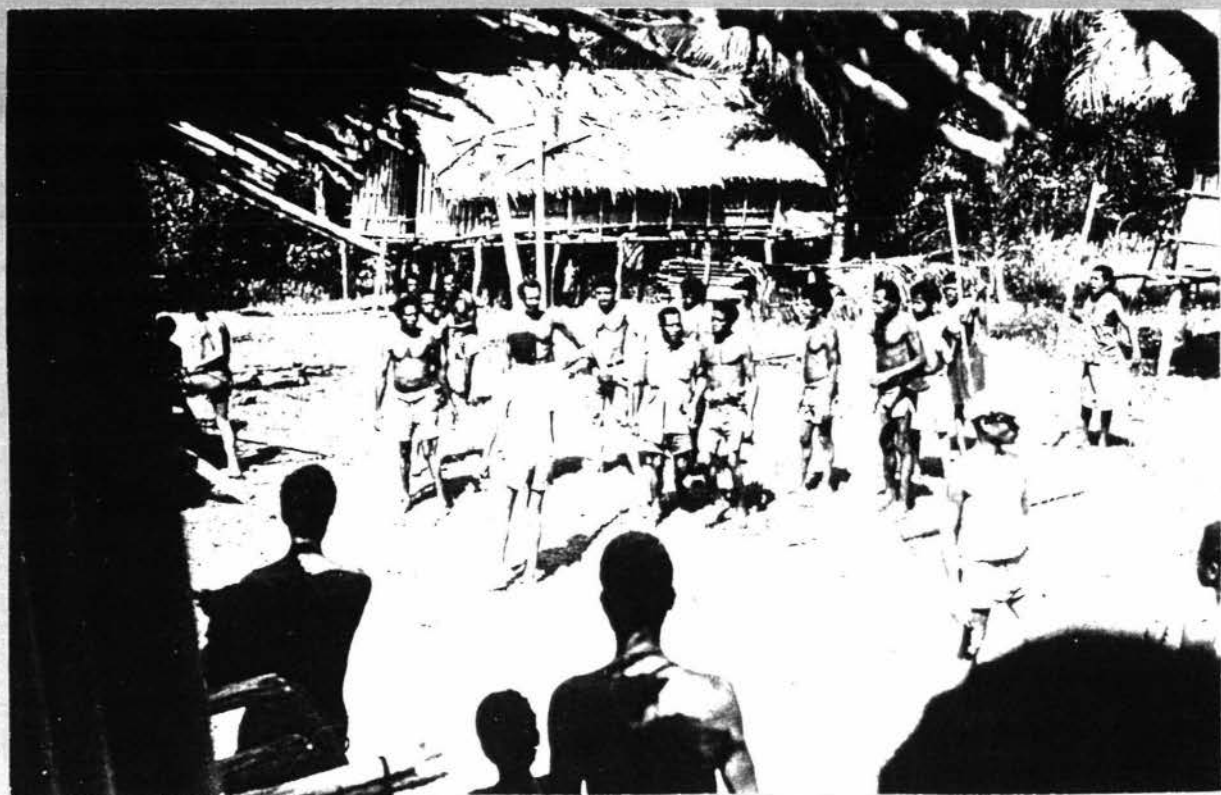






16. HOT WARA SAK SAK BEING PREPARED  
FOR THE EVENING MEAL AT EDWARKI  
BY TOWLI WHILE HER HUSBAND  
AND APARONI COOK GREEN LEAVES  
AND MUSHROOMS.





17. TWO VILLAGES MEET AT TWOGU  
TO COURT A COUPLE WHO HAVE  
BROKEN THE LAW









18. THE ACCUSED MAN'S SISTER LOOKS DOWN ON THE SCENE.



19. THE ACCUSED WOMAN LEAVES THE VILLAGE GROUND.



## CHAPTER IV

### RESULTS

#### THE METHODOLOGY IN USE

There are four examples broken into four parts:

- |        |   |
|--------|---|
| Part A | consists of excerpts from the daily diary; the personal health diary; the dream diary; and letters, which form a baseline for |
| Part B | the material rewritten without referring to the diary etc., soon after the author left the fieldwork area in 1982.            |
| Part C | records the "anxiety to insight" process.   |
| Part D | considers issues Part C surfaced, which led to the author's awareness of the wider context of the culture and environment.    |

The examples are entitled as follows:

- |            |                                |
|------------|--------------------------------|
| Case One   | SETTLING A PROBLEM             |
| Case Two   | KUMUL MERI                     |
| Case Three | WARIKORI LAND - LIGHTNING MERI |
| Case Four  | DRUMBEAT                       |

There are two further examples to show the effect of utilising the characteristics of the process of fieldwork identified in Cases 1 to 4.

- |           |                              |
|-----------|------------------------------|
| Case Five | SCRUBBING SAKSAK WITH DALINI |
| Case Six  | CONVERSATIONS WITH APKE      |



CASE STUDY ONE - SETTLING A PROBLEM

Part A	Daily Diary, April 13th, Tuesday, 1982	75
	Personal Diary, April 13th, Tuesday	77
	Daily Diary, April 14th, Wednesday	79
	Personal Diary Notes and Case Study of Koro	82
	Dream Diary, April 15th, Thursday	84
	Daily Diary, April 15th, Thursday	84
	Personal Diary, April 16th, Friday	91
	Letters to M	92
Part B	Material rewritten	98
Part C	Anxiety to Insight Process	108
Part D	Context of Situation	109



April 13th, Tuesday

Daily Diary Notes

Up at 6 a.m. - red dawn, no rain. Disoriented by sick friend. I felt entangled when I left and it took me till lunch time to be able to put it behind me.

Yorei, Wananaki and I left Edwaki on the Alai trail, pleased to be together again. We skirted the hillside at Alai and picked leaves for lunch along the riverbank to old Bapi, where we had to discuss whether to weigh (scale) babies there; I said I preferred not to and they agreed; so we decided to scale tomorrow at Bapi on the track, after returning from Tipas down at the Sepik River.

A proficient canoeist took us over the Yellow River (Aywon) and we walked on Wananaki's track to Bapi. It was 10.30 by this time, three hours walking. We passed a lagoon pond which had fish traps placed in it and many fish inside the traps.

Approaching Bapi we heard a lot of noise and found about thirty men sitting in the framework of the new house Kiup (Police) waiting to meet (bung) at Tipas with the engineers for the road. I noticed two groups of women in houses but there were no babies. I was aware of choosing not to get caught into the rabble of what was going on - men calling out, teasing? etc. and I was also aware of Yorei's discomfort. She averts her eyes when she wants to withdraw. As well, she never made contact with the women present, although she and Wananaki had just been storying about when they lived here previously.

We passed two groups of people en route to Tipas. Andrew's father, a healer from Noram Balip, with his distinctive eyes and long, split ear lobe, was with his wife and three sons, returning from visiting, hunting and fishing on the Sepik. They told us about a little girl at Tipas, who had a big sore on her foot. "It is really bad. It made tears come to my eyes - you find her and help her. She is an orphan child. The smell was so bad we couldn't eat or sleep there, so we are going home". The group consisted of:

The mother with baby on her shoulders, a bilum in her hands and a machete;

A young schoolgirl with a big (cargon) load of food and

cooking items in a bilum hanging from her forehead,  
down her back;

Two young, eight year old boys, one with a band of red  
flowers in his hair, to ward off the evil smell and his  
arm around his friend's shoulders;

One 12 year old, who couldn't look at me and twisted  
on one foot uncomfortably;

Two adult men with bows, arrows, smoking pipes and  
small tobacco bilums around their throats; - Later,  
a man with a child on his shoulders and his wife who  
had a badly cut finger, very swollen hand.

Healers cut marks all over the back of her hand and palm,  
made with bamboo, to remove the poison. She had it in a sling  
so the wrist was held higher. She looked fragile, wide-eyed  
with fever - her husband's concern as he led her to Edwaki  
was evident.

I wished them luck at the river and said I would see  
them when I returned. Litibagi and Shirley were at the Aid  
Post. I wished afterwards I had thought to offer her some  
pain relief. I was also aware that to wish someone luck was  
not really appropriate and as we walked on I asked Yorei,  
what would I say in future. She was silent for a while and  
then said she didn't understand luck. I said "What if men  
go hunting - do you say something when they leave?" We  
talked around this for some distance and forgot about the  
muddy track ... "Women are not the hunters, they should not go  
near the men".

Wananaki kept on stumbling in small holes on the trail.  
His thoughts were a long way off. Yorei laughed uproariously  
at him and he joined in the banter. We were close to our  
stream, the place we usually stopped on the walk down to the  
village of Tipas on the Sepik River edge. We were going  
to "our seaside" and maybe fresh fish for a change. We  
cooked and washed at the stream and Yorei belted a hole in  
the fish tin with her machete, to mark the spot once again.  
Wananaki was worried about the young girl's infection and we  
decided to carry water because the streams close by the Sepik  
were all muddy. Yorei and Wananaki storied about the kokimo  
and a kumuul who wanted to exchange eyes, I think! Pigs  
had been rooting in three of the four small coffee gardens  
on the track edge.

We reached Tipas to find Youpa, the village bigman, and a large collection of his family, waiting for the engineers to walk in from Edwaki to assess the river edge for anchorage and survey where the site of the new road would be.

We waited an hour or so for them to come because we might have been able to stay in the empty store, but I was tired and needed to sleep and all my manners re waiting went west. Yorei and I nodded at one another and we settled down in the motor canoe shed; built high off the ground and open like the housewind shelters for cooking.

Aid Post Orderly Joe and his wife and a canoe load from Wagu arrived, also unexpectedly, so Youpa was running around trying to get everyone sorted out. They had been on the river most of the day and like us, were tired and not looking for entertainment.

The village at Tipas was small, only four main houses all with rooms; the new, empty storehouse; and the house-cooks standing in open spaces where the women had a view of the stream, river and area used as a playground. Youpa's three wives cooked piles of pancakes of sago with hot-stones (fraim) all afternoon for the visitors. A big group of young boys and teenagers played on the grass in front of the houses. They normally were at Akwom bush school during the week. Very overt sexual messages from onlookers, mainly only young men. Older men smoking, sharing buae and yarning in peace.

Youpas' Mother, an amazing elderly matriach brought us fresh sago (hotwarra), green leaves and a bunch (rope) of bananas. Later that night, we sent her food. We also sent food to Joe's family - Yorei marked some for their beautiful baby son. We really noticed the mosquitoes as the cooking fire was on the ground rather than in the house, consequently our storying ended early. We settled down to sleep with soft rain falling.

April 13th, Tuesday

### Personal Diary

I think about my initial interpretation of the camaraderie of these young men as overtly sexual - and wonder about the bonds of close friendship and love relationships. I feel incredibly close to Yorei and she returns the intimacy. We do not have a need to discuss or fuss about our friendship

but just enjoy the freedom of being able to be real. If I am scared or tired, I try and share that and as I do, she is more free to be herself with me. We look out at all the activity around us and feel good about sitting close together. Maybe for me it also has to do with knowing that my ease of movement around the area has to do with having met this couple; I know I wouldn't survive here without their mediation over even the most basic items. We seem to also share a love and respect for the bush.

I wonder why I write this now. I am amazed and humbled. I must watch to not presume their thoughts and feelings when I feel like this. It makes a lot of sense to consider biographies of individuals. In Malinowski's terms, I wonder whose eyes I actually see through - whose experiences I record?

Pidgin frustrates Yorei as she says "All seeds are 'pikinini diwai' - that is not true!" All trees have proper names in Nami.

I am amazed at how slowly insights, understanding evolves. Under no circumstances would I be able to produce a classical generalised ethnography about this area in eight months. I wonder how others manage in even a year. Nor would I want to. That is quite a decision to make because it determines not only how I am in everyday activities but also how I write.

The writing is similar to a series of photographic shots, particular events within a setting, with individuals present. Rather than me putting them into a sequence and running an overlay of recorded music and voiced interpretation, I will leave that to the reader. I am concerned about this because I want to keep the "immediacy" or the sharpness of an event present, rather than removing it into my "thinking about it, in a reflective sense". Even writing these notes, I am aware of the images of the day, flooding back as I write; whole conversations, smells, glances are available when I sit, as now.

Time and space are stabilising points of reference, but images of the day return easily when I write. The issues of reality and meaningfulness are irrelevant right now. I move my face from acrid smoke; a dog sleeps on my leg; Yorei is twilight dreaming and watching me scrawling.

It is only when I am anxious, when I doubt where I am

and who I am, that I fuss over what is real or questions such as "How does this village work?" I laugh at the absurdity of sitting in the office in New Zealand wondering such things and framing a whole visit around answering the questions of another way of life.

April 14th, Wednesday

Daily Diary

Rained most of night. Youpas' boatshed leaked. I covered myself with plastic. At first light, five young girls from the two houses nearby, pushed out in two canoes with carved crocodile prows; they used the stick end of the paddle to push out from the silt. They returned before we had moved much, with strings of catfish from the set lines in the reeds, on the edge of the river bank. Still raining in showers Yorei and I were too tired to get into conversation with others; content to watch. The talk was about the dogs barking last night over a snake or maybe evil spirit.

Yorei and I finally got up. Youpas' Mother brought us a used limbom (bark container) to light the fire in, as the ground was so wet.

Watching Youpa's ability to be available to all his children and to be a husband to three women; if the kids need him or cry, he goes to them. They often play together but are fed by their respective mothers. He calls out to his different wives to provide food for his visitors; they respond silently.

He is a charming host, striding around in heavy work boots, giving leaves, saksak (sago), bananas. Two dogs fight and he calls one out from under a roughly constructed table and beats it severely. Normally it is his Mother who patrols around, as Youpa works at Edwaki during the week and walks back to Tipas each weekend. I have heard that he takes his wives there, in turn.

This morning, because of the rain, the kids are playing under the cooking shelters. The ones who are sick are being nursed. One son who has pneumonia, is carried by Youpas' Mother. She quiets his whimpering and carries him on her shoulder. She puts him up on to the housewind floor and climbs up. He lies as all sick children, with his head on her thigh.



The kids begin throwing food at one another. Granny growls then gets angry and finally takes up the bamboo tongs and goes to get the kids. They all suddenly leap over the side and are off - so is she. They run around for a while then in to the long grass. The old lady settles back to her net knotting and Aoye, her daughter-in-law and Yorei talk. She rolls bark into twine on the inside of her knee and makes the knots using her fingers, like needles.

The women cook big pancakes of fraim in frypans, stack them up, often folded in half; a plate goes to the engineers for breakfast; fish are cooked in the ashes - kids cook their own.

A canoe load of five women and three babies, one only a few days old come from further down the Sepik at Panowai, where leprosy and T.B. is more common. One of the women has the signs of leprosy in her misshapen toes but she has adapted and walks confidently. As another canoe comes from the island, we all go down to the edge of the Sepik to await their arrival.

Rained in waves till 10.30; then I was able to hold a clinic for 30 babies and young children. Many had abscesses, pneumonia and malaria. In particular, a young boy with a huge abscess on his penis and testicles, that caused great difficulty when he urinated. I asked the Mother if she wanted to walk back to Edwaki with us but she declined. I then asked Youpa's Mother to show her the abscess scar that I had seen the previous month on her chest and to relate what she had used so effectively. She told her it was the water out of the end of the banana flower. I had also heard men at Mantupai talk of this for big sores. I thought about discussions we had "at home" about what would be the best remedy for some illness and how similar this was.

Yorei looked tired as we finished, then I became worried, she was obviously sick. Malaria coming. Rather than risk another night in the open, we decided to walk back to Bapi. Wananaki and I split her load and she set off with that determined walk of hers.

As we walked, Yorei talked about "Old Tipas" which was marked by tall coconut palms. It had been a big village and all ages died, except for a few old people, of a bad sickness. Yorei said sorcerers (sanguma) had sung out to the people from a canoe. Wananaki added that at Bapi - now only a village of about six liveable houses and one houseboi - there had been three big houseboi; many people had died, young people as well as old, with scabies, pneumonia (short wind) and malaria. Everyone still said, it was sanguma.

When Wananaki and Yorei lived in Bapi previously, he built a house and cleared land beside it that was sacred (tambu) because it had ancestral (timbuan) things in it. He made a fire and burnt them. The people said their line would all get sick and Wananaki said he wasn't afraid.

There is an amazing event in progress. A real power struggle between a young girl and her village elders who want her to marry an elderly (lapun) man. Her sister had been married to him but she had died. Now it is the young girl's duty to marry. She has been with him apparently but she has run away. The women have tried to get her but she won't return, so You pa and two big men have come to arrest (court) her.

Yorei says it is a waste of time because she will just run away again, get a canoe from down the river at night or she will kill herself by drinking poison. When she says this, I understand how serious it is for the first time. Youpa and the Tipas men pass through on their way to Edwaki to talk with the Police (Kiup).

Wednesday, 14th April

### Personal Diary

#### Bapi Village

Everyone returns from the bush at twilight, washing in the stream en route - women and children then men. When we arrived there were two women, one man and two children; now about 15 men and 10 women. Many children and young men.

Women in their own environment move with such grace and precision. Each movement exact and economised. I have seen these women at the hqus sic and now see them strong, confident, and at home; Their energy fields are totally different. I recall Manwai's shattered energy field when he visited me, he was uncomfortable and lost for words. When I visited him, he was a proud grandfather and craftsman. I must remember not to prejudge people when they are not in their own environment but trying to negotiate with me in my space. They are frightened, small and inadequate, quivering, but when I am asking something about their village - in their village, they are sure, directive and strong.

Wednesday, 14th April

#### CASE STUDY - KORO OF TWOGU

Story telling at Bapi en route home. It is dark - Yorei and I are almost asleep under our mosquito nets when our house fills with men and young boys.

Wananaki has given his talk on God and now the conversation has turned to the talk of the times, the young girl who has run away to be with the man she wants to be with. Each man has his say, the elder men only talk, everyone else listens. The younger children who fall asleep are woken up; if they fall asleep again they are sent back to mum. The men closest to the kerosene lamp lean forward to lay tobacco on it. As they warm the leaves they unfold and are easier to roll; some chew buae. The conversation is quiet. It switches from Pidgin to Nami (tok ples). Each has their say and murmurs agreement.

Then they call me over from my bed roll to meet someone. I have seen this man before in January and wondered about him then. Some of the younger men tell me that at night he cries out and his Driman talks out loud. (Driman bilong em tok tok plenti). That he was a young man with a lot of energy (plenti save long walkabout), then he got a skin rash (grille) and got a big sick with shaking (guria) (sot lung), lost a lot of weight and stayed small ever since.

Koro sits in the centre of the circle and I go and sit

in the circle too. I said that I have seen him in January and worried about him. We try to establish his age and how long he has been sick. They consider that he is crazy (longlong) at night. He eats but they are not sure if the sick he has got means he must have a special house built like a "lepra".

I think he may have T.B. and tell them about this kind of illness. They are concerned and want to look out for him as he belongs to the line. I can see how Koro is frightened, so I introduce myself. He repeats my name and they all laugh. I repeat his and his face lights up.

They discuss with him going to the Aid Post (haus sic) and staying with the school kids, maybe coming with them in the weekend. They think this might work.

The conversation flows to other people who have been sick (longlong). I relate how we look after people in New Zealand. They identify one man of Yuwari who went about with his knife and two spears and who just ate the shoots of leaves - that's all (cur of leaf tasol). He went about in the bush. When he came up here one night, they called out, "are you a Masalai or a man?" They were afraid. They knew of Lumai's brother and of another man the same. We talked about times when children got big fever (Pai) and how they went longlong like the boy at Nabytjou. Yes, they knew of another boy like this at Akwom? Sometimes a healer helped, sometimes it was no good.

The evening's conversations were rounded off with them identifying where I was from, New Zealand, and saying that other missus didn't stop and talk. "No savy sin daun na stori stori; They just go, go". I said I was pleased to stop and talk. They said Les Parish and Philip Ace, two Brethren missionaries, known as "Men bilong walkabout", are remembered.

We finally settled, after Wananaki gave Yorei a hot drink. She has never needed to be looked after before. Wananaki called for leaves and stakes to build three doors to keep out the wind and I suspect the evil spirits, as he

is nervous.

I have been writing this on and off all evening, and am aware of often changing the tense!

Thursday, 15th April

# DREAM DIARY

Awake after dreaming, seeing a lot of people falling out of the sky and being smashed and sharks. Dawn with lots of fog and cold. Yorei and Wananaki up most of the night around the fire. Cold and grumpy.

# DAILY DIARY

Wananaki goes to get water and unleashes doors. There are men going hunting at 6 a.m. Yorei has malaria.

There is constant activity; a man in the house opposite feeds his sow last night's hot water sago, another sits smoking. He cracks a stick over his head, holding both ends, and blows the limbom fibres to a flame. I am amazed at how easy it is to pull a flame when you are not worried. The drum under our house has been rung once by Luke, now again. It is about the young girl and about the scale. Luke says all the boys learn how to do it at traditonal learning (Tambuna) school. Myself and two young girls laugh and smile through the limbom walls to each other, as the big men all gather talking about the girl who has run away. The girls stay on their verandahs - one works a poroporo (arm band). Mothers nurse their children. A little boy plays with a baby pig that nips his ankles. He brushes its nose and if he reprimands it too much, he is told not to be hard.

I got the breakfast as Yorei was still sick; preparing the leaves; I feel the satisfaction of pulling the fire to a head, of placing the wood, and hanging the billy. Yorei went to have a wash, then came back and sat by the fire, rocking gently. I rubbed her back for a while and then got the scale bag and needles etc. ready, as men and women were already bringing children.



## SETTLING A PROBLEM

Wananaki went outside conversing with men. Yorei finished eating some of the rice and leaves. Wananaki came in and got himself some. I had dismantled my bed and eaten; 8.30 and I wanted to get the scale over. The drum was rung a second time - initially at 7 a.m. I thought that it was to call the scale up.

I said to Wananaki that I wanted to start the scale; that the 'Old Bapi' women would come in time; they did; and Yorei helped with about 20 kids. I was thrilled to meet Merai of 'Old Bapi' again. I gave Quinine to three sick kids. Two fathers brought in children. (Later they became key people in the fight). I now know why Wananaki was so unsettled this morning.

Two girls were sitting in the house near me - one with acne or ? scabies on her face. She wanted something so I gave her soap and sulphur ointment, which was all I had; another girl sat out on the verandah. I hadn't seen her before. She seemed shy. I was vaguely aware of other activity outside as I began talking and putting things away. Wananaki was outside again. Two boys sitting on the edge of the house told me to be quiet. Obviously a conversation had been going on all the time! I got up and was astounded. Maybe 100 people had gathered on the oval shaped ground between the houses.

The accused man and the girl are called to stand in front of the group of people. The girl who had been sitting near me gets down off the edge of the house and stands six or eight feet from the Luluwai, by the man who was her lover. Her hands clasped at her back; he fingers a tobacco roll. Both are worried and their eyes are downcast but also proud and defiant. The spears come out and people get angry.

The men and women of the group behind the girl amass and the initial discussion suddenly erupts as tempers flare. The young men all suddenly move into the scene, as one young man stalks in with his bow and arrow. His anger has run

out of control and taken three or four others. He advances on the accused man and is restrained by his elders. The Luluwai waves him off saying he will court him, so he retreats. Shaking, tense leg muscles of all the others; throats moving, fists clenching, sweat pouring, voices raised.

The talking recommences; an elderly woman in the sidelines adds her piece. The men laugh and tell her to be quiet. She slaps a young man. Suddenly they challenge him, all shouting "you crossed the Yellow" - repeatedly, with pointing fingers. One man in particular becomes so angry he is virtually speechless, he explodes with anger, his face contorted.

The abuse is calmed again. Women are beginning to be drawn in to the edges now, rather than just sitting. Then one of the mothers, who has been part of the settling group, brings out a bone, leaf and shell; the Luluwai uses it as an example, speaking in Nami. I could see the bone of a baby's leg and the white cowrie shell of a baby.

Later I found that this was the baby and its toy, belonging to a married woman who had run off with a chief of this village. Women circle around as Taliye brings these objects and places them on the ground at their feet.

The conversation goes on, circling around the fact that the woman has given food to the man she is not married to. He has broken the law by accepting it and making love, as she is already married. They are both wrong.

They try to sort it out, saying the law now and the law of the old people (tambunas) is the same. If a woman decides to go to a man, so be it, her people can ask her to come back, if she won't then she won't.

One line moves in and the other advances; several carry spears and begin boisterous prancing. Others thump with the sticks. Women as well and young girls "fire up". They are quietened and told to retreat by the Luluwai who waves his "bus conductor's" hat in the air and says "The Kiup will sort it out". Several times it gets disastrously close

to someone drawing an arrow. Wananaki moves in and out of the people, some take his hand; other times he smiles and goes past. Several of the women in particular do war-dance prances, hooting, calling and thumping their chests.

Finally, some of the men go to forcibly take the girl to the Kiup. She stands her ground and spends time picking up her bags, till Luke gets cross and pushes her. The "husband" moves off to one side and then several of the young men of the other village move in with sticks and the "husband" prepares to defend himself. Everyone arms themselves and moves on to the village ground. The noise reaches a crescendo as they begin to chase him. He tries to defend himself with a stick.

His village people move in to defend him, both men and women. Some consistently try to regain the peace. At this stage the Luluwai is convinced he has lost control, but the situation is saved by the brothers of the young man holding him back. Then the focus becomes his sister, who in the heat of it has spoken out. The men of the group now cross her, pushing her and slapping her on the back and shoulders. She holds on to the stick she had and takes it, finally turning her back on them.

The accused man sits down on a log; some sit near him. They challenge him again "We stand by the government law, you break it. Now we take the law and I tell you, you are wrong". People go and get tobacco, the talking resumes, women go back up the ladders and talk from doorways. The older women have their say, also young women get involved and come down their stairs.

The group arguing moves from place to place around the oval. Some men move around with sticks gesturing, posing, throwing sticks on the ground, making fight moves, saying they are angry; some who advance are restrained by older men. The girl has been taken by another young girl to shelter under her verandah. She had her say and now must wait. The group moves now towards her, pointing and gesturing. I begin to see now that there hasn't been any bloodshed. The arguing is actually very contractual.

The older men say it is finished to the young fighters. They say don't you feel shame to the "husband" in front of me, the missus. The Luluwai comes up to me, three or four times, shaking his head and blowing through his lips. I am speechless and can respond only by nodding in sympathy at his task.

I find myself shaking and hiding in the house - at the opposite end of the fight; one of the women, (Tauwari or Merai?), whom I know, comes over and sits with me. I take her baby and realise I am frightened. Yorei closes the door.

The argument cools; spears, bows and arrows are put inside on floors; sticks at the ready, are put back under house frames. It seems as though it is settled. Or is it? The husband accused, finally, after saying he admits he was wrong ... "court me", - has been so tormented, that he takes off to the bush; some call after him, a young boy runs after him.

There is a kind of strutting dance, a war prance with thumping of the chest. The big men come out to have their say. I sit thinking how strange - the scale progressed through the beginning when boys were putting their flowers and feathers in their hair and gathering their weapons;

I had been aware of it but not made the connections. As some release their adrenalin, they sit on the ground or lean back on a pole. They are gradually discharging their anger but it is far from settled. The Luluwai and two big men sit down to chew buae and smoke. They are exhausted with the tension of being mediators and referees.

Then Wananaki comes in to say we will go. Yorei and I have been packed for about ten minutes. People mill about as we pick up gear. Three knives, machetes, one axe, three sticks, one set of bow and arrows lie on the floor of our house. Men come in to get fire sticks. They are still tense. I feel wary. Youpa has arrived finally and settles himself on the verandah of a house. A group of men go over and begin to talk with him. I come down out of the house. After hugging the boy's sister, after

she started to spontaneously, I went over to say goodbye to the other women. Some have tears in their eyes. I went to the woman who had been prancing and we embraced; she had tears in her eyes as we hongi. The young girl I gave chloroquin to the night before, who cried because she was hardly able to take them, comes running to say goodbye. I say goodbye to the young girl who came with me to wash and we plan to meet again. I say to some of the older men, I am sorry about the trouble. Some of the younger men want to shake hands. I move through them, not identifying the two groups. I shake hands with Youpa, "I will sort it out", he says. "Maybe", I say, "it is big trouble". Luke comes up to say goodbye. I pull his hair and tell him not to fight. He laughs.

We move off. I worry that I haven't someone to carry Yorei's bilum. Wananaki talks with the Luluwai about the fight. He tells his dog to go back.

We set off, Yorei, me, Wananaki, Luluwai in a trail.

Suddenly the dog appears! "Oh", he says in surprise, as it crouches - "come on, back you go" - "Just like a child with its father", says Wananaki.

The Luluwai takes it back and catches up again with us. Later another man comes up behind us, his long hair is tied with nylon cord.

Yorei and I are silent in front. Moving out of it finally.

Later in the evening, I wonder if it was all a dream and laugh to myself.

The next week, the girl who was with me when I washed and the sister of the accused man come to visit, to tell me both have run away to the bush.

Friday, 16th April, morning, Yellow River

### Personal Diary

I refused to go to Ang. Robyn Davis, a New Zealander in Nuku, heard the discussions and intervened on the radio



between Winifred and I and said that she wanted to come down here for the weekend. That solved a lot of problems.

While waiting for the plane, scheduled for 4.30, I asked some of the men at the store about the fight actions. Thumping on the chest means "me enough, come on, me enough".

Jack the Kiup arrived and I told him about the little girl at Tipas with the infected foot. He agreed to look into it. Shirley constrained herself - her initial reactions being:

- 1 not to send the child to hospital, to teach Youpa a lesson;
- 2 to court Youpa;

then more rational - how to treat the sore. The Luluwai of Norambalip, Andrew's father, was there and he said again his eyes had watered.

I was so glad to see Robyn. We talked as if neither had spoken for months. It was a real release for me. I talked out about the fight and realised that I had had some strong feelings about it, and these ranged from my fear of someone being hurt - the group of people being out of control - feeling like I wanted to go but being trapped, to being angry with the missionaries for their belief that old values were evil. After talking with Robyn, I had a clearer perception of the events as they had occurred.

Initially a real sense of not quite understanding exactly all that was going on. I couldn't see it all and couldn't follow it all, even though some was in Pidgin.

Then as I began to recognise my anxieties:

- 1 realised it was very controlled by the big men, older women and the Luluwai
- 2 The women were still around with their children - so need i be so fearful?
- 3 the "Old Bapi" women and girls catching my eye and reassuring me
- 4 Yorei was not panicking; she was sitting, watching from the house, so I needn't panic.

Then I began to get intellectually involved with what

was actually happening; listening, writing and photographing. I didn't feel quite right about that, but it was a way to deal with my panic. Recording spears, bow and arrows, knives and axes coming on to the floor beside me was a means of establishing my place in the event.

Now five days later, it is important to record that my awareness is that I became part of the event and then had to "lose" it, as well as the others who were involved; hence my need to separate myself from those there, then to talk about it, to get it out of my system, like Wananaki walking back with the Luluwai storying. At that time Yorei and I walked on like two machines.

Now two weeks later, I am aware of it as an incredible event in my mind; I see it in a lyrical form as a dance, a vibration, a matching of men and women, a blend of old and new and true to human form, it is still unsettled ... for it involved the height of human passion.

16 April 1982

### Personal Diary

When Robyn stayed - grabbing a few moments to myself. Just where am I at the moment, in my self and in my writing ... I am not getting involved in the issues of B. by letting the mission people help her in the way that she is familiar with rather than a psychotherapy way.

Enjoyed having a very gentle lady to stay the weekend and share exactly how it is for me at the moment, being located on a base in which Brethren missionaries and World Vision are pursuing aid projects.

Enjoyed not having to qualify what it is that I am thinking and doing in terms of Anthropology; the difficulty being that some of the missionaries believe my interest in healing practices stir up evil ways and they have been aiming to stamp them out.

Aware also of the incredible transitions that one makes without really remembering what they all were distinctly now, only to recall that each had been stepping stones to

where I am right now and to how comfortable and easy I feel.

Not sure what the last week has been all about but my reaction at the moment is to be aware that because of my anxiety during the fight, I have a tendency to blow it up and that this should be guarded against. Then I think, what is the true blue story? other than what I experience with my own body. I think that I will write out another account of it tonight and see the transitions that are occurring. (Never got around to this because of "interruptions" like delivering Tailmo's wife's baby at 3.a.m.).

15th-20th April

LETTER TO NEW ZEALAND

My dearest Friend,

I am sitting at Tipas waiting for the rain to stop, too tired to get into a conversation with other people, content just to watch. The night was interesting as the women thought all the dogs barking was a sign that there was a moran or snake, phython variety around. The rain came down heavily in the night and the boatshed leaked!

We had to sleep out because there was a group of engineers arrived, to mark out a possible road through the area; they, plus another aid post orderly, Joe and his wife, baby David and Joe's younger brother arrived also, so they slept in the store. The house we usually sleep in belongs to one of Youpa's four wives who was back at Tipas. He normally works as a Government official, (and is based at Edwaki), looking very much the part. He quite amazed me with his ability to manage all the young children of his four wives. I wondered just how he would do it since when he is at the Government station, he has the youngest wife, Aoye, who is very beautiful, staying with him. She has her two sons with her. Here, the women all have their separate houses and feed their own children. Twelve all together and the youngest children often play together. Youpa lets the children play with him in a really affectionate

way, coming to them when they cry. He calls out to different wives, to provide for the different groups of people and they respond.

He is on one hand, a charming host, providing some form of accommodation, even if it leaks, bananas, leaves and sak sak and constantly walking around to entertain everyone.

But he keeps an iron hand - two dogs fighting were severely beaten. There is obviously one boss. If it is not him, then it is his elderly mother. She normally patrols around.

This morning because it is raining, the kids that are normally playing outside and fishing, are sitting around the fires in the elevated birds-nest type houses that act as fire shelters; called house-winds. No walls, therefore not used for sleeping in at night. They began throwing bits of food at each other. The Grandmother growled a few times and once got up to walk around, then finally she got really angry and took up the bamboo fire tongs and went to get the kids. Well, they all suddenly leapt over the side of the house and were off and so was she! They ran through the mud and into the long grass. She stalked around for a while, then came back to sit down.

Yorei and I were sitting in the boat shelter, watching all this and laughing to ourselves. Now Yorei has gone to talk with Aoye and the old lady has settled down to make a fish net. She rolls the fine bark on her leg, in the way we make twine with flax. The smoothness of her leg and the comparison with mine fascinates the kids.

The people eat big pieces of saksak that has been cooked in the only frypan I have seen, bought from a trader on the river. It congeals in the centre and if cooked on hot flames, gets crisp on the outside, so it is like crumpet, if you use your imagination. Some have fish cooked in ashes, if the young girls have arrived back from looking at the lines on the river banks.

It is 10 a.m. now and the rain is lifting, I think,

finally, after coming in waves and tricking us all morning. It isn't cold but the dampness and the clouds of mosquitoes have had us putting on layers. They seem to be thwarted if there are about three layers of cloth and a smoking fire.

There is a little girl, an orphan, in Youpa's third wife's house, who has a huge tropical ulcer on her leg, which is already deformed from a previous ulcer. The smell of it permeates the air. I still haven't quite worked out why they haven't taken her to the hqus sic to get it treated, or why they haven't tried any of their own bush medicines. No one is interested in carrying her. Youpa is thinking about it.

I imagine Shirley's fury, when and if they arrive but that is really a waste of energy. I just say, well you think about it; "get up your thinking". Perhaps, I will see you at the hqus sic. I have already given her two injections of penicillin. I know that it is very much a situation of not moving the child outside of her own cultural framework. Becoming involved means taking over and taking responsibility. I feel compassion and caring. I am not sure what to do, if anything. It seems to be that this dilemma also stops their problem solving. Preplanned actions and principles don't fit the reality. I think they pity her but the idea of going to the hqus sic is not part of their way of thinking yet.

Betty hopefully is out at Auguganak. She would have hated being here at the moment and is really irritable at waiting for rain to pass.

Well, to finish the saga about the sore, having switched from one anxiety to another. I have now scaled about thirty babies. If you can imagine a scale bag and box of needles and syringes and immunisations in a saucepan; my camera box, dogs, older kids, mothers and young girls, fathers in the outer perimeter - much racket! Finally the business was finished and I treated the kids with malaria.

Finally I visited the little girl and then came out to talk with Youpa. I really wanted to talk and he began



to be very honest also and said that he and everyone else were afraid of the smell and they wouldn't carry her to the haus sic because of it. I said I agreed, I could hardly go near her without throwing up. He said he put food near her and didn't touch her. I said I felt the same about giving her an injection. It is the scene of the dehumanization of a human. So we talked about what to do. He wanted me to get the government motor canoe, but I knew by that time she would be dead. I thought of getting her family line to put some money and pay two young men to work a litter bed and carry her. He thought that was a good idea. I then suggested two of their own bush medicines and identified the lady who they should get to help. I told him how to bury all the pus and not touch it. Then how to get the sweet smelling leaves from the bush and put them all around her and on the men to carry her. He became enthusiastic. Part of him wants to help her but I also know how scared he and everyone else is, of the evil spirit strong enough to cause this.

Now, tonight, at Bapi, half way home, we have had to stop because Yorei has come down with malaria. She has a high fever and is very fragile.

So it is another night of rice and fish! I have porridge in the morning with hot coffee; Yorei and Wananaki hate porridge but love the coffee; then we have rice and fish at lunch and tea unless we can exchange salt for something else like kumera etc. Mostly people don't have this to spare especially when, like today, we arrived late afternoon and they are all arriving back from the bush. There were excited calls all around, when they found they had visitors. We asked for some green leaves and now have enough for two weeks.

One of the young men, who is doing Grade 6 at school, came to try out his English. Now it is dark and our house is packed full of men and young boys sitting around the lamp listening to Wananki storying. I think it is the last thing Yorei wants. Dogs sneak up the ladder and are dumped unceremoniously out! The ladder is turned. I

have strung up the gifts of meat and fish into the ceiling as I know the night brings plenty of four footed visitors, of various kinds.

There is a big story about a young girl who has run away to be with a man. Her village people have gone to retrieve her and she won't come. So they are going to resort to modern means by going to talk to the Kip tomorrow. Everyone is talking about it!

Tonight as the sun was setting, I went to have a wash. Yorei found a young girl to go with me to the stream. It is not good manners to go yourself to wash. This girl goes to school but was too shy to really talk English. She just was very open and understood that I found it nearly impossible to walk down a clay bank that was vertical. We looked up and there was a little boy sitting up a buae tree over the stream, watching. She told him to scram. I washed my clothes and then asked her how deep the muddy stream was. It looked deep but we laughed at my timidity when I realised it was up to my knees! So good to soap up and wash my hair. She gasped as I let it out, as she hadn't realised it was long. She laughed at all the soap and my white skin and watched, with her head inclined on one side, as I put on the long black skirt and wound my hair in the towel. As we walked back she felt welded to me and later came with wood, wanting to talk.

After dark, the men rang the garamut, a wooden log drum, to tell the women of the village Enga to come in the morning and I would scale their babies. It is as though these people materialise out of thin air or really thick bush. If I didn't have the ticket of being a Nurse, it would be really hard to find them.

Saturday

Amazing adventure - now back at Yellow River.

This morning a fight broke out, as I finished scaling, between two village groups, over a young girl who has been married to an older man and who has run away to be with

her lover. I will have to tell it all in the next letter as the plane is due in. We sheltered in the house kiup; in fact, as I watched I began to realise it was all very controlled.

## PART B - SETTLING A PROBLEM

Klostu tulait. Namba two roosta crows.

I wake near dawn just as the second rooster has crowed; at 7.30. It is a vibrant dawn.

Yorei and Wananaki arrive. We load up the gear. The excitement of going out again silences us, except for early morning smiles. I follow Yorei, as she bends from her knees into the red earth of the trail out of Edwaki.

The morning is cool with a filtered light coming through the mist over the bushtop. The kunai is moist on our legs. We watch the path, as last night's rain has put a slick on the clay. Children come towards us from Alai, hurrying on their way to school, many still eating saksak and carrying grass sarifs. Interesting, the kids from Yaru and Yegarapi come to school in big groups, but these kids are scattered.

A family comes towards us. The man with his bow and arrows, is quite elderly. I wonder if he feels the coolness on his uncovered skin. Behind is a son, keeping in the shoulder shadow of his father, and a daughter, who covers her mouth with her hands and pulls back on one leg, as we stop to engage in "who we are and where we are going, to do what".

A woman follows the children closely. She has a bilum swinging from her forehead with food and carries a fire stick. She stops and looks up from the under the band of the bag. Walking slowly behind and still not catching up to the first group is the sick wife, needing to walk with a thin bamboo stick and unable to look up. They are going to the haus sic.

People call out at Alai, "morning". We continue past the outskirts of the village and branch off the main trail to walk to Old Bapi, around the edge of the mountain. We all love this walk, only one log bridge to cross before we are on the trail. We notice it is more used since the last time.

We come out at the river, which was more swollen than we had expected. It brought back memories of last moon

when we had been washed downstream in a large canoe, hence we were going to a village where we believed people would be able to row us over.

Standing on the river bank at Old Bapi, we discuss whether I should weigh babies here or at Twogu. We decide not to and move on over the river. Due to flooding, we cannot use our usual trail and Wananaki is keen for us to use a trail through the bush, that he used when he lived at Twogu. We pass several, fish laden lagoons and lose the trail several times. It is obviously not used very much now.

As we approach Twogu, we are surprised at the noise. As we wash the mud off our legs in the stream, I am aware of separating from the noise. When we emerge, the power of the group of men, collected on an open haus boi, being rebuilt from a dismantled house, is overwhelming after the silence of the bush. They say they are waiting to meet with Youpa and the road building engineers. I hear what they say. I am not convinced but don't know of any other reason for them to meet. Yorei lifts her bilum up and we leave quickly, without drinking.

We move slowly on the trail between Twogu and Tipas. The mud holes and logs on the trail make it difficult and we are tired from having walked for five hours already.

We meet the Luluwai of Norambalip, Andrew's father, coming back from Tipas. He and his family had been visiting down to the Sepik. He tells me of a little orphan girl there that made him cry. He takes my arm "we couldn't stay, the smell was so bad we couldn't eat. You have to do something for that kid. They are not feeding her. I could hear her crying in the night. I got her some food. You have to do something". I said I would look for her.

Further on the trail we passed the camps of village groups working on their part of the new trail. Lorna from Tipas, Youpa's second wife, came down the trail carrying stinging nettle (~~sa~~at) and herbs. She looked thin, pale and fragile. I asked what is the matter? "I have diarrhoea (pek pek warra)". I wanted to help her. She made me go, as Yorei and Wananaki had passed ahead already and



she was drawing unwanted attention to herself. I caught up to them. We stopped to eat and wash at our log, before carrying a billy of fresh water the half hour to Tipas.

We arrived to find many people. Youpa greeted us. "If the engineers don't mind, you can sleep in the store, if not, then you must sleep in that canoe shelter". We put our packs down. Youpa's Mother came to talk with Yorei. She told her of the little girl and how she had tried to get the others to take her to the Aid Post. How she was bad.

We settled into the shelter; put up our mosquito nets and watched the young boys playing with a ball between the houses. That evening we ate, looking out at other fires, after sharing food with Youpa's Mother.

I went to see the child. Other people stood back as I lifted the cover that she was under. I didn't know where or how to touch her. Part of me was revolted at the big flies, running pus, the nauseating smell. Part of me wanted to pick the child up and comfort the wild wide eyes, and stop her from being looked at like that. Her foot was almost severed by the creeping tropical ulcer. What would a penicillin injection do? What else could I do? I became part of the group that pulled back, that whispered with fear and dismay. The power of sickness is fear.

That night it rained. We all got wet in the open shelters, especially Yorei and Wananaki.

The next morning Yorei lit the fire in an old limbom bark container, as the shelter had no fireplace and the ground was soaked with the rain. She constructed a fire cover with pieces of bark as the rain began again. I watched fascinated. I was not born into bush ways, so the idea of what to do did not come as quickly to me.

We ate and sat waiting for the rain to stop. We watched Lorna and another woman leave the village to go and find a woman who had run away to be with her lover and to ask her to come back. Yorei and I sat talking about this. Yorei told me the woman's sister had died and her husband had taken her as a replacement wife. We talked about what we

would do. I said I wouldn't stay with a man I didn't want to be with. Yorei said she knew the woman would only run away again if they brought her back. She would take a chance and travel at night.

We held a clinic at about midday. The rain which had been coming in showers all morning, finally stopped. Joe, his wife, baby and their party leave laden, to walk through to Edwaki. They had travelled all day yesterday down the Sepik from Wagu in a large canoe.

The clinic over, I looked at the little girl again. She needed to be moved to the Aid Post. I talked this over with Youpa - what could we do to move her? He wanted me to ask Maakau to bring the motor canoe and take her up the Yellow River then carry her to Edwaki. I said what if Maakau refused. I thought the canoe was broken. I then said to him, how could we get the people here to carry her?

He replied "I have asked them to help me but they won't. I cannot carry her; I am afraid of the smell; we are afraid. I cannot even give her food. What if you offered some money? If the family offered to pay two young men to carry her; you could put some leaves over her leg. Youpa then said "Yes, put nice smelling leaves over our head and nose and on our arms; that is a good idea." I understood the problem for him and he did not pressure me. I packed my gear and then thought of Lorna, who has dia rrhoea. I went to find her and gave her something.

Yorei was feeling sick and bone sore. I realised she was getting malaria. We left Tipas and walked back to Twogu, taking our time at the stream again, to wash and eat.

People returning home from the bush to their houses became aware that there were guests in their village. A mixture of curiosity and excitement, what could we share, fern leaves, salt, pieces of dried meat.

I settled under my net and people, men and young boys, began to arrive up the log into our house. After inspecting

our possessions, they encircled the end where Wananaki had put his bed. Wananaki began storying as more came in. Young boys all kept to the back walls. The older men exchanged stories.

I was resting, using my torch to write up notes. Wananaki called me to come out. The men made a space and they asked me to meet this man Koro. They sat him in the centre of the circle and described the strange noises he made at night in the house boi; "He calls out and thrashes around. What should we do with him?"

Koro sat looking at the floor, then at them and me. A frightened, emaciated, monkey type face and in his distress he scrubbed his body with his arms, still folded protectively over his chest. "When did he get sick like this?", I asked. The conversation turned to how old he might be and when it had happened. He had been very sick, with a shaking illness and then was no good. Before he was sick, he was a good hunter and gardener, now he couldn't do anything; his family had to give him food.

I commented that I had seen him before when I have walked through the village.

It took about ten minutes to figure out that he might be about 30 years old, like other men his age who had children. All this was carried out with joking/teasing side remarks aimed at Koro. Then the conversation would become serious again. "But what about him at night, will he do something? Should we build another house? Is it like leprosy?"

I then began to tell them about what we did in New Zealand with people who were like Koro. We cared for them at home if the family could or in a hospital if they couldn't.

We then discussed two other men who had times when they were crazy (longlong). They described one man who thought he could swim the river and would go hunting at night. He would go through the bush and have no fear. This was particularly worrying. I said to Koro - "Wanem nam bilong yu?". "Kord", he replied. "Nem bilong mi, Margi". I held out my hand to shake his. His eyes lit up. I repeated, "Nem bilong mi, Maki" and he said my name.

I suggested that he maybe needed some more food and that some grille medicine and worm tablets might help. If he wanted, he could come in when the others came to school and stay the week with the school kids. I didn't think he needed another house. Just to be looked after as they had done, but I sympathised that it was hard to look after someone who was different.

After the men left, Yorei got up to eat the rice and fish we had left for her. She still felt nauseated and exhausted. I boiled water and made her sweet coffee. For the first time she was dependent on me. I felt very protective towards her.

Wananaki organised some covering for the three openings into the room, to keep the wind out this night. The wind that might bring evil spirits, to harm and cause sickness. Neighbours offered leaves and stakes to put the doors up. We slept protected.

We woke to men leaving at first light, in mist, to hunt. Wananaki got up to remove the doors. As he went outside, the drums sounded. I thought they were calling women to scale. I got up to light the fire and get rice and leaves cooking. As we are eating, the drums sound again and I photograph Luke beating it at our door. Yorei slowly gets up, still aching in her back. Women gather outside our home, waiting to scale their babies. Two girls watch young men put red hibiscus flowers in their hair. Young fathers, with sick children, demand urgent attention for them. I take the scale down when they are all weighed and medicines given out. Some boys in the door tell me to be quiet sista.

Only then I hear the raised voices of an argument. I go out onto the verandah where two men confront a man who faces them but stands against the corner of the men's house. Behind him stands a group of his relations. I wonder where Yorei is. Wananaki is down on the open ground between the circle of houses, slightly beyond the Luluwai, the representative of the court. They challenge the man, who stands head down, feet apart, arms folded.

They call out a girl. She is one of the ones who had been watching me in our house. She leaves her bilum and goes to stand at the edge of the house where I was and about a metre from the man. She too stands with her feet apart, but her face looking at some far away point in time and space, not exactly worried or defiant, listening but removed. She keeps her hands behind her back.

The men encircle the area where the pair stand. They are asked, "You have done wrong; what have you to say?" A young man breaks out from the backrows of the confronting group and prances with his arrow drawn at the accused, who watches him but does not move. He taunts and jeers, displaying his anger. Some of the other young men become agitated and tense. They are no longer listening but wanting to express a similar threat. Some move to the edges of houses that surround the central ground and pull out long staves from under the floor boards. Others pull out bows and draw up arrows. Those with staves move to surround the accused. The ground begins to seethe as they move to prod him. I am afraid.

The Luluwai challenges the youth with the drawn bow and arrows, that has set the pace and tone, "I will court you!" An elder places his hand on the youth's bow arm and turns him away towards the stream. He finally comes back with his face set and eyes down; he puts his bow and arrow on the floor of a disused house with an open front. The noise dies down. He is close to where the women are becoming more involved.

One older woman with shaven hair, challenges the couple. She cuts over the Luluwai's speech and a man breaks off the edge of the men's group to first tell her to shut up; then to push her on one arm. She quietens but still remains included, standing on the edge of the men's group.

There is more discussion with older men asking the pair questions; they are withdrawn, silent. They challenge them in high oratory, not jeering like the young men, who again become agitated but act more concertedly this time, chanting to the man, "You crossed the Yellow, you crossed the Yellow". He is forced to acknowledge them with his eyes



as he feels the full force of their shouting and the pounding sticks in his direction.

Older men hold back the younger men and break open the ranks by moving amongst them. Wananaki and the Luluwai also move amongst the young men.

The woman who was challenging is joined by two other younger mothers who are silent at first. As the men settle, she begins a war dance on her own and gets amused looks from the men. She thumps her chest and one of the other women prances in a "hakalike" movement. I am aware that they know I am watching. I am trying to see what is happening. The next moves frighten me. As the men begin to challenge again, a woman comes from her house carrying her child. She speaks clearly and authoritatively in Nami not Pidgin, which most of the men have used and she puts down a small bone and a white, coastal cowrie shell.

I understand that she is making a statement that is powerful, by the sudden silence that opens up; She makes it as a woman, as a mother, as an authority; She is bringing up a historical, ancestral link; She invokes, intones sadness, distrust, dishonour, worry, fear. She is a seer; she knows of women's power and by doing this she has opened up something.

The men agree with what she says. That is a baby's thigh bone and the baby's shell. It was killed; "its parents did what you are doing. He was a chief but he was killed. You must die if you do what you do."

"Yes, yes, yes", the young men respond and the staves come out again. This time the accused man responds by moving back as all the men rush on him with sticks. Men come down from the unfinished men's house to back him up and women come with staves to protect and shelter him but also make a statement to him.

The noise is incredible. As the men move in on the accused, I run to hide at the far end of the house. Wanowai sees me from a verandah in the house opposite and comes to sit with me when the ground is clear. I come back to the verandah, snuggle near Yorei and hold Wanowai's

baby. The man finally sits down on the notched step log of the men's house; he answers that he knows he is guilty and he will go to the kiup.

The men are shuddering with excitement, fear and anger. The Luluwai looks at me and comes over to the door of the house, "Hard work sista - hard work", he says. I nod.

The leaders take time out by exchanging buae and rolling a smoke. The energy around is still explosive and tense. The young men fidget, unsure what to do. Knives, bows and arrows come back on to the floor of the house where we are, between each surge of the fight. Older men calm younger ones.

Now that the man has sat down, they focus on the girl. She has remained at the corner of the house. She replies openly and defiantly.

I realise that her friend is the sister of the accused man, who is standing with the women on the far side. She also speaks out and several men (?relationship) come near her and push her by the shoulders, as if supporting what she is saying and somehow cheering her on for her statement or jeering her? I am not sure.

This new exchange has a different tone. The men want the woman to go to the Kiup now, to settle it; "Now, now now, get your bag". She speaks out "No"; she won't, "No!"; but she moves to get her bag as they call at her angrily. Her lover is well apart from her, sitting dejectedly. They have been separated in a sense.

She defiantly gets her bag, back-talking over the men's voices all the time. As they move in on her, she talks more loudly, still getting her bags at her pace. I think if she makes one wrong move, they still strike her. She moves now and I expect to see her go off to Edwaki but she goes to the last house in the village and sits at the back; her legs swinging off the verandah, as she sits looking out over the bush, smoking. She has made a symbolic departure. They are separated for the time being

only, I suspect.

I do not exactly see how the young men now turn on the lover but someone angers him into picking up a stave and he wields it, lashing out at anyone who approaches. I have a sense he is blinded by his emotion.

The men's actions build to a crescendo again with the young men challenging him again, led by one middleaged man - who is not satisfied, "How will we know you will be straight?" He is staying quiet but is ready to erupt. He doubles over as if in agony although not hit; he fights away the men from his own village, who hold him back. As the angry men descend towards him, he turns and runs down a gully and into the bush. The men are surprised, stop and turn back. I look out through the end door to see a young boy, about 12, dashing off down a path into the bush after him.

Discussions follow. Men huddle on the ground, opening buae containers. Wananaki and the Luluwai listen to individual men's statements, moving ~~amongst~~ among them as they incite one another.

It is time for us to leave. Yorei and I quickly pack our belongings. I am worried by the young men who come in to the house, to the fire. Women watch. They are still shaking and speeding on their adrenalin. They move over our belongings and go to get knives and warm tobacco leaves in the fires. I feel invaded.

Yorei and I wait while Wananaki finishes his conversations and then he arrives to get his pack. I am concerned about her not carrying too much, as she is still weak.

We move off down the ladder. I look over at the women and cross the circle to them. We exchange hugs and tears. Yes, I was here. I'm not sure at the moment what it all means. I was scared that someone would be killed. I wanted to run away and hide.

Youpa has arrived. He sits on the end of the village house. The men, who are grieved, crowd to talk with him. I say hello and we nod our heads in unison. I move toward

an elder, who to my surprise thanks me for being there. I move towards Luke and we shake hands.

Yorei, Wananaki, the Luluwai, a friend and myself leave. Part way along the track, the Luluwai's dog comes, "Oh, you - you are just like a child, don't want me to leave!" He takes the dog back. Yorei and I walk on silently. I am looking for another woman to help carry her load. The midday sun is hot.

We are each taken separately over the river by the Luluwai. As he brings over the men, I redistribute the loads, so that Yorei's load is very light and is shared by Wananaki and myself. The Luluwai accepts salt and money for rowing us.

Yorei and I move quickly ahead of the men again. She stumbles at one point, even though the trail is clear. For the first time I am thankful to leave a village, and head back to Edwaki.

PART C - ANXIETY TO INSIGHT PATTERNS

- 1 I followed Yorei's example of ignoring the men at Bapi but never followed up my feelings of uneasiness.
- 2 The sick child at Tipas was not my responsibility but Yorei's health and care was. My anxiety, that we would perhaps become ill, was stronger than my belief that I should or could save the child. The most I could offer was support for others.
- 3 The meeting with Koro happened quickly and although I was carried along by the conversation, I wondered what they really wanted of me, since they looked after Koro well. When walking back to Edwaki, I considered that perhaps it had been a test of whether they would continue with the court the following morning.
- 4 During the court session, my anxiety centred on my fear of being caught up in the fighting; a fear of someone else being killed; a fear of being trapped. The people around me recognised my anxiety. A woman signalled to me; then I began to see that the women were sitting still; that they had children in their laps; that the elders were in control of the young men and that in fact I was safe. I recognised the transition point, where I moved from being like a frightened child to refinding an adult role - in this case, watching as an observer. The experience was one of peeling off layers of myself.
- 5 I was anxious to provide help for Yorei when she was sick. Normally she was the provider. I was hesitant to offer in case she would be offended, then discovered, once I had cooked her meals and redistributed her loads, she accepted.



## PART D - CONTEXT OF THE SITUATION

A number of events intertwined to produce an amazing insight. In hindsight, I was not aware of the immediacy of the pattern and only pieced it together later, over a number of days.

The men had been ringing the wooden drum (garamut), calling the neighbouring villages to come and help sort out the elopement problem. They told me they were calling women to bring their babies to scale.

I was tested out by the men, using Koro, to see if my presence could be tolerated the next morning, when the village groups would meet to resolve the problem. I remember thinking at a deep level, it was a case of, if you can accept our crazy one, then you will accept us.

Similarly, by not intervening in the situation of the sick child at Tipas, perhaps I had showed that I was to be trusted not to act unwisely at Bapi.

### Aspects of the Situation that I Considered

It is a women's issue; marriage ideals differ for men and women.

It is the power struggle, between men and women.

It is a questioning of authority, commands and demands.

It is voices being heard on the fight ground.

It is young men's anger that surges, at one of their own, since he has let women's power become known. How can they tell him.

It is older men who restrain the younger men.

It is married woman who join in and keep it boiling.

The wronged who want restitution - settlement, peace for the children, but need to get revenge for their station/situation.

It is the tears in parting with other women. I feel close to them.

I hear myself say to Luke - do not fight. What right have I? None. I ask weeks later, what has happened to the couple? The women of Twogu suffer while they are still in the bush. The sister who befriended the girl

has sore feet. She is hobbling and looks shameful and yet defiant. She is waiting it out. I see the man the next month; his eyes are vacant. Is he looking into the future or afraid he will break down and the woman will be left to return home or commit suicide?

The people had a legal system that they used when the Kiup would not intervene. They used aspects of the new court, like the Luluwai, but made their case on grounds of traditional morals.

CASE STUDY TWO - KUMUL MERI STORY

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3 April 1982

Personal Diary

I feel in myself the need to be separate. When I separate and identify what it is that I am feeling and how I am acting, I laugh at myself and realise I have to develop ways of meeting my own needs for closeness here. I have a need to feel more creative. I began by sitting with Itenei and discussing the intricate designs on the end of his smoking pipe. Lizard spirits, birds' eyes and stars, close to the mouth end of the pipe. In the late afternoon I went down to the wards where families sleep, who have a sick relative. Each village has their own house, that they use whenever they come to 'town'.

Today I have identified where I am and how I am feeling. The result is that I have bought myself forward out of a murky yesterday to be present. This enabled me to go and visit Klaue who is ill, just to sit with her. I was watching the evening sago being made and M. offered me the sticks to turn the saksak. The young girls, who are learning also, got sago everywhere and we all laughed at the awkwardness of beginners. I cuddled Aini's Powakare child; she says she is homesick for her village. Late in the afternoon I helped Litibagi with his sums and wished I had a better sense of teaching maths. The fact I hate it doesn't help him I'm sure. I now understand why Shirley stays down in the haus sic in the afternoon. Although visitors may seem like interruptions, people bring life and company.

I am now home having eaten - my belly is full. I feel satisfied. I feel I have reached into a new area of myself. This sense of staying with myself is new, perhaps a little scary, so that my mind and my body have a sense of harmony. I think about how hard this was before; how I separated my mind to live in one world and my body in another.

4th April 1982

Personal Diary

An amazingly healing dream.

I awoke with a real sense of being whole, of my eyes being back in my head, of being very clear and of needing to appreciate my separateness and difference. I am aware of a new feeling of being in my body and looking out from my eyes. The pain that I have woken with in my back for weeks, has gone.

Why would an Anthropologist be writing about such things? Who is an Anthropologist?

I am seeking to find out about the nature of man's relationship with the earth and with other human beings; in all its complexity; its simplicity, its harshness and beauty. There is a point reached that is a pulse and in the process of seeking, one finds out about oneself. The old method is of waiting to be precise; to know exactly when the rain will fall; knowing that at some time every day it does, but what does this tell us about the nature of rain? Exactness and precision is not so much of the order of who, when, where and why, but a sense of relationship with the rain.

I recall yesterday sitting in Ward 1, Yuwari house, feeling overwhelmed at the things in the house. I walk a path between knowing in my mind and experiencing with my body, trying things out, being clumsy and inexperienced in almost every facet of doing things. Is this what makes missionaries so want to exert what they see as their way, to feel secure in being able to do something?

In order to let the data speak I have to trust myself to be open and ready to listen and see it. Interesting, because some of the time I am not ready and still need to be sheltered.



5th April 1982

Health Diary

I have a real sense of my heart space needing to be filled and doing that as I awaken, also a sense of my feet burning hot. I have enjoyed rubbing my feet each night lately. Self care is important. It is very easy to forget about onself, become mindless when expending a lot of energy.

My sense of boundary at times is painfully close and obvious, but mostly it is being pushed out and out, looking at things. So what is it at this moment that I am reaching into? Defining what I need, in order to be able to continue to push out the boundary.

I need to be able to work at my own pace; to be needed and useful; to be able to sleep and eat, when and where I want; to share with those I would like to; to have friends around to learn new things as I want to. I am feeling pressured by the Mission Station demands and need to assert myself a bit more.

Tuesday, 6th April, 1982

Daily Diary

Raining gently in the night.

Wakeful night with Betty up and down with malaria. Settled by morning but very washed out and still aching. Betty stayed behind to recover. Yorei, Wananaki and I left the house for Akwom at 6.30 a.m.

We met a couple just before Warijoi, who told Yorei and Wananaki that a man at Alai had been sick and was still sick in the head. At Akwom, when talking with Wysu he elaborated and said the man was crazy (longlong) and that they had tried holding his hands and legs and putting his head close to the garamut and beating it, but it didn't work.

Wananaki described it as something being inside his head. Wysu asked if it was sanguma. No, said Wananaki;

but Wysu was probably correct. Wananaki related how he had helped with a man who was longlong; they had tied up his arms and legs but he had broken free (calaboused him). I have a feeling this conversation will continue. It does. There are two men at Edwaki, (Peter's brother and Dalini's brother), who have periodic spells of being longlong, described as "tingting I go pinis, now I go about and about; I no got savy, I go long bush na I no savy ples bilong em, na family line olgeta go look look inside the Nabytjou bush". Then when his thinking was clear, he came back. The other man goes over the river and up trees. He would go into the Sepik thinking he could swim it; when he starts to go longlong, he goes to the bush with his wife.

The people were afraid of him, thinking that he was a sanguma, who had come to eat them. Wananaki finishes his storying by saying that it is best to calabouse someone who is longlong.

It is interesting to see how the school programme patterns foodgathering and where families settle. Everyone from Edwaki, schoolkids and parents, who act as guardians, have gone to the bush. It is strangely deserted and silent. Only four women and a few boys are at Naum. No men except Wysu and Kalib's wife at Akwon. Everyone has gone to the bush! Kalib's wife has had her baby daughter on 24th March. The schoolbreak is called Malelo, a rest time.

We wash and sleep, then cook a meal.

6 April 1982

### Personal Diary

Walking out on my own this time I am assured, at home. I feel a sense of knowingness. I am also feeling that my Pidgin has improved dramatically.

Some things I think about. Everyone knows when someone is sick. Passing messages on today, we pass a husband, wife and baby, who tell us of a man who is longlong at Alai. The story is passed on to all at Naum and Akwon;

discussed with Wysu, talked over in the circle at night at Akwon, shared at Warikori. People think on it and wonder what they would/could do.

The everyday communication we call extrasensory perception is a highly intricate pattern of passing known information. Who I am; where I am going; to do what; with whom; what I know and have seen or heard ... ..

The pattern of what is present and what is possible. I feel change, like the storm that is coming or the twig that cracks or the mark that is a man two hours past.... The same passing of messages day and night.

And we, who are out walking, were told Andrew never returned on yesterday's 'plane from his holiday at Anguganak. I am not astounded.

There is a new grave at Nami, with clothing on the sticks over it. When a man dies, there is a gap as he passes from the group to the spirit group.

Now at night, the elder Lieb sits close to Wananaki and uses his arm to mark something. Wananaki responds by placing his arm on his back. It is sign language from men's talk, similar to the whistle language that Werabu of Alai uses. The young kids laugh at him as he interjects whistles into his conversations but he has great respect from the adults. These are the languages of hunters, used to being silent or mimicking birds etc.

The little girl leans on me; touching fingers when standing; touching of toes when sitting. Tight hair curls, full of smoke; she pushes softly into my body. The pull of sleep is too strong and after she has explored my hair; white fingers with her tiny brown hands; played with my earrings; smelt my smell, she settles down to sleep in the curves of my body.

Grandfather Lieb says "You come. Now, no good you sleep". Grandfather reaches for the cigarette lighter with the gourd end of his pipe. He moves his legs, plays with his toes, crosses the children when their conversation gets out of hand and fingers the safety-pins in his earlobe.

He looks at the book of New Zealand pictures, points and wonders at the tattoos and war faces. His Granddaughter says, "Leave it Dad". "Oh", he says, "You come with me, you sit down good!"

We sit in a circle. Yorei, granddaughter, Grandad, Wananaki, Kalib's father and myself. Piles of saksak and hot warra, sago grubs (binatang) and mushrooms (talinga). The inner circle of elderly talking with a sprinkling of favoured children; the outer circle of listeners and onlookers.

The man who brings hot water sits in a cobra pose. His body has shunned sickness for a lifetime. Born into the rhythm of the bush, always on the waiting side of watchfulness.

My body becomes sore against the floor with the small sleeping body, her hands folded into mine. Her face is moulded with creases and wet with the pull of sleep. Her Grandfather wakes her, "You can come back in the morning".

7th April 1982

#### Personal Diary

I think as I walk today, the knot in my belly has dissolved. It is released as I begin to think clearly; my feet burn - wonder why? I feel steady on my feet, strong and able to judge logs accurately. Yorei moves gracefully. She swings her leg down the side of a log saying, "Ah, yes", and washed the mud from her leg in the water that sips at the log bridge.

7th April

#### Daily Diary

On backtrack, Akwom to Warikori. Writing at Warikori. As we walked these thoughts unfolded ... ..

Medicine is a creative Art that involves what some have called an intricate and intimate dialogue, between the sick person(s) and the healers(s), be they family, friends or Doctor/Nurse. Asking for caring for and the curing of,

is interwoven in a collage.

My initial plan was to identify the traditional medical system and the interplay with the "new" or introduced medical ideas of Western missionary Nurses and Doctors. As I attempted to find the pieces of the jigsaw, identifying what I thought fitted together according to my line of reasoning and questions, I began to see that in fact, I was witnessing a complex phenomena. If I attempted to "align" it into a system, I would contrive it according to my worldview, thereby losing its intricacy, its process, its uniqueness. It would appear to be a step by step sequence that anyone could learn; could master and repeat.

I catch myself before it is too late. Instead the process I recognise is that not only is healing unique to this place, but that it is constantly evolving; what happens is rarely repeated. Medical systems evolve to fit the demands of the people, they serve to complement pattern.

As I become able to see and hear what is going on around me over the last three months, I see that research has to identify both the point and the wave; the point being the interaction, a time/space correlation; the wave, the thinking, the belief.

Initially I sought to look at one healer in the area, however, as I saw him become sick and seek help from another man, I realised that I must record vignettes of my own experience. Hence the Case Studies records - biographies of individuals and my contacts with them.

There are pathways of transformation and these open at what Devereux calls the point of anxiety. It is not enough to show what I think is the key; always I am dissolved in my belief; made out to be wrong. Yet it seems, on some days that one event fits precisely into another, there is some magical flow. Jung identified this process as 'synchronicity', Monod as the 'necessity of chance'. Others see it as extra-sensory phenomena. I choose to see it as an opening from anxiety to insight, when one's awareness carries over into consciousness and action. For



instance, today as I think about this piece of writing that is unfolding in my head, it is not by chance, it is in the course of events and my need to release a dam of thoughts. I am aware of coming to some point of insight again. I experience the euphoria and take my hat off as I walk in the bush, to let the sounds of the bush cool the heat of my thinking! Normally I would have seen the path to Mantupai and the coffee garden, but this time I was a long way on the trail, entranced, before I began to think about the path.

My initial thoughts were on the many forms of communication here - from storying to carrying messages from place to place; passing information as we meet when walking; sending a garamut or conch shell sound; calling a message - re Samson; Putting up a notice; whistling messages; or the "cry in the head" a mother hears, when her distant child is troubled or sick, her Driman is warning her. These forms of verbal, nonverbal, extrasensory communications are of the same wave; here-there is no difference. One passes on information; one doesn't hold information. Holding on to something is "bel hevi"; it creates sickness through worry.

The intimate awareness of one's environment means that every tree that falls, every footprint, every move in the bush one sees, is known, is identified. It is a knowledge of action, of survival, of being aware of one's self as part of the environment, of being able to interweave oneself into the landscape. At times a woman becomes a bird, a man a lizard; of being able to send spears under the wing of a flying fox; sago and meat are "the children" (food) of one's body and must be spoken to carefully. It would seem to be crazy making to separate oneself -

"Mi no inapp long go long bush" - I am not able to go alone into the bush; "Mi stop nating" - I am nothing; "Mi loosem gris" - I would lose weight. To see or feel oneself as separate, is to identify one's inadequacy, one's sickness; there would be a need for others to provide the linkage into the environment.

### My Stream of Thinking Continues

And the story unfolds ... ..

I begin to see that each person's sickness is a story that is them alone and as I listen to it, I am drawn to become part of it, and give whatever I am to give in to the story.

I think of Litibagi and Andrew's ability to elicit a story from a person in the house and how they then respond to the illness and the sick person, as though they are one.

Initially I used the system of diagnosis according to symptoms but as I got to know the person and their storying, my approach has changed to what I am more familiar with in Nursing; that is, using "the information" both scientific and intuitive, to help a person discover how to care for themselves. But interesting how I went back to the traditional Medical model that I was taught, to learn the pattern here.

Camilus has an ability to enter into a person's story by some quick slip (re Aipa). They then believe it is the injection that he has given that is efficacious. He uses his power over people, rather than mobilising their own. Gradually I began to recognise the interaction of different healers with patients, as they sought to enter into the process of transformation. Healers do what the patient wants but in their own style.

We stopped to lunch on a huge log over a stream. We sat eating rice and fish on the white bark, as if at a fine table surrounded by butterflies, blue dragonflies and green-backed insects. A bird called out; "Yes, that is the kumul", says Wananaki. A story unfolded that seemed to fit into my train of thought directly. "Line bilong kumul meri, em wowi". (See Part B).

Probably the most interesting trip in terms of meeting people en route.

On the trail ahead, I see a small baby sitting on a

bilum. It calls out in surprise and fright "Mama", when it notices us approaching. Yorei laughs to herself. Then a man appears behind it. He has one child's hand and another smaller child on his shoulders. The children are all naked. The father carries his bow, spears and arrows, a small bundle and a bilum over his shoulder. He shakes our hands, I am struck by his reserve, unsureness, soft handshake, his face is kept drawn back. He has the mark of hidden power. Then I notice his wife away to one side on the track, she has been finding something. Her bilum is heavy with bush goodies. I see lemons (muli) and wild kumura and coconut leaf bundles.

Yorei and Wananaki tell me after they have passed, he is Yilik, a big man of Naum, one of the two big men who sleep in the houseboi, in the old fashion.

Wananaki, who is walking ahead, elaborates; the men used to sleep separate from the women because women remove the strength they have to find and kill arbus (meat). The same goes for faeces (pekpek) and children. They cannot find arbus because this also makes them lose their strength.

Yorei mutters from behind me that they don't want to be bothered with the "cri nabout of the kids!" Wananaki doesn't comment. Wananaki says that as a young man he believed it, but when he and Yorei married, he tried it and found that, (he and a group of young men), they could get arbus if they stayed with their wife in her house. So they called it a tambu nating - a belief of the Ancestors that they have found they can do without.

### Passing Kalibs Line

Schoolteacher at Akwom bush school, Kalib and his line carrying possessions such as a mattress, a radio and boots, school kid with big bilums and biscuit tins of things. Someone carrying a small, fluffy puppy. A very distinctive feeling of a difference about their line. Noise, activity, money, wealth.

We get to the river and Aku is there with his wife and children. He skillfully takes us over the river and I pay the man at the canoe place who had come the previous

day 20 toea. I now feel I should have given him more.

A young Aigar boy silently materialises with his knife, bow and two arrows. He slips to the side of the track, turning away into the bush, as shy and surprised as we are. In contrast to the jaunty, self assured walk of the young boy at Warikori, leaving in the morning to go hunting; his knife, bow and arrows, a cigarette in his mouth; or the young father who leaves quietly, having played with his baby and eaten; he too is smoking and has the shyness, like early morning sleep on his body. He holds his knife over his shoulder in one hand and supports his bow and arrows in the other.

I began foodgathering on track between Warikori and Naum.

Yorei picks ferns by the river, her eyes darting about 20 feet on each side of the track, she moves fluidly off it, and back again.

We hear the scrapping sound of a lizard as it moves, suddenly in fright, to escape us. Yorei and Wananaki both stop in their tracks, identify it, but it has dissolved. Another lizard. Wananaki sees it but doesn't respond as fast as Yorei who is determined to try and get it. She has her bilum off and her breathing is fast, her body tenses as she becomes the huntress. She fastens her eye and senses on the animal and asks for my stick. Wananaki holds his stick to hit the lizard on one side of the tree and she is ready to catch it on the other side. They try and miss; both sorry, lamenting that it is good food that they like.

We had passed a branch of mushrooms (talingas), but "Leave them", says Yorei, "for the others"; Kalib's line will collect them en route to Akwom. As we move along Yorei collects bits of food and then looks for the wild coconut leaf to wrap them in, so by the time we come home she has: a small lump of saksak, a bundle of hot wara, fern tips, two bundles of greens from Warikori, some fraim, drai and talinga.

We stop for a drink near the river. We don't take

water near the matmat (cemetery) at Naum, but a distance up stream from it.

We pass Mother and young girl, ? sister and husband, with a baby I recognise, Waerapi, laden up, going to their bush house. He has about six to eight spears and as many arrows with his bow, the most I have seen. He has his bilum full. She carries a very full bilum and her suckling baby. I notice three small roots of ? ginger attached to a cord around her neck. They are all excited to be "going bush".

Perhaps the most worrying thing for me was when we came to where huge trees have fallen in a storm and tobacco and bananas have been planted. A heavily pregnant woman, and young girl, were gathering firewood. The woman was terrified when she saw us and ran like a frightened rabbit. My eyes alighted on the fear in her eyes, as she darted around a tree, only to find us still able to see her, then darted back. The little girl ran to another tree stump to get her thigh skirt (laplap). She appeared with it on and continued to get firewood, able to look at me. I felt really distressed that I had caused her to feel so worried. Yorei and Wananaki seemed unconcerned. They told me that in the fashion of Tambuna, it was the custom to do that if you were caught without your clothes.

Later in evening; I am thinking of amounts of wood under a house, usually only one pile, no more. None stored up in village but I do notice stores at the bush houses. No food stored in village houses, in case of sanguma poisoning. As I write up these notes, I know that I know ... .. I strip the vein from a tobacco leaf and roll it in to a spiral to fit my pipe. I look into the design, its own story of birds' feathers hiding a lizard, asleep on a log.

The talk of the evening ranges from the place of the new bridge to be built, to a girl who has come to wait on a man she is marked to; he doesn't come back and she is planning on going back to her own village.



Yorei has a fascination with writing and as I am learning Nami, she takes every opportunity to teach me. Others join in. I am interested in the way they check the words out with each other, before telling me - especially younger people check with elders.

List of Nami Words

Na	stone saksak
Napen	hotwara
Nawawolra	fraim saksak
Ne nawa lro	long stone
Ne nawa td'je a ware ye	Are you cooking saksak long stone

Yorei sees me thinking about the words and says, "The sky worry worries nabout", and she puts a "pinger long ai, fashion bilong cross. Tok easi easi".

It is the context of the situation that evolves a line of thought and conversation ... for example:

The bird sound as we sit to have lunch, evolves into the Kumul Meri story;  
 The big men of Naum who choose to sleep in house bois so they can hunt;  
 The leper of Warikori - single men who have been rejected by women;  
 A man gets a girl pregant who is too young;  
 Transformations - wrongs that are not easily righted;  
 "Tambu Natings" - able to be broken without retribution;  
 Proper ways - marriageable state, "Gutpela pasin".

My inability to ask questions in Pidgin is good because it fastens this course to me! Since my reasoning and theirs are totally different patterns, when I do ask questions I get answers to the questions but not the flow of a conversation coming from them. The problem is not that it is difficult to find an informant who is just able to open and flow, but that I need to stop asking questions and listen.

Usually one has to be present, in the activity of a situation, in a total way, to access a comment and alight on it. Yorei answers me or talks with me in examples and anecdotes. For example, the leper man of Warikori - we sit

at one end of the house kiup and hear him talking with  
Wananaki. We sit in the sun at the other end and discuss  
him.



PART BCASE STUDY TWO - KUMUL MERI STORY

We had spent a balmy night talking until late. The issue had been over someone who was longlong and how or what to do with him. I nursed the Grandfather's little girl and he looked at the book of Maori pictures, twice over. Many of the shapes were familiar. Kalib's wife had recently had a baby daughter unbeknown to us. They were both ashamed, as the birthspace wasn't clear. Their previous daughter was unable to walk and had had to be weaned early.

Nu was concerned that there were no Mothers and babies. When we arrived he was engrossed in working fish baskets twice the size of him, while sitting in the framework of an unfinished house. A short, slight man with a mosquito whisk, that he used with dignity; "Ah, you have come, there is no one here; they have all gone to the bush".

We said we didn't mind; we would stay and then go on to Warikori.

"Not many there either, I think they will be in the bush".

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter; we feel like the walk and I want to see Iberia, Maritjous' husband; last time he was very sick".

In the morning we left, after boiling the billy, seeing the few Mothers who were there and slowly packing up. The back trail to Warikori was in the densest bush we travelled in anywhere in the Sepik Basin. The first part of the trail was a maze of logs felled at angles so that they inter-connected and provided a path above the swampy ground. Yorei and Wananaki described the trail as good, people cared about it. They had provided logs that were not rotted and felled them so we could cross easily, even with loads. The trail led to bush gardens

for a short distance and a branch of it went to Magleri, about a day's walk, where a group of 400 people lived in the bush.

Yorei and Wananaki were quiet, still inside themselves and happy. I had my own thoughts, so much so that I missed the Magleri turnoff and the logs I had found difficult to cross the time before dissolved. I missed the coffee garden away deep in the bush, musing about what is it that makes a healing exchange. At another level I was also feeling impatient with myself for "having" to think about, what is the healing system here? What is the medical system? And thought to myself, 'You are barking up the wrong tree'.

I began to think that each exchange, between healer and sick person, is a unique exchange, a creative venture. It is individual artists who create and outsiders like me who evolve a system, to describe the instances of creativity. I am cynical at my ability to piece it together.

I was thinking about two individuals working and what happens to cause a creative restructuring; with the sick person being the artist able to refashion their being, when others give colour and shape. Ultimately life stops in the hands of the owner.

I was aware of feeling insulated; at home and safe in the bush; as though I knew every turn of the trail, even in this dense area. Wananaki was light hearted, talking about something till ... a movement in the trees stopped us all suddenly ... we looked to the branches, then moved again, stopping before the animal's movement had stopped. Ah, we see it. Wananaki poised as a hunter and pulled his arrow arm. He wasn't carrying his bow and arrows. He clicked with his tongue, tsk-tsk-tsk-soritr.

I became aware of our line, walking softly; of our bodies moving lightly and fluidly to pick out the trail. Another sound, almost in front of us and a large, black pigeon rises up, fighting to get higher through the bush.



We held our breath. We have no weapons. With breath released, the bird crashes on. Yes, this is an area of food. Pity we don't have the bow and arrows.

We move on, more aware of the bush. Wananaki hears a bird call and answers it. Yorei sees some foot marks in the mud - Muruk? A smell also. It is a seakow. I make the sounds of the Muruk that we had heard last time on the trail and we laugh.

(I remembered the first time men storying had made that sound, several months ago. I had no way of hearing it clearly, let alone knowing what it was).

We emerged from the dark bush to the first opening since Akwom, to cross a huge, old, shiny, white trunk, bridging a high banked stream. This was our recognised food (kaikai) stop en route to Warikori. I collected sticks to light a fire. Wananaki put down his load and went back over the log, fossicking for larger sticks. Yorei collected water in the billy, shredded fern shoots and leaves we had carried and added the rice. As Wananaki came back over the log a bird called out, attracting his attention. He replied to it looking into the tree tops as he brought the wood to the fire and then went back to sit on the log suspended over the water, answering the bird, till a conversation developed between them. I listened fascinated. Yorei and I sat on the end of the log tucked into the bush. We looked out at Wananaki, on his perch above the stream. We waited for the food to cook.

#### Kumul Meri men bilong wowej

There is a story. All men know this story, Wananaki said. Wowej is the sacred special name of the story and when men eye grease (fancy) a woman, they call her Wowej.

Wananaki began; There was once a man who wanted to go to see his family. He told his wife and she said she wanted to come too; "No", says the husband, "You must stay".

Just as suddenly as Wananaki had offered to story, Yorei had joined in. So together they told the story, married it, but in a sense, each retained their own perspective.

The man left in the afternoon and went to visit his family, stayed with them all night and came back the next day.

Yorei offered, "So the next time the woman wanted to go with the husband and see the family, the man still said, "No, you stay, I am going by myself". So as Wananaki said, off he went and stayed with the family, not coming back for several days this time.

So the next time the man prepared to leave the woman was cross and said "I have been thinking I will go now".

"No", said her husband, "You stay" and off he marched.

The pace of the story quickened as each added their lines with Yorei pleading, then demanding to go and visit her parents-in-law. But the husband said "No" emphatically each time. "So this time she got really cross", said Yorei stamping her foot, and after the man had gone, she cut three kinds of leaves, some yellow, (and Wananaki adds) some red and some white. She then worked a grass skirt. Her husband was still away, he hadn't come back. She then got two varieties of stinging nettle, both number one and number two. She shut the door of the house. She found half a piece of bamboo and after beating herself all over with the stinging nettle, she cut her legs, hands, arms and body with the bamboo and let all the blood flow out. She becomes a lizard..

(At this point in the story, I have a clear image of the woman dying and rising out of her body, as a transformed being - the lizard who understands).

Yorei is describing all this movement with her hands, like a dancer; her eyes follow Wananaki's comments, which I don't recall. The lizard crawls up into the eye of the house, and transforms into a beautiful bird, evolving, rising, soaring, but also fragile, bewildered, and sheltering on the long beam, high in the ceiling, shivering, shaking its red, yellow and white plumage.

Everybody else in the village had seen her busy the day before collecting the coloured grasses and stinging

nettle and some had known what she was doing. Yorei then speaks as the old woman, who sees the blood at the foot of the centre post in the floor and on the earth under the house. She knows what is happening and withdraws. Yorei looks upward with her eyes.

The old woman told the husband when he returned that his wife had told her he must sleep on the verandah and when she was ready he could come in. Wananaki related the return and how he waited outside.

Finally, he said, the man called out to the wife inside, "Are you asleep? You must open the door". He didn't hear any reply.

He pushed the door and found it was shut tight, so he pushed on it till it opened and he went inside. He began to look everywhere for his wife. He asked people outside "Where is she?"

Finally, he glanced into the ceiling and a bird flew out. He grabbed his bow and arrow and runs out aiming to shoot the bird which flies around the village.

Wananaki's voice portrays his anxiety. He bird flies from buae to coconut, as the husband runs around them and finally it calls out:

"Mi lak I go", I can go now, "mi one pela!" I can go by myself .

Wananaki whistles the kumul's call and Yorei repeats the words.

"When I was single", Yorei said, "I didn't understand this word but now I understand. When a single girl wants to get a man who thinks "Wowei", then she sends her spirit (dewel) inside his thinking and his thinking is finished. When I got married I told him my "kumul meri" storj and told me his. Now we know it is more - it is a story about when you go walkabout, the woman must go too."

Then Wananaki says seriously, so all the time the wife must go walkabout with the husband, even if he doesn't want her to go ... ..

I keep repeating the words kumul meri, kumul meri

and envisaging the woman who transforms herself and heals the pain and frustration and anger by becoming a bird and freeing herself. She made a statement to all Lujere women and men:

"Watch out. Look after each other. Don't leave each other!"

I had heard gems. I was laughing at the ability of women but more than that, the train of thought I had had walking through the bush. The question, what is it that happens between a healer and a sick person? I knew that stinging nettle was used often in the haus sic. I knew of some of the ideas about illness but I had been shown a transformation, a healing in process. It was as though Yorei and Wananaki had known my thoughts on another level.

My introspection may have worried Wananaki, yet Yorei knew my thinking space. It was not familiar to him; he wanted to lighten me up, distract me with bird songs. So he told me the story of why women come out walking; because they are not to be trusted; they do things!

We pack up the gear; my mind is flooded, the whistles, the story, we need to move. We have eaten while the story progressed but haven't been aware of it.

Yorei belts a hole in the small fish tin with the machete and pokes it on the limb of a shrub to mark where the event occurred. It joins the tin from the last trip. We move, Wananaki waits while I follow Yorei. I repeat the words, 'kumul meri' silently over and over and laugh to myself, in amazement, respect and delight. We are very aware of each other as we walk towards Warikori.

As we sit that night around the fire I repeat the word "Woweï" and we all smile.

The next day Yorei and I sit on the verandah, in the sun, at the back end of the house at Warikori. We had stood in the doorway earlier dreaming about nothing, then sat down, just enjoying the break in the morning's rain and each other's company. I identified the trees and Yorei filled me in. She told me to get my book, she enjoyed

just being with me soaking in her places.

A leper had come to talk with Wananaki at the other end of the house. Wananaki was sitting on the verandah.

We both stopped talking to listen to some gossip about a man in this village who had taken a very young girl and married her before her breasts had fallen, much too young!

Yorei put the back of her hand to her mouth and whispered "That's the leper", when she recognised his voice. He hadn't visited the previous evening, as he usually did, to meticulously relate his leprosy medication regime and I had wondered if he was about.

"He doesn't have a garden", says Yorei; "He talks, talks plenti". I smile.

"Is he married?" I ask.

"No".

"Why not?"

"No one wants to. I wouldn't eat with him in case I get it".

I laugh, "Yes, I know why".

"He is a mouth water nothing".

We giggle. Its true.

"You know, women do choose", says Yorei seriously.

"I know, its the same at home".

"He isn't a good gardener . When a single girl wants to get a man who thinks wovei, then she sends her dewel inside his thinking and his thinking is finished".

"That's true," I said.



PART CANXIETY TO INSIGHT PATTERNAnxiety

I didn't think my work was going so well. I was confused about what I should focus on.

The system or the individual interactions! I am not sure I want to do both. Shouldn't I be looking for the whole working pattern?

Insight

The Kumul Meri story reorientated me. It is not so much in the action of the healer but the reworking of the imagery of the sick person.

I was pressuring myself into "looking in a certain way", into finding what I felt I should be looking for, rather than being present.

Once again, as I identified the issues that were causing anxiety and owned them, I seemed to move into a new space and experienced the clarity of knowingness, and closeness with individuals.

Developing relationships takes time, just sitting, talking, or sharing work together. The worry about "What is my place?" left me and I knew I had something to share that is of practical value.

PART DCONTEXT OF THE STORY

The laughter, the lightheartedness, the seriousness, the fireside sharing, hunting, gathering and storying on the trail. The husband and wife telling it - the wife wanting to add her bit, which in turn became the socket of the eye (main roof beam). This answered why Yorei and Wananaki always travel together and are distressed if only one is asked.

I became aware of my confused thoughts before the story; how it fitted into a train of thought about healers - healing involves reworking images. I was particularly aware of the resonance or synchronicity of this situation.

People had said there was no need for us to go, as everyone would be in the bush, we wouldn't find anyone there. I was learning the rhythm of the bush, how to travel with hunters and gatherers. A real sense of wanting to go to see people. A deep sense of being at home in the bush, as though I was born "outside". My eye is becoming attuned to finding food and moving with sharp, economical fluidity.

PART DCASE NUMBER TWO - KUMUL MERI STORIIssues At One Level:

Women's power, sensitivity and control over men.  
Men's dependence, roaming. Women's ability to use the process of transformation or magic making that normally only sanguma men use. The power of women's spirit (dewel).

Issues At Another Level:

Men and women are interdependent. They must live and work together, splitting tasks in order to survive at subsistence level.

Note:

I wanted to tape the interplay of Yorei's and Wananaki's voices in the Kumul Meri story. Over two months we planned many times to meet, but other things got in the way and we never did. I think this was important - the not obtaining of a piece of information I wanted to have and hold.

It was not to be!

CASE STUDY THREE - WARIKORI LAND

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Monday, May 2nd, 1982

Personal Diary

While walking to Akwom today I was musing over the sequence of events, that is, the actual events as they happen and my recording which is a point by point by point record. At times these points represent a time sequence, especially if I am tired but at other times the rendering or replay is more like a painting or a picture. Why do certain things impress on me? For example, Tailmo's wife's delivery and writing it up, then adding bits and pieces several times later. In fact, I didn't recall them till later! It was as though the thoughts came from different levels of experience.

Then I began to think about self care and concepts of care after just having had a middle ear infection, probably from swimming in the swamp water at Tipas.

It is not appropriate to talk about care before one has thought about self care. Only then is it possible to appreciate the objective directions and subjective needs. I also think moralistic thoughts about my own beliefs. I am embarrassed by others having to care for me. I know sometimes I get sick in order to stop, to meet my own needs. If I am not aware of what I need, then "my body" literally tells me!

I feel I have failed to look after myself adequately, if I am sick.

When I am sick I want to be by myself. I think the ear infection was a way of closing off for a couple of days - rather drastic in retrospect.

About being grounded, that is, having a strong sense of energy and balance. When I set off this morning I had to pick my way carefully in the bush as I went. Gradually I became more in touch with the ground and able to judge footplaces. I consciously grounded myself and experienced feeling a lot taller as a perceptual change.



Wednesday, 5th May 1982

Dream Diary

Rained during the night, finished by 7 a.m., then gentle rain through the trees as we walked. Day dreaming constantly about meeting with P. again.

I thought as I was walking today about these successive dreams:

- 1 Starting out with going to a party....
- 2 Then the scene degenerates into bizarre happenings....
- 3 I am being chased, always by a threatening man.  
I run, cannot hide, so fly. I am really aware when I take off of always succeeding in escaping then.  
I consider that the dreams are telling me I am escaping or rather running away from something. I need to stop, see it, stand up and say mi inapp!

5th May, 1982

Daily Diary

The bitter burnt biscuit smell of buae and tobacco, the bending over to spit the juice through the floor boards, pulling it up from the back of the throat. There is a gentle pull and flow of people used to storying. People sit easily in a lotus position or half lotus, folding legs and pushing from their soles in order to stand.

Women returning from gardens, pulling from their shoulder muscles into full bilums. They are tired and still have to cook. Those who have not seen us before come to look, long and hard. We sing out for green leaves. Betty scales out salt till we have enough.

I sleep under the net, overcome with the need to just close my eyes. Some children come close to look at me. Their mother brings saksak and leaves.

I get up and light the lamp. Betty and Yorei have fixed the rice and fish and made a billy stick over the mud fireplace, on a limbom cover opened out. The fire is beautiful and soft in its heat. A golden glow catches our faces, entrancing us to stillness. A man from the next house brings two fire sticks and a bundle of wood. He says to me, "Rouse the fire again, before the sticks go out". I respond and enjoy pulling the flame out of the ashes with bits of wood, in the process getting face-fulls of acrid smoke.

Litibagi sits at one end when he arrives and the four men, who have been working in the bush, sit in the other end of the house. They do not greet each other, but are like slightly wary cats. It is because he is a big man and they are not enough. They give him three cooked breadfruit. We all share in the rich nuts, pulled out of the burnt prickles which dissolve into the sticky flesh, collapsed and unable to conceal the hot nuts. A baby eats them at the doorway and spits out the husks. The nuts roll in its fingers, as it struggles to control them.

Betty and I go for a wash. I sink deep into the soft mud but still want to wash my hair. I love the deep coolness and come back refreshed. I now understand how people can get in the Ganges.

In the evening half light - "Klostu tulait" ... ..

Now sitting with Maritjow..... We speak in different words yet the language is the same. We are ages apart, yet born together. Her daughters acknowledge me as a sister (brata). She says she would come to the 'plane to see me off, if she was closer. Warikori is six hours from Edwaki. She is an old lady now. As soon as I reach Warikori, I greet her. We have that ability to reach into each other and both really enjoy it. She comes in to our house to bring firewood and fills the room with her special bright redness and glow. I have an overwhelming sense toward her and we just want to hug. She feels strong and unafraid; commanding and able to stand out in a crowd. She walks around the houses calling for firewood and food for us. She folds her arms across her breasts, long gone back into her body and walks more like a man. She has a safety pin hanging from her ear and reaches her hand to scratch the back of her head, where there is no hair.

The twilight has gone and we are left in the glow of fireplaces. A group of about 10 men are sitting with Litibagi, smoking tobacco after heating it on the lantern. They story about a whole range of things, as the verbal newspaper does its rounds. The main issue that surfaces is the ground Toweï has and how much he has given to the government. He is not Litibagi's and Wananaki's real brother but was from the Sepik, from Youpa's line and brought up by their father, from when he was about eight or nine. He has marked a lot of land to the government and he has a lot of children. Litibagi and Wananaki are going to straighten him; the talk goes to government and electioneering; John Wagi the local candidate and the John Cole who flew over in a helicopter today. John Cole is some whiteskin who dresses like a hunter.

We talk business about land. The Yegarapi line came when the Luluwai of Warikori was sick to create a healing singsing for him. They are originally of his line.

They were here a month ago. He was sick no good tru. He is one man who won't sleep under a mosquito net (turnim). Plenti think that turnim cause pneumonia (short wind come up guria) shaking.

They have, in history, a lightning bolt that caused people at Yiluwi to stay in their houses for two weeks, until the human smell became too much; then they opened the door (See Part B).

27th May, 1982

Edwaki - Yellow River

Dear M.

I feel as though I have a lot of energy to write to you this morning. Have been musing since 5 a.m. Waking within the circle of village houses, after the namba wan rooster. A child cries as it awakens and I can hear the soft murmurings of a mother's voice. I think back to the hard six-hour walk yesterday and wonder if my body has had enough sleep! Then laugh to myself when I think about my thwarted plans to make a tape for you. I started one on a tiny hand recorder out in the bush - just rambling to you, H. and P., from the middle of a newly fallen bush garden, about what was around me; huge fallen trees, dried out by the sun, their smaller limbs and leaves fired off to produce mounds of ashes into which taro, kaukau, tobacco and banana plants had been pushed. The kaukau hilled up slightly, the taro left in the hole, only the tip of the root covered, a new shoot in each root unfurling out of the cool shade of the slightly angled hole; the tobacco's soft roots carefully padded into the sand; banana shoots, more hardy, already pushing up to shade the smaller plants. The enjoyment of walking through a garden knowing what was happening. What effort, what movements involved, looking at the cut edge of the biggest logs, felled from a platform six or eight feet high; smaller trees felled at knee height and pulled aside to clear small, enclosed spaces. The big tree trunks form a cat walk across the garden, from which I could survey it and pick my way from one side to the other. Five months ago, breathing fast at the thought of how to walk over the log! Now I enjoy it, at times a game to see how long I can stay on the logs, at times a rhythm of welding on to the trunk, so it dictates the footholds, my eye and feet seeming to have made some agreement so I don't need to put a lot of energy into staying upright. I have a stick cut like a walking stick to balance; to test the depth of mudholes; to give me leverage up banks; to push



an uprooted plant back into the earth. I use it in much the same way that Wananaki uses his machete, angling the point into the earth to create a plant hole, idly knocking a log as he steps over it. The sound as the blade bites in a fraction and steadies his climb, or it becomes an extra limb when climbing a muddy bank, looking for toe holds. I smile when I walk behind him and a vine or root stump trips his bare feet. He turns back on it with the knife to cut it out of the trail ... Only now am I willing to pick the knife up and try it on something simple like shining roots off sugar cane or cutting kindling wood; fumbling with it, aware it does not rest in alignment with the intention and I appear awkward.

Time and time again I will be drawn to watch the seemingly simple action of opening the eye in the end of a drinking coconut, with swift, sure strokes removing the covering over the eye and if the eye wins and opens unexpectedly, "Oh, sori", and the offering becomes a sudden up-righting and laughter spills instead.

I poked around in the grass heads with the stick end before lying down at some distance from the rest of the group, all waiting for Litibagi to cross the river in the big wooden canoe. I recall the sound of the openness of the clearing within the bush and the river nearby, wondering if the tape could "find" that - not having the words at the time, but in retrospect I recall the clear insect and bird sounds, none familiar and the attraction to the sound of huge kapiak leaves, dried and falling like darts through the limbs and burrowing into grass; used as distinctive rain or sun umbrellas or seats in a wet canoe bottom.

The action of taking out the tape and talking to you "there" in New Zealand was interesting in itself. The majority of the time my thoughts and diary have been in a sense private and suddenly I was talking to you about what I was experiencing around me. In that instant aware that I wanted to share it, but the private and public or shared notes and thoughts are often separated. The "raw"

state of observation or immersion is re-recorded, put onto a number of separated reels and represented. I found myself having described the heat of the day, looking up into the branches to the leaf tips and beyond into the sky, the garden and its logs, aware of needing to say that there was a lot more going on than just lying in the shade of a tree, taping a letter. Wananaki called out "Margi - ooo" several times across the garden and I replied. Betty, Yorei and Wananaki were coming up the river bank. I turned the tape off and repacked the pack, as they came over the logs. They had decided to move on as Wananaki thought Litibagi must have taken another trail and would be ahead of us now. The waiting for someone dissolved into a gathering of our thoughts to reach Akwom and our walking line reformed as we picked our way along the river's edge, then turned deep into the bush again.

At times my walking is a mass of disconnected thoughts, sudden awareness of plants or fungi, bird calls, watching the person in front or someone talking behind etc. etc.

At times I "see" little of the trail, leaving my body to find its own way, usually surprisingly well, but all the while thinking or following some train of thought; excited at what is unfolding, not calculated like a pre-existing, already read theory but jagged and rough with tags. I was aware of a number of things after I had put the tape away and resolved to put them onto the tape when I reached Akwom.

What is required in the form of Anthropology I am involved in, is a great deal of intellectual and gut level honesty - is there any difference? And the anxiety to insight process as my basic methodology has a built in requirement, to be a certain self correcting/observing writer rather than to do a specific job of finding out what is. Again and again when I use the methodology and identify the anxiety, for example, of making a public statement from a private musing, I open up something that is somehow on another level/form, where what I call the molecular pattern that exists in an area, repeated and repeated over

and over, surfaces through the experience of the writing, being involved in it, it begins to impress on you so that almost unwittingly, if I (caught at it!) let the pen go or when walking, let the thoughts and images flow, then there is a sense of the pattern surfacing. The feeling when it does, is of a tremendous energy flow, of riding something akin to a wave or a glider on an air current and of only needing to follow it. Thinking about how comfortable the first sounds of the tape were, I replayed saying hello and where I was. Did that really give you the picture of the swollen dirty river with its tall seeding grass-heads, the broken down trees in the garden, or me covered with ants and sweating like a horse, in the hot sun. Laughing to myself as I walked, I mumbled out something. Betty said "What?" and I laughed again, caught up in the musings. "Nothing, just thinking: No, I will wipe that, its not right somehow. You should be saying something grand and eloquent, not I stink or its hot! So I start it again. Now as I walk, I become aware of why I needed to tape and retape. The anxiety of opening, of saying something from here that would be read or heard there and is it right ... not accurate ... but is it the essence of what is here? How much of what I write is re-recorded or has already been translated and therefore, removed in a sense from the pattern? Most! And on the occasions when I tap into the pattern I know it, I feel it; when are those times, when I am not "recording" but being present.

The track near to Akwom becomes familiar. I pick out the new growth on plants since our last visit a month ago. A few more knife chips out of the logs we step over and a new log bridges a stream. The water is a lot lower. The school garden has extended on to the edges of the trail and I think about the effort in making a trail into the bush. The new 30 foot wide, sheared, bush trail and the more usual two foot wide trail between trees, with only the overhead vines cut to head height. If no one uses the trail for a week, it becomes hard for newcomers to

find and villagers don't venture far from their own ground around the village themselves.

One hundred and twenty children absorbed in clearing grass, bend over, noisy laughter, chatter, picking between kaukau mounds; some buried in the foliage of peanuts; a group of boys swinging grass sarifs. I call out "hello" to Kalib, their teacher. It is his home village, three and a half hours from the nearest plane strip. A dirt floor, three room school with bush plank seats and desk tops. One hundred of the children live in the village during the week and walk home each Friday to their own villages, up to four hours distance, to get food for the next week, then back on Sunday. His sunglasses glint in the sun. The children stop and look up; now after four months together, they are an amazing group, bound into being at school, learning Pidgin and English. The school programme totally changes the existence of the rest of the villagers of Akwom. I was here a month ago, during the Easter break of two weeks, and everyone except the teacher's wife, who had just had a baby, had gone to their bush houses for a break and to get their fish baskets ready for the change in the season; to dam up the smaller creeks and put the baskets into the dams and to hunt for birds and pigs. The village was literally deserted, strangely quiet rather than dictated to by school bells and kids' voices released from classes. We met family groups on the move on bush trails, laden with string bags of leaf parcels; babies in slings and older children carrying bark baskets of food; men carrying bow and arrows and holding a toddler on their shoulders or leading another along the trail. We would pass stating where we were going, what to do and give important information about one village we had been to; someone who was sick and had gone crazy or a pig that had been killed at a saksak tree, in the full moon, the night before or a message to be passed on about meeting up with someone. Usually there is no one on most of the trails during the day. Early in the morning we may pass a line on the move, going to a bush house, hours away on a grassland (kunai), or sometimes deep

in the bush we come across a group of women grubbing and washing saksak. They stop, alarmed and as surprised as we are. The children start crying; we call out sudden, seemingly terse greetings in the abruptness. Or we are talking to each other in the line and before we realise a quiet hunter is beside us, with his bow and arrows and smiling as he moves in the opposite direction on the trail. He has seen and heard us a long time before we are aware and the slack openness of our trail, the noise we are making, contrast with his lithe, taut body, half walking-half gliding through the trees; not touching the mud but walking on the tops of tree roots, in a sure way. That at Akwom several elderly men returned to the village, that night and came to talk around our fire. The conversation drifted over all the news of the surrounding villages and then came back to the fact that everyone was in the bush and the school's impact and control of village activities. Then to my surprise, I was being asked what they could do about the worry, the behaviour, of school children who got out of control, who became rascals and theives in the bigger towns. Would becoming Christians stop them? Should they, therefore, have Bible teaching in school? What would work? This is something new for us to consider. Before we would control by the big men shaming a line. The Grandfather Leib, looks at his granddaughter, whose head rests on my lap as she sleeps. He is bringing her up. She cooks for him now his wife is gone. He listens as I tell him about my parents being at school for a short time and their feelings about all of their children receiving more education than them. In a generation, the way of life changed. What does being at school enable you to do - can you get food more easily? The conversation goes on until a wife comes to the door. I am instantly aware that she wants her husband to go and eat, just by the tone and her stance. She talks in tok ples, Nami, thinking I won't know she is cross and when I reply, apologising, she smiles and looks surprised. She leaves and after a while her husband looks tired and starts swatting the mosquitoes, which have begun to annoy all of us. He comments before he leaves that they have come out and he is tired.



Late afternoon - school has broken for the day. We had washed in the stream then rested for a while. Betty and Yorei are preparing kaukau and green leaves for tea and I take the tape over to the empty aid post to sit and try again to tape some more comments "in your trip" around the bush with us. I look out from under the morita thatching of the verandah and settle into a smoothed place in the planking seat. A small boy is knocking a drinking coconut out of a palm nearby, aiming till it falls, then dodging and putting his stick down. I watch him pick the coconut up by its thread of a stem and quickly run through the long grass to a hidden clearing where his machete is and cut it open. He comes back to the palm to find a leaf for a straw, in the same light, dancing steps. My initial thought was that he was taking a coconut from a tree not his property, turns more to thoughts of a child at play, entranced by his imagination. Someone else catches my eye from a distance. They are looking at me. I hold their gaze to show mutual acknowledgement. In the stillness of the village, just sitting, I become aware of any movement and am attracted to follow it. Anyone entering or leaving the village is instantly seen. My movements for a day would be well known.

Slowly but surely, children appear. At first I think they are coming back from washing or gathering food for their tea; then as more come towards the tank behind the aid post, for a drink of water, I can see a group collecting. (The few sheets of iron on the back of the aid post collect water into a big tank, the only one, bar those at Edwaki and school, in the area). Initially, I think, darn, I want to finish the tape in peace, not invaded and then recall Doris, a small girl back at the station, who when I first arrived and didn't know people to go and sit with, told me she had seen me sitting by myself. "That wasn't right, so I came", she said, in perfect English. The first to sit on the plank were two small girls. I showed them the tape and let them listen to their own voices, telling them about my teacher. Their shyness overcame them and after we had settled into a quiet easiness

with me writing and them watching, some small boys came. Gradually more came to the tank and the girls called out in tok ples to some older boys to come and talk, then they translated into Pidgin for me what they had said. The older boys came and asked me what I was doing. I responded and a conversation began amongst the group. Then one of the children showed me a sore on his leg. One of the older boys reprimanded him, "Not now, we are storying!" I asked him how he did it and he went into elaborate detail, to his elder's disgust ... I asked him if he had used any bush medicine or did he want some I had. He laughed and when I suggested a few bush plants, he said his mother knew those. I showed him some nail wounds I had, where I had tried them and they had worked. He was interested in being able to touch skin and pull the hairs on my leg and as we touched each other's skin and then pulled hair and laughed it was for me as though pores had opened; the older boys relaxed, it was not proper for them but young children ("monkeys") didn't know any better. They reprimanded them when they got rough but joined in the fun. Then one began talking in English about his Driman or spirit looking out for him, so that if anything was going to happen to him, he would stop and wait, maybe for a day, until the danger had passed. I responded to him and had a conversation going with him, much to the younger boys' annoyance. So one of the small boys said he had a story for me. He began storying in Pidgin and I flicked on the tape. He prattled off a story, aware he had my attention. "That's all", he said breathlessly and I relayed it back to him. That kept the younger ones amused, while I drew the older boy back into conversation about his Driman. We talked about our experiences, sharing mutually. Then as I became aware that his usual proud, strutting big frame was becoming smaller, I sensed he would leave and he began looking away. Maybe it was not appropriate for a young man to be talking. He said thankyou, he had to go and get food. The tape continued. I left it going while I went and had a look at two gouria pi geons, Calib's father had killed. Protected birds, as big as turkeys, with beautiful headdress feathers of blue tipped with white. They are very easy to kill because they are only

able to fly slowly. A conversation began between the men about hunting and the knowledge birds had of men and they had of birds; their calls and particular likes ... someone commented that some birds have spirits (Driman) that tell them when humans are coming. The conversation passed on and I retrieved my tape and notes. Perhaps the most striking realisation, over the last few weeks, has been the absurdity of a methodology that would have me looking for answers, to questions I might formulate. Initially I did, in my anxiety, focus on something such as, what is the traditional healing pattern?

The process I went through, of using that to focus was useful at the time, as I identified that my role here as a Nurse had to be exposed, since that was often how people related to me. I wondered what effect living with a Missionary woman and having contact with the only other white people, also Missionaries, would have on their perception of me. Later I could see that my anxiety was that I didn't want to be mistaken as a missionary and didn't want to always be the Nurse. Gradually I became aware that I would have to be seen to have other interests. Probably it was March before I stopped needing to try and piece together the whole system of things; stopped asking leading questions and allowed conversation to follow its path, realising that my own interests would naturally surface information as I needed it. By not having a head full of questions, I was much more open to conversations rather than listening for answers. A month ago, on the same trip around Akwon, Warikori, Naum, Alai villages, I was struck by the situational nature of conversation, which I later called "Context of the Situation". We passed a couple on the trail. She had left her baby sitting on the top of her bilum, while she gathered ferns (kumu) and mushrooms, while her husband came up behind carrying a boy on his shoulders and shepherding a frightened child before him, towards us. We exchanged greetings, as we passed by. I was aware Yorei never extended her hand and the man only offered his to Wananaki. His wife glanced at Yorei and lifted her bottom eyelids in the fashion of a hello. As we had passed by, Yorei said he was a big man of Naum who

still slept in the house-boi, in the traditional way and maintained old ways. As we picked our way along logs and through swamp holes, they told me why men had lived like that. Men thought the exreta (pek Pek) of babies would make them lose their strength and ability to find meat (arbus), so they didn't sit or sleep in their wives' houses, where babies would be nor did they play with babies till they could control their bowel habits. I almost missed Yorei's comment, "Men don't like crying babies in the night!" muttered under her breath, laughing away to herself. Wananaki said, "When I was young, some of us tried out staying in our wife's house and we still could find meat (arbus) the same, so then we knew that it was a 'tambu nating'. I recalled the outrage he had expressed, at finding pek pek in a house we were to stay in, on several occasions and the ritual of redress offered by the oldest woman of the line, on both occasions. Or the time we smelt something near the trail and Yorei identified it as baby's pek pek. Wananaki mumbled about it for a few miles and thought about it again by the fire that night. We could laugh about it again a few days later. Yorei commented, "See, there is a toilet (smolhaus) on one side of the house but that mother took her baby to the kunai grass to pek pek. She is thinking that if she goes with it to the toilet, it will get pneumonia (shortwind).

By this I mean that seemingly big chunks in my understanding were filled in by chance! A bird sound in the bush at the time when we had stopped to light a fire and eat, lead to a story about the bird, told by both a husband, as he knew it and a wife, as she knew it. The story is told differently to boys and girls and they reveal it to each other after marriage. Involved in the story is a series of images, about the capacity of humans to transform themselves through certain actions, that are repeated over and over, in simple, self healing actions at the time. The story is also about the power of women to intimidate men and the power of men to enslave women at home; about the nature of bush and animals to lend their colour and abilities to humans to escape the particular mould that binds humans and about the old women who know so much and who are to be loved as much as feared.

Easy now to pull all the bits together, when I allow my mind to gather things but if I sat down and tried to find out, what leads to what, nothing would show. There would be no context.

It is now the other end of a good day - the moon is very full and people who had time~~s~~ sit and story, walk home easily.

I have picked up and put down your letter several times and each time the thread changes slightly but am determined to get it out on next week's plane so that it reaches you before I do - if no one forgets to pass on the mail bag en route, as per usual.

We walked to Warikori, a village three and a half hours from Akwom, that is situated in very dense bush. I have spent some time with a family in this village, that has four living generations, unusual for this area. There is a special situation where Maritjou, an elderly, bald headed lady talks to me as though I should be able to understand her tongue and I talk Pidgin.. We pull each other into the conversation like a magnet. She oversees our stay ... .. there are relationships that I don't pretend to understand the part I play in them; this is one.

The evening is spent initially with men smoking and chewing betelnut; discussing land; politics and family matters; the women at the other end of the house, around the fire, cooking, eating and listening; occasionally making comments. I watch two brothers, one who doesn't smoke or chew ~~buae~~ because of his Christian beliefs; he sits with the women and his brother leads the "men's" conversation ... .. having eaten, I ask if I can sit near the men's circle and then Wananaki is drawn to come - the men repeat what they have been discussing re family ground to him, now he has come closer and also for my benefit. The conversation ranges into family origins and someone spontaneously starts the generation story of their line - the tape goes on ... .. then the story is translated into Pidgin and finally related to the current problem; the government buying land. I talk about my family's land and in retrospect now realise how much



had become part of the sentiment of the conversation. I recall earlier conversations where I felt my opinion was asked for and I gave it very much as an examination answer. In this instance my emotional sense of ground was expressed and I experienced the generative form of this conversation.

Walked home the next day - six hours; the men hunting en route. Diary - the LAST thing on my mind!

## PART B

CASE NUMBER THREE - LIGHTNING MERI

It was well past dusk; the darkness outside was illusionary. We were always in Warikori at the full moon. Soon the black clouds would separate and the men would decide they wanted to go hunting.

Litibagi had walked with us this month, carrying one of the few shotguns in Yellow River, hoping to get some birds and maybe a pig. He was tired after the day's walk and didn't feel like going out. He had arranged his mosquito net at the head of his brother Wananaki's, lamenting all the time about the holes in it.

As the house became dark inside, the glow from the fire, on the clay mount in the back of the house, illuminated Yorei and Betty's faces. Wananaki sat outside eating gifts of hot breadfruit (kapaic); throwing the shells off the verandah, into the ginger plants, that nestled in clumps on the bank above the stream. He glanced up occasionally at the faces that appeared at the rear of the house along side. The woman was preparing the sago for her family and retrieving her bamboo tongs and smoking pipe that her daughter had thrown over the edge, in a fit of temper, earlier. Other children, hungry and tired, cried until their food was ready. Occasionally the crying was prolonged into a solicitizing outburst, lasting 10 to 20 minutes - not nagging or beseeching but stating I want, I am angry! Maybe a mother would finally say "enough (inapp!) enough", as though, "I hear you, I accept your statement, now do as I say", or the child would not be appeased and so left till exhaustion and loss of concentration took over. They must wait until the meal is over. Listening to the sounds out there, I always become more aware of the activity within our house.

Betty had lit the small kerosene lamp and attracted Litibagi's attention. He came in from the front of the house, where he had gathered a circle of men and asked for the lantern. He took it back to the group and placed it in the centre of a group. The men's hands cast shadows on their faces and bellies, as they took turns to warm and soften their

tobacco leaves on the heat vents, at the top of the lantern. I joined the women and Wananaki.

Maritjou from the house next door, walked through the centre floor to the fire and came to Yorei's left. "Ah, my old friend, how is your husband? Last time we were here, he was sick ... .. now you bring us fish". I found a banana leaf and she handed the herring sized fish to Yorei. I spooned out rice and leaves from our meal. She accepted with her left hand, the hand that holds - cradles small babies and machetes while walking. She left.

Yorei measured our rice and leaves. We ate. Liti-bagi continued storying. Wananaki ate with us but watched and listened to the conversation and the distant faces, occasionally interjecting with his point. He finished his meal. Yorei motioned for him to join the men. He declined; it was difficult. He didn't smoke or chew buae having vowed that he was a Christian.

I had my back to the men. The conversation was filtering throughout the house. I finished eating and slowly drank coffee, listening and becoming part of the conversation. It seemed a natural progression for me to move, to join the men storying. I had eaten. I moved down the dark floor towards the lamp light and approached the circle. Litibagi looked up and as I passed, he offered no resistance to my choice of sitting near him. I worked with him at the Aid Post and he had jokingly accepted me as a daughter. The circle of older men made room for me; the young men, invited by connecting their attention for a second, sat outside the circle and looked to the floor as I glanced to them.

The conversation reopened in a sense to include me - Litibagi commented that I liked to stori and that was their way, fashin bilong ples, the term of it. Wananaki then also approached the group and sat slightly outside it. He was acknowledged by his elder brother.

The circle then closed again, in a sense, as the conversation refocused on the issue of land. Wananaki, who had been separate was now in a better position to make his

statements about the outcome of their adopted brother's decision to "sell or lease" his land. Their family land; the government; what of his children; when he goes; does he understand the significance of land ownership in our family? He also owns land on the Sepik from his blood line.

The seriousness of the situation and the delicacy with which it would have to be handled became apparent. The brothers had come a day's walk to the extended members of their family to discuss this matter. I had noticed Liti-bagi fall behind with Wananaki on the trail earlier in the day, as he talked to him in their dialect (Nami) and Wananaki had seemed troubled. Perhaps they had not previously discussed it at Yellow River but here the family could consider the outcome of their land. This adopted brother did not really understand. He was young when his father had died and maybe could not appreciate that land mattered.

I had listened to the straining silences of the younger and the weighing and balancing and my feeling was intense - land mattered. It mattered to me right in my blood. It was part of my spirit - earth and being part of people who owned land. I could sense myself speaking from a position of concern; "Yes, land is an issue"; I voiced how I felt when my father wanted to sell our farm. I was speechless, my blood was going, my thinking was not straight, my legs were gone. I felt talked out when I had said my piece. I recall that there was no answer. The conversation continued with the man on my left beginning a story.

"A long, long time ago, when everyone lived together, away in that direction", and he pointed to the North East where the sun rose, "there was a terrible time, out of which we came".

The land was very hot and noisy. People were frightened and hid in their houses. During the day it was dark and the sun was hidden away. The roof was all covered in ash. Fires were everywhere.

The people were very frightened and gathered inside one

big house. They stayed there for a long time, maybe close to a month (moon), until the stink was too much and there was no food. The dead people had all been eaten.

Then one of the women decided to lower the door to go outside. Everywhere the earth and houses were covered with ashes but the sun was shining. The people called her Lightning woman (meri).

I was silent for a while and then said that the way to hold land in a family and let the government use it, was a lease. I had heard that the mission leased the land for the airstrip and told them that we also did this where I came from.



## PART C

ANXIETY TO INSIGHT PATTERN

Anxiety

I am not asking so many questions but it still requires effort to stay centered. I am cued into this by running dreams and also physical tiredness. When I reach the point of overload, I sleep!

There is a curious balancing going on; I am aware of anxiety at a very practical level and organise to meet the needs I identify, such as sleep or food or silence. In turn this has freed up space - to be present in and time to listen.

Insight

Not only do I allow people to get closer to me, such as Maritjou, but they are more willing to invite me in. The experience is as though my body knows what is right. I am moving in the bush; lighting fires; sitting with the skirt pulled up between my legs; walking more easily up and down ladders; as though I've struck a balance with the earth, the mud, the bush. I can see myself moving as Yorei does and love the relaxed fluidness.

There is an opening in my perception, - huge space on one hand and minute detail on the other. I simultaneously experience myself as part of the group and totally separate.

The result is an evening storying, where I am involved emotionally in discussing land - and a story is told about a legendary lightning woman. At one level, I feel I am the lightning woman.

## PART D

CONTEXT OF THE SITUATION

As I open up to the people, they are opening up to me. The question is how do we do that for each other? I did it by taking the opportunity to join in in greeting Maritjou and in joining the men's circle. There had been conversations occurring all around me regarding the issue of the land and finally I was told by Litibagi the reason why he had travelled with us to Warikori - to discuss it with his line. I made a very personal statement about what land meant to me, which corroborated their sentiments on land. They responded telling me the story of "The Lightning Woman". I had opened the door to light and perhaps also to an uncertain future. When other spirits roam freely, what is the use of the land to us as hunter gatherers?

CASE STUDY FOUR - "DRUM BEAT"

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Saturday, 15 May 1982

Personal Diary

The anxiety of trying to find a way into a singsing, when it is not me that is excluded, it is my kind, the female principle. It is not appropriate that I be included. The storm in the distance, with its own pattern of thunder and lightning and the drums with their heart beat rhythm, that draw me to investigate.

I am where I should be, listening to the drums, wondering what is happening. Women and children, normally remain at home. "No, you cannot go. It is something for men!" I fell asleep to the sound of the drums and woke some time in the night and again heard the intermittent beat. At dawn the noise of the drums has gone.

I lie still, and parts of my body start to move, hands or feet, but I have no knowledge of the movements that come easily to a man. You, who have your sick moon and are not part of the healing dance. There is something very subtle, the inclusion-exclusion principle. Women are allowed to come in the day, mainly to prepare food.

The drum beat, the heart rhythm, the singing and the silence between each drum sequence; an opening and closing; the singing of an ancient chant; not everyone goes; it is a release, a healing for some.

Dalini mentions the singsing the night the drums begin. I wonder if I will be able to see the ceremony for Tole and Akawi's wife. I tell her I have already heard it is being prepared for them.

Unbeknown to me, Betty asks her if she can go in the morning and Dailini says, "No, it is belonging to the family and you have to be invited".

Betty doesn't reveal any of this to me till I say in the evening, that I am going to investigate the singsing again. She says, "You won't get in".

It doesn't matter, I feel I want to look at the outside elements of it.

I meet Litibagi on the path as I go down. He wants some newspaper for his tobacco and I go back to the house to find him some. He is going to the singsing and calls to Dalini, that I have come to talk with her.

I find there are many men and women not attending. Dalini is storying and she has some sweet smelling leaves, in a pas pas, on her arm that signify she has been in contact with the singsing in some way.

"Good", she says. "Did you bring the coffee?"

18th May, 1982

### Daily Diary

This morning, after a restless night, woke to a brilliant, red sunrise and got up to get things organised to walk to Nabytjou, then Mantupai.

I could see Litibagi's family of girls going out below the house ~~to~~ the sak sak tree they must be scrubbing, with rolls of limbom on their heads, walking in a slow rolling 7.30 a.m. walk, still quite sleepy.

Saw Dalini as we passed haus sic. She said that the pain had come in the back of her head and then out her forehead, between her eyes and had made her crazy (longlong).

The Mantupai boys had teased the carrier that they had the job. He was worried, when he arrived, that it was true. We reassured him no one else had been marked and he sat chewing buae.

We meet up with Yorei and Wananaki on the road and begin walking. I have forgotten soap and felt unsettled; left in a rush, not right for me! We walked to the bush edge, where the men were working; some clearing undergrowth; some sitting on a log talking; some chopping around the root of a big quila, with its huge vines hanging down, which they say they will pull it down with. It reminds me of trapeze wires. It looks strangely naked, with the bush denuded from around it. Interesting how hard it is to find the new track and identify it - have been over it twice before.



We witness an interesting exchange. Behind us is walking a father and two daughters. We all come up to Nabytjou and there is Aipa, Libogi and husband and about 12 kids, two or three other men and women. It turns out to be the family waiting to take the two girls, who are from Yegarapi to Yuwari, beyond Mantupai and they have brought a girl in exchange to live in Yegarapi. I wonder what the girls are feeling. They stand close together, carrying heavy bilums of food and wearing nice clothes. The woman and man who accompany them have a young baby and three other young children. I recognise the huge bananas that are the totem bananas. They have many hunting dogs. A son, about eight to 10, with his bow and arrow. A cold wind has come up behind us, we see a rain shower coming, freezing cold rain, and run under the nearby house.

As we walked to the new schoolhouse, sitting on the edge of the kunai at Nabytjou, built to entice a school teacher, we became aware of the dryness. Yorei talked about carrying water in limboms when the weather is dry, to the gardens. In old times, people did this. When I point to the clouds coming - she says; "They are nothing" (gammon tasol).

Later that night, we sit storying around the fire. Wian and Wananaki talk about the singsing - then Yorei fills me in.

"Readying a Timbuan may take weeks. People get a lot of food for a "singsing nating" before the healing ceremony. They gather binatang, saksak, fish, pig, muruk and smoke meat.

Then the women make a lot of hot wara. People start to come from far away Mantupai, as part of our line lives there, then the closer ones from Yegarapi and Bapi. Some may go and get more food. Then we wait for the full moon (i stap ontap) While we wait for this, we talk. The healing spirit (Timbuan) walks about at night. It has not got legs, so it must have good light. Towei is very serious about this.

"Mi savy pinis, man i carryum", Yorei says, laughing,

"I gat leg!"

There is a knock on the wall; it is Wian; Wananaki told him to sing out and tell us who he was when he came back.

Yorei says, "Pikinini meri, i no savy . Pikinini man savy, man carryum timbuan, tambu long tok savy long Pikinini meri. Marcus and Andrew didn't keep quiet. One time Wananaki took the boys. They wanted to look. When they came home they told me, Mama, this timbuan i stap, man i no carryum. Mama true eh; yes, man i no carry em".

It was becoming a secret of men, carried by young boys.

"Suppose man i go inside, timbuan i get up", Wananaki says.

"Ah, true", says Yorei.

Yorei then tells how she knew, when she was a little girl, how the costume of the timbuan is made. Sago sheets are put all over the timbuan to hide a man. (Cru bilong saksak banis em timbuan, man i carryem).

"At about 3 o'clock (apinoon), they go out in the bush and take off the costume. Then they wash their skin good, and go back, so all the kids think the Timbuan is real!" (Go was was good long skin bilong em, dispela man i go bek na olgeta olgeta pikinini na meri lukim Timbuan man, em i no savy dispela man i Timbuan).

"This man no can story long family bilong em, hide em good". This man i gat savy pinis long Timbuan fashin bilong em".

"Marcus and Andrew, then they come i tok savy long mama", says Yorei, laughing, "em i no inapp long hidem. Marcus and Andrew talk papa, we want to go inside and see Timbuan." "Nogat", he says, "you wait till the Timbuan comes outside and you can look".

Yorei hears the rain coming. "Bee", wind in roof, whistles like a man, man i fightem dog".

I tell a story about Father Christmas and how even though people know it is a man inside, he doesn't lose any

of his power! In fact, knowing it is a man, heightens the power because there are other elements unknown that still exist.

19 May

Daily Diary

Woke to light rain, felt much calmer, Aindami women were coming across the grass plains (kunai) at about 7.30, thanks to Towri the carrier, who went to get them. It turned out to be a delightful group.

Towri's mother has a new baby. A very young girl, maybe 16, has a two week old baby. In the cool of the morning she had got a large piece of wood that was hot and glowing; her husband had this propped up beside her. She wore a string skirt and held the baby close to her for warmth.

A Mukedami couple hurried in late. The father with perspiration flowing down his face, said they had been to Vanimo for kai kai.

The pastor's wife from Nabytjou arrived in a pink dress, her little girl in a white skirt. What an amazing contrast. The other boys were in boy's clothes. (See Part B - "A Moment in Passing".)

After the clinic I watched an 18 month old boy and the two and a half to three year old little girl catching grasshoppers in the long grass. They hop - jumped about four or five steps, then stood still, often on one foot, and looked into the grass. If they saw a grasshopper they reached out to catch it, bringing both their hands together in a clap.

After about six attempts, the little girl caught one and ran with it in her hands, her eyes fastened on her treasure, to her elder sister, who was having her hair fixed by her mother and searched for mites.

We called Towri and left for Mantupai at about 10 a.m. He forgot his pants and had to go back.

The body is expected to have a sense (senis) of its own; a sense that tells the foot not to go into that hole because a saksak needle stops there or tells the eye and body to follow the trail. It is a sense that is ingrained in every cell from birth, that lets one know what is the appropriate action, what feels right, what is the right image to visualise.

Re catching the snake - Yorei yelped as Betty almost stood on the snake. Killing it was interesting. Wananaki thanked God. I thanked Yorei and Towri thanked his knife for senis, for fighting the snake and cutting it into small bits, so it would learn not to harm man. He carried it out of the water so he could do this.

PART BA MOMENT IN PASSING

As the sun leaves these amazing bush and kunai plains, the insect and bird sounds change into the late afternoon calls, that small children, who have been left to mind the fireplace, identify and laugh, "Oh, yes, the Madjar sings out now; my Mother will hear that and know to leave the garden and come home to me".

Women gather up the last of the food parcels, the different shades of green that mark leaves they have pulled as wrappers, in the different parts of the foraging; some hold thick white grubs, others yam and taro roots; some kumu greens, maybe some white delicate mushrooms. The bilum of food gathered daily rides on top of the firewood bundle, swung up onto one's back, in the same twirling fashion that a child is lifted by one arm and moves around the mother's body, as she turns and opens its legs as it reaches shoulder height, to settle down on to her shoulders.

There is a continual, very subtle movement of people that is not obvious unless you are aware, that food has to be gathered daily and prepared from a raw state. Firewood cooks food and detracts mosquitoes at night; the heat and comfort of a low fire at night draws out the day's ashes and softens the stories each offers about what they have been doing and where they have been that day, what news others have passed to them. I love the purposeful act of someone who comes into our story circle. I wonder what for and they reach into the fire to choose an embered stick to light the tobacco leaf and the equally quick action of someone taking a stick from one fire to begin a new fire in another fire hearth, placing the stick on the cold ashes with one hand and gathering wood shaving or bark over the embers, bending down to blow into the embers until the heat gathers and a flame pulls. All done in an easy flowing manner, yet quite distinctive and characteristic of this area, so that every time I see someone light a fire, I am drawn to watch.



I recall the clinic Betty and I held at Nabytjou, three hours from base, early 7.30 one morning, before we walked seven hours further to Mantupai, the furthest village we visit monthly. The women of Aiendam met us at a collecting point, having already walked an hour through the waist high kunai grass, still moist with dew and cool at this hour. Usually only women and children come but the group was distinguished by one young father carrying a huge lump of smouldering wood close to his wife, who held her tiny infant daughter, still pink skinned from her recent birth and unable to open her eyes. The mother looked fragile from the birthing, vulnerable and in need of protection, walking so far from her home village. (I learnt later she spoke good Pidgin, having been at a Mission school). The father's effusive pride as he found her a sheltered place to sit, placing the smouldering end of the log close enough to her, so its heat could penetrate the cool breeze and calm her anxiety about the baby and us. What would we think? Would we worry about her grass skirt, her lack of beads, her shyness, her shame that she could feel so attached to her baby which should not really yet be seen to be informed it is a human. It is still soft and full of blood, the bone has not formed; it has no knowledge, no power of thought; its thinking has not got up yet.

The earthen floor of the room, where we hang the scale bag from a ceiling beam, is cold and damp to stand on and I cannot get the top off the Sabin bottle. Manufacturers should know that Nurses don't always have scissors to prize off the lid and push on the dispensing cap. So I remove my hairclip and use the steel pin on it to open the bottle. I was just as surprised as the women at their gasp, as they see my long hair fall out of its knot. I am immediately aware of its warm enfolding over my shoulders; it brings me "back" to a sense of myself. I too, am feeling a little open and wondering, bewildered in the situation of new faces and conversations in three languages. I want to look and look at the different face tattoos of each of the women, to touch their skin and hair and beads, as much as they want to touch my hair and earrings. We meditate and

wait for the dissolving, the weighing of the children, the collecting of the infant books; the only books most people in the whole Sepik Basin will have and carry with all their possessions for years! The laughter as a child struggles, petrified at being touched, the bewilderment of an injection. Children too old to be weighed, stand well back with memories of this experience at the surface; their attention wanders from shooting play arrows, to drawing in the dirt, to teasing with grassheads, until maybe a mother calls a daughter to hold the child from her shoulders, while the suckling child in the shoulder bag is weighed. I am the recorder of the weights and immunizations in a register book and hand the books back to the mothers, sometimes having a translator to pass a comment, though more usually relying on signs; on finding the mother's eyes with mine and letting a flow of information pass between us. I feel the steady gaze of an adolescent girl, still and slender; able to hold her attention, as she focuses on my pen; close enough, yet distant enough to find out who I am. I invite her to look with my eyes and ask her if she knows Pidgin, knowing that usually at that age it is not appropriate to answer outside of one's family circle, except via an elder family member, especially to a stranger. She looks at her mother who doesn't check her and she looks back at me. There is no distinctive yes or nod but simply the fact that she has looked back to my face, before she looks down to her feet; proper. I angle the book I am writing on, so she can see what I am doing and without saying anything, show her what it is that I am doing, that so intimately involves her people. She moves quietly closer, still hugging the wall, wanting some distance but wanting to accept the invitation.

Some of the women, whose children have been scaled and immunized, stand back, relaxing, lighting the tobacco leaves and conversing with Mukedami women, laughing as they exchange news, maybe some food; their attention now removed from their babies who settle in their slings; the comfort and security of the breast available close to their faces; their eyes betray that they are still wary and tiny toes curl under. Their worry will remain till they are on

the move again, back home across the kunai.

Older women, past childbearing, but key figures in childrearing, hold their children, adopted or given as Dalini would say, to stop with them; to help collect wood; to sleep close beside at night; to wander beside the gardens, create a link into the family circles that will not always exist for the elderly, the lapun, who must then find their own way in the groups, with a skill at making fish baskets from split bamboo; or working designs on smoking pipes; or knowledge of bush medicines or healing, using workim skin; or divination using one's Driman or dream guide may be a way of receiving recognition, food and inclusion. These children pass to us via their own mothers and then go back to their grandmothers or aunts called 'watchmamas', in an intricate exchange that always reminds me of changing partners in an old folk square dance. These women stand back and draw my attention to several mothers, who are sitting slightly more tensed than those waiting for her baby's name to be called or attempted in their own language - Nami, an exchange which usually requires the mother's and father's name to be called, before some resemblance of the name prompts a mother to bring her child up.

I look for these women now and become aware of the children they hold; slumped, sleeping or breathing rapidly and deeply or whimpering that any form of comforting does not release - some with what I identify as malaria and pneumonia; others with abscesses, impetigo and scabies.

I have learned that the women will wait until it is imminent that we will be leaving; the gear is all packed and we are almost leaving the house before they will approach via someone who seems to have already made some links with us, and we hear that someone wants medicine, a child is sick. Now I know that in almost every gathering there is someone who wants medicine, unsure how to go about getting it - do they have to pay or offer food? Will they be crossed for not bringing the child to the Aid Post (haus sic) sooner; or told No, we do not have that medicine with us and therefore, shame us unwittingly?

The small girl, who has been watching my pen, has forgotten her shyness and comes close enough so that her skirt touches mine. I smile at her quickly and continue writing. She is caught into the action and extends her hands before her in an unconscious sketching, unravelling herself, allowing her legs to push out and come closer to mine. As I concentrate on getting weights and ticks into tiny squares, aligned with names, she fixes her attention on my shark's tooth earring. A woman standing at some distance, asks her in her own language, something about the earring. She replies and I look to the woman laughing, aware of the content of the dialogue. I answer in Pidgin what it is, the small girl laughs and is surprised - how much do I know of her words? None, only a sense of the words, especially when they describe me! I look to the woman's tattoo on her face, a circle of dots around one eye and curving down on her cheek and a tiny star in the corner crease of her other eye. I trace the line of the dots on to my own face and say I would love that. She laughs and comes closer. Her baby draws into her armpit, alarmed at coming back towards me. It murmurs its distress and she unconsciously jigs it in the sling to quieten it. She asks the young girl about my earring and they check the other side. Yes, I have two ... as she checks, her hand crosses my hand, touching and holding it and I am drawn to touch her hair, a tight mass of curls, traditionally cut, high above her ear lobe line, a direct contrast to my waist length straight hair. The baby, quieted now, extends its hand and absently touches my arm. My attention goes to it and the mother withdraws its hand touching my arm, she laughs and gasps. Finally she has touched and she leaves her hand there fingering the hair on my arm, touching, touching and checking to see that it is all right by looking at my eyes. I say to the girl beside me in Pidgin, that I like the baby's neckpiece, a tiny woven bag and extend the carved bone hook around my neck for her to hold. The bone is the same as the earrings. Something old, the girl translates quickly, having identified her role, and we move into a flowing three way dialogue, identifying what each of us is wearing. The girl tells me the mother has said there is a coin in the tiny neck bag, put

there when the baby was born and to be removed when the child has all its teeth, to buy the first of the "strong" food, such as a yam or big banana, that little children do not understand how to eat. She fingers a band on her own wrist; a rubber ring from a kerosene drum to which she has attached a safety pin for her decoration; the grass skirt or ~~pomporo~~, that gathers from the mother's waist to her knees and leaves the long outside line of her thigh exposed, has a band of tiny, tear-shaped, grey seeds threaded into the waist band; her small son, who holds an appropriately sized bow and arrow and whose inquisitiveness has overcome his fear, comes to link his arm through his mother's - partly in protection and partly to tell her he wants to be included. He has a single thread of the seeds around his waist, the only boy I have seen with this; so that I wonder if he has demanded it as a plaything or if it is a boy's decoration like his shaven head haircut that leaves a band of hair, prickle length, above his ears; very different from the hair shaves in which the hair has been roughly removed from someone who has a headache. His haircut is finely done and there is a faint suggestion of circles in his hair from a previous hair cut.

Betty calls my attention back to the job! And I break away, the mother and her children stay close by, having found connectiveness as warming as I have. I look back to her face, she understands the sequence at hand to be completed and nods to a woman sitting at the back of the room.

My sense is a desire to laugh, to dance, to move quickly, to match the feeling of expression of creation that goes into finding out about each other at this level. I feel the whole business of scaling and immunization to be a slight intrusion, an annoyance at the time but in retrospect, a way into connection that would perhaps, otherwise be hard. When I think about myself as a Nurse and my role, in a shallow breath it may be to ask myself, just what am I doing weighing these babies and what medicines that I have will be of any use to these mothers, whose beliefs about medicines and healing are so different? In



a deep breath, just being in this house with these people is being a Nurse and Anthropologist and myself. It is admitting that through each facet another insight is exposed and through my own acceptance of each facet, I move through my anxiety about what parts of me are more acceptable and come to see that at the point of anxiety, I am almost always revealed a doorway into a new area.

Normally, I would revoke the anxiety producing situation but my Methodology is that at the point of anxiety therein lies the access to the unknown - and the path to take is through one's own experience, through one's own body, in action, in feelings and in thought. I usually identify from one of these three points, something that alerts me to a sense of disquiet, rather than disharmony, that usual patterns of interpretation do not fit - what is the new facet? What needs to be identified?

Previously, I would have written that I just knew that there was a sick child or an elderly person with a sore knee outside; how do I know? I had never followed the thread closely enough to discover why or how. This form of knowledge is now available to me using this Methodology. Intimately linked with knowing, is not only the identification of sick people but what is the most appropriate thing to be done in the situation. I have discovered there is always a possible and more than likely answer very close by.

Initially, my awareness of myself here and my sense of dis/ease was such, that I would wonder what it was in my bag of tricks would be useful, trying to think; unsure of the unfamiliar patterns of malaria and tropical illnesses. Through a sequence of interrelated experiences, I became grounded and with this movement have a sense of what part I am to play in providing a link in the process of healing. Maybe none at all, maybe only a faint suggestion, but the anxiety has passed as to what it is. The more awareness I have of the local bush medicines and healing techniques, the more these become part of the skills I can access, so that sometimes I to am surprised at the intertwining of practices from my culture and those from Yellow River.

I now carry a small string bag around my shoulder, in which I gather seeds and different bark and leaves as we pass on the bush trails, that have been identified as bush medicines. It may be that someone will want something I am carrying from this bilum or from the small cloth bag that holds medicines from New Zealand or maybe there is something that I can do with my hands that will remove pain and serve to enable the person to access their own healing potential; their own regenerative pattern. Having realised, time and time again, that my part is only another word in a conversation, a colour in a tapestry, and that it is the person themselves who is sick that heals themselves, I am aware that by offering many possibilities, confusion occurs, but by allowing the appropriate thread to surface, like a bubble from inside a vast waterfall, whatever it is that I am to offer, will become obvious. Many times here I have said, "I am not enough, you must go to one of your own healers ... ..", or, "I can try, together we can try", ... .. tryim tasol tryim.

In waiting at the back of the room, the mother and her sick child, has many thoughts or is she tired and anxious, her mind now a blank, the concern taking over?

I focus on the woman holding her sick baby. The scene that repeats, over and over in all the villages, different mothers, different ages of children but there are similar elements for all; the child, maybe a baby or a 10 year old, but it is carried in the mother's arms or on her shoulders and sleeps, its head down on top of her head. The mother flicks flies and mosquitoes away from her child, twirling a piece of cloth or some grass seed-heads or leaves around her wrist. She looks at the child's face often and watches its breathing; a child with cerebral malaria, who may be close to convulsing; or a child with breathing difficulty from pneumonia, is prompted to breathe by a trickle of water on its face or the mother stamping her foot and trilling her voice near its ear; the mother now worries that her baby son is cold; she is too far from the comfort of the fire; he has hot skin since yesterday, she knows and what worries her more is that he

isn't drinking her milk.

My hand goes to the child's back, to touch the skin and feel his respiratory rate. I have a sense that the mother has lost weight recently and she tells me she has been at their family bush house and just walked back from the Sepik River. The mother says they are short of food and the river kept them in the bush. Malaria, endemic in this area seems to be just beneath the surface for everyone and prevails when their usually predictable daily patterns are broken and the stress of the unknown produces disquiet. Yes, I know what she is talking about. I can see why the child is sick; a reflection of the worry of a family on the move; caught by flooding and forced to wait for rivers to subside; they are short of food, on ground not their own, not familiar or safe. Now the wait is over, they have reached their village house and as the waves of relief subside, the baby holds on to its distress. The only way it knows how to alter its pattern, is to have total attention for a while; to sleep and sleep without concern, to be warmed by the fire and held close, not to worry about food. The illness is a mediator that produces the required needs and what will I do by giving the child an injection of quinine. A shoot (sut) in my eyes, may reduce the chance of cerebral malaria, by breaking the malaria cycle and quickly bring down the fever; quiet the mother's concern and enable her to balance out the needs of her other three children. In her eyes the shoot is a counterbalance to the passive "spear" of a masalai meri that may have eyed her baby when they were walking, now the baby will be safe; she may have already visited a healer in her own village, who will have removed the spear; using her hands to manipulate it out of the child's body, thus enabling my medicine to work and not "fight" with the spear, causing the child more distress.

The young girl watches closely as I give the quinine injection. She looks at my face as I remove the needle. In a few words I tell her what I have been doing and she nods; at school they told us; I hand her the syringe, she is unsure and I show her how to dismantle it and put

it away; where all our bits and pieces go. So aware that it is these young people, who must hold the future for their people to survive the transitions they seek into a technological society. Is this the way to move? I am aware as we pack for Mantupai, that in spite of knowing that Yaws in childhood is an antidote for syphilis later; we still give penicillen to cure the cases of Yaws.

We are packing quickly as the sun has already dried the dew on the grass and we taste the sun on our breath. We have 10 hours in our single file today and need to leave. The women know how far it is and watch as we pack; someone brings us some sugar cane to chew on the way - Yes, I know! The slight anxiety of needing to go, of wanting to stay, of how to say goodbye. There are no words in Pidgin for "take care, stay well"! It is not usual to ask after someone's health, since in this area, survival depends on keeping one's sense of awareness about the weather, what is that movement in the bush? Food possibly, ... .. or a snake; the dog growls; whose spirit is wandering loose? A slight crack of the branches overhead, maybe a log about to fall; a sense of movement heralds another family on the trail approaching ... who are they? Do they need to be skirted? The person in front slips slightly in the mud and the others call "easy easy" or "sori tru", for they have neglected to offer a helping hand to prevent their fall.

As I walk along, I think about the relationship of self care and caring for others and how much I have come to realise the lesson for me, in Yellow River, of self care-survival.

In order to do this I have identified and answered my own anxieties, as though they are my friends in conversation. The images Yellow River people have of anxiety are spears, arrows, needles of the saksak tree and more recently razors and glass. I have followed my own images, in dreams and in musings, on the walking trails and found an equally consistent pattern.

PART CANXIETY TO INSIGHT PATTERNAnxiety

I wanted to attend the healing ceremony and initially could not accept or understand that this was not possible or appropriate. I thought I was being excluded personally, till I discovered that women generally, were not part of the ritual. Then I began to perceive the event in a new light. Several days later, people were still talking about the ceremony and I was able to listen to their comments in a new light.

I listened to the recounting of organising the ceremony and then heard Yorei laugh at the serious monologue and say, but women know what its all about. Women are not excluded, they experience it in a different way and the ritual is no less powerful.

Insight

After a period of anxiety, the insight phase was characterised by a specific quality of awareness of intimate detail and of being able to record the finer nuances of interaction very easily.



PART DCONTEXT OF THE SITUATION

It seemed important to write up Part B even though it has no background notes in Part A, because it sums up the whole of Case Study 4. What is not said or what is excluded from the diary notes, is the whole ritual; I recalled the intimate detail of Part B with only a small cue.

CASE 5 AND CASE 6

- Record a progression from Cases 1 to 4, in utilising characteristics of the process of fieldwork such as: being present; not asking questions; and not removing data from the context of the situation. Awareness of these characteristics encouraged a greater degree of intimacy in interaction and finer detail in recording.

CASE STUDY NO. 5SCRUBBING SAKSAK WITH DALINI

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8 May 1982

Health Diary

Going to Dalini's garden ... .. thoughts similar to when I arrived - a heady new experience. I tried to keep grounded, by staying with what was happening, rather than going off in my head, thinking about other things.

Dalini's watchful presence - what did I want to do? Was I interested? She was worried, excited and protective. Her adopted daughters, "the girls", perhaps wondered if I was an intruder in their mother's presence? Sago scrubbing and preparation; the laughter; the teaching; the watching; the rhythm, is a women's affair.

Learning about a process, with all its intricacies, is only possible if one is present and involved; re the centre (cru) of the saksak; Whiskey's growl as an intruder, ( a spirit no good ), comes close; the freeing feeling of laughing over "something nothing"; of lying on the mat together after eating when the sun is hottest; of exploring one another's personal being to discover are we alike?

How does one follow people who know intimately where they are going? I liken it to newcomers to the farm in New Zealand, not knowing what to do first or next; give them a job to do and eventually they become part of what is happening, then and only then will they understand the way they want to. I make myself available to being present with the women.

Feeling worried about not killing the bird but letting it die slowly? Worrying about feeling tired, not being able to rest in front of others. I feel my throat is tight and sore with worry, then decide I don't need any of that. I let go of it and discover the tremendous sense of being in a bush house, free from all the worries of the village house and haus sic ... .. the easy access to all that is needed.

Returning home, refreshed, revived. B. pours out her troubles and the worries pour back.

Saturday 8 May 1982

Daily Diary

Full moon - some light rain at night. Misty morning but fine afterwards and hot!

An amazing day; probably the best since being here. I was determined to go out with Dalini to her garden and bush house and had gone down to talk with her last night. She was still out in her garden till a long time after dark - about 7.30 or 8 p.m. She came up to my door at about 9 p.m., very tired and we organised to go out early this morning, after market.

Alarm 6 a.m. I got up when I heard people coming to the market, below our house. There was very little available; bananas, taro, dry coconut and a few leaves. Bought some bananas for 20 to 25a. Dalini arrived with a yellow basin and something for sale that looked like roasted scones.

After breakfast I packed tinned fish, crackers, bananas cheese, camera, towel and soap and set off to meet Dalini at 7.30 a.m. She carried tank water, a cup and bananas for me! - her bush knife, her blue Mary blouse top and red gathered skirt. Ruth came carrying her small bilum. Arei in a red dress and Tundei in nice clothes! It felt more like a Sunday picnic, than work day. Mo, Litibagi's sister and another woman walked behind us. Mo's husband carried his bow and arrows and a fish basket and Lienba, their son, carried another fish basket, longer than himself.

We went down through the valley, past Olira's house; he was cutting grass. Men working on the road had cut neat gutter-holes to gather water off the trail but it was still very slippery. I was also aware of watching how the women in front held their bodies, light yet steady, by locking their knees and taking shorter steps, to stay upright and climb with loaded bilums, in the mud.

We climbed the road to the hilltop, by finding footholds in the soft mud, and watching our balance. Our line became strung out. Three small girls meet us en route, breathless, after having taken a short cut. We decided to

take it on the way back. Ruth implored us to go her secret way, which meant holding vines and tree roots, then climbing a vertical log!

Climbing to a hilltop felt familiar, the first hill I have climbed for six months. We all gazed in amazement down into the Yegarapi and Yaru villages and the airstrip. The morning mist still hung in streaks over the plains facing the Torricelli Mountains to the North and shielded the Sepik and tip of the Highlands. The view holds us all in silence before we climbed down the other very steep side.

We crossed several small streams and came into a very large, recently felled garden, an addition to one already established. It was clear that although nomadic, the Yegarapi Yaru people were skilled slash and burn gardeners. We went back into the bush and through two more gardens; one Tailimo's saksak, the other one alib's father, who grew up here before he went to Akwom, where he got married. As Dalini named the gardens, I became aware that every part of the landscape was identified as belonging to someone with marker (tanket) trees.

I considered the amount of land we walked over and how intimately Dalini knew the history of ownership, as she recounted snippets of gossip that I heard with recognition then promptly forgot.

I felt a real sense of excitement in our line as we reached Dalini's path to their ground; en route, crossing many other paths, one to Mukedami, one to Wagu, others to people's gardens. Paib and Lienba went off with their baskets on a trail. We women continued down to the swampy ground in the valley floor. I finally was seeing the sago (saksak) garden; Dalini described it as the special garden, planted in a flooded swamp by a baby boy's father. In about 15-20 years it becomes a grove of 30 foot high palms and then it is worked by the women.

Clouds of insects flew up from the bark cover (lim-bom) as Dalini lifted it off the already cut trunk of a sago palm.

It is about 8.45 and still cool and dark in the valley.



Light came through where trees had been cut and scrubbed. It is really a grove of saksak with some more flowering. Dalini identifies who has scrubbed which trees already felled and how much they did in a day. Ruth asked her mother to find some saksak beetles, as she wanted one to dance on the end of a stem. Dalini pushed a stem into one of the beetles forelegs and handed it to Ruth, before she took up one of the grubbers.

Dalini put limbons under the 8 foot sago palm trunk, to keep the work area clean and dry. It would take three hours to scrub, with one person working hard and one half-pie (easi-easi).

She said this trunk was hard because some of the water had gone out of it. Clouds of mosquitoes, small flies and bees hung around the pools of water and us!

Dalini swung easily in to a strong rhythmic action, grubbing the pith from the tree trunk. She arranged herself on a seat cut into the trunk end and rested the weight of her body on to her feet, which were placed close to the area being worked. I watched the even biting action of the grubber removing the pith, with her feet occasionally moving it. The accuracy of aim ... the smoothing of the cut pith ... sorting it, refighting it ... toes pushing back the pith, then supporting the body ... hands gripping the handle and bringing the stick over one's back, then past your head, watching the edge of it fly past your eye, to hold the alignment of the grubber and pith ... over and over.

Ruth asked for a second grubber and her mother stopped and handed her one and a lump of sago pith that had broken off. Ruth played at touching it with the grubber.

Arei and Tundei arrived and sat on a log watching. Dalini asked them if they had their old clothes for working. Arei said "No". They both looked tired. Whiskey the dog was exploring the swamp smells. Ruth was making inroads on her lump and Dalini helped her put the limbom on the ground to catch the pith.

Dalini then concentrated on her end. Ruth moved a

number of times, reorganising her stem seat and attacking the log from different angles. She concentrated with her tongue out, then relaxed and just played. At times she and Dalini would get an alternating rhythm going, then would laugh and it would break open. I became aware of the skill in cutting down the tree and preparing it so it is easy to work with, as this was. Huge spines are shaved off the trunk; the trunk halved; places to sit cut; the jelly/glue sap, which oozes out of the end, is covered so it won't contaminate the pith. If the pith is not fine enough, then it is put back into the hollow of the trunk and reworked. Ruth knew the action specific to this.

Lienba returned saying the stream was too flooded to work their fish baskets. He watched, as if wondering what to do, then enticed Ruth to play with him. Litibagi came into the garden from the other direction carrying axe, knife, two wire spears, his rucksac bag with raunim and his "goodies bag". He was surprised and pleased to see me and passed without stopping on his way to another garden, then to fish.

Lienba annoyed Ruth and the two kids sparred back and forth. Dalini sent Arei and Tundei off to get leaves and mushrooms from a tree, they had found the day before. When they returned, Dalini set up the washing trough. The cradle of it was already lashed together but she checked the strength of the forked sticks at the ends and the lashing inside. She then placed two limboms down inside it and folded their soft edges into an envelope. Two hand carved pegs held the edges and the centre fold. The limboms are used over several times and develop creaselines. I practised folding one into shape, with one of these marked ones. I was aware of the simplicity, practicality and strength of the structure that was built each time a tree was cut. Now I began to see how all the pieces of equipment for sago making, that are in a woman's bilum, were used. A small piece of limbom bark, folded like a channel, fed the sago sediment, laden water from the washing channel, which is made out of a stem of a branch of the sago palm, to the limbom holders in the cradle. The pith is squashed against a coconut fibre

sieve, cleverly placed inside the stem. The coconut fibre is forced in to a cut in the stem, with a stick used as a chisel. The fibre is knotted on top and if someone is standing watching the washing process, they hold this up out of the stream of water. Pegs, made of wood, hold this securely in place on the edges of the stem, as a great deal of pressure is put behind it, as the water sodden pith is squeezed over and over.

The washing of the pith has a different rhythm to scrubbing the sago pith. Dalini says washing is repeating over and over a few actions. I watched, and remember the process as follows:

1. Get the saksak, put it in the trough, maybe a half bucket (limbom) full.
2. Get a limbom of water from the hole and pour it over the whole length of saksak in the trough.
3. Then starting at the top end of the stem, the pith is squeezed in handfuls wringing out the saksak, then placed out of the water, further up the trough.
4. Near the coconut fibre, the water is thick and yellow as handfuls of fibre are pushed in to the coconut fibre. This is tiring and depending on the height of the trough stand, on its Y stick legs, the women get sore backs.
5. The sandy coloured water streams through the fibre into the limbom containers and is tipped off as they fill.
6. The wrung out fibre is pulled down the trough again, three or four times.
7. The fibre is washed till the colour of the water is almost clear.
8. Then the fibre is wrung out for the final time and flung out onto the rubbish (pipia) pile.
9. As the limbom holders fill with saksak water the edges are held into a lip to allow excess water to pour off, leaving the sediment to settle. There is a constant watchfulness necessary. The process is controlled by the workers according to their rhythm,

their thoughts, their laughter and stories. They work steadily, watching for tear holes in limboms, pegs coming undone or other accidents.

Dalini crosses the girls for getting rubbish (mimi) (or pipia of saksak) around the trunk. "People passing by will say that we don't care for the saksak. When we take the saksak home, it will not be good". She picks pith off the ground and uses a small whisk broom to move the pith on to limbom covers. Yellow orange bees, with a high pitched hum, hover around the mimi pile by the trough. These are "samting nat ing", says Dalini.

Whiskey grows low, "Who is that?", (husat) says Arei.

"A no-good spirit walking about", says Dalini. Everyone stops working and looks into the trees to identify the source. Whiskey moves on and we continue with the work.

Dalini calculated that a ten foot trunk of saksak would make eight limboms of pith. It would take three and a half hours to work two limboms full of wet saksak, which would feed their family for six days of dry sago (fraim) and wet sago (hot warra). Each bundle, on the drying frame, held one limbom full. In the bush she had three bundles of saksak wrapped on the curing frame and on another frame, she had about eight bundles ... "In case of ceremonies (singsings), we need plenty", she explained.

I wanted to get water from the hole and helped a bit, enjoying the involvement. Dalini left Arei and Tundei to finish the saksak. I had a turn at washing pith under Tundei's watchful eye and found it required a real rhythm and developed hand muscles. Ruth's small hand was ineffective, so she and Lienba watched the process. The limbom containers in the cradle quickly filled with the rich, bush honey colour of the water containing the sago sediment.

Dalini and I left the others and went ahead to the bush house. I was captivated and could understand why literally everyone loved to talk about "going bush", at least at Yegarapi and Yaru. There were small gold and black

trees planted and protected; piles of firewood, extra limboms and fish baskets under the house. We climbed up the ladder to the floor and Dalini looked around, then showed me who slept where. She looked over Rojan's mosquito net (tanim), pillow and sheet with his bilum, bow and arrows placed carefully on top, and saw a charcoaled message on the roof above the bones and sago; that it is his, and not to touch - "Rojan-tambu".

She picked a stick out of the ashes of number two wife's fire and moved it over to her fire place. The mud centre of the fireplace is breaking down and she says it is rubbish. She throws some shavings on to the ember and blows it, then puts sticks on and quickly has a flame. She calls to Lienba to throw her up some of Rosa's sticks from under the house. He does so and then gets some banana leaves. He comes back on top as she has piled up the fire and put three stones on to it. She puts two hands of bananas on the fire and rolls out Litibagi's mat for me to sit on. She is totally attentive towards me, asking do I want water, do I want to pispis.

We had left Arei and Tundei to finish the scrubbing and washing. They arrived as Dalini was moving to crumble fresh dried saksak and cover it with coconut on banana leaves. They had gathered mushrooms (talingas), which Tundei washed and sorted into a limbom.

As Dalini crushed saksak and added talingas, she began to story to me about a storm that had wrecked their house in the bush and how they had been frightened and tried to make their way to Calib's father's house, which was walled (banised), as in the villages. Dalini had forgotten her firestick, knife and meat (arbus) in their panic. As she was storying, she elaborated the story with how the storm was terrible; how cold they were; how she didn't worry about saksak needles but just went about nothing, no torch, then a pigeon sang out in the tree, just as Dalini's thread on the story ran dry; my concentration went too and I couldn't say why. She said the pigeon was fastening the road of her story. I asked her to tell me more



about this and she said plenty of times her spirit guide (Driman) had told her about a bad woman, (a masalai meri, a dewel no good) who lived on top of the pigeon house, who came down and went about the bush. The pigeon sang out, 'Whark whark' then whistled and it was a sign she was watching.

Dalini's skin went cold, (got up no good) and she said her thinking went, (tinting was foul lik lik ...). She stopped the story but continued again about Litibagi making fire, by using kunda shavings under a stick and working it the old way; as she had gone to blow the flame up after he had raised smoke, she had been laughing and had spat into it! She laughed then mentioned the masalai meri again and I instantly moved into her fear.

Dalini removed the fraim and talinga cooking on the ashes, opened the parcels and gave me some. Lienba has cooked his own, without talinga. We had already eaten the bananas. Tundei removed the hook and line from the catfish (maus gras) hanging on the centre pole. She cut it and wraps it in a leaf. Dalini said "It breathes air yet", so she hung it back up on the post.

The two girls went to get some saksak from the piles to make fresh sago (hot water) with. I felt tired and lay down on the floor, putting my arm under my head as a pillow and pulling my legs up as Dalini did. We relaxed and talked, as the inquisitive eyes of the kids had gone. Dalini rested and then prepared Litibagi's saksak in a leaf, saying she was worried as he hadn't eaten since morning and then only cup of tea. I thought how Dalini really reached out to him as she loves him deeply. "If he is not in the garden, he will be fishing". We set off, past the new toilet hole, at least thirty feet deep; piles of pumice and yellow clay earth with small, gold coloured quartz stones in it, showed the original formation of this valley.

We passed a garden with bananas, sugarcane, pumpkin, taro, and a newly worked edge. The method of clearing bush is to fell all the undergrowth first, then to fell the saplings, then mark the big trees in the garden that are felled from a platform. We didn't find Litibagi there, so

went on to the stream. The part of the stream that doubled back in a loop had been dammed up, producing a very deep, still part. The dam was created by driving a row of stakes into the stream bed which are used to hold a horizontal layer of logs. Against this, sago leaf (pungal bilong saksak) is lashed, also vertical, and in a thick layer. The water can get through only slowly. A log is finally placed to allow the fishermen to walk over and lower fish baskets or nets down inside the leaf wall.

We find Litibagi watching where he has one basket, to see if fish are gathering in the sunlit water. It has rained spots and clouded over at times in the morning. He hungrily ate the saksak, having divided half for Leinba's father. They were like two small boys, happy with having completed their task; a strong construction, about 25 feet across. The stream is partially in flood and is part flooded by the fence (banis). Litibagi goes down on to the top log to get a basket to show me how it works. We watch for about three quarters of an hour to see if there is anything coming, any big movements. The men watch and talk quietly, before Dalini and I go to put the lines in the water.

Dalini and I, Lienba and Ruth go and she shows me another fish trap that took 30 kina of wire to make. Now it was broken and allowed small fish through; I thought at the time, having a working daughter has advantages! Other than Youpa, no one else earned money in the whole of this district. At about 3 p.m., it is already cooler and darker in the bush.

Dalini cut up the scorpion killed at the bush house and Lienba was frantic to get a piece and his hook. As Dalini took the sticks of nylon and hooks from her bilum, Ruth wanted hers too. Dalini said to her "Wait, this man here is in too much of a hurry". The kids went to cut sticks to use for rods with forks on one end. Dalini went across the log by the banis and put her hook, with its bit of meat hiding the hook, downstream, then came back and placed mine! - in the deep main stream, swift and about 30 feet wide, brim full, muddy and overhung with small leaves

of branches. Dalini put a double knot on the stick so the "y" holds it and then buries the end of the stick under roots in the soft muddy bank - she puts the tip of the stick into the water, having picked a place where the water is not the main current and the fish can swim easily.

Dalini went to help Ruth telling her to wait, she had found too swift a place. Lienba placed his line, then they noticed a line still on a tree but it stuck fast. Dalini stripped off and dived for the hook, but couldn't retrieve it so Lienba got into the water while she held it tight. They dived repeatedly until her eyes were red. They decided that there was something on the hook pulling it back into a hole in the bank, became worried and gave up.

Ruth finds another insect and Dalini makes this one dance for her as it flew, by forcing a piece of stick into its broken off foreleg. She was engrossed for a while with her new toy. Dalini is constantly working small things for Ruth to play with or to eat or to let her try, teaching her as she goes.

We go back through the garden and Ruth wants sugar, so Dalini finds her a piece in the grass. Lienba wants to cut a bud off a banana to make the bananas come up fat more yet! Dalini says she doesn't agree with this idea. We pass some Opika and she says, with tension in her voice, that this is part of number two wife's garden.

The two children run ahead, laughing and calling 'rok rok'. They have seen some frogs in the loo hole. Lienba went down the pole and got one, knocking its head, to kill it, on the pole; he throws it up and a fat katydid. They left another frog down below, to attract more down.

We walked back to the house and exchanged news with Arei who was turning hot water with Tundei wrapping it. The first thing we noticed was a small green pigeon, speared through the head, fluttering from the prongs of the arrow. Arei had caught it when it landed on the edge of the house and the girls all laughed. Dalini looked in the pot; they have cooked the fish and talingas in and added more water and leaves.

We all sat in a circle around the basin and used circle leaves as plates to eat dried sago, the leaves and fish stew, and mushrooms. Litibagi and brother-in-law come back as we were eating. Lienba sat to one side, then when he had eaten, left feeling uncomfortable for some reason. He has already taken a cup of "soup" fluid of talingas and fish and sat on the coconut scrapping stool to drink it. Litibagi clapped his hands "Ah, you namba one Arei", he said. "A daughter of mine who can shoot like a man, eh, oh, yes!" Lienba wanted to take the bird but the women told him to put it back. He respears it. I didn't like seeing the prize in pain. I noticed that Litibagi's whole body movement and voice tone was different out in the bush, from when he was being an Aid Post Orderly.

The men had bought some buae and were joined by another elderly man with a gentle looking face who had come in and sat by Rojan's ~~tanim~~. He had been shooting pigeons in a "pigouse" tree after having constructed a pigeon house, with food, as a lure. He rolled a smoke and chewed buae, exchanging his day's events with Dalini, who also finds out what else has been happening with others, like Rojan and his mother, an elderly (lapun) woman, who stayed in the bush; he has been helping her with saksak bundles. Dalini wraps up some talingas and fish for Rosa and works a fraim for Litibagi. She gave it to him saying, "No good, you are hungry", and he told her to put it up in the ceiling with the half tin of fish; the girls had eaten the other after Dalini had hidden it.

Dalini and I went to capsize the water from the second limbom of sak sak in the cradle. I was amazed that the sediment two-thirds filled the limbom. She took out the pegs and lifted it out of the cradle; the girls had completely cleaned out the trunk and laid it on a muddy piece of ground, as a path. Dalini laid the limbom out on to its side and the saksak sediment split into a central wedge and four smaller wedges. She lifted them all in to the limbom container, scrapped the excess with a spoon, saying, "Before this was done with a coconut shell", and then washed the limbom clean. She lifted the saksak limbom on to the platform

and went to get dry limboms to cover the saksak. She turned the other bundles on to the platforms to let the ooze dry off them. She said if they were putting on a singsing they would have to use all this saksak. She pointed to a saksak that had a flower on it and said, that when you want to cut a tree down, it is sad and the other trees console it; you ask the flower to go to another tree, one of its sisters (brata) and the ring also and then you can cut it down.

I considered all the food that had been gathered, cooked, and eaten; bananas from market, half a tin of fish and saksak grubs from home. We all ate fraim and talingas, hot bananas; then later talingas, fish and hot water from the bush house, a frog and pigeon. The kids had sugar cane.

At dusk Dalini, Ruth and I left; the girls would follow later. Litibagi followed us part of the way with his bow and arrows. Dalini picked out a bundle of matured saksak from under the trees, on a platform, to take to the teachers, who had missed out at market. We moved easily through the bush, stopping to wash in a cool, muddy bottomed stream, before going up the hill. "No good we get hot before the top". Dalini downed her load and we stripped. Dalini said she had asked Litibagi, if the missionary men washed naked, why not the women? She had only seen them leave clothes on. She had wondered what white women would look like. "Do I look okay?" I asked her. "Okay," she said; we laughed.

Dalini picked up her load and we climbed up the root stair case, pausing several times to catch our breath; then the view at the top. The trees almost in their own shadows and the setting sun over the plains/bush. Rain clouds on the tip of the mountains of the Sepik. We laughed as we wondered if Betty would think, as Dalini said "A man of the bush had pulled me off! ". Arrived home at 5.30 p.m., tired, clean and happy, full of the day. Later in the evening Tunde and Arei came and gave me a small fish, the men had got. They said it was my fish because I had got it with my spirit.



CASE STUDY SIX: CONVERSATIONS WITH APKE

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TAPE TRANSCRIPTION  
OF APKE'S CONVERSATION - NUMBER ONE  
NOTES ONLY

Apke

A multicoloured woollen hat on top of his bald head and a black satchel bag; the slow measured walk of the elderly person ... .. He is Dalini's father's brother. He says Dalini's father and Dalini understand whiteskins.

He related how his son John had asked him to workim skin. God was not enough and that medicine of the whiteskins is not enough; injection (sut) is not enough.

Suppose a woman has a period pain or a child is skin bone nothing or headipain, I have power for this kind of sickness. I say, I can try - that is all, try and help. I workim/skin - i go, i go, i go. Buae, i go pinis. Then I tell the person to go to the haus sic.

He then related a medicine bilong Tumbuna.

<u>Touloose</u> Number 2	break this bone (stick);
	put it on a leaf;
	put it on the chest;

Suppose me think hard (wori tru), then workim shoot of saksak, buae and spit and take out what is no good. A tib tib is samting no good, that has been shot into the man. Then only man can get this (kisim tasol). If it is a big pela sic then kowar, ginger and leaf is put into a saucepan and cooked. (I mentioned how ginger was important to men in China).

I asked him about guria or shaking with fear, as I had seen him help an old lady in the haus sic, who had fainted. He said a dewel stopped inside the head and he would workim dib'dib and would remove the spirit (rouseim dewel). He showed how he pulled something from the ear and also by twisting the top of his ear lobe with his right hand, in a downward motion.

In answer to my question about what might be roused for example, nail - he began to talk about the kinds of things

that tumbuna may have removed; pipia of diwai (rubbish of wood); thorn of saksak; something poison from the bush. Now it is nails, bullets, razors, mirrors.

A sequence follows where he describes by anecdote. This is my interpretation of sequence:

Suppose nail stop inside neck and he grasps his throat. Someone puts little white nail, (a liklik whitepela nail) and he breaks a piece of limbom from the floor, to show only a little bit is needed. He turns over his left arm, so as to expose the lower side and makes a small mark about three inches from the wrist with his forefinger and thumb nail and works them back forth to show how the "nail" is worked into the skin. This is enough to make someone sick. Do it for two nights and the third time the man will die. In the next part of the explanation, he used the word glas - man. He showed how the sic would be found. The whole of the body was very still and his head was held in a direct straight manner. His right elbow was bent, so that his right hand was held at about midchest height. He held the fingers of the right hand open and with his right index finger held above the other fingers, he began to point and quiver it. It appeared to quiver just from the second joint. He then lifted his left hand and my understanding was that (in explanation) he was finding the sic and used his own left hand to locate it. Slowly drawing the two hands together, he said "Sic i stap in sait here". He looks at me - his eyes have become very focused, pupils contracted. I check, "The glas-man looks all over the body and finds the sic?". "Yes".

"A long time ago, when I was a young man, a man worked sic against me. I got afraid (guria). A man worked skin on me" - and he identified that they had tried to kill him with a big piece of iron. "I am still here but they have died."

He then talked rapidly ... .. "bonara ceremony". He wanted to shoot them dead or they would shoot him dead; so he put the shot into a tree (diwai). He had a pain in his chest but he broke the diwai and they didn't kill him.

In response to my question, "If someone is still sick?", he replied, "The glass-man looks if sic stops inside. Then you don't get more money. The sick person goes walkabout to find another man. There is a person for workim skin in every place. Interesting as people I ask in each area protect the name, identity and prescence of their workimskin person by saying, "No , they don't have one, but others do."

Old men know, middle aged (hap lapun) men know, but young men don't know too much. (Dalini calls herself a young pikinini and I did with Iberia and he instantly opened up conversation after I said "I hear you Grandfather" (Mi harim Tumbuna).

Work skin is hard work - exhausting. I don't eat if work skin. I wash my hands if i work skn. The wife of man who work skin, is present. He demonstrated how he would wash his hands with water, eat a little, then wash hands, repeating the sequence. If he didn't wash then he would get very sick with head or belly pain.

At this point he said enough, he wanted to go soon and he looked tired. However, he talked on saying he was good at sick moon(period) and headache pain, he had power for this.

He demonstrated on his own head. Using both hands simultaneously, he twisted the skin over both temples into a circle. He removed his hat and explained that the bone on the top of the head was a road for blood that sometimes breaks - he felt over the whole head, especially at the back. This causes pain and he can remove the bruise and the pain. He used the fingers of both hands. He drew the left hand down over his forehead to the eyebrow level and used the right hand fingers, on both sides of his nose, to apply pressure in an upward motion. He quickly identified points on the face that he pressed, especially around the eyes, nose and forehead; with his right hand he made pressure, his eyes closed.

I was impressed at the time with how similar they seemed to be to acupressure marks and that he obviously knew

the pressure points.

"Enough", he said.

He then went on to say that the tractor driver, Albert's mother, who had been sitting in the haus sic had gone home to Yaru to have a singsing timbuan to rouse the dewel bilong warra. They told the dewel to go back to the water and leave the meri, (he appeared to be doing so here, as to a person) and now she is all right. He talked very rapidly and then bent forward on the chair and pointed to a crack in the limbom floor and said that a masalai stops underneath the house, in the ground ... ..

He then decided he had no more time. I had given him two cups of coffee but he was very involved with the building of the houses below.

As we shook hands at the door, he said that I understood the fashion of workim skin, he had heard that.

#### After thought

He said women understand workim skin, plenti do - Dalini - and he mentioned three other names which I didn't get.

1st March 1982

#### Apke Walks to Work

I watch him engaged in conversation with a young man, his black bag on his arm and his colourful hat. His gestures are strong and demanding, he stands still and uses his arms in extended movements, pointing to a place, marking out something, drawing in the air, he speaks into his hand movements, his body turns from one side to the other, his eyes follow his hands, he holds the other person in conversation. The other men listening stand still, not talking. Their hands are at their sides. He makes a final statement to the young boy and moves away from him.

He knows I am watching but doesn't say hello till I have come toward him purposefully. He then says, if I ready the coffee tomorrow, he will come and talk.



I go to see Aipa. When I am ready to leave her, I turn and he is in the ward door, quietly watching what I am doing. He moves aside from the door as I descend.

Later he leaves the ward door and moves to the building site, still as authoritative.

Conversations with Apke, 3 March  
Taped and Transcribed

This was an example of his recent work, he explained.

A very sick woman had not been cured at the haus sic, so they asked for his help. The masalai of the water was in her, she is very sick. He found this out by becoming a driman and seeing something in the ground. So he got women to work arm bands and to find the smelling leaves and cook them, together with pawpaw.

"I go and hide in the kunai; I went to my place with other men. The men come back from the kunai. One man and one woman stand up by the door. I come up and look in the bed. The sick woman is in it. I rubbed (fightem) legs and arms and house with smelling pawpaw.

Then closed up (Banis) the house. Man and woman turn woman so she don't sleep for two nights. The woman goes longlong a bit. Then gets up. Now I hold her fast by crossing her arms over her chest. Then the illness goes back under the ground."

What Apke said is that he put something into the woman's hand and the masalai goes away from the bush. He shows this by extending a closed fist hand. He says he puts his hand on top and her hand underneath and by doing this he can see the Dibdib or arrow of the workim skin who has harmed her, with the eye that has learned to do this.

Apke repeats that there are two medicines:

1. workim skin to see something
2. Masalai stop in body - Timbuan.

Apke Then Relates How the Skin Man Enters his Profession

A pigeon house is built on top of a tree. A lizard

goes into the pigeon house. Two men get the lizard, don't kill it but cut it and shoot a "dibdib", a spear in to it. The two men go home to sleep and in the morning time, come back and look in the house pigeon and the lizard is dead. They look and say, 'something bilong mi has lulled this lizard and the lizard has come to show me.'

Two men find a dog and thrash it (killum i dai = to beat to unconsciousness), cut it a little. They sleep for two nights, then the dog gets sick and it dies. (This conversation is completed later in diary).

Apke relates that long time before, there was only three kinds of sickness, now there are a lot, or there wasn't so much sickness, now everyone gets sick. He feels that if people go to the haus sic first and get a shoot, that they are bugged up tru - that this doesn't help and they don't get better quickly. First the timbuan must be worked, then go to the haus sic, then they get better quickly.

He then relates visiting an elderly lady who was close to dying in the haus sic. Her neck was broken. 'Water i pinis' - meaning, she was rattling. He showed, with his hands on his own throat, how he was able to connect the pipe and straighten it and the food then went down straight.

Apke relates how if someone is unsure he can tell them if they are going to die, 'don't cry he says, you will not die.' Someone close to dying can get me. He repeats how an old lady was in the haus sic and guria guria tru. We held her neck, which was broken. It was like water (gurging). He pulled it and it came all right. Pipe no good. Man who understands workim skin can fix this, so she can eat again.

Broken bones. If you look at a body when people die, the head bones are broken. I can straighten this and stop something go inside body.

I ask if only sanguma men go to bush at night themselves. Some men are afraid to go to the bush themselves; they go with another man.

"You cannot understand (think) it, only a man of his

own ground can see him (find him) . Kiup(Police) don't understand it."

"When I was very young, I wasn't good. I ate men. When I heard talk of God, I stopped eating human flesh. The Government came. I am behind this".

I am very aware of the need to write something complementing these interviews. Over the next week between the second and third interviews, each time I have seen Apke we have shaken hands. Usually it has been; at the Airstrip, saw him after he had been fixing a marital problem or sealing a marriage, - not sure; visiting the haus sic, looking for medicine; sitting in the door of one of the wards; working on the roof of his son Joe's house; walking to work.

As usual, he has his black bag, zip closed; he has several hats, a navy blue beret, an old tultul's hat and a colourful crocheted one with a peak that covers his bald head. His bush knife and often a towel. He wears shorts and a blue knitted shirt.

We make a time for him to come and visit. He enjoys the fact that we share food, drink tea, even though it is coffee. He tells me "You see me coming, you ready the tea".

And he arrives. He hesitates or rather waits on the path, a distance from the house, knowing I have seen him and waits till I call him. He comes in tentatively through the door, looking around.

At times, during the time we are together, he assumes many different characters and roles: the teacher of a pupil; the father; the interested too, old male; the chider/reminder; the healer; the killer of men and women; the worrier; the old man.

At times he becomes quiet, contemplative. We may sit for ten minutes in silence. At other times I sit close and get lost in his trances; his eyes reaching into scenes. I go with him to a house or a village, in the scene he describes. I am aware I should record these images I receive as they are probably accurate. He repeats himself sometimes. Other times he knows I won't understand. Or he tells something

from a distant realm as though he is involved in doing it then and there. He becomes ungrounded, and yawns, sneezes and coughs. He decides it is time to go and says he is going.

## CHAPTER 4

### ANALYSIS

George Devereux's objective was to render to himself an account of the sense and validity of his activities as a scientist, regardless of where this exploration would lead him. His method was to "frontally attack the greatest complexities by means of treating the difficulty per se as a fundamental datum, not to be evaded but to be exploited to the utmost". Devereux exploited the data, not by explaining or rationalising it, but by using it as an explanation of "seemingly simpler data! [Devereux; 370: 1978].

This analysis follows Devereux's example. Rather than analysing the results, which he says only adds another filter to remove us (slightly) from the subjectivity inherent in the results, thereby maintaining the illusion of objectivity, I have listed "the simpler data" as characteristics of the process of fieldwork. These characteristics are presented at the end of the analysis, as additions to the list of characteristics begun in Chapter 1 Part IV. "The Analysis" is written in chronological sequence to show the evolution of the characteristics of the process of fieldwork.

The Methodology in Use is discussed from two aspects. The Frames of Reference Model which is comprised of the A Frame of Reference (A.F.R.) - the fieldworker's worldview and the B Frame of Reference (B.F.R.), the Lujere worldview.

The Anxiety to Insight Pattern which allows for a self questioning process, alerting the fieldworker to the anxiety state, which can then be reduced. This enables insight to be gained from either "the unknown" which caused the anxiety, or, on a personal level, to recognise and attend to physical tiredness.

In one sense we are no longer treading on unexplored ground. Devereux felt that he had no model on which he could pattern his book.

"I knew from the beginning what I would wish to say in it; I am still not certain I found the best way



of saying it". [Devereux: 1967].

Devereux set a precedent, as a Scientist and as a human being, by acknowledging and honouring his contention, that insight begins with oneself ...

"It is not the study of the subject, but that of the observer, which gives us access to the essence of the observational situation - yet we have least information about the observer". [Devereux: 1967].

PART I            THE METHODOLOGY IN USE

Initially, on reaching Yellow River, the A.F.R. was much more developed than the B.F.R. Although I had considered my worldview correlates, that is; sense of self; values; norms; objects; time; space, in an intellectual sense, I became vividly aware of the practical reality of the A.F.R. I visualised it as being a perimeter around my body, which defined my being, within which were physical possessions, thoughts, language and in particular, a large input of images associated with family and friends in New Zealand. The B.F.R. was everything beyond this perimeter. Familiar objects in the A.F.R. like cars, became part of the B.F.R. but a three week waiting period, between reaching Papua New Guinea and being able to fly to Yellow River, gave me an initial opportunity to adjust to the environment, people and new languages. By the time I reached Yellow River, the disorientating inertia of jet travel had dissipated and I welcomed the tranquility and relative slowness of the bush village as corresponding with a very familiar part of my A.F.R.

My initial need at Yellow River was:

- (a) To Identify Landmarks both visually and by touch such as trees, streams, where the sun came up and went down, rain patterns, the feel of the earth.
- (b) To Observe Village People moving about gathering food, firewood and water - usually from a distance. The established daily pattern of morning waking; washing; cooking; leaving the village to gather food; resting for those still in the village at midday; late afternoon returning from bush; evening cooking; storying and settling; how this changed when the weather was wet, a plane arrived or someone was ill.
- (c) To Understand My Place in the Aid Post Routine. Nurses were available from 8 a.m. to 12 or 1 p.m., depending on the patients calling, which on most days averaged 60 but easily doubled during epidemics or bad weather. The Aid Post was open 24 hours a day in shifts, as assistance might be required outside the morning hours for accidents, deliveries or patients arriving from

outlying villages.

The staff were Litibagi, the Papua New Guinean Aid Post Orderly, who had opened the Post 16 years previously and his wife, Dalini, as assistant. He was also assisted by Andrew, a local man who had trained as a community Nurse and Camilus, who arrived early in 1982. Camilus was unfamiliar with the local language and had trained at Mt Hagen as an Aid Post Orderly.

Sister Shirley Stevens, a Brethren Missionary Nurse Midwife, had been based at Yellow River for three out of her 10 years service in the area. Shirley ran Infant Welfare and Maternal Health Clinics and provided skilled emergency care assistance.

Betty Gillam, my colleague, who had also been a Brethren missionary in the area for 12 years, some years previously, and I were contracted to do the work of one Nurse at the Aid Post and organise health patrols to villages. We were paid for this by the Papua New Guinean Government.

- (d) To Understand the Mission Station Routine which involved answering the radiophone, giving weather details and airstrip reports. The mission organised Tuesday evening and Sunday morning Church services.

After one month I had begun to learn Pidgin and was looking beyond the perimeter of routines, as above, to identify individual's names and families within the village. At this point, I began to establish my identity as separate from the missionaries, by showing interest in the everyday village activities.

Within the first month, Betty and I began the village patrols with a program of walking to Lujere villages and offering, in particular, infant and child immunizations. The monthly program was as follows:

Week 1	2-3 days, Bapi and Tipas villages
(weekends)	Back at Edwaki village base
Week 2	4 days, Akwom, Naum, Nami and Warikori
Week 3	4-5 days, Aiendami, Mukedami and Nabytjou en route to Mantupai.

Week 4                      1 day walk to Noram balip  
                                  Base Clinic for Alai, Yaru  
                                  Yegarapi, and Edwarki children

See Map 3, Chapter III for further details re village locations.

Between each village trip we were on call at the Aid Post, to relieve the overworked staff. Early morning, late afternoon and evenings were spent with village people, perhaps on the steps of the Aid Post, at our home and gradually in the "wards" each village had as accommodation for sick members and their families.

During this period, when I was very tired from adjusting to language and the heat, I utilised the anxiety to insight pattern to cue me in to my own health needs. For example, I would ask myself in my diary;

Question:            Why do you have a sore throat?

Answer:             Talking too much, straining to be correct.

Question:            What do you need?

Answer:             To be quiet for a day or so. Not talk!

Plan:

Write notes and letters and be aware of pushing too hard. Stay around house.

The anxiety to insight pattern became a critical tool for pinpointing and dealing with personal health issues. It was important to separate this intermediary part of the pattern while waiting for key insights. I have shown the reflexive nature of self awareness in developing the basis for insight in the following example.

Survival for subsistence based people who hunt and gather, is an everyday reality. For this reason self care is of primary importance. I noticed that if a Lujere man did not feel in tune with his hunting facilities, he would "sit down nothing" for several days as he considered himself unfit to walkabout. He would wait till he felt clear and strong again or enlist the aid of a healer.

Looking after oneself preventatively is also a means

of looking after each other. For this reason when we walked in a trail, if anyone fell, the line of people walking took responsibility for having let that person down and not warned them to go "easi easi". The first lesson in making decisions for self care, may well occur when Lujere children are left to manage their own tantrums, around the age of three. Perhaps an adult, after ignoring them for half an hour, will suggest, "enough!" The ability to verbalise what one is feeling, so that "secrets do not create worried stomachs", is another tenet of Lujere self care.

Illness is intricately described; how it arrives for example - "It came up over my back, then into my head and now it is in my belly". The emotional aspect of illness was as important as the symptoms.

Sickness was a "sick nothing" (sic nating) which could be cured by herbal remedies, at home or the Aid Post; or "big sick" (bikpela sic) which necessitated healing from a workim skin healer, family support and perhaps, Aid Post medicine.

I identified these aspects of "self care as survival"; looking after each other as looking after oneself; and talking about one's illness; as important information that linked into my selfcare programme. The following account shows how this interplay, between the A.F.R. and the B.F.R., enabled me to act with awareness of the process of fieldwork, rather than react retrospectively. I was able to satisfy personal needs immediately rather than reflect on how I should have acted. This enabled me to deal with transference issues (Part IV, Chapter I) appropriately rather than mistake the new information for part of the B.F.R.

For instance, in Case Study I, I discovered that in sharing my feelings of fear or my tears of relief with other women in particular, I created a bond with those women that enabled us to share on future occasions in a totally different style than I had been used to in my A.F.R. In a sense, we had shown ourselves to each other.

At a later entry in the diary; I have recorded a

conversation with the Bapi women of Twogu, in which they told me of the deaths of three newborn infants. Later, I recorded the following perspective, as a Nurse Anthropologist, on their specific situation. The intention is to show the process of fieldwork rather than how insights can be utilised.

I was initially surprised the women spoke of the infants, as the death of a newborn infant was normally a secret (tambu) topic because:

- (a) missionary Nurses "crossed women" for not bringing sick babies to the Aid Post;
- (b) it signified that sorcerers (sanguma) were around;
- (c) women in their husband's line would also shame them that they had failed to care for the child. I was an ally and a safe confidant.

The cycle that I envisaged occurring, that perpetuated their difficulties, was as follows. Bapi villagers in general had suffered stress over a long period before the court, described in Case Study 1. Their village, situated in dense bush, was affected by damp cold mists; water supplies from muddy streams were difficult and their land was mainly deep, swamp land, except for the village ground itself. The village of Twogu, where the court occurred, had a small population and people live in splinter hamlets due to the difficult terrain and the need to be near food supplies. The village was disrupted by an increase in through traffic as people walked to the Sepik to assist with the road building.

Due to its location and the high anxiety levels, my impression was that malaria (skin i hot) was more prevalent amongst these people than at other villages.

Pregnant women, babies and children are particularly, prone to malaria as their immunity is reduced. A woman who has malarial attacks during pregnancy, in particular in the later stages, is at risk of producing a dysmature or premature baby. Malaria leads to anaemia, which increases the length of labour and therefore, the risk of post-partum hemorrhage and infection. An anxious, weak Mother is less able to produce an adequate supply of breast milk.



The end result in the village situation is that the Mother does not bond with the baby and rejects it from birth. If the baby does not die within the first hour of life, it is taken by the husband and placed in a limbom in a tree. It is described as "still soft, without bone, being only water and blood", and "it's thinking has not yet arrived - its neck is too weak".

This practise of infanticide is a solution to a very complex situation. Villagers are too distant from the Aid Post to get immediate help, as would be necessary. The aid available for emergencies may require a long plane trip, if the weather is suitable, to a coastal hospital, or long term residence at the Aid Post while the Mother's health improves. During this time, family work routines are completely disrupted and supplies of scrubbed sago dwindle. A government ban on feeding bottles means that dried milk is not an easy solution to feeding problems.

The Lujere women do not have widely practised abortion methods and were amazed at the Kiup's Highland wife and Camilus's Toricelli wife, who both knew of and would use methods of abortion and contraception.

The missionary Nurse has offered contraception, in the form of the pill and the intra-uterine device, and this has become popular amongst women in the Yaru, Yegarapi villages closest to the Aid Post. Bapi women have yet to hear of and consider this alternative.

What is clear is that a family that has a sick child or baby and a weak mother, is in a very precarious situation. Older, dependent children and husbands have limited energy due to malarial and worm infections and the subsistence, nomadic nature of the life style, to sustain weakness or illness for long periods. The family becomes isolated, due to other families' fear of the spirit that causes so much harm. Payments for healing services further drain food supplies.

Women who arrive at the Aid Post weak themselves and carrying malnourished infants, come as a last resort; shamed

by their own women for having allowed illness to come and guilty because they are told by the Aid Post Nurses they have left it too late. The prospect of walking with a sick child on one's shoulders; crossing rivers by canoe or over swamps; carrying food for a stay; being outside one's home ground, is daunting. By recording my interest and impressions on this perspective, on returning to New Zealand, I could see how information plus experience produced a picture of how I perceived two health care systems operating. Checking how well it matches with the reality of the situation would be the next step in fieldwork. I would not consider it ethical to present such a personal perspective as a generalisation resulting from anthropological fieldwork, before this had occurred.

In Case Study 1, at the time of the court, I experienced just having enough information, contacts, language, and awareness of the environment in the B.F.R., for it to be the predominant frame of reference during the day. The A.F.R. had become a time of diary recording; rest after long walking trips when we returned to our village house and ate anything but rice or sago!; writing letters and indulging in a personal routine rather than being dictated to by the events of the day.

I had envisaged moving out from the A.F.R. in the morning and not returning to it till evening, but in fact initially, I spent more time in the A.F.R. than in the B.F.R. Gradually the balance changed and I would return to the A.F.R. only in the midafternoon (malelo) when everyone rested, unless we were walking between villages, and then again late in the evening. I had envisaged being able to write diary notes in the evenings in the A.F.R. but the events of the day dictated when diary recording occurred, rather than the model, such as while waiting for rain to pass at Tipas in Case Study 1.

The Anxiety to Insight pattern was invaluable, as it provided an instantaneous structure to guide me in coping with a situation that I experienced as personally very

threatening. By recognising and expressing the feelings of anxiety at the time, I was able to clarify the event for myself, as it occurred, and gain a perspective on what the argument was about. I was able to review the build up to it, which I had been literally unaware of, even though I had recorded comments in the diary about the couple, and the surrounding events such as the child at Tipas with the sore and meeting Koro. At the time, I interpreted these events as ways in which I was challenged and judged able to witness the court. I had asked for myself rather than how they presumed a whiteskin Nurse might react. This response was unchecked and could well have been a result of my anxiety, rather than consciously planned on their part

Case Study 2 is the next time I had the opportunity to experience a major transition in my awareness, as a result of the anxiety to insight pattern. At this stage, the diary record shows that I felt I was not connecting into the B.F.R. I was becoming more familiar with people, places, names, events, etc. but in an unfocused way. This caused anxiety and I reverted to asking questions about what was the healing system and what did the art of healing entail? I would remind myself that at the point of anxiety, therein lies the insight. The "Kumul Meri" story and the "Warikori Land" story, to a lesser extent, instantaneously provided specific information in the B.F.R., that was vital to gaining insight. They linked into major parts of my A.F.R. and enabled me to accept that I was seen as a Nurse/healer and also seen as an unmarried and childless young woman. Being seen to own these aspects of my being, were important to the Lujere people and in a sense they called them out so as to more clearly define my role. Previous to this point, I had split being a Nurse as familiar and not requiring much of my attention from being an Anthropologist, which was unfamiliar, but where I wanted to focus my energy.

After this I began to expand both aspects, initially by letting my knowledge about healing techniques and herbs be available. In effect, this led to stopping asking questions from the A.F.R. I recognised that:

- (a) When I was considered able to understand, I would be told information;
- (b) When the time and place was appropriate;
- (c) and if it was considered appropriate to tell me.

I realised that Lujere people did not question me as to my beliefs and ideas, but rather watched to see what I did and how I joined in storying. The immediate effect of stopping asking questions was that people of all ages and at each village began to teach me. Apke began to visit our house and Dalini would invite me to "go visit" (Case Studies 5 and 6). They told me how I was getting on with the language and "straightened my learning when I was dressed funny, walked crazy or spoke cranky".

I experienced the reduced anxiety level, as I stopped having to discover, as a very still space, in which subtle cues were obvious. For instance, if a Lujere child wanted to know about my digital watch or my hair, etc., they would sit very still and lose the focus in their eyes. This worked as a natural cue to which I would respond and begin to discuss the object or myself. They would direct my attention in very subtle ways. I learnt to do the same.

As I moved less frequently back to the A.F.R., I was more accessible not only to Lujere but to myself. (see Diagram 4). I was less anxious and therefore had more energy for what I was doing in the B.F.R. In Case Study 2 and 3 I kept reminding myself of the anxiety to insight pattern. I had to reach the point of anxiety and still retain the awareness that there was a truth in the scientific sense to be gained. What emerged was that there was a distinctive space between the A.F.R. and the B.F.R. that I discovered I often "sheltered" in for periods of time when I was unclear. (See Diagram 5).

Having recognised this, I identified this space as the AB Frame of Reference and recording it became important in alerting me to the fact that I moved between the Frames of Reference according to my own needs and that so called scientific research is always both a point and a wave, although at the moment of recording it will seem to be

DIAGRAM 4. Time Spent in A.F.R. Decreased

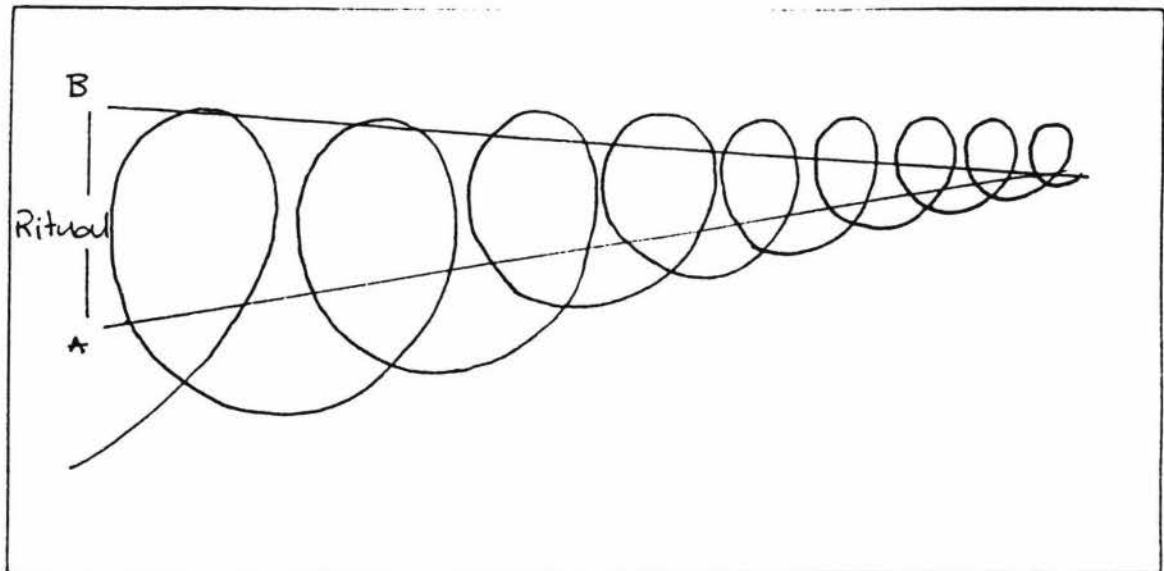
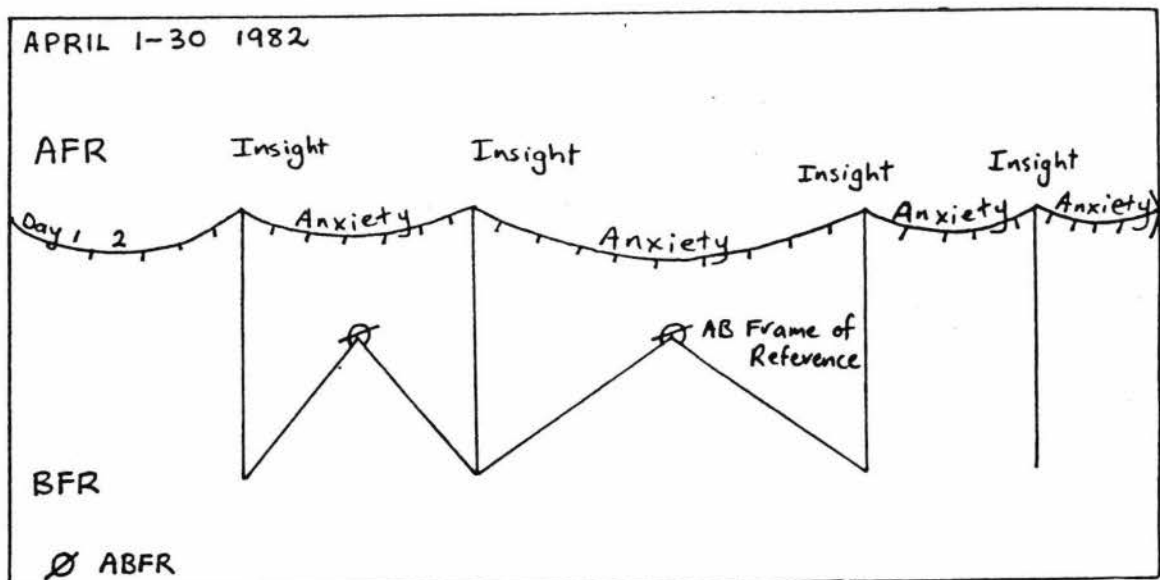


DIAGRAM 5. The AB Frame of Reference



distinctly one or the other. I readily understood Glazer and Strauss's statement that the data simply oozes around you and one has to trust one's own intuition and judgement to be sufficient. I acknowledged that the biggest block to understanding was myself.

Stopping asking questions and remaining still within myself enabled me to identify the activity that created everyday life as actions of the body. Descriptions of moving in the bush on trails, lighting a fire, holding a baby or a child throwing a tantrum were what was occurring; further analysis was not necessary. The key was not to remove these actions outside the context of the situation and thereby lose their meaning and validity as actions, to my thoughts about what was happening.

Case Study 2 and 3 both clearly show that the information evolved over a period of time and in a specific situation. I was aware that if I removed pieces of information, such as the healing ritual in Case Study 2 from the context of the story, this pattern might have dominated my perspective on later occasions when healing transformations were occurring, but I would be less attuned as I would have already considered the pattern identified. I thought at the time about how healing is a once over event, never to be repeated; by writing it down as a generalised fact, it loses part of its quality to provide the ever changing substance of every day life.

Simultaneously with stopping asking questions and recognising that understanding comes on many levels within the context of a situation, I became aware of a state I termed presence. I was open to allowing the day's events to occur without pushing to find out or even find people to talk with.

In Case Study 4 I experienced "being present" after initially feeling excluded from a healing ceremony. Having acknowledged my anxiety, I quickly switched to recognising appropriate behaviour for my position and was able to later listen to the way in which Wananaki and Yorei joked about the secrets between men and women during such events.



I wondered if they had had to explain women's position in ceremonies to me at this meeting, Yorei may not have disclosed how she experienced the ceremony through her young sons.

As I clarified the process of fieldwork, my sense of my role expanded and I experienced being more open to being an anthropologist and less anxious about being myself. When I stopped pursuing data, I began to record in much finer detail and to photograph activities in sequences (See Chapter 3).

Initially the notes for a day's activity were copious, as in Case Study 5 and the English poor. I realised I was thinking and dreaming in Pidgin and writing the diary in English, with occasional Pidgin words or phrases. In Case Study 6, I began to write notes in Pidgin and then later transcribe them to English. This alerted me to the particular colloquial style of storying, which is not bound by time: that is, a legend may be used as easily as talking about last week or a story teller may use a *mime* to show what occurred. Younger people checked with elders as they storied, to ensure they were correct or if they were translating for me, they would confer over meanings.

In Case Study 6, I observed Apke's hand movements as he described a healing ritual and simultaneously followed the spoken outline of the actions, even though he was often in trance or speaking in Nami, through the use of images, which I would repeat back to him saying - "I am seeing this" ... he would agree or correct me as necessary. I found this method of communicating through visualisation very useful when I spoke with elders without a translator and the subject was about healing.

Image sharing was a tool I had developed before fieldwork and became aware that I could use the camera as an extension of the process of visualising, especially in situations such as house building, where I had no concept of the sequence the men described, photographs attuned me to the sequences of house building.

My experience of visualisation is that one image often

requires several pages of writing. This disadvantage is compensated for by the value of an image as a mnemonic way of memorising as in "A Moment in Passing" (Case Study 4). This is an example where no record was made in the diary notes of that event, but on rereading the notes I recalled the richness of the experience through my images of it. The recording of images became a shorthand method of storing information in the diary when time was at a premium. At any time, only a small amount of everyday activity is ever recorded.

Letters are included to show that in writing to another person, the style of the recording changes and becomes very focused, often significantly reducing the bulk of the original data. Written soon after the initial diary recording, the letter includes items that have not been recorded or alternatively removes items, condenses or glosses over them to produce a style of letter appropriate to the receiver.

The letter writing was important in that it frequently provided the opportunity to literally stand back from the data, recognise the process of fieldwork and share that recognition with someone, as though it was being discussed.

This brings me to comment on why I chose to present Part B in the Results of each Case Study, as the diary record rewritten in New Zealand, some months after I returned from fieldwork.

There is a reworking of data that occurs each time it is written and the final presentation of data may be many times removed from the original notes. By showing original notes and how they have been reworked the first time, I surfaced the issue of presenting data which was recorded largely in the B.F.R. - but has to be worked back into the A.F.R. to complete the process.

Fieldwork doesn't stop when the anthropologist leaves the field but continues until he/she re-establishes themselves back in A.F.R. It is appropriate that this occurs over time. What is inappropriate is to label and treat a fieldworker who admits to for example, feelings of disorganisation and depression, as though this is a failure of adaptation and

treat them as if they are ill, rather than recognising that the so called symptoms are part of the process of switching one's focus from a B.F.R. which is suddenly not present to the A.F.R. which in the interim, will inevitably have changed. I found it pertinent to ask myself, when would I stop the fieldwork process?

I had told people before I went that I was studying the interface of two healing systems in action, because I wanted to avoid explaining what hadn't even happened and that seemed to satisfy their polite curiosity. On returning I generalised specific events because it seemed easier in conversation. The trap I created for myself was:

- (a) During fieldwork, when I was anxious, I found I was asking questions about systems;
- (b) I often reported the Lujere people and lifestyle as an entity I understood and did not show that the gaining of understanding happened only gradually. Peggy Golde comments that "it is essential to present this information, since the goal of fieldwork is the achievement of understanding". [ibid; 78:1970].

Writing what happened involves an intellectual and gut level honesty (Case Study 3), which does not deny that research is a scientific process.

"The goal of intimate and detailed knowledge, demands the exposure to intimacy. It involves the costs of ambiguity and confusion of an altered perception of self and the world". [Kimball and Watson; 301: 1972].

Kimball and Watson suggest that the emphasis on intimacy, is on the wane in anthropology and the focus is on methods of analysing data, rather than the art of gathering data. It is my contention that fieldworkers have yet to appreciate the need for a balance between artistry and scientific process in gathering data; because this balance is usually difficult to attain in the traditional approach to methodology, greater emphasis is put into analysing data.

Just as I have explored using myself as the tool for methodology, I have challenged the customary approach to

analysis, letting the results remain the core of the analysis. Part IV, Chapter 1 gives some characteristics of the process of fieldwork such as, briefly:

- Fieldwork will not follow a neat logical course but we represent data as though it has occurred like this.
- Therefore presenting fieldnotes shows the transitional changes that occur as understanding grows.
- Minute detail;
- Descriptions of actions;
- Reintroduce process into the records;
- Life in the field is a total experience, involving the fieldworker's emotions as well as thoughts

To these I have added:

- Stopping asking questions;
- Remaining still and listening;
- Actions of the body are the primary focus of everyday activity;
- This is emphasised if activity is not separated from the context of the situation;
- Being present and allowing data to arrive;
- The use of visualisation and imagery as an adjunct to capture minute detail.

### SUMMARY

The value of the model was the structuring effect of the ritual of moving from A.F.R to B.F.R. I knew where I was focused the majority of the time. I used the model not to dictate fieldwork action but as a framework to guide and simultaneously reflect my awareness of what was happening, at a number of levels. It formed the parameters for the diary recording which always occurred in A Frame of Reference. I split these into categories for convenience of daily events: personal, health, and dream diary.

During fieldwork the model operated as a reflection of myself, as well as a tool. In essence it was an illusion, albeit necessary, since I perceived the universe as having no fixed order and my task as a fieldworker was to constantly readjust to achieve a sense of normality. The writing of fieldwork notes was a means of negotiating an arbitrary world-

view between both the A.F.R. and B.F.R.

My personal sense of stability and control came from using the ritual to repeatedly move in and out of the B.F.R. with increasing sureness. The constant readjustment was the action that maintained the self in A and eventually developed the self in B. In this sense it is like the illusion of a gradually unfolding parcel, where the anthropologist may be trapped by the belief that they will come to know it all in the B Frame of Reference. Completeness however, is a self illusion (G. Simmel). A sense of reality is gained when the big secret that there is no knowing it all, becomes accepted.

PART II      THE METHODOLOGY AS IT EVOLVED  
                  DURING FIELDWORK

"The diary" was divided into four parts within the first week, to include notes on personal aspects, daily work health care and dreams. I also recorded the days and dates of visits to villages and main events in a separate index.

After the first month I reviewed that month, summarized the ideas, commented on the focus of that month and listed points to follow up. Within the health diary, I began to record notes on the anxiety to insight pattern when I recognised it.

I realised that I had accumulated a bulk of notes, even in two months and would have difficulty accessing it. So:

- (i) I put inserts into the daily diary as 'Methodology Notes'
- (ii) I began 'Case Studies' which were ongoing interactions with key people.
- (iii) As people got to know me, they often wanted to come and story and I recorded these as Interviews.
- (iv) Under a Miscellaneous category I placed census data, names, ages and family lines of all villages; World Vision report; missionary contacts, etc.

I continued to keep the diary until I arrived in New Zealand and now wish I had continued it longer to record, the process of adaptation back into the A.F.R.



## CHAPTER SIX

### DISCUSSION

Formulating a Methodology is the Natural Process of Fieldwork; that is creating a "workable" blend of scientific formulation, doing fieldwork and being a human. A blend that involves a multitude of aspects; workable in that it is not "concretizing" but sufficiently stabilising to provide a secure base from which to work each day; creative in that it responds at times as a base, at times as a far off boundary; "Natural" in that methodology encompasses what is required in the action of the day as well as what happens. A process is a naturally occurring flow, that when consciously recognised, re-presents to us the essential elements that comprise action; if we were teaching someone a new skill, the elemental steps would comprise the process. Understanding everyday life was a process that happened only gradually.

#### Formulating a Methodology

Three years ago to this point of writing, I had a clear sense of some evolving creative act, with a specific focal point. I had a need to feel that the multi-dimensionality of human beings could be presented as Anthropology. I chose a blend of Anthropology and Nursing in order to explore this; Nursing was an activity that I had practised and Anthropology, the future practise.

At that time, in discussions, I would describe the aim of the thesis as an exploration of George Devereux's concept that one has to go through the anxiety provoking subjective element, before the objective insight is reached. But I was also vaguely aware that I was unable to precisely point to the centre of the area I wished to explore.

Now, in retrospect, I can see how and why this is the case and although disturbing at the time, it is necessary and "natural". The thesis is an exploration and stands as a record of exploration. In presenting the multidimensionality of this thesis, I have needed to skirt and confront many areas. There was however, a knowingness at a very profound level. This gave direction to the surface anxiety.

A major difficulty has been my need to find a balance between, on one hand, presenting the thesis as an unequivocal statement that stands simply because it presents what is and on the other hand, presenting the reader the task of accepting or completing the many subtle nuances the thesis alludes to.

This thesis is necessarily personal because it is about finding the bones of anthropology. It is about waiting for the understanding of how pieces become wholes and take unique shapes. It is about working within the framework of a discipline and for a discipline. It is about creating with the tools of science as a craftswoman.

The Methodology that I present may seem to be a step by step formulation for practice. It is also a step by step account of an event that has occurred and will never be repeated. It was what happened and what worked for me in that situation. In one respect it is not appropriate for me to expect to repeat it or for others to repeat it if that were possible; but in the process there are key points that literally grafted the pieces into the whole and I believe will do so time and time again. Neither are these key points a new Methodology or my Methodology but are a record of what evolved. They are in essence simple and yet caused me the most difficulty. For example, the suspending of asking questions; just being present; participating at the level of total involvement; seeing activity as part of the context of a situation.

If I present Methodology as partly magical activity, this would be entirely inappropriate, for the "wonder" of all creative enterprise has at its core, the balance of what is known and what is unknown. The sense of wonder that aligns humans with their infinite creative potential and the universe, is magical; it is also just letting things happen; letting go and stopping still, the ebb and flow rhythm.

Methodology is never an isolated event. Just as I warn against using a Methodology, as a pre-cut pattern for ensuing fieldwork, it is important to recognise that Methodology always grows out of previous experience. Since

it encompasses a way of being in the world and a way of action - of doing, it is a cumulative and personality growth experience.

This may appear to deny what many science texts define as Methodology, the precise formulation of how to do it.

It is the nature of textbooks and the learner that:

- (a) The book appears to state - this is how it is;
- (b) The learner's need to know precisely what is to be learnt.

Science then has to be practised and in using it, the learner comes to understand its usefulness as a tool. It is the learner's task, in exploring science, to recognise that once the recipe of science and making science in general has been learnt, that experience is built on to and science works for the use of the Scientist. Something about the nature of science has been internalised, to the extent that it is available as a tool for a craftsman.

It is precisely because Anthropologists have been required to present a finished product about their subjects, on their first fieldwork experience, that "Methodology" has become the silent stumbling block, that powerful step in making science that then sets in concrete and dictates.

Anthropologists write of their dissatisfaction with their tool; its clumsiness, its lack of refinement, its unseeing eye. Its derision of softness and emotion for hard facts, but it is the Anthropologist, as an individual, who must make science a tool.

This thesis presents "the problem" common to new anthropologists still in University; their first works full of promise yet presented in the raw, as part of the issue of Methodology. It was part of my anxiety that I defined the problem as being in the nature of Anthropology. It was my anxiety that I had to respond to and had to work through, it was (and is) my unseeing eye that needed to be opened, not that of Science.

## CONCLUSION

Pelto states, it is usual for fieldworkers to structure their research in terms of a general meta-theory, liberal amounts of personal theory and an explicit special anthropological theory. He has listed, characteristics of meta-theory and types of anthropological theory, where most emphasis is put. Pelto describes "personal theory" as a set of assumptions, (usually implicit), through which the fieldworker interprets day to day behaviour. This "personal theory" stamps a report with its unique style, but tends to invoke heated debate among fellow anthropologists. General meta-theory is accepted without challenge but the fieldworker's personal theory, which is known to influence data gathering, presentation and interpretation, leads to intradisciplinary debate.

The fact is that as long as personal theory remains unstated or mentioned only in a few brief preparatory sentences, then a major credibility gap will remain within the discipline.

While Pelto acknowledges that the most pressing problems in improving anthropological research design, lie in the structure of primary data gathering, in the actual field research operations, he contends that "the logic-in-use" of our data gathering operations is essentially the same as that of all scientific endeavours. Therefore he states, "the examination of Methodological principles is dependent on anthropological theories". [P. Pelto; 18-20: 1970].

It has been the objective of this thesis to show that, besides highlighting how little is known of what constitutes personal theory and its effects and then only negatively, as bias, it is not possible to "formalise" a Methodology for fieldwork, as this only prevents an accurate presentation of the process of fieldwork, hindering the progression of Anthropology as a science, rather than assisting.

With the exception of Riesman and Reed, few fieldworkers have sufficiently recognised and developed, let alone recorded, their personal theory. Most reflectively recognise the huge impact their worldview has made on their

actual practice of fieldwork and therefore, the data. The bind usually occurs at the stage of writing the report, when this insight leads them to reconsider the basis on which they began fieldwork. As the issues are complex and not publically discussed, there has been little opportunity for fieldworkers to show their progression as research scientists.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS

This thesis challenges the dominant pattern of Anthropological reports that specify exclusion of the fieldworker's experience, in order to produce valid information in the database.

The author's research proposes that inclusion of the fieldworker's experience is vital if:

The epistemological and existential stress reported by fieldworker's is to become recognised as healthy and productive of insight rather than a byproduct denoting failure.

Anthropology is to achieve recognition and (therefore) survive as a science, useful to the public as well as the scientific audience.

Anthropologists are to establish themselves as holistic practitioners of an Art and Science - Anthropology. Anthropology is to attain some measure of creative expression, that captures both the universal and specific elements of the core concept Culture, the science seeks to explore.

## APPENDIX ONE



Individual Anthropologists whose books present new perspectives on Methodology:

Laura Bohannan: "Return to Laughter" (1954) under the pseudonym of Elenore Smith Bowen.

Hortense Powdermaker: "Strangers and Friends; the Way of an Anthropologist" (1966).

Kenneth Reed: "The High Valley" (1966).

Richard B. Lee: "The !Kung San. Men, Women and Work in a Foraging Society (1979).

Napoleon Chagnon: "The Fierce People: Yanomamo" (1966).

Carlos Castenada: "The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yacui Way of Knowledge" (1968).

Jean Biggs: "Never in Anger: Portrait of an Eskimo Family" (1970).

James Mitchell: "The Bamboo Fire" (1978).

Hugh Brodie: "Maps and Dreams" (1980).

T. Bellmonte: "The Broken Fountain" (1980).

The following Anthropologists have commented on Methodology usually in the Preface or introduction to their work:

John Middleton: "The Study of Lugbara" (1970).

John Gulick: "Village and City Fieldwork in Lebanon" (1970).

Paul Riesman: "Freedom in Fulani Social Life" (1974).

Paul Rabinow: "Reflections on Fieldwork in Morocco (1981).

Michael Jackson: "The Kuranko" (1976).

Jean Paul Dumont: "The Headman and I" (1978).

Gerrald Berreman: "Hindus in the Himalayas" (1962).

William Foote Whyte: "Street Corner Society" (1955).

Anthropologists as Editors have invited colleagues to respond to their vision of what Anthropology should be saying. They are as follows:

Peggy Golde: "Women in the Field" (1970).

Morris Freilich: "Marginal Natives: Anthropologists at Work" (1970).

S.T. Kimball and J.B. Watson: "Crossing Cultural Boundaries. The Anthropological Experience (1972).

G. Spindler: "Being an Anthropologist" (1970).

G. Spindler and L Spindler: "Studies in Anthropological Method (1967).

A. Beteille and J.N. Madan: "Encounter and Experience" (1975).

D.G. Jongmans and P.C. Gutkind: "Anthropologists in the Field" (1967).

J. Casagrande: "In the Company of Man" (1960).

F. Henry and S. Saberwal: "Stress and Distress in the Field" (1969).

Three Anthropologists who comment on their personal experience of fieldwork through letters and diaries:

Malinowski: "A Diary in the Strictest Sense of the Term" (1967).

M. Mead: "Letters from the Field" (1977).

M. Cesara: "Reflections of a Woman Anthropologist: No Hiding Place" (1982).

Works not obtained by Author, but important to this field:

R. Wax: "Doing Fieldwork. Warnings and Advice (1971).

G Condominas: "L'Exotique est. quotidien (1965).

C. Levi Strauss: "Tristes Tropiques (1963).

A. Mariott: "Greener Fields" (1962).

D. Maybury-Lewis: "The Savage and the Innocent" (1965).

F. Gearing: "Face of the Fox" (1970).

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