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STYLES OF CULTURE:
New Ireland and New Hanover

by

Dorothy K. Billings

Submitted in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, University of Sydney, August, 1971.
ERUEL and his granddaughter

Photograph by Nicolas Peterson, 1965
SIRAPI

Photograph by Nicolas Peterson, 1965
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PART ONE: INTRODUCTION
CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

Thesis

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

The particular theses, from which the general one derives, is that the cultures of the islands of New Ireland and New Hanover (Territory of New Guinea) differ from each other systematically; and that each culture is patterned. I summarize these patterns as "styles:" and name them "group-oriented" (New Ireland) and "individualistic" (New Hanover) respectively.

Theoretical Foundations

The concepts of "structure" and "function" belong to all science and to all art. They refer to static and dynamic regularities, diachronic and synchronic. The concepts are regularly usurped by students interested in particular structures and functions. The fate of the term "structure" in anthropology was for at least three decades in the hands of the descendents of Radcliffe-Brown. Although its larger meaning was never lost, it came to refer specifically to
patterns of relationship between kinship roles and kinship groups. The term has currently been refocused by French anthropologists on questions about patterns of relationship between symbols in myths, both in particular cultures and in culture universally.

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

The term "pattern" has come to connote the interests of Benedict in the patterning of values and emotions in culture and in individual carriers of a culture. Perhaps it is partly because her mode of analysis was literary and narrative, rather than systematic, that she has had no descendants who have taken over the term "pattern."

The concept of "pattern" as Benedict used it in PATTERNS OF CULTURE (1934) is related to several other concepts which explore similar kinds of questions: style, genius, world view, values, culture and personality, ethos and gidos, and so on.¹ Students using these terms have in common an attempt to describe regularities in the intellectual and emotional lives of peoples.

¹These terms and the authors who have used them are discussed and analyzed in relation to each other by Anthony F. C. Wallace (1961, Chapter III); and by Victor Barnouw (1963).
All descriptions of regularity require a frame of reference within which the description can have meaning. In the "hard" sciences, all frames of reference are considered "as if" frames of reference, and they are chosen for use according to whether or not they fit the problem. Thus, for example, Newtonian mechanics is still the frame of reference used when calculating the speed of a train as it changes over time; but calculations about the speed of celestial bodies are made in terms of quantum mechanics, the frame of reference the development of which is attributed to Einstein.

I choose the term "style" as the one which best denotes the frame of reference which I will use in this thesis. It is a term that Kroeber (1948) used to refer especially to regularity in cycles of growth and decline of civilization; and thus he used it to refer to data of a kind different from that which I have collected. He used historical documents and secondary sources; and perhaps that is one reason why anthropologists, with their first-hand data from small-scale societies, have not taken up the term.

The term has recently been given new dimensions by Alan Lomax and his staff working on the Cantometrics project, for which Conrad Arensberg was the principal anthropologist (Lomax, 1968). Lomax and his associates sought initially to develop a system for classifying folk songs. Lomax's vast knowledge of songs from all over the world led him to insights about the relationship between singing and culture. With Arensberg, he developed hypotheses about this relationship,
and later expanded his study to include dance. A staff of trained raters has brought precision to the definition of five major world areas of song style. Lomax, like Kroeber, views style areas as the products of history. In the future he plans to bring all aspects of culture into the definition of style areas.

The term "style" connotes regularity in the expressive aspects of culture, and it is for this reason that I have chosen it. My study deals at length with regularities in the expressive systems of New Ireland and New Hanover.

The expressive "institutions" are those with which a culture meets what Malinowski calls "integrative imperatives" (Malinowski, 1944). All the arts, religion, and play are prominent among these. My study does not deal entirely with these integrative institutions: "(A)ny discussion of symbolism without its sociological context is futile" (Malinowski, 1944, p. 136); and I have studied social-political-economic context. But in some aspects of my analysis I have studied social, political, and economic factors as dependent variables of expressive style. I need not assert that expressive factors are causal in order to study them "as if" they were causal. Contemporary scientific thinking views "cause" as merely a colloquial reference to a changed condition within a field of force, and I concur with that view; which is completely consistent with "functionalism" of any variety.¹

¹A condition is anything that is necessary to a certain result—anything in the absence of which that result would
In my view, all situations result from a vast complexity of forces, and all single-factor theories are wrong, as well as very dull. But I do think that ideas have not been given their due in anthropology in recent decades (Lawrence, 1970); and I reject the view that ideas, cognitive styles, values and so on are epiphenomena (Kluckhohn, 1952). Lomax's work indicates that "song style seems to summarize, in a compact way, the ranges of behavior that are appropriate to one kind of cultural context. If style carries this load of social content, however, song can no longer be treated as a wayward, extra, belated, though pleasant afterthought upon the serious business of living" (p. 6). What Lomax writes about song is equally true of all expressive behavior.

In this paper, I describe the styles of culture of New Ireland and New Hanover; and the way in which these styles profoundly affect the ongoing course of events in these two areas.
Presentation of the Data

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

I have misgivings about presenting a great deal of verbatim material, and about relentlessly making known my own place in the collection of the data, and my own process of discovering patterns. Much has been made of "objectivity" in the social sciences, and yet we can also find in the literature support for the idea that the observer should make himself, as the "machine" through which the observations passed, a known entity.

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

Field Research: General Description

During January and February, 1965, I spent two months in the village of Mangai, New Ireland. I returned
again July, 1966 through January, 1967, and again for four weeks April-May, 1967. On the first trip I was accompanied by Mr. Nicolas Peterson. We had gone with the intention of studying a cargo cult, the "Johnson Cult," that had sprung up in New Hanover, and that had been reported in the newspapers. Due to a change in local circumstances, when we got to Kavieng we were denied permission by the Administrators to enter New Hanover. The Administrators there offered us the use of their quarters in Mangai and, as we had only two months, we followed the course of least resistance.

The aims of my research in New Ireland were affected by my continuing attempts to go to New Hanover when I returned to the Territory in 1966. I expected to be in New Ireland only a short time; but it was not until February, 1967, that I was finally permitted to go to New Hanover. Even then, I was not allowed to travel freely, and it was only through the cooperation of the Catholic Mission in Kavieng and at Lavongai, New Hanover, that I obtained transportation and other essential help that made it possible for me to undertake work there. The Administration gave me permission to live in the government rest house in Lavongai village, which neighbors the Catholic mission. Personnel of the various service departments of government (Public Health, Agriculture and Fisheries) as well as the missionaries, both Catholic and Methodist, gave me crucial assistance. I left New Hanover August 31, 1967.

I soon learned that many of my responses learned in New Ireland were wrong in New Hanover. I was surprised,
because the New Irelanders and the New Hanoverians live on adjacent islands, mix in the town (Kavieng), marry each other, and consider that they share the same culture. From my first day in New Hanover, life was easier for me, both personally and professionally. New Hanoverians recognized my need for privacy, because (I found out) they shared it.

One of the situations that I found most difficult in New Ireland was the people's polite refusal to leave me alone, day or night. I finally insisted on sleeping alone, but I gained this privacy at the cost of slight offense and unceasing efforts. Whenever I came back to visit from New Hanover, several women had moved into my house, and renewed efforts had to be made to regain privacy. In New Ireland I felt constantly the strain of being polite and of "being together;" usually with very little conversation. I was perpetually fed and attended to and served: wordlessly.

New Hanoverians left me alone in many ways. With the exception of one family, no one ever gave me anything to eat; and that family soon found a way to stop giving me food (even though I paid them). Getting the help I needed in carrying water and supplies was a constant struggle. However, the help I really wanted, of course, was help with my research, and in New Hanover that poured forth. I filled up tape after tape with interviews and stories. New Hanoverians lacked the plastic arts, for which New Ireland is famous; but they were never at a loss for words. Cultists were eager to tell me their views. I enjoyed their company, and they enjoyed
mine; and when I left we owed each other nothing.

Such was not the case in New Ireland. In the end, I felt deeply obligated to them and personally involved with them as friends.

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

1) I was able to subtract myself as the white observer. I had thought that New Irelanders were restrained and careful in my presence perhaps because I was a European. New Hanoverians treated me without deference, and I was able then to go back to New Ireland and see that the restraint in New Irelanders' behavior characterized their relationships with each other, as well as with me.

2) I was able to see the behavior of each when it contrasted with that of the other. For instance, I had written in my notes that New Ireland babies did not cry very much, but I was not sure about this because I did not know how much babies cry. I found out in New Hanover how much more babies can cry, in any case, when I observed their perpetual howling. Further, I assumed that all Pacific islanders share food with visitors until I saw that New Hanoverians did not share.

The anthropologist must always be at least present, and often active, in any situation in which information is
gathered. Thus it was in relation to me that I first noticed the differences between New Hanoverians and New Irelanders. And it was in trying to cope with the different situations, both at the level of maintaining my own water supply and at the level of obtaining esoteric information, that I felt I finally came to some kind of understanding of the two cultures.

What follows is an attempt to present that understanding, somewhat more systematically than it came to me, but without losing altogether the values of discovery.

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

The styles here outlined were not obvious. They were built up, piece by piece. To some extent, each is defined in terms of the other. These are summaries: illustrations of the evidence from which these summaries derive and compose the body of this paper.

I name the New Ireland style "group-oriented," and the New Hanover style "individualistic;" but if I were comparing New Ireland to the Zuni, I might find New Hanover style better named "group-oriented."

**New Ireland: Summary of the Social Structure**

The German Administration in New Ireland, led by Buliminski (1910-13), built a road about two hundred miles down the East Coast of New Ireland. The road drew plantations, and in 1965-7 New Ireland exported more copra than any other part of the Territory. The missionaries preceded
the Administration into New Ireland, some of them Fijians and Samoans. In 1965-7 most of the villages in northern New Ireland were Methodist, but Catholic villages form a strong minority. European style schooling was provided almost entirely by the missions until after World War II, when the government began to provide schools. In New Ireland in 1965-7, many men had been to George Brown College in New Britain when they were young, but today most stay in New Ireland for a comparable education. High schools following the Australian syllabus are provided by the government, the Methodists, and the Catholics.

The people in northern New Ireland speak several different languages. (See Lewis, 1969, pp. 26, 29; and Lithgow and Claassen, 1968. Also Map 2.) The three most northern of these, Tigak, Kara and Nalik, form a sub-group for two reasons: first, they are Administratively part of the Kavieng District, while their fellows further south are Administratively part of the Namatanai District; and second, the peoples of these three language groups all have several, and the same, matrilineal clans. Further south are matrilineal moieties (described by Powdermaker, 1933). Chinnery gives the village of Fatmalik as the southern limit of multiple clan organization (1929, p. 12). He lists sixteen named matrilineal clans (along with the bird associated with each) that he had heard of, giving locations for ten along the East Coast road. I knew of these same ten clans: six of them owned land in Mangai village (where I worked), and two
others were represented by residents who had married into the village but did not own land.

Multiple clan organization extends to Fatmalik, about seventy miles down the road from Kavieng. Mangai is thirty miles from Kavieng. Residents of Mangai and of the neighboring village, Livitua, were considered by the Administration to be part of the Kara language division, and they so considered themselves; although they (and outsiders) believed that their two villages shared a distinct dialect. All along the road, clusters of two and three villages are said to have distinct dialects which they share. The recent reclassification by Lithgow and Claassen (1968) puts Mangai in the Tigak language area (a view with which I concur). Informants from central Kara villages did occasionally say that Mangai language was not Kara. Mangai residents claimed that Mangai basically spoke Kara, but spoke a little of several languages. In all villages people understand some words, at least, of several languages, and all (men, women and children) speak pidgin English.

The matrilineal clans are exogamous. The rule holds for members of a clan regardless of the locality from which they come. There were a few known cases of marriage between members of the same clan from widely separated villages, and people did not talk much about them. The marriages were wrong, but no specific sanctions were invoked against either husband or wife.

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

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

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

The lineage is a transitory group because genealogies are only three to five generations in depth. Rare is the informant who knows the name of his father's father; and rare is the old man who can still remember the name of his mother's father. When people move away, ties are remembered, but within a generation of the move they can no longer be traced. People in Mangai know that they have relatives through their mothers or fathers in Luberua to the south, or in Kableman to the north, or on the West Coast; and Mangai village in general is considered to have relatives on Simberi island, in the Tabar
group. But except for recent immigrants and recent marriages, these ties are not traced. In Mangai the Mokangkai clan has its clan equivalent in Tabar, but it is only this equivalence that is remembered. Tabar clans are associated with different kinds of sharks, while New Ireland clans are associated with different kinds of birds. Clan names vary somewhat throughout New Ireland in different language areas, but the associated birds remain constant and confirm the unity of the clan. The fact that the name of a single clan varies somewhat while the associated bird remains constant may account for the fact that people view the moieties to the south as equivalent to the clans of the north. It is said of Lesu and other more southern villages that they have only two "birds" (in pidgin English, "pidgine"), while in the north there are many "birds." However, for purposes of exogamous marriage, the two systems are separate, even though the moieties of the south have the same associated birds as two of the northern clans.

In Mangai there are two clans with names that are almost the same (Tivingur, Tivingo) and some members of these two clans sometimes treat the two as though they were one. However, the fact that the two have different associated birds is crucial; they are separate, and members of the two may marry each other.

Marriage with a cross-cousin (mokok) of a different clan is considered a good marriage, but it is not prescribed. There is difference of opinion as to whether or not marriage with the true mokok, the first cousin, is a good marriage or
"too close." This difference of opinion was related (by informants) to European ideas, to the mixing of traditional customs (along with languages), and to local sociological and economic analysis of the long term outcome of such marriages. Marriage is accomplished by an exchange of resources and currency between the relatives of the bride and groom; each side giving approximately equal amounts.

Kinship terminology follows the Iroquois pattern (Murdock, 1949). Avoidance of some degree is practiced with all affinal relatives, and with some consanguineal relatives: sibling of opposite sex, and the children of that sibling. The taboo is stronger for a woman in relation to her brother's children (and especially his first born sons) than for a man in relation to his sister's children. All taboos are lighter between persons of a kinship category if they are of the same sex, or if they are separated by a considerable age difference. Women wear something on their heads, usually a handkerchief or scarf, in respect and shame for their brother's eldest sons and their husband's brothers and mokotoks (sister's children and mother's brothers). These taboos are not practiced today in wide classificatory extension, but only with "true" genealogical occupants of a category; and also with a few selected others who have long been "counted" in a particular category.

Malanggan ceremonies for the dead structure economic, political and social relationships. Memais are big men, installed formally in that status, who organize malanggans.
They have no bounded constituency, either of kin or locality; but their influence is defined mainly in local terms. Malanggan gatherings have been described by Kramer (1925), Groves (1933, 1935), Chinnery (1929), Powderrmaker (1933), and Lewis (1969) among others. They are typical Melanesian gatherings in that they feature exchanges of pigs and shell currency, singing and dancing, and ritual. They have elements of church, market, political campaign, and carnival.

**New Ireland: Style of the Culture**

New Ireland culture "follows the known path."

Cultural patterns are formalized, institutionalized, ritualized; and individuals follow easy, known precepts (give, help) that maintain the functioning of the culture. It has survived the occupation of New Ireland by the Japanese during World War II. The culture must be satisfying to the individuals who make it work, though the culture does not foster individuals at the expense of the group. New Ireland culture maintains and expands the group without losing individuals. There is a place for everyone, and everyone is helped to take his place.

New Ireland culture manifests its orientation toward the group in the structure and function of its basic social groupings in relation to basic subsistence resources. These are discussed in terms of residence patterns, land ownership patterns, and work groups; marriage; social, economic, and political structures and functions of malanggan ceremonies, which draw together people from afar (in time and space) for exchanges of pigs and valuables, and for sharing food.
The style of integration of individual members within the group, how they stay together and why they want to, is discussed under the heading "Group Cohesion." Here I discuss how the group keeps from splitting apart in disputes. Then I discuss how New Ireland stops people from being "outsiders:" the weak are made strong, the strong have their strengths used up laterally rather than vertically, so that they do not rise above the group. Children, who all begin as outsiders, are honored and wooed into the culture: they go first in everything. The mode and medium of interactions amongst people are help and food. The direction of interactions is ever outward: when you want to give you must "go outside," and you must "lose, lose, lose."

The individual in this culture must be responsive to his fellows. Physical and personal responsiveness is manifest in daily doings, conversations, activities. Their physical responsiveness must be careful, so as not to offend; and their careful, responsive manner describes the style of body movement (kinesics) typically produced in New Irelanders. Strong spontaneous emotional responses are not often seen, but neither is there evidence of strong emotional suppression or tension. New Ireland culture provides formal institutionalized channels for the expression of emotion (e.g. wailing to help the bereaved cry at funerals).

Emotional relationships between kin are explicitly structured in detail, in terms of taboos on overt acts (e.g. talking, touching, verbalizing personal names). When individuals do not follow the pattern, the matter is hidden by forgetting,
and the pattern remains secure.

At the individual level, social and emotional interactions are structured by explicit cultural institutions; at the population level, the distribution of subsistence resources is structured by explicit cultural institutions. The whole pattern is expressed in the arts, and in a thousand ways in daily life; which make the pattern communicable to succeeding generations and to other outsiders. Frequently repeated patterns—restraint, reserve, detail; interest in process and repetitive process rather than in goals, interest in giving and receiving, in helping and protecting; inquisitive about the whole, unquestioning about the rituals—these are the redundancies in New Ireland that describe the style of the culture.

New Hanover: Summary of the Social Structure

New Hanover is an oval island with a population of 7,000 (compared to New Ireland's 41,000). On the island there is a government patrol post at Taskul; and there are two European men operating plantations. There are two mission stations: the Methodist mission at Ranmelek, operated by Australian Methodists; and the Catholic mission at Lavongai, operated in recent years by American Catholics. Before World War II, the Catholics were German, and some German sisters remain in the area.

A few old men of about seventy have been away to work, some to the gold fields in New Guinea. But many men in their fifties and younger have been away from New Hanover
only for brief visits, and some have never worked for wages on a plantation. Most who have worked for wages have done so only briefly and infrequently.

The Tigak islands divide New Hanover and New Ireland. The culture of these islands is in some ways more like that of New Ireland than like that of New Hanover; although the absence of malanggan is important. The islands share the Tigak language with northern New Ireland; New Hanover speaks Tungak.¹

The islands provide a protected passage between New Hanover and New Ireland to Ranmelek; but beyond Ranmelek, the sea is rough. In the old days, with sail canoes and with the right wind, people could sail to Kavieng over night.

I lived from February until September, 1967, in the village of Lavongai, about two hours beyond Ranmelek by speedboat. (The distance can be covered on foot in a day.) Lavongai Catholic mission is adjacent to the village, passage between the two requiring the crossing of two rivers.

The fact that New Hanover was declared to be an island full of leprosy in the 1930's has no doubt had a significant influence on the history of the people here. According to native informants, the doctors tried to move people from New Hanover back to New Hanover; and prevented those who were there from leaving. Whatever else this

¹Language names derive from the term for sibling of same sex in each language.
"quarantine" meant, it surely kept European recruiters from looking for labor in New Hanover. However, New Hanoverians are completely free now to move, and yet they do not seek work elsewhere. The influence of the quarantine does not fully account for the inexperience of the people with the outside world.

Most of the population of New Hanover is now living in villages around the coast of this high (3,000 feet) island. However, there are still villages up in the bush.

The people of New Hanover belong to twelve matri-lineal clans distributed unevenly around the island. The rules of land ownership are similar to those of New Ireland: a person may use his father’s land if he gives a pig a mias on the death of his father, but he cannot pass the land on to his own children. There is no custom of kiut whereby the mother can secure the land of her husband for their children by hanging herself at his funeral.

This law may have functioned more strictly in the past. In 1967, many people did not use their mother’s land, and many had never visited it. This resulted from the strong New Hanover preference for viripatrilocal residence. All informants said that it was correct to live on the husband’s father’s land; and many were so residing. But, perhaps partly because people had moved down to the coast from the bush more recently than had New Irishers, most people were merely living on land that was in some way associated with the husband’s father, who may himself have been born in the bush.
Land was not closely subdivided (outside the residence area) in New Hanover as it was in New Ireland. Theoretically a person coming from another village could use some of the unused tracts within large areas said to be owned by a particular clan. In fact there was plenty of land, which partly accounts for the low sense of "ownership" in New Hanover compared to New Ireland. Or perhaps the low sense of ownership derived from the absence of an ownership group in New Hanover; many individuals had "claims" to a particular piece of land, but these individuals did not form a group which jointly owned the land.

The unit of production and consumption in New Hanover is the nuclear family. A combination of circumstances has kept groups from forming. The combination of virilocal residence with matrilineal clans means (unless the women are selected all from one clan, which they are not) that children grow up with children of other clans. Unless their mothers are from the same or nearby villages (as they are often, but not always), the children will not know their mother's land. The confusion is compounded by polygamy. The fathers of several Lavongai men and women had three, four, and five wives, all from different places, but all brought to the place of their husband; and all housed under the same roof. Sometimes these women had been married and had children before they entered the polygynous household; and when their common husband died, they married again. With each marriage, the woman moved to the place of her current husband. Thus, all her children,
while of the same clan, are half-siblings to each other, and may have been brought up in different places. Furthermore, as is the case with a kindred, each child has his own set of half-siblings: only those born of the same mother and father share the same "group." Bilateral groups are formed in bilateral societies sometimes through regular association with a particular piece of land (Goodenough, 1955); but no carefully defined land areas exist in New Hanover around which groups that have continuity over time can form.

Marriage is accomplished by a one-way payment between two individuals: from the groom to some man of the bride's family, her father if he is alive and she is living in his house. The groom must raise ten mias for an unmarried girl, and he gets it wherever he can. If a woman leaves her husband, whoever received payment for her must refund the mias. I saw this operate to keep a girl with a husband who beat her. Wife-beating was common in New Hanover.

Cross-cousin marriage was said to have been a preferred marriage in the past, because a man could trust his cross-cousin not to poison his water, since she was "one of the family." This kind of marriage was not seen as related to the consolidation of resources, as it was in New Ireland.

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

Within the nuclear family there is no patterned avoidance behavior. Brother and sister, in adulthood, have a relationship of friendly companionship. The relationship between spouses, on the other hand, is often antagonistic.

These patterns are not clearly structured as rules in New Hanover, as they are in New Ireland. In New Hanover they are viewed as alternatives among which people choose; some women avoid their male cross-cousins, some do not.

New Hanover: Style of the Culture

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

Their behavior is stylized and conventionalized, of course, when they reach adulthood, but in the absence of explicit structuring New Hanoverians view themselves as self-made men, each possibly quite different from the others.

New Hanover used to have the institution of maras, known in at least two or three (but no more) villages.
Big men secluded young boys, in order to "make boys into men," and make men and boys into warriors in the old days. There was no precise clan or village structuring to these secluded events, but there was strict sex structuring: women brought food to the secluded spot and left it for big men to collect and carry inside the enclosure. Some men now grumble that this institution fell to the criticism of the mission, but it was not widespread and it could not have been strong. (In New Ireland, malanggan flourishes after occupation by the Japanese during the war.)

However, it was sponsoring maras that made a man waitas: a big man. There were two such men alive in New Hanover in 1967.

New Hanover fosters the individual at the expense of the group. This is explicit ideology. It is an orientation manifested in the structure and function of basic social groupings in relation to basic subsistence resources. These relationships are discussed in this paper in the same terms as those used in discussing New Ireland: residence patterns, land ownership patterns, work groups; marriage; social, economic, and political structures and functions of the (now defunct) maras gatherings. There were no organized exchanges in New Hanover comparable to malanggan in New Ireland. There was and is trade with some of the smaller islands, carried out impersonally for money; usually Australian currency.

The style of integration amongst individuals in
New Hanover is one I have called "individualistic." Under the heading "group cohesion," I discuss disputes, outsiders, the weak, the strong, and children in New Hanover.

Disputing is a significant mode of integration in New Hanover, and a frequent one within the nuclear family. New Hanover tends to make each individual an outsider, after the age of two or three years, even in his own home. Children, who all begin as outsiders to the culture, have a brief moment upon the stage, until they are weaned. Then they are likely to be last in everything, crying.

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

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

Strong spontaneous emotional outbursts occur. Loud laughter, loud crying, loud scolding may be heard, day or night. There are no formal channels for the expression of emotion in New Hanover, although there used to be gatherings where people sang and danced. At funerals the bereaved cry alone, and there is no further ceremony for the dead.

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

At the individual level, social and emotional interactions are implicitly structured and isolating; at the population level, the distribution of subsistence resources is implicitly structured and isolating. The weak (the blind, the epileptic, the visitor) get weaker and
the strong are hard to find. Bullies rise and usually fall, having nothing with which to reach out beyond their personal sphere. Individualistic patterns are expressed in the arts of New Hanover: their songs are narrative; their stories tell of isolation; and they have no plastic arts.

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

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

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

The style of New Hanover culture dominated the Johnson cult, but there was very earnest and explicit
determination that it should not dominate T.I.A. A comparison of the styles of New Hanover and of New Ireland puts into focus not only each style as it existed in 1965-7; but also potentialities of each to change.
PART TWO: NEW IRELAND
CHAPTER II
RESIDENCE, RESOURCES, AND RELATED SOCIAL GROUPINGS

In this chapter I will first describe the residence pattern of the village of Mangai, New Ireland, as I recorded it in 1965 and then in 1967. I describe the particular hamlets first; and then the generalizations that can be drawn from them about the kinds of relationships that exist in New Ireland between individuals and groups of people on the one hand, and resources on the other. I have dealt in detail only with land: residence sites and sites used for the production of basic foodstuffs. Passages in the reef, pigs, chickens, and trees are also owned, but the principles of ownership derived from a discussion of lands also apply to the ownership of all resources. The ideology of ownership is here, as elsewhere in the Pacific, more individualized in relationship to trees than to grounds; but this ideology functions in regard to social relationships within ownership groups, and not with regard to the basic distribution of resources. Social relationships within ownership groups are important, but they are discussed elsewhere.

An examination of the relationship between people and resources in Mangai shows that the basic functioning social group is the bilateral extended family, composed of two or three lineages of one, two, or three clans. The nuclear family is present, but not as a unit of exclusive ownership.
RESIDENCE

In Mangai, as in other villages in New Ireland, people view themselves as residents first of small named hamlets, grouped together into villages originally by the colonial government officials. Here follows a description of their residence, hamlet by hamlet. I have tried to answer this question: why are these particular people living here? I have tried to answer in terms of claims through kinship and marriage, resources, life histories, alternatives, and the descendents for whom people are securing the future.

I think I have not made mistakes that affect the general accuracy of my statements about kinship, residence, and groupings. But I have certainly hardly a page without mistakes that would affect the lives of individuals in important ways if this study were to be used in court to support land claims. Hamlet names are generally known and agreed upon well enough to be used successfully in conversation. However, I think no two individuals would agree in detail about any single hamlet, its boundaries, its history, and its claimants. There were disputes heard by the local councillor during the period of my research. Disputes sometimes but not always increased with crowding. In making my description, I have sometimes done just what my informants did: they frowned, looked around for help, selected a name and rushed on to the next place.

It would be a mistake to conclude from this that hamlet names and histories are unimportant. On the contrary,
they are very important, and always open to question. Many people have claims, and anyone omitted in a recital of claimants would be "cross," if he found out. Most claimants will say that they don't know much about the hamlet, and suggest a particular informant who will be knowledgable. Knowledgable informants may disagree because they have conflicting claims to a hamlet; or they may disagree for a more simple reason, that being the multitude of names attached to every piece of ground. Every patch of ground is part of a larger piece, which is part of a larger piece again, and so on. Thus, when Patavani's house was said to be in Panaval, and then again in Panakaia, I finally found out that Panaval is the little name for her place, which is inside the larger Panakaia. I have guessed, correctly I think, that Ngurunasuk is a small name inside Lapai; but I have abandoned attempts to figure out whether or not Palapung and Lapai are inside Sunukwakai. Of course I was more confused by these subdivisions than were my informants; but when they were pressed to the wall (by me, unintentionally) they, too, were not sure. And they were embarrassed not to know what they thought someone else expected them to know.

It is difficult, too, to decide what individuals own a hamlet or garden plot. Mangai residents make conflicting claims to ground, but in some cases they seem to be aware of this situation. In other cases they never bother to bring these conflicts to resolution. If conflict
becomes focused and open, there are processes of resolution that can be activated. Nowadays, the local councillor will hear the case. Claims are made in terms of what the people themselves translate as "laws," and some anthropologists would concur in this terminology. Presumably in the old days these laws accomplished the distribution of the population over the land so that all might work and eat. They did not support individual or perpetual ownership of lands.

In the mid-1960's, the Administration set up Demarcation Committees throughout T.P.N.G. to establish and register in Port Moresby, now and forever, which individuals claim to own what ground. Thus a static structure is being created where before there was a process. Sometimes this attempt to freeze relationships between man and land has been made in the name of "tradition," but it is well-known to most administrators, Europeans residents, and researchers alike that traditional land tenure systems in Melanesia were fluid. New subsistence patterns, specifically the planting of coconuts and the beginnings of a shift to a cash economy, nonetheless require a change in the system of land tenure.

Mangai residents were uneasy and sometimes cross about land in 1965-7, due to old pressures as well as new ones. The chairman of the New Ireland section of the Demarcation Committee conducted investigations in Mangai during which he questioned long and hard and turned over many a can of worms. In my own investigations, undertaken
for a quite different purpose, I tried to leave these cans unturned; and to rely for my information on disputes already in progress. Land tenure is a touchy subject in T.P.N.G. today. My description is at the most superficial, most public level, of claims fleetingly acknowledged or proclaimed, in 1965-7, to me.
GENEALOGY CHARTS AND MAP: Explanation of Diagrams

On the genealogy charts I show everyone to whom I refer in the description of residence, hamlet by hamlet. The persons who were resident in the hamlet under discussion, either in 1965 or in 1966, are shown in symbols that have been shaded in so that they can be more easily found amongst their fellows.

I have not always shown all the marriages of the principals. I may refer to the resident as having been married six times, but show only two spouses. I have omitted these other marriages because they are not directly relevant in the discussion of residence; and because they involve complexities better discussed elsewhere in the context of marriage. Wherever I have shown several marriages, the earlier ones are shown lower on the chart than the later ones.

Under each circle (female) or triangle (male) I give first the person's name (or rather one of them, as nearly everyone has a shortened "nickname" as well as a mission name, and perhaps a second local name); and below his personal name, I list the name of his clan. Eight widespread matrilineal clans are represented by the residents of Mangai village: Mokatitin, Mokamuna, Tivingur, Tivingo, Mokangkai, Mokanaka, Mokamiva and Mokangkala.

Below each person's clan name is the name of his home hamlet or village. If it is a hamlet within Mangai village, only the hamlet is listed. If the person comes
from outside Mangai, I give the village, or the island as appropriate, instead of or in addition to the hamlet name.

The "home hamlet" is an important concept in New Ireland. Informants soon taught me to ask, not "what is your place?" (where are you from?); but "what is your true place?" (where are you really from, as contrasted to "where do you live?"). The answer to this question is the name of the informant's mother's hamlet. One's mother's land is inalienable. When, later, I went to New Hanover, I soon learned to quit asking, "What is your true place?" Their answer was, "What do you mean, my true place?" Neither the informant nor his parents was considered to have a true place, in the sense that New Irelanders had one. It is this "true place" that is shown in the genealogy charts under the name of each person's clan.

I have not always written in clan and hamlet names where, in this society, it would be repetitious. Siblings always follow their mother in clan and hamlet. Where I show this information for the mother I have not repeated it for the children; or where I show it for one sibling, I have not repeated it for other siblings.

In a few cases I show no clan affiliation (e.g. Susanne of Panakaia-Paneval hamlet). These residents come from outside New Ireland or from parts of New Ireland that do not have clan names equivalent to those of Mangai. Thus, while clan names are the same in the Tsoi Islands as they are in Mangai; and clan
names in the Tabar Islands have equivalents in Mangai; down the road 60 miles, in the village of Lesu studied by Powdermaker, clan names have no equivalents in Mangai. Lesu has matrilineal moieties, and these large moiety affiliations are considered equivalent in terms of social organization to the clans of Mangai; but neither moiety is considered equivalent to any particular Mangai clan.

The map shows where the hamlets are in relation to each other and to the road and to the beach. In my discussion, I refer often to "camp." This is a completely cleared and densely housed area which came into existence here, and all over the Territory, in orders from the German colonial government before 1914. The government needed to have the people living together in one spot so they could count them and tax them. Now camp continues to exist partly because the government still expects it, but also because people like it. I am tempted to say that the younger, gayer crowd lives in camp, but close examination doesn't really bear out that impression. Respected elders live in camp. People have radios and drink liquor in camp, but these two imports from the European world are equally evident in Panakaia hamlet outside of camp. Still, camp, with its store and church (two "public" buildings) offers a "downtown" ambience, in contrast to the hamlet outside camp, which are separated by bush and which generally contain only one, or two closely related, family lines.

First I will consider the residents of Mangai,
hamlet by hamlet, in order to gain some idea of why they are here rather than somewhere else. Then I will examine the generalizations that emerge from these data.
PALAPUNG Hamlet

Ba (Houses 1 and 2, 1965; A and 2, 1966) came to New Ireland from Manus before World War II. He settled in Mangai. He has been married to two Mangai women, the first of whom bore his grown son, Tom. Now Ba is married to Rombul of Mokatitin clan in Livitua, and she bore him their third child in 1966.

Ba bought this land from Kamale, of Mokatitin clan in Mangai village (see Lapai hamlet) years ago. Ba bought it properly, according to New Ireland fashion; but Kamale is under heavy pressure from his half-caste grandchildren (see Metaoera hamlet) to take the land back. Rombul's local and kinship connections (her father was from Panakaia hamlet) are not considered relevant to the ownership of this land. This married couple, Ba and Rombul, live here in Palapung because Ba, an outsider from Manus island, bought the land.

Ba has planted some coconuts on ground previously feared as a dwelling place for marsalai (unspecified unpleasant supernaturals), and therefore left unused. Ba acquired the right to use this ground through payments at a death to two men related to the dead, which, so far, is proper New Ireland fashion. But the two men received the payments not entirely because of their kinship ties, apparently, but because of their political influence as well. Eruel (see Katedon hamlet) was paid one string of shell currency and five shillings because he is memai (big man) in the traditional system, and Kas (see Purapot-Ruguvet hamlet)
was paid two pounds because he was the councillor in the
Local Government Council at the time.

Rombul maintains her ties in Livitua, and sends her
children to the Catholic primary school there, instead of
to the Government primary school in Mangai. Even if she
makes gardens on Ba's purchased land in Mangai, Rombul's
female kin in Livitua are many, and are maintaining the
rights of their lineage through use of land resources there.
Kamale and his kinsmen may fear that Rombul's line of descen-
dents will try to take over more land, but they will probably
prefer the unquestioned rights they have in Livitua village.

But Ba's son Tom might want to press his claims
through Ba. Tom has a high level position in the Adminis-
trative College in Port Moresby, and is a very intelligent,
articulate member of the young elite there. His ties to
Mangai are doubled now, since he married Ruby (see Panakaia
hamlet). Ruby is also among the educated elite: she is
one of the first female dental assistants in the Territory.
While employed in this capacity in the Highlands, she also
assisted Dr. Marie Reay in her anthropological work there.
Tom and Ruby are not likely to live permanently in Mangai,
but they have made long visits; and they appreciate the
value of their land there.

Therefore, because of the irregularities and pressures
involved, Ba's residence is unstable. The dispute over
Palapung was to be heard by the Administration's Demarcation
Committee, and the outcome was uncertain. Presently, however,
this household is best classed virilocal. Ba said that he could go to live on his wife's land, and he may well do that.
LAPAI--Ngurunusuk

In 1965 Welakamus (see Ripai hamlet) lived with his wife, Marau (see Litana hamlet) and their baby in Ngurunusuk, a little section of Lapai where Houses 3 and 4 had been built. Marau said that this was Kamale's land, and that he had let them live there. Neither Kamale nor Welakamus trace their relationship to each other, but both are Mokatitin clan from adjoining hamlets in "camp"; so presumably they are not far from their consanguineal connection. This residence was temporary and neolocal. Marau looks after Pasingan, an old man from New Hanover who found help from Lamo, the father of Welakamus, long ago. Lamo calls Pasingan "papa" to denote their fictive kinship.

In 1966, Marau and Welakamus had moved to his mother's place, Ripai hamlet in camp. Kamale and his wife, Langas, had moved onto this portion of his ground in order to make way for his grandchildren to reside in Meteroa hamlet. Langas is from the West Coast village Lovolai, where several Mangai marriages have been made. This childless couple, each of whom has been married only to each other, are living virimatriilocally. As they have no children, there is no need for them to go to her home to keep land ties there. She, nonetheless, went to visit her West Coast home for four months and came back looking healthy and happy. She had always seemed rather downcast. Kamale's resources in Mangai are considerable, and he has been tending them for his descendants (see Meteroa hamlet for details).
SUNUKWAKAI

In Sunukwakai are located houses (Houses 5 and 6, and a covered dining table) for the missionary and his family. Each village is responsible for the accommodation of its missionary, and each village should look after a mission garden. Sometimes Mangai participates in Methodist mission events with other Methodist villages, and the covered dining table was built for one such occasion. It was a temporary structure and was not replaced when it began to fall apart. Presumably that is why no one cared that it sallied forth over the border into Walrutapok hamlet.

In 1966, Vatung was appointed missionary in Mangai, and he and Dokas (see Katedon hamlet) moved into the missionary houses. Although Vatung is from Namatanai, about 150 miles down the road, he has spent much of his life in his wife's village (Mangai), and the mission authorities like to keep missionaries moving around and away from their own villages on the theory that a prophet has more honor outside his own territory. The mission will soon want to transfer Vatung, but he will probably plead that he wants to retire, at least temporarily. He and Dokas had one house in Katedon hamlet in 1965, and were building another in 1966, into which they can move when Vatung is replaced by another missionary. Dokas is already sleeping there, partly, it is hinted, to avoid adding another to their line of twelve living children.
WALRUTAPOK

This hamlet was given several names and varying ownerships. There seemed to be no dispute about it, just uncertainty.

Usor, one of the well-entrenched Mokatitins descended from a hamlet in camp (see Ripai hamlet), lives here with her husband Makeas, a Mokamiva clansman from another village: Sali. They have three small children. They lived here in 1965 and in 1966, but they could doubtless take up residence in his village if they so wished. (I didn't find out whether or not they had ever had a house there, in Sali, but Usor's brother is married to a Sali girl, so they are maintaining ties there. Currently they are living in Usor's village, and using Usor's family resources (garden lands, sago, coconuts, etc.); and residence may be classed as uxorimatrilocality.
In 1965 Kongis (see Lungantire hamlet) and her husband, Kolepmur, lived in camp in her mother's hamlet, Lungantire. She was pregnant with their first child. Her ties to Mangai are through both parents; Kolepmur's are through only his father, Peni, who died long ago leaving the young Kolepmur and his sister, Taia, orphans. Peni had been a Methodist missionary to Kulibung, Tsoi Islands, New Hanover, where he met and married the mother of his children. She died when they were very young, and Peni brought the children back to his home village, Mangai. When he died, Kolepmur and Taia were raised by Peni's clan brother, Matiu (also Mokatitin, like Peni). In fact, Matiu (see Matanasoi hamlet) has given them land free, which is more than he could do for his own children. I assume that others have tolerated this because Taia and Kolepmur have no ties to land here through their mother. Both Taia and Kolepmur have married well-established Mangai lines, and have access to resources through their respective spouses. I wonder if there will be trouble later over the land which Matiu has "given free" to Kolepmur.

The three residence sites along the bush side of the road (Lapai, Walrutapok, Patapaluai) are all claimed through Mokatitin, but through distinct lines of that clan. They do not now trace connections with each other, though all come from Mangai's "camp" area. Gradually it became clear, as in this case, that an individual's closest ties
are with persons of various clans who are descendents of frequently intermarrying lines. Thus, Matiu, for instance, told me that all Mokatitin who were close to him are dead, and he does not connect himself with his neighboring Moka- titin (though he acknowledges that doubtless there were connections in the past). But he is closely involved in joint resource ownership with people of Mokamuna and Tivingur clans, of Lamarau and Matanasoi hamlets, though he is not able to trace their kinship connections exactly.

Kongis and Kolepmur moved from her place no doubt partly because it was getting crowded across the road in Lungantire, especially after the marriage (for the sixth time) of her much older sister, Rusrus. Now married to Sungua, a Sepik laborer from a nearby plantation (Katu), Rusrus is keeping hot claims to the family homestead (Lungantire). Kongis' line of Tivingur people also claim Pasaik, the hamlet right next door to where Kongis is now, Patapaluai.

Kongis and Kolepmur live in Patapaluai, then, for several reasons: he could claim it, it was unoccupied, it is near her lineage mates. He has limited lands in the bush, but she has plenty, and living on her husband's land has in no way altered her access to her own resources.

It is universally acknowledged in New Ireland that your own land is your mother's land, and people seem to take pride in living in their own place, secure against shame, in the place where they were born. I wondered why, then,
many young couples with very young children, like Kongis and Kolepmur, seemed to prefer to live on the husband's land, where their children could not permanently belong. I sensed a note of pride and defensiveness in the tone of voice of some young women as they said: I live on my husband's place, this is the ground of my husband, I am following my husband. Several factors help to explain this attitude: first, it is the European way, and young people who have been away to school perhaps think it is more sophisticated to emphasize the male line.

But even women who were young before World War II lived the early part of their married lives on their man's ground (e.g. Sirapi, see Matanavillam hamlet).

However many, as the children grow up, move to the wife's place, so that the children will learn their land claims, and so that these claims will be strengthened through use. If both spouses are from the same village, as are Kongis and Kolepmur; and other siblings are maintaining the homestead ties, as are siblings of Kongis and Kolepmur; it doesn't much matter where they put their house. And when it doesn't much matter, I got the impression that living on the husband's ground represented a kind of congenial female deference to the male, in the interests of fair play. New Ireland protects and compensates the weak, and males are in a weak position in the structure of kinship and residence. The whole line of children belong to the wife's clan, and will belong to her lands without question; so, to be fair, live while we can, without jeopardizing our mutual interests,
on the man's home territory. Kongis and Kolepmur, for the
time being, live *viripatrilocally* (Houses D and E). His
position is far weaker than that of most men, as he does
not have any land, really, in New Ireland. His land is
really in Kulibung, others told me. Perhaps that only makes
it all the more important that he and Kongis live where
they are both able to say: this is Kolepmur's land.
Pasaik belongs to Tivingur. Superficially, Kombulau and her husband, Luverida (Mokangkala, of Kaelis hamlet, Livitua village) live here because of her Tivingur claims, and it is these that are destined to be remembered, now that she is raising two little Tivingur children. But Kombulau's Tivingur mother was from Meteroa hamlet, which is now thoroughly Mokatitin; and her Mokatitin father (from Paneroa hamlet, where the school is now) has no living Mokatitin kin. Thus Kombulau is rich in lands from her father's side. Her lands from her mother's side she derives from her mother's two full brothers (Ekai and Langate). Her claim to Pasaik is the only one she derives from her own "clan brother, Kaksat." And Kaksat, it turns out, was husband Luverida's father. Publically, this is Kombulau's place, and this household is uxorimatrilocality.

But many factors must have been involved in the setting up of this household. Kombulau was married in Livitua, to Okas, who left her. Then for a while, she "stopped nothing," stopped alone, a sorry state for a woman, or a man, to stop in. Luverida came and married her, apparently with the blessings of his first and continuing wife, Biliton, of Livitua village. Biliton and Kombulau are "very good friends," and they work together in some gardens. I can only speculate about why Luverida married Kombulau: first and foremost, I think, among his motives must have been the hope for children, which neither he nor his brother, Lokorovar
(see Mali hamlet) have produced. Then, too, Kombulau needed a man, and she was one of the women he might well have married in the first place, because through her and her offspring he and they could claim his father Kaksat's resources.

Whatever the motives, the marriage occurred. But still there were no children. After the fasion of New Ireland, another woman was sorry for Kombulau, and gave her two children to look after. The mother of these two children, Siriu, is a close Tivingur relative who is classificatory daughter to Kombulau. By giving Kombulau her children to look after, Siriu has put them onto land that they can properly claim, as both Siriu and her siblings (Rusrus, Kongis, Warau) and Kombulau acknowledge joint claims to land in the bush, as well as to Pasaik. Still, I have noticed that Kombulau loves to tell of the children who sleep in her house and for whom she cares, while Siriu merely acknowledges the situation. In other cases, too, the joy of the "foster parent" was not shared by the real parent. Thus, it would be wrong to say that Siriu has given her children to Kombulau in order to secure Pasaik. This would not have been necessary. She must have given them to Kombulau because otherwise Kombulau would have had to sleep alone sometimes, an intolerable situation. Luverida is said to sleep in his own place, Kaelis, with his brother, Lokorovar. It is not unusual for married couples to sleep apart some of the time, even in a monogamous marriage (such
as is Lokorovar's), or even in a marriage with many children to look after (such as is Dokas' marriage—see Katedon hamlet). Sometimes two happily married spouses will each have his own house, perhaps partly because of the overlap of time required in building new houses; and partly because people like to live in their own little places. The houses in Pasaik (Houses 8 and 9) belong to both Kombulau and Luverida, but she and Siriu's two children are the most steady occupants.

Kombulau seems more eager than most to emphasize that other people also have rights in the same lands that she claims. Kombulau mentions claims due to Sion, her cousin Mokok (once briefly married to Kombulan's sister, Susanna); and to the children of Seri (see Matanasoi hamlet); But these persons do not bother to mention these shared claims. Kombulau has lost most of her family, and has had a hard time adding new family members. She buried her sister Susanna (then married to Matiu—see Matanasoi hamlet) and brother Nalik in Luale, way on top of the mountain, during the war. Malik was then married to Luverida's sister, Ronan; and they, too, had no children. (She has two now by her marriage in Livitua village. Another sister left children). Thus Kombulau has nothing to lose by recounting all of the claims to her land, because there is plenty of land, and few to claim.

As mentioned above, Siriu and her siblings also claim Tivingur land associated with Pasaik, though neither Kombulau
nor Siriu trace their kinship connection to each other. Siriu and her siblings do "count" the old Tivingur man Seri (see Matanasoi hamlet) as one of their own line, and one of these children, Teling, lives in Pasaik with his wife, Belmumu (House 10 in 1965, House F in 1966). She is Tivingur, but from another village, Navallus. Their claim to Pasaik at present is through Teling's father, but Belmumu's status as a Tivingur may be invoked by her children or her children's children to secure their rights here. Teling's sister Elizabeth was, in 1965, keeping alive the ties to their Mokamuna house site in camp (see Litana hamlet). There have been many marriages between Makamuna and Tivingur in the lines associated with Pasaik, and sometimes the rights to land are considered joint. (Mokamuna and Tivingur lines in Matanavillam hamlet are also intertwined, in this case inextricably: all their lands are considered joint.) Teling and Belmumu thus are one of the young married couples with very young children living virilocally; in this case, viripatrilocally, for the time being. But I expect that sometime in the next ten years they will live for at least several years in Navallus village, so that Belmumu's children can make their claims there. However, as mentioned above, Teling and Belmumu may try to secure their children's claims to his lands through her Tivingur clan membership. Much will depend on the outcome of the Administration's current efforts to stabilize land ownership.
LAMARAU

Here in their mother's home hamlet live two sisters, Vevele and Meena, with their husbands and children. A third sister, Vinda, lives just across the road in Panasui (in 1966), and a fourth sister, Ida, married a man from Navallus village (Lopit hamlet, which has other Mangai connections) and they live there. A fifth sister, Lapiu, is dead.

All three local sisters are married to outsiders, and all three couples are more or less nondescript. It comes as somewhat of a surprise to find that both the sisters and Eruel, traditionally the most important man in Mangai, each acknowledge the other as part of their own line. Eruel, like the girls, is Mokamuna, but he has not emphasized these connections for a variety of reasons. Eruel's hamlet-mate, Keres (Tivingur of Katedon hamlet, like Eruel's father, but kinship between them is not traced) married the mother's sister of the three Mokamuna girls. It is safe to speculate (but apparently most of the survivors haven't done so, at least not to me) that Lamarau and Katedon hamlets house the descendents of several Mokamuna-Tivingur marriages, as do Pasaik and Matanavillam (see those hamlets for details). The girls claim Lamarau for Mokamuna through their mother, but they are very uncertain about their holdings. One of them referred me to Matiu for information. He is amongst the best-informed about local history, and he claims there is a history of marriages between Mokamuna and Mokatitit (his own clan) which add to the claims to this hamlet and
to associated lands.

The eldest and now dead sister, Lapiu, married a man from Manus, Kamis. They had two sons, the first of whom is named for Eruel; and then she died. The fifth and youngest sister, Vevele, was not yet married, and Kamis "came and got her," as they said. She "stopped nothing." Now they have three young children of their own, the last named for Lapiu. Lapiu's two sons are in school in Manus, where Ba (see Palapung hamlet) also sent his son Tom for what the Manus men consider to be a better education; and also a chance to see their father's place.

The second sister, Vinda, lives across the road in Panasui with husband Temerikai, from Paruai village, Wongerarum hamlet; which is the home hamlet of the dead father of the girls (see Panasui for details).

The third sister, Meena, is married to the youngest of a strong line of Mokangkala siblings from Kaelis, the little hamlet that borders the villages of Mangai and Livitua (counted by the Administration as being in Livitua, and hence called part of Livitua most of the time by the people). Kaelis is the hamlet of Luverida (see Pasaik), and Mokangkala is also his clan, but he and Lukas are of separate lines. Ba, the other Manus man in Mangai, wanted to leave his childless second wife, Mele (see Meteroa hamlet) and marry young Meena; but Meena "had her mind set on Luka," they told me. She and Lukas now have two young sons.

Meena and Lukas (House 14) and Vevele and Kamis
(House 12) are two couples each settled *uxorimatri*locally. (Vinda comes across the road to cook with her sisters in House 13). Vevele and Kamis probably do not consider going to his island, Manus, as an alternative place to live. Since Kamis has not bought land, as did Ba, he probably will never have any of his own. People are not likely to sell any more today, now that they are beginning to understand the permanence of such transactions in the eyes of the government. But Meena and Lukas may well spend some time, eventually, on his land, in Livitua.
KOKARE

Kasino (see Purapot-Ruguvet hamlet) and his wife Milika lived in this spot (House 15) in 1965, while waiting for the teachers' house, near the school, to be completed. This house was in bad condition, and apparently they lived here merely because the house was available.
PANASUI

In this corner of camp, names of areas and boundaries seemed to have become very important, and there was at least one dispute ongoing in 1966. Panasui was the name settled on by informants in 1966.

Temerikai and Vinda (see Lamarau) lived in Panambe hamlet down the road in 1965. In 1966 they had built a new house here, right across the road from Vinda's two sisters. The three surviving Mokamuna girls claim Lamarau, Panasui, and Panambe all through their mother and through "all big men from before." Having established that Eruel is Mokamuna in their line, I asked if some Mokamunas are not in their line. They mentioned Israel and Sambuan and her "line" of children (see Purapot-Lameden hamlet).

The Mokamuna girls get sago from a patch of their father's, and coconuts from a few that their father planted near the school. Temerikai says he "eats from my own coconuts in Wongerarum" (see Lamarau hamlet), and, in addition, he has planted some on Vinda's mother's land. Vinda says they share land with Matiu (see Matanasoi hamlet), who is "grandfather of us all," but she is not sure of it. She suggests that I ask him. (Matiu, like her father, is Mokatitin.)

This household is currently living uxorimatrilocally, but perhaps they will live in his place for a while some day. Their 1965 residence in Panambe was also uxorimatrilocal.
MATANASOI

Some people in 1966 called this area, along with the one called Kokare (see Panasui hamlet) in 1965, Panasui. Apparently Panasui is the more inclusive name, and using it side-stepped a mild dispute in progress. Matanasoi was a name in common use by people of this village, however, so I have retained it here.

Three related groups from three related clans (Mokatitin, Tivingur, Mokamuna) claim this land, apparently amicably; so far as I could find out, the mild dispute was with the people next door in Lungantire. However, since the Tivingurs of Lungantire and of Matanasoi are related through the old man Seri (House 18, 1965), the dispute was all in the family, if not all in Matanasoi.

In 1966, Seri's old house had broken, and he slept in Panasui in the house of Vinda and Temerikai. That left all the inhabitants of Matanasoi of Mokanaka clan, children and grandchildren of Kombat. Kombat (House 16) has a right to live here, virimatrilineally, because she is the widow of Langiri, whose Mokatitin ancestors, all female, are known back four generations. This depth of genealogical knowledge was unique for Mangai, and I think it is significant that it is Kombat who supplied this information. After all, she has children, grandchildren, even great-grandchildren, and they are not using her land in Lossuk village. Kombat's second husband came to look after the children, she told me, after Langiri died. He fathered two more to look after.
He was a Mokamuna, true mother's brother to the three Mokamuna girls of Lamarau and Panasui hamlets; and their Mokamuna line traces back to Matanasoi. Thus Kombat's children by this second marriage (Mora, House 17, 1966; and Wulwul, who lived with her mother for a while in 1965 in House 16) have rights to Matanasoi, too, through their father, just as do the children of Langiri (Eron and the dead Rombui). But these claims cannot be passed on to their children, the grandchildren of Kombat.

A house (House 17) was built in Matanasoi for the children of Rombui to occupy during the long holiday (about six weeks) around Christmas, 1964. All of these children are among the educated elite (see Panakaia-Paneval hamlet for details), and only the youngest, Alice, lived here regularly for a while. Alice's long residence was due to her being the school teacher, in any case, and not due specifically to her wish to exploit her family resources here. For the 1966 Christmas holidays, a huge house was built for Rombui's children and their spouses in Panakaia-Paneval hamlet. Mora had moved into the Matanasoi house (House 17), which located him viripatrilocally, but even if that house had been available I think Rombui's children preferred to stay in their dead father's hamlet, for several reasons. It seems likely that they had begun to feel some pressure and some shame in Matanasoi, which was not only not their ground, properly, but not their grandmother's, either. At least, in Panakaia, their paternal grandmother was undisputed
elder and savant.

Matiu (see also Matanavillam hamlet) is a Mokatitin who calls Matanasoi home now, and he knows the history of Mokatitin claims here. Kumbat told him the name of the most distant ancestress known, Makak; but Matiu was confused about the order of the names of women descended from her, and apparently he has left out a generation in his own line. Rakab was his grandmother (not mother's sister), and is the person who actually showed Matiu where his ground in the bush is. Rakab's mother, Wulos, "married around and about" and has descendants by different husbands. Matiu's own mother did not have the same father as did Rakab, but, as in all the genealogies I collected, fathers are forgotten when mothers are still remembered. Rakab and her generation did not belong to Matanasoi, but to Nomekalo, a little place near Katedon hamlet (about two city blocks away from Matanasoi). Mokamuna people then owned Matanasoi, and it was these Mokamunas who "caught" Matiu's Mokatitin ancestors in marriage. Marriage caught them and brought them to settle in Matanasoi, and now Matiu no longer has rights near Katedon. These rights are completely lost, and his "name" now is at Matanasoi. Among the descendents of these Mokamuna-Mokatitin marriages, Matiu is the only Mokatitin who survives. The Mokamuna survivors are all girls: the girls of Lamarau and Panasui. Mokamuna called us to Matanasoi, Matiu told me: all right, it belongs to us now. To Mokatitin, and the Mokamuna girls, and to the Mokanaka
descendants of Langiri (Matiu's Mokatitin brother) as far as Matiu is concerned. He doesn't worry. Matiu even urged Eron (Langiri's Mokanaka son) to bury his drowned baby (Tivingo clan) in the Matanasoi cemetery. It seems, then, that Matiu wants to allow the descendants of his dead clan brother, Langiri, to fully use the resources of the Matanasoi Mikatiting.

No one, Matiu included, disputes the claims here of the old man Seri, a Tivingur who is classificatory father to the Tivingur siblings (Rusrus et al) of Lungantire, next door. His mother's place was Matanasoi. The history of intermarriages between Mokatitin and Tivingur in Matanasoi is implied in the repeated "catching" of the names Vakapal (over four generations) and Langiri (see chart), names that first appear for Mokatitin males, but later for a Tivingur male (Seri's dead brother) and a Mokamuna male (Seri's grandson). There is no rule about the passing on of names, but usually names of close relatives are "caught," sometimes when they have died, but sometimes while they still live. Seri's children (Mokamuna clan) use the resources of Matanasoi hamlet, as well as of Pasaik hamlet. Kombulau told me that Tivingur claims Matanasoi through her mother's two brothers (see Pasaik hamlet), Vaisele, and Sairu. Sairu appears on no genealogies, but his name was "caught" by Siriui's second child, who sleeps at Kombulau's house.

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

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

When Seri's house broke and he went to sleep in Vinda's house (House G), he may have been invoking joint ties to Matanasoi. I am going to class his residence as *virimatrilocal* for both 1965 and 1966. I think that in his own mind he is still "at home," even though he has slipped over the border into what some people think is Panasui. He appeared to be quietly amused by disputes over Matanasoi borders. Old men like Seri (Melisa of Ripai hamlet; Pasingan of Litana hamlet; Langiro and Lingai, both of Matanavillam hamlet) seem to sleep where they can near wherever they want to be. Thus in 1965 Melisa was sleeping in Seri's old house (House 18) with him while waiting for Lasisi's old house (House 31) to become available for him in Ripai hamlet.

Eron lived *uxorimatripatrilocal* in Maio hamlet in 1965, the hamlet of his wife's mother's father who, with his old wife, still lives there. There were, at that time, old
posts from an earlier house of Eron's in Matanakoi (next door to Matanasoi and owned by the same group). In 1966 he and his wife Lamedeng had moved into their still unfinished new house (House H) in Matanasoi, his own father's hamlet. Eron is in a bit of a bind, along with Kumbut's other descendants: they have never lived in Kumbat's village, Lossuk, and I suppose they simply don't want to go there. Maio hamlet has lots of space, and they can no doubt live there again if they want to. Eventually Lamedeng and her children will have to follow her mother, Dokas, to Katedon, where things are sure to get crowded: Lamedeng is the second of twelve children, of whom six girls survive.
LUNGANTIRE

Rusrus and all her siblings got this ground from their mother. It belongs also to Seri (see Matanasoi hamlet), who is part of the same line; but not to Sirape (see Matanavillam hamlet), who is part of another line of Tivingurs.

In 1965, three sisters lived here, two with their husbands: Siriu with Piwas (Mokatitin from Makel hamlet in Livitua, where they moved in 1966); Kongis with Kolepmur, who had moved to his place, Patapaluai, in 1966; and Rusrus. Rusrus was between husbands at that time, but in 1966 she occupied the same two houses (Houses 19 and 20) alone with husband Sungua, a Sepik worker from Katu plantation, who had come to labor and stayed to marry. The marriage was going well, as Sungua participated vigorously in local events. Rusrus said everyone criticised her for marrying an outsider, but never mind, she wanted a man who would work, and Sepik men knew how to work! Sungua seemed to fulfill her expectations.

Rusrus must be at least 40 years old or older. Her first three marriages (to a New Irelander from Putput village; to a Sepik laborer; and to a Japanese soldier during the war, who helped the villagers with medicine) produced no children. She has a son by her fourth marriage, to William of Lauen, a big man of whom I shall write much more. During the lifetime of William (who died in 1962) Rusrus lived in his village, and helped to look after his
two sons by his previous marriage. These two are educated and live away: one works as a clerk in Madang, the other as a teacher for the Methodists in New Hanover. In any case, they consider their land to be their true mother's land, in Lauen village. Rusrus' true son is away at school. All three of these boys came to help with the ceremonial events connected with the disposal of William's house in Lauen and his final malanggan in 1967. Rusrus played a major role in these events as widow, and Sungua gave spirited assistance. Thus, though Rusrus now lives uxorimatrilocally, she has lived virimatrilocally in the past.

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

She is using some land that belongs to Kasino (see Purapot-Ruguvet hamlet) at present, however. They consider themselves related as Tivingur clanspeople. She asked him for it because it is toward Kavieng and toward Katu plantation, and is therefore convenient for the labor line at Katu. Sungua and his brother, who also works at Katu, have planted this land in order to provide local foods with which to vary the rice diet that is the lot of plantation labor.

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

Many other connections are implied in the fact that Rusrus, as well as Kombulau (see Pasaik hamlet) and Elizabeth (seri's daughter--see Litana hamlet) mentioned the Tivingur man Sairu, now dead, as one who had shown or given them ground on which he had planted. Perhaps the fact that Kombulau is now looking after two of Siriul's children (one named for Sairu) will help to prevent disputes about some of this land in the future.

Residents of Lungantire and Matanasoi and their descendents and ascendants in other Mangai hamlets are Old Established Families in Mangai. Insofar as their histories are known, they are much mixed. Land "ownership" has been a very personal sequence of events: my grandmother was born
here, I went here with my mother and her sister to plant, my brothers are buried here. Other individuals may have a similar tale to tell about the same piece of land, and the two tales do not conflict. When the Demarcation Committee has finished its investigations, "everyone will be cross," as they say. All bits of information will be forced out in the open; whereas in the past, the system required mutual suppression of information, along with pretending not to know, and pretending not to care. No one told me that, but it seems to me that this interpretation is required to account for the difficulty I encountered in obtaining information. (There are many other factors involved, too; but the system's need for ignorance remains an important one.) For example, when I was writing Rusrus' genealogy, I asked her routinely if Lakaia, her father's father, had any siblings; and she said, Oh, I don't know, using the tone of voice they use when they mean, oh that is so long ago and so far away and I was so small surely you wouldn't expect me to know that. But Lakaia did have a brother, and that brother was the father of Mangai's big man, Eruel (see Katedon hamlet), as I found out by comparing genealogies. Did Rusrus "not know" because the rain was over and she wanted to leave? or because Tamasingui is a taboo name for her? or because she was bored doing genealogies? I now think there must be a positive reason for all this forgetting. In this case, I think perhaps both Rusrus and Eruel had decided to "forget" their tie. Rusrus did it by "forgetting" Tamasingui. Eruel
did it by not mentioning that Kare had a brother called Wanamus, who was Rusrus' father.
LITANA

This hamlet was said to belong to Makamuna. It looks as though it is a spill-over from Matanasoi; because no one actually gave it as "home," but the people who live here are all descended from Matiu, Seri (see Matanasoi hamlet) and Matunga, who are Mokatitin, Tivingur, and Mokamuna respectively.

Matunga is classificatory brother of Seri; and according to Matiu, Matunga has a right to speak at Matanasoi. This means his descent from there is recognized. Matunga lived here virimatrilocally in Litana in 1965 (House 27). When I returned in 1966, he was living in his present wife's village, Navallus. However, he was called back to Mangai to serve as committeeman, and he returned to his old house. It is a well-known and acknowledged trick in New Ireland to elect to some position of responsibility a valued person who has left, and thus force him to return. It is also said that lazy people who aren't doing their share are elected; but really it is the same thing, as a person who is gone, no matter how hard he is working elsewhere, is not doing his share back home.

Matunga left his first wife, Koiya (see below). A few years ago Matunga was married very briefly to Patavani--so briefly that people brushed over this marriage, and few mentioned it. Patavani is 20 to 30 years older than Matunga, I would guess. I think it might have had something to do with land; because Patavani is the "elder statesman" of
Mokangkai; and Matunga next married a Mokangkai woman of Navallus village: Mitlang. It was not clear to me who married first into Mangai village, Mitland or her daughter, Taria (see Ripai hamlet).

Mitlang's other children by her earlier marriage are also nearly grown. Her daughter Kakas is still in school in Navallus, but Manual is working in Port Moresby and Sakel is a teacher in New Guinea. Her children are not likely to want to make any claims on Mangai land.

Matunga has three children from his first marriage, to Koiya, a Mokangkala woman of Lakuramau village. One of these children, Marau, lived with her husband Welakamus in Lapai hamlet in 1965. In 1966 she had moved to a big new cook house (House J) which was still getting its walls after she had moved in. Her husband was away most of the time working as clerk in a store on a European plantation (Baia) about ten miles down the road. When he could, he caught a ride home, and back the next day. Marau says that her twin sister sleeps in this house with her, but most of the time Semeles is in Navallus with her husband, from my observations.

Marau says that she is following her husband in where she lives. But his hamlet is adjacent Ripai, and Litana is where Marau's father lives. However, Marau considers that her true place is her mother's village, Lakuramau; and apparently she thinks of herself as living in her husband's village. Marau was born in Mangai, but
when she was very young Matunga left her mother, Koiya, and
Koiya took her three children and went home to Lakuramau
village. About the time Marau's "breasts came up," her
mother died.

During World War II, Marau stopped with Mangai people,
on top of the mountain, in the bush. After the war, she
returned to Lakuramau, where she still has close kin. Marau
says she has no "business" (Mokangkala) in Mangai; and that
while there is a line of Mokangkala in Livitua (Kaelis
hamlet), Lakuramau "wins" for Mokangkala. Her true land,
she tells me, is there; and I think she will probably live
there for extended periods of time as her children get older.
She told me with pride that her Lakuramau Mokangkala relatives
have said to her: you and Semeles (her twin sister) have
children, and here, too, we are getting up again. They are
glad that their numbers are increasing, but this also means
that Marau will have to compete with others for limited
resources. She and her husband will have to plant coconuts
there, I think, on ground that will otherwise be taken up
by others for their own children.

Here in Mangai, too, Marau has ground. She got it
from her father, Matunga, who showed it to her and gave it
to her free. Then she adds: Mama already gave a pig and
shell currency to Mokamuna; which means (according to very
generally agreed upon information) that it has been properly
bought for her, but not for her children. However, she went
on to say: I am boss of this ground now, and later my
children will be. Her father has made a garden for her here, and last year her husband planted coconuts.

Marau also has a garden on top of the mountain, way out in the bush, with Pasingan, the old man from New Hanover. This garden is farther out than any other Mangai garden at present, about an hour's walk. Young Darius Melenge, of Lovolai on the West Coast, is also helping with it. It looks as though the "outsiders" have banded together to make a garden; but it should be noted that Pasingan is looked after by Marau, so it is to be expected that they will share a garden. She needs male help: her husband is away working, her brother Malangase, who is not married yet, is in the FIR in Port Moresby, her father was away much of the time in Navallus. The ground on which this garden was made belongs to Israel (Mokamuna, but not of Matunga's line; see Purapot hamlet), and he gave it free; just for use for food, not for coconuts. Darius Melenge is Israel's new brother-in-law.

Pasingan came to Mangai many years ago. When Lamo (see Meteroa hamlet) was luluai, and Wanamus (Rusrus' father; see Lungantire hamlet) was tultul, they said Pasingan could settle in Mangai. Several factors influenced this decision: Wanamus wanted Pasingan to stay to help with the work, because Wanamus was busy with government work. The government officer was boss in those days, and he wanted all New Hanover men to go back to New Hanover. The doctor had tabooed New Hanover people from leaving their place, because of their dreaded illness: leprosy. This was before World War II.
Somehow, Pasingan stayed, and at first he stayed with Rusrus' father, Wanamus, in Matanasoi hamlet. Later he stopped with old Ngadu (who still lives in Livitua village) and her husband, Ekoni, at his place: Purapot hamlet. Pasingan's house in Purapot broke down, and he no longer makes his own house. He has come and stops completely with Marau, who looks after him for all his food. Why does Marau look after Pasingan? Marau looks after him, that's all, they told me. He worked for the Germans; he came and stopped, and stopped, and stopped—now he is old, and he stops completely. He no longer wants to go back, he no longer likes his place. After all these years, he is still an outsider, however. Sion (see Panakaia hamlet) gave him one pound for taxes, because he is able to be sorry, he told me, for a man who belongs to another place, and who has no money. It is recognized, then that Pasingan really has no land, and has no way, now that he is old, to get money, without land and coconuts; and without children.

In 1964, Taia and Pambali had just moved from their virimatrilocal residence in his hamlet, Panakaia, to their uxoripatrilocal residence in her father's place, Litana. In 1966, Taia lived there still (House 25), with son Peni; but Pambali was in jail.

Taia and her brother, Kolepmur (see Patapaluai hamlet) are the children of Peni, a Mokatitin classificatory brother of Matiu (see Matanasoi hamlet). Peni went to New Hanover as a missionary when he was a young man, married a New
Hanover girl (Mokanaka, from Kulibung, a village on the Tsoi Islands, which people commonly include as part of New Hanover). She bore him two children and then died. He brought his children back to Mangai village, where he did not live much longer himself. Matiu and his first wife, Susanna, had no children of their own, and they took over the care of Peni's children. Matiu has now given them land free.

Taia's first husband, the father of her son Peni, was Israel's brother John (see Purapot hamlet). Thus she has a child whose father was a well-established Mangai person. Taia's present husband, Pambali, comes from another well-established Mangai family, Mokangkai of Panakaia, and she has access to land through him. (He was in jail for one year for drunken driving which resulted in the death of a man from Navallus village. He was back helping with village affairs in 1967.) Still, Taia's true land, the other women agree, is in New Hanover, her mother's place. Sirapi (see Matanavillam hamlet), in front of Taia, tells me that Peni had a grandmother who was Mokanaka, and Taia has a piece of ground from her. Taia never seems to have heard of this before. The information is given, as usually, in a spirit of inclusiveness, to make her feel she belongs, rather than because any particular piece of land is going to be or needs to be transferred. It is a way of saying: thus is Taia included as one of us, though her mother and her mother's land are elsewhere. Taia didn't mention, in her recital of names of ground that is hers, any of the
names that Matiu said he had given to her and her brother.

Taia's genealogy, like some others, show Mangai women marrying outsiders--Sepiks, New Guineans from other areas, Tolais of New Britain, here a Chinese. Because land comes from the mother, there seems to have been no problem in absorbing these offspring. Some, like the half-caste offspring on Taia's genealogy, have been lost, at least temporarily. It is thought that they are now in Rabaul. When the women of Mangai visit Rabaul, as many have done at least once, and some more often, they look up these kin and stay with them. We may look to Taia to see what happens when a woman from outside, albeit one whose father is from Mangai, comes to settle. Clearly, she and her children have been taken into the system. One of her brothers, Eluda, has gone back to New Hanover to live, but not to their mother's place; rather to a village on the other side of New Hanover. She thinks he is married, but she has lost track of him. But it would not have been necessary for him to leave Mangai; he might have stayed and planted, as Kolepmur has done. The system here must accommodate outsiders, because, as Mangai residents are the first to insist, they were all "outsiders" only a few generations ago, when everyone lived in the bush. Even after they came from the bush, they came to Mangai from different directions and different villages; and there seems to be no effort to suppress this information. Outsiders are helped, and they take up New Ireland ways.1

1 I saw this happening to a 17-year-old New Hanover
In a hut-like house (House 24) on the beach, Darius lay dying in 1966. An old man, he is mokotok (mother's father's brother's son—see Purapot-Lamaden hamlet) to John, Taia's dead husband; and perhaps that is why she looks after him, though others live who are nearer in kinship (e.g. John's brother Israel). Perhaps Taia and Marau look after these old people, both without wives and children (Darius had a wife once, but she is long dead) partly because they have fewer old people of their own to look after. Or is it sympathy for other outsiders? Or are they forced to do it by innuendos from more well-established people? It was just said, when I asked about Darius: Taia looks after him, she gives him smokes and food. And indeed he looked cheerful enough for a man dying of stomach cancer. The end came early in 1967. Unfortunately I was in New Hanover, and never learned exactly what happened. He was buried in the cemetery of the hamlet of his kin, Purapot hamlet. He had lived away, and had come home to die, virimatrilocally.

In 1965, Elizabeth lived in Litana hamlet (House 26). That house was falling away and unoccupied in 1966. Her son, Langiri, slept "in the house of Elizabeth's father" (classificatory), Matunga (House 27), early in 1966. Matunga boy, who came to visit and then stayed in Mangai: Laksia, of whom I will write more.

Peter Lomas studied the villages closer to town, and his research seems to show outsiders, especially New Hanover people, bringing about great changes, with the help of the influence of the town nearby, and the Demarcation Committee.
and his wife were then in her village. After they returned to Mangai, Langiri turned up sleeping here and there, with his young friends of Matanavillam and Panakaia.

Elizabeth's house (House 26) was *uxoripatrilocally* placed, following father Seri's Matanasoi connections, rather than her dead mother's connections to Matanavillam hamlet. However, it could be argued that she was living on her dead husband's land, as he was also from Matanasoi hamlet. In any case, her residence was temporary: she did not have another house built there, and her son, Langiri, eventually moved to his mother's mother's hamlet, Matanavillam, where all strong young men were welcome and put to work.
SIKSANG

In 1965 people said that the store and the church were in Siksang, and that Siksang had belonged to Tivingur. In 1966 a small group of informants decided that Siksang was just the name for a remaining clump of trees behind the church, and that the church and the store were in Litana. Litana belongs to a line of Mokamuna that is much intermarried to a line of Tivingur (Serī belongs to this line; see Matanasoi hamlet). It seemed the more general view, however, that the church and the store were in Siksang, perhaps just because it is now "public territory," and is most easily referred to by a separate term.
RIPAI

In Ripai live the brother, husband and children, along with their spouses and offspring, of the now dead Bosiak. One of her sons, Lasis, has put a new house across the border into Kavalaiko hamlet, which is also said to belong to this same line of Mokatitin people.

Bosiak’s old brother, Melisa, was married once. His wife is dead now, and I got the impression that the marriage hadn’t lasted to her death. They had no children. He is a straight-faced tease who seems to give a lot of help to his mokotok (sister’s children) and his tiwuk (their children). He seems popular with the little children, at least one of whom is nearly always with him. He plays a kind of “beadle” role in church, maintaining perfect discipline amongst the children (who hardly wiggle anyway) by occasionally raising an eyebrow or a finger, and, rarely, giving a light tap. Nearly every day I saw him bringing something up to Rurapot hamlet for Raus, or feeding her pigs there for her.

In 1965, he slept with old Seri (House 18) in Matanasoi. He was said then to be planning to occupy House 31 when Lasisi and Taria moved into their new house (House 29), which was under construction. However, in 1966 Lasisi and Taria had moved (to House 29), had also built themselves a new cook house (House 0), and Melisa was living virimatri-locally in a new house (House M), right next to his old brother-in-law, Lamo, who lived uxorimatrilocally.
Lamo is a Mokangkai from Panakaia hamlet, and when his children were growing up he had his house there, virimatrilocally, sometimes. In 1965 his daughter Malengleng lived in Ripai (House 32) with her husband, George Tombul, from New Hanover. He was a clerk for the Local Government Council in Mangai at that time, and he held the same job in New Hanover in 1966. Some of the women told me that when he found out Malengleng was pregnant, all right now he left. Eventually she paired off with Darius Melenge who, early in 1966, slept in one room (as) of the house (House N) he shared with Simek. Simek got the job of clerk in the Cooperative store at Lauen village, and moved there, leaving the house entirely to Dariu and Malengleng. Darius Melenge came from Lovolai village, on the West Coast, and is a true brother (same mother) of Kamale's wife Langas (see Meteroa and Lapai hamlets).

Thus, three of Bosiak's five children had houses in their dead mother's residence site: Melengleng with husband Darius Melenge (House 32 and, later, House N); Lasisi with his wife Taria (Houses 31 and 0; see also Kavalaiko and Litana hamlets); and Loliu, with husband Israel (House 33; see also Purapot hamlet). Israel also had a new house going up in Purapot in 1966 (as well as a very old one practically down in 1965 and gone in 1966). He and Loliu still seemed to be in a stage of transition between the two houses when I left in 1967.

A fourth child of Bosiak, Raus, had two of her own
children sleeping in Ripai; Simek (House N) until he moved to Lauen, and Lolo, who sleeps in Melisa's house (House M). One reason for Raus' children being down in camp may be that they are young, and perhaps a bit more is going in camp. Another reason may be that there are as many as seven other children at home with Raus and her husband in their single house in Purapot hamlet. Another reason may be that these boys have passed adolescence and are supposed to sleep away from their families. This is certainly not a rigid rule, though perhaps it was once amore definite one. It is perhaps more an expectation.
KAVALAIKO

This seems to be a "spillover" hamlet for the Mokatitins of Ripai. Melisa and younger members of this Mokatitin line give Ripai and Kovalaiko as their home hamlets. Lasisi and Taria were building a house here in 1965, and in 1966 they had moved into it (House 29). She has two children by her first husband, who went out shark fishing and didn't come back. Presently they live virimatriilocally, but they will probably someday live some time in her village, Navallus. While Taria and her mother (mitlang, married to Matunga--see Litana hamlet) are in Mangai with their husbands, Taria's younger siblings are still in Navallus, where they attend school. Thus, Mitlang maintains a kind of duo-residence, not uncommon; and it will not be difficult for Taria and Lasisi to move into Navallus some day.

Taores and his wife, Ewodia, lived here (House 28) in 1965 because he had been trained for Cooperative work, and he was clerk of the store. He had asked to come to Mangai, however, because this is his home territory. He is a Mokanaka from Livitua, and was especially needed in Livitua in 1966 when a big malanggan ceremony concluded all functions with regard to, among others, Taores' drowned child. Thus, their residence was virilocal. When the malanggan was over they moved to Ewodia's place, Kulibung, Tsoi Islands, New Hanover. I met them there again in 1967, when they gave me an important interview wherein New Ireland and New
Hanover were compared. They were then living *uxorimatri-*locally, but they planned to return to Mangai.

Sion (House R) became store clerk after Taores left, and he began to build himself a house nearby. In 1967 he moved there from his home hamlet, Panakaia (see Panakaia hamlet).
METEROA

Here live the descendants of a now dead brother and sister, Kavung and Kait. The name of their mother, just two generations away, has been forgotten. This is typical.

The brother, Kavung, married a woman of Mokangkai clan from Panakaia hamlet. Only two of their children survive, Ismael (the third born) and his siter Mele (the seventh and last born). Ismael, despite six liaisons with women that count as marriages, has produced no progeny. He is now married to Delilah, a Mokatitin of Lovololai village on the West Coast. (She does not consider herself a relative of Kamale's West Coast wife, Langas, also of Lovololai village.) They are living viripatriilocally (Houses 38 and 39).

Ismael is a leader in the church, which provided his generation a respectable position in the European world. He, along with several other men of the village, went away to New Guinea to work in the gold fields in his youth. He is a properly installed memai, the traditional big man who "know how to talk." I often saw him talk in church, and on "line" (the Monday morning village meeting instigated by German colonials, and still functioning here) when village matters are discussed. He has never been elected Local Government Councillor, probably because he is getting old (late 60's), and because he does not speak English. But then I never saw him talk at a malanggan, either; and people sometimes forget to mention him when memais are being discussed. Still, he is a respected and still
vigorous older man.

Ismael's sister, Mele, had a house of her own (House 35) in 1965, but in 1966 it had fallen away and she had come to sleep with her sister-in-law (House 39). Her residence is thus *uxori-patrilocal*. Mele has no husband at present, but she has had six, and yet has produced only two children, only one of whom survived beyond infancy: Kavung, whose very pretty wife of several years Pungum has borne him no children. They lived some of the time in Pungum's village, Lossuk (just the next one toward town from Mangai), but in 1966 Kavung had just built a big new house (House P), *virimati-trilocally*, here in his mother's father's hamlet.

No one has seemed concerned about this, perhaps because there is no line of children. Whatever the reason, pressure was put on Kavung to become involved with Mangai affairs. He was elected committeeman, a post given to him (as to others) to try to make him take part and take responsibility. When he was elected for the second time in a row, he refused, and for a while went to Lossuk. That is when Matunga was called back from Navallus to take up the work (see Litana hamlet).

Kavung's father was Songe, a classificatory brother of Melisa's of Tivingo clan. This is the only case of which I know that shows a relationship between the Mokangkais and the Mokatitins of Meteroa and Ripai hamlets, but there must have been many others in the past. When I asked "along what road" Songe was brother to Melisa, the answer was the common one "everyone counted him."
So much for the descendants of the brother Kavung. The descendants of his sister, Kait, have fared more fully. Her first husband, a Tivingur man from Purapot hamlet, fathered his daughter Papung, then died. His Tivingur brother Marales "came to take his place," Marales' child, Kamale, has produced no children. Like his mokok (cross cousin) Ismael in his childlessness, Kamale differs from Ismael in that he has tried only one wife. He met Langas on the West Coast when he was working on the road there years ago. In 1965 they lived in Meteroa (Houses 36 and 37); but they had been nudged across the road in 1965 by the influx of young relatives.

These young relatives descended from Papung through her daughter, Mariam. Mariam is the one whose marriage has greatly affected the history of this group, and to some extent of the village of Mangai. Mariam married the Chinese man who settled years ago between Lossuk and Mangai and planted coconuts. He has been dead a long time. He had good ways, Sirapi (see Matanavillam hamlet) told me. He gave things free to the natives, and he talked playfully; he wasn't always cross, the way so many "masters" are, whether European or Chinese. Some Chinese are not good, but this one was a good man.

Mariam's sons, George and Andrew, sent for her in Rabaul, where she had a bad leg, in 1966. They took her to Mangai, where they were all settled in 1966 in Kamale's old houses, with a new room built in between them. It was
hard to tell who was living there, but first it was Andrew. I know. He drove the village truck. For some reason he moved away, into a village close to town, Bagail, where his wife was. Then George took over the houses (Houses 36, 37, Q) and the truck. George drove the truck into town every day to work. It was through Andrew's urging that the village put their funds together and acquired a truck. It was the source of endless mechanical and financial problems, but it solved many social and transportational ones when it worked and had gas.

Miriam, then, had come back to settle uxorimatri-
locally; but it was her dead husband's resources, for years looked after by Kamale for the group, which her sons would inherit. These resources were outside the traditional system, and there was no dispute about them so far as I know. If the children of George and Andrew want to settle on their father's lands in the future, they will probably be welcomed in the same way that Taia and Kolepmur (see Litana hamlet) have been welcomed: as "half-orphans," who, lacking a local mother, may be indulged in making their claims through their father. But then things may have changed a great deal with regard to land tenure in the next ten years. It is these half castes who put pressure on Kamale to take his land (Palapung hamlet) back from Ba (see Palapung hamlet), an improper act, according to New Ireland custom. Be gave shell currency to Kamale twice for this land, at the deaths of Laisa's infant, and of Bosiak (see
Ripai hamlet). When the dispute was heard by the native chairman of the Demarcation Committee, Kamale hung his head and said it was not he but his grandchildren who wanted Ba to leave. Having these half-castes in the village was convenient, because they had money and they bought coconuts with cigarettes and they had "savvy" in the world. They may bring about great changes in Mangai, but I would not be surprised if the pressure on them to conform proves the stronger force in the end. They will either conform or go away again.

George always seemed very happy and pleasant, and his little wife Ellen always looked rather desperate. She had help with her housework from Baulung, an old woman who had spent much of her life working for white people in Rabaul and in New Guinea. Baulung and Johnny (see Panakaia hamlet) are the only survivors of a fight between Mangai and the people of the land known as Matanapai, between Mangai and Lossuk. Other survivors fled to Lossuk, but now only Baulung and her brother Johnny are left. When she returned from the white people's service, she married a Lossuk man. He died several years ago. George and Andrew asked her to come to Mangai to look after their children, and she came gladly, for this is her mother's home, Mangai. The good women of Mangai have made her welcome. She has no house, but she sleeps at Marau's, at Taia's, and at Matanavillam hamlet too. She is mokotok to old Melisa. So she is not just a servant here. Though she was born in Rabaul (her father was
from Putput village, but she knows nothing of him, not even his clan), her home is forever her mother's place: Purapot hamlet in Mangai.

Baulung was away from New Ireland for many years. She was still a young girl when her mother, having finished a prescribed period of service, decided to come back from Rabaul to New Ireland. The European woman who employed them was eager that the young Baulung should stay with her, and so she did. At the end of World War I, she was jailed along with her German employers by the English. They were jailed for two months, then they all went back to the plantation. She didn't know that back home in New Ireland her mother had died.

Always when she was about to come back, some other European would want her to work. She never came back to Lossuk until about 1940. She says that she was in Lossuk, married, for one year when the Japanese came. She and her husband went ontto into the bush with all of Lossuk, but the Japanese came and got all the Lossuk village people back down into the village. So they spent the war period living with the Japanese. She remained in Lossuk after the war and through the death of her husband, and was there in 1966 when George and Andrew sang out for her help.

Thus, though Mangai is her mother's place, Baulung lives here now because she is a paid servant rather than because of her kinship connections. She does not sleep in her mother's hamlet, Purapot, but rather wherever there are
women alone who invite her. (Taia's husband is in jail; Marau's is away at work. See Litana hamlet.)

Apparently neither Baulung nor Mariam ever slept in the house of Mariam's sister, Laisa. She lived uxorimatrilocally, with only her son, Soles, in Metroa (House 34) in the same house in 1965 and 1966. She had never been married. Her classificatory father, Kamale, told me that he had tried to "mark" her for one man, but she didn't want to marry. I once heard the women mildly teasing about Laisa and Mele, both of whom "like men too much." Laisa's son is said to have no father. He was named for Soles of Nonopai village, but Villa of Lukakon village looked after the child for a while after he was born. "She married around and about and he (the child) didn't catch well the face of the man (who fathered him)." She had no man when she got pregnant, and there are none publically on the scene now.

Papung had another daughter, Metabungap. Sion (see Panakais hamlet) married her (as well as many others), and said of her: she was a good woman, but she died. Their only child was still born: rutuwula, as they say.

Papung's two sons each married Kiu, a Mokangkai of Panakaia. Akuila died without progeny and his brother Boranai came and got his dead brother's wife. They produced children, he left her for "an island girl," and he died (in her island, Museilas). Kiu lives in her own hamlet now (1965-7), Panakaia, with her children by various fathers. Kiu seems to maintain no relationships with her former
in-laws, other than the same friendly teasing relationships she has with other women. I think her children will not be claiming any land through their Meteroa father.
This is Kare's mother's place, and is said to belong to Mokamuna. In 1965 there were three houses here; one occupied by Kare and his wife, Randes; one (House 41) by daughter Desi and her husband Boi from Namatanai (about 150 miles away) home at her place with a new baby; and granddaughter (Dokas' daughter) Lamedeng and her husband Eron (House 43), who in 1966 were settled in his place, Matanasoi. Desi and Boi lived in Namatanai in 1966, but were again in Mangai on extended visit in 1967.

In 1966, only Randes and Kare lived in Maio, though various of their children and grandchildren came and went. Randes must be well up in her 50's or 60's. Her mother's mother called Katedon hamlet home, but their clan, Tivingo, is known to have come from Kableman. Randes herself was born in Mali, a small hamlet at the end of (some say a part of) Katedon. One of Randes' six surviving children, Dokas (who has borne fourteen children, a dozen of whom survive) was, in 1966, settling in at Katedon. She left her old missionary husband, Vatung, living in the missionary house down across from camp; hoping, I gathered, to stop the flow of children. Long ago when Vatung first came to Mangai as a missionary from Namatanai, he was married briefly to Raus (see Meteroa hamlet). Dokas was then married to Lovan (see Purapot hamlet). But "Dokas went and got Vatung," and they have been fruitful and have multiplied. So have been their cast-offs, Raus and Lovan (see Purapot).
Randes' second daughter, Simege, has so far had seven children, six of whom survive, including the youngest baby boy who is the darling of Mangai-Livitua. Simege lives on the border, Kaelis hamlet, at the edge of the road in a new brick house. Her husband, Kamak, a Mokangkala of Kaelis, is the only canoe-builder of the area, and his competence extends also to coproduction and, now, to house-building. This brick house with a corrugated iron roof is the second in the area (the first being that of Kasion—see Purapot-Lameden hamlet), but the first for an uneducated native. It is a great pride, but Simege found it impossible to cook in; so she has a nice new thatch house built at right angles behind her new brick house. I imagine she does more than just cook there: the brick house resounds and echoes to voices, and is much too hot during the day to sit in or sleep in. Simege is careful, as she must be, to keep others from being jealous; by making everyone welcome, and by seeming indifferent to the house herself.

Randes' daughter Rakel and her husband Peta (whose mother was a Mokamuna from Matanavillam hamlet) live in Rabaul. Randes' son Waisering, not yet married, works on Manus island for the Public Works Department. Desi and Boi move back and forth from Maio hamlet (where their residence is uxoripatrilocal) to Namatanai. Eron and Lamedeng have moved back and forth from his area in camp to her grandfather's hamlet, Maio, where their residence is uxorimatri-patrilocal. According to New Ireland custom, the whole lot of them must eventually go back to Katedon hamlet, where Dokas has already gone.
Twin sisters, Sambuan and Selene, along with their brother, Israel, all lived in Lamaden section of Purapot in the early 1960's with their respective spouses and children. Israel's house began to fall down and he and his wife Loliu moved to her place in camp, Ripai (see Ripai hamlet), where they lived in 1965. Israel was building a new house again back in Purapot, however, in 1966; and in 1967 they moved into it (House S). Thus they alternated between virimatri-local and uxorimatri-local settlement, but it was only a ten-minute amble from her place to his.

After Israel moved to camp, Selene died. His old house, completely unusable, and hers (House 45), dilapidated but used by Sambuan for cooking, still stood in 1965. But in 1966 these houses, along with Lovan's dead father's house in the Pangai section of Purapot, had been cleared or burned away, with some ceremony in the case of the houses of the dead.

Thus in 1966 Sambuan was alone, uxorimatri-locally, in Purapot (House 44) with her own two children and Selene's three. I often saw her old father, or the ancient lady Ngadu (once married to Sambuan's kin Ekoni of Purapot) coming and going to sit with the children. Israel said he wanted to move back to Purapot to help look after his mokotoks (nieces and nephew). It was said that Selene's husband, Gat, came to visit his children, but I never met or saw him that I know of. Sambuan's own husband, Orai, worked at the nearby European plantation Katu, and could probably have come home
more often than he did. He brought or sent fish, and seemed willing to come home, but (according to Sirapi, who told me in a slightly disapproving tone) Sambuan doesn't sleep with him as a wife ought to. Sirapi thinks Sambuan is a bit too greedy, anyway (though having said so, she always said oh no, she didn't really mean that), and Orai did look sad and helpless the one time I caught a glimpse of him. As Sambuan was my neighbor and one of my most constant companions, and as she never mentioned Orai unless I asked who brought her the fish (answer, smiling: Orai), I think he was only a shadow of a husband. Nonetheless, he was a Tivingur (of Lossuk village), and it was this connection that Sambuan developed for her daily companionship—with her yak, her sister-in-laws. I realized later in analyzing genealogies that Sambuan and Sirapi could easily have traced their consanguineal connection, two generations away; and when I asked specifically they said they called each other mokok (cousin), not yak. But when I asked Sirapi why Sambuan worked with us, she said: she is married to us, to Tivingur. Sirapi likes to emphasize relationship by either blood or marriage, but she is probably not blind to the total chaos that would reign if consanguineal relationships were all remembered even two generations back.

Israel and Sambuan claim Purapot through their mother. They know that her ancestors, a long long long time ago, came from Luberus village. But they acquired Purapot so long ago that it is impossible to know from whom, Israel told me.
Actually, Israel was just more interested in local history than are other people, which is why he was made chairman of the Mangai Demarcation Committee to register land claims. Most people would have just said that their mother's place was Purapot and let it go at that.

Their father, old Marangas, is from Wuap hamlet at the far end of Livitua. When his children were growing up, they lived some of the time in Livitua and some of the time right here where Sambuan's house is today. He has his own house in Livitua now.

Israel's wife's father, Lamo (see Ripai hamlet) claimed Purapot also through the custom of kiut, which means that one of his female ancestors had been strangled at the death of her husband, the husband being of Purapot. Thus she bought with her life the father's land, for her children. Lamo gave Purapot back to Mokamuna, however, presumably partly because Israel married Lamo's daughter. Israel said it was because Lamo had no children; but since Lamo himself has five, and his Mokangkai classificatory sisters and daughters have many offspring (in Panakaia, Lamo's home hamlet), Israel can only mean that Lamo has no children that want to use Purapot. Perhaps if I had asked Lamo, he would have said that Purapot was his, and not mentioned relinquishing any claims.

In any case, Israel's knowledge and insistence will undoubtedly maintain Mokamuna claims in this part of Purapot, especially since he is married to the daughter of his
strongest rival. Sambuan is likely to stay here, as she has never lived in Orai's village, and there is no reason for her to move to her old father's place, not when Israel has just moved back to help her out. Old Marangas will probably move to Purapot when he gets too old to look after himself.
PURAPOT: Rukubek

There are many Tivingur as well as Mokamuna (see Purapot-Lameden) claims to Purapot, but then there are many Tivingur-Mokamuna marriages. One of the Tivingur claims that has now been solidly made is that of Kasino, the school teacher and many times councillor, who has built himself a brick house on the Rukubek section of Purapot. Sirapi said that this part of Purapot belongs straight to Kas, but Israel denied this. Israel and Kas are good friends, being of like mind, like education, and like age. They fled Mangai and New Ireland together during the war, fearing the conquerors because they had worked for the Australian Administration. Israel said that this section, Rukubek, doesn't belong to Kas, and that Kas asked permission of Israel, who gave it. On one occasion a group of women informants agreed that Rukubek was Kasino's true place, but on another occasion Sirapi said that Lungaro, a very small place near Kaelis (the border hamlet between Livitua and Mangai), was Kas' true place. My genealogies help to confirm Purapot for Kas, as they show his mother's sister as belonging to Purapot. Most of my genealogies do not specify the section names within Purapot, and in fact I was told them only once or twice. Kas just says that Purapot is his true place, and never specified Rukubek. He views the brick house as following virimatrilocalk lines for himself and his wife. He knew little about genealogies or local history, as he freely admitted, since he had spent many years away. He
was the best local sociologist, however, and an excellent informant on general matters. His parents were both old when he was born and he was orphaned young. Many people looked after him, and he moved around a lot; which may also have led to his knowledge being general rather than particular.

Kas and his wife, Milika, lived across the road from Purapot, in the thatch house built by the community for whoever happens to be the school teacher. Though ostensibly they lived there so that I could live in their brick house, in fact they had never moved into their brick house, and they seemed in no hurry to do so. A brick house has inconveniences, not the least of which is other people's jealousy.

Milika's birth place is Amba, next to Lesu, the village (80 miles down the road) studied by Podermaker in 1930, and again in 1953 by Phillip Lewis. Milika was Sally Lewis' best friend in Lesu in 1953, and mine in Mangai in 1966. Milika comes from a long line of marriages between Livitua village (Tokanaka hamlet) and the villages of Lesu and Amba. Her mother's mother's mother, whose name she has forgotten, and whose hamlet was Tokanaka, married a man from Amba when Amba came to Tokanaka to sing. She went back to Amba, and carried Birai (Milika's mother's mother) there. Pirai also gave birth to Watio, Milika's mother, in Amba.

Pirai and Pirai's three daughters, all from Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua, all married men of Amba or Lesu. Milika's own parents, with whom she lived in Amba, died when she was
very young. She went to live with her mother's sister Basia and Basia's husband, Buliminski. They all lived together in Lesu. Then Basia died; and Buliminski took Milika with him to Tabar, where he married again.

Back in Amba, Milika's sister Namis died, soon after the birth of her first child. Milika went back to marry Namis' husband, Gage. (One of the names they gave their first child is Namis, but she is called Rakasou.) Milika says that a man's getting the sister of his dead wife in marriage is only the custom of Lesu, and that it is taboo in Mangai. However, she notes rather cynically that the taboo is not followed.

Milika lived with Gage and Rakasou in Lesu, where he was the school teacher, in 1953 when the Lewises were doing their research there. About 1960 Gage developed a brain tumor (according to the European Director of Education) and died. Milika brought her two young children to Livitua, where she had often visited, to live with the last of her mother's sisters: Malaibe. Malaibe, a Mokatitin of Tokanaka, is married to a Lesu man, Kutere. Milika's much older brother, Langu, also lived with Malaibe, his renakpap (half-mother). After a little while, she married Kas, and came to live in Mangai. But when they quarrelled, she and the children went to sleep in Malaibe's house. And when the quarrel reached its peak, she began to talk of what a wonderful man Gage had been, and of taking her children to Lesu, where his ground was. There, she said, her kin would plant coconuts
for her children in Mangai, on his land. He has had three marriages without producing children of his own. Milika said with a slight laugh, "I think Kas isn't able to make children. She wanted more."

There were other claims to Rukubek. When Malu (see Panakaia hamlet) was telling me about her land she mentioned Rukubek as one of her pieces of ground. She said her grandfather had planted it. She said it is where Kas has put his house. Her grandfather used to live there, and it belongs to her. I asked if Kas had to give her money, and she answered: I don't know. I said: he hasn't yet" Yes. Did he ask you? Yes.

Sambuan (see Purapot-Lameden hamlet) was present during the interview. As we walked home together afterward to Purapot, Sambuan said: Rukubek doesn't belong to Malu. I think Malu is not thinking well. It belongs straight to me. A male ancestor of hers (Malu's) married a female ancestor of mine (Mokamuna), and perhaps he planted coconuts and Malu thinks she owns them. I asked Sambuan if either she or Malu are kiut to this ground, and she said no; Lamo (see Ripai hamlet) is kiut, but he gave back the land because he has no children. (Sambuan's brother Israel made this same remark: see Purapot-Lameden hamlet.) By and by, Sambuan said, this land will belong to all my children. It doesn't belong to Malu! Only in this last remark did she allow her voice to show slight indignation; but there would be more to follow, I thought, if it became necessary.

Later I asked the knowledgeable and helpful Sirapi
(see Matanavillam hamlet) about Rukubek. She said it belongs to Malu and Kas (both her relatives), and to Lamo. No, she said confidently, it does not belong to Israel and Sambuan. Israel had listed it to me as amongst his lands, nearly three months before I spoke to Malu (and then to Sambuan and finally to Sirapi) about it. It belongs to Kas, all the way to the beach, said Sirapi. Then she added: where Vasale is, too, belongs to Kas. (She means where House 49 is, where Vassle's son Lovan and his family live. Informants commonly used the family member closest to themselves in age and sex to identify the owner of a house or plot.) Somewhat contradictorily, she went on: Vasale married and had a child (Lovan); all right the son sits down there now. Lovan is boss of Purapot because he is "blood" to Purapot (i.e. because his father is from Purapot.) On other occasions Sirapi said that Kasino was boss of Purapot. She was given to blowing up all claims to keep happy as many people as possible.

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

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

As children grow up they are dependent upon adults to show them what is their land, just as Kas was dependent upon Lamo to show him his. Many people were away at school when they were young. Many parents died while children were still young. Many, like Sirapi, without children, hesitate about choosing their inheritors. If they go suddenly to their graves, they take with them their detailed knowledge of trees and old garden sites. She had passed on to Lina's children and to Siriu's children some of her knowledge, but by no means all. They depend on her to know where their land is.

There must have been land shortage in the past, but there is none now, and lands that are further away than an hour's walk are not used. Who will claim them as population grows? In any case, their claims rest on the principle First Come First Served. Any given piece of land is claimed merely because some ancestor used it. But where people marry neighbors and kin as they do in New Ireland, and where it is
rude and even wrong to exclude people, and correct to "count" people as kin, many people share an ancestor, if they want to.

Why, then, is it that they often do not know even the names of their four grandparents, let alone where they had their gardens. They are most likely to know mother's mother, and least likely to know father's father. It might seem that lack of knowledge of land and kin, and awareness of this lack of knowledge, are the root of Mangai's conflicts and problems. However, I think perhaps the reverse is the case. Perfect knowledge and awareness would perfectly shatter all the myths with which Mangai muddles through. One of their major myths, one which the anthropologist, in ignorance, continually attacked at first, is this one: I don't know. I don't know, we don't know.

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

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

In 1965, Lovan and his wife and children were in transition from an old house (House 48) to a new one (House 49). The new one had as yet no walls, and Lovan and old Eruel (see Katedon hamlet) used this part-finished structure as a place to carve malanggans. The old house (House 48) belonged to Waradis, Lovan's stepfather, recently dead. Early in 1966 Lovan conducted the Purapot ceremony which saw the proper disposal of the "rubbish of the dead" (Houses 48 and 45, Sambuan's sister's house), and Lovan's family moved into the new house (House 49).

Lovan's claim to Purapot derives from his real father, Simek, a Purapot Tivingur. His old mother, Vasale, is from Lamakot village, ten miles away: the place of both her father and her mother. Vasale says she lives in Purapot, but she had a quarrel with her daughter-in-law, Raus, and they weren't speaking in 1966. Vasale slept in the little end room in Sirapi's house in Matanavillam, but she could be seen in late afternoon every day, feeding the pigs, sweeping, and pulling out grass around Lovan's house. He is the only child she ever had.

Waradis was Vasale's second husband, and a very big man from Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua. The Tokanaka Mokatitins gave a very big malanggan in his name in 1966, and both Vasale and Lovan participated fully as widow and son. However, both continue to use, as is proper, the land of Lovan's true father, Simek; and Vasale continues to work
with and find her friends with her first affines, to whom she remains attached through her child. It would be a mistake to overemphasize the compelling nature of the affinal tie here. Vasale's choice depends on personal and circumstantial factors: she works with Sirapi and her group in Matanavillam partly because she and Sirapi are personal friends, and partly because Matanavillam is right next door to Lovan's hamlet.

Lovan and Raus at present live viripatrilocally. However, I was told that before I came to Mangai Lovan and Raus had lived in Meteroa hamlet in camp. Meteroa is right next to Raus' own hamlet, Ripai, which is also Mokatitin. Their two oldest sons were sleeping in Ripai in 1966 with kin there (see Ripai hamlet).

Lovan seems to have taken over his father's land. He has given pig and mias for some, but I think not for all. No one is protesting adamantly, as far as I know. Part of the explanation for this situation lies, I think in Lovan's personality: he is grumpy and assertive by New Ireland standards, a competent, knowledgeable, and willing speaker. He has not done what he must do to become formally a memai, a big man, but he often plays the role. He is an asset to the village, and his own land in the village derives from his father. I think he will probably be allowed to do what he intends to do: pass on his father's land to his children. The outcome of Demarcation Committee investigations is likely to be in his favor.
Lovan has put his own clansmen, Mokangkai, in the Purapot (Tivingur) cemetery, and he says he is looking after the cemetery for everyone, both Mokangkai and Tivingur. Having your own dead in the cemetery is not explicitly given as a way to acquire land, but it is probably one way to start. If there were a contestant who said that Pangai was his mother's and his mother's mother's place, this claim could not be refused. Lovan would have to make room for the claimant, move over, and abandon his privacy. But there is no such claimant; and it looks as though Lovan will successfully be able to take over his father's land, having given only pigs and shell currency, and not always these. In the old days, his mother would have had to give her life, according to the custom kiut, to seal this transaction.
MATANAVILLAM

This hamlet belongs to Tivingur and Mokamuna, together. Tivingur and Mokamuna share the cemetery, but somehow Matanavillam belongs more to Sirapi, who is "boss" here, everyone agrees.

In 1965 and 1966 Sirapi lived uxorimatrilocally here in a house (House 52) built for her upon her return to her birth place after the death of her husband, Makalo. Though his mother's place was in Lauen village, and her mother's in Mangai, they spent most of their married life living between the two villages, in Livitua village, Makalo's father's place. This may have been partly due to an apparent preference on the part of strong men to follow strong fathers; and it may also have been due to the fact that Sirapi had a great deal of land in Mangai, which they used in preference to any of his in Lauen. Furthermore, Makalo was brought up mainly in Livitua, though he was buried in Lauen.

Sirapi and Makalo had no children of their own, but as Milika (see Purapot-Rukubek hamlet) told me, Sirapi has looked after so many people in the past that there are plenty to look after her in her old age. She was not really old, perhaps fifty, but she suffered from "short wind" (probably TB) and arthritis in her ankles. She did not complain, and it was some time before I was aware of her troubles. She was still able to carry bundles long distances that I couldn't life, but it did hurt her ankles.

Perhaps there are many willing to look after Sirapi,
but in 1966 she was still looking after other people. Here in her house slept two old widows (Vasale and Moktun); occasionally Elizabeth (see Litana hamlet); a string of women visitors who came to help less hospitable people with various works; extra young girls who came home from school with Mangai friends; and, in 1966, the daughter of a Sepik laborer at Katu plantation. She went to school in Mangai, and at first she slept at Sambuan's house (see Purapot-Lameden hamlet). One day she came to Sirapi's house and said: I have no place to sleep. Thereafter she slept at Sirapi's. If anyone ever found out why she left Sambuan's, I did not.

All these people had to be fed. Sometimes they would be fed by other relatives. The "regulars" who ate from Sirapi's cooking pot were Vasale (Lovan's mother—see Purapot-Pangai hamlet), the fussy old bachelor Lingai, old Langiro from Tabar, two or three of Lina's children or brothers who happened to be around, and the anthropologist. Langiro is considered a Mokanghai clan member (the clans have different names in Tabar, but they have New Ireland equivalents), and he used to live with the Mokangkais in Panakaia hamlet. But they became cross and Sirapi said he could put his house in Matanavillam. In 1965 he and Lingai slept in Siriu's old cook house (House 56), but in 1966 they had built a new house (House V). In 1967 Langiro was building his next new house back in Panakaia with the Mokangkais.

Old Lingai had been away for years, perhaps forty years,
working for white men as cook and house servant. He is
genealogically classificatory brother to Lina, but some
people told me he was brother to Lina's mother, old Moktun,
to whom he is closer in age. Lingai has come back to his
"true place," his virimatriloc al residence. Moktun, who
looked after Sirapi some when Sirapi was a child, sleeps
in Sirapi's house, but generally helps Lina cook and eats
there. She helps look after Lina's children, and in 1966
seemed to be constantly with the "displaced" second last
child, Putuneen. Though Putuneen was about three years old
in 1967, Moktun carried her on her back still, once about
four miles to Lauen village. Grandparental attention to
the second last child was common in New Ireland.

Lina's four brothers, or some of them, shared a
small house behind Sirapi's, (House 53), in an enclosed area,
in 1965. In 1966 they had rebuilt and moved virimatrilocally
into Siriu's old cook house (House 56). There were only two
of them, Tokas and Pangin, most of the time, as Warakau
often worked in town (Kavieng); and the youngest, Kapitan,
was in the army (PIR) in Port Moresby. Tokas' wife had run
away to another man, and their two oldest children, both
girls, stayed with Tokas.

Lina's husband is Matiu, who has been mentioned in
connection with his home hamlet, Matanasoi; Lamarau, a
related hamlet; and Pasaik, the hamlet into which he was
first married. The land of these three hamlets, like their
marriage lines, are inter-twin ed. Matiu was married for some
time to Susanna, the sister of Kombulau (see Pasaik hamlet), who died of sores in the bush during the war. They had no children of their own, but they looked after the orphaned children of Matiu's clan brother, Peni: Kolepmur (see Patapalauai hamlet) and Taia (see Litana hamlet). His marriage to Lina has fared more fruitfully, and Matiu takes a glowing interest in their six children, especially the youngest two.

Matiu is a missionary for the Methodists, which job requires him to move to various villages. In 1966 he was assigned to Kulungit village, near town (Kavieng). He and Lina both lived there some of the time, and she remained in Matanavillam some of the time. The school-aged children remained in Mangai with grandmother Moktun and all their other kin in Matanavillam. Matiu and Lina, then, are settled uxorimatriilocally, and it seems highly unlikely that they will ever move to his home hamlet, Matanasoi. Matanasoi is crowded and in camp. Lina's family, including her mother and brothers, is large; and here in Matanavillam they can live together and provide mutual assistance. Lina's brothers need her and her mother to cook for them; and when Matiu is away, or even when he is in Mangai, Lina's brothers help with the male tasks for the whole family. There is plenty of land associated with the Mokamuna-Tivingur people of this hamlet, but Matiu uses some of his own, too. He has lost no access to his resources by living in his wife's place, which is at most a quarter of a mile from his own.

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

I reassured him. Then I asked Sirapi again. She said: Yes, we own all the land together. But it was clear that Mokamuna owned some of her lands only because she permitted this interpretation. She had shown much of her land to Lina and her brothers already, because, as she said, they hold the children of Matanavillam. She has also passed along land to Siriu (see Lungantire hamlet), who lived in Matanavillam (Houses 54 and 55) with her husband and children before 1965. Sirapi looked after Siriu in the bush during the war, after Siriu's mother died. She and Sirapi treat each other almost, but not quite, as if they were real, not classificatory, mother and child.

I had a house built for me in Matanavillam in 1966. I was settled in Kasino's brick house (see Purapot hamlet) with its wondrous corrugated iron roof which collected the sun and rendered motionless all things organic under it. I said I needed a house to catch the wind where I could work
during the heat of the day. Sirapi (my mainstay, protector, and major informant) said she would have Lokorovar (see Male hamlet), son-in-law to Pala, Sirapi's clan brother, build a little house in Matanavillam for me. Old Langiro helped. I gave Lokorovar forty dollars. The work progresses slowly, but I was able to work on the tiny finishes verandah before the whole thing was done. I had barely established a few things in my "House Wind" when, upon my return from a short trip to New Hanover, I found Langiri (see Litana hamlet) sleeping, virimatrilineally, in my house. Apparently he no longer had a regular place to sleep after Matunga (House 27) came back to Mangai, and he had been sleeping here and there, with his young friends of Matanavillam or Panakaia. Eventually (as my stays in New Hanover became longer, broken by mostly brief returns to Mangai) Langiri took over this house and I abandoned subtle efforts to regain sole possession on my returns to New Ireland. I worked on the verandah, and made no mention of noticing all his things in my house. He, in turn, made no appearances at the house when I was there. Thus, our respective ecological niches had the same spatial, but different temporal dimensions.

Elizabeth could have had a house built here, in her mother's hamlet. She sometimes slept in Matanavillam, in Sirapi's house. She spent a lot of time with her yak (sister-in-law) Leiwai, next door in Panakaia; and quite a lot of time with the young women, relatives, of Pasaik and Patapaluai hamlets. But it seemed unwise to press for further details about where Elizabeth slept. She spent a
few months away in Rabaul, where Moktun's aging but lively
sister lived. Many Mangai women stayed with her there, and
reported that she was a very good person except when she was
drunk; at which times she would order them all to clear out.
Not long after I left New Ireland in 1967, Elizabeth went to
Port Moresby to help the educated elite of Mangai (Konda
et al—see Panakaia-Paneval hamlet) with children and
housework. She seems to like to wander; and unless she marries
and settles down (which the women say she does not want to do)
she will probably keep wandering. But when she is old, she
will probably come back to Mangai, where Matanavillam people
will welcome her. They continue to put pressure on old
Madiu to come home, and when her husband dies in Rabaul, she
just might come.
PANAMBE

In this little hamlet, between Matanavillam and the road, there are many coconuts. Here (House 57) Temerikai and Vinda (see Panasui hamlet) lived in 1965, with their new baby. She claims this ground through her mother. But many Mokangkai people claim it also, and Temerikai is Mokangkai, though of another village (Paruai). In 1966, they had moved to camp, across the road from her sisters (see Lamarau hamlet).
PANAKAIA

Panakaia is the home of Mokangkai clanspeople from way back, and here many of them are still gathered together. A few have slipped off: Lamo brought up his children here, but they are grown now and he has followed them to his dead wife's hamlet in camp, Ripai. Lamo, however, said to be "boss" of Mokangkai.

Still, all questions about Mokangkai and Panakaia hamlet are referred to the ancient lady Patavani (House 65). She lives uxorimatrilineally in Paneval, a section of Panakaia that used to be fenced off in the days when Patavani's male ancestors from Tabar lived here. Mokangkai people are not truly Mangai people, I was told. They bought Mangai land "with their lives." This means, according to the custom called kiut, that Mokangkai women, or a Mokangkai woman, killed herself or allowed herself to be killed upon the death of her Mangai husband, and the land thus came to belong to her and her descendants. Thus Patavani says that she is kuit to a portion of Purapot; and Kas, of Purapot, says yes, yes, she thinks she is kiut here and I allow her to go on thinking so—as though it is a matter of slight importance nowadays. But none of the Mokangkai people say that they are kiut to Panakaia, nor does anyone else say that of them. Ancient Patavani's even more ancient mother's brother (mokotok), Eserom, was born in Panakaia, but it is known that his mother was born here. But it is remembered that long ago her mother's people came from Lasuwa, a little
place near contemporary Lauen village. This all happened before missionaries came to New Ireland. In 1965 Eserom had his own house (House 67), but it was gone in 1966. He was often ill, and he slept in House 65.

Patavani's first husband, Maleko, was the father of her only child, Aisoli, who was father of the five successful children who use his name as a surname. Both the parents of these children died while the youngest was very young, and the care of them fell to the grandparents. Their mother's mother, Kombat (see Matanasoi hamlet) looked after them some, but the care of them apparently was taken up primarily by their father's mother, Patavani. Sirapi (see Matanavillam hamlet), as a relative also of Patavani's and as one indebted to her for care in childhood, helped to look after Aisoli's children. Thus, while all the children are Mokanaka of Matanasoi (land that really belongs to their grandfather, and which they cannot properly inherit), they associate themselves more with Panakaia. This preference was mentioned to me by Tom Ritako, the husband of Ruby Aisoli. Tom told me that Patavani, rather than Kombat, had received the marriage payment from Tom's father, Ba (see Palapung hamlet).

The five Aisoli offspring are not ostentatious about their preference. Thus, in 1965 Konda' house for the holiday vacation was in Matanasoi (House 17). But in 1966 when Ruby and Konda and their spouses came home for Christmas, a big house was built for them in Panakaia (House X) with the help of their Matanasoi kin. This house
gave opportunity for quite a reunion. Mesalem, who married a girl from the West Coast who is a distant relative (see Eruel's geneology, Katedon hamlet), who teaches in a Mission college in Rabaul, came home with his family before he went off to Australia. Konda had just come back from a United Nations trip to Turkey. Tambeta and her New Hanover husband were in Mangai on and off all year round, because both worked for the hospital in Kavieng, she as a nurse, he as a driver for the TB ward. And Alice was living in Mangai at the time, having requested and received her teaching assignment at the Mangai school. She lived in Panakaia-Paneval (House 66) so that she could help her feeble elders.

The Aisoli children seem to attach their sentiments mainly to Patavani and Eserom, the latter of whom never married. However, they dutifully help mother's mother Kumbat with chores. Their land through Kumbat is really in Lossuk village, where they have never lived.

They are sentimentally attached to two other relatives on their father's side, Sirapi (who is mother's brother's daughter's daughter to Patavani) and Eruel. Aisoli's father was the true brother of Eruel, Mangai's biggest Big Man and senior memai (see Katedon hamlet). Eruel, who is childless and who used to be rich in European money and possessions before the war, took an interest in his dead brother's children, and he paid for Konda's schooling.

Patavani's sister, Sameri, was the mother of Pambali, who in 1965 lived in Paneval (House 66) with his wife, in
the house into which Alice subsequently moved. Pambali and Taia moved to camp, to her father's hamlet (see Litana hamlet), and then Pambali went off to jail for a year for negligent driving.

Another Mokangkai branch occupied the central part of Panakaia. Malu and Kiu are true sisters whose children are nearly grown up. Malu has only had one, Morokas, by her first husband; and that son lives most of the time with his wife in her village (Kableman) now. Malu lived uxorimatrilocally with second husband Kambaso, by whom she has no children, in the same two houses (Houses 58 and 59) in 1965 and 1966. However, one of them, her cook house (House 59) caught fire and burned to the ground in 1966 in what one might think would be a common accident. But I heard of only this case.

Kiu has had a succession of husbands, and each one has produced at least one child. When she gave me her genealogy she mentioned only the father of Pariu, a man from New Guinea; and Boronai, to whom she attributed all the other children. Other people analyzed the situation a bit further (see her genealogy chart). She left or was left by all her husbands but one, Akuila, who died while they were still together. His brother, Boronai, then "came and got Kiu," and fathered two children before he ran off with a girl from Museillas island, where he died. According to some accounts, Keres of Kaselok was married to Kiu and fathered Karake before Boronai came for Kiu. I tell this story in the same tone of light teasing that is used by
women who are good friends of Kiu's, in her presence. Kiu likes men too much! But Kiu would doubtless rather have been happily married to one of them all her life, and I gather that the one she would have liked was Boronai. But he left her for an island girl.

Kiu's eldest, Pariu, lives uxorimatrilocally in Panakaia with her husband in a house (House 62) which in 1966 had been renewed and covered with the dream roof: corrugated iron. Kiu occupied a house (House 61) uxorimatrilocaly with her youngest, Nawo, who was away at school much of the time. She brought honor to the village when she was selected to go to the South Pacific games for New Ireland as a runner. (Her father was a tall Tolai.)

Old Putunasung slept at Kiu's house, too. She is classificatory sister to Kiu and Malu, but she is true mother (renak) to Lovel (House 60, 1965) and Leiwai (House W, 1966). All were settled uxorimatrilocaly. I have no record of where Leiwai and her husband Mamu (Elizabeth's brother—see Litana hamlet) were living in 1965, but they may have been living in Lovel's house in order to look after Lovel's children. In 1966, Lovel had died, and Leiwai and Mamu were decorating with woven blinds a big beautiful new house (House W) where they looked after all of Lovel's children. They had as yet none of their own.

Lovel spent some time in the hospital before she died, of TB, shortly after I left Mangai in 1965. Lovel's husband, Johnny, has for years been away, working as chief
cook and house servant for the Peter Murray family at Baia plantation, about ten miles down the road. Johnny's connections in Mangai are few; he is the half-brother of Baulung, and they two are descendants of the conquered of Matanapai (see Baulung's history, Meteroa hamlet). Like Baulung, he has spent most of his life working for white people. Johnny was deeply grieved and wept, according to Mr. Murray, when told of his wife's death, and he will no doubt keep in touch with his children. However, he is unlikely to take them away from their firm Panakaia foundations; being more likely to come to live here with them in his not-very-distant old age.

Sion lived virimatrilocally in Panakaia in 1965 (House 64) with his young son. He left his wife, Ngangam, on the West Coast (Lololai village) with their young daughter, after she did something that made him so angry he put her out of the house. She probably had found herself another man.

Sion has been married three times before, twice to Mangai women, and must be in his 50's. He had never produced children before, but he must have produced this one, because Televuk looks just like his father. Sion has been divorced for a long time; Televuk is eleven years old, and Sion carried him back to Mangai as a babe in arms when he left his last wife. Sion declares that he was quite a man with the ladies, that all the women like him too much, when he was young; but he is through with all that now. He has been to school
run by the Cooperative Society to learn how to be clerk for the Cooperative store, and in 1966 he was building a house, into which he eventually moved, in Kavalaiko hamlet, just next to the store. People are always wanting things from the store at all hours of the day and night, and Sion is accommodating. He always fills the sugar bag right up to the top and only charges a shilling. But unfortunately the word got around that someone had poisoned the sugar, and people began to buy again from the Chinese, who only give a pound (only about three-quarters of the bag full) for a shilling. The store seems destined to go the way of all, or most, Coop stores, to termination by the Cooperative Society officials due to mismanagement. Sion will be secure, however, in Mangai. He has plenty of land and plenty of relatives to help him and his son. He used to be a missionary for the Methodists, and he's spent a lot of time working for whites, which may explain why he seems to know less about his land than do some other people. He says he is a "rubbish man," but he says it with a grin and a philosophical foray into the virtues of New Ireland custom, which doesn't allow anyone to be poor. "Hallelujah, give us a handout," he came into my house singing in English one day, "hallelujah, I'm a bum."
Approaching Katedon from the rest of Mangai, one comes first upon Eruel's yapping dogs. Eruel's place was the only one so guarded by a "doorbell" in this manner. Most people were afraid to go to his place. Eruel had to come out and shout at the dogs and throw a few stones to make them scamper back timidly. Actually, an instance of necessity taught me that a clenched and shaken fist accompanied by a human growl produced the same timid scamper by tucked-tail dogs.

Why was Eruel's place like this? He was the senior memai, big man of Mangai; and he could make rain, and he carves malanggans. He owned three trucks and ten bicycles before the Japanese came, and people still say somewhat contemptuously that Eruel is too fond of money. In 1965, he showed us, secretly, a little bundle of organic matter which has some kind of power. Does he fear poison against himself? When Kanda of Livitua got jaw cancer Eruel said it was his own fault for keeping poison around the house; poison being a bad thing anytime and in any case now against the law. Does he fear thieves? More likely. I think also that he is the only "loner" in Mangai, and he doesn't like having people come around bothering him all the time. But the dogs seemed out of character, and perhaps I am underestimating the hostile forces around him, perceived or active. He carves a lot alone, and he is sick a lot. For twenty years, most foods have made him throw up, and he told
me he needed money to buy condensed milk. Everyone did agree that he looked fat and well after a month in Rabaul, where he ate only rice and tinned foods, bought with money by his monied kin there.

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

There were remains of houses (Houses 69 and 70) that had seen better days, as evidenced by scarp iron roofs and walls, but by 1965 these were, as Eruel said, just houses for the pigs, who wandered in and out of them. The house (House 71) wherein Wona, Eruel's wife, slept in 1965 was just a roof in 1966. Then she slept in the only other habitable house (House 72) along with whichever of her two children was staying in Mangai. Usually this was her daughter, Mangilamun, with her husband Rupen and their little girl, Makasol. Wona's children were from an earlier marriage to a man who died. Wona had been Eruel's first wife, and was now again his fifth. Their remarriage did not represent, however, a glorious reconciliation. Eruel left her the first time because he didn't like her, as he said; and he still didn't much like her, but what can you do? She had a tendency to become "crazy" (epileptic?), and she did seem
vague. When he was married to his fourth and favorite wife, Eruel told me several times, he would have had plenty of food to give me, not just bananas. The fourth wife died following an operation by a Japanese doctor, just at the end of the war. It was her own fault, or everybody's, because she cried out for something to quench her thirst, and they gave her coconut milk, against the doctor's orders. And she died.

This wife, Wona--ach, she was lazy and incompetent. However, she did bring to Katedon the services of her grown children, with whom Eruel seemed content. Furthermore, Wona's granddaughter, little Makasol, was the joy of Eruel's days, or so it appeared. They were everywhere together.

Eruel's section of Katedon (technically but rarely called "Tokoras," meaning "gather koras," a shellfish) was separated by a fence of wire and trees from the rest of Katedon. A large house which just got its roof in 1965 (House 73) belonged to Keres, and he slept there, viri-matrilocally, alone. He is a man of about 60, a Tivingur, and this is his mother's hamlet. Once he was married to the mother's sister of the three Mokamuna girls (see Lamarau hamlet). She had no children and she has long been dead. Keres was grumpy about giving me his genealogy, and finally avoided it. Sirapi (see Matanavillam hamlet) counts him amongst her Tivingur relatives, but he does not appear on her genealogy nor on any other, except as spouse to the woman of Lamarau hamlet.
In 1965 Dokas and Vatung lived here (House 74), but early in 1966 he had been appointed Mangai missionary and they moved into the missionary's house, across from camp. However, as previously mentioned (see Maio hamlet), Dokas began to sleep back at Katedon because she didn't want to get pregnant again. Katedon is her hamlet, from her mother, Randes (see Maio hamlet). A second house (House 2) was completed for Dokas' large family in 1966. Although it is recognized that Randes' clan (Tivingo) came originally from Kableman and other villages half way to town (Kavieng), this particular branch of Tivingo has been here a long time and they seem to have plenty of land claims.

Salau and her husband, Nakas, live here in Katedon (Houses 75, 76, 77) because it is her place. Her brother, Lingiris, lives in Livitua in her wife's father's hamlet, but he remains much involved in Mangai's activities. Neither he nor his sister, nor their closest relative, Seronge (their mother's brother, mokotok, who also lives with his wife in Livitua but who also belongs here in Katedon) has produced any offspring. They have much land. When Lingiris told me about it, he was careful to assert the primacy of his own claims, but to mention some other line as also having claims to the same pieces of ground. He is in his late 50's and he does not expect to have children; so he knows exactly who (Kasino of Purapot, Leiwai and her children, of Panakaia, etc.) will inherit each piece of his land when he and his line die. If the other claimants are also dead, then the land will be sold at the funeral of the last
survivor. Lingiris seems to have thought this all out more than do most people. He passed on to me his beautiful family kepkep (the famous clam shell and tortoise shell pendant of New Ireland), saying he had no children to whom to pass it.
Mali

In this hamlet, sometimes included as a section of Katedon, live (virimatrilocally) Pala and his wife, Kapin (House 79) and their unmarried sons (House 78). Their married daughter, Rongo and her husband Lokorovan slept here uxoripatrilocally in 1965 (House 80). I was never sure where they were sleeping in 1966. Once I was told that Rongo was sleeping in Makel hamlet in Livitua (her mother's place) and that Lokorovan was sleeping in Kaelis, his own hamlet. I asked if Rongo and Lokorovan were cross. Oh no, came the surprised answer, Rongo is sleeping with her mother. At the time the women were busy cooking in Livitua for a big malanggan. Makel was less than a quarter of a mile from Makel, so great distance did not demand sleeping "at work." People seemed to like to change their sleeping places, usually for a least a week at a time, not just for overnight. And some people seemed to have two or even three regular sleeping places. This was not true for people like Raus and Lovan (see Purapot-Pangai hamlet), who had several young children with whom they needed to stay. People without such responsibilities simply liked variety, I think. Mali hamlet remained the family headquarters for various events for Pala's wife and children.

Rongo's two married brothers had children, but she, aged about 40, had none. Women, childless like Rongo, never said anything that allowed the anthropologist, starting with a blank slate, to know how they felt about their childlessness. By luck one day I mentioned a book I was
reading by a doctor who had tried to help some New Ireland
and Tabar women be able to have children (Scragg, 1954).
Rongo, it turned out, was one of those women. In the book
Dr. Scragg points out that some of the tests and procedures
were quite painful, beyond the general psychological dis-
comfort of the whole situation for the women; and that he
could only conclude that they must want children very badly,
in view of their willingness to go on and on with the therapy.
Of eighty women, three eventually became pregnant. Rongo
knew this, and said how pleased they were. She was not
one of them, but it was not the doctor's fault. He tried,
but it didn't work for her. But three other women now have
children, thanks to the doctor.

Sirapi considered Pala clan brother; and through
this relationship many fish arrived at Sirapi's house in
Matanavillam hamlet, fish caught by Lokorovar or by one of
Rongo's brothers. They also provided manpower for Sirapi
on the occasion of her husband's malanggan ceremony. One
of them, Piwas, is doubly obligated to Sirapi: he married
her "foster child," Siriu (see Lungantire hamlet). There
will be no pressure on resources from this large family,
because the children of the brothers will properly belong
to the lands of their mothers. Piwas, the eldest, is
successfully operating a copra drier in Livitua, which brings
cash into the family. This is Mangai's most hard-working,
bustling family, I think. Perhaps they get their energy
from their mother: Kapin, who must be at least 70 years
old, walked across from the West Coast (about 35 miles) one day with a 40-50 pound load on her back, and got home just in time for dinner, which she proceeded at once to cook.
Ways to Acquire Land

The primary and only incontestable way to acquire land in New Ireland is through one's mother. Her land is land she acquired from her mother. That is far enough back. If someone remembers that mother's mother's mother came from elsewhere, that is an interesting historical fact. The ancestors of all were immigrants from the bush, if not from elsewhere on the coast.

Land, but more than land, a "home," is in this manner acquired unalterably. The principle stands uneффected by residence. One's mother's land clings as inalienably as her clan affiliation. Thus, for example, Lingai (Matanavillam hamlet) was away for years, and Baulung (Meteroa hamlet) had never lived in Mangai, but their mother's land was nonetheless theirs.

In New Ireland, your mother's land is yours forever, and if you are female your mother's land passes unquestioned to your children. If you are male, equally unquestioned, your children cannot inherit it. But perhaps your children have spent many a happy hour with you, their father, on your ground, helping make gardens and fences, gathering material for houses, chopping sage pulp from the trunks of your sago trees. The general inclusiveness of New Ireland ethos
would not permit the sudden banishing of the children from the dead father's land. They and their mother may go on using it for the rest of their own lives if upon the death of their father, or soon thereafter, they present the father's line of clansmen with a pig and shell currency.

Some children may have no interest in their father's land. Perhaps their father died young, or was away at work, or perhaps they have always resided in their mother's village some distance away, or perhaps they have more land than they need from their mother and their father's land is crowded. But if they want to have the privilege of continuing to use their father's ground, for gardens and other temporary needs, not for coconuts (though they may continue to take nuts from their father's trees), they must pay: a pig and shell currency. The clansmen of the dead father will produce a return payment that nearly nullifies profit on the transaction. The payment, as are all such payments between kin and affines in New Ireland, is a token of good faith, a public contract, rather than a transfer of wealth.

What happens in the case of such children when they are using only their father's land? Eron (Matanasoi hamlet) is such a case, because his mother is from Lossuk village, a bit too far nowadays to walk to gardens. Eron's solution is simple: he married a local Mangai girl, and he and his children will use her land. He has planted some coconuts on his mother's land in Lossuk, too: it is not too far to walk from time to time.
The situation is not so easily remedied for a girl. For Taia (Litana hamlet), exceptions can be made without upsetting the system, because her mother was not even a New Ireländer, and both her parents died when she was young. But what about Eron's sisters, Rombui and Wulwul? Rombui is dead, and her children, the Aisoli five, all members of the educated elite, are in an ambiguous position. In some ways they act as if Patavani (see Panakaia-Paneval hamlet) were their own mother, instead of their father's mother. But the situation is not one that implies any new laws, or qualifies any of those already outlined. Exceptions will doubtless be made for them, and probably on the grounds, again, of compensation to the weak: they were young orphans.

In the old days, before the German colonial government put a stop to it, a mother could secure her children's rights to their father's land in perpetuity by allowing herself to be strangled and burned on the funeral pyre with her dead husband. One informant admitted that a woman could be strangled by her clansmen whether she wanted to be or not, in order to secure her husband's land for her own clansmen.

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

The custom is explained as a woman's response to the loss of her husband; she thinks of the many fish he has brought her, and shell currency he has given her, and all the gardens he has cleared for her, and she thinks she will not find his like again. It is better that she should go with him rather than take another man, who may not be so good to her. She can thereby "die for her children," as they say. This was the common interpretation. Only a cynical anthropologist would ask beyond it.

There were kiut claims to land in Mangai in 1965-7, purchased so long ago that even Patavani, who was kiut to Purapot, did not know exactly who had died. Kiut claims receive full respect. Patavani gathered some coconuts in Purapot on the basis of these claims. Her age and feebleness and general service to many people would probably have allowed her this small privilege in any case; but then one cannot be sure, because there was a dispute involving the grounds of the even more aged and feeble Eserom. Israel claimed that Lamo had relinquished his kiut claims to Purapot, but no one doubted that they were Lamo's to hold or to give.

Still, I think that kiut claims are less secure than claims through the mother. Ties through mother were spoken of casually or lovingly, but kiut claims were asserted with some belligerance. Perhaps the insecurity is due partly, or mainly, to the passage of time. Everyone knows or knows
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of one's mother, but *kiut* ties refer to the mother of someone who is now forgotten, at least in most cases; but the mother of Mavis, of Paruai village, now too old to come outside the house much, died for him.

**Residence Choices in Mangai: Uxorimatrilocal Households**

Detailed investigation of residence in Mangai village has shown that 38 of the 50 households of the village are settled *matrilocally*, and none of them on land to which they are *kiut*. Twenty-one of the fifty followed, in 1966 (see Table) the residence pattern of least resistance, and settled *uxorimatrilocally*. All but two of these twenty-one households are composed of nuclear families, parents with children, who, by so locating are bringing up the children on the land that will be theirs. One of the two exceptions is Salau, who lives in her hamlet, Katedon, with her husband, Nakas. His village, Fangalawa, is about fifty miles down the road; and he still has some kin there. Nakas is the only man without children who is living in his wife's place. She has a lot of land, and neither she nor her brother has children. I don't know why this couple lives here, beyond the speculation that abundant resources drew them. The other exception is Sirapi, a childless widow who has come home to Matanavillam hamlet after the death of her spouse.
Virimatrilocal Households

Lamo didn't go home after the death of his spouse, and still lives uxorimatrilocally, surrounded by his children. But some old widowers, with (Seri, Matanasoi hamlet) or without (Melisa, Ripai hamlet; Keres, Katedon hamlet) children, did go home or stay home. And some old bachelors (Lingai, Matanavillam hamlet; Eserom, Panakaia-Paneval hamlet) came home or stayed home. And one divorced young man (Tokas, Matan villam hamlet) came home with his children. Thus, the seventeen households superficially classed as virimatrilocal are reduced to only eleven when men without wives are subtracted from the category.

Of the eleven remaining households, four are old couples; four are young couples; two are widows, and last, the half-caste sons of Mariam (Meteroa hamlet), whom I am counting as one household. George and Andrew are actually outside the system, and are living here to reap the fruits of their Chinese father's labor. In addition, however, they are trying to exploit the New Ireland system, by getting their mother's half-brother, Kamale, to regain some of their mother's lost land. Kamale has been living off the fat of their Chinese father's work himself, and seems to feel he must accept the authority of his grandchildren. He has made half-hearted efforts to push Ba off what used to be his and Mariam's land (see Palapung hamlet). Ba's bit of land is back a little from the road, hidden a little by trees, off by itself away from other houses and
conveniently right next to the river. George and Andrew could bring their half-caste wives there, live more or less away from the other villagers, avoid the high rents in town, watch over their father's coconut plantation, and drive back and forth to their jobs in town every day in the village truck, which would ultimately be paid for with passenger or freight (copra) fares.

But Kamale was ashamed to press his claim in front of the Demarcation committee. Ba has lived here a long time, and he bought the land at a funeral, in proper New Ireland fashion. When someone dies, whoever comes to the funeral (the burial) may "bid" on the deceased's belongings: his bicycle, his lamp, his land. Ba compared it to a European auction, but there are differences. Most important amongst these is that when one first bids on land, one only "pulls" on it. The local word is pul, the pidgen English word is pull, and the same word seems the best translation into English. One makes a first payment on the land or goods, a pul. In the European auction, a single payment completes the transfer of ownership. And in the European auction, the family decides (unless there is debt to be paid) what resources of the deceased are to be sold. In New Ireland, the family of the deceased cannot be cross, and cannot "sing out" when someone pull the resources of the dead at his funeral. The family of the deceased must wait until the situation is reversed, until someone in the family of the buyer dies. Then the previous owners can pull back land, lantern, bicycle, and so forth, from the family
of the more recently deceased.

In Ba's case, two members of Kamale's line died successively: first Bosiak (Ripai hamlet) and then Laisa's infant (Meteroa hamlet). The Mokatitins of Ripai and of Meteroa do not trace relationship to each other, or claim that they are of the same "line;" but this is one of several instances that indicate some acknowledgement of substantial ties between them. At each death, Ba "pulled," with only one or two strings of shell currency, and with five shillings. Token payments of this size are appropriate, and no one can be cross or ask a bigger payment. Kamale can only wait for Ba to die. Eventually, theoretically, Ba could buy the land completely and forever: kattom, not just pul. This concept of buying is also used in other important transactions between groups, e.g. with regard to malanggan carvings, songs, and so forth.

I do not know the outcome of this dispute between Ba and Kamale, but Ba had growing public support. Kamale must wait for Ba to die. The point here is that the case is irregular and is causing dispute; but not because George and Andrew are using their father's land. They are living on their mother's land, and their father's land was purchased with a great deal of money, so great that it was kattomed. And because the buyer was Chinese, it was bought right out of the system, just as European plantations are (so far, in this part of New Ireland) considered out of the system.
There are three questions that help to point up possible explanations for virilocality in Mangai: 1) How much change would be involved in a move to the wife's place? 2) Are there any sisters and sister's children vying for space with the brother and his children? 3) Are the brother's children likely to try to take over his land? These questions focus factos influencing the choice of virimatriloclal residence in the following cases.

Of the four old couples living virimatrilocally, Kamale and his wife, Langas, are one. If he had a line of strong sons living here, there might be trouble. But he and Langas are old and childless, and though he moved over to make room for his sister's children, he has as much right to be here as they do. Furthermore, his sister's children would have much to lose and nothing to gain if Kamale moved across the island to Langas' place. If they lived there, Kamale couldn't keep up his work on the family copra.

Pala lived in his mother's place, but often his wife Kapin slept in her mother's place, ten minutes away (see Mali hamlet) in Livitua. He is an old man who seems to have gone back home before his wife dies. He is not very gregarious, and he has much more privacy in Mali than he would have in his wife's place, which is in the heart of the Livitua camp. In any case, all but one of his children are male, and the wives of these sons will accommodate them and their children in terms of land and resources. Pala's only daughter, Rongo, is childless. Pala was not establishing his children
on his land, but he had no sister to disapprove or compete if he did. He is clan brother to Sirapi, but she is also childless.

The third old couple living virimatriilocally, Kare and Randes (Maio hamlet), are perhaps just choosing the least crowded alternative available to them. Kare has no sister, and no one else shares the hamlet with them, beyond visiting children and grandchildren. Their most fruitful daughter, Dokas, has already gone back to her mother's hamlet, Katedon.

Matunga and his wife, Mitlang, were living virimatriilocally temporarily, after Mangai called him back from his wife's village to be committeeman. He has no sister or sister's children to crowd, however, should he choose to live here.

Only one of Matunga's children lives here: Marau. She is living virimatriilocally with her husband Welakamus. I have pointed out (see Litana hamlet) that I think they will eventually move to her village, but they are younger yet, and no threat to anyone's land.

This same point applies to the other three young couples living virimatriilocally. In the case of Kavung and his wife Pungum (Meteroa hamlet), they have no children after several years of marriage; and he has no sister. He, like Matunga, was called back to Mangai through election to the committeeman post, which he turned down the second time it came to him.
The children of Kas and Milika are only his step-children, and Milika maintains gardens and other resources in Livitua village. Partly to heal a quarrel, Kas hired a man to plant coconuts for Milika's children on his own land in Mangai. He has no sister of his own clan, but even if he did he could probably get away with some irregularities. He is the school teacher, has twice been elected councillor, and is generally more sophisticated than his fellows. Still, he knows well and abides by New Ireland custom for the most part. Despite his strengths, I think he may have been allowed some privileges because of his weakness: he was orphaned very young, and many people looked after him.

Finally amongst the young couples, Lasisi and Taria (Meteroa hamlet) live virimatrilocally. Taria is the daughter of Matunga's wife, Mitlang, and it seems likely that both couples will spend time in the future in the wives' village, Navallus, about half-way (fifteen miles) to town. But it seems highly likely that Lasisi will spend much of his time in Mangai. He is the only young man in the village who has been formally installed as a memai, a big man. He will not be able to act as one if he lives in Navallus. I never heard him utter a word, but he is still young. His father, Lamo, was luluai here for years, respected, but still not a memai. So many young men leave the village nowadays, I think Mangai will try to keep Lasisi here, even if it means letting his daughters inherit his land. But that is far in the future, and perhaps when the time comes there will
be a bus on the road to take them to their mother's land.

Only two cases of viri-matrilocal residence remain to be explained. All cases so far do not pose a threat to the passing of land through maternal lines—at least, not yet. Either there are no children, or they are still very young, or the virimatrilocal residence is transient, or the couple is old and the children have gone back to the mother's land. The only case mentioned so far that has brought about a dispute is one between an outsider (Ba) who has followed the rules, and half-insiders (George and Andrew) who haven't; and it looks as though the rules will win.

There are only two cases in Mangai where it looks as though a genuine transfer of property through the male line may occur, and both of these come to light through investigating two virimatrilocal households: those of the two old widows, Kumbat and Vasale.

Vasale (Purapot-Pangai) doesn't have a house, but if she hadn't had a fight with her daughter-in-law, Raus, she would have one in Purapot. Or perhaps it was the lack of a house that precipitated the quarrel. In any case, her home is Lamakot village, ten miles down the road. Why didn't Vasale take her child, Lovan, home to Lamakot after the death of his father? Probably because Simek was an important man; Lovan was already a young man when his father died; and, most important, Vasale then married an important big man of Livitua village, Waradis. She paid pigs and shell
currency to Simek's Tivingur relatives in order that she and Lovan could go on using his father's land. Lovan will be discussed further below.

The other widow, who does have a house, is Kumbat. Her children were raised in Mangai, and her children's children. And now there are great-grandchildren, and Kumbat lives, and neither she nor they have gone just up the road a couple of miles to her village, Lossuk. However, in 1966 she and her son Eron had one day gone to plant on his mother's mother's land.

It is Kumbat's deceased daughter's children that might one day want to claim land through their mother's father. These are the five offspring of Aisoli, who have gone out into the European world. Nevertheless, the youngest of them, Alice, has realized her obligation to her siblings who are away, and has made a list of their land claims to send to Port Moresby to the Demarcation Committee. Patavani, her father's mother, encouraged her to do this, and she may have listed primarily or only Patavani's land. By New Ireland fashion, of course, the Aisolis cannot claim their father's land. However, they have contributed much to the village; and they, like Kas, were orphaned young. Probably an exception can be made.

Uxoripatrilocai Households

The four entries (see Table 1) in the uxoripatrilocal category are flimsy and can be disposed of readily. Elizabeth (Litana hamlet) herself disappeared, first to Rabaul, then to
Port Moresby. Her son, Langiri, came to live, perhaps somewhat improperly, in the anthropologist's house; but very properly in his mother's mother's mother's hamlet, Matanavillam. Desi and her husband went back to his place, Namatanai, eighty miles down the road.

Mele Meteroa lives in her father's hamlet because she is following her brother. In 1965 she had her own house, but in 1966 she had moved in with her brother's wife. She is old and unmarried and could live anywhere. She and her brother are less than ten minutes' walk from their mother's hamlet, and they use their mother's resources. Mele's one child is childless.

Taia's predicament has been fully discussed (see Litana hamlet). Her mother was from the Tsoi Islands, and both her parents died when she was young. No one would send her back to where she has never been, in her memory. She must follow her father, or her husband; and she has done both at different times.

**Viripatrilocal Households**

Of the six couples in the viripatrilocal category, five are well within the legal and practical limits that make it easy for land to continue to pass through maternal lines.

Two couples—Eron and Lamedeng, and Kongs and Kolepmur—lived in the wife's hamlet in 1965; shifted to the husband's in 1966; and may well shift back again some day. Both marriages are intra-village, so resource use is not affected.
This is not the case for Marau and her husband, Welakamus (Litana hamlet); and Belmumu and her husband, Teling (Pasaik hamlet). It's too far to walk to their gardens in their villages, and they will probably have to move to the wives' respective villages some day.

Mora lives viripatrilocally, but this is misleading. He isn't married yet, and he is simply living in his mother's hamlet in the house built for the Aisoli's holiday visit (see Matanasoi hamlet).

Ismael's household is viripatrilocal, but when he dies he will leave behind no children to claim the land. Mangai is the village of both his parents, so he uses his mother's resources.

But Eruel's mother was from Luberua village, about twenty miles down the road. He uses her land there, and his father's land in Mangai and also in Kableman, fifteen miles up the road. But he also has no children to whom to pass on the land.

Lovin is the only man in Mangai who has planted permanent crops (coconuts and caocao) on his father's land, with every intention of passing this land on to his sons. He has no sisters, and no sister's children, competing for the land. In Mangai, only Lovin and Eruel speak publically in other villages; only Lovin and Eruel are carvers; but only Eruel is a memai. No one ever said so, but I think this is because Lovin is greedy; and a big man must "lose, lose, lose." Still, he has a strong personality, and
Mangai needs him. He lives viripatrilocally, and he plants viripatrilocally, and he gets away with it.

Residence Ideology

Land passes from other to daughter; one's mother's hamlet is one's "home" hamlet; and a plurality of households are situated uxorimatrilocally. Nevertheless, residence ideology is not altogether uxorimatrilocally. People never said that it was proper to live in the wife's hamlet, even though most people did that. The explicit rule was more accommodating to father: people never wavered from their view that it was equally proper to live in either the wife's or the husband's place. Lovan's teenage daughter, Mamit (Purapot-Pangai), confused me in 1965 by answering "Yes" when I asked if she lived at her father's place, and "Yes" again when I asked if she lived at her mother's place. She saw that I was confused, and sought to clarify thus: "I live both places." I got the impression that it would be rude, even cruel, to seem to prefer one parent's place to the other.

Summary: Acquisition of Land: Legal Aspects

I have looked at residence in Mangai village, 1965-7, in some detail to see who was living where in terms of kinship and marriage, resources, descendents, life histories, and alternatives. During the course of this description, I mentioned "laws" of the culture which regulate relationships between people and land. New Irelanders say that these are strong laws, and equate them to the strong laws of the
European world.

These land laws define four legal ways to acquire land: through birth, from the mother; through payment to his clan upon his death, from the father; through kiut, from the father; and through shouted bids at a death, from the near clansmen of the deceased.

The people say that the laws are strong, and their residence locations support this view. A preponderance of uxorimatriloclal residences follow the safe path, abiding by the one law which cannot be qualified or interpreted.

Kiut and kattom payments are supposed to yield permanent land transfers, but these transactions are subject to qualification and interpretation. Kiut was a long time ago, and I think it must have been infrequently invoked. In any case, no one in Mangai claims any significant portion of his or her resources through kiut. There are only two kiut claims, Lamo's (Meteroa) and Patavani's (Panakaia-Paneval). Similarly, no one in Mangai claims any significant portion of his resources through kattom payments. It is said that the government and the mission have paid such large amounts for Mangai land (for schools and Council) that the village can never pull them back. They have been bought altogether, kattom. But when the revolution comes, or independence, or simply more money, I think these payments will be re-evaluated as pul.

In effect, then, kattom is hard to achieve. But pul allows for temporary use.
The remaining land law also allows temporary residence: residence on the father's land is allowed if pig and shell currency have been paid to his clansmen following his death. I have tried to interpret the non-uxorilocal households in Mangai, which make up more than half the total number of households in the village, and I have found that in every case but two they may be viewed as temporary residents. They are temporary either because they have no children, or because though they have a daughter she is herself childless; or because though they have a son he had gone to live on his wife's land; or because although they have fruitful children these children have gone back to their mother's residence; or because although they have fruitful children, the grandchildren are young yet and still expected to return to their mother's mother's land.

Sentimentally as well as practically, moves back to uxorilocal hamlets are usually not difficult, because often people have lived in both their parents places as children. Furthermore, since so many marriages are within Mangai village, or just into nearby Livitua, moving from one place to the other does not involve a change in the use of resources.

I have indicated that I think some young couples, even those with children, and even those where the mother comes from a distant village, live in the husband's place partly because people seem to prefer to live in their own place; and when couples are young they can live in the
husband's place without threatening a long-term takeover of his resources, or without jeopardizing their children's knowledge of their mother's resources. There are other circumstantial reasons: desire to be near particular kin, or avoiding overcrowding. I never heard anyone make these analyses, but I think discussion would show awareness of them. I was not aware of them myself in the field, so I didn't ask the right questions.

What people were aware of is that married couples are wanted in both the wife's place and the husband's. Jealousy is controlled by alternating settlements. It is for this reason, to avoid provoking jealousy, that the Aisoli children vacationed in Matanasoi hamlet in 1965, and in Panakaia-Paneval in 1966. As people get older, and their parents die, this pressure pales, but does not die altogether, I think.

In summary, legally, according to local ideology, claims to land are acquired in perpetuity from the mother by the simple fact of birth; and from the father by the mother's suicide at his death. Temporarily, land is acquired from the father by presentation of pigs and shell currency to confirm use; and from non-kin by offering shell currency to pul the land upon the death of any co-owner of it.

Acquisition of Land: Practical Aspects

Practically, however, claims to land are acquired through a personal sequence of events. Land that a child grows up with will be well-known to him or her, and others
will remember to whom the land belongs when the owners have been seen starting down the path to it day after day, year after year.

Most people have some land which they have never used, but which some diligent elder took pains to show them before he or she died. I think Sairu must have been such a person, because Kombulau (Pasaik), Matiu (Matanasoi), and Rusrus (Lungantire) all mention that Sairu (of Tivingur clan) showed them land, much of which is far out in the bush and unused now.

It is not necessary that each claimant be shown the land personally. Many people claim land in general which they don't know in detail. Knowledge of the land is held by one person on behalf of a whole group. Thus, the Mokamuna girls of Lamarau and Panasui hamlets are dependent upon Matiu to know their land for them. The individual need merely know that he is accepted as a legitimate member of a group of claimants.

What if the one who knows dies? No one ever claimed to me that he or she did not know his or her land because an ancestor had died suddenly. There are always other people who know. So the land of Baulung (Meteroa hamlet), who has never lived in Mangai, is known by Sirapi (Matanavillam hamlet).

Land ownership reflects a personal sequence of events, and one person may not realize that another person has had that same or an equivalent experience. Thus Rusrus (Lungantire) thinks she may have to tell Matiu (Matanasoi
hamlet) that she also owns a piece of land on which he is planting coconuts. He doesn't know, she says, he thinks he is following his mother's brother. What he doesn't know is that Rusrus is following ancestors there, too.

How did Matiu and Rusrus get to be respectively over fifty and over forty years old in the same village without each knowing that they owned land jointly? New Ireland good manners require an individual never to ask for something for himself, and never to shame another person. If someone else plants a garden on your land, maski (the oft-used pidgin English word, "nevermind"), let him. If you tell him it is your land, he will be embarrassed. He has taken something that was not given, and may appear greedy. It is better not to mention that the land is your land. Next time he makes a garden, he will make it somewhere else; so it doesn't matter.

But coconuts last eighty years, and registration with the Demarcation Committee, or sale to a European, lasts forever. When Eruel sold a piece of land in Kableman village to a European who married a local Kableman girl, people spoke very harshly against him; saying that he ought to split the money with other owners, or that it was not his ground at all. But Eruel himself told me, with that tone of affection so common when a person speaks of what his parents gave him as a child, that he went walking with his father there one day, and his father showed him this land, which he was now selling to the European.

Eruel was the only person I heard accused of cunning
in this regard. More characteristic was Sambuan's remark about Malu's claiming Sambuan's ground (see Purapot-Rukubek hamlet): I think Malu is not thinking well.

Individuals who are not involved will not make public their judgements, not I think because they haven't made them, privately, but because they do not want to make people cross. Thus, an air of public neutral indecision hung over the case of a man in another village. He claimed he was using land of his father's which had been secured with pig and shell currency at the time of his father's death. Of this case, people said non-committally: his mother gave pig and shell currency for this land, but there is no one now who saw that pig or that shell currency, or saw it given.

In summary, then, whether the land comes from the mother's side or the father's, somebody has to have seen it, or seen or heard about a transfer of pig and sheel currency; and a claimant must assert his claim, in one way or another. He may assert his claim through using the ground. Or, if someone else is using his ground, the first claimant may talk about this fact, indicating that it is wrong. The main and usually effective sanction in New Ireland is "talk:" if "there is plenty of talk" about something, most people will conform to public opinion.

When it becomes known that Kamale (Meteroa hamlet) wanted Ba (Palapung) to move and let Kamale take back his land, Ba said publically, at the Monday morning meeting (still called "line" from its origins under the German
Administration): There is plenty of talk, I am ashamed. Maski (nevermind), I can go to my wife's village. Within a couple of months, public opinion seemed definitely with Ba, and Kamale was ashamed to press his claim. Shame might not have driven off Ba, anyway, at least not as soon as it would have driven off a New Irelander. Ba is a Manus, and the Manus are like Europeans: they have no shame, in the view of New Irelanders. (This was considered an insult, and I only heard it only once, from a Livitua member of the educated elite, when he was drunk.)

If a person made a strong emotional assertion about a piece of land, there would be a strong tendency to accept this assertion, as there is a strong tendency to accept any strong assertion. A person makes himself vulnerable in this way, and he will be strongly shamed if he is denied. If, however, the assertion meets another strong conflicting assertion, then there must be a talk and a settlement.

During the period of my field study, there were no major conflicts of this sort partly because people were waiting for the Demarcation Committee locally to come and hear cases; and for the officials in Port Moresby to make final judgements. They didn't seem to realize that "Moresby" was waiting to hear their judgements; they kept waiting for Moresby to tell them who really owned the land.

The few small disputes I witnessed were heard by the Local Government Councillor with a view to ending the quarrel, rather than making a decision about resources.
For example, Rusrus (Lungantire) and Mora (Matanasoi) got into a quarrel about the boundary line between their houses, and Mora struck Rusrus. Physical violence is clearly something that is wrong amongst friends in New Ireland as in most places. New Ireland has no taste for semi-violent games, wrestling, playful punching or the like. Yet they never say that hitting is wrong just because it is wrong; but rather that it is wrong because the government will fine you for it, or even send you to jail. Therefore, they say, it is best to settle such incidents without letting the government know. They send, instead, for the Local Government Councillor.

At the time of the dispute between Rusrus and Mora, the Local Government Councillor was Pitalai of Lauen village.

Pitalai came to Mangai and heard both sides, chided both, required each to give the other five shillings (which they did, immediately, simultaneously, accompanied by a handshake) and thus was the quarrel settled. I couldn't find out that any decision whatever had been made about the boundary line. Before Pitalai came, Mora had stood up and asked publically: I would just like to know, where is my father's land? Does anyone know? And after Pitalai left, old Seri (like Mora, of Matanasoi) laughed and said, No one has said clearly where the line is, people will be cross again.

But Seri didn't know where the line was, and it was his hamlet too; and yet he wasn't cross. What really
precipitated the quarrel between Rusrus and Mora was personal antagonisms based on neighborly inconveniences, but the quarrel was then pursued in terms of where their respective ancestors had drawn the line between their houses. Pitalai treated the real problem rather than the apparent one, and so brought temporary peace.

But with the Demarcation Committee set on marking land now and for all time, real disputes about boundaries must follow. Land means coconuts, and coconuts are the only road to case for most people. In the old days, selective forgetting functioned to maintain a fairly equitable distribution of resources. Selective forgetting prevented the evolution of a Polynesian system, wherein one highly ranked group controls resources on behalf of all. Selective remembering ensured the orderly transfer of resources to the next generation without transferring the gains and losses of one generation unalterably to the next. In those days, the major resource was land, but now it is coconuts. New ways to maintain fluidity in the system will have to be found, but they have not yet been found. Currently it is not fluidity but stability, a new kind of static relationship, that is sought, in compliance with government orders.

The government has sent out the message that people should get back on their mother's lands to plant coconuts, and thereby avoid disputes in the future. The government is closing its official eye to other traditional legitimate modes of claiming both land and coconuts. Individuals could
always own coconuts their fathers had planted for them, for the life of the individual or the tree. But coconut plantations don't end with the death of a single tree, and now "forever" has to be dealt with; or so it seems. It is true that the nearest thing to Forever that New Ireland has is mother's mother's land; and so they are trying to think only of this law.

The eternal nature of the bond with mother's land is manifested, for instance, in relation to the land on which the teacher's house is built. Lingiris (Ratedon) still refers to this land, his mother's land, as his own. I asked if he could put the teacher (Kasino) off the ground if he wanted to, and he said, oh no, the government gave very big payment for this ground, not just pul but kattom. Yet conversationally and sentimentally this ground remained, for him and other villagers, the ground of Lingiris.

This feeling that you cannot shake off your mother's land is part of what is affecting the dispute between Ba (Palaung) and Kamale (Meteroa). Everyone feels that Kamale should be able to have the land, his mother's, back; it is just that he ought to wait for Ba to die.

In the beginning, perhaps four generations of mothers ago, people all lived in the bush, hiding, afraid of attack by the ancestors of people who are now their friends and affines. Each group still owns that land in the bush, and all land in the bush is very vaguely considered "owned." Thus when Pasingan and Marau (Litana hamlet) went more than
an hour's walk into the bush to make a garden in high forest, Israel said it was his land. And when Ba wanted to plant coconuts in uncleared bush right next to the village, he had to pay Tivingur clansmen (Kasino and Eruel) to pull this Tivingur dwelling-place of marsalai (unspecified unpleasant supernaturals). The first person to clear the bush, then, is not necessarily considered the owner, not nowadays. All uncleared land is considered to be owned, from the beach back to the mountain top, by the people of the village on the coast. Ba and Pasingan are users, not owners, even though they were the first to clear the bush; the first, at least, within human memory.

Thus a kind of stable relationship exists not just between individuals and the land of their mothers; but also between the people of the village and all the uncleared land behind it, up to the top of the mountain, and all the uncleared "marsalai" land near the village. All were afraid and said the bush that Ba bought was a marsalai place; but Ba wasn't afraid. He went to the church and got Holy water and took it with him to the bush. God helped me, I think, he told me, laughing; laughing because he felt his fears were perhaps a bit silly. After Ba began to use the land, people variously related to Tivingur (Lov of Purapot, whose father was Tivingur; Teling, whose father is old Seri of Matanasoi) began to clear and plant also. But they were insiders, they had no one to pay.

As for the ground on back to the mountain, they say that it is owned by separate groups. But when the mission
wanted to buy a large piece of it on which to put a new Methodist College, the purchase was made from "all Mangai." One man from each of the five land-owning clans of Mangai signed the land sale receipt. The land was less than an hour's walk from the village, and no one group in Mangai claimed it to the exclusion of others. But Mangai claimed it to the exclusion of people from other villages. The decision was made at meetings of the whole village, not "on line" Monday morning, but after church on Sunday.

**Basic Land-Owning Group: Extended Family**

It seems, then, that land at some distance from the village is vaguely and generally owned by the whole village. This was not the case with land near the village that had been planted in gardens or coconuts, or that had known sago palms on it. Some sago palms just grew up, but others had been planted and were watched and known. True, people one hundred miles down the road had much bigger taro and sweet potatoes, but then they had no sago at all.

These resources and garden sites near the village were not always as closely known as the residence sites, but they were owned by the same groups. Whenever I asked people to tell me about their land, they almost always began by naming the hamlet that was their home hamlet. When I asked who owned the land, the answer generally was a clan name, e.g. Mokamuna owns it. Further questioning produced the information given above for each hamlet. An analysis of this data indicates, I think, that the basic land-owning group in
Mangai is not a lineage or a clan or a sub-clan, but a matrilocal, matrilineal extended family. My argument for this interpretation follows.

Herein I have regularly identified New Irelanders individuals by their personal names, their clan name, their hamlet name, and their village name.¹ These are the first categories of identification a New Irelander would use, too.

I have already mentioned that land is not owned by all members of a single clan even when all those clan members live in a single village. However, all members of a given clan who are co-resident (or who could be) in a single hamlet share all land rights.

Furthermore, when members of two or more clans share a hamlet, they always have at least some, and sometimes all, joint land. This results from successive intermarriages between two clan lines. When land belongs to two or more clan lines intermarried in a single hamlet, resource land is said to belong to, e.g., Matanasoi hamlet.

If only one clan owns a hamlet, it is said that that clan owns the hamlet. For instance, it is said that Mokatitin owns Meteroa hamlet. With further questioning it emerges that Meteroa belongs only to the Mokatitin people who live there along with their "line" of Mokatitins who may be living elsewhere. Sometimes such an owning "line" can trace all its internal genealogical relationships, in which case I could

¹I refer to people of northern New Ireland. Near Lesu village, clan affiliations belong to a different system, and for that reason have not been given here.
simply call it a matrilineage. But I am avoiding the use of the term matrilineage even in those cases where all relationships can be traced, because people would be surprised to find that they had traced all their relationships to each other. They don't expect to, and it is not a defining characteristic of the group from their point of view. Commonly these owning groups are composed of at least two "lines" that cannot trace their relationship to each other.

Five examples follow:

1) Rusrus (Lungantire) knows that she and all her siblings, of Tivingur clan, and their descendants are related to Seri (Matanasoi), also Tivingur. They are of the same "line," they say, but they cannot trace their connection; though it probably is no more than three or at most four generations away. Their hamlets are adjacent. Seri has no surviving Tivingur relatives to whom he can trace connection.

2) Panakaia hamlet is composed entirely of Mokangkai women and their spouses and children. They consider themselves to be of a single "line," but the line has three segments between which relationship cannot be traced. Their resources are jointly owned.

3) Matanavillam has residents of two clans, Tivingur and Mokamuna, descendants of intermarrying lines. There are indications that Tivingur brought most of the land to this union, but it is all now considered jointly owned. Sirapi is the last in the Tivingur line, and she has no children. However, she looked after Siriu when Siriu was a child, and
"counts" her as her own line of Tivingurs. Siriu is Rusrus' sister (see Lungantire hamlet), and in this way Rusrus and another sister and two brothers and all their children are eligible to come into this owning group. This relationship is ambiguous; Rusrus and Sirapi each say they are of different lines, but Rusrus and her siblings act in many ways as if they were of Siripi's line. Sirapi has given land to Siriu's husband on which to plant coconuts. Apparently the Mokamunas of Matanavillam have tolerated this. But what else can they do? Sirapi is the one who knows where the lands of Matanavillam are. The Mokamunas only know that they are joint owners.

4) There are ownership groups of different hamlets but of a single clan, whose members cannot trace their relationship. Thus Eruel (Mokamuna of Katedon hamlet) and the three Mokamuna girls of Lamarau and Panasui hamlets consider themselves "one line," but they cannot trace their relationship.

5) The largest and most complex ownership group of all is perhaps not accidentally the only one wherein nearly all (Serl is the exception) relationships can be traced: the descendents of Rakab of Matanasoi, Panasui, Lamarau, and Pasaik hamlets. They can trace their relationship back to Rakab, but they are not a matrilineage because they are of three clans: Mokatitin, Mokamuna, and Tivingur.

These ownership groups are best called extended families, families extended in all directions to pick up
every stray. Like all groupings in New Ireland, extended families are inclusive rather than exclusive. No nuclear family, let alone individual, is left on its own. Thus Baulung (Meteroa), who had never lived in Mangai and who could tell me nothing about her land is nevertheless a Mangai landowner. Sirapi (Matanavillam) named several pieces of land that were hers, each time saying, to spare Baulung shame, that the only reason she didn't know her family and her land is because she had been away a long time when she was young. Of course the land story told to Baulung might have been different if she had come determined to plant coconuts. But I think her mother's land would not have been totally denied to her. In all cases, not just in Baulung’s, statements about land ownership are made in different ways depending on the circumstances. Land is never owned by individuals, but an individual may be first among peers in his claims to use a certain piece of ground; and if I ask him about that ground, he will probably say: That land belongs to me! However, if the land belongs primarily to someone else, he will say: This land belongs to us! Further questioning will usually readily evoke the names of other claimants in the first case; and the name of the primary claimant in the second. There is no need to deny the claims of others, because in their system each individual has full claims; and the claims of all in no way reduce the claims of each.

Ownership groups or extended families of single clan (e.g. the Mokangkais of Panakaia) result from intermarriage
with male outsiders (in this case, with several men from New Guinea) whose ascendants were never in contact and whose descendents disappear inside their mother's clan.

Ownership groups or extended families of two clans result from successive cross-cousin marriages between two clan lines in a hamlet. Clan exogamy was prescribed, but most people denied that there were any preferred marriage partners. They stressed instead that people could marry whomever they wanted. However, when I asked if they could marry their mokok (cross-cousin), they said that they could, and that in fact it was good to marry your mokok if he or she was outside your own clan.

In 1965 I kept asking if it was good for a person to marry someone from his father's clan; and people kept answering: Yes, you can marry into your father's clan, or into any other clan that is not your own. Finally Kasino (Purapot-Lameden), the local school teacher who took a sociological interest in his culture, said this: I think you will not understand this, but let me explain. It is especially good to marry back into your father's clan, "back along the leg (path) of your father," as we say. It is good because it consolidates the land holdings.

I think most mature people understood why cross-cousin marriage was desirable in terms of resources. Perhaps young girls only knew to keep an eye on their mokoks, a shy eye and a distant eye. Mokoks were sometimes betrothed in infancy by young mothers. Sion (Panakaia) and Susanna
(Pasaik) were so-betrothed, but the marriage didn't last. Israel (Purapot-Lameden) and Loliu (Mteroa) were so-
betrothed, but when Israel was away at school Loliu ran off with another man. However, after a while she didn't like him and left him, and Israel came back home to marry her as planned.

But preference for this kind of marriage was apparently not strong. Even back in the good old days, Kiu's mother (Panakaia), long dead, married a man from the Madang area of New Guinea, and Kiu followed that dead-end road too for her first marriage. There is no land to be gained or consolidated from this kind of marriage. But New Ireland women have their own land, and they don't need to worry much about such things.

Kasino went on to say that in the old days there were high clans that were rich, and low clans that were poor; and that if you were a high clan person, you had to marry a high clan person. Nowadays, he told me with the scorn of the middle-aged for the young, people just marry anyone, they just marry around and about. The last proper marriage in this village was between Elizabeth and Vakapal (see Litana hamlet), before the war.

Kasino himself had been married three times, each time to women from far away, twice to women from New Guinea. It seemed likely to me that even in the good old days people had slipped out of their "high clan" status to marry someone they liked often enough to prevent the kind of status
consolidation Kasino described. In each village, there were some clans that were stronger in numbers and in resources than other clans, but these positions were fluid. Everyone agreed that people could always marry whomever they liked, outside their own clan. If lineages or clans had consolidated high positions and become ranked, New Ireland would have developed in the process the hierarchy characteristic of Polynesia. Instead, New Ireland developed a relentless leveling system, a complex and stable egalitarianism. There were other characteristics in New Ireland that looked like Polynesia in the making but which didn't develop: a tendency, for instance, to emphasize the first born child.

When marriages are to people as far away as New Guinea, no alliances are accomplished. But in Mangai there are several instances of repeated marriages between people of Mangai and people of another New Ireland village, usually between people of the same extended family in each village. However, land advantages do not seem to be either cause or result of these marriages. For instance, Milika's kin in Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua village, who have been marrying into Lesu for four generations, seem to have been providing mostly women for Lesu men. In order to consolidate land holdings, there would have had to be an alternation of the sexes provided in each place. On the other hand, taro and sweet potatoes are definitely bigger in Lesu than in Livitua, and the fact that the Livitua women always went to live in Lesu could be interpreted as a move to better resources.
Mangai now has three marriages (see Meteroa and Ripai hamlets) with Lovolai village on the West Coast. The Lovolai wives of old Ismael and old Kamale live in Mangai no doubt because these childless men prefer to live in their own places, where they can be much more important than they could ever be in their wives' village. True, they have no direct descendents for whom to consolidate their land holdings, but they have indirect descendents, and they have their own lives to lead. But Lovolai is too far away, and they have planted no coconuts there on their wives' lands.

I think these repetitions of marriages between Mangai and other villages result partly from an interest in redoubling affinal ties, but mainly from the increased opportunities people have to get to know each other, and to know each other's marriage needs. I don't know whether or not available Darius Melenge was sent for in Lovolai by his sister, Langas (Kamale's wife--Meteroa hamlet); but I know that he wasn't long in Mangai before he married the unwed mother Malengleng (Ripai hamlet). Darius Malenge's friend, David, also from Lovolai, was not so lucky; he tried in vain to marry several girls in Mangai or Livitua, and Sirapi and Kasino collected money (through no obligation beyond friendship) to help him make emergency payments for a sick girl. But even she refused him. As Kas said, with a slightly wicked laugh, "All the girls don't like David." When I thought about it, I realized that David was a bit too nervous and talkative, by New Ireland standards. This case underscores
the mainly personal nature of marriages that take place between people of Mangai and people of villages whose gardens are not within walking distance.

Temerikai is from Wongerarum, which is within walking distance. His wife Vinda's father also was from Wongerarum. If Vinda's family had had a boy, instead of five girls, they could have sent him to Wongerarum to marry a girl from his father's Wongerarum line, and his children would then acquire their grandfather's land. But marriage between Temerikai and Vinda does not go for nothing, in terms of resources. It gives the Mokamuna girls another generation to produce a son who can go back to Wongerarum and marry a girl there on his father's and grandfather's land. Temerikai is planting coconuts there, for himself and those potential grandchildren.

Belmumu is from a village just a bit beyond walking distance. She is Tivingur, and she is settled on her husband's father's Tivingur ground, Pasaik hamlet. Are people going to forget her origins in another village, and let her children take over her grandfather's land? If this has happened in the past, it has been smoothed over in the genealogies; as though, for instance, Belmumu's grandchildren were to tell the anthropologist of the future that their mother was a Tivingur and that her place was Pasaik hamlet. This is a borderline case; but I would guess that Belmumu will have to take her children back to her own village someday, and settle them on her own land.
It is already amply clear that people cannot claim land just because of their clan affiliation. But sometimes clan affiliation can be made to count, and people seem to look the other way. Thus, Kombulau was a Tivingur of Meteroa hamlet, and she married Luverida whose father was a Tivingur of Pasaik hamlet. Everyone acts as if Pasaik is Kombulau's home hamlet. True, her mother had clan siblings there, but it was not her hamlet. Kombulau is bringing up the children of Sirlu, who are more direct descendents of Pasaik hamlet than is Kombulau, so the purposes of continuity of line are being served rather than stretched. But even if the children were Kombulau's own instead of Siriu's, I think the general acceptance of Kombulau on this hamlet would not be altered. After all, she had clan relatives here, and her own hamlet is just across the road, not fifteen miles away, like Belmumu's.

But Siripi says that Taia, who is Mokanaka from the Tsoi Islands, has some Mokanaka land here in Mangai. Taia seems to know nothing about it. No one offered Kombat, also Mokanaka, but from Lossuk village just next door, any Mokanaka land. Kombat might plant coconuts on it, but Taia will just forget that anything was ever said. Furthermore, Mangai is Taia's father's village. Kombat just married in as an adult.

Vasale represents another case of a woman who married in from another village: Lamakot, about ten miles away, too far away for gardens. Vasale is Mokangkai, but she and her son Lovan (who is about aged fifty) use no Mokangkai land in
Mangai. If this kind of amalgamation with one's fellow clansmen in another village were possible, and if Vasale had accomplished it, it would save Lovan from being the only person in Mangai who is successfully transferring land in an unauthorized (illegal?) way: from his father through himself to his sons. He has planted coconuts on his Mangai father's land (see Purapot-Pangai hamlet) for his sons. He is married to a Mangai woman, and is entitled to plant coconuts for his children on her land. Perhaps he prefers his father's land because he is the only living claimant for it, while his wife's land has many: all the Mokatitit children and grandchildren of Ripai and Kavalaiko hamlets. But he has planted more than coconuts on his father's land. He has started to bury his dead in the Purupot cemetery. In one or two generations, mutual suppression of information by Lovan's descendents and anyone else who remembers will probably fully accomplish a land transfer in this case. Lovan is an important member of the community.

I think, then, that it is not possible for a woman from outside Mangai to come to Mangai and become part of a land-owning group, even though she is of the same clan with the landowners. Kumbat and Vasale have not done it; Belmumu will not be able to, even though she is on the land of her father-in-law. If Taia has nominally acquired land, it is because she is an adopted child of the village, not because she is married in Mangai.
Non-Owners

I have been writing as though Mangai were hostile to outsiders, and as though land rights were uppermost in everyone's mind. This was not the case. If people were primarily interested in land rights, they would have let Matunga (Litana hamlet) and Kavung (Meteroa hamlet) stay in their respective wives' villages, instead of pressuring them to come back to Mangai by electing them as committeemen. Sometimes people chided me gently for my fastidious concern with kinship, and I wonder if anyone but the anthropologist ever figured out that Kavung was living on his mother's father's land in Meteroa. In any case, they wanted him to stay. Many studies of matrilineal, matrilocal societies have shown that men of the matriline, who must marry away, must not marry away too far; for they are needed in authority roles back home, where their mothers and sisters still live. Matunga and Kavung were elected to such roles, and brought back home.

But people without matrilineal in the village, like Lovan, are encouraged to stay. And people without leadership ability, without anything in particular to offer the community, are also welcomed. Pasingan (Litana), from New Hanover, was such a man. Land was found for Pasingan to use, without any kind of payment. Pasingan was called "papa" and fed and housed, and given money to pay his taxes. Laksia, a 17-year-old boy, also from New Hanover, found his way to Mangai in 1966 and liked life better than he had back
home. People made a place for him, fed him, housed him, gave him work and made him feel a part of the life of the village.

If Laksia decides to settle in Mangai, people will make a place for him, as they have for Ba, who married here (see Palapung hamlet); and for Pasingan, who didn't. Laksia will never own land the way local people do. If he wants to own it at all, he will have to go through the proper procedures, as Ba has done. This shows good faith, and a desire to be part of the community.

Pasingan never followed those procedures, but I never heard him criticized. People didn't say: why doesn't Pasingan buy land the way Ba did instead of expecting us to let him use our land indefinitely? It was typical for a New Hanoverian to avoid the responsibility to the community implied in participation in any sort of shell currency transaction. And it was typical of New Ireland to overlook his failures and focus sympathetically on the weakness of his situation. The Mangai people felt sorry for him because, as an outsider, he had nothing.

There seems to be only one way to become an insider, then, in Mangai; and that is to allow three or four generations to pass. After four generations in the same place, a line becomes what I have called "well-entrenched:" no one remembers before it was here, except in a pleasant, irrelevant story-telling way. That is how Israel (Purapot-Lameden), who is very much an insider, remembers that his mother's line came from Luberua village, a long long long time ago.
Marriage

The structure of marriage in New Ireland illustrates themes that recur in New Ireland culture. Marriage is a group project, often begun by the mothers of two babies. Food may be exchanged by the mothers of these babies; and as the babies grow up, the food exchange between the mothers continues. I knew of no cases where these promised marriages were fulfilled according to plan: either the two did marry, as planned, and then the marriage did not last; or else the promised two married other people first before they finally came to rest with each other.

Marriage is accomplished for young people who have not been promised as babies by the exchange of food and mias. Some say these amounts are equal, but some say that the man's side pays more. (I never heard a woman say that the man's side pays more. Only some male informants indicated that). The marriage is considered established when all the payments are made and when the two eat together. The man must make a house for the two, and they will not live together until he has done so, regardless of the status of their marriage.

If a marriage is "wrong," people do not let this fact create a dispute. Anger may be expressed by those close to the people who married wrong, but the rest of the group is not offended. It is a family affair, and the public takes no action. In the old days, incest might have been punished by the family of the two.

Marriage has to do with the relationships between kin groups, and with the creation of children. It does not have
to do with power for an individual big man, or with the
creation of political ties. Where there were many marriages,
either the spouses had died, or else there were no children.
Where there were children, and both parents lived, marriages
were stable.

Case histories illustrate these points.

1) Lovan stopped in one night (Tuesday, January 31,
1967) just to talk. He was on his way home from camp, where
he'd been just "greasing." It was late, 10 p.m., and pre-
sumably his wife and children were asleep in their house,
which was just beyond mine. I was up working.

Lovan was talkative, as I only saw him on one other
similar occasion. I would have thought he had had a drink
in camp, except that he and others all said that Lovan didn't
drink.

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

Then he talked about how the Livitua men had wanted a
Navallis girl to stop in Livitua. "Livitua is no good," he said. He was half-teasing. He went on: "Plenty of
women from Mangai go to Livitua. We don't spoil them the way
Livitua does. Livitua 'greases' them toward a fashion no
good, greases the wife of some man or something." Livitua
greases them to this and that, all no good.

I asked about marriage, and who it was proper to marry,
with a view to finding out something about New Ireland ideas
of incest.
"Your mokok (cross-cousin) true, like Kanda and his wife (third wife) Kaute, that is a tamboo marriage; because they are one skin, one blood true. Now suppost it is outside a little, a mokok is all right to marry. This is the skin of another man." (In other words, the children of a brother and sister should not marry, the way Kanda and Kaute did; but classificatory cross-cousins may marry. Everyone would agree with Lovan that it is fine for mokoks to marry so long as they are classificatory; and many would sai it was all right for true mokoks to marry, especially those who didn't want to criticise Kanda and Kaute, and others like them.

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

"She (Sirapi) and I were young at the same time, but we didn't talk playfully. She is "blood" (related through a father's side, in this case her father) to all this line (Lovan's children). One child, Lolo, is named for her father.

"When she was little, she cooked taro (for me). All right, then she grew a little bigger, then she understood about this taboo (between mokoks)." (N.b. the importance of food as a symbol.)

Lovan went on: "I was just ready to marry, and Simek (his father) died. 1941. I think it was just before the war. We bought my wife in March, no. 16, Saturday.

"I think we paid forty miag. Ismael, Israel, all Mokongkai, we all got up together at Wongararum in Lamakot
(Lovan's mother's place). Temerikai (Mokangkai), Iasisi (his bride's brother), all of Wuap. All her (Vasale's, his mother's) brothers and their mokotoks in Navallus, they all came, and brought mias, pig. The fashion of buying a wife, it's just like buying a pig: fasten her with tanget, mias (leaf, shell currency).

"One big pig came from Lamakot, one from Navallus." Two belonged straight to Lovan.

At the start of the marriage, Lovan and Raus ate from a basket. Vasale sent it to the mother of Raus. Then Vasale and Raus exchanged. Lovan and Raus then ate in their house, that he had already built. I asked about the fathers of the two. Simek (Lovan's father) had just died, and Lovan said nothing of Raus' father. Takapan, a big man of Lamakot and formerly Paramount Luluai for years in northern New Ireland, helped, along with another big man of Lamakot.

"We were learning the fashion of marriage; eat, both together, in the house, 'grease.' When the pay comes up, later, then you are married."

All this took place in Purapot.

"Sometimes we two (Lovan and his mother Vasale) would go to the house of Lamo (Raus' father) in Panakaia (the hamlet next door). They all would invite us. (And they would visit us in Purapot.) When it was time to sleep, I took her to the house of all in Panakaia. Plenty of times she came to visit, and she would leave when it was time to sleep. When the pay came up, all right, I no more went to Panakaia, we two stopped in Purapot."
I noted that Raus had married the petin (clan) of her father, and Lovan responded: "That is not a strong rule. This one about mokoks (true cross-cousins) is hard." He and Raus were married on the basis of the wishes of the two of them, Lovan volunteered, with a shy smile.

"We were children together, and she always used to come and ask me for things, all kinds of things, and I always gave them to her. And they said: I think when they grow up, they will make something true (real) of this."

2) Milika and Israel came to my house one day, and I asked about marriages. They told me with some mirth, and a touch of scorn, about all the many many marriages some Mangai people had had. "Mele wins!" Milika laughed, when Israel had sorted out Mele's six husbands.

Israel mentioned that his own wife, Loliu, had "gone with" a man named Ando during the war; then she did not like him (Israel laughed) and she came back after the war, 1946, to await Israel, with whom she had been promised.

Israel went on: Raus (now Lovan's wife) was married in church to Vatung (missionary from Namatanai, now married to Dokas). Then Dokas "came and got him" while he was inspector of schools at Liga.

Lovan had been married first to Dokas, and the two had already stopped together. Then he married a woman called Stili of Navallus; and finally he married Raus. (They had their tenth child, of whom eight survive, in 1966.)

3) Israel had told me earlier something about his own marriage. In 1943, Israel was too young, he said, to be
in the PAB (Papua Australian Battalion). He went to Port Moresby where he was trained as a Medical Orderly. He finished school in 1944 in Lae, then went to Bougainville where he worked with a microscope doing laboratory and dispensary work.

He continued this work after the Japanese surrender in 1945, and returned to Rabaul July 16, 1946; and then went on to assist a doctor (with whom he went to Guadalcanal in 1943) in Namatanai (southern New Ireland).

He came back to Mangai on leave in 1946. "I didn't know about Loliu yet, my relatives bought her."

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

Meantime, his father had bought Loliu, but she still lived in her own place.

Israel lived in the bush then with all his "pupus" (the old lady Ngadu and her husband Ekoni--see Purapot-Lamedan; and Belung, an old man now of Livitua); and with Kasino (Purapot-Rukubek). They had three houses, four counting one that broke down. And still Loliu stopped in her own place. In order to be married, there must be mias and also they must eat together.

Even after his marriage, Israel said, he stopped for a long time in a "Men's House," while Loliu went to the house of her "pupu."

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

Israel's mother, Mangat, gave birth to him at Purapot; and to Sambuan and her twin sister at Sambutei, their father's place in Livitua. Mangat died when Israel was about 12 years old, he thinks, before the war, when he was away at Liga (mission) school (near Kavieng).

His mother had "marked" Loliu for Israel. The mother of Israel gave a promise to the mother of Loliu; and these two mothers gave food to each others' babies. When the mothers died, the pupus continued to exchange food. Israel had shame, he did not talk to Loliu.

Israel's father, old Marangas, wanted Israel to marry Mamit, the daughter of Marangas' sister Raus; and thus Israel's mokok true (true cross-cousin).

"True," said Israel, "it is better to marry the petin (clan) of one's father; it is good to marry mokok." For example, such a marriage would be one between Israel's son and one of Sambuan's daughters. "Today, however," Israel went on, "people marry around and about, according to their likes.

"The root (pidgin, "ass:" source, cause, reason) of this marriage between mokoks was to allow people to sit down straight on their own ground, to stop all the time on this (one) place; the place of the father and the wife both. Today, we don't have this."

Israel's feeling, he says, is different. Israel is "blood" to all of Marangas' sister's children (including
Mami, the girl Marangas wanted Israel to marry), and Israel was ashamed to marry his own "blood." By "blood" he means the "business" of his father, all his father's xokokos (sister's children). Israel thought: "she is my blood. I would like to marry outside a little. She is too close." This is only Israel's fashion, he hastened to add; he didn't get it from European ideas. Loliu is his mokok, but outside. He had heard of European's doctors views, but this was Israel's own idea.

Israel's father was cross, and said Israel didn't respect him. Israel told his father: "Yes, I respect you; I just know it's no good, that's all." In answer to my question he said no, his father wasn't cross with his mother for having "marked" Loliu. His father bought Loliu for Israel.

To pay for Loliu Israel thinks they gave eighty mias, because she has a big family, all the "business" of Israel's father and mother, including some from Luberua village, helped give the eighty mias. Loliu's family made a return payment that was small, just twenty pounds, he thinks. (N.b. since mias counts as five shillings in ceremonial exchanges, twenty pounds is exactly the equivalent of eighty mias, at four mias to the pound. Mias is an honored currency, however, and seemed to be not for sale for any amount of Australian currency.) Today, for a young woman, very young, a man might pay about twenty pounds, Israel said; and a woman's family might return about ten pounds.
"But before, we didn't have big money," he said, as though he had told me that his family had paid less than people would nowadays.

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

One day some of the women were telling me about marriages. When Israel and Loliu were mentioned, I indicated that I knew that his mother had "bought" Loliu; I should have said that his mother had "marked" Loliu.

Sirapi was quick to contradict me. "No! Israel's mother did not buy Loliu for Israel, we all bought her. The mother of Elizabeth (Patapas) held (looked after) Israel along with Elizabeth (presumably after the death of Israel's mother). Israel went to school just here (that is, before he went away to Liggia to school). And we all bought Loliu. He has forgotten."

It is typical for people to remember their help in buying wives, especially; but also in making the return payment to the husband's family. There is pleasure in being one of the participants, and in helping a young person to attain a successful marriage.

4) Kas had bought a beautiful guitar for Wylip, the son of Kasino's half-sister (they share their father), Randes. One day I asked Milika what relationship Wylip was to Kas and
she said, mokotok. She answered thus: "Kas counts Wylip as mokotok, he's not like Tapi and Kavalison, they don't count their relationship. Kas and Randes are brother and sister because they have the same father. So, also, are Tapi and Kavalison (Kanda is their father, but they have different mothers and therefore belong to different petins). But Tapi went and got Kavalison, and took her to his house and slept with her. Bungalow (who is full older sister to Kavalison, and therefore also half sister, younger, to Tapi) went and hit her and hit her. She really made her (Kavalison) savvy! (taught her a lesson)."

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

At this point in the story I interrupted to ask if Kavalison was the same young girl who had recently married Karake, the young man in the Army in Port Moresby; and Milika said yes, that same one. The mother of Karake, Kiu, had gone to great trouble to prevent the marriage. She had heard that Kavalison took money from men, and she had apparently been expelled from Lamakot Catholic school for having sexual relationships with men. When Karake brought Kavalison to his mother's house, Kiu wouldn't let them stay. When Kavalison
and Tapi married, I wondered how much more Kiu knew than I, and perhaps other people, ever found out.

Milika went on:

"Then one morning Kavalison was gone from Bungaloo's house, where she lives. They are full sisters, one mama, one papa. (Kanda is papa, Nenung is mama of Bungaloo and Kavalison, Rosa is mama of Tapi.) When Bungaloo found Kavalison gone, she decided to go to Matansela, Tapi's place, to see if she was there. (She must have suspected.) The two had slept late, the sun had already come up, and Kavalison had been ashamed to leave the house; so she just stayed completely in the house.

"Tapi stopped at the front of the house. Both Rosa (his mother) and Nenung (her mother) came and spoke angrily to him, but he wouldn't move.

"Then Bungaloo came, ousted Tapi, dragged Kavalison out of the house and beat her up--yes, in front of everyone, they all watched. (Note: Matansela is a small hamlet, and probably only those mentioned were present.) Now Tapi has run away, he says he will take Bungaloo to court for hitting Kavalison. Bungaloo and the other women said: You have done a wrong thing, because Kavalison is married, and you, too, you are married; and you are brother and sister (vasak), too, too.

Tapi's wife, Verinais, stops at her place now, another hamlet in Livitua."

In the old days, Milika told me, both at the beginning
of her story and then again at the end, the girl, Kavalison, would have been killed by her own "business" (family). But later it turned out that perhaps Milika and I both were accustomed to see this particular kind of incest as more wrong than the local New Irelanders found it. Milika (from Lesu) later (below) made clear that Lesu evaluated this wrong act in a rank order different from that of the Mangai people.

5) Lovan is talking about the taboo on marriage between true mokoks. He tells me that the term properly applies only to true mokoks, i.e. the children of true brother and sister. I ask him what is the source or cause (pidgin: ass) of this taboo. Lovan explained: "my mokok is the daughter of my muk (father's sister), and she has 'caught the blood' of my father through her mother. Mokoks 'out at the border' (i.e. further away genealogically, whom Lovan called magmakaug "all right, this kind I could marry," he said. (Note: Lovan is the only one who ever gave me this terminological distinction.)

"This one in Matanavillam (Sirapi), I can't talk playfully with her. She's like a sister, the feeling is the same. But today, some do it, some marry. Pengas wants to marry Lasuwot's daughter, his true mokok (his mother is sister to Lasuwot). Tapi and Kavalison, that is the no. 2 wrong; this of Pengas, that is the no. 1 wrong; because Lasuwot is his true mokotok. The blood of me and my mokok is one blood."
"Bungaloo and Kavalison and Tapi all have one father, Kanda; and Bungaloo and Kavalison have one mother, Nenung. Tapi's mother is Rosa. Bungaloo shames with Tapi (i.e. practices shame customs in regard to him), the two have one father. Previously Kavalison called Tapi "brother." Now the two make trouble."

I asked if the girl could have been killed in the old days, and Lovan says yes. I asked if anyone could have been killed in the case he described of Pengas and Lasuwot's daughter. Lovan answered:

"With regard to mokotok, this behavior would have been enough to oust him. Some would have killed him. There is no rule.

6) Milika and I met Lasuwot when we were all walking on the beach. She began to tell us that the women of Livitua reported that Tapi and Kavalison were already married, that the patrol officers had married them. They said that Tapi did not have to pay for her, that the pay for Verinais would serve the purpose. This was unclear to everyone, because Verinais and Kavalison are not the same clan.

After the court, in front of the patrol officers, Verianis and Kavalison fought (with their hands).

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

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

Lasuwot: "Yes."

DB: "But Tapi looks after him?"

Lasuwot: "Yes."

Then Lasuwot went on to say: "Suppose he did not have children, well—but he has children already."

(This is a major theme in New Ireland culture: children come first. Their needs should be given first consideration. This aspect of the culture is discussed in detail elsewhere.)

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

Lamet and Morakas (the sons of Kiu and Malu, and therefore true and classificatory brother to Karake) wrote to Karake about this, and Karake has written back that he wants his money back. He has given less than the whole sum, he says; he has only "marked" her. Karake gave the payment to the brothers of Kavalison. Milika says she does not know whether or not Tapi was one of the brothers who received the payment. (There is only one other brother, and he lives in Lihir island.)
I said that I had heard that Lasuwot's daughter and Pengas wanted to marry. Lasuwot said: "I don't know." Pengas is the son of Lasuwot's dead sister. I explained that in my culture Tapi's marriage would be considered wrong, but marriage to a mokok is not considered very wrong, and not wrong at all by some. Milika said: "Yes, with us on the other side (in the Lesu area, where there are matrilineal moieties) marriage to a mokok is not considered very wrong." Lasuwot did not clarify his own views on the subject.

Later I said to Milika I thought Kanda would be very sorry about all this; and Milika said: "Yes, it would not be good if Karake tells Kanda!"

It is interesting that Milika thought that this news could be kept from Kanda. This remark I take as evidence in support of the interpretation of New Ireland culture as one built on reserve. The overriding desire to prevent quarrels puts a premium on reserve, restraint, the courteous remark rather than the honest one, or the joking one. Better still, say nothing at all.

Perhaps that is why gossip and even joking were not common in New Ireland. One of the few jokes I heard there, made about someone else, was made about Tapi. Wylip, a young relative of Kasino's (Maio hamlet), came over to my house with Milika and the young New Hanover boy, Laksia. Milika brought up the subject of Tapi and Kavalison, telling us that the patrol officer said he had not married them. Wylip, mocking what Tapi might say to Kavalison, said: "Maski (nevermind)
you are 'sister,' first cook dinner." Everyone laughed. The joke underscores the importance of cooking food and of cooked food as symbols, generally, of relationships in New Ireland. In this case, it points to this symbol as a basic one in marriage. It is taboo for a man to take cooked food from the hand of his sister.

Marriage: Polygamy

There was only one polygamous marriage in Mangai in 1965-7: that of Luverida to both Biliton of Livitua and Kombulau of Pasaik hamlet in Mangai. All three were childless, but Kombulau and Luverida were looking after two of the children of Siriu. There was no ideal association of polygamous marriage with male prestige. Kanda of Livitua told me that he knew of an old woman in a village further south who had had two husbands simultaneously.

As was clear in the case of Tapi, a man should not leave his children. This is a firm and explicit ideal. Tapi's father, Kanda, had left Tapi's mother, fathered three children by Nenung and then left her; and finally married his true mokok, who had a son by another marriage. They had no children of their own, and she was well past child-bearing age in 1965-7. There was a flurry of excitement and anger in 1965 when Kanda was found in the bush making a garden for his second wife whom he had left long before, and who was remarried. A meeting was held at once with the committeeman of Mangai, and the second wife, Nenung, had to pay five pounds to the third wife, Kaute, to pay for her "shame." Kanda's
indiscretions were thus blamed on the woman who allowed them.

Kanda was well-liked and might have been made a memai if he had remained well (he got jaw cancer and went to hospital); but in spite of, not because of, his marital adventures.

Wowuak was a feared warrior of the past who "caught a woman, then threw her away; then caught another, then threw her away." He was not married to more than one at a time. The same cavalier treatment of wives was attributed to Ismael, but he was not an assertive personality. He was childless; and so was Wowuak.

In sum, I find no evidence that simultaneous or successive polygyny was associated with political power. A succession of spouses was associated, for both men and women, but especially for men, with childlessness; and also with the death of a spouse. Successive or multiple marriage derived, I suggest, from the desire for children rather than from the desire for power.

Institutionalization of Behavior: Kin and Affines

Kinship terminology follows an Iroquois structure (Murdock, 1949). The only really "easy" kinship relationships in New Ireland society are those with real and classificatory mothers, fathers, and siblings of same sex. Some degree of avoidance is practiced with all affinal relatives; and, within the nuclear family, with siblings of opposite sex. There are no joking relationships: only those, mentioned above, that are "easy."
A woman must practice avoidance behavior with her muks, her brother's children. Her own children show respect for, but do not avoid, their mother's brother. A woman wears a scarf on her head to show shame and respect to children of her brother, especially the eldest sons. She does not call their names, even when referring to someone else who happens to have the same name.

Schneider (Schneider and Gough, 1962) points out one possible source of brother-sister avoidance or respect in matrilineal societies: "In matrilineal descent groups there is an element of potential strain in the fact that the sister is a tabooed sexual object for her brother, while at the same time her sexual and reproductive activities are a matter of interest to him" (p. 13).

This factor may influence New Ireland brother-sister avoidance, but I think that another of Schneider's propositions is more relevant to the New Ireland situation: "Matrilineal descent groups depend for their continuity and operation on retaining control over both male and female members" (p. 8). This is so, Schneider suggests, because the males are needed to play authority roles. New Ireland does count on men to play authority roles, but these men need not occupy specific kinship statuses within clans. Knowledge and with it a kind of authority with regard to resources is as often found in women as in men; and perhaps more often. However, for a variety of reasons, the local matrilineage does not lose its men; they can more easily become memais in their own place,
they have access to their own resources, and they are buried in their "home" cemetery. When marriages are between people who live near each other, both spouses can retain access to resources; and it is this pattern that is predominantly followed in Mangai. Because the men marry close to home, Schneider points out, "Isolated communities (or smaller groups) consisting of matrilineal core and in-marrying spouses are extremely difficult to maintain" (p. 27). A bilaterally extended family has developed into the ownership unit in many cases in Mangai.

In New Ireland, it is to this circumstance (the bilateral extended family as ownership unit) rather than to the universal prohibition of sexual relationships between siblings that we should look for an explanation of brother-sister avoidance in New Ireland: their children are competitors for their resources. A woman avoids the children of her brother; and a man and his sister's children treat each other with respect. Their children may marry, but they may not: they may wish to marry "outside," and some people think first cousin marriage is "too close." True mokoks (cross-cousins) treat each other with respect, regardless of sex. The children, both male and female, of siblings of opposite sex are competitors for the resources that belong, primarily, to the children of the women.

The attitude of New Irelanders toward children is discussed in detail elsewhere: it is protective, attentive, devoted. Children come first. Women care for other women's children, and sometimes childless women are given the gift
of a child by a woman who has several. And yet these women must avoid the children of their own brothers. I suggest that if women were allowed to develop the warm personal relationships with their brothers' children that they have with their sisters' children, they would find it emotionally very difficult to deny land to their brothers' grown children. I suggest further that there is jealousy and tension between a man's wife and his sister (see the discussion of disputes) in relation to his children. The avoidance pattern makes clear that it is his wife who has control. (Semagi gave one of her children to her husband's childless sister, but Semagi is not happy about it; see the discussion of children, Chapter VI.) A woman has to hang herself at her husband's funeral in order to gain rights to his land for her children in perpetuity.

All these tensions can be partially resolved when a set of siblings of opposite sex marry another such set. This sometimes happens. More often the resolution comes in the succeeding generation, when a son marries a woman of his father's clan, and thereby reclaims his father's sisters' resources.

The other set of relatives for whom a woman wears her scarf is her husband's mokotoks: her husband's sister's children, who will prevent her own children from taking over her husband's land unless she kills herself at his funeral.

She wears a scarf, and she cannot call their names; and she cannot give them food. She is thus barred from developing the close personal and emotional ties which would
make it hard for her to follow the rules of resource ownership. New Ireland culture provides easy lists of avoidance rules, simple rituals, a known path for each individual to follow. In the end, it is the group that is supported and maintained: the social structure, the culture, and the population as an integrated group.
CHAPTER III

MALANGGAN

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

Malanggan ceremonies are similar in general to feasts elsewhere in Melanesia. The Melanesian feast and its functions are well-known, as is the Melanesian Big Man who makes it and is made by it. While there are many variations within the Melanesian pattern, the New Ireland malanggan lies within the pattern: pig exchanges in the New Guinea Highlands; exchanges of valuables in the Kula ring; big men who achieve their leadership positions; absence of hierarchy over time in all aspects of culture, including those which regulate access to basic resources; reciprocity between known parties (rather than tribute to a distant chief, or purchase in the impersonal market) characterizing the distribution of goods and services. It is in the area of ethos that New Ireland seems non-Melanesian, although here, too, there are Melanesian precedents in some respects. The New Irelanders manifest a protective attitude toward people and things, reminiscent of the Arapesh (as described by Mead, 1935).

Malanggan is the final ceremony for the dead. It can only be organized by a big man, a memai, and usually it will only be sponsored for a dead man of some importance. The lesser dead in the same cemetery will be "finished" along with the big man.
and the relatives of all the dead help with the ceremony.

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

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

Their raison d'être has never been fully understood. Groves, who wrote that malanggan was certainly the religious aspect of the culture, recognized the all-embracing integrative nature of the institution, and urged the mission not to interfere. Powdermaker carefully avoided concluding that malanggans are religious ceremonies: "Their (malanggans) exact significance is still not quite clear. We know that they are to honour the dead, that they are taboo to women, that they are surrounded with very elaborate dances and other ritual, that wealth is necessary to make the feasts accompanying them, and that much prestige comes to him who holds the malanggan rites. We know too that they have come from the far past. In the ritual speeches, and in the more informal discussions about the carvings, there is scarcely any mention of the dead, in whose honour they might be made. Mention is made of the former ownership of them, how the present owner learned the rites . . . and how his clan relatives helped him. Whether in some far distant past they were more intimately associated with the dead than they now appear is a matter for speculation" (pp. 134-5).
Various ritual events are marked with the display of malanggans. Powdermaker states that while it is difficult to define a malanggan, it always had to do, in Lesu in 1930, with initiation of boys, which included circumcision. Phillip Lewis found this still to be the case in 1954 (Lewis, 1969). In the villages around Mangai, they used to seclude both boys and girls and "bring them out with malanggans." I saw one girl of about ten years of age "brought out" with a malanggan, but she had not been secluded. (Childhood seclusion is discussed at greater length elsewhere.)

The other ritual acts marked by malanggan objects that I observed or that were reported to me included the following:

a) the cutting of a widow's hair, signifying the end of her mourning;

b) the naming of a baby, "just like baptism;"

c) installation of a man as a memai, a big man status.

No malanggan in particular marks this event, but it occurs at ceremonies where malanggans are present for other purposes:

d) the lifting of a mira, a taboo on the use of a place;

e) malanggan carvings or vavaras (target-shaped objects made of spiraled rope, considered a kind of malanggan) decorate the graves of the dead during final rites.

Malanggan carvings are used for these various ritual events, but only when they are used to decorate the graves of the dead for final rites are the ceremonies themselves called "malanggans."
People bring pigs, food, and entertainments in the form of *singsings* (song and dance performed by a group) to final *malanggan* ceremonies.

I was present for the last day of *malanggan* ceremonies in these East Coast villages: Panapai, Livitua, Sali, Lakuramau, Laopul, Lasigi, and Lauen. All of them followed a standard pattern except the one far down the road, about one hundred miles (past Lesu, in the Mandak language area) at Lasigi. In that case, the honored dead was not yet dead. He was Dori, an old man from Tabar who had become the richest man in New Ireland. He had three trucks and a European style house, and many "lieutenants" around him. Dori was blind, and considered that his eyes were "dead," and that he would like to have his *malanggan* before he died. He sat up on the hill in his house while people from neighboring villages came and sang and ate. Dori had the freedom of the old and "chiefly:" the freedom to outrage custom. He died four months after his *malanggan*.

I was present and able to follow the preparations for two *malanggans*, those at Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua village, and at Kuluvos hamlet, in Lauen village.

Many persons who took part in the Kuluvos *malanggan* were also present and active at the *malanggan* at Tokanaka. The following index of persons, as well as the Kuluvos kinship charts, identify the major participants at Tokanaka.
Index of Personal Names: Participants in the Malanggan at Kulu vos, April-May, 1967.

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

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

BEONG: An old memai of Nonopai village (Age: 70). Clan: Mokamiva. I saw Beong in two malanggan ceremonies in 1965, and again at four in 1966-7. His role at Kulu vos was small, but he is still active, an important big man.

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

ELI: Father of Kor, who is mother of one of the dead (Mare) honored at this malanggan. Village: Wongerarum.

EMANUEL: Mokangkala of Medina, married to the sister of Emi. (Age: 40.) He is a missionary in Paruai. His home (his mother's place) is Medina village, twenty-five miles further down the road. Melisa asked him to make the cement monument for William. (See Kulu vos, p. 1.)
EMI: True sister to the dead William, classificatory clan sister to the dead Makalo. She initiated the *malanggan*.
(Age: 50) (See Kulu vos, pp. 1, 2, 5, 6.)

EPHRAIM: Mokatitin of Nonopak village. (Age: 40.) Ephraim was active in two *malanggans* in Nonopai in 1965 and in at least two I saw in 1966-67. He always seemed intense and serious and was not interested in being an informant. The *malanggan* he brought to a gathering in 1965 was spectacular, featuring his sister's 10-year-old daughter live in the center of a *vavara*. This semi-living *malanggan* is the only one I ever saw attract the attention of an audience. Ephraim was invited to make the cement monument for Masapal, but later he did not do so.

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

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

ESAÚ: Mokatitin of Lauen. He lives in Sali, the home of his wife, Lowel. (Kulu vos, p. 5.)

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

ISMAEL: Ismael has been "marked," and will be *memai* when Eruel dies. (See Metroa hamlet, Mangai.) (Age: 65)
ISRAEL: Israel is closely related to some of the Livitua people in this malanggan, as well as to the Mangai people. (Age: 45.) (See Purapot-Iameden hamlet; also Kuluvos, p. 4.)

ITO: (See PISKANT)

KAIPOK: A Mokamiva of Kuluvos who has never lived in Kuluvos. His mother married and went to her husband's village, near town: Omo. Kaipok and others from Omo were invited by Emi to bring a malanggan of some sort to the event in Kuluvos.

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

KAMBASO: See MALU

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

KAPIN: Wife of Pala, mother of Rongo and six sons (see Mali hamlet, Mangai. Also Kuluvos, p. 2.) Kapin's home is in Livitua, and her family is involved in this affair along many lines.
KARABUSO: Mokotok of Tavakariu, from Wonderarum. (Kuluvos, p. 1.)

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

KASE: Mokamiva whose ancestry goes back to Kuluvos. He lives in Nonopai. He is a memai and played an important role in the proceedings at Kuluvos. (Age: 65.) He is mokotok to the two honored dead, William and Makalo.

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

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

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

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

LASUWOT: The memai of Livitua. He initiated a malanggan for the dead of Takanaka hamlet in Livitua in October, 1966. A Mokatitin classificatory brother to Taiot, he made the cement for Taito's wife, for whom Taito held a malanggan early in 1966. Lasuwot does not seem to be an ambitious man. Though he is older than his brother, Kanda, he was glad to hand over the malanggan for their dead mokotok, Waradis, to Kanda. Unfortunately, Kanda got jaw cancer and spent over two years in the hospital. (He returned, well, in August, 1967. Lasuwot reluctantly led a malanggan in October, 1966, when others urged him to face his responsibilities. Kanda was not expected to live.) (Lasuwot's age: 55.) (Kuluvos, pp. 6, 7.)
LAKSIA: The young boy from New Hanover who came to Mangai to live with the grandmother of Tambeta (Patavani of Panakaia-Paneval) whom he knew in town. He often ate at Matanavillam. (Age: 17.) He had gone to attend high school in Rabaul but arrived late and was not admitted. Back in New Hanover (he will be discussed again in connection with the account of New Hanover) he got into trouble with the Johnson cultists. He was helpful and well-liked in Mangai. (In the report of the Kuluvos malanggan here Laksia disappears into town and into jail. I found out later the jailing was a result of his being charged with theft by a girl friend in town.)

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

LEPILIS: Lepilis and his wife Salome are from Medina village. They lived in Mangai in 1965, when he held a job as caretaker and constable for the Council, which met in a brick house in Mangai. He was obsequious to Europeans and mildly laughed at by the local people sometimes. His best friend was Lingai (Matanavillam). Lingai had worked a long time for Europeans, and doubtless this is what he and Lepilis had in common. Lovan (who asked Lepilis for a malanggan) and Lepilis both wanted to be bigger men than they were in the traditional system; and I think that is what they had in common. (Lepilis' age: 60.)

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

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

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

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

MALU: Mokangkai of Mangai (Panakaia hamlet) who helps Sirapi and Rusrus because of her connections to Tivingur. Her husband, Kambaso, was more visible than usual at this Kuluvos malanggan, perhaps because he is Tivingo (see Masapal.)

MANGAN: Brother to Mano, the husband of Emi. (Kuluvos, p. 5.)
MANO: Husband of Emi, sister of the two honored dead.  
(Kuluvos 1, 5.)

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

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

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

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

MELEKE: Mokatitin of Livitua and Lauen, brother of Kavok (Kuluvos pp. 2, 3.)
MELISA: Mokatin of Nonopai, whose father and wife are Mokamiva of Lauen. Emi asked him to be "boss" and memai for this malanggan for her two brothers. Melisa's mother was from Nonopai. She married twice, both times to Mokamiva men. Melisa's wife called the dead "brothers;" and they were therefore his tamboos (yak in the Mangai language, efak in the Lauen-Nonopai language). (Kuluvos, p. 11.)

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

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

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

PAPE: Mokamiva from Lamakot village, married into Lauen.

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

PEPA: Mokatin sister to Makalo's dead father and muk (father's sister) to Lasuwot and Francis. Very active in this malanggan as well as in the earlier one in her home hamlet, Tokanaka, despite her many years. (Age: 75.) (Kuluvos, pp. 5, 6, 9.)
PISKAUT: Mokamiva of Livitua, teacher in the Catholic mission system who married a Highland New Guinea woman during his last assignment. She is the terror of Livitua because she fights with knives, and nearly severed the foot of a young Livitua lass with whom she though Piskaut was having an affair. Piskaut and his brother, Ito, are the sons of Balenei, one of the men for whom the malanggan was held in October, 1966, in Livitua. They helped a great deal for that one, Ito telling me that he did so because he loved his father very much. However their education (Ito is also a teacher) takes them out of the village too much for them to accept leading roles in malanggan activities. (Age: 30.) (Kuluvos, p. 3.) They are also mokoks to Kavok.

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

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL: Mokamiva of Nonopai, one of the group of Nonopai Mokamiva brothers (classificatory) to the dead. (Kuluvos, p. 12.) He is married to a Wongerarum woman who is sister (classificatory) to Lamsisi, with whom Samuel requested a pig during the Kuluvos malanggan. He turned out to be an important person.

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

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

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

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

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

TAVAKARIU: First son of the dead William by his first wife, now dead, of Wongerarum. He is a clerk in an office in Madang in New Guinea, and came home only for the malanggan. At first it was said that he would be given memai status, but he refused on the grounds that he did not know the job and was not going to be at home. He is now married to Kor, the mother of the child who drowned near the last day of the malanggan. (Age: 25.)

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

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

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

Δ Male
○ Female

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

∧ ∧ Broken line indicates death
= Marriage
—— Consanguineal relationship
——— Classificatory relationship

The first name under the symbol is the personal name.
The second name under the symbol is the clan name (preceded by C).
The third name under the symbol is the hamlet name (preceded by H).
The fourth name under the symbol is the village name (preceded by V).

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

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

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

Where more than one marriage is shown an earlier one is shown lower on the page than a later one.
MALANGGAN AT TOKANAKA HAMLET, LIVITUA VILLAGE

The events of the malanggan at Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua came during September and October, 1966. The big man whose burial in the Tokanaka cemetery mainly structured the activities of the malanggan was Waradis, a Mokatitin of Livitua whose mother was from Katena hamlet, just across the road from Tokanaka. He was classificatory mokotok to Lasuwot and Kanda, also Mokatitins and of Tokanaka (see Kuluvos genealogy charts, pp. 6 and 7).

His father was Temevula, Mokangkai of Panakaia hamlet in Mangai (who also fathered Sirapi's mother through his marriage to a Tivingur woman).

Waradis himself married four times (first to a woman of Lubera, then to one of Wuap, then to one of Livitua, and finally to Vasale, Purapot-Pangai hamlet, Mangai). He had no children, and all but his last wife, Vasale, are dead.

Waradis died in the hospital in 1962 in Rabaul, and his body was sent back to Kavieng. Lasuwot and Kanda, Francis, Eruel, Makalo, Lovan and Lepilis went, in the Livitua truck, to pick up the body of Kavieng.

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

Waradis had been a big man: luluai in Luberua village, and memai both in Livitua and in Mangai. In 1965, Kanda told the anthropologists, privately, that while his brother Lasuwot was the elder brother, he, Kanda, would lead the malanggan for Waradis; because he, Kanda, had "better ideas." At that time, no one else said that Kanda would lead the malanggan.

In July, 1966, Lasuwot told me that it was time for the malanggan for Waradis to be held, and that people were ready. But Lasuwot wanted to wait for Kanda, who had been in Port Moresby with jaw cancer for over a year. But by the end of July, people had begun to put up new cook houses in Livitua for the malanggan, and some people said to me that Livitua could not wait for Kanda.

In early August I asked Lasuwot again about the malanggan, and this time he said that there would be one. Whether or not Kanda came, he said, would be for the doctor to decide. (It was clear that he was still hoping that Kanda
would come.) He told me that he was not a memai, and that he didn't expect to be one. He had told people (he said to me privately), "Maski (nevermind), if you want to work something over us two (that is, if you want to install Kanda and me as memais to take the place of our mokotok Waradis), you can work it. But I do not stop (in this work) on the basis of mias and pig (that is, he has not been installed as a memai); I stop on nothing, that's all."

I asked him then if someone were going to make a malanggan and he said he did not know. However, he added (by way of explanation to me) if someone does make a malanggan, it must not come from Livitua, it must come from outside. Then Livitua will buy it. Then it looks good.

Lasuwo said that all can help bring a malanggan, and all can help buy it; "we do not think about paying back, and we do not call the amount of pay," he said.

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

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

Later I overheard Sirapi telling Alice, with some enthusiasm, that on line it had been decided that Mangai cannot just go in with Livitua; that Mangai must bring a malanggan of its own. (She meant that Mangai could not just help to buy what ever else Livitua was buying; that Mangai must buy something of its own.)

The next day Lasuwot was at my house and I asked him to tell me about the malanggan plans. He said that Lepilis had already brought two malanggans for Waradis: one, a fish carving (which Lepilis had recognized as his own in a picture in Jean Guiart's book, Art in the South Pacific, when I showed it to him in 1965), which he had taken for the burning of Waradis' house and clothes in Purapot. Lovan, Vasale, and Wulos had bought that one. Kanda had also asked Lepilis for a malanggan, and he had brought a vavara to Tokanaka, where Waradis also had a house that had to be burned. (Waradis also had houses in Mali and Panakaia hamlets, which were burned without malanggans.) Lasuwot said they had lost plenty of mias to Lepilis, and that he did not want to lose any more until Lepilis "straightened" his debts. "One thing is not good about Lepilis: later he will not invite me (to bring something, and thereby return mias and money to Lasuwot). I lose, lose, lose, and he sits down and has a happy time, and
then he does not repay. A lot of money and mias I have not got!" Lasuwot went on to say: "If he (Lepilis) comes again, it will be another debt. If Lovan wants him, that is his business. He can have him come to Purapot, not to Tokanaka."

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

Another thing: Lasuwot is a little bit cross with Lovan. "Lovan got plenty from Waradis, because Waradis stopped with his (Lovan's) mama. Lovan should have shared: checkbooks, mias, pig."

I ask Lasuwot if Lovan is matunga. "Yes, matunga. He must be ashamed, if he does not clear well all debts." Then I asked if Lepilis is matunga. "I do not know," Lasuwot said. "We are friends." But, he went on to say, Lepilis has an unpaid debt to Lovan of another sort. Lovan paid for the whole fish malanggan, but Lepilis has not finished bringing the whole malanggan. (Later Ba explained to me that a man could leave off a little finger or foot and then the buyer would have to buy a second time in order to control fully the whole malanggan.)

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

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

Lepilis himself was present on that occasion. I asked him about the malanggans he had brought to Purapot and to Tokanaka, and he said that one had been the fish he had told me about when he saw it in my book. That one, he said, he had taken to Lovan "but Lovan did not 'kill' it." (That is, Lepilis regarded the malanggan as still his own, because Lovan had not yet paid enough for it. From Lovan's point of view, this meant that he had lost mias for nothing, unless he could get Lepilis to bring the malanggan again and Lovan could then finish paying for it.) The vavara that Kanda and Lasuwot had bought, Lepilis said, was katoom: bought completely. "I cannot work it again. Lasuwot won it," for 25 mias and two pounds.

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

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

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

There was a fourth dead, a woman, the sister of Banamu, a medical assistant in Tabar. They had sent him a letter, but
received no answer. Finally an answer came, saying that he and his "line" from Tabar would come, but not until the last day.

People thought rather badly of this attitude. The sister of Banamu had died in Kavieng, but she had lived for a while in Livitua; and when she died, Livitua offered to bury her. There were no exchanges of pig, *mias* and money for this woman, but several people from Tabar did come during the last week of the *malanggan*. The men who were making cement crosses for Waradis, Balanei, and Taores' dead child also made a cross for the Tabar woman.

There were 29 pigs and about 600 people on the last day, and there was enough pig (though some of it not well-done) to go around. But it was a good thing that Kanda's son, Pape, did a little pig magic over the cooked pigs (a few words, a cross of ashes), because there was no pig left over to be divided among those who helped buy.

Later Lasuwot told me that it was a very successful *malanggan*; that everyone had said that the place was full, the men's house on the beach was full, all the cook houses were full, and everyone had plenty to eat. "I steered it well," he said. "At Wuap, it wasn't steered well." He was referring to the *malanggan* that Taito "steered" at Wuap for his wife, in January, 1966. (That was the *malanggan* that Taito finally gave for his wife, after he lifted a taboo placed on the cemetery by William. This earlier event is described at the beginning of the account of the Kuluvos *malanggan*.) Lasuwot made the cement for Taito's wife on that occasion. At another time,
Taito told me that his *malanggan* "beat them all," and left no doubt that in his mind it was better than the *malanggan* at Tokanaka.
THE MALANGGAN AT KULUVOS

In August, 1962, William of Kulu vos hamlet, Lauan village, died. He was buried in the cemetery of his home hamlet (Kuluvos). In April, 1963, his brother, Makalo, died; and was buried beside his brother.

Makalo had planned to convene a malanggan for William, but he died. There were no men of their clan, Mokamiva, of Kulu vos hamlet to initiate a malanggan. Toward the end of 1966, Emi, the sister of the two men, decided to have a malanggan; and Melisa, a son of Kulu vos (his father was a Kulu vos Mokamiva; Melisa was Mokatitin, his mother from Nonopai village) came to help her organize it. He is a well-known memai. How he came to be "boss" of the malanggan was a subject of continuing discussion during the malanggan preparations.

Makalo had been the husband of Sirapi of Mangai village (Matanavillam hamlet), my main informant and general helper. William had been the husband of Rusrus (Lungantire hamlet), Sirapi's clan (Tivingur) sister, an outgoing woman and one of my first friends in Mangai. I was able, therefore, to follow events from nearly the beginning.

I saw this malanggan in April-May, 1967, when I had otherwise completed my field research in New Ireland, and when I already had the perspective drawn from nearly three
months' work in New Hanover. I knew the names and clans and hamlets of everyone who participated from Mangai and Livitua, and of most of the people who participated from other villages.

I gathered data on this malanggan both in a notebook and on a tape recorder. I present here a chronological account of proceedings, taken more or less directly from my notes and tapes. The account remains in the present tense. I have rearranged the notes for the sake of clarity. I might have in my notes, for instance, four entries about the ownership of a particular pink pig; three on the process of making a mumu (stone and earth oven); half a dozen on the relationships of Melisa to other people in the malanggan; and so on, these various items intermingled sporadically in my notes. I have pulled them together.

Presentation of the data in this "raw" form allows me to show how malanggan activities structure time and focus interest. Furthermore, events remain somewhat in context. Analysis of the data appears both concurrently with the data and, more generally, at the conclusion of the account.

Background

In February, 1965, just before I left the field after my first period of research, Sirapi produced a long malanggan carving which she had bought from someone in Livitua who had helped to buy it at a malanggan ceremony in Tabar. At that time, she said she had bought it for use
for her husband's malanggan ceremony sometime in the future; but she could get another, and she offered to sell this one to me. I paid her twenty Australian pounds (about $US42) for it.

When I came back in mid-1966, the malanggan for her husband, Makalo, still had not been held; nor was it planned. On October 1, 1966, I learned that plans were underway, and that the malanggan would be for both Makalo and for his brother William, who had died first.

About William I had already heard a great deal. In 1965, Taito of Wuap had initiated a ceremony to lift a mira (taboo) from his cemetery, a mira imposed by this same William just before he died. It seems that there had been rivalry between Taito and William to initiate a final malanggan ceremony for the cemetery at Wuap, and when William thought that Taito had behaved improperly by planning a feast without telling William about it (so that he could also prepare to make a good showing), William, in anger, imposed a mira on the cemetery. This meant that Taito had to give a little feast to remove the mira before he could go ahead and proceed with the final malanggan ceremony. Presumably William hoped to be able to take control of the final ceremony by that time, or at least to be ready with food.

But things didn't work out that way. William, much younger than Taito, died. Taito still had to remove the mira, and he did so in a ceremony which everyone said was "wrong." He bought a malanggan from his own people, which
constituted putting the money back into his own pocket. He therefore did not have to wait long for his people to rebuild their resources; and he initiated the final malanggan ceremony early in 1966, before I returned to the field. People said they had to hurry, as Taito was old and might die at any time. But Taito was alive and well and active still when I left the field at the end of 1967. He no longer had a near rival for the number one position in Wuap. Everyone said the malanggan went well and was a big success. Some visiting University students from Australia were present and added their appreciation of the event, which was enjoyed and which distinguished this malanggan from others.

I first heard of plans for a malanggan for Makalo when Sirapi did not take her big pig to the malanggan at Tokanaka hamlet in Livitua village in October, 1966. It must wait, she said, for the malanggan for Makalo. No one would question this decision, but often there is tension in cases where priorities are less clear.

I heard nothing more about Makalo's malanggan until Wednesday, January 18, 1967. There had been a meeting in the hamlet where he was buried, Kuluvos (Lauen village) to make plans for the event. On Sunday Sirapi planned to go to Lauen for another meeting; the first one to which she had been invited.

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

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

I asked her if all the gardens were ready, and she said yes. She was called in just to hear the plans, rather than to confer. She will be expected to help, but they (at Kuluvos) are boss. Sirapi told me that Livitua village, the village of Makalo's father where Sirapi and Makalo lived most of their married life, had already done some "work" in response to Makalo's death. The very old lady Pepa, muk (father's sister, in this case true father's sister) to Makalo, had asked "the husband of Semege," Kamak, to bring vavara malanggan for the burning of Makalo's house.

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1967

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

This evening Lovan (Purapot-Pangai) has also come, which means that Sirapi has to sit in the kitchen, just inside the door. She and Lovan are supposed to avoid each other, which is probably one reason why Lovan rarely comes. When he does, he makes a lot of noise and comes with a flourish and plops himself down in the best chair. Sirapi sometimes makes a slight snort of disgust as she ambles into the kitchen and sits on the floor. But tonight we are all a bit jovial, as I have just come back from more than two months in New Hanover. There is more conversation than usual, partly because Laksia is talkative (even more so than most New Hanoverians).

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

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

Sirapi says that they have done three trees this week. She has been staying in Mangai in order to feed the men who are making the malanggan for Mangai to bring to Kuluvos. I ask who is making the malanggan and Sirapi names four old men of Mangai: Keres (Katedon), Pala (Mali), Seri (Matanasoi), all Tivingur clan; and Matunga (Litana), one of the Mokamuna clan members to whom Sirapi is related. Neither of them any longer knows the genealogical "road," but they know they are vasak (brother-sister).

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why is Lovan in this? I ask. He is mokotok to Makalo. I ask: along what road?

LOVAN: "From the time of our ancestors."
DB: "You don't know well the road."

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

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

LAKSIA (emphatically): "YES!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**FRIDAY, APRIL 21**

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

Sirapi didn't come back with us to Mangai. She stayed in Lauen at Emi's, to cook pig.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

I got to Kuluvos early. A good chance to count the bags of sago hanging in eighteen near rows, separated into three groups: 5 rows, 6 rows, 7 rows, each of about 200 bags, totaling 602. So far.

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

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

A dozen men are constructing something on the beach; carrying logs there. It will be a big mumu in which to cook pigs, covered by a roof. (They'll need logs around the outside, and they'll have to bring in stones, large pieces of coral rubble, and fire wood.)
Someone brings some betel nut. One of the younger men says, smiling: "Just for all the big men." Everyone laughs, and one of the older men says: "For everyone." From Mangai village, Matunga, Pala, Langiro, and Rongo's round-faced smiling young brother, Beno are here. Also another older brother of hers, Daniel. Simeon of Livitua and Paruai, Meleke and Nonopai, and Taito of Wuap, all big men. Emanuel, the missionary from Medina, is here.

Taito and Pala sit down and "grease." Langiro sits with them, not greasing. (Langiro is not a big man at all.)

Taiot and Pala are talking when I approach them tentatively and ask what is being made. "House to cook pig." End. They offer no more. I can't think of anything else to ask, except what is everybody's name. (Pala is generally non-communicative, even by New Ireland standards. Taito avoids me, Sirapi says because he is ashamed that he has never brought me food.) I sat down, said nothing, watched. They go on in local dialect. Here they don't translate for me as they do in New Hanover. (I think it is because they are so involved in their own ways that they don't quite realize that I don't understand them, even now. When they do translate, their conversations are often very straight-forward descriptions of what did happen, what is happening, without analysis: again, because they don't need analysis, and it doesn't occur to them that what they are doing is not "obvious" to me.)
Three men are trying to erect a main log. All are considering, giving advice. A lot of laughing here, with Taito et al. Taito laughs, says in pidgin, but to his age-mate Pala: in a little while they'll ask us to finish it (the pig-mumu house).

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

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

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

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

DB: "You are looking at what."
Siriu: "Stick taro."
DB: "Yes, but for what?"
Siriu: "Another kind" (and her voice goes down, closing the subject.)
DB: "You have plenty of kinds!"

(No response.)

I'm not sure if people are more shy with me than when I left in February, or if during my stay in New Hanover I've forgotten how shy they are. Here (but not in New Hanover) there is a funny tension indicating one doesn't dare make a mistake. Yesterday I wanted Sirapi to go first leaving Alice's house. (Alice Aisoli, Panakaia-Paneval, calles Sirapi "mama." She was at this time the teacher at Paruauai school, in the village next to Lauen.) I said: "You know the road." She said: "Now I know the road here? I don't know!" But she must have been in Paruauai literally hundreds of times.

One of the secrets that underlies so much of the behavior of these people is that often they are worrying about just exactly what any European visiting a village worries about: where is there good water? who will feed me? where will I pekpek (defecate)? where will I sleep? am I doing something foolish? will others laugh? "We are lucky in Mangai," one of the women told me, "we have good water." "We are lucky in Mangai," Milika told me, "if you want to pekpek there is plenty of bush nearby. But in Livitua, we are longlong (crazy), there is no bush nearby." They never really solve these problems; they just muddle through, partly because shyness prevents them from confronting them.

Siriu's baby cries. Rusrus says "kamus, kamus,"
(finish, finish) and tries to distract it. It soon stops.
"Put on your laplap for Dorothy," she keeps telling it as she keeps trying to fasten a small towell around its waist. (Of course I've told them many times that I don't care; clearly, it is they who do. But they had given up all this long ago, as I recall.)

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

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

When I came up from the beach where I had been sitting with the men, the women outside Emi's house with Sirapi (but not Sirapi) and the women inside, including Rusrus, called out (it seemed independently) "Pistoen! Pistoen! Pistoen!" "Follower of men! Follower of men! Follower of men!" I do lots of things that are brazen, of course, and some of the women seem to me to be jealous of my freedom. They would also like me to come and scrape taro with them. But I have other work. We've been through this before, and I think that is why Sirapi didn't put pressure on me this time by joining in the chorus of "pistoen!"
Rusrus tells me to sit on the mat; then Sirapi sits, pats the mat next to her. I sit. Some of the women are lying down in the house, and they fix a bed for me and I sleep. When I get up, I sit with the women outside the house. The women suggest that Sirapi and I should go wash "in hiding" so that we will wake up well. We were about to go when a little half-caste child, William (about 5 years old), appeared. They pointed him out, saying Look, his skin is like yours. I invited him to come sit on my lap, and they told him very quietly to do so. He was staring at me. He came and sat down. A patrol officer of Madang is the father, and he sends little William money, the women said. A blond, but blessedly dark-skinned sister, younger (about two years old), appeared but did not seem to notice me much. Little William was very quiet, sat comfortably on my lap for a long time (which no New Ireland child has ever done before), then leaned over and threw up. Rusrus calmly came and let him away a bit, held his hand while he threw up a bit more at a distance. Sirapi covered the vomit near me with sand; others did likewise with the distant little spew. No words, no alarms.

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

What is so stultifying about these people? Middle
class? Hard work, no time and inclination to cogitate.
No openness to new experiences which would force them to
cogitate on something. As I write Sirapi and "pupu" talk.
Pupu asks me if my father is alive? Yes. Mama? Yes, and
brother. Sirapi then goes on in local dialect, hand on face,
doubtless saying (as she has so often) how my brother's
daughter had caught my face. Perhaps it is this protective
possessive interest which I find so oppressive and depressing.
There is some denial of privacy in general that makes it so
hard. (But it's more than that. I have again the desire
to read madly intellectual things—this desire, as a con-
tinuing overwhelming thing, passed in New Hanover. They
cogitate there.)

But in New Ireland, they get you, like a possessive
mother. I feel I am much indebted to them, and very guilty
all the time. (In New Hanover—they owe me nothing and
vice versa.)

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

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

(New Hanover doesn't regard me as so Outside. Because Inside is less well-developed and less intensely structured. They do try to take me in here, but I wouldn't get any work done if I did what they want me to do. I've noticed that when New Hanover people meet they shake hands and talk a little as Europeans do, when arriving or when parting. In New Ireland, when someone comes, we go and sit with them, and give food. There is little talk. I remember an occasion at the Tokanaka malanggan when the mother of Ewodia (Kavalaiko hamlet) arrived from the Tsoi Islands. Pepa asked us to go sit with her. And that is what we did. A little parade, with food, and then we sat in complete silence.)

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

I ask Wulos: "Why are you in this work? Whom do you follow?"
WULOS: "Emi. I call her mama. She is sister to Vasale. And we two, Sirapi and I, looked after Makalo in the hospital, at Lamakot."

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

She had also surprised me by asking me for many things right from the beginning, and big things, much more expensive than Sirapi or any of my friends asked me for. Where others asked for a cigarette, Wulos wanted a tin of cigarettes that cost 7/6 (about one dollar). Then she wanted a flashlight (torch). In retrospect, I see that other people asked me for token gifts, whereas Wulos really wanted the particular things she asked me to get her.

There was another factor that made Wulos different. I said that little William was the only New Ireland child who ever sat on my lap (even though it apparently frightened him so he threw up). This is true, except for Wulos' adopted
son, Kambakaso. Unlike other New Ireland children, Kambakaso ran to meet me, played around me, sat on my lap, and ran around playing with a little toy his father had made him, just a tin top nailed to a pole. I would have simply written in these two as exceptions in New Ireland if, upon my return from New Hanover, I hadn't noticed that Wulos shakes her head to mean "yes" the way New Hanoverians do. (Since it is a clear "no" in my culture, I had had ample opportunity to get to know it well.) I mentioned to Wulos that she said "yes" the way they do in New Hanover; and she explained that she had been brought up there, where her father was a missionary for ten years. Her behavior and that of her child has much of New Hanover in it.

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

Sirapi listened to this talk. She then told me that Makalo had made this house here, to be used to cook in, for the malanggan or cement of his dead brother William. Sirapi helps her yake (sister-in-laws) here, the Mokamivas of Lauen, with whom she never lived. She does not help
the Livitua Mokatitins, Makalo's father's relatives, with whom they lived throughout their married life. They are cooking in another house; just a roof now, being built for them. Once when Sirapi and I were sitting in Livitua she volunteered that we were sitting right where she and Makalo had had their house. She pointed out the stone wall he had helped to build, and the tree he had planted. The house had been burned, with a malanggan. She smiled quite tenderly on that occasion. Every other time I've ever heard her mention Makalo, she has been matter-of-fact, as she is now, in telling about the disrupted plans for William's malanggan.

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

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

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

At least four kids, aged seven to ten, have been sitting here, looking at me, doing nothing, for nearly an hour. It is now 3:30 p.m. William's little sister, aged about two, has been here since before 1:00 p.m., with a few breaks. She has changed her clothes, and I saw her fuss once for something—on the lap of Matanganas, who is sister to the dead mother of William's first two sons (the eldest of whom is Tavakariu).

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

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

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

WULOS: "None!"

DB: "His clan...?"

WULOS: "Mokamuna."

DB: "Who is another Mokamuna?"

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

DB: "But they belong to another part of Mokamuna?"
WULOS: "Yes. One center of the place of Mokamuna (gestures
one way, sweeping) and another center of the place of
Mokamunas."

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

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

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

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

DB: "Are these all Mokamiva dead?"

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

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

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

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

Suddenly there is pig-buying. It always seems sudden. The men keep going out of the cemetery enclosure, getting money from their women I think.

There are three small pigs. I ask Matunga: "whose pigs?" He answers: "Taito and sister." I thought he meant Taito's sister and he, seeing that I was puzzled, whispered quickly "Sirapi." (She is his classificatory sister and he should not, politely, call her name.) Matiu and Matunga brought Sirapi's pig stretched between their two bicycles this morning. Matiu and his son, Kolepmur, held fast the pig this morning. (Matiu's wife Lina had come to wake me to come see.)

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

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

MELISA: "Taito, Kase, Lasuwot, Matunga, Alamuk (tamboo)."
Lamsisi. Council (Pitalai—he is undoubtedly also a
tamboo of Melisa's, so he calls him by title, a common

He is holding a big bag of sago. He speaks in local
dialect. Lasuwot translates for me.
MELISA: "This meal is to schedule everything that will
come up for this malanggan. This meal is (to bring us
together) to clean the place."

Matiu says grace, and then we eat. Only once did
I ever see anyone eat before grace was said, and then
it was just a furtive nibble. Then Melisa went on with
his speech.
MELISA: "I will speak pidgin because Dorothy is here, so
that she can understand.

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

"I want us to 'brother' good (brother used as a verb).
I would like everything to be straight, to all turn out
well.

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

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

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

(Later I thanked Melisa for speaking pidgin for me. He set an example by doing so; at least some of the others might have felt they were rude not to follow suit. In any case, Kase made the next speech, and he spoke pidgin.)

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

A man stands up to speak and I ask Lasuwot who he is. He can't think of his name and has to ask someone. It is Kamnie, the Kuluvos man whose mother has moved to the West Coast and who has himself married into Wongerarum.

KAMNIE: "True, Melisa put this week for (building) the tavetau (fence). But it is hard for me, I think. Maski (nevermind) about the fence as far as I am concerned. Because I have no sago. I am surprised by all this. It wouldn't be good if I blocked your idea. But I have plenty of work. If you want it to go quickly so that it will finish quickly—all right. But I can't (help). (Still,) it
wouldn't be good if I blocked your idea. (I just want to say that) as for me, just one person, I haven't got (the food and other things ready)."

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

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

(At the time, I was just barely able to keep up with what, superficially, was going on. But in retrospect I wonder: is this a delaying tactic? Taito and William were cross. Taito is almost a "big head" of the common Melanesian variety, and more competitive, or competitive in a more vulgar way, than some of the other big men.) Melisa talks again:

MELISA: (summing up). "Kase, go. Kaimiel, worries. Taito, can wait a little.

"Now me, myself, I got this thing started. I want it to hurry up. Work together, that's all, with regard to everything. There should not be one man who says: my sago is not ready. I want everyone to work together. I am crazy with a man who says: me, yet, I want to wash sago and put it in front of my house. Why? The place is fast with sago! ('Fast' is also translated thus by Mihalic: dense, hemmed in, crowded, tight; and thus by Webster: shut tight,
stuck, unyielding, impregnable, solid.) It would be enough (suitable) if we just work this (the tavegau Gathering) with food from the ground. If we haven't got something in the ground (taro, sweet potatoes, etc.), then we think of sago. We have two kinds of things: true food and sago. And we have plenty of food now. If we were having a big 'singsing'—but this is just a little something.

"Kamniel runs about with all (kinds of) work, I know. This is not something to think badly of Kamniel about (because he's not ready with sago). I have brought my thinking back to him (now).

"It is the last week of April now. I marked Thursday, but something stopped us. Kamniel can ask men from Wongerarum or Paruai. But, if he does, they'll say: what is 'stuck to my skin' (obligation) that I should go work? The line from Lauen did not go to help with the malanggan in Paruai. They won't think badly (of Lauen)? (Rhetorical question.)

"When there is a malanggan, it isn't something that has to do with pay; it has to do with help. I talked clearly on line, and was cross Sunday in church. Wartabar is an important thing (the Methodist church annual collection, with songs and feasting); I don't want to keep a man from that.

"Lasuwot, Matunga, Pala are here. You can talk. Kamniel has talked, Kasi has talked. This is not something that concerns me along."

KASE: "I talk again. I know Kamniel has no sago. All right, according to my thinking, the day for this (processing
his sago) is Monday. I think badly a little of Melisa regarding the 'house.' (He refers to Melisa's sarcastic remark about Kamniel wanting to put sago in front of his house.) Monday, Kamniel. Wednesday, all women work for a little meal. Thursday, cook. Saturday, make the tavetau. You all can't just say Yes. Talk as you will. This, then, is my thinking; it has come out."

He sat down, then got up again.

KASE: "Regarding the sago in front of the house. We (you and I) think of all men who come from outside: when a man brings two baskets of food, give him two (bags of) sago. I want Kamniel to (be able to) have sago."

KAMNIEL: "I would like Monday to prepare my sago. If I ask Paruai, there will be talk. I will ask a line from Lauen. All right--Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday--you must think.

"In answer to the talk of Melisa: True, we should work together. But my wife has this thought yet. And me, my wish, is to close the 'eye' (front, entrance) of the road (to our house) with sago."

LASUWOT: "Melisa called on me. I want to talk a little to memai brother Melisa. I am not cross. Taito, Melisa, all very good talk. There is no bad talk.

"Rest a little. Plenty of talk stops yet, hasn't come out yet. I am not cross. But I have a thought that is with me, that hasn't come out yet. But I say it. 'The skin has got hair.'" (Matiu says this means that he has a
pig and will bring it.)

Lasuwot sits down. He doesn't usually talk, and probably wouldn't have if Melisa hadn't called his name. Kamniel gets up again.

**KAMNIEL:** "I want sago, but all right: if I don't have it, all right too. It wouldn't be good if I held you (from doing what you want to do). If I do, you will say 'one month, two months, what time will this finish by and by?' Now I talk directly: suppose I haven't got sago, I won't think badly. That, that's good (i.e. it's all right for them to go ahead without Kamniel's being ready with sago.)

**MATUNGA** (talking very quietly and in local dialect): "I'm not a big man, but two mamas stop in (my) place. (He means Sirapi and Rusrus, who are his sisters. Here he calls them mothers. I don't know why, unless it is just a short form of teknonymy, which allows him to omit the names of their children. Sirapi has only classificatory children.) I support the talk of my two tamboos. Maski (it doesn't matter), I will follow their talk." (He means Melisa and Kase, his tamboos.)

A young man gets up now. He is Kaipok, a brother of Makalo and William, Mokamiva. He is a true Kuluvos person, but his mama married and went to Omo village, where Kaipok grew up. (He is one of the men from Omo from whom Emi requested a malanggar.) He spoke briefly, but it didn't seem abrupt:

**KAIPOK:** "You talk of fish and sago. I want to know what time (we will come for the tavetau)."
MELISA: "All right, everything is straight now. About the cement, it is already clear. Kavok and another tamboo straight (Emanuel) (will make the cement). A malanggan will come from Mangai. Another something will come from Omo. Anything else you want to talk about? Is something wrong (that we ought to talk about)?"

SAMMY: "My sago, I bought a team (for next week) from Mangai. Missionary Emanuel, too, he bought a team (last week) of Mangai people." (Yes, Matiu tells me, Emanuel gave them pay. I don't know how much, but often in these cases it works out to less than one shilling per person.)

There are some giggles, earlier and now, at the odd squarking of a dog here. (The mood of the meeting does not preclude such lightness.)

MELISA: "All right, this is the last time we will talk about taveta. Before Kase put (the job to) Nonopai. Lauen. And them, too, Mangai. I don't like to make another place worry. I would like all Livitua to come. (Note: when the event occurred I couldn't see that anyone but Nonopai got paid. The others, including Livitua, all came bringing fence-making materials, too, but only Nonopai was paid. No one was cross. They accepted a distinction between bringing the fence-making materials and being the Official Bringers of the Fence-Making Materials.) I don't think too much about getting bamboo. I call Mangai, Lauen, Nonopai now to bring bamboo. Me, I have none." (This must be merely a symbolic statement, asking for their help. He gives them the stimulus--weakness; and expects their
characteristic response--help.)

Matiu tells me Kaipok has stopped a long time down (in Omo) and has lost the language here; "but he really belongs here" (i.e. this is his mother's birth place where her land is, and therefore his.) Remarks of this sort make me wonder if it is really only for me that they are speaking pidgin; or am I a convenient excuse. They think it is shameful not to know: the names, the way, the language, even if there is no possible way for them to know. They pretend to other people that I know the language, and my saying that I don't is not honest but rude, a rejection. The pressure on people like Kaipok must be much greater; and neither he nor anyone else "inside" would be able easily to admit that he didn't know his own language. (Matiu tells me, an outsider, who also doesn't know the language.)

Melisa is walking back and forth now:

MELISA: "I add my talk to that of Kaipok and all our brothers. Pape, Sakerup, Meleke, and Letas (all Mokatitins of various villages), all are strong to get this work up. They are already tired. The 'skins' (bodies) of all pain. Pape has a big sickness, yet he works. (Melisa is still pacing.) Now: why this hard work? We think of these two pupus of ours (Makalo and William). They grew up on this ground. Two children of (woman's name?). If she hadn't had two children I wouldn't be here beating you (driving you to hard work).

"Everybody--now all the women too--all work, all
are strong. I myself, I was first to sapal (chop out sago pulp). There is not one Kuluvos person who sapaled first. You sat down, that's all.

"I wanted to lose (lose money, mias, pigs, etc.) over this thing, but my thinking was blocked. Nelson (William's second son by his first wife) came up to me, and Tulebung (Emi's son) too. They asked me to make the names of these two all right (honor their names, clear their names) by working something over the father of Nelson.

"All right, tavetau (will) come from Lauen. Catch also some from Livitua. Tavetau (will) come from Mangai. Tavetau (will) come from Nonopai. But I've already told you: I don't have a 'name' (official role) for this. I'm not thinking of cement (which would give him a 'name,' if he made it; as Emi asked him to, therefore giving him the right to make it). I have a malanggan. I'm not a child (of the place). (That is, he is not acting in that capacity.) I am memai, foundation (pidgin: ass), boss of the place.

"(We do this work) in order to 'kill' (the past associations of) this place, so you can play about here.

"Line from Lauen: Monday, sago of Kamniel. The sago of Sammy: I think the line from Mangai, Monday. Tamboos (Emi's brothers in Omo), Saturday or Friday (for the tavetau).

"I had a question: Why plenty of sago? You are repaying whom? The answer: In order to close the entrance of the road with sago. Very, very good! I don't want any man to come, sit down, look; and say 'my belly pains' (with
hunger); and he sits down, and the sun goes down. Will it finish like this? A man carries a bag of food to (your) house; (if) he is full up good on your food, this is really very good.

"Now you talk about food at the entrance to the house of path. A man comes a long way, he can carry back food, and is full up good here. That is very good. Line from Livitua, Mangai--I want you to say you are full up good at my place: 'I had good and enough, more than enough of sago that came from Kuluvos. I had good and enough, of taro or sweet potato that came up at Kuluvos. Abus, abus, abus (meat or fish).

"All right. Monday, sago of Kamriel and Sammy. Tuesday, all women go get a little food in the bush, and leaf. Thursday, start to cook. Shake hands, Friday. Saturday the malanggan of my tamboo (Kaipok) will come, and all bamboo belonging to those places I already called. I am sorry for all brothers who feel pain--the skin (body) pains with hard work.

"This, that's all, my little talk."

Matiu murmurs "Thank you."

Vasale now calls out about tavetau. (She probably takes what would be extra privileges for someone else--she is very old, a bit senile sometimes, but very bright when she's not. Right now, she's not. She is either playing down the women's role, or making a sarcastic remark in reference to Melisa's saying that no more food was needed, that this was just a small meal anyway, not a big
important one. I think she was being sarcastic.)

VASALE (Lasuwot translates for me): "Thank you. All right, all little rubbish meals will come up, as you say."

Melisa talks around a bit in local dialect, then says: "Come from Mangai on Saturday. I want everything to turn out well."

Matiu now takes it upon himself to explain something to me:

MATTU (to DB): It was a big thing before, all women had to sit down and hear, too. It's not something that has to do just with the men. You know—all men, they talk, that's all; the hard work goes to the women. All men, they run about, that's all. You know, you sit down with all the women. Before, the memai could walk about in front of all the houses (wherein the women were working) giving talk."

(I saw Lasuwot do that before the Livitua malanggan.)

KASE (in local dialect, translated by Matiu to DB): "I say all right to all this talk of Melisa's."

The crowd mumbles "giro paliu," thank you (good too much).

While all this was going on, Lasuwot was telling me, with pleasure, that his daughter had been home for two weeks. He was sad that she had left again. She is a young nurse trained at Lamakot Catholic mission ten miles down the road from Mangai. She was sent back to Lihir island where she had been before and where, according to Lasuwot, they wanted her back. Sister Clematsia, head of the Lamakot hospital, wanted her there, too; but Sister "was sorry for"
Lihir and sent the daughter back there for another year. Lasuwot is more open than most about missing his grown children and his wife, who died a few years ago. He had memainhood thrust upon him when his younger brother, Kanda, got jaw cancer. Kanda wanted the work, but Lasuwot did not. (Kanda told me this, and it seems true.)

While Lasuwot may be among the least interested in these matters, it would still be correct, I think, to interpret the level of importance and involvement in this meeting as being about that of a routine faculty meeting at a routine University. There will always be some to whom some decisions are very important, but the meeting itself is something of a chore for most. One thing distinguishes these New Ireland meetings: excellent food.

Next day Sirapi told me that Taito's line had bought Sirapi's pig, and Sirapi's line had bought Taito's pig. No one seemed to know anything about the third pig. Eruel hadn't known that a pig was to be held fast at Sirapi's yesterday, and that's why he didn't come. He was a bit put out about missing getting some pig to eat. (He eats only lean pork: the fat makes him sick.)

MONDAY, APRIL 24

Milika asked me today if I knew there was a malanggan being made in Matanavillam.

DB: "Yes."

MILIKA: "Does Lauen (village) know?"

DB: "Yes. Why?"
MILIKI: "Melisa said he didn't want them."
DB: "No, he knows. Why, is he Catholic?" (Lasuwot had said he didn't want malanggans at the Livitua malanggan because he was Catholic and the fathers would be cross. Later it turned out that that was largely an excuse.)
MILIKI: "No, Methodist. He's a missionary."
DB: "Why did Sirapi ask Matunga (to bring a malanggan)?"
MILIKI: "Who knows."

**THURSDAY, APRIL 27**

I went to Matanavillam to photograph the vavara malanggan being made there. It is a target-shaped object, about three feet in diameter, made of rope (made of fiber, marita in pidgin English, twisted into rope of about one inch in diameter) spiraled out from the center. According to old Langiro (who is from Tabar), here helping Matunga, the idea of vavara first came to a woman who, when she squatted to answer nature's call in the bush, noticed a small insect of this spiral form. She went home and told her son, who then made the first vavara of this form. That was in Tabar.

(This story reminds me of other stories and instances, where I have noticed that people say they do something because someone thought of it, or because someone showed them how. No explicit evaluation of the activity is made. It is enough, apparently, that it is something to do. This is a very important factor to be kept in mind in trying to understand malanggans. N.b. furthermore, this story presents
the vavara as a pleasing design, without symbolic intention.)

Matunga then adds that this vavara does not belong straight here, in New Ireland. It comes from a long time ago, and from Big Tabar island. His sister, Bata, got this vavara (named Karavas) from his tamboo (i.e. her husband), who belongs in Tabar. He gave it free to Matunga, because Matunga had already worked (paid for and all the rest) this malanggan. I ask on what occasion. Matunga says he made this malanggan before for Lakia, mokotok to Matunga. Wurus, of Tabar, a brother of Langiro's, taught Matunga and Keres how to make this Karavas.

Several interpretations could be explored here, but no further data was gathered. Everyone seems very certain that malanggans came from Tabar. Their source in this distant island gives them the higher status due the exotic. It could also mean that there is not likely to be anyone around who will know whether or not Matunga is using this malanggan improperly. I never heard of anyone using a malanggan free across the marriage bond. That is the very bond that evokes exchanges. But Matunga's sister and her husband are both dead. Matunga is not an ambitious man, and as it turned out he was only taking this malanggan to show, not to sell, in Kuluvos. Or was he?

**MORNING, MAY 1**

Milika and I started out for Lauen (about five miles from Mangai) about 10 a.m., but we didn't get there until
about 2 p.m. We rested in Livitua along the way, waiting for a young woman there to bring Milika the betel nut she had requested.

When we got to Lauen some women were already working, but the Livitua women had just arrived, with taro. Another new cook house has been put up for them. They started using it when it was just a roof. Now it has "walls" about three feet high, made of bamboo split and laid down horizontally, instead of the usual vertical direction. That makes enough wall to keep out pigs and wind.

In Emi's house the women helping her and Rusrus and Sirapi are scraping taro. Bungalow is here working with Rusrus, each yak to the other (Lungantire hamlet). Also here are Kombulau (Pasaik), Kongis (Walrutapok), Siriu (Lungantire), the last two being true sisters to Rusrus. Sirapi looked after Siriu when her mother died during the war; but Sirapi, childless, in this way got herself a family. Kombulau is also childless, and it is Siriu's children that she looks after. Milika could be here, as classificatory yak (and friend) to Sirapi, being married to Tivingur Kasino; but instead she is with her mother and the other Livitua women in the Livitua cook house.

Sirapi asked me, when I first arrived, to bring the basket of kois (shell scrapers) from her house in Matanavillam when I come tomorrow; but a little later Vasale (who shares Sirapi's house in Matanavillam) appeared with the needed utensils. Vasale was sitting on the road just outside the
village when we came in, her legs giving her pain, as usual. Now she has come in, with the scrapers, and is sleeping.

This evening, back in Livitua, Sambuan (Purapot-Lameden) told me that she had sent taro to Kuluvos today, with Wylip (Dokas' son; Maio hamlet). Sambuan is related to these events through several kinship roads, but she usually helps Sirapi. Sambuan and a couple of other women were the only ones that "heard" (answered) the call on line today for people to go cut the grass around the school. I mentioned (thinking that I was being polite) that I had seen many of them working in Lauen village. Yes, she said, a bit scornfully; but some just stopped (and did nothing). I asked about Malu. Yes, Sambuan said, Malu, Leiwai (both Panakaia hamlet), Elizabeth (Litana), Lina (Matanavillam). Sambuan tends to make slightly sharp remarks, critical, of this sort, not quite "cricket" in New Ireland. She and Sirapi didn't speak to each other for a couple of months once during my stay. But Sambuan does work harder than most. I myself saw Taia (Litana) and Raus (Purapot-Pangai) sweeping camp, and Marau (Litana) sitting with them watching her baby, this morning, before I left Mangai. And they were not in Lauen. Taia often helps, and Marau has a new baby; but Raus, like her husband Lovan, does not think of the group. One time Sambuan (my neighbor on one side) and Sirapi (two hamlets away on the other) mentioned casually that it was a good thing that they were here and alive while I was doing my work, because if they weren't, who would look after me? Had Raus (who lived between me and Sirapi)
ever brought me anything? And I had to admit that she had not; though Lovan once brought me an egg, and then demanded a packet of cigarettes.

**TUESDAY, MAY 2**

I walked to Lauen today with Milika and Sambuan. A big truck load of women, Francis' (Livitua village) truck for which Temerikai (Panasui) paid, went off to Lauen without us, passing us on the way. Milika kept fussing all the rest of the way that I should not give them all cigarettes for nothing, since they didn't want to sing out, Hey, you come up on the truck. I said that the truck had been loaded full (which was true), but I granted that they could have taken our baskets and her leaves.

When we got to Lauen we sat a while on a little bench that the men have put up. Behind us was a great bed of taro (about four feet by fifteen feet). Sungua (Rusrus' Sepik husband) said the taro, piled neatly with its trimmed leaves blowing in the breeze (the way they like to see it) was brought on Thursday.

Yesterday when I was asking Sirapi about who was helping and who wasn't she said: "I think they will all come tomorrow." And they did. Belmumu, Malu, Kongis, Elizabeth, Lolii, even Sambuan haven't been here helping before, and they are here today.

In Emi's house, I notice that the women tend to be working with their true sister-in-laws (yaks): Sambuan (Purapot-Lameden) and Lolii (married to Sambuan's brother, Israel) are working together on sago; Bungaloo with Kongis
and Rusrus, to the brother of whom she is married. Taia is
married to the clan brother of Malu and Leiwi (Panakaia),
Pambali; whom Sirapi counts as a close relative. But
Kombulau (Pasaik) is helping her Tivingur clan sisters,
her tikak, not her yak. (Of course they are her yak
along another road, but she and they seem to think less
of that.)

Emi herself has been mainly over in the big new
cookhouse with women who are mostly from Nonopai village.
But she came back to her own house from time to time.
Once when she came back, I was sitting with Sirapi, trying
to help scrape taro. First Emi, then Bungalow, went out
of their way to step over food near us, food that I was
preparing. I didn't know how to interpret this so I ignored
it. Sirapi began to laugh: "Look, didn't you see Bungalow
jump over the food here?" I responded then with feigned
anger, as is proper when one is teased. Bungalow went first
over the food again, and then Emi. Emi went on to a little
dance, letting her arms dangle loosely, finally giving a few
slight swings of her behind. All women present, and there
were plenty, roared with laughter. They prompted me to say
to Emi: Have you no shame in front of your two tamboos
(meaning Sirapi and me)?" Sirapi, Bungalow and others then
kept repeating this.

Sirapi made me go walk over Malu then and out the
doors with her. I was resistant. Please, she said, dragging
my hand. So we did. Then she laughed outside. I did,
too. Others didn't. I think they weren't sure what we were
up to (and neither was I); and because of my reluctance (which they gleaned from the slightest gestures) there was a pause that was sustained. The mirth was over.

Later I gave Emi a stick of tobacco. Thank you, she said. No fooling about. She was either too tired to play, or perhaps regaining her Dignity, her reserve.

The boys from Malaria Control came about 11:45. Tokas talked to one of them, then went up to Emi's house and said to the women within: "Hey, you all come and drink medicine!" The women were shouting out for cigarettes from the boys, especially the old women. (I gave them cigarettes when the boys didn't, but I realized later that of course getting the cigarette wasn't the point.) The boys were there to spray houses, and the women were being very cooperative. Nevertheless, the boys did not insist on spraying the houses, which would have meant carrying out all the food; and also being careful that babies and dogs didn't eat the poison spray. When I asked, Emi said, No, she never had any mosquitos in her house. I never saw any mosquitos in any native house; only in un-sprayed European ones. Yet people seemed to fully accept the government's good intentions, while trying to dodge the consequences. Milika said people would lock their doors and run away into the bush when Malaria Control personnel came to the village.

The Malaria Control boys were fed. They were not all New Irelanders. New Ireland takes in outsiders, even when they are doing the wrong thing: like spraying your
house with poison; or, in Sungua's case, making even lightly critical remarks about technical problems. Sungua was a Sepik, and seemed to me to be quicker, more talkative, and more interested in results (not just in process) than are New Irelanders. On this day at Lauen I saw an example of the clash of cultures on a small scale.

One problem which I had noticed, and apparently Sungua had too, when many people come together is: what is there to drink? The household supply of bottles of water, brought from the river, is soon gone. But having to go to the river every time you want a drink doesn't bother New Irelanders much, for two reasons: first, it is all part of the whole process of being and working together, so it doesn't seem like an interruption of the work. Second, they don't drink much. I thought probably it was some sort of adaptation to the tropics until this day. The men were scraping coconuts, which they had first broken open, letting the water go on the ground. Sungua, grinning, called out: "Hey! Don't just throw the water away. Some woman get a saucepan! By and by all you women will drink where? Semeles! Saucepan!" Semeles ambled across to where the men were scraping coconuts, without a saucepan; picked up a coconut and drank its contents. Then she ambled away again.

Rusrus, Sungua's wife, leaned out the window, trying inconspicuously to get Sungua's attention: "Pipe! Pipe," (smoke, smoke) she half-said, half-mouthed. He ambled over,
wife has been helping Sirapi and Rusrus in the cook house. When I ask they say yes, they came back to Mangai just for the *malanggan*. (They live in Pasap's wife's West Coast village, and Rusrus didn't know they had had a baby.) Thus does *malanggan* bring the men back home.

This morning Lina brought food she had cooked for Emi. (Perhaps she wasn't doing nothing yesterday, after all, as Sambuan said.) Emi had sent food to Matunga and the others helping him, because they are making a *malanggan*. That is the fashion: the *malanggan*-makers are to be fed. They are making the *malanggan* in a tiny "lean-to" type house in Matanavillam, and Sirapi is feeding them while they do it. Actually Lina has been feeding them while Sirapi stays in Lauen; and Lina cooked food as a representative of Sirapi's line in Matanavillam to reciprocate the food Emi had sent. There are many jobs, and not all of them are to be done here in Kuluvo.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 3**

This is the day to *lukau* (buy) *tavetau* (cemetery fence). This is the day Kamniel thought his sago wouldn't be ready for, if it came any sooner. I don't know how much of this sago around here is his. But he should have had plenty of time, because the *lakau tavetau* was planned for last Saturday; and had to be postponed because of a death in Nonopai. This is the first I've heard of it (the death).

There are nine pigs cooking in the *mumu*: two from
Emi, one from Lingai and Sirapi (the one Lingai tends in Matanavillam), one from Kamale (Meteroa), one from Siriu, one from Manu (Emi's husband), one from Kavok, and two (one wild, and one that belongs to the village) from Levi of Nonopai.

The general plan with regard to pigs seems to be this: a malanggan, and its preliminary proceedings (like today's lakau tavetau) needs pigs. Pigs are brought to people who have been invited to perform services: making the cement monument and making a malanggan are the major services requested. Nowadays cement seems to be considered more important for the economics of the situation than malanggan. Pigs may be brought to anyone, however, with whom one wishes to begin an exchange, or to whom one is indebted for a past gift.

The pigs must be brought the day before the mean so that there is time to cook them. Sometimes the big man of the place from where the pig comes will make a speech over it when the pig arrives at the malanggan. He will announce to whom the pig is given. That person, who may or may not know that the pig is coming (he probably has some good hunches if not actual plots) must then get his people together to "buy" the pig. Little groups gather on the ground, hushed and more intense than during any other activity. One person writes down the names of those who help buy. First the mias comes out; and when there seems to be no more forthcoming, the money comes out. One mias (one string of red shell currency) is considered equivalent
to five shillings in this context; but the *mias* remains more valuable, more honored, and first. When a big man talks, he dangles a string of *mias*, not a shilling.

No price can be called. It is said that people give "whatever they want to give." In the old days it was a great shame if anyone called for a particular price for anything. In fact, pigs draw from about three to five Australian pounds, plus five to fifteen mias. The size of the pig doesn't seem to influence the price. The collection of money and mias is then taken to the group that brought the pig.

The buyer or one of his helpers will cut the pig when it is cooked and ready to be served. All the pigs are cut at one time and served to all the assembled guests. If there is any meat left over after everyone is decently served, it is divided amongst all those who gave one mias or five shillings to help buy the pig. (At the Livitua *malanggan* there was none left over; eventually at Kuluvos there were large chunks for each of those who helped.)

It took me some time to figure this all out, since I, like most anthropologists, come from a culture that weighs and measures and assumes a profit motive. But even when I had laid those expectations to rest, I still never understood more than two or three of these transactions while in the field. Retrospective study of tapes and notes has clarified the sources of confusion:

1) To "buy a pig" means to "exchange a pig" sometimes;
though less frequently than it means to "buy" a pig.

2) I would be told that we are buying pigs. A mias or a shilling would be thrust into my hand, and I would march with the others to lay down this currency next to a pig. Then someone from the group to whom we had given a pig would come and take away that pig which we had just "bought" (or so I thought). I kept thinking I wasn't watching closely enough. It was only at the Kuluvos malanggan that I finally understood that we were adding money and mias to our gift of pig; which drew an immediate return gift of only money and mias, returned with little or no publicity.

3) People are in different groups for different purposes. Within a small group, a pig may be bought from someone who is "one of the family;" and then the whole group, including the individual from whom it was originally bought, will take the pig and give it to someone else. Sometimes these two operations are not separated in time: for example, once Lovan was selling a pig to Sirapi and Matunga and at the same time Lovan and Sirapi were giving the same pig to Matunga.

An example of two transactions going on more or less simultaneously occurred at Kuluvos on this day, Wednesday, May 3. All the pigs, I was told, will be bought by Emi's Mokamiva line at Kuluvos. (Eventually I learned that anyone who wanted to help could help, and persons married to Kuluvos Mokamivas were certainly expected to help.) Then my informant added: and all Mokatitin will buy the cement.
Why? Emi had asked that the cement come from Mokatitin Kavok, and Mokatitin Melisa. Why should Mokatitin be buying the cement? Eventually I learned that Melisa had passed on the privilege given him of performing this service, the making of the cement, to the Missionary Emanuel, a Mokangkala from Medina village. Mokamiva would still have to pay Kavok for making Makalo's cement; but Melisa's Mokatitin line would take the lead in paying Emanuel for making William's cement.

At this first formal meal of the malanggan cycle, lakau tavetau, these people received these pigs for these services:

Kavok received three pigs (plus mias and money) for making the cement for Makalo: one from Sirapi and Lingai; one from Levi of Nonopai (one of Melisa's line, a Mokamiva, classificatory brother of Kase); and one from Kamniel.

Emanuel received two pigs: one from Siriu (acting here in her capacity of "daughter" to Sirapi) for making Makalo's cement; and one from Levi of Nonopai (again, acting for Melisa's line) for making William's cement.

Matunga received one from Kavok, for making the malanggan for both Makalo and William.

Melisa and his line received Emi's two pigs, for his services as memai.

Ephraim of Nonopai received a pig from a Lauen man for making the cement for Masapal, the young boy who had an epileptic seizure while washing last November and drowned.

Shortly after the pig-buying, the garamut began.
One person tells me (when I ask) that the garamut is to notify people to get ready; others say it is just someone wanting to play the garamut.

Piwas, Rongo's shy eldest brother (and husband to Siriu) comes and invites me to the men's house nearby, to shelter from the very light rain. (New Irelanders run or stay inside at the first drop of rain; New Hanoverians walk about freely in the rain. Are New Irelanders more sickly? or just less accustomed to uncomfortable physical stimuli?) Piwas makes polite conversation: he tells me that the people haven't come up yet with bamboo. It's 12:45.

Eruel left Mangai by bicycle about 10:00 a.m., just before Milika, Sambuan and I left. He isn't here yet. Some men are here, I notice now, with bamboo; waiting to join the "parade" when the others come.

We are waiting out the drizzle and I have time to look around. The people here who continually participated in helping are: Ba (Palapung--perhaps in honor of his son's marriage to Ruby Aisoli, whom Sirapi counts as close); Makeas and Usor (Makeas has Nonopai connections and Usor is the daughter of Sirapi's father's kin--Walrutapok hamlet); Kombulau and Luverida, Belmumu (Pasaik--Tivingur kin); Kongis (Patapaluai) and sister Siriu (both helping sister Rusrus-Lungantire); Taia and Pambali (who is Mokangkai, and counted as close to Sirapi through that connection; Panakaia-Paneval); Matunga (Mokamuna clan brother to Sirapi)
and his wife Mitlang, Elizabeth and her son Langiri (Litana—
er mother was from Matanavillam). From Ripai hamlet, only
Loliu and Israel have regularly helped, although these
Ripai Mokatitins are Sirapi's father's kin. Continuing the
list of regulars: Kamale (who brought a pig) and wife
Langas, Ismael and wife Delilah (of Metera—where is
Mele?); Randes (Maio), and the Purapot group: Milika,
Sambuan, Lovan. Everyone from Matanavillam and Panakaia
(except old Patavani, who is too old to go out of Mangai;
and the husbands of Malu and Pariu, who work for wages in
town and are gone a lot—I was never sure who they were).
Also among the regular helpers have been the Tivingur connec-
tions in Katedon: Eruel and his wife Wona, and Keres; and in
Mali: Pala and his six sons and his daughter Rongo, and her
husband Lokorovar.

This is nearly everyone in Mangai! The only ones
not often present were the three Mokamuna girls (Lamarau
and Panasui hamlets); Eron and his wife and mother (Matanasoi);
and Lovan's wife, Raus, and all her Mokatitin siblings
(except Loliu, Israel's wife) of Ripai and Kavalaiko hamlets.
Kasino (Purapot) was teaching school, and not present for
that reason. Eron seems to be trying to be "modern" and
forget all this ceremony. He is an age-mate of Kas and
Israel, has been around the Territory with them, played
saxophone in the Police Marching Band. Raus and her siblings
seemed to be absent a lot from communal undertakings. Lovan
was often present playing the role of Big Man, making speeches
and assertions.
Still, it would be wrong to see the group here entirely in village terms, and ignore the kinship obligations being fulfilled at this *malanggan*. Old Tivingur men Keres and Pala became much more visible in this *malanggan* for their clan sister Sirapi than they would normally have been. At other gatherings, Keres usually came to eat, but Pala sometimes didn't even do that. For this *malanggan*, Pala was there at every main function and gave *mias*; and Keres helped (not much, but he hung around) make the *malanggan*. Pala's "team" of sons, along with the "team" of Moktun's sons from Matanavillam and the young men (brother and son to Elizabeth) of Panakaia, were everywhere doing the heavy work.

Now I am told that we have two purposes today: we must *lukau tavetau* (which was scheduled for last Saturday but postponed because of the Nonopai death); and *lakau cemel*, buy the cement, the event originally planned for today.

The rain is over, and the men from Nonopai are coming from down the road, each carrying over his shoulder one, two or three long pieces of thick bamboo; or else a bundle of sticks to use as vertical posts; or another kind of sticks, the bark of which is peeled to make rope with which to tie the fence together. The men sing as they come. They are also cutting down trees.

The Mangai men finish their preparations, and start along the road from the opposite direction, also singing. Both sides cut down a lot of trees, more than I've seen cut
before, inside the hamlet and along the road. Ten, about, on the Nonopai side. They have brought them along into the village, probably to be burned. That's what happened at the Livitua malanggan.

Tokas (Matanavillam) is cutting down trees, now attacking a big one, about eight inches in diameter. Usually they settle for the very small ones. Mangai's big men come first: Lovan, Ismael, Matunga, ancient Lamo, and Lovan leading.

Matiu explains to me that the meaning of cutting down the trees is this: it is a "picture" (symbol) of removing everything that the dead man planted. This occasion was one of the two times anyone ever offered to explain anything symbolic to me in New Ireland.

All the men of Livitua are coming behind the Mangai group, but Mangai and Livitua are waiting, letting Nonopai go ahead. (Note: Nonopai was the group originally asked be Kase to bring the bamboo. Throughout the proceedings, Nonopai seemed to take first place. But no one acknowledged this.) Of all the men, young and old, Lasuwot is the only one not carrying anything, and Eruel is the only one (as he often is, in many ways) carrying a decorative plant instead of the usual bamboo and sticks. He carries the great coleus plant over his thin shoulder.

Quite a few of the men have decorated themselves with lime powder and leaves.

Melisa, who is boss of this malanggan, meets the incoming groups. He walks around in a circle, shouting out
"Ah! Ah! Ah!," after the fashion of memais. He carries four strings of mias and a leaf of office in his hand, also after the fashion of memais. He shouts out that a malanggan is to be held at Kuluvos and that he is now buying the fence. He then shouts out the names of people, starting with big men, and sends shell currency to them, one string at a time, carried by the women of Kuluvos. "Lasuwot: kattom!" meaning, "Lasuwot: bought altogether" (i.e. this single payment constitutes full payment for Lasuwot's bringing of bamboo today). There will be no further payments for the tavetau. For other elements in the malanggan--for the malanggan and for the cement--there will be several lakaus (payments) before the kattom (final full payment) on the last day.

Now Kamnien steps up and begins to shout out. I can't hear him well, but I hear "Kuluvos... malanggan... pirin." Pirin refers to respected old men, both alive and dead. Kasino told me once that pirin used to mean something like God; which sounds like the ancestor worship one can read about in New Ireland. It is possible that Kas has got this idea more from his contacts with Europeans than from his contacts at home: Kas also thinks New Ireland has a class system, complete with slaves. Two other men who were school mates of Kasino's (they are all in their fifties) told me the same thing. I didn't see it. But Kasino certainly had an excellent grasp of the sociology of his own culture.
Lovane now adds to the general clamor, stepping in, interrupting, also with leaf and shell currency. He trembles slightly. (Is he a big nervous?) He begins to call out names, and then another man whom I don't know begins to call out names.

Kase (Mokamiva of Nonopai, who has connections through his father here in Kuluvo) is talking now and giving currency to women who take it to the Nonopai people. Kase must be acting in his capacity as a man from Kuluvo; otherwise, he would just be putting money in his own pocket, as they say. Or maybe he is doing that, but it seems unlikely.

Everyone with mias is going to Nonopai. Nonopai men are standing, but the Livitua and Mangai people are sitting down. Lovane gives a string of shell currency to Vasale, his mother, and sends her with it to Simeon, a brother to the husband of Eme.

Simeon is the memai I've photographed many times over the pigs, here and elsewhere. The Nonopai memai Beong, with his great mound of white hair (for whom is he in mourning, that he doesn't cut his hair?), is here. Samuel, another big man from Nonopai, is here. (Note: Samuel wasn't noticed by me again in the proceedings, but he had a profound affect on the outcome of the event.]

Pambali and wife Taia, and Sirapi and Bungaloo, are huddled together here, all digging slowly into their purses and baskets for mias. Rusrus gives money to Lovane, he holds it up, gives it back to her and calls out her name
and the name of the Nonopai person to whom she wants to take it. She carries it over, taking Siriu's child along with her, holding the child by the hand.

I'm not sure, but I think Mangai hasn't got paid anything for its bamboo.

Time now, 2:45 p.m. Some woman just pressed tobacco into Lovan's purse. (Lokorover once told me that was enough to make trouble between a man and his wife.) Lovan smiled, and she mumbled something about a cigarette. Matunga comes over to tell me to watch the bamboo coming in now. Mangai takes theirs in first, with Nonopai slightly behind. But I didn't see that Mangai was paid. It all went to Nonopai.

DB: "Matiu, did they buy from Mangai?"
Matiu: "They were all at one time, it went here and it came there."

The place is "fast," as they say, so full people can't move, which is a measure of success for this kind of event. It's not really crowded, of course, but there are at least 200 people here: 35-40 men from each of the villages, Livitua, Mangai, and Nonopai.

As they go down toward the cemetery on the beach, Lasuwot is carrying two bamboos. The big men seem to go ahead, but they are not exempt from physical work. Carrying the bamboo is of course only a token involvement in physical work. Usually the leading big men are busy talking and organizing; but I often see them lift or carry, partly to
make the point, I think, that they do not consider themselves above this kind of work. One old leader from Medina was very explicit to me about this point. Luverida carries bamboo, balancing it on his shoulder with one hand, his other hand holding onto the hand of one of Siriu's children (one of the two that lives with him and Kombulau in Pasaik). Thus do the children learn.

Cracking and whacking, as the men cut down trees still, and begin to cut the bamboo to size, making the fence. Everyone laughs as a small tree nearly falls on Laksia.

Laksia is standing here eating. It seems out of place, and I don't recall ever seeing anyone eat in public like this in New Ireland. The injunction to share food is too great. And in any case, this is a time for work. Laksia finishes his snack and mumbles: "now I finished eating, now I'll go fasten the fence." And off he goes. He hurries very fast in helping when he finally starts. He tries to beat Langiri, it appears, in tying up. New Irelanders work at a steady, slow pace. No one ever appears to hurry. People move faster in New Hanover.

However, there is something near to hurry going on here now in building this fence. There are at least as many men outside watching as inside helping. About half and half. Counted: 35 inside, 45 outside, about five of these getting coconut leaves on which to put the food later on. This fence is going to be finished in no time. Time now: 2:56.
But there's quite a bit left to do. They're making the fence bigger than they intended. The little trees used as vertical supports will take root and form the permanent fences I've seen around Mali hamlet and between parts of Matanavillam and Panakaia.

They used Eruel's big plant as a vertical in the fence. Imagine before, when they lived in the bush, going back to an old place where they had buried a big man. Going back three-four years later when they had pigs ready; cutting down the trees on the way, making a fence around the grave: to "put the mark of man on the place," as they sometimes say. The mark of man soon disappears in the bush.

Laksia comes and says a few words to me, then goes to find betel nut. It is 3:13. He didn't stick it as long as the others, who are still plugging away. Old Beong is in there, leaning on a tree, but I don't think he's doing anything. Neither is Mora, who must be about twenty years old. He is a sullen unhappy youth who stole a cup from us on our first day in Mangai. His brother Eron and Kasino took it off him and brought it back. Ba is working, as always. It is generally the younger and middle-aged men who are working. There are some who always work: Ba (his wife is related to Sirapi, but Ba is a hard-working Manus, and would probably work anyway, looking more serious and intense than New Irelanders usually look); Rongo's brothers and her husband, Tokas and his brothers. And some who never do: Lovan and big man Taito. But big man Lasuwot often works. I saw Eruel carry half a pig once (though he looked as though
he might die of it). Matunga works: he is not a traditional big man, but he is committeeman, and he is playing a big man role (bringing the vavara) at this malanggan; and he must be over fifty years old. Ismael, old and a memai: Lingiris, old and not a memai; Kambaso, middle-aged husband of Malu who works in town and is rarely in the village, all are helping to make the fence.

Pambali is helping. He has just come out of jail in Rabaul. People welcome him warmly: "Oh Pambali! You have come back!" (He was in jail for a year for drunken driving that caused the death of a man from Navallis village.) Some men are putting down leaves in the enclosed cemetery. We will eat inside the fence, as we did at the Livitua malanggan. It is 3:17, and only about twenty men are finishing. Makeas and Tokas, Kambaso. Old Beong of Nonopai sitting on the new fence, still inside giving moral support. Lovan and Ephraim, both "big men" who are not memais (i.e. they often play big men roles of speaking and organizing, but they have never been installed as memais) watched for a while from outside.

The garamut has been going all through the fence-building. One old man who has been at the garamut most of the time is resting, his sides heaving. The fence seems to be finished. Time: 3:24. Yes, the last of the men is leaving the fence. The fence is done.

Now we eat. I count 127 men inside the enclosure and on their way in. Fancy cooking for them. (This is one of
the "little rubbish meals" Vasale promised that the women would prepare.) Some women have now come inside the fence to help buy pigs. We're going to buy pigs before we eat. Emi was the first woman into the enclosure.

It's 3:48 p.m. Men and women are all inside the enclosure, buying pigs. The starchy food has been cut up and is being eaten by flies. I counted 127 men; there are fewer women: 40-60, only 40 inside the fence.

The presentation of the pigs begins. The pigs have all been brought from the mumu and lined up in the cemetery. The pig of Sirapi and Lingai will go to Kavok: we all go to add shell money to the pig, our names called by Lovan, usually. Sometimes the caller stands by the pig, but Lovan doesn't this time. Okas of Livitua called out Sambuan's. She is dressed up with a yellow scarf on her head: who are her affines (for whom these scarves are worn) here all of a sudden? I've never seen her wear a scarf before. Kavok must give back money and mias, and Lovan calls out to him: "Never mind hiding anything!" The people with mias go before the people with money; the closest relatives go before others; and women go before men, in general. This pig goes to Kavok for making Makalo's cement.

Now a pig that is to go to Emanuel, who will make the cement for William, is presented. Emanuel is Mokangkala, a missionary in Paruai, originally from Medina. He is married to Emi's sister, Menameen, who has a house in Kuluvos. The pig comes from Pasaik hamlet where Kombulau
has looked after it for Siriu. In this order, people go to add money and mias to this pig for Emanuel: Rusrus, Mitlang, Kungawot (another sister of Rusrus), Siriu's little boy Steven (about three years old). He goes up, runs back. They are shy, but not allowed to be too shy to give. Meleke (of Livitua, brother of Kavok), Matiu, Kongis, Didi (of Livitua, close relative of Kavok), Ba, Rongo, Meena (Panasui), Loliu, Lamo, Pariu, Milika, Semeles.

For both this pig and the preceeding one, I find that there is a representative from every single nuclear family in Mangai.

Levi, Mokamiva brother of Kase, also Mokamiva, both of Nonopai, has brought a pig to go to Emanuel. Kase calls out the names. Emi goes first, followed by all the line here from Lauen and Nonopai--Beong, Ephraim. Thus Emi joins with Nonopai on this gift to Emanuel. In other exchanges, Emi and Nonopai are on opposite sides of the exchange. I am gradually realizing that these exchanges are a maze of cross-cutting ties.

Emanuel comes now to collect his pay. I suppose the others must have done it and I didn't see them.

It is worth noting that when I asked Sirapi earlier what we were going to buy here today she said: "Yes, today we buy." And I said: "buy what?" And she said: "Pig." Now I realize that we are also buying the cement. It is just next to impossible to find out in advance what is going to happen. Sometimes they don't know, but more often they
just don't realize what I don't know. In Sirapi's case I feel sure she is trying very hard to tell me what I want to know. The only thing she is purposefully silent about is anything having to do with people being cross.

Kavok now, helped by Lauen (and Kase of Nonopai, and Marangas, the memai from Panapai near town) gives pig and mias to Emanuel. There is a tenth pig here now, a tiny pig, next to which Kavok puts some mias. It was probably killed by a car.

Now a pig for Matunga from Kavok, helped by Mangai and Lauen. Melisa makes a little talk about Matunga bringing the malanggan, Melisa holding mias.

Kase now speaks of one pig to be given by him (and his line; this pig was provided by Levi) to Kavok. Now there is some confusion as to which pig is which, and over which pig Kase is presenting to Kavok. How they know which pig is which all the time I will never know. Of course they don't always know, as now; and three pigs ago, when the women were discussing (to help me find out) amongst themselves whether or not a pig came from Levi. Someone sometimes watches the placement of the pig, in the mumu. That's one way. Or they tie something on the bundle, or add some other marker.

Now Kase goes up and stands next to one pig, so the people know which one it is they are to add money and mias to. The whole line from Mangai goes. Only Sirapi's marriage out is at stake. All other marriage ties are taken for
granted. This pig is for Kavok for making Makalo's cement, and all Mangai is helping Sirapi. Lovan calls again. Lina handed him a mias, he called her name, gave it back to her, and she went up to the pig. Tokas went up this time—I've never seen him go before. Once a long time ago when I asked him if he were going to some malanggan feast he said: "no, I have no money to go to such things." Anyone who comes may eat, of course; what he meant was that he would be ashamed to go without giving money. But he must have been making an excuse, because everyone has one shilling, and even five shillings. Tokas often helps unload ships in town, and he must have money. Matiu says he'll give one shilling on this one; so it must be respectable to give only one shilling even on an important pig, even when you're an important relative (as Matiu is to Sirapi).

Melisa has given no pigs. The two pigs from Nonopai came from Levi. (Note: this became an important point, I think.)

It starts to rain, and we are crowded under shelter. They move back, as always, as if by magic, to make a place for me and my tape recorder.

The last pig to be bought: for Ephraim, from someone in Lauen, for making the cement of Masapal.

There are three more pigs, two from Emi, and one from her husband, Manu. They will be "cut for nothing," cut free. Thus they add meat and elegance to the feast without starting an exchange with someone.
Melisa is squatting over each pig, holding part of it. A young informant whom I don't know tells me: "he is doing a "singsing" (ritual words, sometimes sung) that belonged to our ancestors. Suppose he gives everyone pig now, there will be plenty."

I find out that the young man is Iavos, of Kuluvos, a tamboo to the two honored dead.

Iavos goes on: "they (the pig-buyers) think of the mias and money we brought (to help buy), and they give us a piece of pig, to amat with you for your mias. Amat means to "finish" (or 'kill') this mias.

What is finished, of course, is an obligation about which they feel guilty, or at least "troubled." Melisa expressed this kind of obligation as something "stuck to your skin." But people do not say that others owe them things: for instance, here Iavos says the obligated person "thinks of" or "remembers" the money or mias brought to help him. Thinking of it, or remembering it, is enough to prompt him to action, apparently. But people are careful to say of these things: "he can give to us if he wants to; I cannot ask him to give to me." It is known that some people "think badly" of others, probably for not fulfilling presumed obligations; but it would be very bad to speculate on these matters, as to who might be thinking badly of whom. Only an anthropologist would show such bad manners as to ask about such things. And there's a risk, too, of poison.

Now Melisa is making a speech over the starchy foods. He started by calling the names of the big men. The men
start to get the food now, to distribute it. Matiu tells me what Melisa is saying: "Melisa talks of this feast. It didn't come about from one big man. It came about only from the thinking of one woman. Emi. She thought too much of her two brothers, and she worked this thing. It didn't get started with one man, or a big man; not at all. But Emi, herself, she talked about this: maski (it doesn't matter), if it goes badly (pidgin: bagarap), if you all are hungry, maski (nevermind), you can't think badly. It is just something that came up from the mouth of a woman, that's all. If a man called it, then, then you all could all stop well within it." (Melisa is just repeating her modesty, or being modest for her; not ridiculing.) DB: (to Matiu): "Is she saying that if a man calls a feast, all pigs will come; but a woman, never mind if it all goes badly?"

MATIU: Um (yes). A man who is a talker, he can talk about something, it can be good."

And yet, as the feast went on, it became clear that it was going well. Was this just one more instance of New Irelanders going to the help of the weak?

I go to watch the pigs being cut up. I ask again who brought and who bought, and now someone tells me that the pigs brought by Levi were first bought by Kase and then passed on to Kavok and Emanuel. Kavok is cutting one of his pigs himself, and Thomas of Livitua, who is his tamboo, and who always seems to be willingly doing the nastiest work, is
cutting another. Thomas is a gentle, smiling, handsome man who has had twelve ulcers cut out of his stomach and still has a lot of pain.

The smell of the greasepaint, the roar of the crowd. This is the roar of the crowd as people get someone settled by their "plates" (leaves) and the food is delivered. All the young men, and even Lovan, are helping to deliver. Umm, the sago looks especially good. (Good sago has lots of coconut chunks in it, and isn't hard and dry at the edges. Sometimes there's a bit of greens in it that give it a tang, like parsley. It tastes a bit like a macaroon, but is drier: just right to go with a big chunk of pork roasted with the blood in and dripping great pieces of pork fat.) It's 4:30 p.m. About fifteen minutes ago Yaraka arrived, after school I suppose. (Yaraka is councillor and big man and teacher from Paruai village, one of Kasino's classmates when they were amongst the first New Irelanders to go on to High School in the Government system.) Yaraka made the cement for someone at the Livitua malanggan, and he made a speech complimenting Livitua for being able to carry out the old traditions very well; and saying that the children must be taught these things. The Government now formally encourages the teaching of local songs and stories in the Government schools.

Matiu and I are sitting together now to eat. That means we are sharing a plate. No one ever gets a plate alone. I usually sit with Eruel, partly because we like to sit together and partly because he thinks they will give
me pieces of meat without fat, which they usually do. Eruel's stomach has been off for about twenty years now and he can't eat pig fat. When we first met him he claimed to be subsisting on Carnation Condensed milk, at two shillings a can. But he can eat lean pork and dry potato and sago. Not coconut. It is certainly true that he looked ten pounds heavier and ten years younger when he came back from a month of eating European foods (with a young relative of his who works there) in Rabaul.

Eruel also liked to sit with me because I let him carry away all the food, until Sirapi told me it was my responsibility, since I was the only woman allowed to sit with the men, to bring away my share of food to give to her. I tried to do this, but the logistics of the situation often failed me: one had to be ready with a leaf basket, which everyone else could ship up in five minutes, but for which I always had to wait. Someone always made me one, of course, but sometimes Eruel had gone off with most of the food by then, saying he would give some to Sirapi (his classificatory daughter, and a good friend.)

So it was a bit of a relief to sit with Matiu. Matiu and I eat from the same pot, in Matanavillam, so I didn't have to worry about my responsibility to get as much food as possible for my consumption group. Matiu and I have seven great chunks, like half-loaves of long bread, of sago; and five potatoes. All taro so far. Everybody else has just as much. Seven on the leaf here behind me for Ba and another man. That leaves seven for
Makeas and another man. But now I see they each have their own "plate," and each will have seven. (Eruel says of the leaves: the plate of the kanaka is good, you don't have to wash it, just throw it away into the sea. Kanaka is a term for natives which they consider derogatory in varying degrees nowadays.) Eight more potatoes just arrived. The potatoes are cut in half, but the taro are whole.

Melisa called Eruel first, then Lasuwot, when he made his speech. I didn't hear who else he called. Eruel and Lasuwot are each first, without challenge, in their respective villages. I think there is also a tendency to call first the person from farthest away and work toward the village where the event is taking place. Melisa seems to look around and call the big men who are present, honoring people who are big in the present situation who would not be called in other circumstances: e.g. Matunga.

Eruel is here, but sitting toward the back of the men's house on the beach. It was raining. Looked like more rain, he probably wanted to be safe. If someone paid him to do rain magic for this event, I don't know about it. Someone earlier said that some people could stop the rain, and I mentioned Eruel. Yes, this person said, Eruel: give him pay, and by and by the day must be all right."

Matiu got up to go help deliver meat, and I am left here as a "marker" for our plate. He delivered the first marvelous-looking chunk to me, but ultimately, of course, to himself, to us. This can be a strong motive for helping with the meat, of course. Helping deliver meat is the only
dirty work (of a communal nature) that I've ever seen Lovan do.

Our plate is almost overflowing here--first time I've seen this. "Only something a woman got started," and a little rubbish meal. This is the first time I've seen the plates overflow. This is really plenty plenty, and all the meat is well-done. (No one but the rude anthropologist asked why the meat wasn't fully cooked at the Livitau malanggan. When the meat isn't fully cooked, we have to take it home and cook it some more. Sometimes the women are hungry and stop and cook it along the way home.)

Melisa says grace, in Kuanua (the Rabaul language which is used by the Methodist Mission). No one has nibbled until now. Now we eat.

Not all of us. Some of the men are still doing their work. Great big bits of extra pig are going to Tuluk (of Livitua), Matunga and Lovan, Eruel and Lamto, Simek (Lovan's son). Kavok called out some of these names. I thought the extra pieces of pig go to the ones who help buy, but Kavok is giving to those who helped give him the pig, or perhaps gave him some of the mias and money that came with it. Probably just another case of return, return, return, back and forth. If I asked why Kavok gave the pig to these people, any informant would say: because he wanted to.

Melisa is talking, shouting out: "Arakok! Arakok! Arakok!" Matiu translates voluntarily: "It is good! It is good! It is good! Rest now, Have a good time. Tomorrow
(Thursday, May 4) start to make the "box" (the wooden box cast into which cement will be poured to make the cement monuments.)"

Melisa is pacing up and down, after the fashion of memais:

MELISA: "Friday (May 5), start with cement. Saturday (May 6) finish cement altogether. Monday (May 8) go get leaf. Tuesday (May 9), make a mumu. Wednesday (May 10), break open the cement (i.e. take it out of the wooden molds). Thursday (May 11), think about pigs. Friday (May 12), Saturday (May 13), finish entirely. Malanggan. Thursday (May 11), make mumu; Friday (May 12), open (display) cement. On Saturday, finish. The proceeding Friday night (May 12), dance, drink around and about, by and by everyone will be lying about on the beach, and flies will come onttop of the mouths of all."

MAITU (to DB): "Now he's just joking."

Melisa pauses, then goes on:

MELISA: "Now why. All this sago you all have worked is plenty, more than enough. And food--by and by you all will do what with it?" It is a strong speech, and probably refers to his earlier near-quarrel with Kamniel.

DB to Matiu: "Before they all wanted to wait--for plenty more sago--but our baskets aren't big enough! A little bit more can come inside, eh?" (I am making sure that my basket for Sirapi has as much as Matiu's basket, just in case.)
Lingiris comes by and invites me to come along to the beach with the men to wash our hands. Women are not supposed to go to the beach at this time. I am allowed to go because I am outside the system.

Lingiris and Laksia and I walk home together. Laksia has his bicycle, or someone's, and has our baskets hung on it. Makalo and Simbakon (sons of Milika and Lina, respectively), both about twelve years old, tease and hang on Laksia. He is a bit annoyed. (Laksia, and other New Hanover men who have been in Mangai for various reasons, are very popular with New Irelanders. Laksia has become a kind of "hero" for these boys; a phenomenon I have not seen amongst New Irelanders. If Laksia had grown up in New Ireland, his expressiveness, wit and charm, which amounts to ostentation in New Ireland, would have been quietly and consistently discouraged in favor of the virtues which sustain the group and draw attention to the individual only over the long, long haul. In New Ireland culture, it is deep and lasting Virtue that pays off. Pasingan, of Litana hamlet, may have been charming when young, too; but never a big man. Never even a husband and father, Never, in fact, even a grown-up. He is still protected, and needs to be, as though he were a child.)

I am trying to find out from Lingiris who gives pigs to whom and why. Lingiris says that Sirapi gives her pig only because she wants to, because she thinks of Makalo (her dead husband). She gives it to Kavok. He must repay
it with mias, but half only. Similarly, Kavok gives Matunga a pig (for the malanggan), but he only half repays it. If the malanggan belongs to you, straight, you can show it for nothing; whereas if you request it from someone else, you must pay the owner.

Laksia volunteers that in New Hanover, they bury the dead and eat a meal, and that's all. All on one day. Relatives come from elsewhere on that day, that's all. He said: we're like you (Europeans), when they're dead, they're completely dead--that's the end of it.

SATURDAY, MAY 6

This is the day we are to finish buying the cement. I drove to Lauen today, having rented a truck in town yesterday to help me get back and forth easily during this last week of the malanggan work. Lovan rode with me, playing "white man" all the way: "You must wait on the road! I can't come and find you in the house! Bloody benzine (gasoline, petrol) goes for nothing!" Mangan (Emi's husband's brother) of Livitua, who also rode with us, was audience, along with me. We stopped at Semege's house (the only native brick house, besides Kasino's) on the way, to pick up a pig. "All right," Lovan said as he walked into her house, "pour the tea."

Lovan also fussed and complained about the light rain and Eruel: "Why is someone making this rain? Get Eruel to stop it," he said, but he was joking. When Eruel finally got to Lauen today he told me he was cross that I
didn't wait for him. I told him I would take him back to Mangai.

There are four pigs here today. They were brought by Taito, Bungaloo, Piwas, and Telengebei. Telengebei is the daughter of Lina, and is about thirteen years old. She calls Sirapi "mama," which is doubtless why she has brought her pig. Bungaloo is married to Rusrus' brother, and Piwas is married to Rusrus' sister. Taito is a big man. Lovan, when I asked, said Taito brought the pig because William and Makalo were his children, through marriage. Taito's dead wife was Mokamiva.

I am trying to find out who brings pigs and why. Pambali told me yesterday that he will give a pig to Sirapi to reciprocate her having looked after him when he was a child. She is his distant cross-cousin, only a little bit taboo; if one wants to, one can marry such a person, he told me. Yesterday he and Kasino told me the local word for reciprocate (pidgin: bekim, from "back it"): amouli. Kas translated it as "reward." For example, Kas said: "for a long time you eat in one place, then you want to reward it." It is noteworthy that he chose the word "reward" rather than "repay." New Irelanders prefer to think in terms of the more freely given "reward," rather than the more obligatory "repay."

I also want to know why particular people were requested to perform the services of making the cement. Emanuel, Kavok and his brother Meleke, and Kavok's true mokok Piskaut (who is the teacher in Livitua and often
shows up in a white shirt) are here working on the cement.

I asked Kavok directly: why did Emi ask you to make the cement? Kavok said that Emi is mokotok to Kavok's dead father, Suraman. I ask: is she repaying something? Kavok says that he asked Makalo to make the cement when Suraman died. That is what she is repaying. (Kavok is Mokatitin; Emi and his father are Mokamiva. This would mean that Kavok asked a Mokamiva, Makalo, to make cement for another Mokamiva, Suraman. No one found this objectionable; so they must have been considered different "lines.")

Then I asked Emanuel why Emi has asked him to make William's cement: was she repaying something? Emanuel said no, that she had asked him because he married Mokamiva: Emi's sister, Menameen. Emanuel is Mokangkala, and he belongs at Medina village, the place of his mother.

There is another man working with Emanuel, Francis Welakamus of Navallis, who is helping because he is mokok to Pape (Mokamiva of Lamakot, who married and lives in Lauen village), who is tamboo (brother-in-law) to "the two who sleep" (William and Makalo).

Emanuel, Kavok, and Pape (Emanuel tells me) are all tamboo to William and Makalo: yak in Mangai dialect, efak in Lauen dialect. I ask if it must be a tamboo who makes the cement, and Emanuel says no, one can ask others. He then explained: "They asked us tamboos, straight, because they will not have to repay. If this pay does not come up
well, there won't be any talk. If Emi had brought this request to another 'business' and the pay didn't come up well, because they were short of mias... (because) if (the request) goes to another 'business', they will have to want much more mias." He is saying that asking your true tamboos is really keeping it "all in the family;" and you don't have to worry the way you do if you really go far outside.

I ask Emanuel if the custom is the same in his home area and he says "Yes, it's the same except that in Medina, when they see all the mias that Emi sends, they would repay it right away." Here, Emi's mias will be repaid on the final day, Saturday. The 'businesses' (relatives) of Emanuel and Kavok must join together to repay, to help. "Because Emi has lost plenty of money. So we give back, so she will have some." Again, New Ireland equalizes, strengthening the weak.

We got here about 10:30, and it is now 11:00 a.m. This meal was to be a "morning" meal. Matunga says we are waiting for the rain to come and go. However, there is much work to be done yet.

Now we buy everything again. Lovan calls, and Mangai and Livitua add money and mias to Bungalow's pig. It will go to Melisa, along with Emanuel, for making William's cement. Kasino is here today, and he goes first, with a mias given to him by Luverida. Then Belung (of Livitua) gives a mias to Warau, who goes up with his little child by the hand. Steven, age three, goes up alone again.

Now Lovan calls names for people to add money and
mias to the two small pigs here for Kavok. Virtually everyone here goes up. One pig belongs to Telengebe (Lina's 13-year-old daughter), and one is now said to belong to Beno. Previously this other pig was said to belong to Piwas, the older brother of Beno. This is now a familiar phenomenon to me: often a pig is said to be owned by the member of a nuclear family who is a peer of the informant. Thus, a woman will almost always say that the pig belongs to the woman of the family, and a man will almost always say it belongs to the husband. If you ask either one of the spouses, each will say "It belongs to me." Part of the explanation for this phenomenon, then, is that a woman will usually get her information from another woman, and a man from a man, and so on. In addition, everyone is taboo to many more names of the opposite sex than of his or her own sex. In the case of Telengebe, she is a child; and everyone knows the pig really belongs to her parents. But no one said so. It is important that the pig be considered the property of the child. The underlying basis for this phenomenon is, of course, that there is no individual ownership of resources within the nuclear family.

Last pig now, Taito's, for Matunga. Lovan calls out "for the malanggan!" Sirapi and Pala go first. On other occasions, for buying the cement, Sirapi has not gone up. She gives her money and mias for others to take.

Matunga makes a brief speech over his pig, in which he says that the pay is enough; never mind Mangai now, the
malanggan goes to Lauen now. Then he said he was giving this pig to Lovan to repay Lovan the pig with which Lovan started the malanggan-making in Matanavillam. That gave Lovan "name," or ownership title, to the malanggan; and Matunga's returning the pig terminated Lovan's "name" with regard to this malanggan. Matunga thus kattomed Lovan.

Later Lovan explained that nine mias and four pounds came for this malanggan; and that he agreed that it could go "clear" now (i.e. it no longer belonged to him). "It's good for helping the work in this cemetery," he tells us all. He says that he won't make it easy--the pay was short! But Matunga wants to help and make it easy for the hosts; they came to Mangai because they can't go to their own village, (but they didn't really want to spend a lot, so they were counting on Mangai to behave as though they were one of the family. Matunga would; Lovan, good-naturedly, would not).

There is a fifth pig here that I wasn't told about earlier, and now Francis is talking over it. He says that this pig, provided by Langasin (of Livitua) is to go to Mavis (Paruai), to get a malanggan for him. Francis begins calling names, in a hurry, and all the Livitua line goes, women first, all with mias.

I ask Langasin what kind of malanggan it will be? (I was still checking to be sure that what kind of malanggan it was was of no consequence.) Langasin said he couldn't know, they hadn't made it yet. I asked who had requested
the malanggan? Lasuwot along with Francis requested one from Mavis. And Langasin held fast a pig. I asked if Mavis was here. No, he hasn't come yet. (Mavis is a very old man, and in fact he never did come. He can't leave the village he lives in.)

Now all the Livitua men go up with mias. I ask Wulos: "Did you all know there was going to be another malanggan?" And Wulos said: "No, we just found out today."

Men from other villages go up to give to help buy this malanggan, so they must be supporting it: Pitalai, Taito, Manu (Emi's husband). Manu is from Livitua, but in this malanggan he is mainly identifying himself with Emi's group.

They all count their mias and money. Matunga tells me he has five pounds ten shillings and 3 mias. Emanuel tells me he has six pounds 10 shillings and six pence and 7 mias. How much there is is never a public announcement, and sometimes people don't count it right away. And, it is a bit rude for me to ask.

Pitalai and Francis are counting for Mavis: four pounds twelve shillings and six pence and 8 mias. Pitalai is standing in for Mavis because "I married there and they were all 'losing' (to Mavis); so all right, I'll wait (and pick up the money and mias for Mavis)." Pitalia, as councillor, is also expected to fill in generally in public roles.

Pitalai now cuts Mavis' pig. Lovan is cutting the one
Matunga passed on to him. Emanuel and Kavok are personally ripping the leaves off their pigs. It is considered an honor, and must be done either by the one who busy or by someone he sends for the task. (New Ireland generally weighs activity heavy against words. Who owns the pig? I ask. "Kavok cuts it," is the answer. Important relationships are highly visible in activity. Thus, money and mias are publically given in a little drama wherein each individual carries his gift across an open space, following the calling of his name, and lays it down next to a pig. And the pig is cut by the man who receives it, or someone closely identified with him.)

The food is not yet served and Melisa gives a talk. (I've noticed that the memai often doesn't eat at these feasts. Melisa is often talking; but Lasuwot didn't talk so much at the Livitua malanggan, and still he just sat, not eating. I asked him about it. Lasuwot said: "when everyone else has eaten, I will eat." I have seen Melisa eat at these meals, and I think it is not bad manners to do so; just very good manners to wait.)

MELISA: "Arako. Arako. Arako. It is good. It is good. It is good. Eruel. Matunga. Lovan. (All from Mangai). Lasuwot. Francis. Peterus. Kamak. (All from Livitua). Taito. (From Wuap). Kase. (From Nonopai). Kamniel. (From here, Kuluvos)." (The order followed here was this: he started with the acknowledged memai from each place, then mentioned the other men who are playing big roles in this
malanggan. He started with the village farthest away, and worked up to Kuluvos, skipped it, and went to the other side, to Nonopai; then came back to Kuluvos.)

Melisa starts to speak in local dialect, but after a minute or so someone I don't know shouted out "talk pidgen." And Melisa went on in pidgen. (Evidence, I think, that conducting proceedings in pidgen benefits others besides me.)

MELISA: "On Tuesday, (May 9), pig, to take away the caste from the cement. Or on Monday (May 8). Finish this work of putting luklakau (pay) for the cement, Wednesday (May 10). (He repeats and repeats. And he has told us this schedule once before.)

(Sirapi is outside the fence. Many other women have stayed inside the enclosure, to hear.)

"All right, one thing: about the promise of the two pigs. One stops here, and belongs to Tulebung along with his mama; and one stops in Matanavillam. According to my own wishes, about these two pigs, I would like that the bones of these two pigs be thrown away inside the fence (of the cemetery). Because these two pigs were promised. They were promised in front of the graves. Now me, I don't want a man to cover up meat from these and go away with it. I want all to eat it all inside the fence, and all the bones, too, must stay inside the fence. I don't want anyone to carry it away a long way.

"Now that's all, my little talk is finished. Thank you."
I asked Melisa what he had talked about, and he began at the beginning, repeating the big men's names that he had called in exactly the same order (indicating that it was not a fortuitous one.) His tone and pauses group the men in villages. He omitted Peterus and Kamak.) Wednesday (May 3) we ate a line of pigs; this was to make the tavetau. Today, the feast is to make the (wooden) caset and to put the cement inside of it.

"Regarding this work, I look at the strength of all of Mangai, over these two graves. They have all done something, they are like a picture of the strength of the two men formerly husbands of the two women of Mangai. Now I look at them today, and they come, in this way: with good work.

I ask him to explain about the two pigs: are they somehow taboo? Melisa says no, there is nothing taboo about them. It's just that they have already marked (set aside) these pigs for the front of the grave. (He does not explain further; but the implication from this and later remarks is that these pigs go symbolically to the dead rather than to anyone amongst the living. There was no mystical implication; just symbolic.) I ask if they were promised at the time of the burial. Melisa says no, later. "Afterway they thought: I will designate a pig, I can put a malanggan along with it. All right, then they made ready the pig." I ask who promised, and after some confusion (due to my relentless failure to remember that many people cannot say many names;
and due to my incorrectly guessing Rusrus when I did remember name taboos) I find out that the two are Sirapi and the mother of Tulebung: Emi.

Someone said grace, and we began to eat. While we were all eating, Francis talked.

FRANCIS: "It's not enough that Emi should give Makalo mias. She must get a man outside, because she must lose, lose, lose, lose, after the fashion of Makalo! It's not enough! I must get a man from outside, in order to return the fashion that Makalo has performed toward me. By and by I will really lose!" He tells a bit more about Makalo being a brother to him and their having been raised together.

Kavok, who is aloof at best, is now walking back and forth, clutching his little basket-purse, looking ferocious, with several days growth of beard on his face. He makes a very strong speech, in quick, high tones, in local dialect. All the women have left, except Wulos and myself.

Meleke, the brother of Kavok, kibbitzes some. Everyone else is quiet. Lovan, sitting near me, mutters to no one in particular: "Why didn't he want me to work something? He said it was a sin for me to bring a malanggan to Lauen?" (Lovan is referring to the fact that Lasuwot, supported by Francis, stopped him from bringing a malanggan to the Livitua ceremony for Lovan's stepfather, Waradis, on the grounds that the Catholic church thinks, officially, that malanggens are false gods. Lasuwot's real reason was that he didn't want Lovan to proceed with his plan of
getting the malanggan from Lepilis, who had proved untrustworthy about reciprocating.)

All go on eating while he talks. Some wash their hands at the beach. Lovan goes over to confer with Melisa, Taito and Kamniel share a laugh. Kavok has been carrying on now for fifteen minutes (time now: 12:30 p.m.). His manner is indignant, and the point of his speech is this: Livitua should not be bringing this malanggan. The people who are to bring things (including Kavok himself) have long since been selected, and Livitua should not be suddenly bringing in this new malanggan, uninvited.

Kavok takes himself very seriously. Others are looking around, vaguely enjoying the performance, unper- turbed. Whatever else this new malanggan means that Kavok will probably get a smaller amount of mias and money than he would without this malanggan. Now people will have to divide their resources to include helping for the Livitua malanggan. This rivalry between Livitua and Lauen to "work something over the death of Makalo" did not start now: it started with Makalo's death, as came out later on.

It is 12:35, and Lovan leaves the enclosure. Shortly thereafter, Kavok finishes talking.

Melisa says a few words in local dialect to those around him, then begins, calmly, to speak to the public, in pidgen:

MELISA: "Kase; Pakai; Kavok; Lovan.

"First, Pakai; second, Mavis; third, Kase. These,
all belong straight on this ground, this place. What kind of man from a long way away shall I ask to work something in this place, Kuluvos?

"Because this thing, this is how this thing got started: me. And Kavok. We two, children of this place, or men of this place. We two got this thing started.

"But hear this well: you know, him, this tamboo who stops (the dead William), he wasn't all right with me before (i.e. we weren't on good terms). He had a big anger, and his thinking was really fouling about, about me. All right, he died. Some men had thoughts like this: me, I killed this tamboo. Because I am a man of poison. Because we two were always cross, and our relationship was not straight.

"All right, I sat down (lived) right inside Lauen. And me, I kept looking a little at the kind of thing the mother of Tulebung wanted to do; because a big worry stayed with her. Mavis, did he come to help her? Kase, did he come to help her?" (Pause, long).

"No." (slight pause.).

Now we who belong away (from Kuluvos), (one of us) I got up this thing. I belong to this family. Kavok is Makatitin, and me too, Mokatitin. Nonnem. (A word in pidgin that underlines the affirmative: "You bet," or "my oath.") Kavok is Mokamiva, and me too, I'm Mokamiva?" (Note here an instance of the tension between identification with the clan of the mother and that of the father. In this case, it is a tension between the children of the women of the
clan, who are Mokamiva; and the children of the men of the clan, e.g. Melisa and Kavok, both of whom happen to be Mokatitin. Note also the typical New Ireland rationale: Melisa did not, by his own words, rush in to seize power, but to help someone in a weak position: Emi, a woman alone, without a man of her own clan--Kase, Mavis--to help her. The alternatives are also here, as elsewhere, conceived in terms of "outside" and "inside." These terms refer both to clan and to locality; but they may also refer to participation in an activity."

"All right, Lamsisi (Mokangkai brother of Emi, of Kuluvos), he went down and he talked to another tamboo (of his own and of Melisa--all these Mokamivas are his tamboos, because he is married to Makamiva) here--him, here, that you heard (Kaipok of Omo). He (Lamsisi) came and told him: things are ready, now what are we waiting for?

"All right, tamboo got up, he came at holiday time, on Christmas day. All right, they came and stood up here, with others too. Now as for me, I was on my way, I wanted to go to Namatanai. Now did they all hold a meeting after I left? Did they all ask Kase? Now did they all ask Mavis? in order to get up this meeting, about this, so that it could get started?" (Pause.)

"No.

"I came back from Namatanai, and they all said: the meeting can get started now. Now as for me, I stopped in Namatanai and I heard talk that the meeting, that they had
a meeting about getting this thing started. And I came back from Namatanai, and they called out to me: there will be a meeting.

"Did they bring this talk to Mavis?"

"Did they bring this talk to Kase?" (Pause.)

"Why didn't Mavis get this thing started, and why didn't Kase get this thing started? or whoever else is near, too. Why me, of another clan, Mokatitin, why should I come and get this thing started in another place?"

(Note that Melisa is further justifying his leadership on the grounds that he was asked, or invited. There is an obligation to serve, but also an obligation, sometimes stronger, to request service. A leader should be called by the people he serves. Who invited Francis?)

MELISA (continuing after a short pause): "On my hard work, on my strength, on my help. I don't know what kind of idea stops with the mother of Tulebung that she called straight me--and Emanuel--and Kavok.

"Kavok you have already heard: a promise stopped before, and I think they wanted to reciprocate (hesitates) whatever thing he, Makalo, had done for Kavok. All right, Makalo himself promised this brother of his, William, that by and by Kavok himself would come and "make die" (eradicate the obligation) whatever thing there was from before. Him, Kavok, did he ask Makalo for it?"

(Here again, people should take responsibility and perform services in response to being asked. People should
not seek these positions for themselves.)

MELISA (continuing): "Now you all square all these things, who wins and who is wrong.

"Now as for me, I'm not saying that I am cross, and I am not ousting you all from Livitua, because of your thinking, no. But you all already got up something here, at Tokanaka (Tokanaka hamlet, Livitua village). Now I didn't know straight that you would ask Kase (to help). This was something having to do with all Tokanaka; and me, I don't know: straight or not straight? (right or not right?)

"Now you all have asked whom? Thus, now Lovan comes and says he, yet, will work something."

(That is, Lovan now thinks that if Francis is going to "crash the party" with a malanggan, he, Lovan, will, too. Francis and Lasuwot prevented Lovan from bringing a malanggan to Tokanaka with the excuse that the Catholics don't approve of it; and now they are exposing their deceit. Lovan's assertion works as a sanction against Francis' "unauthorized" action in this way: by showing that if one can "break the rules," so can everybody. The group cannot tolerate that, so they cannot support Francis. If Lovan hadn't threatened to add yet another exchange to the malanggan, people might have "looked the other way," and let Francis go ahead. He did, anyway, but with little support.)

MELISA (continuing): "Is this wrong (Lovan's bringing something) or not wrong; me, I don't know. But about this foulup of yours, there is no man who has gone along the
straight road (i.e. done everything properly). There is no man who has already worked something over the death. (That is, no Mokamiva big man took on the responsibility; and Melisa is therefore doing the right thing.)

"All right. Here's the last thing I have to say. There is talk that I trick. Kavok told you you are not capable (of finishing this properly). I think as Lovan said: You and I, will we win or not?" (This is a challenge.) From the audience, a more enthusiastic and audible "Giro, giro," "good, good," than usual; and some applause. (The challenge accepted.)

Kavok, after a two-three minute pause, made a brief low talk in local dialect (I couldn't find out what he said), then slipped off to the far end of the cemetery. Melisa half-laughs. Taito has turned his back to Kavok, and speaks briefly. Eruel says a few words, and people seem surprised when he starts to speak. Melisa is smiling. Luverida says a few words. I ask Piskaut what is happening. No response. Now Melisa has walked over near me, and I ask him what is happening. He tells me this: Kavok said that Makalo had promised Kavok he could come and work the cement for William. The two were ready, and Makalo died. This promise stops, and the "two mamas" (Sirapi and Emi) abide by this promise; and Kavok is working the cement. Kavok is cross because Livitua called for a malanggan (which is competitive with Kavok's cement, for money, mias, and "name"—reputation). Makalo had worked the cement for Kavok's father,
and Makalo wanted to reciprocate by asking the same service of Kavok. Melisa then added his interpretation of Kavok's anger: Kavok wants to be the only one to work something.

Now Kase has started talking:

KASE: "We must straighten things, and then do them."
(Most people are gone. They finished eating and then left. Young boys are cleaning up. Whenever a quarrel comes up, New Irelanders leave the scene; whereas in New Hanover, a quarrel collects an audience.) Lovan has come back, and talks briefly:

LOVAN: "Me, I am not cross—not at all. (But) I think you cannot do this. It is taboo. For what do I say, 'I can do this,' and you say, 'I don't want you to.'"
(He means that they have no right to stop him.)

FRANCIS: "I don't like it that you, Lovan, talk and then go. You come back." (Francis is smiling.) "Hey! Come back!"
(Lovan says a bit more.)

FRANCIS: "Come back and hear. You can't be cross, then go."

LOVAN: "I want to be cross and I want to go." (His tone is half-jesting.)

These two, Francis and Lovan, are both "upstarts," non-memais who play big men roles, Francis for Livitua, Lovan for Mangai. Both are much more expressive, and self-indulgent, than a New Irelander is supposed to be. New Ireland needs a few of these, but the system could never survive more than a few; or even a few not kept in check.
Here when they seem to be on opposite sides of a dispute, they are more playful than all the rest of the group. They are playing a game with each other, one they both like to play: but the group will pay the cost. That's why they are smiling and other people are leaving and some people are angry.

Francis goes on with the discussion, public for anyone who will listen:

FRANCIS: "We had already asked Lepilis. All right, Lovan, too, he asked Lepilis. He comes fouling this work of another place. He wants to get Lepilis again, so it will be the two of them again. Get Lepilis how many times?" (The question is rhetorical. He is referring to Lovan's wanting to get a malanggan from Lepilis for the Tokanaka malanggan, when Livitua had already got Lepilis for an earlier occasion for which Lepilis had not yet reciprocated.)

FRANCIS (continuing): "Lepilis belongs in another place. Our lukau (pay) will all go to another man. We give to Lepilis, then I don't know. Me, Emanuel, all, we have no talk (no quarrel)—if Lovan had his own malanggan, we would have no talk. We don't want—you lose completely, something that belongs to Lepilis. Today, it is enough to follow the fashion of Makalo. We are happy, too, that you all have got up this thing, and we (now) come inside. I don't know why Lovan is cross. The cement, it's already clear in the eyes of everyone. There's no one who says anything about this." (Thus Kavok need not go on justifying himself, because all
accept his right to bring the cement. Makalo used to bring malanggans, and now Francis, after the fashion of Makalo, is reciprocating, bringing one to Makalo for the last time.)

Now Matunga speaks briefly:

MATUNGA: "I don't work for no reason (i.e. on his own initiative. He was asked). I want to support the mama of this child (Emi the mother of Tulebung). Two mamas here (Sirapi and Rusrus) would like that one little something comes (to honor their dead husbands). I can bring a pig. I can bring a malanggan. (He stamps his foot.) I can ask him (Kavok). (He means he can support the invitation to Kavok rather than to Francis et al.) It's not taboo for me to do so. We are already cross about this talk, me and sister (Sirapi)."

(To go outside, or not to go outside: that is both the risk, that you might get someone like Lepilis; and the adventure. Kavok is close to home, and safe, and owed, and promised. Francis is talking as though Mavis were "outside." He is, in that nothing is owed to him at this time.)

Francis is sitting down, and calls out without getting up:

FRANCIS: "You help whom? Do we stand up behind a woman?"

When Francis said this, Rusrus appeared, coming toward the fence, talking loud and fast. Lovan called out "mok, mok, mok, mok, mok, mok" ("quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet"). Francis and Rusrus go on at one time, both talking loud and fast, she furious. Kaute and Pepa,
both old women of Livitua, now begin to yell. I hear Francis say, over the general noise, "Lepilis didn't come up alone, he came with two men. This wrong came from you all, not from here (Kuluvos). Now we (of Livitua) have got another man." (It seems as though the heart of the quarrels lies in who was asked to help. Livitua, or some people from Livitua, especially Francis, is left out, or feels left out. Lepilis is being used as an excuse on all sides; though I have every reason to believe that what they say of Lepilis is true; that he would never reciprocate. He is not a big man, and couldn't repay even if he would.)

Eruel yells: "Hey! Kapuls! (Women!) Women can't talk about this talk concerning men. They just make talk that's not good (i.e. they don't understand, their talk is irrelevent)." (I smiled at Eruel, and he smiled back, benignly.)

Kavok is now sitting on the edge of the fence. FRANCIS: "Melisa and missionary (Matunga) wrong. Their talk isn't appropriate for all. For Lovan, that's all. (He means only Lovan should not bring a malanggan.) I hear Sirapi yelling way in the background. People seem really cross now.)

Rusrus and Pepa yell, at a distance, but at each other. For about five minutes their mutual yelling is the only local activity. Then Rusrus turns to Francis and they exchange some more words.

Melisa now gathers a bunch of leaves. He is near
me, and he asks me: "Have you seen these before? Fufus." He holds the fern leaf (raring) that they eat, and a big solid green leaf, fufus (pidgen), called arundun (local dialect.) "If there is a quarrel, the memai will go and 'kill' the quarrel with fufus."

Melisa then strides out to the center of the gathering, waving the leaves. Four times he calls out "fufus!" Then he goes on:

MELISA: "We have already finished with this kind of fashion. (He means that being cross belongs to the dark days of their savage past.) You know my father was a memai. My brother got the work, but he brought it to me; he didn't know how to talk. When papa and brother died, I wanted to catch the place of my father. I worked. I didn't get this place for nothing. All right, all thoughts and feelings (pidgin: bel) are out; now it's a matter of acting. The quarrel is finished. You just attend to your work now.

"I talk clearly in front of Lasuwot, Matunga, Eruel. According to my thinking, this thing that a woman has got up, I want it to go straight, so there will be no anger.

"The meeting is finished. Kavok has spoken about the promise. With me, Emanuel, Kase, all is clear. We said just that suppose Mangai wants to work something, that's all right.

"I came up to the mother of Tulebung (Emi) and the old woman of Matanavillam (Sirapi). They said: 'I think there is a pig here, and a pig here.' No malanggan in addition
to the cement, because then there is jealousy. What, were they two men who were nothing, they have not got malanggan? All right, now I think of one malanggan for decorating the cement. I asked everybody, and all said all right.

"Me, I am boss of cement; and Kavok, he is boss of cement. I am boss. I want this thing to look good. Decoration. I no more think of Kavok, I think of me, boss, I don't think 'where are the things (money, mias) of William, and Makalo.'"

"My father--true, he didn't die in good times, he died during the war. I worked hard over this death."

"If I die should my wife work something? She has worked hard to give me food. Everything of mine can stop with her.

"About the two (women)--one married (Rursrus), one single (Sirapi)--I think: it's all right, I can ask Mangai to help.

"The child (of William) stops in Kuluvoa. I am sorry for the son here.

"Kavok, his feelings have turned bad. As for me, no (that hasn't happened).

"Paruai, Sali, Nonopai (villages); and Mavis. All are inside. As for Francis and Lasuwot, that is straight. There's not something wrong there.

"It's not good that you all be fighting about. I wanted to ask Livitua, but you had already lost to Kase and Nonopai (at the earlier work for Makalo in Livitua)."
"I think Kavok is cross because he has a debt. He thinks: how will he 'win' over this debt? Me too, I have plenty of debts—at Paruai, Nonopai, and so forth. I don't think of them."

Francis gets up to speak:

FRANCIS: "All right, about these thoughts. I talk clear: this (idea) came from me yet. We two Makalo and I, we ate together. I didn't live with (Belung and Didi) or with (Lamut and Kuve): I lived with Sesil and Menung (respectively, Makalo's father and Mother). I have told you, we two, Makalo and I, were together truly. We held fast a pig, and Kavok lakaue for it." (He goes on a bit more, in local dialect.)

KASE: "It would not be good if I, a man of Kuluvos, don't speak. I am no longer cross about this thing that nearly ruined (pidgin: bagarap) everything today.

"Makalo said to me that he was ready; then he died. Now I already knew, I am clear. This readiness didn't belong to us all together. There was no meeting. But as Emi saw it, Emi wanted to go ahead so that this preparation didn't just go for nothing. She asked me and Kamniel. We weren't ready, but we said: you go ahead. It wouldn't be good if we spoiled your plans."

(Thus Emi did the "polite" thing, and also the safest thing, and asked her own clansmen first. They weren't ready. They did not feel left out, or that plans were being made behind their backs, so that they wouldn't
be ready; as William had felt, just before he died, about Taito's melanggen preparations.)

KASE (continuing): "With regard to Kavok's being asked, that is a matter of reciprocity. With regard to Emanuel, I don't think about repaying anything. This thought came up in this way: Emanuel belongs at Medina. He has not got 'business' here. He has not got a man who repays at (his own) place. He works hard for this place: do you see brothers here? No, Emanuel, that's all. He stops, stops, stops; the sun goes down, he stops yet at work."

(Thus Kase helps a man in a weak position, an outsider without help from his own. Emanuel's position will be strengthened, and of course so will Kase's: because Emanuel will be a faithful, and now moneyed and miaged, follower.)

KASE (continuing): "Kavok, he just changes slightly this promise of Makalo's (Makalo had promised Kavok that he could bring William's cement; instead, Kavok will make the cement for Makalo himself.)

"I said: vorkarai (leadership, organizing, governing; pidgin English) to Melisa. I can't hold it. He holds all here, he carries all here. Men who are strong under me, I must give them to him. Melisa doesn't talk here for nothing (i.e. on no basis)."

(Thus Kase said that he will cooperate, not compete, with Melisa. I think he did, throughout.)

KASE (continuing): "I look today: fouling about (i.e. going wrong, not going straight). Look at all the women. They
don't get *mias* for all their cooked food packages (i.e. all the food, scraped, prepared, covered with leaves, tied, cooked in the *mumu*). I put them (the *malanggan* and the cement) nearby, because suppose it goes badly (pidgen: *sapos i bagarap*), it's all right, it's straight, just something to 'finish the name' (i.e. perform the last rites in someone's name)."

(Kase here makes clear that *malanggan* performs an obligatory ritual purpose which can be carried out, and must be carried out, with or without associated social, political and economic activities.)

KASE (continuing): "I talk to you about Mangai. (He refers now to Lovan's proposed *malanggan*, not to the "authorized" one that Matunga is bringing.) If you think of another little something (that you want to bring), all right, that's your business.

"Also, you know: the strength (i.e. everything he had) of Makalo stopped in Livitua. How much *mias*? I was tired from walking back and forth to Livitua (i.e. he had visited regularly); all right, Makalo died, I stay here (i.e. I don't go there any more). If you put his strength here, in Kuluvos, it goes straight, it fits well (i.e. it is fitting).

"I am not cross. . .I talk to let you know what I know.

"I am a man, I am a Christian (straightens, chest out, clenching his fists). I do not return a wrong. I am not a
young man. I am an old Christian. God cannot be cross with you and me, if we do something wrong. God is not like that. That's all (I have to say)."

All is silent. Kase goes and sits, holding his little basket up as he goes.

It is 2:10 p.m. Kavok says a few words in local dialect, calmed down now. Pitalai and Francis are laughing.

LUVERIDA: "Everything that was up for discussion is out now. We have nothing more to talk about now."

MELISA: "I talk clearly now about on what day we will finish this. Francis talks of something big now, but I don't want to change the day from Saturday. I promised April, and it's already the next month. By and by where will it go, to Fatmalak? (Fatmalak is a village perhaps fifty miles down the road. For a joke, Melisa has substituted spatial for temporal distance.)"

"No man can change it any more. Saturday, Saturday. Whatever you are 'pulling,' you must have it ready."

I go to talk to Sirapi, for her views and explanations. Sirapi tells me that Kavok is her brother. Their two mothers had fathers who were brothers: Mokangkai brothers of Eserom’s (Panakaia-Paneval). Sirapi was sorry that Livitua didn't think of Kavok (i.e. they are not helping to pay Kavok, but getting their own exchange going with Mavis). Kavok had requested a malanggan from Makalo and Livitua for Kavok's father, Suraman, Kavok sees that Livitua has not held fast a single pig to help Sirapi (i.e. to help Sirapi by presenting a pig to Kavok for Makalo's cement).
Livitua doesn't think of this debt (to Kavok). They hold fast a pig, but it goes to Mavis. Kavok is cross because he is sorry for Sirapi (says Sirapi). All Mangai is behind her, but there is not one person in Livitua who helps her, she says. The quarrel is not over the use of malanggane in relation to the Catholic view of them. A vavara is just the decoration of a malanggan, and Father is not cross because it is burned quickly, got rid of quickly. I ask what the women were cross about, and Sirapi tells me that Rusrus was supporting Kavok, and Pepa was supporting Francis. Then she added: "They weren't cross, they were 'big-mouthing,' that's all. We do that kind of thing."

**MONDAY, MAY 8**

I took the women with their leaves to Lauen this morning. (N.b. this is right on schedule.) Malu, Elizabeth, Sirapi. (Sirapi had been back in Mangai for 'the weekend', for Sunday, when there is no work. That, they say, is something they learned from the missionaries: no work on Sunday. The Japanese didn't know about Sunday, and worked hard every day.) That is Sirapi's close group. I hadn't known how Malu got into the group, but I assumed it was through Sirapi's Mokangkai connections two generations back, which are maintained mainly through Patavani (Panakaia-Paneval), who at one time or another seems to have "looked after" half of Mangai. Including Sirapi. (It turned out, however, that Malu sees her obligation here as derived from a Tivingur relative.)
Milika came along for the ride, and rode back with me to Mangai. On the return trip, she told me that Lina had come to find me last night to take Warakau to Lamakot (where the Catholic Mission hospital is). I had gone to town. Warakau and brother—yes, Tokas (both brothers to Lina) fought, over nothing. (Milika is tamboo to Tokas through his broken marriage.) They were crazy from drinking, and Warakau ate 'rope' to die. It is a kind of vine, called mal in local dialect, and used to catch fish. Warakau could no longer talk, and the Mangai truck was found and it took him to Lamakot. Sister said she wasn't "enough," and they took him into Kavieng. "He's not very much all right, he doesn't really eat." I asked why he did it, and Milika said: "I don't know, I think someone talked badly."

While I was working in Mangai this morning, Lovan came in, plopped down, eating. "Have you got hot water?" he asked. Yes, would he like coffee? Yes. (I am still not quite used to the enormous change that came over him since he heard me speak very vehemently against some of the practices of Europeans in relation to the natives here. He used to walk right by my house, he couldn't find time to give me his genealogy, and he called me 'missus', the pidgen term for all white women, with a touch of scorn. Now he is at ease. He is the only one who has had this reaction to hearing my occasional barbs about the Europeans. The others in Mangai seem uncomfortable if I say anything "cross" about the Europeans, so I always have to conclude
with something nice, with which they then agree. Many Mangai people seem to have a kind of 'protective' attitude toward the local planters, definitely toward those who have been here a long time. But not Lovan. He doesn't like feeling inferior to them, or to the educated Mangai boys when they come home. He is just a few years older than Kasino, Eron, and Israel, who went on to school: Lovan didn't.) Lovan tells me, jokingly, what he will say to Lasuwot: "What, isn't it a sin now? You said a malanggan was a sin in Livitua."

Lovan doesn't know why Livitua selected Mavis to bring their malanggan. "Mavis is not 'inside' this, he doesn't work to help Emi," Lovan said. (Thus he doesn't "count" as a Kulu vos person for present purposes.)

I ask Lovan to explain to me what Kavok said yesterday. According to Lovan, Kavok said this, to Francis: "You, Kanda (Lasuwot's younger brother, away in Port Moresby with jaw cancer), Lasuwot were given pigs before, you cut pigs before (from Emi) at the malanggan for Makalo (not a full-scale malanggan, because they didn't have his body; but they 'worked something' to burn his house). Now you don't help Emi. Now you don't repay Emi." (That is, Livitua has brought no pigs to Emi.)

As for Mavis, Lovan says, Francis just asked him for no reason: he didn't want something reciprocated later, and he wasn't repaying anything. "You can't ask a man on the border! (almost outside)," Lovan says. (But he did: Lepilis.)
Lovans goes on muttering, not quite serious: "I'm going to take them to court, to Father."

I then say to Lovan that I couldn't talk much to Kavok because his "face was strong" (set, hard); and Lovan says that his thoughts and feelings weren't out yet.

DB: "Is he a good man?"

LOVAN: "A good man, he doesn't talk." (He doesn't talk; i.e. he doesn't talk badly of other people.)

Lovan goes on, considering the merits of the case:

"Three things (i.e. the two cements and Matunga's malanggan) are enough to help this place. Emi, Kase, Melisa, Taito, they asked us. Our malanggan (he means Matunga's now, not the new one he himself was threatening to bring last Saturday, May 6) didn't come because Mangai wanted it to. Emi is boss of this work." (Thus, Mangai brings a malanggan that has been invited.) At the time of the bamboo (tavetau) and of the cement (i.e. time to lakau for them), Livitua didn't throw away mias and money. This was according to the wishes of all--yes both Francis and Lasuwot: they didn't want this mias to go to Lauen and to Mangai. They should have asked Emi and all first: "If they liked the idea, all right: if not, they can't do it."

Milika also told me this morning, on our return trip from Lauen: Plenty of quarrels come up with a malanggan.

DB: "All are jealous?"

MILIKA: "Very very jealous!"

This afternoon, about 2:00 p.m., just before we went
to Lauen, I went over to Matanavillam beach to wash. Lina was there, on the beach, making a new koi (shell scraper). I suppose the Matanavillam kois have all gone to work at Lauen. She is grinding an edge of the shell on a stone, with sand and water. Suddenly I remembered what Milika had told me this morning. Lina has said nothing.

DB: "Your two brothers fought."

LINA: "Yes."

(pause)

DB: "Is he all right?"

LINA: "Yes."

DB: "Where is Tokas?"

LINA: "At the hospital."

DB: "Good."

(I conclude that it is not possible for me to find out from her what happened; if indeed she knows. She probably would not be so gross as to ask. Only the anthropologist has no manners. But she is learning some.)

Warakau is about twenty-five years old, not married. He has been in the Army, where his younger brother is now. I have noticed Warakau "big-heading" a bit: he jumped up and made a salute to the patrol officer taking census. He jumped into the front of my car when I said I could take another person up front. (Usually there is a pause and then someone gradually edges out the others who want to sit in front. It should not be done ostentatiously. It should appear casual, not grabby.) Warakau is very smiling and
full of energy, but all directed at getting a little attention for himself.

This afternoon we went to Lauen, Lovan, Eruel and I in my truck. (The other day when we passed Eruel, going the other direction, Lovan said: Eruel likes money too much. But this is not really such a bad thing to Lovan as it is to some of the others.)

Eruel tells me (he realizes that I don't understand, better than others do) that today we will lakau to Mavis. Luverida has held fast a pig.

DB: "Why (Luverida)?"

LOVAN: "You and I cannot know yet. We'll go find out."

When we get there, Lovan walks up to Kase and starts a conversation. Meleke (Kavok's brother) is here, too. They are standing near a bench, on which Eruel sits down. He pats the bench next to him for me to sit. I do.

LOVAN (to Kase): "Suppose it were a man inside, all right. But your mouth can't just run for no reason to just any place (i.e. you cannot make a request from a place that is unrelated to events)."

They are talking in local dialect, Lovan and Eruel exchange a few words; Meleke grunts occasionally; but Kase and Lovan are carrying the conversation. No one offers to explain or translate. I'll ask later. They are, in any case, discussing the merits and demerits of Livitua's action in asking a malanggan from Mavis.

I go to watch Emanuel and two others working in
the cemetery, finishing the cement. Kavok was standing outside, but followed me over the fence to watch. They have built a "wall" of coconut fronds now, so that their work, as it nears completion, is no longer "open to the public."

They show me a photograph of William that they will put, behind glass, in the cement monument.  

DB: "He was a young man (when he died)." (I had heard this from others.)  

KAVOK: "He was young" (as though, "Of course, what else?"
Kavok seems to be the kind of person who would suspect poison.)

I go to talk to the women. Sirapi tells me that by and by we will eat a pig that Kombulau (Pasaik) will bring. (I realize that this is no doubt the same pig that Lovan told me about, which he said belonged to Luverida, the husband of Kombulau.) Since Kombulau and Luverida are very close to Sirapi, it seemed odd to me that they should give a pig to a 'cause' Sirapi opposed. (It will be recalled, she felt that Livitua was not helping her, and that it was too bad they were doing this thing of their own instead of helping Kavok.)

A bit later I asked Sirapi:

DB: "Why did Luverida hold fast a pig? Is he related to Mavis? or to Francis? or what?"

SIRAPI: "To help Livitua." (Sirapi is always the perfect lady, and in some ways not a good informant. The cynical
anthropologist relentlessly missed the most important piece of information here: Sirapi consistently put the unity of the group ahead of her own immediate interests. She probably asked Kombulau and Luverida to give a pig, and certainly approves it. They are so closely identified with her that their action tells the world: Sirapi is not cross, even though Livitua has not helped her. This interpretation gains confirmation from my experience with Kasino. I was very cross with him and shouted at him when I learned that he had sold pictures I had sent for him to distribute free. His only response, to me and to others, was: I am not cross. I felt that he was completely missing the point I wanted to make, which was that I was cross. And he was, deliberately missing it, paving the way for the only thing that matters: ending the quarrel.)

Sirapi and some other woman here are making coy faces at me and talking, and I insist on a translation. The other woman said, Sirapi tells me, "Oh sorry (emotionally moved) about Dorothy; by and by you will carry a child with white skin who will sit down on top of plenty of money." (It was interesting that her thoughts went not to how much money I had, but to how much my children would have. This reflects the typical New Ireland focus on their children.)

DB: "Sirapi, where did you get your new headscarf?" (I had given her some, but this was not one of them.)

SIRAPI: "From you."

DB: "Gamon (a fib; fooling rather than lying). You're
a big important woman, but you know how to gamon."

The women there laughed. I wondered if Sirapi had really forgotten which scarves I had given her. I wondered if they really do remember all these debts they're supposed to remember. There are six women just sitting here, not talking.

SIRAPI: "Susannah here has been in Lavongai. With missionary."

DB: "Oh—where?"

SUSANNAH: "Noipus and Lungatan."

DB: "Lungatan—master White's place?" (It is the name of a plantation, not a village.)

SUSANNAH: "Yes."

DB: "And is the fashion of New Hanover the same as the fashion of New Ireland?"

SUSANNAH: "It surely is not!"

She and Sirapi share a light laugh. I said something briefly, hoping to urge her on; or did I just look at her hopefully? all to no avail of course. The subject was closed.

Then Sirapi picked up the subject of the head scarf again. Perhaps she had forgotten, and now remembered:

SIRAPI: "Elizabeth got it from the master who belongs to you two." (Perhaps forgotten, or perhaps Sirapi thought I might be angry.)

I made a fist at Elizabeth and she made one back and everyone laughed. (The "master" was a planter Elizabeth had met at my house. Whenever Europeans stopped to visit
me I tried to make sure that everyone continued to feel welcome. Elizabeth had told me she was interested in this particular one, more or less making sure that I didn't mind. I think the women share their men, just like they share everything else. Sirapi was always asking me to bring home men "for us two," because neither she nor I was married.)

Sirapi asked me about the food she had given me yesterday (before I went to town). I told her I had "gamoned" to Master Wally, at whose house I stopped to eat on the way into town; I had told him that one of the women who helps me in Mangai had sent it to him. I told her he was pleased. Fifteen minutes later, without identifying her subject (but I knew what she meant) she said: "Tomorrow you go to the meeting (Demarcation Committee), and Wednesday I'll give you some food to take him (no name mentioned); because his mama carried him (gave birth to him) in Kavieng, and he eats all our food, shell fish, everything."

We are all just sitting around. Kambakaso is the only child playing, with a toy. Lovan is sitting here with his mama and another old lady, talking to his mama, all with their backs to each other. Eruel and I laugh at a dog fight. Eruel says: "All men are cross, and now all dogs, too, are cross." (Eruel is the only New Irelander I met who volunteered such philosophical remarks.) I ask how everyone is related to everyone else: Eruel and Sirapi agree that they are papa and child; and Eruel says Siriu is child to
him, too. (Sirapi, who also calls her child, says nothing. But perhaps they are figuring along different "roads.") Pambali is Sirapi's magmagaog or mokok (she says they mean the same thing), as is the "father of Tambeta." Why does she call the name of the one and not the other? "Because Pambali came along behind. I held him when he was little." Malu, it turns out, is connected to all this not through Sirapi's Mokangkai kin; but because Sairu, a dead big man of Tivingur, mokotok to Rusrus (and often mentioned in the discussions of land for Lungantire, Panakaia, and Pasaik) was a classificatory father to Malu. Eruel says all his magmagaog are dead.

Eruel now asks me: Did you know that a child died in Paruai today? No, I didn't. Yes, he went on, it "drank saltwater" (drowned in the sea). They are making a box (casket) for it here, in the cemetery (using, I suppose, the wood that had been accumulated for molds for the cement monuments.)

I had vaguely wondered why there was so much hammering going on there, when the wooden castes were no longer needed. I had been in Lauen more than an hour. I had been in the cemetery where the box was being made. I had been sitting with people, doing nothing. And no one had thought to tell me. Except Eruel.

The child already walked about. It belonged to Tavakariu, the first son of the dead memai William, by his first marriage.
At last it is time to buy the pig. There is only one pig today. This is sort of like a fund-raising dinner, and we will see now, who are the supporters of Francis.

Francis calls out the names, as people go to the pig and add mias and money to it to be given to Mavis for the malanggan he is to bring. (Mavis isn't here. Tangai, who will represent him, is here.) First the women of Livitua go, as usual, then the men of Livitua; including the mad Chimbu who ran away from his plantation a couple of months ago. He showed up in Livitua, and they found work for him amongst their coconuts; and now here he is, helping with the malanggan. (In New Hanover he would have been sloughed off. People would have ignored him; he would have been, at best, taken to the mission. In New Ireland, they didn't tell him to move on, or not give him food, or even leave him out of the "party," the malanggan. Sambuan made fun of him once, rejecting his amorous advances but telling him he would be well-received if he followed that little path; which he did, to Bungalow's house. Sambuan giggled about that. I don't know about Bungalow.) And so all of Livitua lakaued.

And now some Mangai people go up: Sirapi first, then Lovan, Matunga, Rusrus' husband Sungua. Eruel gave one shilling (a rather mighty gesture from him). Lovan did the calling, and he called me first, thrusting into my hand a mias from somewhere.

(Why are we helping Livitua? Yesterday Sirapi supported Kavok's view, and so did Rusrus. And today
Sirapi and Rusrus' husband are helping the culprits. But Kavok is not helping. He is here somewhere, but he is not helping.)

Now Pitalai and Tangai, both acting for Mavis, go to Langasin and Luverida, respectively, with mias and money. (Pitalai is true mokok to Ravok, who appears to be still cross over this.) Langasin contributed the pig Saturday (May 6), and Luverida contributed the pig today; both pigs to go to Mavis. Lovan and Francis now explain to me: each pig-bringer got two mias and five shillings to "take away the belly" of the pig, to make the name (the "title") of the pig go to the Paruai line (Mavis' line). They cannot buy the pig altogether, because this pig is partial payment for the malanggan. (This return payment is in keeping with their general principle of giving back something, at least a little something, even when the burden of the payment is coming to them.)

Taito is talking, holding a potato. I am about to go to hear him, but I hear wailing. The child's body has been brought, and all the women gather inside the cemetery at the fence around the body to cry quietly. One older woman cries very hard, then another, for about five minutes. Rusrus is holding the body.

Emanuel seems to be making the casket here, inside the cemetery. Sirapi comes late into the enclosure; predictable. She's not much for all this formalized crying.

Kavok happens to be standing near me, and I ask him
who the child is. She is the child of the dead William's eldest son, Tavakariu, and his wife Kor. When I see the body I recognize the little blond child whom I watched, and who watched me, the other day; the sister of little William, who threw up after sitting on my lap a few minutes. They all say that she is Tavakariu's child, but little William is the child of an Australian patrol officer, who sends money to him from Madang; and William and his little dead sister look much alike, and are both blond and relatively light-skinned.

Kavok goes on: Kor "befriended" a master, then she felt she was pregnant again, then she married the son of William. (Kor is herself very light-skinned, and she bleaches her hair blond.)

Little William is playing around here while the women cry over his sister's body. She is wrapped in a blanket, and looks very ordinary. I wonder if he realizes she is dead.

Rusrus is still holding the body. She looks quite stricken. It is, through several marriages, her grandchild; and she looked after her once for a while in Mangai.

"Oh a number one (first-class) little child," Lovan said when he saw her.

They've put a colored blanket first, then a white sheet inside the casket.

Tustus gestures the flies away from the dead child's face, and cleans its nose the way they are forever cleaning
childrens' noses.

The mother, Kor, is sitting near, but not looking at the dead child. She is holding its leg, patting and lightly squeezing it. Her face is impassive.

The child is placed in the casket and carried down toward the beach.

Taito has finished his speech, and I missed it.

It was about the drowned child. Then Melisa spoke in local dialect, and Lovan translated for me: about this little child of Tavakariu's, it is all right with Emi, it is her wish, that this child come inside too, in this cement work. Melisa, he wants this too; because there is not anyone to stand behind Tavakariu (in his dead mother's village, Wongerarum). True, he is the child of William, but when Melisa looks to Wongerarum, there are not plenty of people to stand behind these two sons of William (Tavakariu and Nelson, his younger brother). It looks as though his "business" is not enough to take care of this. Now: is it all right with everyone for her to come inside this work, which will make it easy? This is Tavakariu's thought.

When Melisa looks to Mangai, he says, (he sees) that Mangai is capable, Mangai can stand behind Rusrus and her child (by William) in the work over William here. But when he looks toward Wongerarum--there is no man who stands behind William's son that comes from Wongerarum. For this reason, he doesn't want to give the (dead) child to stop (to be buried) in Wongerarum. She must come here to Kuluvos. That is Emi's
wish, she wants it.

DB (to Lovan): "She wants the child to stop in this cemetery (Kuluvos)."

LOVAN: "Yes. Then she will have a name, along with her pupu."

DB: "Her pupu William."

LOVAN: "Yes, him. Mangai is straight, it is good help that comes (from Mangai) to stand behind Eserom (Rusrus' son by William)."

(It occurs to me now that in their view Rusrus is here mainly to help her son. It is a child-centered culture in other ways.)

LOVAN: "Melisa said he was happy, too, about Mangai, that Mangai gives truly good help... and he said Thank you very much." (Lovan is interested mainly in his own role.)

I tried to find out about something Eruel had said in 1965: that a malanggan must come to an end if someone dies in the midst of it. It may be that this was true only if someone died when the time of play, the last day (which used to go on for months, I gather) had come. Lovan doesn't understand the question, which is unclearly stated and says:

LOVAN: "If a man dies at the time close to the time for a malanggan, the man goes inside too, so he can finish along with the others... No good to have to work hard again later."

The garamut is being beaten, by the old man who was beating it for the tavetau (not everyone has equal skill)
and by Pitalai. It is 5:45 p.m. Someone tells me that the garamut beats to announce talking about pigs. A line of nok (in pidgin; in local dialect, *sila*), the slim stems of single coconut leaves, has been stood up in the sand. My informant tells me that whoever has a pig can go and get one.

Taito speaks, and then tells me (at my request) what he said: A man who has a pig, and wants to give it to whoever, he can give it. He can get a nok here, and give it to the man whose pig he has (i.e. to the man to whom he intends to give the pig).

Little William is jumping around, counting the nok, showing no signs of sorrow. He is more active than most children here. Is that some indication of strain?

Some people take the noks. Matunga takes two. MATUNGA: "Two pigs, Pambali's and vasak's (sister's--Sirapi's)."

Matunga tells me Sirapi will buy Pambali's. DB: "And Sirapi's?" ERUEL: "She cuts it for nothing, she is sorry."

Kavok takes one, says (in pidgen) that he will look for a pig to come. Iamsisi of Kuluvos (the son of Latok, mokotok of "the two who sleep," who is also buried here; and from whom William "caught memai") takes two noks. One he gave to Kavok, to whom he will give a pig he has requested from Navallis. The other represents a pig Emi will give to Emanuel.

Lovas calls out that Rusrus gives to Kase. Samuel calls out that Tolei gives to Melisa. Someone calls out
that the child of Turkai will give to Tolei (the child of Turkai is a classificatory sister of Vasale's and lives in Wuap). Tolei is a boy of about twenty years old.

There are great gaps as we wait for people to take the noks for the pigs. It is 6:10 p.m. Taito put up the sticks about forty minutes ago, and the first one was taken about thirty minutes ago. Simeon of Sali says now that he wants to pull out one nok, but it is already dark: maski (nevermind), tomorrow.

TAITO (Eruel translating): "The place is already dark, so we'll do this tomorrow."

But we're all still sitting here, and Lovan indicates there is work yet.

Eruel says, to me: "the work is finished?"

I say, "All right, shall we go now? Are we done?"

LOVAN: "Not at all. (He is playfully snappy.) Go and find out from your sister (Sirapi)."

ERUEL: "Ach!" (Eruel has eaten and is clearly ready to go home. Eruel is always wanting to go home. He really isn't very well, and he often has to throw up.)

I go ask Francis and the Livitua people where Lasuwot is. He has gone to hold fast a pig, a pig that belongs to Francis, for Mavis tomorrow. There will be the funeral in the morning, and the feast in the afternoon.

I see that the child's casket stops in the men's house. The box was made by all the Kuluvos people, I am told. There is a lamp hung in the men's house, and the
only person in there, sitting behind the body, is the mad Chimbu.

Lovan teased about my waiting for him: "All right, when I am ready, then you will go." He laughed. I said, "Yes, I'm the driver for Lovan" (the role of "driver" is one the natives usually play for the Europeans). He laughed one of his surprised laughs that starts Wheeeee!

It's 7:00 p.m. and dark. Melisa makes a speech, outside the cemetery fence, among the cookhouses. Pitalai translates:

MELISA: "Here now, this death comes, and has already gone inside the malanggan. It is not necessary to go and get plenty more pigs. These pigs that have come are enough to bring this death inside the malanggan tomorrow. Now everyone cannot think of holding fast more pigs (for the death). So, that's all: I just had this one thing to say."

Melisa is walking up and down, and people are shushing children.

He pauses, then goes on:

MELISA: "In the morning this death will be buried; and during the day, food will be cooked to get ready for Wednesday, the day when the cement is taken out (of the caste). Tomorrow during the day, all cook then—after the death has been buried in the morning."

I asked Pitalai if there would be an auction in connection with this death, as is usual. At first he said yes, hesitantly; then no, there will be no kattom, because this death has already gone inside the malanggan.
Pitalai tells me that plenty of people will come Wednesday, because the time of opening the (caste of the) cement is a big time.

On the way home Milika said of the child's death that it was "just like Lamedeng's child's death." That child also "drank saltwater." This is either a very common kind of death (Taores' child died in the same way when he lived in Mangai--Kavalaiiko hamlet), or else this is a culturally stereotyped explanation; or both. Milika said she thinks maybe the other children "shoot them into the water." (I wonder if Milika, who is more expressive than the Mangai people, is the only person in Mangai who would openly project such a hostile explanation?) Rusrus told me later that she thought the child had died of something else, because there was no water in its mouth, and it is dry reef time.

On the way home I also learned that I had missed the arrival, in his truck, of Malembes, Emi's brother (another one) from Omo. Tomorrow he will start to prepare his contribution to the malanggan.

TUESDAY, MAY 9

I brought a lot of people in my truck this morning, but mostly food, leaves, dry coconuts, the pig of Sirapi and Alice (still not her big pig), which I collected at Panakaia.

The pig was held fast by Laksia and young Wowuak (Rusrus' young brother). Matiu organized me to get the pig.
Malu had been feeding it. Alice's ownership probably derived from a money contribution to its purchase. (Alice is a teacher, and, like me, she has money. She perhaps never saw the pig, just as I never saw the pig Sirapi maneuvered me into owning, by getting money from me which she gave to Wulos, who went on feeding the pig. However the title of ownership had changed.) Operating in this piece of work thus were factors of kinship, clanship, marriage, locality; but two outsiders, Laksia and I, were integrated into the group where we could best contribute. Holding fast a pig requires, first and foremost, strong young men; and in that capacity Laksia worked with Sirapi's young clansman, the young brother of Rusrus. Getting the pig from Mangai to Lauen requires, nowadays, wheeled transportation; and this I was able to provide.

We got to Lauen about 9:00 a.m. Francis was sitting holding the child of Pape (of Livitua), his pupu. As I approached them, Lasuwot got up and insisted on giving me his kerosene tin to sit on. (There are two striking characteristics of New Ireland Big Men manifested in this simple scene. One is that even when events of important social and political and economic consequences are underway, Big Men, even surly big-headed ones like Francis, can be seen holding children. The second is that in New Ireland it is the biggest people who themselves make the sacrifices, and are most eager to serve, and most "humble." Lasuwot is one of the three or four biggest men here; and there are several
others sitting on kerosene tins. But it is Lasuwot who
jumps up to give me his. At first I thought this kind of
attention was a response to a kind of obsequious deference
to Europeans, but now I know that it is not. In this con-
text, I am like a child who needs help, and Lasuwot is giving
it. Europeans cannot sit on the ground as well as natives
can; therefore I am in a weak position in relation to Lasuwot,
and he will make us equal. Francis is insecure and less able
to make such gestures. I protested, and I really didn't
want to sit on the tin; but I had to, to allow Lasuwot to
show respect. In New Hanover, people pass work and service
down a pecking order based on brute strength; in New Ireland
it is the top people who do the work; it is Sirapi herself
who sweeps my house.)

Old Kaipunga and her husband Mangan (of Livitua,
he the brother of Emi's husband) are looking serious, dropping
a shilling in a paper bag. Clearly they are straightening
money matters. I think many debts are forgotten, but maybe
not; they remember every banana anyone ever gave me.

10:15 a.m., and work goes on apace. Kamniel's
cookhouse is bustling. Milika still helps Livitua, not
Sirapi. There must still be some shyness between her and
Sirapi due to Milika and Kas having been separated during
the Livitua malanggan. Sirapi didn't help Milika then, but
Milika wasn't cross; she said Sirapi was "ashamed" to come.
Sirapi did drop by once to say hello, looking uncomfortable.
Milika and Sirapi are together a lot at my house, and seem
to enjoy each other's company. Milika came briefly into Emi's house the other day with me. She smiled uneasily, I thought. Of course there are always so many people they ought to be helping for one reason or another. Milika probably just feels more at ease helping her mother, in the Livitua house.

A truck comes from Kaselok village, a big truck. A small truck from Kavieng comes and goes, and only two got off. A Landrover from Medina village has been parked here since I arrived this morning.

Suddenly the funeral for the dead child begins. I don't recognize the missionary. (I asked Rusrus who would perform the service for the dead child, and she said, sweetly as only she can say it, "the missionaries;" as though "who else?" Usually the missionaries are somebody's relatives. Often they see the role rather than the individual, as in this case, but there is certainly no indifference to the individual. As with the avoidance of the use of a personal name, it is his terrible specialness that prevents the use of his name, and this very specialness that makes a big malanggan in his name years later. It is hard to get names, and rude to keep trying, but, by the same token, fundamental to understanding this culture.)

The missionary reads the prayer in Kuanua (the Tolai language used by the Methodist mission). All join in all verses of a hymn in Kuanua. Then the missionary prays in pidgin:
MISSIONARY: "Thank you for this day. We got up in the morning, and we meet in your great love. We see the sun come up, along with a lesson which comes up with it: light comes onto the earth, everywhere, that all can work and see things, because we have clearness.

"We thank you, our Father, because we all hold good life today. All right, we sit down here together in this place, we come together in order to bring one sister of ours. You have called her now to go back again to the place that she had left.

"We think of our life on this day, and how busy we are in this life. We have so many things around us (to do). But in this place we have read (the Bible), you have told us clearly that our life is not very strong. About our life, God has compared it to the leaf of a tree. We walk about as flowers of the grass. Now we think that this ground that we walk on belongs to us; but it is not truly our ground, that we shall by and by stop forever. In this life that we stop in now, we look at everything on this earth that we shall not be able to understand well. As we see it, sometimes we are cut short for no reason in the middle of our lives.

"Now we come to you, our Father, our sitting down here in this place is to bring one little sister of ours, that she go back again into the hole of death. Our thoughts go back to the father and mother, these two, on this day."

While this prayer is being made, Kor, the mother of
the dead, hears her new baby yelling, and goes outside the
cemetery fence to it. The stepfather Tavakariu and his
little stepson, William, are here. Little William is on
the lap of his father, sitting on the side of the cemetery
toward the beach, where the men are sitting. The new
baby is in a beautiful basket (European style, probably
something bought by the patrol officer from Madang for his
contribution to his children). There are twenty-five women
and nineteen men here at the church service. Rusrus is not
here. She's probably still in the cookhouse. She was sitting
briefly with Kor this morning. Rusrus no longer looked
stricken.

The missionary goes on:

MISSIONARY: "About the life of these two, these two (parents)
are so very sorry about this child that has got up and left
these two. But we ask you, our Father, it would be better
if you can sit down with these two, and help the thoughts
of these two, so that they can be clear about our lot in
this life; we cannot stop forever. Now we bring these two
into your hands on this day, better that you can stop with
these two, and clear their thoughts.

"Help all the people, too, that have come to gather
together on this day. There is a big affair under way in
this place. Now we call on you, it would be better if you
can look after us in all kinds of work that all can hold
on this day. Some are able to go up onto the trees; some
can go down into the sea; or some can go about here in this
place. We would like that your spirit be amongst us on this
day, so that we can complete well our work.

"We would like that you yourself come into this service of ours so that we can feel that the work of the spirit stops amongst us.

"Help all these men too who have sorrow in this place. It is too much to call each one by name. We like that you can stop with all, and help all with their vorkarai (prayers). Everything that all feel on this day, it would be better if you yourself can clear their thoughts of all, that all can feel that you stop amongst all.

"All right, it is too much that we can talk to you about everything; but we think back about all the things we have done before your eye, that are not straight. And we ask you, our Father, it would be better if you can be sorry for us, and send out all these things that have made us go wrong. Now clear our thinking that by and by all will be well, by and by we can straighten our walking about or our sitting down in this life.

"All right, there is too much for us to talk to you about. It would be better if you come and we and you are together on this day. We ask all these things, and we believe in your name, our Savior. Amen."

The crowd joins in the Amen. This missionary is fast and cool. Not more than forty years old, I think. The Lord's Prayer follows in Kuanua, and then the final hymn. It is 10:40 a.m.

The mother, Kor, is still attending to the needs of the person that wants something and sings out: the new
baby. (New Irelanders need and want to be asked for things. They are responders; but only in known channels, of course. They are amazingly sensitive to other people's physical and psychological comfort, but it would never occur to them that the psychological comfort of the European is attained by privacy. When they see people looking unhappy, they surround them with people, attention and chores.)

There are two missionaries here. Maybe they came in that car from Kavieng. (I guess I won't try to find out.)

Kor has come back into the cemetery. I notice her 11:00 a.m. She was sitting nearest the coffin, now has (unostentatiously) sat near the back, near the fence. (She would not push her way forward, even at the funeral of her child.)

MISSIONARY: "This life doesn't belong to you and me. It is not the same as the life of the world. (Now he goes on in local dialect, and I hear the word pirin; which apparently used to mean ancestor spirits. It could mean God nowadays. This missionary must be a local man.) If something spoils our life, we can get up again, and by and by we will sit down well with God.

"God brings and God again takes back. He has spoken thus."

The missionary then tells the story of Job. Rusrus is here now, and Kor is gone again. I don't see anyone else but Rusrus here from Mangai. (Is this letting the missionary take care of the ritual aspect of things? At other funerals
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I have noticed that close female relatives go on cooking rather than come to the service.)

Now they start to nail down the lid of the box, and one old woman in an orange blouse starts crying right away: "Yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya, yaya" (pupu is pidgin for the local term yaya, the informal term for the more formal tiwuk, grandchild). Kor is back. She sobs without making any sound, but I see that her sides heave. She covers her face with her blouse, and stands near her husband, who is in front of her, at the foot of the grave.

(The Europeans here all say that the natives have no feelings; that it is rare when one cares that someone has died. There are cultures that are supposed to foster a low intensity of emotions, but this, I feel sure now, is not one of them. It is interesting that the local Europeans, so many of them of British background, do not recognize the stiff upper lip on a New Ireland face.)

Wulos' husband and two others shovel, filling in the hold. Rusrus sobs, doesn't go to watch. She stands just inside the enclosure.

I don't see little William. They've planted a dainty plant head and foot of the grave. Rusrus has quit, is going out. The true mama is not leaving. 11:15, and the grave is half-filled.

Taito is here. Melisa was here, has gone. Two young Mangai men are here now, Wowuak and Simek.

Now they're planting two big plants as is usual at
top and foot of the grave. The mother breathes hard, but
has quit sobbing. Her older child, a girl, comes and takes
her hand, and they leave together.

I ask Eruel where Melisa is, and he calls out to Kor
as she leaves the enclosure. Hey, where is Melisa, did he
leave? She says no. (Thus does Eruel make his contribu-
tion to her return to routine.)

Emanuel is helping to fill the hole. I get a chance
to talk to the missionary. He is Epita from Lauen, now a
missionary on Nusa Island, near Kavieng. He belongs here,
he tells me, and is here for the malanggan. He is married
to Kavok's sister, Luta.

I find Melisa. He tells me that today's meal is for
Tobal Cemel: taking the cement out of the plank castes.
And also for the funeral.

And now we will lakau for Matunga's malanggan. There
is a pig here to go to Matunga for the malanggan, brought
be Karabuso of Wongerarum. He is mokotok (mother's brother,
in this case classificatory) of Tavakariu (son of the dead
William, stepfather of the dead child). I wonder if he
was stirred to action by Melisa's public statement that no
one from Wongerarum was helping.

Kor, with new baby and big black umbrella (often used
by mothers of new babies) comes to join her group inside
the enclosure. Her group gives money and clothes in a
REXALL wrapping to Kamniel, who passes it on to Lamsisi.
It is shirts and mias and money for the man who made the box
and dug the hole.

In addition to Karabuso's pig for Matunga, there are four other pigs here today to be bought and eaten.

One is from someone in Livitua for Mavis, for his malanggan. I ask Langasin (of Livitua, who brought the first pig for Mavis) who brought this pig. "It belongs to Francis," he says. Pape (of Livitua), who is standing near, says, "It belongs to me." Pitalai says that this pig for Mavis will actually go to Tangai. (It is interesting that Tangai has got so involved in all this. He is married to Wulwul of Matanasoi hamlet, Eron's sister. Eron and his wife and mother stay out of these things almost entirely. Twice I have seen them taken in, protesting: once when Eron's baby drowned, and once when Konda's father-in-law, a very well-known man, died in Lesu and Eron had to go, in Konda's absence in Port Moresby, as mokotok to Konda.)

Another pig was held fast by Emanuel, and goes to Kavok. Kase stands by this pig, says "Kavok," and a long line from Lauen goes up to add money and mias. And now Livitua goes up, too. (Is this the first time Livitua has given to Kavok? At any rate, they are not prolonging the quarrel.)

Kase now moves over and stands by the pig Lamsisi held fast for Emanuel. About twenty Lauen people go, and then Livitua goes again. Eruel goes with a shilling. (Lasuwoot never goes I think. But everyone knows it is some of his mias and money that goes with Livitua people. Eruel likes the histrionics of it all.) Kavok deposits a mias
in the heap for Emanuel as he goes to collect his own.

A pig is here to go to Tulebung for making the cement for the dead child that was just buried. Taito tells me that the pig belongs to Eli of Wongerarum. Eli is tamboo to Tavakariu, and pupu to this child. I say: "he is pupu, then, as are the two dead big men," and Taito says nonnem! (He is one from whom it is difficult to get information because he acts as though my ignorance were a direct insult to everyone concerned.)

Again, the Paruai people "buy the belly of the pig," this time for two mias and ten shillings. They took it to Francis, who passed in on to Pape. (So it must be Pape's pig. It is interesting that even Langasin didn't know that. Each knows only his own role, except the big men.)

Melisa makes a speech now:

MELISA: "About this day that I marked for breaking the caste from the 'skin' (outside) of the cement: this event was planned for tomorrow, Wednesday. But now, something has come up. All right, we are not doing what we said we would on this day, because of something we all know about (i.e. the death).

"All right, about these four pigs now, for taking away the cast from the skin of the cement. All right, I marked Wednesday and Saturday (for pigs). But we haven't come to these days yet, and we haven't changed them yet. But what we were to do Wednesday we are doing today (the work we were to do)."
"But Saturday, that day, let it stay the same. Let's not change it."

"These four pigs are for taking away the caste, and work inside the cemetery fence, or work in connection with the cemetery. On Saturday, the last work: to finish our work for the graves. Saturday, all men will work a big luklakau (exchange) for everything: malanggan and cement too.

"This food now is for taking away the cast. True, we marked this last luklakau for Wednesday. But something (the death of the child) came up, and it thus cut this day. Now my thought is: omit this (Wednesday's luklakau). My thought, that's all. When the meal is finished, if you want to straighten this day, you all Big Men, and all men who are bossing this work, you can all talk: shall we stay with Wednesday still, or I don't know, or what. I don't know, what shall we do. Shall I put it in the middle--Wednesday, Thursday, Friday--I'm just calling for no special reason (just suggesting alternatives).

"Now another thing. A thought for all Mangai. I think they all looked at this work of calling Tulebung (to make the cement for the dead child). Now it's true--it's not something to be cross about, or something to change one's thoughts. Not at all. It's like this, true, it's something that belongs to our place. We all know. Before, according to our custom, this thing cement hadn't come up.

"Now according to our own custom, we all know that malanggan is one very important thing of ours. It functions
to 'kill' everything completely (settle all obligations, so that everything is 'square,' as they say). But now, 'the clear time' has come up (i.e. the time of understanding clearly, which came about with contact with the missions, who told the people about God), the government has come up, and all the missions too have come up.

"All right, this fashion, custom of ours, malanggan, has grown cold now, it is slack now. All right, now we all think of cement now, it is one very important thing.

"All right, as I said yesterday, this death has gone inside the malanggan, and this is one very important thing to all of us ourselves, and before, too, to all of our tumbunas (ancestors).

"But--we all can understand, thus, about Tulebung... some who understand this have left I think. (He is explaining why another thing was added to the malanggan after he discouraged Lovan from bringing another malanggan; because there needs to be cement for this child, cement being as important now for us as malanggans used to be for our ancestors.)

"Now, too, as for me, I am a little sorry for Tulebung. Because he has not got something given back into his hand. Thus, he has thrown away, thrown away, thrown away, and it is as if he worked for nothing.

"All right, now Karabuso had a good idea. He though of Tulebung, and he wanted to give a little something into his (Tulebung's hand, so that he, too, will have something.
It is not good that he should lose, lose, lose, lose. Now true, he has not worked to get something that will stop with him (i.e. that has not been his motive). He has worked only that something comes and then goes back again. He hasn't worked for something like we used to think of before (profit?). All right, everyone here has good thoughts: thus we put our hand to go to Tulebung, this is a good thing. It is not something to be cross about. This is what I think, and this is what I say: it is good.

"That is all. Thank you."

I thanked Melisa for talking pidgen. I asked him about Tulebung, and Melisa told me (what I already knew) that Tulebung is mokotok to both William and Makalo. He belongs here, Kuluvos, but he works for the Electric Power Department in Rabaul. He heard that something was being done about his two mokotoks and he came to be together with everyone. Tulebung will go back, next week Melisa things. He is just a young man.

(This talk I had with Melisa was the first time I realized who in kinship terms Tulebung was, and I never was sure which one he was during the work. I suppose one reason why I didn't find out for such a long time was that my major "Identifiers," the Tivingur women, were all tamboo to him; as mokotok to their husbands or along some other road. He is a very important person here who just disappeared, for me. There is another important man moving around here that appears only twice, briefly in my notes.
He is also Mokamiva, and the same explanation for his "disappearance" may apply. But there are other factors, personal ones. Tulebung never said anything, for instance, in public, or to me.)

It is 11:45 and someone says grace. The food has been delivered.

Paulo of Wongerarum makes a little talk: "Francis and Pape get the head of the pig they brought." Lovan and Taito, sitting near me, say that is the custom at malanggans.

I asked Lovan about what some mias was for that I had seen transferred and he said, "Everyone is cross." (It is their custom to exchange mias or money to terminate a quarrel.) I looked at him and he was laughing; so I said, "You mustn't fool (gamon) me!" He said: "You eat first, talk later. No good the pig gets cold."

After we ate this noon a man came to me and asked me to come and photograph the work of the Omo people. They are bringing a song and dance, called Bukbal, that uses headdresses. They ask me to come to photograph the "bones" of their work.

They were working in a little area of uncut bush, not far from the village and near the beach. They had put up a little house, and about a dozen men were there working. The headdresses required a delicate framework, "the bones," of some sort of cane. (I went back every day after this day to photograph their progress.) This would be covered eventually with cotton material, and the famous "hair"
of New Ireland art. This was the only occasion on which I was able to see it made. It comes from the inner bark of a tree, which peels off in chunks of long fibers. These fibers must then be carefully sewn and clipped into place. The whole procedure is long and requires patient, careful, detailed, repetitive attention. These men had already been working a day, and expected to be working for the rest of the week. They would bring this mobile malanggan to the last day's events: Saturday. (New Hanoverians wouldn't spend this much time on something like this.)

I went back to the village and sat with Sirapi for a while. She tells me that Warakau along with Wulos' husband is making the little fence-trap needed for catching her big pig for the last day. I ask: "He has come back?" (He is the one that ate fish poison.)

SIRAPI: "Yes, last night Pitalai (Tambeta's husband—Panakaia-Panaval) brought him. (Pitalai works at the hospital in town.)

DB: "What happened?"

SIRAPI: "I don't know, I was stopping in Lauen at the time."

DB: "Did he eat 'rope'?"

SIRAPI: "Yes" (shaking her head, with a kind of laugh, as though 'whatever will they do next?')

DB: "Do you know of other people who have done this?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, many, I know of many who have eaten 'rope' to die. Peta, the brother of Lamo, died in this way. He was ashamed because he and his wife were cross, and everyone talked badly. Some people went to get fish at Katu (plantation).
Peta ate 'rope', went in the canoe, and fell down in the big reef. Ismael saw him, went to get him, and he was dead."

DB: "What were they (he and his wife) cross about?"

SIRAPI: "His wife always had cross words for him: cross, cross, cross, all the time she gave him talk that was no good ('bad-mouthed' him).

DB: "Did other people outside always talk badly of him?"

SIRAPI: "No, his wife, that's all."

(There really is a lot going on here, even when people seem to be just sitting and staring into space.

Death, attempted suicide, quarrels, anticipation of drinking and love-making coming up for the last day of the malanggan. And an end to mourning, a real emotional experience for Sirapi, probably a lesser one for Rusrus. Sirapi seemed reluctant at the Livitua malanggan to let the Kableman memai remove her taboo to taro, in preparation for this malanggan which finally completely terminates her mourning. But she is holding out. She will give her big pig free, because she is "sorry." Perhaps there is so much going on emotionally for them that they have to be "reserved," to suppress expression of most of what they feel; just like they have to forget kinship ties and select which road to choose to those they remember. Perhaps this reserve is a consequence of a system that keeps everyone involved with everyone else. They are never bored. New Hanovers are outsiders in their own homes, not "involved," and always bored.)
There is a meeting of the Demarcation Committee members for Northern New Ireland this afternoon in Nonopai. I take Melisa in my truck, and Eruel and Laksia come along for the diversion. (Also Eruel wants to make sure he gets a ride back to Mangai; but there are other ways he could get there more quickly.) When I said I was going to the meeting in Nonopai, Eruel and Laksia each independently said "I want to go. I haven't seen this meeting." (They are the only two whose curiosity, "exploratory behavior," is such that they would even think of such a motive. Perhaps Eruel just wanted a ride home, and perhaps Laksia just wanted a ride in my car. He is from New Hanover.

Eruel, the artist, the big man, the magician: the devient. He is assertive. Whatever their motives, at least they sought diversion. The others don't seek or seem to want it: except Milika, who is from a different area.) Eruel expresses emotion more than do the others. He said, "Oh, sorry," about the dead child today. He and I are the only ones who do. He said it to me; perhaps he wouldn't say it to his compatriots. It is too obvious; it is "schmaltz."

But Eruel is the only man who goes to the body and cries with the women at funerals; so perhaps he says "sorry" and makes other expressions of the sort to other New Irelanders, too.

Kase, Melisa, and other big men of the area are all representatives to the Demarcation Committee, and were all there talking. This committee is making momentous decisions about land tenure in New Ireland. Thus these men have other things on their minds besides malanggan now. This came as
something of a surprise to me: they seemed fully involved in the malanggan.

Melisa came back with me after the Demarcation Committee meeting to find out about two pigs he had heard had come from the West Coast. Melisa said that the West Coast would lakau tomorrow.

I went back to Mangai after the Demarcation meeting. I found that Lokorovar had sent me fish, which I gave to Moktun to cook for us in Matanavillam, asking her for sago to go with it. (Now that Sirapi is staying in Lauen, it is a good chance for me to find out if it is only Sirapi who will help me. I have found that her various relatives--Moktun, Kombualu--rush to fill her place. Milika and Sambuan have been doing things for me all along, but I usually eat at Matanavillam, taking whatever food Milika and Sambuan have given me along with me.) Moktun must have asked Warakau to cook the sago, because I went to wash and when I came back, Warakau was frying the sago with Moktun watching.

Warakau had re-worked a little catching-fence made earlier by Piwas (for another pig), and with it he intended to catch Sirapi's big pig. I (always trying to find out how they feel about things, and rejecting the European view that they have no feelings) said: I am sorry about the pig; and someone said Yes. Then I said: but he is old; and someone else said, Yes.

A line of four men (who came in Master Wally's
Landrover from Katu plantation, where Sungua works or used to work) was at Matanavillam helping Sungua make a new little enclosure in which to catch Rusrus’ pig. (It is a pig-sized three-sided and topped enclosure into which the pig is invited to eat his last supper. His legs are grabbed, pulled out from under him, and tied.) Thus the present husband, Sungua (a Sepik laborer) along with his friends from a plantation labor line, helps Rusrus perform her duties to her last husband’s kin and to her son by that marriage.

Tonight the pigs were fed in these little enclosures, just to get them in the habit of coming here. (It is clear to me that no one enjoys this job. There is no sense of triumph in the catch. It is all done very matter-of-factly.)

Matiu, smiling and watching, said of the "line" from Katu: "Everyone wants to have friends to back him, a line." (It was sort of touching to see Sungua’s line. I realized that, except for Rusrus, he is usually alone.)

After dinner Lina asked me to take her to Lamakot, which I did; with baby Caroline and husband Matiu. Caroline has had diarrhea and vomiting, Wulos told me. Seventeen children sick in this way had died in Nonga (Rabaul), they heard on the radio. Lina seemed a bit scared. She had first gone to the local doctor, Igua. They asked me to stop, on my way back to Mangai after I left them at Lamakot, at a plantation nearby and leave word for Lina’s half-sister who works there. (Lina didn’t mention why she wanted this
sister, of whom I had never heard, notified; but I realized later that it must be because this woman is near the hospital and may be able to get food to Lina. The European world is always scolding these people for not going to the hospital when a child dies of diarrhea. But many times children live through diarrhea, and when they go to the hospital it is a real hardship. They may have to wait all day on the road for a ride; or, if they know where a truck is that they can buy, buy if for one pound, the price of a new dress. But the hardship is yet to come: there is no place to buy food, and they don't have money to sustain themselves by buying food for long anyway. And if they can find some to buy, how will they cook it? The best hope is to have a relative nearby who will help you, and people who live near Lamakot must find this a constant drain. This incident tells something of the context in which malanggan takes place today. If there is any mystical, magical, or religious meaning in malanggan, it goes along with a total commitment to Western medicine. A total commitment, but within the typical Melanesian pragmatic frame of reference: when it works, I'll go on using it. When it doesn't, I won't.

I stopped at Lauen again then, on my way back from Lamakot, partly to tell Sirapi about Lina and Matiu. They have been playing a big role in this malanggan, but of course no one is indispensable. All the women were still working, some by the light of a big lamp, some by small lanterns,
some just in the light of the glowing coals of the mumu.
(At the Livitua *malanggan*, I saw them working by lamp light
to prepare food parcels until 2 a.m.) I said to Sirapi and
the other women: "Oh you work so hard, all the time, and
you don't rest a little."
SIRAPI: "Yes, and we don't eat well."
DB: "What!" (The women do not come and eat with the men--
and me--at these feasts, but they can surely help them-
selves "in the kitchen," and their men are supposed to
bring them pork. But the pigs' legs are taken to the women
before the pigs are put in the mumu, and cooked at once "for
the women." When I first learned of this custom I wasn't
sure how this was to be interpreted, so I said to Sirapi,
in a neutral-to-cheerful tone of voice: oh, the women get
the legs of the pig. And Sirapi said: "Yes," and came as
near as she ever does to expressing a negative or complaining
point of view: she wrinkled her nose. But I know the women
get a lot of the pork, too; and of course so do the children.
If it's not well done at a feast, all the meat goes home
in a basket and is given to the woman to be re-cooked; or,
if only the women go to a feast, as seems to happen fairly
often, the women may cook some of the pig on the way home
for themselves and the children who are along. In any case,
I was unsure about the pork distribution, so I was very
interested when I thought Sirapi was on the verge of expressing
a complaint.)
SIRAPI: (quickly, because she realized that I had misinterpreted
her statement) "Because we don't feel like eating. We eat a little, and then we're not hungry. Our 'bellies' (mind, feelings, interest, attention) stop only on work."

It was 9 p.m., and they were just finishing the last mumu for the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

Lovon, Eruel, Sambuan and I arrived about 9:30 this morning in my car. Matunga and Pengas (an old man of Logogun who often plays the garamut) are beating the garamut, for no particular reason.

I hear now that there will be three pigs eaten today. (It is difficult to get information, but this is the first time I felt that perhaps I had been deliberately misled. Last night two people who didn't want me to go to Lauen today told me one of the pigs had died and they had eaten it right away, so there would be no feast today. Eruel and Lina told me this: he wanted me to go to Kavieng so he could ride along; and Lina thought she might want me to take her child to the hospital. I began to see that my not being able to afford a car all the time had been an enormous advantage. I would certainly have had to take someone to the hospital nearly every day; if not someone who was sick, then someone who needed to take food to someone who was sick.)

Lepilis and his wife Salome are here from Medina. They will stay now until the end. Lepilis went right over to Lovan to confer, as soon as we arrived. Matiu told me that they will hold fast Lepilis' pig in Matanavillam.
Lingai has looked after it all this time since Lepilis lost his job in Mangai in 1966. He had been Council Constable since 1957. (All those coconuts that Lingai has fed the pig! About eight a day. The "name" of the pig can be transferred for one to five pounds, and the person who feeds it for two to four years, at the loss of one shillings' worth of coconuts a day, gets no glory. But then I suppose most people have a pig that is being fed somewhere else, and they themselves feed someone else's pig; so it probably all comes out even in the end. Lingai has been feeding Lepilis' pig. I though it was Lingai's. Sirapi, I now learn, has been feeding Lingai's pig, as well as her own big one. Sirapi and Alice had the pig that we are going to eat today fed at Panakaia by Malu. I don't know who is feeding Malu's pigs.)

Eruel sees me taking pictures, and mentions again how bad it was for Kasino to charge people for the pictures I sent him to distribute free after I was here in 1965. (No one else would revive the memory of a quarrel in this way.) Pambali is here, and he hasn't heard this story and is interested. He goes to sit with Eruel. They begin to talk in pidgin, and gradually go into local dialect.

10:40 a.m. and everyone is here, even those who are not "regulars." Eron, Ismael, Vatung, all here. All the Mangai women, some crouched in the shade of the men's house on the beach. I don't see a single Livitua person yet.

These are the three pigs for today, according to
Sirapi: her own (she does not mention Alice), for Kavok, for Makalo's cement; one from Lowel (a woman of Sali), and she doesn't know to whom; and one from the West Coast. She doesn't know any more about the West Coast pig.

Lovan stands next to Sirapi's pig and calls our names, and we lakau Makalo's cement. We go in this order: me, Sirapi, Pambali, Rongo, each with a mias. Eruel gave one mias. I never saw him do that before.

Even Sion is here. Somehow they all knew it was their day to help.

Sometimes Lovan calls the name first, thus:

"Pambali lakau cemel: kattom!"

DB to Sirapi: "Kattom means 'it is finished now', right?"

SIRAPI: "Unh." (Yes.)

DB: "Bought entirely now."

SIRAPI: "Unh." (Yes.)

All the line of Lepilis and everybody went up. "Kattom" means we have lakaued all we're going to for this cement for Makalo.

Melisa gives a talk over the second pig. Esau (who is the husband of Lowel; again, Sirapi referred to the wife as owner, Melisa names the husband) brought this pig. He is mokotok of Taito, and he lives in Lauen. His pig and all mias from Lauen are to go to Matunga.

I thought perhaps Mangai wouldn't go up to lakau again to Matunga, but after the Lauen line went up, Mangai went up again, led by Sirapi with one mias. Why? "For
Makalo," says Sirapi; and "to help Lauen," says Wulos, when I ask them each separately.

(If there are whole groups operating against each other here, it must be next to impossible to figure out what they are. I never could. The principle seems to be to all come together and give to the chosen few who are "bringing something." But they all know that that individual will have to share the loot with his "group" in the fullness of time. In this case, all the mias and money are moving to Mangai. When the time comes for Mangai to reciprocate to Lauen, Matunga will be expected to hand out the mias, if he hasn't done so already, distributing it amongst his group.)

Now Timot, the Lauen missionary, a slight white-haired soft-spoken man, talks for the cement for Masapal, the epileptic who drowned. Money for his cement is put by a post, not a pig. "Turn cement--kattom," Timot calls out. Pape (of Nonopai) will make it. Lauen went first for this, Mangai behind. (Before they said Ephraim of Nonopai would make it.)

The last pig will go to Tulebung to make the cement for the child buried yesterday. The pig was brought from the West Coast yesterday by the brother of Kor (the child's mother) when he and his "line" came for the funeral. Tulebung started to pick up his money and mias after only the West Coast people had gone up. Lovan mumbled "finished?" Tulebung seemed unsure about what to do. Then all the Mangai
line went up.

Melisa has already spoken over the starchy food, before all the pigs were presented, and now it is time to eat. Taro and sago; there's been no sweet potato. Is that a lowly food? They say not.

Sirapi isn't staying for the eating as the other women are. Some have gone out, but many from Mangai are still here, within the cemetery enclosure. I ask Wulos why all the women are here to eat. Wulos says: "Melisa said it was all right, he was sorry for all women who work hard." (Some of the hardest workers aren't here--Emi, Sirapi, Rusrus aren't here. Too conservative?)

Melisa makes a speech now:

MELISA (shouting out): "Arako! Arako! Arako! Now what is the meaning of this talk? Good.

"Plenty of you who sit down here, and some (who aren't here), they say, for instance: some people here and away, they get something to fill up (their baskets) with, something to go back inside their own baskets. He doesn't bring it to a man who goes a long way! He doesn't shoot it to something that goes a long way! It's enough, only, to catch it again and he goes in front of the house and brings it back inside again, into his own basket.

"But this talk I think is nothing. It doesn't fit!

"Lovay! Now me, I call this pig to go to Mangai to finish the work of all on the malanggan today. Now it looks like this: one thing has come up good, as I see it and in
my thinking, about something they (Mangai) all did: they
don't keep anything! They shoot back anything that comes
back.

"I look where, I look at the lakau of all (i.e. of
everyone in general, not of Mangai)? All wait for something
to go back into their own hands! (But not Mangai.) They
all catch it, then they all throw it away back again. (He
means that those who are accusing Mangai are themselves
guilty of making it look as though they are giving, when
they are really only giving back to themselves. Mangai
gives again whatever they receive.)

"Now—and this is the last thing I have to say—it
is this: it is really good, the work of all. The help of
all inside of this very busy work. As for me, I say thank
you for this kind of thing I see; for the strength of all
and the work of all.

"But now you, some of you, sit down, you talk, and
it is said: Mangai catches it again and goes and puts it
back, it goes inside of the basket. Not at all! Those
of you who made this kind of talk, you, yet, you are
doing this. You catch, that's all, and you shoot it about
and you gamon about, and it goes back inside of the basket
that belongs to you. But I look at Mangai, it doesn't do
this. I watch here in this place: some men (some of the
rest of you) don't do things the way Mangai does.

"It is Mangai alone who got up this thing. I don't
see a single person of Lauen! Now I don't see it in a single
person from wherever—there, Mangai, that's all, gets up this thing. Mangai for cement; Mangai again for malanggan. They don't laze and do nothing for a single thing!

"Only all this talk that you all make, it is just talk, based on nothing. You are the ones who are doing this kind of thing.

"A man who uses his malanggan to put back into his own pocket 'shoots' it (sells it) altogether; and by and by he gets pay back, later. But this malanggan of Matunga's, I catch it but (not permanently), only in order for it to come to decorate the cement.

"Some people are saying this kind of thing: these two brothers (William and Makalo, the dead), what, these two have no malanggan? Now these two didn't work malanggans for others? So now this malanggan of Matunga comes to sit-down, it doesn't come in order to sit down altogether at Kuluvos—not at all! It comes just in order to sit down on top of the cement. Now eventually Matunga will catch it back again to go back again to Mangai. It doesn't come to sit down here permanently.

"Now I talk clearly in front of you all, as I see it, and in order to say, thank you—for good work from all of Mangai.

"Now that's all, my talk is finished now. Thank you.

"The time for the finish of this, on Saturday, for this work on cement. It is this that initiates this work: inside this work is cement, only, not malanggan. Now, that's all."
(It is much cheaper to "rent" a malanggan for decoration than to "buy," kattom, one. Melisa is telling people to spend their money for the cement, not for the malanggan.)

DB to Lovan: "The malanggan, it hasn't 'died'? (meaning that the debt incurred by Melisa hasn't been paid fully).

LOVAN: "Saturday it will die--die completely." (Is Melisa's talk a challenge to people, implying that they cannot pay for both malanggan and cement? Or is he acting in his capacity as boss, telling them where to put their money, and putting a stop to more money and mias going to Matunga? I think it is the latter. But Lovan isn't giving up for Mangai's malanggan.)

Matunga makes a short talk, holding up mias, in local dialect; and then tells me what he said. He brought a pig to go to Melisa. This pig goes for Matunga's malanggan, to bring it back. "The work in malanggans is like this, this is the fashion," Matunga explains to me.

DB: "Thank you. I see you hold your mias on a knife."

MELISA: "Um." (Yes.)

(I wanted to know, of course, if there was any special reason why he did this, but I didn't ask further. I thought that if I irritated them constantly with small questions they might become unwilling or unable to answer more important ones.)

Melisa calls Pakai, the son of Esau, to send the head of the pig to the man who brought it (Matunga). (I don't know where Matunga's pig is. He must have known what was
going to happen today, since he was ready with a pig. Esau, for Melisa's side, gave a pig to Matunga for the malanggan. When Matunga returned another pig, to Melisa, Melisa passed the head to Esau, who exchanged it for two mias. This is another example of their kind of exchange: wherein a big thing is given, a slightly smaller thing returned, and again a slightly smaller thing returned again from the original giver; and so on and so on until the process finally stops. This is their mode of "barter:" people are able to politely adjust their views on the values involved. However, this particular exchange, with the pigs' heads, is quite standardized I think. I have seen a pig bought with a process of returns like this where there was "price adjustment" going on. Of course what is being bought is not the pig alone, but also, primarily, the social relationship.)

Melisa says grace, and everyone else eats. Melisa talks again, striding back and forth in the fashion of memais:

MELISA: "Arako! Arako! Arako! I call it Good! Good work comes up inside of the village Lauen, at the place Kuluvos. I call it good!

"Everyone comes down to help, because of the kind of work that stops inside at Kuluvos. Now I call it good, that all come: from the Nalik area, for whatever work stops at Kuluvos. I call it good, whatever kind of work belongs to Lemusmus, that they all come, that their help comes up at Kuluvos."
"I am very sorry (emotionally moved)! Some people came up on Tuesday; some people again came up on Wednesday, today; now tomorrow again, Thursday, some people again will come; up until Friday. They all leave their business (i.e. they all leave the safety and comfort of the bosom of their own families—in the old days, this venture into enemy territory must have been quite impressive).

"There is plenty of kinds of work that comes inside now. Everyone can sit down well, everyone can be happy well; or else not. What thing will they be able to be happy about? Suppose there is good food, all can be happy. And suppose there is whatever kind of thing is needed in order to sit down and grease together and be happy, together for whatever kind of thing—then this affair of mine is all right, my thoughts must be good.

"I don’t want something that everyone will be cross about! I don’t want that there should be, eventually, thoughts that are not good about whoever and whoever.

"Altogether, hear! The malanggan of Mangai is finished.

"You fasten your malanggan in order to come put it to show to whom? You work on (the basis of) nothing. You catch something belonging to you in order to go inside your own basket. You have not got any good reason! (I think he is now directing his words to an attempt, about which I do not know, to bring the Mangai malanggan permanently, instead of just to decorate the cement. Lovan would be the one, not Matunga, who would try to accomplish this. Melisa
is saying that they have not been authorized to "sell," only to "rent," the Mangai malanggan.

"About this work of your coming together here, for cement. Mangai helped to start, cut down trees inside the cemetery, with a pig! Together with Taito! Together with the mother of Tulehung!"

"Then you started working to start to clear then. Did you work to the finish? You work (on the basis of) nothing. If you had cleared your work first, you could work. Your work has no way for it (i.e. there's no way your work can get done; probably meaning there's insufficient resources to pay for both malanggan and cement).

"I talk straight in front of you. (He is shouting.) I, for one, only me, I say I am boss at Kuluvos. I am boss at this little place. You didn't help me to come out in front of the house--here, the pig was here. (He means that Mangai didn't help him "come out" as a memai. His installation, over a pig, was here. He probably refers to his early "marking" as a memai, rather than his installation as an adult.) Now I stop, I stand here, and I talk. You don't have a single man who has done this (i.e. you have no memai: neither Lovan or Matunga is a memai, but Mangai has three memais). Something was to be done, and it came along here. Following the 'mouth' of whom? Following the 'mouth' of me. Now if I want to do something, I can do it.

"Suppose someone wants to 'kill' my thinking. You must put something (money, mias) on top of the cement first! It is that, cement, that bosses this work; not malanggan.
"Now, about the last work of yours and mine, on Saturday. I talk clearly to all women and all men: whoever has got (money or mias), cement only must finish on Saturday. It is the mark of this work, cement only, not malanggan. I talk strong about cement, because Taito thought clearly about it first, when he spoke in the cemetery. He (Taito) is my tamboo! He is my tamboo! He is the tamboo of Kavok! He is the tamboo of Kavok! We two (Melisa and Taito) do not work (on the basis of) nothing (i.e. illegitimately). Taito, and Kavok, and me, we do not work (on the basis of) nothing. We are strong on top of the (mandate) of this place. It comes here, it comes here (to us) up to today (from the ages). If you understand the meaning of this, that's your business.

"All right, now I talk clearly in front of you all: the malanggan of Mangai is finished. Now I talk straight in front of you all, Mangai has won over all of you (in contributing work). You all talk, just talk, that's all, about Mangai putting back into its own basket.

"Emanuel works cement!

"Kavok works cement!

"The cement must stop. We don't catch something (the malanggan) in order for it to stop. We catch it, it goes back. I talk strong about the cement: we cannot catch it and send it back! No: it must stop altogether here.

"All right. There isn't much time now. Today, the most important thing is this: you know about this 'banana'
of yours--Dorothy doesn't know this way of calling it, that means 'pig'--if someone feels his 'banana' (is ready), he must bring it now, today. And tomorrow too. There is no time now. Only two days now (are left). Today, Wednesday; tomorrow, Thursday, Friday altogether everything will 'die' completely.

"Now there are some nok I made ready yesterday in the afternoon. Now they come up (for discussion). Thirteen nok. (Pause) Now I said yesterday in the afternoon: I am not working something with the Lovolai area; and I am not working something that goes into Kabin. Because Lovolai (people) are brothers, some stop here, and we walk to go to Lovolai. Some women from Kabin, too, they stop. Now suppose you were going to Kabin--well, some know well how to paddle, all right they could paddle there. Or walk. Some would be afraid, that they might capsize in the sea; and they would think, all right I will stop here (I won't go). But, on the road (the East Coast road, where Kuluvos is), you are not able to block whoever wants to come. By leg, by bicycle, by car. How many cars will come up here on Saturday now in good times? (i.e. it's not a rainy season).

"(This place) will be full up with men, women, all children, whoever. Are you capable of winning over all? What kind of talk comes from you? Where are all the things now that you have been 'pulling'? (i.e. has the talk that comes from you been honest? Where are the things you
promised?) Things go and go and go and go and go—and plenty of time or plenty of days go by. Now thing (feel) about this: the feelings and thoughts, and the talk of a man about what kind of thing he comes for. He does not come for no reason. He stops to see you; and he stops on the basis of your work. Now what kind of thing can he go back with, and what kind of news can he bring back when he comes back from you? (In other words, people are able to stop here because of your preparatory work. What will they say about it, after they've gone back home?) How do you feel about this now.

"All right, now I want plenty more (pigs). One line (nok) now today. Now you all cannot go yet. Sit down now, take them (nok) out again. (He puts down another line of nok.) There—that's the last work now, in order to finish this preparation of ours today. Eight nok stop here, which will make it twenty-one altogether."

Nearly everyone is gone. There are about twenty men here, about four women from Medina still here.

THURSDAY, MAY 11

Father Kelly from Lamakot Catholic Mission stopped in before I left for Lauen today. He asked if Warakau had died, and was surprised to hear that he hadn't. He said it was about 5:00 a.m. when George (Meteria hamlet) brought Warakau to Lamakot last Sunday morning in the Mangai truck. George said that Warakau had eaten fish poison about midnight, after he had been drinking all day. He and his brother
fought on the truck coming back to Mangai after a day of drinking in Kavieng. Sister Clematsia at Lamakot tried to make him vomit, stuffed a tube down his throat, and got no response. She gave him a heard stimulant, but thought he wouldn't live till they got him to Kavieng.

I take some taro from Sambuan when I go to Lauen. She said she got it from her husband Orai's garden on the boundary between Mangai and Lossuk. Master Wally's car brought her back from there. I asked her why there was no sweet potato at this malanggan. She said they had had sweet potato in the 'company' (village) garden, but that it is finished now (which doesn't really answer the question).

There is no public event in Lauen today, and I have a chance to talk to Melisa. He explains to me what yesterday's speech was all about, and what the problem is. (In his explanation, he talks as though it were Livitua's malanggan he terminated yesterday. I have his speech on tape, and he said "Mangai" three times. But on two other occasions he said Mangai when he meant Livitua, and then he corrected himself. Some parts of his speech seem directed at Livitua, some at Mangai. I have left the speech in this text because it has important information about the ethics of malanggan-bringing in it. Melisa may have also talked against Livitua's bringing a malanggan, and he may be telling me of that talk instead of about the one against Mangai's malanggan to be polite and careful; because he knows that I am a Mangai resident.)
Melisa began by saying that he, Emi and Sirapi are boss of this work. (N.B. if I hadn't been from Mangai and a special friend of Sirapi's he probably would not have included her as a boss. He usually doesn't in his public speeches. It is very typical of New Irelanders to flatter those present.) He said that if a man wants to work something, he must meet with the bosses of the malanggan, and ask them.

Francis did not do this. I ask why. Melisa said: "I don't know. I think he wanted to work on his own strength, and his own wishes. He has no respect for a boss."

Melisa told me the whole story of this malanggan: Emi, Sirapi, Kase, Kamniel--at the start, these people had a meeting. All wanted Kavok to work, to keep Makalo's promise. Kuvulos is Kase's home hamlet and he is Mokamiva; Melisa is Mokatitin, but his father and his wife are both Mokamiva. His father is from another hamlet in Lauen village, and his mother from Nonopai village.

He tells me that he married Mokamiva so that by and by all things (resources) would not be lost, all would come back; and all would not be cross with plenty of 'business' (with conflicting claims).

I asked him if everyone understood this function of marrying back into the father's clan; and he said some understand, some don't. It is not a strict rule, and some don't see the consequences.

I ask him about the purpose of malanggan. He says
malanggan is not the same thing as trying to strengthen claims to resources. Malanggan is to set minds at peace about the dead ("mekim isi tinktink long man i dai"). In Melisa's case (and in general), his father's resources were secured after his father's death by giving pig and mias to his father's 'business'.

I asked him if malanggan had anything to do with the spirit of a man, and he said: "We don't think of his spirit. We think of his fashion (i.e. the kinds of things he did). We think of his life, not of his spirit, and we want to reciprocate." I said I had been told that before the missionaries came people didn't believe that people had spirits, and he said "Yes, before we didn't know that man has got a spirit." Some, he went on to say, believed in marsalai (bush spirits, ill-defined), and that you could call on them to help through the use of Korovavar (a plant that according to Melisa burns the mouth when eaten) and kambang (lime, which tingles and which, according to contemporary medical thought, causes jaw cancer.)

The local term rongan does not refer to marsalai but to tambaran. (Throughout the Territory, and in Mangai too, many people use this term to refer to the ghosts of the dead. If rongan means the spirits of the dead in New Ireland, then Melisa is wrong about people not believing in ancestor spirits before the mission came. This contradiction occurred in every conversation I had on the subject. The mission had convinced them somehow that they had not really
believed in the spirits of the dead before the mission came.)
Melisa went on: "Marsalai is the same as God, Kalou in
Kuanua (the Methodist mission language). Rongan is the same
as spirit, the spirit of a man who has died. All were
afraid before. A man who died stopped yet in his place."

I persisted: is malanggan about the spirit of the
dead? No, Melisa said, "malanggan is not about the spirit:
it is for respect."

(Thus Melisa views malanggan ceremonies as having to
do with symbols of authority, rather than with economic
functions, or religious ones. But "authority" is much too
narrow: the "respect" involved in malanggan is not only
for the leaders, alive and dead, but is the foundation for
all relationships in a successful malanggan gathering.)

(In 1965 I asked Kanda (of Livitua, the younger
brother of Lasuwot who would have led the Livitua malanggan
had he not had jaw cancer) if the spirits of the dead were
aware that a malanggan was being given for them. He thought
a bit, then said, "No, they don't know.")

Melisa then went on: "I forgot to say this: malanggan
is the basis (pidgin: ass) of our business (economic system).
If a man doesn't work malanggan, he has not got money.
Some men have mias, money, and some have not. I (Melisa)
have plenty, because my father got plenty of malangans.
He bought them in Tabar. But Francis, for instance, he must
request (a malanggan) from a long way, and he must get up
a big affair and mias to 'kill the road' of the malanggan,"
so it will belong to him (i.e. he has to buy it in a complicated and expensive way)."

I asked Melisa if his father had 'business' (relatives) in Tabar. No, he didn't; but he requested them from the "factory," that is, the place where everyone made malanggans.

(Melisa's information must be taken in the light of other information on these subjects. Some would say a malanggan has no value unless it is bought from "outside," the Francis is doing it. Francis said, in public, that a man must be got from outside. But Lovan said: you can't just go outside to just anyone, you have to get a man inside.

Melisa is the only person who indicated that malanggans could be picked up at the 'factory,' with regard for any social relationships. This same set of alternatives are a source of dispute in connection with memaihood: whether it is better to get it "inside" from your own clan, cheaply; or "outside," from someone else, to whom you must "lose, lose, lose." Lovan also said, when I asked how they knew who had malanggans, that everyone has malanggans. Melisa says some do, some don't. My view is that not everyone had a malanggan all the time, but everyone had access to someone who had one or could get one easily: Thus Sirapi asked her classificatory brother, Matunga.)

Melisa continued: "There is another road for getting malanggans. You can ask you 'business' to bring them. Or you can ask the 'business' of you child (n.b. this is your wife's 'business,' but it is here conceived as your child's 'business')."
"Before, they put korovavar and kambang in both the vavara and the carved wood malanggan. Then (a person who came near) could fall down from a coconut tree, or a shark might catch him, or a sore would come up. But this belief is no more hot. The mission has come up, all know there is one God and so forth." He smiled at me, as though to reassure me that they were all civilized.

Melisa said that he gave the cement work to Kavok because Makalo had a debt to him; and also because Livitua has not yet repaid a pig they owe Melisa (so he wouldn't ask anyone else from Livitua). (Thus if one wants to be called to service, one must keep others obligated, or at least keep clear of debts. That, at least, is the theory here implied briefly by Melisa.)

"The only thing wrong with what Francis did," Melisa explained, "was not the going outside--that is all right; but his not asking the leader." (In short, Francis challenged the operation of authority, which amounts to an attack on the legitimacy of all authority.)

I ask Melisa about the custom of buying the "belly" of the pig, and he said: "If I think too much came (along with the pig), I can return some: e.g. if ten mias came, I can return three, seven remain for buying the malanggan."

I asked Melisa about the calling out of names in order at the beginning of his speeches. He says he does this just to show respect. I say: they don't have to be memais then; for instance, Lovan is not a memai. To which Melisa
responded: "Lovan is a memai. A man who isn't a memai cannot talk all the time as Lovan does. You see a man who always does the talking, he is a memai."

(All other informants, including Lovan, said that Lovan was not a memai. I wondered if Melisa really thought he was one. More likely he was just being big-hearted—and careful. Or lightly mocking?)

I tried to get Melisa to distinguish between Francis (who is assertive) and Lasuwot (who is not) in personality terms. I repeated what he had said about Francis: "Francis is a man who likes to work according to his own wishes and strength."

MELISA: "Yes."

DB: "But it surprises me that Lasuwot does this."

MELISA: "Yes."

But Melisa wouldn't go on. (Analyzing personalities is rarely done here. It is impolite to suggest that someone is deviant, or different, as it implies that someone is not conforming to the ideal; and it implies that someone is 'outside' the group. I asked Sirapi again why Warakau ate rope and she said "Ask Leiwai, she knows." I didn't know Leiwai well, and since Sirapi seemed to think it was wrong or impertinent to discuss the subject I let it drop. One should not discuss the motives of other people. In the old days, such discussion might have been, I suppose, tantamount or antecedent to an accusation against that person of sorcery.)

There is only cooking going on in Lauen today, and I
go back to Mangai. At 5:00 p.m., pig-feeding time, the men finally held fast Sirapi's big pig that will go free to the malanggan, for Makalo. Undertaking the work are several men from Matanavillam: Matiu, Lingai, Warakau; plus Elizabeth's brother and son, Mamu and Langiri (Litana hemlet: Mamu lives with his wife just next door, and Lingiri is sleeping in Matanavillam in my beach house now); and Lepilis (who is sleeping here now with Lingai); and Kasino (a Tivingur whom Sirapi counts as close but non-traced kin). Siriu's husband Piwas is here. Langiro is carrying a bucket from the beach, helping, but not with the part that requires physical strength. Lovan estimates that Sirapi's pig weighs about seven hundred pounds.

Rusrus' pig is also being held fast, and went into its little trap before Sirapi's did. Rusrus' husband Sungua and her brother Warau, plus two of Sungua's friends, and also Wylip (old Randes' last child, now about twenty, in whom Kas has taken a special interest) wait until Sirapi's pig also goes into its trap before grabbing Rusrus' pig by the legs and upsetting it. (In New Hanover the first pig into the trap would have been tied up at once, squealing and snorting and frightening the second pig away, if they bothered to keep pigs.)

Lepilis and Piwas tie up the legs of Sirapi's big pig. Matiu says to me: "Now if the mama of the pig is here (for such an occasion) she can cry." But Sirapi is in Lauen. (I heard an old woman in Livitua moan and cry when
her big pig was taken.) Warakau has made a decorated pole on which to carry Sirapi's pig. Warakau seems sobered.

The pigs are loaded on my truck and taken to Lauen. It is late, and no one is there, and no speeches are made. Vasale observes that Sirapi's pig is suffering from "short wind" and she comes and does a little ritual to help it breathe. Very gently, very caressingly, she rubs lime all over the pig's stomach, mumbling something. They reject my idea that pigs become "short wind" at this time because the pigs are afraid. No, it is because they are hot. The pigs are kept on the beach, in the shade, to keep them alive until time to cook them. Dead, they spoil very quickly.

Sirapi didn't come near the whole thing. She knew we were there, of course. Kas paid Malu two shillings for the use of her conch shell, which we blew upon our arrival at Lauen. The sound of the conch shell announces the arrival of a pig.

FRIDAY, MAY 12

We arrived early this morning, about 9:00 a.m. There are a dozen pigs on the beach. I asked some men to help me identify them, and one said to the other: "Do you know who all these pigs belong to? Where is the mama of each?" The pig scene is more complicated today than usual, as we approach the end; and what each person has been "pulling," as Melisa says, is either here or on its way.

Two more pigs have just come on a truck. Lovan and thin old Timot, as the mean nearest the truck, go forward
to help take the pigs down. The truck comes from Lakuramau village.

Lepilis' pig (which Sirapi refers to always as the pig of Salome, Lepilis' wife) isn't here. It wouldn't go into its little trap last night. Perhaps it was watching from the bush the fate of its colleagues.

Eruel and Sirapi are both sitting on a bench in the shade. They are both more open and assertive than their fellows, more willing to risk the unknown: Eruel for the fun of it, Sirapi to see if she can help someone. Once when we went to town they two sat in front with me (I was driving) and chatted continually. They must each be the only person of opposite sex, adult, that each could sit that close to and chat easily with. He is classificatory father to Sirapi, but I didn't know that until I asked: they call each other by name, and Eruel is perhaps ten years her senior. When Eruel wanted to tell me what a wonderful wife he had had before, the one that died during the war, he said: "She was very good, just like Sirapi, always giving food to people." Sirapi has teased me about liking Eruel too much; and sometimes she says Eruel likes money too much; but her criticisms are light and affectionate. Now they are sitting on the bench, each looking off in opposite directions, not talking, Eruel wearing a bright new yellow laplap and his old felt hat.

Now all of a sudden Eruel gets up, comes out into the open, and makes quite a long talk in local dialect, shouting out, after the fashion of memais. I photograph him
and catch it all on my tape recorder (which unfortunately wasn't working.) Afterward I asked him what he had said, and he told me that he had announced Sirapi's pig: the pig had come free, as promised, to the malanggan for Makalo, because Sirapi was (in pidgin) sori: grieved over the death of her husband.

I go sit down a bit with Melisa and Kase. I am interested to see them sitting together, because I have continued to wonder if they are fully cooperating in this venture. They are the rivals here, according to my interpretation of the structure and function of this culture (based in part on other studies of matrilineal societies): Kase a Mokamiva of Kulu vos, Melisa the son of a Mokamiva of another hamlet of Lauen village; and both of them mature (Kase about ten years older than Melisa), established, quick, able, experienced.

Melisa tells me about the organization of the malanggan again, with Kase listening.

Melisa tells me that Emi and Kase both requested that he take the leadership for this malanggan. They could have called Simeon: his father's place is here at Kulu vos. They could have called Kam nie: his place is here, and he is a memai. But Emi asked him for the first meeting. At that meeting besides Melisa and Emi, were Kase, Kamnie, Malabes (Omo village) Meleke (Nonopai village), Kosot and Lamsisi (both of Kulu vos). (All these men are Mokamiva who call Kulu vos home; with the possible exception of Malembes,
who was born in Omo, but whose mother is a Kuluvos Mokamiva. Only Kase and Kamniel are memais. Kamniel is young, perhaps forty; Melisa about fifty-five, Kase at least sixty-five.)

At this meeting Melisa asked everyone, and everyone said it was all right to get something started. Not present were Simeon, Kavok, Taito and "the two mamas:" Rusrus and Sirapi.

At the second meeting, the two, Sirapi and Rusrus, came "inside." All were asked a second time if it were all right to go ahead, and all said all right.

So Melisa went ahead and worked the first fence. Kase then explained that properly there are two fences to be made: one around the graves themselves (an area called wit) and one around the koa: the place where they used to burn the dead. (Kase has to think which terms to use in talking to me because, he says, the languages meet at Livitua, and Wuap catches some talk here, some there.)

We briefly discussed the former custom of cremation, less often carried out today due to objections from the Catholic church. Simeon's mother was "cooked." She had always said, ever since she was a child, that that was her wish. Melisa's own mokotok, Inmat, said, when he was dying: "Cook me in my own place." But they didn't. Melisa didn't want to, because he was a good man, and he had had a good life, over ninety years. Kase thinks Inmat found one hundred years; he was a big man already when Germany came to New Ireland. He was there at the last fight, Kase says: and then he and
Melisa launch into a story of those last days of militant glory. Kase's father was there, too. It was during the time of fighting, Melisa tells me, that two children went from Lesu to Lunana in Tabar and brought back malanggan for the first time.

It is 10:00 a.m. and another pig arrives. Melisa gets up and talks rapidly and crossly to the women. He then tells me that he told them to finish "shelling" all the food, so there will be plenty. I agree, there is a lot here still on the beds, "unshelled."

Lovan asked me to take him back to Mangai to finish the malanggan. While I was gone I missed the arrival of three pigs from Livitua. Francis had talked and sung over them, I was told when I got back (12:40 p.m.). So I went to Francis to ask for a repeat performance. He was very obliging.

He said that two pigs came, one of his own (for Kamniel); and one of Kamak's (for Simeon, to repay an obligation). Francis told me that he had said this: FRANCIS: "I look at myself in relation to these two pigs, and I think: what man is sufficient to talk over them? Me, I'm no memai. No one fastened me with gorgor (ginger shrub) and with cane or some other thing like that, the marks of the memai. I am a man of no account. I'm no memai. But I can talk. I can talk according to the fashion regarding work at feasts, because I follow my father. My father was a man who talked on these occasions; me too, I am able to talk.
"All right, I call out thus: Kumbuk, Kumbuk, Kumbuk. The meaning of 'kumbuk' is this: I go onto the sea to catch shark. Then I hit a bell in the sea to make the shark come up; but the shark doesn't come up. The shark keeps coming up, then he goes away and about. He doesn't come up to me. All right, I think about what would be enough to pull the shark to come to me so that I can fasten him?

"All right, this talk that I'm making now has a meaning: any man, whoever stops, he can think about what kind of wrong he does inside this feast, and all fashions at this feast, I put inside this one talk only here: this 'singsing' (kumbuk). Any man who attaches meaning to this will understand it (i.e. 'if the shoe fits he can put it on')."

DB: "Wait, I don't understand well. What kind of wrong?"
FRANCIS: "This kind of wrong, like this: A man of this feast, he shouldn't try to get mias inside this feast here. Get mias and get money, he must not get them from all the other men. Him, he must lose (i.e. one should not try to make a profit).

DB: "I was going to come ask you last night at Livitua, but I was tired. You stood up in the enclosure here and you said this: that you follow the fashion of Makalo--lose, lose, lose, lose, lose."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

DB: "Explain about this fashion to me--lose, lose, lose, lose, lose."

FRANCIS: "Him, Makalo, he was a man of ours."
DB: "Yes, what kind of man was he?"
FRANCIS: "He was my brother."
DB: "Yes."
FRANCIS: "Now we two didn't belong to the same 'business.'"
DB: "You grew up with his mama and papa."
FRANCIS: "Yes."
DB: "They gave you food?"
FRANCIS: "Yes. My mother was one person, and his mother was another. All right, his father, and my father, the two were brothers. All right, at the time Makalo was born, and me, I was born, the father of Makalo and his mother, they held we two at one time."
DB: "Why didn't you stop with your mother?"
FRANCIS: "No. The mother of Makalo took me."
DB: "Um."
FRANCIS: "She knew; the brother of the father of Makalo, the two were brothers, they had one mama. All right, the father of Makalo, he knew me, I was the son of his brother. All right, they took me too, and we lived together at the same time with them."
DB: "Who was born first?"
FRANCIS: "Makalo first, and me, I was born later, after Makalo. All right, the father of Makalo, and his mother, they held we two at one time. They looked after we two, for food, for altogether everything completely."
DB: "You two were friends."
FRANCIS: "Yes. All right, time passed. He grew big, and
me, I was big too. Together, altogether everything.
Suppose him, he got up something; me, I stopped close to
him. Whatever place I myself got something up, him, he
stopped close to me. Altogether everything belonging
to us two, together all the time, all the time. All right,
at the time when he died, now I wanted him to go into the
cemetery belonging to us in Livitua."
DB: "Ah yes."
FRANCIS: "And I spoke out in front of everyone, at the
time he slept in the casket, they hadn't buried him yet,
I said: it would be better if I myself, me, I must hold
Makalo in Livitua. I will bury him in the cemetery, and by
and by I myself will work hard for him later, at the time
for working whatever something for him.

"Now them, all from here (Kuluvos), they didn't want
to bring him. They all were strong, strong, strong, and they
won over us from down (in Livitua)."
DB: "His casket stopped in Kuluvos?"
FRANCIS: "It stopped, and they buried him, too. All right,
his house, that's all, we have already worked a malanggan
over his house. (His house was in Livitua 'camp.') We
burned this house, we stood up one malanggan for it. It
didn't belong to us, we got another man; him, that big man,
Kutere, the father of . . . ."
DB: "Milika." (Her father is from Lesu, but resides in
Livitua.)
FRANCIS: "He worked it and we bought it. And there were--
how many pigs—three pigs. One that belonged to me, one from Pepa (the sister of the father of Makalo), one that belonged to Makalo. It had lived here (in Kuluvos) and we bought it. We bought it from all here."

DB: "From Lauen."

FRANCIS: "From Lauen. We bought it and it came here (to Livitua). These three pigs, we cut them for nothing, they didn't have to pay for them. One that belonged to me, one that belonged to Pepa, one that belonged here (in Kuluvos), but we paid everyone here for it.

"All right, we vorkarai (made speeches) over them, we cut them. Cut them for nothing (without pay).

"Now some pigs—there were plenty of pigs, but these three pigs were free. Went for nothing. (There were other pigs that were bought.)

"All right now, about this thing they all get up here (in Kuluvos), we think we are no more able to come help here. We can come and help with the cooking and with whatever something; but with mias, money, some of us cannot do more. Because we have already worked hard."

(He means that they cannot give money and mias to help Lauen. He implies that Lauen did not help Livitua with the house-burning affair, but he never told me who brought those other pigs. He is still annoyed that Kuluvos got the body, and the privilege of working the malanggan.)

DB: "Oh, now I understand. You have already worked hard in Livitua. You cannot give everything here."
FRANCIS: "Um. All right, we worked hard already in Livitua, and there were some from Iauen who helped us (in Livitua).

"All right, now again we think we would like to complete (the ceremonies over) the place; not this cement inside (i.e. that Kavok is doing), but the place where he (Makalo) walked about, outside; and I think he slept too on it, at the time he died."

DB: "Where--in Livitua?"

FRANCIS: "(No)--on the beach here. At the time when he died from sickness, and he came and he slept on the beach in the box.

"All right, now it is the fashion of the place, suppose a death has stopped (i.e. a casket has been placed) in this or that part of a house, or on this or that ground, they must put a malanggan on it. Along the 'soot of this fire' they have all sat by while they watched over him (the dead)."

DB: "Wait, now I don't understand well. The fashion of the place is that you must put a malanggan on the place where the casket stopped when he died?"

FRANCIS: "Um. They call this 'soot from the fire,' this custom. All right, we were thinking eventually they will work it, but they think only of inside the cemetery, where they buried him. But outside, they don't think of that.

DB: "Oh, now I understand. And that is why they make the little house for your malanggan outside the cemetery." (A small structure is in construction twenty yards outside the
cemetery fence.)
FRANCIS: "Yes."
DB: "'Soot of the fire.' How do you call this in local dialect?"
FRANCIS: "Veipit. That (little house), this belongs to us for our malanggan; and it stands up there for this reason (that he has just explained to me). All right, we think about this, we get up this malanggan of ours. It doesn't belong to us, we got another man, Mavis.
DB: "I know, he is the old man of Paruai."
FRANCIS: "Yes."
DB: "They strangled his mama (when her husband died)."
FRANCIS: "Yes. All right, we asked him, we bought this malanggan in order to stand it up over this place where Makalo slept."
DB: "Now why did your thoughts go to Mavis?"
FRANCIS: "My thoughts go to Mavis because we must lose. We cannot..."
DB: "...come inside."
FRANCIS: "Come inside."
DB: "Now there are plenty of men who stop outside. Why do you go to Mavis? Do you know about the malanggan of Mavis? or is he married to your group, or whatever?"
FRANCIS: "No. He is a man whose 'business' (Mokamiva) stops here. His ground here goes along the beach here."
DB: "At Kuluvos?"
FRANCIS: "At Kuluvos. All of them, along with Kase--Kase
of Nonopai. So (it's a matter of) 'business,' that's all. But before (some time ago), their mothers got up and they all married around and about, and they all stop around at all other places now."

DB: "But all their mamas came up at Kulusvos."

FRANCIS: "Yes."

(Franics may be thinking in these terms, but others say that Mavis is not helping Emi; and that, therefore, he is not a Kulusvos representative, operationally, in this malanggan. Francis must know that, as he wants to avoid giving to the Kulusvos group, I think. I could have gone on and asked why he chose Mavis rather than other Mokamivas, but I felt I couldn't push him any further on this point.)

DB: "Now your thoughts go to Mavis because..."

FRANCIS: "He is a man of this place."

DB: "Now Mavis, is he your friend?"

FRANCIS: "No."

DB: "Now how do you know he has a malanggan?"

FRANCIS: "All men have malanggans."

(N.B. this contradicts what Melisa told me earlier; that he got rich because he father had bought malanggans cheaply from the 'factory' in Tabar.)

FRANCIS: "Suppose I don't want Mavis, I can get another man, he has got a malanggan too."

DB: "Oh. All men have malanggans. Now, at the time when you asked Mavis, did you know what malanggan he had?"

FRANCIS: "I didn't know."
DB: "You asked him, said you wanted his malanggan: and he said, all right, I'll get you one."
FRANCIS: "Yes."
DB: "And when you ask (someone for his malanggan), you don't know if it's vavara, or wood, or whatever."
FRANCIS: "I don't know."
DB: "Do you know now (what Mavis' malanggan is)?"
FRANCIS: "I know now."
DB: "What."
FRANCIS: "This one is wood, that's all."
DB: "Wood, Oh good."
FRANCIS: "And it's got flowers all around its borders."
VOICE (of a listener): "You'll take it to America." (I have been saying that I would like to.)
DB: "Yes, it will go to America."
FRANCIS: "Un. You will see it tomorrow."
DB: "Yes, I will look. You can't burn it!" (They never burn the wooden ones. They know that I have chased vavaras in vain, finding them already burned when I came for them.)
FRANCIS: "No. If you like it, all right."
DB: "Yes. All right now one thing more. This fashion, 'lose.' It is an important thing with you all."
FRANCIS: "It is an important thing with us."
DB: "Must lose, lose, lose altogether."
FRANCIS: "um."
DB: "Now 'lose altogether'--this means you cannot go to business close to you."
FRANCIS: "You cannot." (pidgin: "no inap," from the English
"not enough." What is implied is this: you would lose face, or be ashamed, to go to your own business; you haven't got the nerve, you haven't got the face, the _chuzytpeh_, in Yiddish.)

DB: "And 'lose' means go a long way, right?"

FRANCIS: "Another man; go a long way to another man."

DB: "Now--by and by will Mavis come back again?" (That is, will Mavis make a return request?)

FRANCIS: "If he wants to."

DB: "If he wants to. According to his own wishes."

FRANCIS: "Yes. I cannot talk to him about it." (In pidgin again, I am 'not enough' to talk to him about it, or 'I'm not up to talking to him about it'.)

DB: "No, you cannot talk to him about it. Thank you Francis."

I asked Francis why Tangai was collecting the _lakau_ for Mavis, and Francis wasn't sure; Mavis is Mokamiva, and Tangai is Mokatitin, but Francis thinks perhaps Mavis 'came up from' (was fathered by) the Mokatitin line.

DB: "And who taught you this singsing that you did over the pigs? Did you buy it?"

FRANCIS: "No. It belonged to a big man of our own, from before."

DB: "What was his name?"

FRANCIS: "Bim."

DB: "Oh, I've heard of him."

FRANCIS: "He had a child, and he give it to his child."

DB: "What was the child's name?"
FRANCIS: "Pakasak."

DB: "Pakasak."

FRANCIS: "All right, this Pakasak, he knew it was something that belonged straight to my Big Men, and he gave it back to me. I didn't buy it. He gave it for nothing." (N.b. here is an instance of a "resource," the singsing, that was about to slip out to a son. However, the son recognized the prior right of the mokotok, his father's sister's son, his mokok; and gave it back. Doubtless he would not have if Francis hadn't made a claim.)

DB: "And Pakasak, is he dead?"

FRANCIS: "He is dead."

After talking with Francis, I went to try to say hello to Semege's baby. A few months ago it was the darling of Mangai. I liked it because it was still too young to fear and reject me. (Iameden's baby became afraid of me and she apologized, saying that when the babies pass a certain age they identify me with the white sisters at Lamakot, whom they fear because of the various medical things the sisters do to them that hurt. In New Hanover, the children's lack of fear of me was explained when I raised the subject as a result of a similar situation: the children did not fear me because they were used to whites skins due to the proximity of the sisters. The New Hanover people themselves apparently never thought there was anything to explain.) Semege's baby used to take my glasses off me and put them on himself. Now he is about to cry, just looking at them
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<tr>
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<th>Bought By</th>
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<tr>
<td>1- Kosot (Kuluvos)</td>
<td>Matunga and Lovan</td>
<td>20 mias four pounds and five six shillings</td>
<td>Piwas</td>
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<tr>
<td>2- Emi (fed by Yanis of Paruai who held it fast)</td>
<td>Emanuel</td>
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<td>3- Simeon</td>
<td>Emanuel</td>
<td>10 mias three pounds</td>
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<td>4- Kamniel (large pig)</td>
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<td>6- Tulei (Lauen village)</td>
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<td>Kavok</td>
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<td>8- Meleke (fed by his brother Timot)</td>
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<td>10- Kavok</td>
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<td>11- Lepau (Fissoa village)</td>
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<td>14- Semege (Livitua)</td>
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<td>Mavis</td>
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<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Location</td>
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<tr>
<td>16-</td>
<td>Rusrus</td>
<td>Kase (Mokamiva, Nonopai)</td>
<td>10 mias four pounds and ten shillings</td>
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<td>17-</td>
<td>Pambali</td>
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<td>23-</td>
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<td>25-</td>
<td>Tulebung</td>
<td>(Free)</td>
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Interpretation

1- This pig was said to be fore Lovan by some and for Matunga by others. This pig was a last payment for the malanggan; but since it was to come only to "sit down" to decorate, and not to belong permanently (until they wanted to give it away) to Kuluvos, a large amount of mias was given back to a Lauen representative. (No one confirmed this interpretation.) Pigs are cut by someone who helped buy them, usually by someone very close to the person to whom the pig was presented. In this case, Piwas (husband of Siriu--see Lungantire hamlet) cut the pig.

2- Simeon (whose father was from Kuluvos) is helping Emi and (whose husband is Simeon's brother) here as they both give pigs to Emanuel for making William's cement. Esau, Emanuel's "brother," cuts the pig.

3- Melisa received two pigs from Kamniel (one very large pig, one small one) for his leadership role in the whole affair. Kamniel is acting for Kuluvos, and Melisa is an outsider who came in to "boss." Melisa's Nonopai (his mother's village and his place of residence) followers produced a very respectable but not large amount for one of the pigs. I didn't find out what the pay was for the second pig; it was very small and may not have been bought. Two young men of Nonopai who helped Melisa buy were given the honor of cutting his pigs.

Tulei is Mokangkala. He wants to give a pig to Melisa because Melisa gave him food and looked after him when he was a little boy. Melisa made a somewhat public display of paying Tulei, who looks about seventeen years old, smiled, held the mias up, made a little talk about having fed Tulei when he was a child, and then handed him the mias. (That he gave this young man without power more than he gave his fellow memai shows forth again the New Ireland tendency to give more to persons in weak positions, to equalize. He is helping Tulei start his career. In some other culture, he might try to block the competition.)

4- Kavok received two pigs from Mokamivas of Kuluvos (Emi, who still lives in Kuluvos, and Meleke, who married into and lives in Nonopai). Kavok told me how much he gave for L pau's pig and then walked away, ignoring my next question. Another informant told me that L pau brought his pig to present to Komoi, of Kaf Kaf. L pau brought it in order to clear the road to a place where he had not been before. He comes to this malanggan following his wife of Lamakot, who comes following Takapan, the big man of Lamakot, who is her mokotok. L pau's idea was that Komoi could in this way "have his
name inside the malanggan." He would be an 'insider,' to whom a pig was brought. Both his name, and that of the bringer, Laua, could come to the attention of the people in this area. However, Kavok, not Komoi, bought the pig. Probably Komoi wasn't ready with money and mias. I don't know Komoi's relationship to Kavok, if he has any.

10- Emi received three pigs as one of the giver's of the malanggan: one from Kavok, for which she gave a large return; one from a relative by marriage from Fiscoa, about fifty miles down the road; and one for her and Melisa from Seronge, of Livitua. He brought it to maintain the good name of Livitua, which had been maligned (see below).

11- Livitua brought three other pigs, and Francis talked and sang over them: one of his own, for Kamniel. Kamniel requested this pig from Francis. It is the only pig that Kamniel received at this occasion.

Semege brought a pig to Simeon to repay one Simeon had given Kamak (husband to Semege) when one of Kamak's children died, some years ago.

The pig of Pengas cannot be repaid, because it is to kattom the malanggan, buy it completely, 'kill' it. Here is another case where the old work in the name of the young, to bring honor to the young: Pengas lives in Rabaul, and his old pupu, Pepa (the sister of the father of Makalo) feeds the pig. If the pig originally had to be purchased from someone else, Pengas, as a wage earner, probably gave the Australian currency.

16- Kase gave Rusrus a respectable minimum for her huge pig.

17- Rambali received mostly mias, and the maximum amount given (in my experience) for his large pig, which he brought to Sirapi, to repay her for looking after him when he was young. (She calls his name even though he is mokok, because he is much younger; about forty.) When it was time to buy Pambali's pig, Sirapi got Pala (they're supposed to avoid each other, and usually do) and they sat down with Kapin (Pala's wife), Rongo (their daughter), Randes (Kas' half-sister), and Seri; Sirapi's Tivingur relatives and their near-kin. Now others soon joined them: Israel, Matiu, Marau (Matunga's daughter), Bungaloo, Kombulau, Olol (wife of one of Rongo's brothers). Seri gives one mias, Piwas throws in a mias, Israel throws in five shillings; Eruel is sitting apart from us and doesn't budge. Sirapi gives the money and mias to Rongo and me to hand to Pambali, and he says "girw." (Good; thank you).
He was given a large amount because he is "one of the family," and they really are putting it back in their own baskets in this case. Pambali will be expected to produce the mias for Tivingur and their in-laws when it is needed. He is just back from a year in jail, and the huge pig has been faithfully tended for at least three years by his wife, Taia; but in his name. He is now honored, moneyed, miased and welcomed (and held) back "inside."

18- Matura of Nonopai is giving to his in-laws. He is married to Mokamiva, and Ontimo is Mokamiva, brother of all Mokamivas here at Kuluvos. Ontimo is also Emanuel's tamboo (brother-in-law). Iasisi of Lemusmus is a West Coast relative of Ontimo's who helped buy the pig.

19- Timot is the father of the mother of Masapal, the dead epileptic. He is also, Bruel once told me, "first here in Lauen." He is not a memai. He is a missionary, and I have seen him performing that function quite frequently. He is a small, thin, bent old man with white hair. Nonopai brought pigs to the funeral of Masapal, and it may be these he is reciprocating. I was given various names for the recipient of this pig, but all big Mokamiva men of Nonopai. Robin, who cut the pig, is the son of the brother of Meleke, who is probably the main recipient of the pig. He was brother to Makalo and William.

20- Someone from the West Coast brought a pig to Lamsisi, son of Lapuk, the dead memai of Kuluvos. One of Lamsisi's tamboos, Maris, married to a mokotok of Lamsisi's, cut the pig.

21- Pakulup of Lauen village sent this pig, at the last minute, in response to a request from Samuel and Lamsisi because "the two had no pig," according to one informant. (Non, pig number 20, above, was for Lamsisi.) The pig came in the truck of Francis.

22- Timot received two pigs. (Timot is described in connection with pig number 19.) One was from Rakel, a Tivingo clanswoman from Kableman village, near Kavieng. The dead boy Masapal is Tivingo, and Rakel and her group also came to his funeral in November, 1966. Sammy, one Timot's pupus, cut this pig. The other pig came from Lemusmus for the combined funeral and malanggan for the drowned little girl.

24- The pigs of Sirapi and of Tulebung will go free to the feast because they are "sorry." The pig that is said to belong to Tulebung has been raised by his mother, Emi, while he himself works in Rabaul. This is another case of the mother passing on the honor of giving a pig to her child. Matiu cut Sirapi's pig, and Tulebung (with the help of his classificatory father, Esau, who was present) cut his own pig.
on me. I take them off and offer them to him; he throws them down, his father (Kamak) and I laugh, the baby cries. Pape, who is also sitting here, says "Go to papa." The baby does so; Kamak takes him on his lap, holds the child's head to his chest, pats him. He used to be a wandering, adventuresome baby. Now he is a New Ireland child. He--and I--both move slowly now, and he is afraid of rapid movements. (I've only been back from New Hanover a couple of weeks, but I have slowed down again. This child is not yet two years old. New Ireland culture has a thousand ways of telling you to slow down and be careful.)

They are very explicit about keeping their children away from me sometimes. Warau's young baby is approaching me, and Warau keeps saying "Manei!" (Stand away! Keep away!) I never hear them telling their children to keep away from other people. But usually there are a dozen relatives around that they don't have to keep away from, and who keep them away from one amongst them who is, for instance, trying to catch a pig. I saw Mitlang lightly spank the hand of her eleven-year-old grandchild who was reaching into Matunga's basket of mias; but that is as near as I have come to seeing "discipline" (except for two stronger incidents, described elsewhere). If the children avoid me here it has to do with New Ireland culture; not with contact with the Sisters at Lamakot. New Ireland sees me as different and outside, and that is very important to them. Eruel is again an exception: A Lauen child, who hadn't seen me before,
was watching me the other day and Eruel said, gruffly, to it: "What are you staring at?"

I go to see what is going on around Kamniel's cook house. His group has dug a hole about five feet by five feet, and they are making a *mumu* separate from the one down on the beach. Men of his group (from Paruai, Wongerarum and Lemusmus villages) are carrying stones for the *mumu* (coral rubble) that they got down the road in various places and brought here in a car. Kavok is carrying a huge log for firewood along with six-eight other men. (Lovan would never do such work. That's why he's not really a big man. Kavok clearly wants to be a big man, but he seems very bad-tempered. In 1965, Taito told Nicolas Peterson that Kavok would succeed him as *memai*.)

People are gathering in little groups to buy pigs. Sirapi and her groups gather first to buy Pambali's (see Table ). Then Sirapi and Rusrus go over to get in with Emi's group, which has to buy at least three pigs. Pitalai tells me that it is "Melisa's line" that is gathered with Emi. (When they say 'line' they include clan members who are close, as well as non-clan members who are close; and people married to them. It means "followers.")

Buying pigs is sort of a "waiting** game." They count the **mias** again and again, move it around, pick up a string and stretch it out again next to the others lying on the ground, or on a leaf. They usually don't take money until they think they have got out the last **mias**.
Sirapi, still in Emi's group, laboriously digs out mias now, making fifteen lying here on the ground. Everyone is intense and serious. Who feels he is the next to give? Who can out-fumble whom the longest, until there is enough. Now Emi very slowly opens a paper of money, puts down five shillings. Tulebung, her son, is playing the 'clerk' role, writing down who gave what. Manu, her husband, is here, but not in the center of things; standing on the edge. Wulos, Lepilis and Salome, and Siriu are here. (Matiu, Pambali, Bungaloo, Eruel keep their distance.)

I see handfuls of mias changing hands, and I find out, in some cases, how much (see Table ).

Melisa is smoking and looking perplexed in another group. Only ten men are in his group, and one woman. Of course these people in these groups sitting on the ground are representatives of others; or so I think. I have given money to Sirapi to use as she wishes, because I haven't figured out yet well enough what to do. She prefers me to give publically, to show that I'm "helping," but nevertheless she finally took some money from me to "help" her. I'm sure she must have taken from others who, like myself, aren't sure what to do with it.

Melisa does not smile, as he usually does, when I take his picture. He is spending a lot of time looking at the money, shifting it slightly, using the characteristic stalling maneuvers.

Sirapi now moves over to the group buying the pig
that Kosot brought to Matunga. Lovan is here, and his
mother, Vasale; and his classificatory sister Wulos (who
does a lot with Mangai in her role of daughter to Vasale).
Lovan's son Simek is clerk, writing down who gives what.
Mitlang (wife of Matunga) is here. Ismael is here, a
Mokangkai like Lovan and Vasale. I don't know of any other
connection he especially has to this group, but he is,
nominally, one of Mangai's memais. He may be thinking mainly
of his Mokangkai connections to Sirapi. Pala is here, as
brother to Sirapi (and thus also to Matunga); and he gives
five shillings. (Kavok gave me the single figure "twenty-
seven" to describe what he had paid for a pig. Then he
relented: "twelve mias and the rest money." I knew thative shillings count as one mias, but no one else ever
combined them in this way. Mias is really more highly
valued than Australian currency in this context.)

Everyone who got pigs is buying pigs, so everyone
who should help is supposed to be here. There are few in
the "buying groups," compared to the large number of people
all around going on about their various works. I'm not
sure about the manners and morals involved, but I think
people are supposed to show their faces in the groups, if
but briefly.

Seronge of Livitua has just arrived with his pig.
He speaks over it in local dialect, then tells me what
he said:

SERONGE: "I talked of this fashion of all who make ridiculing
remarks (pidgin: *tok bilas*, 'talk decoration') about everybody. And me, I said something like this, over this pig: "You make ridiculing remarks about everyone that they don't work something: now I want to let you know."

DB: "That Livitua works something."

SERONGE: "I am *almuk* to Makalo."

Melisa is smiling, holding up mias, which he gives to Tulei (see Table ).

Lovan, then Simek, then Melisa take mias over to Kamniel's side of the hamlet here. And someone is going to Simeon.

The garamut has started. Lingin's and old Pengas again are doing it. I go ask Eruel what it is for. It is to call everyone to do all the work regarding the pigs, he tells me. It is time to put the pigs in the *mumu*.

I go down to the beach. Time to kill the pigs. Some people must have started already, because I hear the pigs squealing.

Three of Rongo's brothers and Warakau (Matanavillam) and Warau (Lungantire) are carrying Sirapi's pig further down the beach. Its belly is heaving. They're going to a horrible death, these pigs. (The Europeans here think that killing pigs by suffocation is cruel and shows forth the heathen savagery of the natives. I timed it once, and it took five minutes for the pig to cease all movement, but it ceased all violent movement after two minutes. In the Highlands they beat the pigs on the head, an act of assertive
aggression. Suffocation must seem less violent to New Irelanders. Furthermore—and this is their point—all the blood stays in the pig. Roast New Ireland pig is thereby both more nutritious and more delicious than most roast pigs.)

All the pigs are gathered here on a grassy spot. There's some poor pig's last squeal. Wowuak and Pambali are struggling under some pig, not Pambali's.

One small mumu here on the beach is already covered. It must be the mumu for Kavok's pig that died last night. They made the mumu right away so the pig wouldn't spoil.

Beno (Rongo's youngest brother), Warakau, and Matiu are preparing to kill Sirapi's pig, while Lovan and Seronge have a snack on the beach. (Lovan works very hard on his coconuts and caocao, but he never works on communal projects. On the day that the whole village went to work on the village caocao, Lovan went next door to his own to work; and act of some arrogance, I now think,) Warau, Simek, Rongo's brothers, a few men I don't know are here doing the actual dirty work. (All non-rank people, and mostly young. One of Rongo's brothers and Wulos' husband are here helping to kill Pambali's pig that Sirapi bought.

Lepilis is here fretting. He says Piwas will go with dogs for his pig. The pig must come, because he has already "got a name" with the two women (Sirapi and Rusrus, toward whom he nods). Then, including me, he adds: with you, and with her (Sirapi) and with her (Rusrus). Lepilis looks
quite miserable, and calls out to Igua (Mangai's 'doctor boy' from New Hanover) for a smoke, which Igua produces from behind his ear.

Matunga and Pitalai (both big men in the modern system; Matunga is committeeman for Mangai, and Pitalai is councillor for the three villages, Mangai, Livitua, Lauen) are cutting firewood. (In some cases people have told me that men are asked to 'work something' in a malanggan because they have a position of leadership in the modern system, and will be therefore able to get things done. New Ireland, like other places in the world, did not put forward their real leaders to be pawns in the colonial system. But some of their luluais were and are respected for their positions in both worlds; and their councillors are quite often memais, or at least respected individuals. But then New Irelanders are pretty much determined to respect everyone. Lemo was luluai for Mangai for years; following Sirapi's father, Lolo. Both were respected. Lepilis was luluai for Medina; people gave a short laugh when they told me that, and said nothing.)

Some of the people who don't come very often are here today: Eron is sitting with Pambali and Kavok, watching the pig scene. Milika and I agreed this morning that the Mokatitin people from camp don't help well, but Pungum and Loliu are here today. Mele (also from Meteroa, as is Pungum, but Mele is Mokangkai) is here; and so is Lamedeng, Eron's wife.

The pig-killing is under way. Some men here are
trying to kill with just crossed sticks stuck in the ground, between which they try to choke the pig. The usual method is to wrap a bicycle inner tube (or, lacking a tube, a rope) around the pig's nose. Now these men have loosened the sticks and are starting all over again. Simek has started to kill Pambali's pig by wrapping an inner tube around its nose; and he is not using sticks. Warakau comes and bops Simek on the head saying, "Simek isn't up to this (Simek e no inap)," and smiling. The tube isn't long enough or tight enough, and the pig is breathing in at the corners of its mouth and between the gaps. One of Rongo's brothers comes with a rope which he wraps around, tightening the whole thing and covering the corners. The pig succumbs.

Sirapi's is still waiting with the sticks around its neck. Or is it dead. I believe it is. I'll go look. It is dead.

I go back up to the cookhouses. Rusrus and Sirapi are putting taro slices onto the leaves in which they will cook them. I say: "Your two pigs have died." Rusrus goes on with the taro, but Sirapi stops, looks up quickly: "Is it dead?" I said: "Yes. It died quickly. I am sorry for some pigs. Some men don't know how to kill them and the pigs keep squealing." Sirapi gives a short laugh, not light-hearted. (And so much for my attempt, once more, to find out how they feel about their pigs being killed. Certainly the kinds of expressions that I make are not made by New Irelanders. Perhaps it is a big like saying: I
heard your whole family was mangled in a train wreck last week, did you feel sorry? That is exaggerated, but it is closer to the truth than one alternative interpretation: that they don't care at all. They give names to their dogs, but not to their pigs; presumably in anticipation of this day when they will eat them.)

Down on the beach, four Omo dancers walk around the beach, wearing their headdresses. "They are just showing themselves, that's all," someone tells me. Wulos, Rusrus and one other woman run to them. Wulos gives them food and one shilling, "because they have been taboo (in seclusion), and now they come out in the open place," she tells me. "You can give them a little food or something." (Elsewhere in the world, in West Africa, and amongst the Tolais of New Britain, men who come out of seclusion obtain food and other things from the villagers by "stealing and extortion." That is, so one may read, the cultural conception of the transfer of goods. New Irelanders find it horrifying that Tolai children have to pay their own mothers for food. Here, when the men come out of seclusion, it is incumbent upon the people to give; so stealing is not in the game at all. The women enjoyed running up to these men, laughing, giving them food. That is one of the great pleasures in New Ireland culture: giving food.) Rusrus gave sweet potato, sago and taro.

(I've heard a couple of these women say, to no one in particular, but about me: "oh, she has so much work."
I am glad that some people have finally realized this, so they will quit expecting me to work in the cookhouses all the time.

It is 4:30 p.m. The Omo men came through just as the last of the pigs was being hung up (with sticks between their tied legs, hung between two raised poles) for de-hairing. A huge fire burns briefly under them and then, singed, they are taken down. Someone calls a name, and someone responds, joking, "Yessuh, master."

The pigs are set down in several groups at this stage, and the men put Mangai's three (Sirapi's, Pambali's, Matunga's) together. Tomorrow all the pigs will be put in a single line. I suppose by then each person will know where in the line his pig is.

The men are brushing ashes off the pigs, some with leaves. Lepilis is wandering around, muttering that his pig may still come up tomorrow.

Now the men begin to cut off the legs of the pigs. They are cooked separately, by the women. I go around asking everyone who is cutting whose pig. The answers do not mesh, without considerable probing of genealogies and connections, with what I have learned before. (Once one man mumbled: what, do I have to cut and talk as well? I pretended not to hear. That was at the Livitua malanggan, and it was Milika's unsmiling brother Langan. Here, Kavok is the only one who seems to resent me, but I don't like this job, anyway. I know they don't like to be bothered. But one
is most likely to get a correct, or at least a convincing, answer about men and pigs when one man and one pig are together in the same spot.)

Warakau collects the twelve legs from our pigs and takes them up to Sirapi. Emanuel is pouring various kinds of innards on a leaf full of sliced taro. Kavok holds up a liver to be tied with a string; the whole being immediately transferred to a taro-filled banana leaf. Nothing is wasted. Tokas is out in the sea again (I've seen him doing this chore before at other feasts) cleaning out the intestines.

Matunga and a white-haired memai from Lakuramau village are carrying more stones to the mumu. Lovan is just standing around. (A memai was never thus made.) There was no pig magic, so far, not that I saw, anyway. (I've only seen it once. It must be optional, like napkin rings. Grace is always said at feast, but never, so far as I know, at home. It is mostly a signal that all may begin to eat, I think, not a magico-religious act.)

The mumu is about seventeen feet by seven feet, about twice the size of Livitua's, for fewer pigs; and heaped with huge stones. There is strong reason to hope that the pigs will be well done.

I go up to inspect the situation at Kamniel's cook house. There are five pigs going into his pig mumu there; and there is a separate small mumu, being made by the women, for grease, liver, and so forth. (In this area, men make the pig mumus, and women make the mumus for the vegetable
foods and small packets of fish, pig liver, and so forth. Milika, who has just a touch of the prima donna about her, tells me somewhat indigantly that in Lesu the men do all the heavy work: bringing the food from the gardens, bringing the firewood, carrying heavy bundles of leaves from the bush and so forth. All these are women's jobs here, and Milika found it very hard to make her shoulder learn to carry the heavy evals, sticks with burdens hung on both ends, that women carry here. In Lesu, the bundles that women do carry are put in baskets with big handles and hung around the forehead. Milika told me that the women here laugh at her for not tying her bundles just right the way they do. Maybe that is why she works with her mother, rather than with Sirapi.) Milika is helping the Livitua women make mumus around their cook house, and Sirapi and Rusrus are making mumus in Emi's cookhouse.

5:50 p.m. and another pig arrives. It is from Pakulup of Lauen, and it is for Samuel and Lamsisi, according to Pitalai. They asked Pakulup for it, because (Pitalai tells me) "the two had no pig." It came on the truck of Francis (of Livitua), and Francis makes a little speech over it:

FRANCIS: "Ai! Councillor (Pitalai); Lasuwot; Lovan; Lamsisi; Emanuel. We are surprised now, because we hear that a pig has just come up, and it is already dark." (That's all.)

DB: "Tell me about this, Francis."

FRANCIS (to DB): This pig came late. They'll put it in a
separate mumu. Lamsisi along with Samuel requested it to come to them."

Emanuel, who is standing near us, says to us:
EMANUEL: "There is no time now. He just made the request, just now. If he had asked earlier it would have been held fast earlier (the pig). Now it will go into a separate mumu."

Francis looks tired. The women are staring into space, have been for the last two hours. But they all say they will dance tonight. Kaute said of course she will dance! Rongo looks tired.

Laksia just walked by. Yesterday I asked about him and Sirapi said he was in jail. We don't know yet what happened.

FRIDAY NIGHT (MAY 12)

We all went back to Mangai to eat, rest, wash, and put on our party clothes. We arrived back in Lauen about 11:15 p.m. Kas, Milika, Kas' young relatives (and friends) Wylip and Lamet all started out riding in my truck, along with many others, but Kas got out, and insisted that Wylip and Lamet come out with him, saying that they would walk: the truck is too full. Milika said, after he got out, "He gamons!" (In this case, "lies" is probably the correct translation.) She wanted to turn right around and go back to Mangai. I drove on to Lauen, telling her that if she still wanted to go back after we got there, I would take her. She sat next to me, pouting. After a while, she said (trying to
make herself feel better, I think) "He was cross because the car was too full." She's been very bossy about my car: telling me who I should take, who should go free, who I should charge, and so forth. (She doesn't ask little things for herself from me, not even for smokes. When she asks me for something, it is because she needs it and cannot afford it or doesn't know how to get it from the European world; not because she wants to give and take with me, or anyone else, to form a social relationship. I feel free to ask her for things, and she does a lot of the basic things for me without my asking. She is therefore annoyed when other people demand things of me and, in her view, use me. Her relationship with me is quite different from that of the others, mainly, I think, because of her individual life experiences; but partly because Lesu women are, I think from the little bit I know of them, a bit stronger in various ways, socially and in personality, than the women of this area.)

We arrive at Lauen to hear Piskaut (of Livitua) and the Mangai boys playing "Jingle Bells" on their guitars, and singing along.

Lasuwoot came with us. He had said he wouldn't come, but when I drove through the Livitua camp to pick up people, he jumped in, too, saying: "Oh I want to sing too much."

We go and sit outside our (Emi's) cook house, and I tape "Jingle Bells." I interrupt "Jingle Bells" on my tape to catch the Livitua women doing "Sinsinnuk," a traditional number, which they are singing just in their own cookhouse.
A group is coming along the road with guitar music, coming in a big group, just like a procession with a malanggan mask, or with a traditional song, or bringing bamboo for a cemetery fence. The group is from Lemusmus on the West Coast. Lingiris tells me that we must give them all money. He means we should slip a shilling to someone we know or like.

I say to one of them, "You are well-decorated!" and he responds, just audibly over his soft embarrassed laugh, "yes."

Midnight at Emi's cookhouse. Kongis and her group of younger women are here. Some of the women are still in my truck: Milika, Wusuku, Loliu, a few others (hugging the home fires). Lasuwot is sitting just outside the Livitua cookhouse with a couple of his people. The others are all sitting in their cookhouse. Our people (from Mangai) are sitting in our cook house. In short, they've scarcely ventured from their own groups. (This is another manifestation of New Ireland "shyness," the low level of exploratory behavior: "following the known path." The Livitua women have a big benzine lamp outside their house (for the public) and just a tiny lantern within (for themselves). The *mumu* is reassuringly steaming away.

The two Chinese "stores" (trucks containing merchandise that go up and down the road every day) are here. From what people tell me, it's not "mouli" (soft drinks) that they're selling. I am told that they sell a lot of liquor at these
affairs, but I never see it and rarely any signs of it. There are plenty of people who don't drink, or who drink only a "taste" to show their sophistication. There are many cars here, lining the road. Tony Thomas (of English descent, aged nineteen) is here with a Thomas and Sons truck, rented by a village near town for the occasion.

When we got here the Omo men were building a "stage" on which to perform tomorrow. Why should they be doing this in the middle of the party? No people were ever less equipped, surely, for parties. They are much better at work: careful, routine, 'ritualized' familiar work. (Reminds me of life on an American mid-western farm, where they play a game of Snap after dinner and then turn in.)

Suddenly Kombulau starts a song: first she leads, then Sambuan (who often seems to lead) does. The ladies are singing for my tape recorder, as they often have; and they are competing with the young men's guitars. They are putting their all into it, and it sounds very good; as it always does. This is a traditional song, one they know well. They always seem to be ready and willing and happy to sing such a song, together. The children are all singing along, shouting out, smiling.

At some distance I am watching a group of dancers: two young men and a group of kids. I know, from what I have seen before and from discussions with Alice (the Mangai teacher of Panakaia hamlet) that they are doing their conception of the Twist, the "modern style" of dancing, in
their view. All but the older young man appear to me grotesque: he is merely wrong. They are all jerks and stops, all angular, no flow, no grace: and all embarrassment. But Luverida, aged late fifties, comes and, while all yell with laughter, does it very nicely. (He has the confidence and the skill to do the Twist steps in New Ireland fashion, which makes it beautiful, sexy, and, to these young children, embarrassing. I saw Kanda—Lasuwot's brother with the jaw cancer—who is something of a dandy, for New Ireland, dance once like this and get a similar, but more subdued, response. It was a mission party. Probably no individual is supposed to be so good—stand out from the crowd—until or unless a party 'gets off the ground."

Sirapi sees that I am watching Luverida, and she says: "Luverida already is 'sparkling' (i.e. he's had a drink, enough to make him high and ready to play)." He is certainly not drunk, from what I can see. Sirapi is ever-so-slightly mocking his ostentation. He is her mokok, slightly taboo. An hour later Biloton (Luverida's first and oldest wife) was dancing, also very gracefully, by herself. I said to Sirapi, "All the old people have 'savvy' (i.e. know how to dance well)," and Sirapi said, with just a touch of disapproval in her tone, "All the old people are 'sparkling'."

I say to Yaraka, who is standing around with his white dog (called "Snowball"): "Yaraka, you don't want to dance?" (This is the form and the question repeated over and over on such occasions, as people try to get other
people to go first, "let themselves go," start the action so that others can slip in and dance unnoticed. Actually, of course, they want to be noticed, but they don't want it to look as though they were trying to be noticed.) Yaraka said, smiling, "I can't dance in front of you two tamboos." (He referred to Sirapi and me. He is nantuwak to her, a brother of Makalo's.)

Kaute and a couple of Livitua women have come over to our cook house. (This is a step toward being adventure-some. Kaute is Kanda's third wife, and she is a bit adventuresome.)

I went to talk to Milika in the car. She said that Wusuka has been drinking, but she in no way showed it (to me). Milika yelled to her: "Hey, (Wusuka), why don't you come sit inside the car." Milika said then I would smell liquor on her breath.

Milika and I saw Beno slip on the road, and Milika said: "He's already 'sparking,' or drunk."

(Milika manifests a much more strongly negative attitude toward drinking than do most people. She views her problems with Kas as being related entirely to his drinking; this takes his money, and leads him to do foolish things; and it leads him to other women.)

Milika stayed in my car until just before I left, about 2:30 a.m., to go back to Mangai. She only got out when Kas came and got her. (Why was she upset? She didn't want Kas to drink, but she was upset also because she was
disappointed. She thought she was going to a dance with her husband, the way Europeans do, and the young New Islanders follow suit. She, more than any other woman in Mangai, feels unsure of herself in these "semi-modern" situations. I think she wishes she had gone on to school herself and become a teacher, so that she could be independent; and she feels some jealousy about educated New Islanders, and embarrassed lest she appear unsophisticated. When Milika and I went to the Livitua malanggan together, she wanted me to show her how to dance. I said I didn't know how, and that this was all her fashion, not mine. She and two of the other young, uneducated women said: oh no, this is your fashion here, not ours. The other women were content to sit and watch and keep out of the way, but Milika wanted me to show her how to participate.)

I have seen the educated elite dancing in European fashion, men with women; but at this party, even the educated elite dance only with members of their own sex, though the dance is some version of a European dance. Earlier Pitalai (age about forty) was wandering around holding hands with Langasin (aged about sixty); and now he is holding hands with some young man. In between times he held the tape recorder for me. I haven't seen him dancing.

(At the Livitua malanggan, Kasino ordered a group of children to dance, and they did, looking stiff and scared but pleased. Kas ordered them in the tone of a drill sergeant, and led the dance himself in a drill sergeant's version of
the twist on the drill field. His treatment of the children is very different from the New Ireland pattern; and perhaps it is the approach necessary to push them through their shyness.)

I don't see any husbands and wives together. People sit and move almost entirely with members of their own sex. Husbands and wives are seen together occasionally outside their hamlet, but it must be unusual, because I have noticed it. Bungaloo and her husband Warau (Rusrus' brother) walked here tonight late, alone, together. This morning Luverida carried Kombulau (his second wife) here on his bike. (Kombulau was smiling and laughing, with pleasure, I think, at Luverida's performance. I said, "You have a good man, Kombulau;" and she tapped my arm in feigned coyness and laughed.) It is possible for husband and wife to appear together in public; but they much more frequently appear each with members of his own sex.

Warakau (recovered completely from his attempted suicide) and some older man are now dancing "European fashion:" sometimes pelvis to pelvis. Malu at al are now laughing: "Oh, Warakau!," she calls. The older man claps ostentatiously for himself, and Warakau and some of the women join in. Malu can't seem to stop laughing. (She may have had a spot too much.) The older man is Laving, a Tivingur from Nonopai; but Sirapi didn't know his name (even though he was of her clan and she knows most names) and had to ask. (They are all clearly uncomfortable with the new styles of dancing,
but they seem to feel that they ought to make a stab at it. It's just so far from, and contradictory to, their own style: delicate, graceful, small, slight movements, done with a group, the individual disappearing within the group, each member of which makes identical movements.) Laving is a clown. Warakau looks foolish trying to imitate him. Laving is doing a skillful satire on European dancing, using grace and control to mock the heavy movements of Europeans; Warakau is trying to suggest European heaviness through loss of control. New Ireland culture doesn't like loss of control, but the women are not ridiculing Warakau. They must realize that he is trying to take a step they wouldn't dare attempt.

It is 2:30 a.m. and I'm leaving. No one is coming with me. I'm not surprised; they seem to need very little sleep.

SATURDAY, MAY 13

I arrived at Lauen about 10:00 a.m. People are bustling about, finishing preparations for this and that. But some are asleep on the beach, on the benches, and I suppose in the houses. I see men and children, not women, sleeping publically.

Emanuel is completing the painting of the cement monument. It is a pointed monument, about eight feet tall, resting on a base of four steps. On each step, Emanuel is painting a name and date of death.

Also in the cemetery, some men are putting up a
little fence to surround the place where the two free pigs will rest; those pigs brought by Tulebung and by Sirapi. Later, someone tells me, they will install two memais here: Tulebung and Tavakariu, respectively mokotok and child of William. There is a little stage here, about four feet above the ground, containing decorated pig-carrying poles in its structure, on which the memais will be installed. Sirapi told me that Melisa had announced when I wasn't here last Wednesday that a memai would be installed on Saturday. He had said it would be Tulebung. Then Sirapi said, after I prodded her, that there would be two memais, both Tulebung and Tavakariu. Sirapi tells me, "By and by today they will decorate a memai. They will put on him reek (pidgin: tanget; English, Victory leaf shrub). They will put powdered lime on his face, fasten reek on his arm, put a kep kep (the well-known shell neck ornament of New Ireland) around his neck, give him labui (pidgin: gorgor; English, ginger root), and a spear."

Sirapi also tells me that Lovan has stopped Lepilis' pig from coming. Lovan has said that Lepilis should save the pig for a malanggan that Lovan will have in Purapot. There are three dead there now: Selene (Sambuan's twin sister), Lowel (Panakaia) and the child of a West Coast woman, Kuseo, who died at Lamakot hospital before it even had a name. Kuseo has a relative in Mangai (Delilah, married to Mokangkai Ismael) and they asked Lovan if they could bury the child in the Purapot cemetery. (I remember when
Sirapi tells me this story that Lovan said he had some of his own 'business' in the cemetery now, and that he was looking after other peoples relatives of other businesses. Lowel was Mokangkai. This is the first I had heard that Lovan planned to give a malanggan. There has been no malanggan in Mangai since just after World Was II. This is a surprise. Lovan's actions at this malanggan must now be viewed in terms of his intentions for the future. Israel had told me that Panakaia wanted to bury Lowel, but Kasino wanted her in Purapot, her father's place. Her father was Tivingur, Kas' clan brother, Kas insisted; but Lovan will be memai.)

About 10:30, and there are few people here. Nonetheless, the Mangai malanggan is arriving. Led by Langiro, Eruel, Lovan, and Matunga, the men come singing. Lingiris and old Pengas are playing the garamut for them. A little house they have made is waiting, and in it they set up the vavara. I wonder if they have deliberately been unostentatious about the bringing of this vavara.

There is nothing unostentatious, an hour later, when Paruai arrives with Mavis' malanggan, which Livitua will buy. They come, singing, into the other end of the village, (nearest Paruai) and walk down through Lauen. They carry their malanggan on a kind of stretcher on the shoulders of four men. The malanggan is hidden under leaves.

Lasuwot talks, receiving the malanggan: "Ah!"
(He spoke in local dialect. My tape recorder worked only
sporadically here, but I caught the words "Tulebung," "pirin," and, most important, these: "Pasal, Makalo! Pasal, William!" Pasal is a word often used to the children by some people: "walk about," or "walk away:" never "walk toward me." Thus, "walk away, Makalo; walk away, William." He calls them "pirin," respected big men, in this case dead; but he mentions Tulebung. Tulebung will now take over the duties of big men amongst the living: walk away, big men who are dead. (I feel quite certain, from specific conversations such as the one described earlier with Melisa; and from an abundance of evidence of a less direct nature, that this talk of Lasuwot's should be interpreted as symbolic. There is no literal, detailed, mystical belief that the spirits of Makalo and William are present. Melisa attributed such a belief to his savage forefathers. Still, individuals doubtless vary. Informants vary. The culture is not explicit.

When Lasuwot finishes talking, Francis goes to stand where Lasuwot had been standing: near the little house which has been built by the Paruai people to receive their malanggan. Francis spoke partly in local dialect and said, among other things:


"Makalo. Do I say 'walk away' to Makalo? Yes."

(That is, do I say "go away" to my brother and friend? Yes, even I do.)

Now the Livitua people go to the Paruai people to buy the malanggan. The old lady Vakwar goes first, to
Simeon. Lasuwot hands a mias to old Pape (Makalo’s father’s sister), who takes it to Tangai. Francis calls the names, and one of Kamak’s teenage daughters goes, and then Thomas, to the men of Paruai. Seronge gives another mias to Vakwar (his wife); Francis gives one to his sister Kaute. Luverida gives a mias to Francis to hand on to Luverida’s first wife, Biliton; and off she goes, with her pipe, as ever, in her mouth. Lingiris gives to his wife (Sembaiko); Milika goes, Wona (Eruel’s wife, but where is Eruel?) goes. And so on. When it all comes to an end, Simeon starts singing again; and the procession moves on toward the little display house.

But there is more work to be done. They’ve brought with them materials for contracting a screen of coconut fronds, behind which they will set up the malanggen. I notice that the men at the back of the group aren’t singing. They are probably just along to swell the ranks.

While we are waiting, we hear a little garamut. I ask the names of this and that and how the various decorations are made, and chat with Pitalai and Lingiris. Pitalai says to me, teasing me slightly, “You’re a woman of the inside of malanggens now. You’re not outside now; you’re inside now, for all work.” (Thus again, inside and outside are important concepts; but used to include, even me, rather than to exclude. If Insiders ever became an exclusive group, a Polynesian system could rise up ontop of the Outsiders.)

They tell me that Sirapi’s pig will be put on the little stage where the memais will be installed. I try to
find out why Sirapi's pig was chosen: because it was free? or for Makalo? and so on, but apparently it was more a matter of proximity. The memai stage is near the graves; Sirapi's pig is to be near the grave of Makalo. Any pig at the feast may be used for the installation of a memai, and Sirapi's will be convenient. (That the stage for memai installation is near the graves of the dead cannot be a matter of convenience. It can only refer to the transfer of leadership from the dead to the living. To me, today, these associations seemed symbolic. That is, as far as I could tell, they do not "believe in" "ancestor spirits" in the sense that Hamlet "believed in" his father's ghost; or even in the sense that some of the Irish playwrights have their characters "believing in" saints.)

DB (To Lingiris, Pitalai, and Emanuel): "Do they have to ask Sirapi?"

EMANUEL: "They must talk straight to Sirapi. But they must 'lose' here, it must go to an old memai." (His response indicating that Sirapi should be asked was mere courtesy, I think, in deference to my being one of Sirapi's 'group'. In Emanuel's view, the important aspect of memai installation is that a new memai has to give pay to an established memai. The pig is, I think, just decoration for the event.)

We are still waiting for the display of the Paruai malanggan. It is 12:10 a.m., and they arrived at 11:45. They have taken malanggan, stretcher-like carrier and all into the tiny display house, and the stretcher is being
fed out again now. None of the Paruai men here is old Mavis, the men now tell me (in response to my question). He is too old and not well, he is not able to come. (But he hath honor yet, or at least his group still has power. Simeon is leading this, along with the younger Tangai. Again, New Ireland is further toward the Polynesian system in this respect than are many Melanesian societies, where a man who can no longer function personally loses his power.)

They call this "big work," but it is play. They can't justify play, so they call this "work." (They do seem much less interested than I am in seeing the end result. Are they bored? Undemonstrative? Jealous. In the old days, when you had to pay, they say, to see these things, perhaps they charged what the traffic would bear, and it was cheaper if you looked indifferent. Or perhaps it is bad taste to show strong interest in a malanggan, rather like examining the decorative details of a coffin lining, evaluatively, while the body lies in it.)

In the old days, the men now tell me, smiling, people took very seriously all the taboos surrounding the making and display of malanggans. (But it's not really taken seriously now, it's more a game. Perhaps it was always a game; or perhaps the serious part then was what remains the serious part: the transfer of resources, which show forth and constitute relationships amongst individuals and groups. Why must we incessantly assume and presume that primitive peoples before contact lived in a state of Total Conviction
in that must go on waiting for want of a big man.)
LINGIRIS: "Yes."

Beong, the old white-haired memai of Nonopai (who
is always pleasant to me, and direct) now tells me that this
malanggan belonged to him before, and he then brought it
to Mavis.
DB: "When did you bring it to Mavis?"
BEONG: "When Mavis gave a malanggan in Paruai."
DB: "For whom that was dead?"
BEONG: "For all that were dead."
DB: "A long time ago?" (I thought perhaps he meant after
World War II, when villages had malanggans for all who had
died during the war in the bush.)
BEONG: "No, not a long time. During this year that has
just finished."

The malanggan is set up, and people disperse. Lingiris
comes with me to look at it. It is a woodcarving showing
two men. It is in high reliev on an oblong block, around
the edges of which are small detailed designs.
DB: "Now tell me about this, Lingiris."
LINGIRIS: "This is a picture of the two brothers, Makalo
and William." (Lingiris is making the picture fit the
situation. Malanggan designs are fairly standard. If Beong
took this malanggan to Mavis last year, for "all" who were
dead, would it still be the same malanggan if it had three
big men in it, or only one; or if they were walking instead
of standing? I couldn't find out, with hypothetical questions.)
and Commitment to their culture? The "slave to custom" idea has been put to rest amongst anthropologists, but it lives again among ex-primitives as part of their conception of their own forefathers.)

All the Paruai men have now disappeared inside the little display house, and have begun to sing. (This is the act comparable to one familiar to the western world where all the clowns get into one small car, or come out of it.) The garamut goes briefly: Lingiris tells me that they sing now to finish this work.

Simeon shouts out, first in local dialect, then in pidgin: "With this talk we now break open the enclosure!" And the men come out and break open the screen of coconut leaves that they had just built. Having hidden their work, they now reveal it, completed, with a flourish.

Simeon goes on talking (in local dialect; Lingiris translating for me): "Simeon talks about who had this malanggan first. It came from the island Teripas. Now it comes and sits down here. There is no big man who requested this: all the big men of this place, they are lost already. Now all the boats, all the canoes that used to come here from Tabar, they stop in Tabar. He talks metaphorically now, of this canoe that they used to singout to (here before), that it should come ashore here. (Pidgin: Em oli tok piksa long dispela kanu i savvy singoutim em i kam sior hia.)

DB: "Talks metaphorically, that's all." (i.e. there are no canoes from Tabar waiting out on the sea to be invited
DB: "And this (band around each head), is this just decoration?"

LINGIRIS: "Just decoration, to divide the heads" (i.e. serve a design purpose).

This *malanggan*, like all *malanggans*, uses some works of nature to add to the work of man: flowers, roots, branches, and so on. Lingiris explains that the branch used in this one is effective decoration because it lasts a long time; unlike another small part of the decoration, which he says will quickly dry out.

This *malanggan*, like many others, uses betel nuts around it. I ask Lingiris about this and hear, as I have heard before, that it is just decoration.

Lingiris and I go over to the Mangai *malanggan* and the cement monument next to it. Again Lingiris says the betel nut around this *malanggan* is not important (pidgin: *samting nating*); if a man wants to eat it, get it and eat it. (But I've never seen anyone do that. Perhaps it was more common in the old days during the revelry that followed the conclusion of the "rites" and exchanges.) At the corners of the little display house that Lovan and Matunga have built they have affixed the roots, cleaned and dainty, of two plants. Lingiris and, later, Matunga both told me these were just decoration.

Lingiris volunteers what others have volunteered before to me: that this thing, *malanggan*, does not belong to New Ireland, but comes from Tabar. "If they all want to see
it they must bring a pig and mias. The malanggan isn't brought for nothing. It costs big pay. If it is bought, a pig killed, mias: all right, a man can go and look, and they will show him their work." (As in other conversations with other people about other things, I note that it is taken for granted that the work is interesting and good. What is continually stressed is that those who know how will not show you, which is tantamount to teaching you, unless they receive a big payment.) I mention that some women are coming to look at Mangai's malanggan. Lingiris says: "Women can come and look now. The work is finished now." There are only a few women here, many others who do not bother to come to look.

The cement monument has a hollow part, glassed over, in which were placed a photograph of William, and the false teeth of Makalo. Lingiris tells me that Sirape brought these teeth of Makalo. She took them out of his mouth when he died. He had got them at Vuncapone Catholic mission hospital (near Rabaul). I ask what they did with bones before. Lingiris said they had to be buried.

DB: "They didn't hold the bones in the house."

LINGIRIS: "No. If a man wanted to do something with the bones, he had to get the head to do something with. For working whatever kind of thing (he wanted to work), all right they had to get the face. Now everything (else) they had to put back in the ground."

Lingiris explained that the teeth could be saved even when a man was cremated: "the teeth don't 'light'
(catch fire), they stop." And they could be saved by the family, and sometimes were.

The cement monument has four steps, tiered downward. The names of the dead and their date of death were painted on each step, and read thus, from top to bottom:

William Malabes
Died 19/8/1962

DANEL. Makalo
Died 25/4/1963

Aser. Masapal
Died 11/11/67

MARE. Sabuaag
8-5-67

It's 12:50 p.m. and Kase is talking. He says "All right, there is another memai again." (I didn't understand that at the time, and no one explained. I just thought he meant that he was doing some talking. In fact, he had taken over the top spot in this malanggan, and become the leading memai for the rest of the occasion.) He went on to say that everybody must come together to buy malanggan, to buy cement. And after that, the singsing of Omo will come up.

And so we all pay everything again. This time the mias and money heaps into mounds: Emanuel's is on the top step of the cement monument, on which William's name is
written. While people are still putting money on William's step, Kavok goes up and stands near the monument and calls out "the cement for Makalo." Emanuel collects his, puts it down, hands a mias to Kase and asks him to call out his (Emanuel's) name. He personally takes the mias to kattom for the cement of Makalo.

Later Emanuel (but not Kavok) told me the amount he had received: 38 mias and twenty-five pounds. Previously, he told me, he had received (on one occasion) 17 mias plus ten pounds ten shillings and six pence; and (on another occasion) 7 mias plus six pounds. Totals: 62 mias, and forty-one pounds ten shillings.

The pay for Masapal's cement is going to Makeas, the brother of Pape in Nonopai. (It is not clear to me why: but he is the third man designated to perform this service, all three from Nonopai or Sali. Makeas is married to Usor, and they live in Mangai: Walrutapok hamlet.)

Matunga now stands near the malanggan. I hear him say, "Now I asked Kase. . ." (I still did not realize what had happened. As it turned out, many people did not know. Probably some never found out, and didn't care. Apparently, with Melisa no longer serving in the memai role, Matunga asked Kase if he could collect more for the malanggan, and Kase said yes. Was the malanggan bought completely, or was the pay just pay to the men who brought it, just for its display? That was unclear to me, and perhaps it was a decision that was avoided. But I think this one pay would not be enough to "pull" the malanggan
to Lauen, after the pigs and mias had been exchanged in such amounts as to bring the malanggan back to Mangai.) Simeon goes first with a mias for the bringer of the malanggan. Then the Ono brother of Emi, Melangas, goes. Someone has put down an empty cement bag to receive the pay. Sakias and his line from Navallis village go. The Lauen line isn't here—which would confirm my view that they are not buying the malanggan to bring it to Lauen. Livitua people go. Kavok—he waited a while, but he went. I think this is the first time he has given to Mangai for the malanggan. Kase sends someone with a mias now. A lot of people have disappeared, just "melted away," as they do, when the pay begins for something they don't want to pay for. (They don't like to be rude, so they just disappear.)

Kase talks about Makalo, saying that he has come back again to Lauen (his mother's place); that he no longer belongs at Livitua (his father's place, where he was born, raised, secluded, "came out," married, lived and died).

A young man I haven't seen before makes a talk and gives several mias and several pounds—I am not sure to whom. Later I ask him to explain. He is Peta, and he comes from Tandes village, about one hundred miles down the road. PETA: "I worked a malanggan for my mother, at Tandes; and Melisa came and helped. Now I reciprocate."

DB: "You return it. Did Melisa bring a malanggan?"
PETA: "We all worked a vavara, and he helped us with the buying. Now we help him with buying."
DB: "When did you come here, just today?"
PETA: "Yesterday."
DB: "And did you say that you gave big pay because you weren't here earlier to help with the earlier occasions of buying?"
PETA: "Yes."
DB: "I heard you say something about the fashion of the 'white skins'."
PETA: "This malanggan—I know this work, the work of drying caocao. I dry beans. Now in this work, I've become friends with Melisa. That is the basis (pidgin: ass) of this thing (i.e. of Melisa's going there to help, and Peta's coming here.) I'm not following. . . ."
DB: "You're not a relative or something—you are a friend, in the fashion of the white man."
PETA: "Yes. I'm not 'business', following our own fashion."

(This instance perhaps points to the future course of malanggans. People may take "roads" other than kinship roads, and still find ways to come together to support malanggans.)

A very rough count indicates about 280 here. I haven't gone over to Kamniel's cook house. It is 2:30 p.m. and in the distance we hear, at last, the singing of the Omo group. (I urge Lasuwot to come with me to see. Even the children do not hurry as I do to these events.

All in the Omo group are wearing large, elaborate headdresses; and their faces are covered with powdered lime.
They come singing. There are women in the group: there were none making the headdresses. The Omo group climbs up on their stage, and their leader speaks, harshly:

"Ah! You, all Kuluvos, where? Where are you, Kuluvos? Kuluvos, where? This is Kuluvos true here, or where are the true people of Kuluvos? You must look at us—by and by you will be happy afterward. But I cannot teach your tastes (form your preferences, tell you what to like), all of you. If you want to look at me, you look at me."

Merange, a memai whom I have watched speaking, very well, in his home village of Panapai (near Kavieng), steps Forward, holding out mias to the Omo group:

MERANGE: "Ah! You come! There are two without men again for this thing. I am not inside, and I have no piece of ground here; I am outside altogether for this thing. Why did I come here: I follow after my father here."

He went on to talk about Sirapi's coming to his village, bringing him warm packets of food of all sorts, and finishing thus: "I come because I am papa to her (to Sirapi). And I come here again to Kuluvos to find it littered with people. They know the two men used to go around to all places, on foot, and bring their help around to all places. Now I come here again and I am surprised a little to find that inside it is full up (with people). They have not got a man to go first for them, and (yet) all come again."

He gives Sirapi one mias, then he gives one to Rusrus. Kase gives one to Emi. Rusrus is in a headdress and has her
face powdered with lime; Sirapi and Emi are not decorated. Kase gives Rusrus another mias, and she passes it on to another woman to carry over. Now they go over to the Omo group and give them the mias, to buy the singsing (song and dance). Sirapi gives her mias to some woman. Simeon walks across, gives to the old man of the group. Sirapi comes back to Merange, then takes five shillings across to the stage.

And so Merange and Kase go on passing out mias, Merange calling out in his dialect, "Buy the singsing: kattom!"

People are much more interested in these "live" shows than in the malanggangs. They press forward and stay to the end (about twenty minutes). During the singsing, on (what should be but doesn't seem to be) a wobbly stage, there is enough movement to either break or knock off half the headdresses. Or was it the heat and the sweat pouring down their faces that provoked the performers into removing the headdresses? (Later, when I bought them, for two pounds each, the Omo men volunteered that some of the headdresses had broken during the performance.) During the dance they all wear around their waists leaves that give off an amazing clean fresh fragrance.

Wulos is in this dance, and (she told me later) after she "went inside" the Omo dance she became taboo to work relating to the mumu. Rusrus went into the dance, too, but just today, I gathered. Sirapi put on some powder, put a flower in her mouth, and just "stood up" in the singsing.
Later when I asked her about it all, she said they told her to stand near the stage and give mias; and then they told her to join the dance. (She didn't say so, but I presume that this is another example of the New Ireland tendency to take people into the "work" that is going on in order to restore them to a "normal" or routine emotional state.) Sirapi seems to enjoy being in these things, but she thinks she does not have a good singing voice; and her ankles hurt her a lot, due to arthritis. At the Livitua malanggan, she beat the garamut for the women's dances.

After the singsing I ask Sirapi where Melisa is. She answers: "I don't know about him." Then I ask Matiu and he says: "I think all are a little cross over the two pigs here, one that is Sirapi's and one that is Emi's; about which is to go on the 'stage' here (the memai-stage)." Another man tells me: "Melisa had shame a little; so he stopped (at home), he didn't come."

I ask Matiu what they are saying about the two pigs. MATIU: "Later they will put the two (Tavakariu and Tulebung) on the pigs, they will sit down on the pigs, and they will give the two the decorations (of a memai).

DB: Who will?
MATIU: "Levi." (This is the Levi, a Mokamiva of Nonopai, who brought two pigs to lakau tavetau at the beginning of things; at the first gathering.)

DB: "Levi is a memai?"
MATIU: "Him too, he is a memai."
DB: "Oh. Now the two will get their memai status from Levi. Now—Melisa, is he cross about this, that they don't all get memai from Melisa?"

MATIU: "Him, he wanted to work it; then they all talked around about him, and now he doesn't want to come."

DB: "Now why did they all talk about Melisa?"

MATIU: "Oh, I can't know." (His tone indicates that nice people don't think about such things.)

DB: "Ummm. Thank you."

I go find Lasuwot and ask him. He says: "They all talked plenty about the pig of Sakarup's. The quarrel just came up this morning." (He refers to the late pig from Lauen. Various owners are named for it.)

I go to find my most patient informant, Lingiris.

DB: "Do you know about this quarrel, Lingiris? Melisa hasn't come and he's cross about something."

LINGIRIS: "Um." (Yes.)

DB: "Now I didn't know."

LINGIRIS: "It just has to do with them." (That is, it's their business. He is telling me that he doesn't concern himself with such bad things, not that it is none of my business.)

DB: "Um, it's their business. Do you know about it?"

LINGIRIS: "I don't know."

DB: "No, you must talk straight to me so that I can know what kind of quarrels come up at malanggang.‖ (Pause) Are they cross only about a pig?"
LINGIRIS: "They are cross about the malanggan (the Livitua malanggan that Francis got from Mavis). It's like this: he caught us (i.e. we were the ones that he was referring to) with the talk that we weren't helping, that we were just looking, and that we waited.

DB: "To give pigs."

LINGIRIS: "Umm. We came and got into it all in the middle. We didn't get in at the start of working everything."

DB: "Yes, I heard this talk of Melisa's." (I say this so that Lingiris won't feel he's responsible for letting me in on things I ought not to know.)

LINGIRIS: "All right, now we (Livitua) talked about this (accusation) and this is what we thought: we just got into this in the middle? We already worked hard in Livitua."

DB: "Francis explained that to me, yes."

LINGIRIS: "Yes, that (that Francis told you about). But we came to help all here." (In other words, they in Livitua had gone first with the most, and came to Lauen, nevertheless, to help and give even more; and for that they received not thanks and praise but accusations that they came too late with too little.)

DB: "Yes, and some brought pigs yesterday."

LINGIRIS: "And that too." (One of those pigs was brought by Seronge, who is mokotok, friend, and constant companion of Lingiris. They are much alike in looks and personality: small, humble, helpful. Each individual has a different view of any quarrel, and it is fitting that Lingiris and Seronge
felt hurt that their efforts, always larger than most people's, were rebuked. Of course it was really the big head, Francis, to whom Melisa was directing his harsh words. It surprised me a bit that people like Lingiris supported Francis; but then Melisa is perhaps in Lingiris' eyes not much different in personality. Sirapi doesn't stick so closely to village loyalties.)

DB: "And this pig that came up late at night yesterday, Francis talked over it, was that Sakarap's?"

LINGIRIS: "Sakarap's?" (No one ever mentioned this, but surely it is crucial that Sakarap is the true brother of the surly Kavok; and Francis sent his truck for the pig.)

DB: "No, another name I think. Did you see the pig?"

LINGIRIS: "No, Dotty, me, I had gone then?" (He saw his way out of this part of the discussion and he took it.)

DB: "Now what was the quarrel that came up that Melisa doesn't come?"

LINGIRIS: "That, about this, this thing--his talk."

DB: "And big talk of Livitua." (That is, Livitua talked a lot of him, and a lot of talk always means a lot of critical talk.)

LINGIRIS: "Yes. Then he looked--we 'answered' him then, and we came and won everything then. Just that, that's all."

(Did Melisa really think that he could shame Livitua, that they were depleted, especially since just six months ago they had a big malanggan of their own? This is Lingiris'
interpretation: that Melisa accused Livitua, Livitua came back and "won," Melisa was ashamed and went away, or stayed away.

DB: "Ah. All right, thank you, Lingiris."

I rush over to hear Lasuwot calling out names and sending mias to the Paruai people, to buy their malanggan. (A whole group of men here at first tell me that it is Omo's singsing that is being bought; then find out for me, then inform me correctly--I had by then figured it out. I mention this to indicate that many people who come to these things know very little about the details of what is going on.)

Lasuwot calls out "Simeon--kattom!" He has brought a pig in front of the malanggan and Lingiris comes to tell me (relieved to be back on this subject I suppose) that the pig goes along with the pay for the malanggan to luk kattom (buy completely). This pig, then (Lingiris explains) is free: they cannot send back pay for it.

DB: "Who brought the pig, do you know...oh wait, they're going to make a memai." (The pig was from Pengas--See Table .)

LINGIRIS: "Yes, go look first."

Lingiris and I run with the tape recorder to hear Kase talking over two pigs in the little fenced in part of the cemetery built for that purpose. Tulebung, and only Tulebung, is standing with him. Tulebung wears a beautiful kep kep (shell ornament).
KASE: "Ah! Hear this! (He said a few words in local dialect, then went into pidgin.) All right now you hear: You all look at Tulebung. Now I fasten him, that by and by he shall come up a memai of Kuluvos.

"He shall take the place of me, my place here at Kuluvos.

"He shall take the place of William: William is dead.

"Now, this memai (status), as for me, I got it on the other side (of the island). It would not be good if one man said: you got it where? Now I talk clear, that you shall hear.

"This memai (status), me, I got it on the other side at Lupei. On a raised stage, and all the men of Kusori came down for it. The man, Gura (i.e. that is the man from whom he got memai status). You all know of him; later he came and put one person at Wuap (on the stage).

"All right, then Nameteran, the father of Makadin, he took me on top (of a stage), and he fastened me, with this ginger root plant here. All right, then I got memai (status) straight at this time.

"All right, now these memai of mine, all have died. Not just half. Plenty of men today, they say they're memais, but their memais (i.e. those from whom they got the status), but their memais haven't died. Those who gave to me have died, altogether. Now, at this time. All right now, now, I think of fastening him, this child straight of my skin,
the hair of my skin. (They are both Mokamivas.) All right now I will put him (into this status): this position comes onto him. By and by he, too, can stand up and talk. Suppose I die, then he can stand up and talk. He will perform this work, memai. Now I talk clearly about the road that this memai (status) has already travelled.

Kase goes on in local dialect, calling out "Tulebung!" and giving him each kind of decoration that marks a memai. He returns to pidgin as he puts a leaf into a band around Tulebung's hips: "Suppose all men altogether are cross, all right this darum is for you to run with, to break up this quarrel. The quarrel will end."

(In the background, people are singing. Again, not everyone is interested, now in the installation of a memai.)

Now people begin to go up and give pay, just as they do for malanggan or cement or pig. The pay will go to Kase, pay for having given memai status to Tulebung. It seems to be mostly people from Kuluvos. Kase calls out, "The memais of Tulebung, they have all died!"

Now Kase leaves the cemetery and heads for the line of pigs toward the beach, running. He runs down to the far end on one side, turns and runs back up the other side of the pigs. He stops in the middle after his fourth trip: "Ah!" He is holding a spear. He says a few words in local dialect, then goes on in pidgin:

KASE: "What big man asked for this? Lapok (the dead Mokamiva, buried here in Luluvos, from whom William got memai status."
The following are also dead big men of the clan.) Tuleman. Sarasak. And who just now before? Gavman? William and Makalo! Mandate vorkarai of Gavman! Mandate of Gavman! Mandate of Gavman.'

"And this now that you and I have come together for today, it has not got one man who bosses and talks for it. Something belonging to women, that's all. Now today you sit down together for it, we come here for this, at the call (summons, orders: vorkarai) of women, that's all.

"In order to end (this situation, without a man to lead), something strong stops here today (i.e. the installation of a new memai). Altogether, all are gone (the old memais); and the canoe, it wants to go on now. (He speaks figuratively: the ship of state needs a new captain.) There are no more (big men), and (the canoe) stops (i.e. is at a standstill).

"All right now, now all these things (this situation), you and I come here now in order to end it. Now I have finished speaking. The authority (vorkarai) of women, that's all: there's no authorized man (no man vorkarai). Just that, the orders (vorkarai) of all women."

Samuel runs up when Kase finished, and throws his arms around him, hugs him.

Kase walks along the row of pigs, counting to 24 (missing 19). He says: "All right, now I can't count those that have gone before. Hard work has already been done. A great deal of work has yet to be done. Plenty (of
pigs) have already gone, I think something up to ten."
(His estimate is low. There have been twenty-three.)
(This is the work Melisa should have been doing.
This was to have been his big day. I feel sad about that.)
Kase has just given a mias to Tulebung, who has
already taken off all his decorations. The feather that
they put on his head during the installation is a Bird of
Paradis feather (from Highland New Guinea). Levi is holding
it now. In future it will be said that Tulebung got memai
"down below," on the ground, where the pigs are. He would
have got it "on top," on the little stage, I suppose, if
Melisa have given it to him.
I go find Sirapi to ask about her pig.
DB: "Sirapi, it was your pig here that they made a memai
ontop of, right?"
SIRAPI: "Did they put him on top? (She is surprised, so
she must know about the quarrel and that Melisa didn't do
the work. i wasn't clear, and she thought I meant that
Tulebung had gone 'on top' of the stage, when I just meant
that he had gone 'on top' of the pig. Then she realized
what I meant.) No! These two pigs, they put them there
(in the cemetery) because they will be cut for nothing
(i.e. it had nothing to do with making a memai.).
DB: "Yes, cut for nothing."
SIRAPI: "There is no pay."
DB: "Yes. No, the pig didn't go on top of the stage, it
stopped down below."
SIRAPI: "Yes, because this man who worked the stage, they were all cross while you and I stopped yet in Mangai (this morning). They were all cross in the morning and . . ."

DB: "Melisa ran away."

SIRAPI: "Yes. They all went and stopped him (from coming) with one mias. Now he stops, he no more comes to see you and me."

DB: "'Stopped him with one mias.' I don't understand that, what is the meaning of it?"

SIRAPI: "They all stopped him because he cannot come here. He cannot come as memai for this feast."

DB: "Who gave him one mias?"

SIRAPI: (She whispers aside to someone, "Pisingasa," which I used to think was the name of half the population, but which instead means "call it." Sirapi isn't supposed to say the man's name, but the other person here doesn't know what she's talking about so Sirapi goes ahead and says it): "Levi." (The fact that people go ahead and say names which are taboo when it is socially acceptable to do so, to help the fumbling anthropologist, confirms the social, rather than mystical, nature of the taboo. It is, as they say, a taboo that shows respect.)

DB: "Levi. Of Nonopai." (The man who, a few minutes ago, held the Bird of Paradise feather.)

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And Levi belongs to this place (Kuluivos)?"

SIRAPI: "Yes, and he was sorry for him (for Melisa), some
men talked secretly about him, they 'memaiied' (spoke) behind his back."

DB: "They talked secretly of Melisa."

SIRAPI: "Yes." (Sirapi probably really believes this charitable interpretation, and who is to say she is wrong? She says that Levi stopped Melisa as a friend, to save him from public shame; not as a rival, to prevent him from fulfilling his single most important function at this malanggan, for which he would be most highly paid. Levi, a Mokamiva, belongs here; Melisa, his tamboo, is a son of a Mokamiva father from Lauen.)

DB: "About what (did they talk secretly)--about this critical talk of his about Livitua?"

SIRAPI: "Now I don't understand well. By and by you go find out good from Levi."

DB: "Levi."

SIRAPI: "Yes, when the feast is over, then you go ask him."

DB: "Now Levi is a memai?"

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And Melisa made the stage."

SIRAPI: "Yes."

DB: "And previously they all wanted, Tulebung wanted, that Tulebung should get memai from Melisa."

SIRAPI: "Yes, they wanted to put him on this stage--now, me, I don't know any more about this feast." (She means the whole thing has passed beyond her now. Or beneath her: she doesn't like to have to do with people being cross.)

DB: "All right. Then Kase gave it." (The show must go on.)
SIRAPI: "Yes. He gave to someone (not Tavakariu, does she mean?) and the stage just sits there for nothing."

DB: "Um. Thank you Sirapi. Now I'll go ask Kase."

I go back over to the pigs in the cemetery. Lovan and Semik are cutting Sirapi's pig, Lovan apparently teaching Simek (his eldest son) how to do this. Warau (Rusrus' brother) is hitting it with an ax. Emi's clan brother Ontimo is cutting this free one from Emi, with Kase's help.

I asked Lovan if he knew about the quarrel, and he seemed genuinely surprised. He said he would try to find out. (But of course he must have already been to Melisa, I found out later, to try to persuade Melisa to change his mind and come back to the feast.)

It is 4:30 p.m. now. I haven't seen Emi for some time, but there she is now, standing on the beach inside the fence with all the pigs; the only woman in there. I would say this has been a smashing success.

Rusrus goes by with two pieces of pig on a leaf, she looking perplexed. Rongo with one great piece, looking perplexed. They must be dividing up the extra pig now, the extra that isn't needed to serve the crowd. (The extra goes to people who gave a mias or five shillings to help buy the pig. I suppose Melisa's asking that the free pigs be eaten entirely inside the cemetery prevents people from exploiting this situation and running off with half a pig that belongs, in theory, only to the dead; and by proclamation, only to those in attendance.)
Sirapi told me that she spoke to "the husband of Leiawai" (Mamu-Panakaia) and told him he should get a piece of meat for me, which is why he suddenly produced one. He probably wouldn't have otherwise. All these things demand constant vigilance and intercession. Of course Sirapi will get this piece, but she couldn't ask for herself. It's her pig, it has to go free.

(The young European boy here wants a drink of water all the time, wants to jump into the sea to cool off, thinks he can't stomach the pig. He is being very polite about everything, but it reminds me of myself when I first came. Now these things don't bother me at all, and the food I've like from the beginning. But seeing this boy's problems reminds me what a nuisance it must be for these people to have a European, me, around needing special attention all the time.)

There's Emi wandering around with a piece of meat. We've got two great red raw hunks here. Warau has a huge piece of pig, going where? And a couple of women now coming from the pigs with huge hunks in both hands.

Emi's gone back into the fray; Sirapi and Rongo are standing together looking at huge hunks of pig here, clearly trying to decide what to do with them. Matiu and some other people have put down some huge pieces of pig on the vegetable food leaves, and they're earnestly discussing their disposition. The women never got into this pig-distribution before, so far as I have seen. This is such a mess, a hostessing nightmare,
I don't know how they can stand it. They do look perplexed, anxious, intensely serious.

I am just sitting here with our plate. Every piece of pig we've got has been brought by someone we know well. We're just getting big extra pieces now, not just the little ones that everybody gets. (Not little: about half a roast pork as we would buy it in a supermarket. These huge pieces are three feet long and five inches across.) Sirapi brought two, Rusrus brought one, Pambali brought two I think, Matiu is headed this way with some, and Mamu brought the first piece.

This may be something "got up" by "just women," but I have never seen anything like it. There is five times as much pig as I've ever seen at a malanggan before, there are mounds of taro, sweet potatoes, and sago; and despite Melisa's urging the women to "shell all the food" the other day, there is still a lot of uncooked food sitting on the racks built for it. A great success in every way, except that a quarrel did come up, and people were cross; and Melisa didn't come.

SUNDAY, MAY 14

I go to Lauen to try to make sure that this time the vavara will not be burned, and that I will be allowed to buy it. I am told I must ask Emi and her sisters, Mangum (of Kuluvos) and Lowel (of Nonopai, wife of Esau), as well as Melisa. Also, I must ask Kavok, because "they all held fast pigs for this malanggan."
I drove on to Nonopai to find Melisa, to find out what had happened. I wasn't sure what reception I would get. I was relieved to find that he seemed very pleased that I had come. I said I was sorry I hadn't got to see him perform in all his decoration, and he offered to dress up tomorrow morning and come and stand on the little stage he had made, so that I could photograph him.

Melisa looked sad, and he stopped in his house. I felt it was appropriate for me to say that all were sorry about Melisa, and that Tulebung was probably a big head. Melisa said no, that Tulebung had been influenced by others to decide that he wanted Kase, his Mokamiva pupu, to give him memai, rather than Melisa, who is Mokatitin and classificatory father to Tulebung. Melisa said that Tulebung got it put in his head that he should get memai from his own clan. I said that Tulebung would have to read my book so that he would understand the fashion. Melisa laughed and cheered, but he was careful to make clear that Tulebung didn't do this on his own, that he acted in response to the urgings of others. I asked who had talked to Tulebung, and Melisa said: "I think Samuel or someone.

Melisa said he was sorry because he had wanted to make "good news," to show me all about the "stage." Tulebung had asked him, if he wanted to change this promise why didn't he talk straight? All was going well except for this one hidden talk that hadn't come out.

I asked if Sirapi had known about this and he said,
no. Some others knew: Kase came with mias, and so did Lovan and Matunga (offering it to him, to 'buy his shame,' so that he could come back), but he refused to come. I asked if he would have come if Tulebung had come to get him and he said, "Yes, all right, I would have come if Tulebung had come for me."

I asked Melisa about the vavara, and he told me to first ask Matunga about it. I said I knew some people thought it should be burned and would worry if it stopped nearby for a long time, so I wanted to take it now. Melisa said that was why I should ask Matunga first, because he (Melisa) didn't know what Matunga had worked inside the vavara (i.e. what 'magic' was in it).

When I told Sirapi what Melisa had said about the vavara she made light of the matter, said Oh yes, whatever Matunga had put into the vavara he will get rid of with leia (pidgin: kororavar, a plant) early in the morning. She told me I would have to get up very early to catch this. He will burn the little house in which the vavara is displayed. It can't just be thrown away (without doing something about it).

Sirapi reported that Kavok said it was all right with him (for me to take the vavara) if Melisa said it was all right. (I had passed on that task to Sirapi, as I found Kavok still, today, unwilling or unable to smile at me except with great strain.)

This evening back in Mangai Lovan told me what he knew of the quarrel at Kuluvos. He said it was Samuel who
told Tulebun, and Ephraim who took word to Melisa: that Tulebun should get memai status from his own clan (or which Samuel is a member). Both are Nonopai residents, Samuel from the Sali part of Nonopai. Kase had wanted Tulebun to get memai from Melisa, because it is stronger to get it from outside. (Lovan didn't say so, but I suppose Samuel and other Mokamivas of Nonopai and Sali would have borne the cost of paying Melisa. The cost to them was probably less on their minds than the thought of how much Melisa was getting from various sources from his role in this malanggan. They probably just didn't want to give him any more. This is another instance of the New Ireland tendency to equalize, to give to the weak, and give no more to the strong. Jealousy is probably an important part of the motive of those involved.)

I asked Lovan if it was good for a person to get memai from his own clan (petin in local dialect). Yes, he said, a young boy (pidgin: manki) can get it from his own petin, but a big man cannot. (Here is another example of the child being helped into the adult New Ireland world. The young boy is given a hand along the way by the big men of his own clan.)

Lovan told me that Tavakariiu withdrew. He said he cannot now, because he lives a long way away, and he hasn't learned about this work of the memai, he has no understanding. Tulebun got it according to the wishes of all, Lovan said. They all want him to eventually take the place of William, his mokotok, at Kuluvos.

Lovan went on to explain that for a long time, there
was no big man who came to Emi about getting this work started. Then Melisa went. Kase, Taito came to help. No (in response to my question), Melisa wasn't second after Kase; Melisa got this up, and Kase asked him to give memai to Tulebung. (Thus Kase went outside, but just a little bit outside; to a good friend from the same village, a tamboo, married to a Mokamiva. He did not go across the island, he did not go far outside.)

"All right, then this talk came up," Lovan said (referring to the critical talk that came up about Melisa giving memai to Tulebung.) Lovan went on: "'What for did these men--Samuel, Ephraim--come to cut off my work?' That's what Melisa said to us (Lovan, Matunga and Taito) when we went to see him. But Melisa said, 'It's all right, I'm not worried.'"

Lovan kept stressing that Melisa had said that he wasn't worried, that he wasn't cross, that he wasn't a man of anger. Still, he wouldn't give Tulebung memai now. They had all tried to get him to "turn his belly"--change his mind, Lovan said, but he wouldn't. Melisa had said that he just wanted this thing that he had got started to go straight: all right, now Kase can work it (give memai to Tulebung).

Lovan told me that Melisa had said, "I have no talk." (That meant that he was not going to say critical things about this turn of events and about the people who turned them. Melisa was being careful not to show anger. In New
Ireland, it is shameful to be cross; not strong, as in New
Hanover.)

MONDAY, MAY 15

I arrive at Kuluvos to find Matunga spitting what
looks like white mist at the vavara. "All right, I'll get
it ready first," Matunga says, looking slightly annoyed
that I had caught him in an act that white people are
supposed to think is silly.

Milika wouldn't come with me: "I'm afraid of the
malanggan," she laughed. "We get sores," she added. I
said: "All right, maski (nevermind), I'll get sores." (Of
course tropical ulcers are killers without European medicines.
Many died of sores during World War II.) Milika said: "No!"
You all are all right, you'll be all right," meaning that
Europeans are not affected by these things that "belong to
our place."

It is 6:15 a.m. now and Matunga is whacking the little
display house with a heavy stick, to demolish it. Emanuel
has gone into the fenced area of the cemetery where the
vavara is, but everyone else has gone on with the morning
routine. Emanuel is helping Matunga: he carries a piece
of roof over the edge (of the cemetery, outside the fence,
toward the beach) to be burned. Matunga spit one last mouthful
of leia (pidgin: kororava) on the little house, then set
fire to it with a lighted coconut frond. The smoke from the
house, and from the pile of leaves detached from it and put
at the edge of the cemetery, is all going out to sea. That
was the plan, that is why this has to be done early in the
morning, when the wind blows out to the sea. Then the
smoke will not come into the village and cause sores.

I go to pick up Melisa at Nonopai. He has on all
his bilas (decoration), and we go back to Lauen so that I
can photograph him on the stage, whereon he had meant to
give memai to Tulebung. While Melisa is getting ready on
the stage, another man who happened to be in Lauen volunteered
to me that there are many kinds of decorations for memai;
but he mentions the same plants that I have listed before.
I am trying to find out if there is standardization of
decoration; and if there is, what it is.¹

I take some pictures of Melisa, and then ask him to
explain his decorations. (I hand him the microphone to my
tape recorder. He, like many others, seems to have in the
back of his mind the idea that this might one day be heard
on the radio. Such things are used in pidgin English
programs. This accounts for the kind of introduction he
gives.)

MELISA: "I am Melisa and I will explain. I want to explain
about this kind of decoration that belongs to all men that
are called memai. Now these things are not chosen for no
reason; they have got a reason or a way for them.

¹In 1965 Anton Masek of Medina told Nicolas Peterson
the symbolic meanings of all the various kinds of decoration
being used in a memai installation we witnessed. In 1966
I visited Anton Masek to inquire further about these meanings.
He denied ever having met me or Mr. Peterson, or ever knowing
about such things. He subsequently was a very cooperative
informant in his capacity as Chairman of the Demarcation
Committee for all New Ireland.
You see this decoration that I stand up in now, today. There is a spear, and there is something around my neck, and there are feathers on my head, and there is lime. I hold that which all big men eat: lime. To eat with betel nut. Now there is some betel nut, too, which I hold, along with some feathers.

"All this kind of decoration belongs to this kind of man, who is called memai. Now this kind of thing is not obtained for nothing: there is pay for it. Suppose a man wants to go on top of this stage, and wants to put on this decoration, he must first put forward pay, to whomever has got this kind of thing, to a memai. He cannot get it for nothing. We call this (pay) lukoi (Nonopai), or lalakau (Mangai-Livitua), this pay that a man uses to obtain memai. It is the same kind of thing that belongs to malanggan exchange.

"All right. They brought this thing (memai) to me. I do not just do this work for no reason (i.e. without the authoritative basis derived from the process of selection and buying that he is describing). My own mokotok himself, he put me on a stage, and he gave me all this kind of decoration. He gave me the feathers of chickens; a spear; lime; lalei; and some decoration that I hold. And all these things, I myself bought. I brought mias to go to my mokotok, and I obtained this (status). A man cannot work it without basis (pidgin: no kan wokim nating). Suppose he stands up like this, before the eyes of plenty of people, and he
follows the procedure (as described here), then all men can recognize him when they say: him, this man here, he is a memai. He cannot do this work without basis, with nothing.

"Now suppose a man does do this work without being properly installed, and he just stands up on top of a stage like this without having the authority to do so; by and by, it won't be a long time, this man will die, if he does this work without the proper basis. This procedure belongs to this kind of thing (this status): we know too well." (Pidgin: Dispela kain wei bilong dispela kain samting; mepela savvy tumas. They know well that they must follow the known path, the known way, to a known status which is defined mainly in terms of the procedure required for obtaining it.)

"Suppose a man has stood up on a stage, and he has already bought (this status); now his name is clear before many men; and if he stands on top of the stage, he cannot die. But if a man stands up without having followed this procedure and performs the work of a memai, he will die.

"This kind of thing belonged to our ancestors, and it is our custom that runs the same (today) for all this kind of thing, when a man stands on top of a stage in order to talk.

"Now that's all. My little talk stands up here and is finished."

DB: "Now this feather, it comes from New Guinea, doesn't it?"
MELISA: "Yes. It doesn't belong to us.

DB: "Now your mokotok, did he give you this very feather?"

MELISA: "It was another one, this one here that belongs to a true, foul, eh? They use those yet, too. Now they also used those that stop around the mouth of the parrot, putting them in a line. That's not this kind here--I think you have seen some on some men, this kind of feather?"

DB: "I think I have just seen pictures. I don't know much about them.

"Now this, on your arm, has it got a meaning?"

MELISA: "Yes. This is lalei (a leaf) here.

DB: "Now what is the meaning of it. Has it got power or what?"

MELISA: "This here has got power because it is the decoration of a man who is called memai. They all can put on lalei. Now if you put tanget (Victory leaf shrub) inside of this, the power is bigger.

(The lalei is like a white onion skin tied around the arm, and the tanget, a long green leaf, has its tip stuck into the arm band. Tanget is the plant used in cemeteries to mark graves temporarily, until cement monuments are provided at a malanggan.)

MELISA: "This kind is the kind I used before when all men were cross."

DB: "Fufus."

MELISA: "Yes, fufus."

DB: "You hold this in your hand."
MELISA: "Yes."
DB: "And you put kambang (lime) on your shoulder and face too."
MELISA: "Yes. (The decoration of a memai too.)"
DB: "One other thing I wanted to ask you. Some put memais to be installed on a stage, and some on a pig. Now what is this all about?"
MELISA: "Just as now Kase came and did this work here, down below, with a pig?"
DB: "Yes."
MELISA: "Now he didn't install him on top of the stage here. This is another kind of 'road' here. . . . A man who has been given something (memai status) down below, he cannot stand up on a stage."
DB: "Oh. If you get it down below, you must give it down below, that's all."
MELISA: "Down below, that's all."
DB: "And you got memai on top of a stage."
MELISA: "As for me, I got (memai status) on top on a stage."
DB: "Can Kase stand up on a stage?"
MELISA: "He can stand up on a stage, but he didn't make one. . . . I made the bed, uh?"
DB: "Um."
MELISA: "Now at the time when the quarrel came up--all right, Kase wasn't up to putting Tulebung on top of the stage because the stage belongs to me still. Kase didn't know about it." (Does he mean that Kase didn't know what magic
protectors had been used in its constructions?)

I asked Melisa about the use of pig-carrying poles in the construction of the stage, and he said that was customary. I asked him about what pigs were to be used for the installation of a new memai: i.e. did they have to be pigs brought by anyone in particular, or brought free to the feast, as they were in this case? He didn't understand the question at first, but then said a memai could use any of the pigs brought to the feast. Melisa explained the custom of bringing pigs free to a malanggan in this way:

MELISA: "When a pig is free (to the malanggan), it may be used for whatever good a man does for all (the public good).
... just as before (when this man was alive) he gave freely to all whatever they liked."

DB: "Yes."

MELISA: "All right, at the time when a man dies, they think of the good work that this man of theirs worked for them; all right, they want to make free, too, the repayment for anything before that this man helped them with." (It is not entirely clear who 'they' are. The referent is wider than just the surviving spouse, and must designate the extended family group that looked to this dead man as leader, and that ultimately owns resources jointly. The idea is a familiar one: the attempt to disentangle a gift of respect from economic purposes.)

DB: "All right, thank you very much, Melisa."
ANALYSIS OF THE MALANGGAN AT KULUVOS

Political Organization: Leadership

During the course of the malanggan proceedings at Kuluvos, leadership roles were played by memais and by men and women who are not memais.

Memais, e.g. Melisa and Kase, have been installed in the status by other memais. Kase installed Tulebung as a memai on the last day of the Kuluvos malanggan, giving him the various insignia of office, and explaining the symbolism of the insignia; which tell something about the memai's functions in the society.

Kase first stated his own qualifications to perform the installation. His qualifications consisted of a recital of the circumstances under which his own installation as a memai took place. Nothing of his subsequent activities was told: a memai is a memai because he has been formally installed. He continues to be a memai until his death.

Kase spoke his qualifications as memai on this occasion in order to remind people that he occupied the status legitimately, and that he spoke with the authority of the status of memai.

But the status of memai itself received no public justification. New Irelanders accepted memais as legitimately constituted authority, "our government," and they accepted
the legitimacy of the status (as they accepted the legitimacy of other authority statuses, such as luluai, councillor, missionary, and so on). I met no anarchists amongst New Irelanders.

But New Ireland big men are not unaware of the possibility that anarchism will develop. Melisa's concern about Livitua's bringing a malanggan was concern over just this possibility: it would have been all right, Melisa said, if Livitua had first "cleared it" with the bosses of the malanggan.

Francis did not say that a malanggan does not need a boss, however. He wanted to assert his own will, but he justified his position in doing so: he had a right to speak, he said, because his father had spoken at feasts. And he had a right to bring a malanggan to Kuluvos because Makalo had been his brother, and because the place where Makalo's body lay in Kuluvos had not been attended to properly in the plans made by Melisa and Emi. Francis did not question the role of a boss in the malanggan; only the wisdom of the decisions made in this particular case.

Lovan, similarly, did not assert that no boss should tell him what to bring and what not to bring. He said: why do you (Melisa) say I cannot bring something when I say that I can? But he did not bring his malanggan, and he said that Francis should have "cleared it" first. He let people know that he saw through the excuses made by Francis, Lasuwot, and Melisa; but he complied, anyway, with the wishes of the organizers of the malanggan.
Francis and Lovan are men who are not memais who are, nevertheless, spokesmen for groups, accepted and used in that capacity. Not at Kuluvos, but at other malanggans Lovan justified his speaking at feasts by the same criterion used by Francis at Kuluvos: that he is the son of a man who spoke at feasts.

It is not at all certain why these two men are not memais. What was clear at Kuluvos, however, was that in order to become a memai a man (in this case Tulebung) must have the support of his group. It is often said that in order to "buy memai" a man must give ten mias to another memai for installing him in the status. But everyone has or can get ten mias. The important point is that the payment is public and, like all payments at malanggan, is accomplished by a line of individuals going forward to pay and manifest their support. Lovan and Francis are not memais because, for various reasons, no group has invited them to become memais. They may yet become memais: they are only slightly older than Kavok and Ephraim, both of whom appear anxious in their quest for status.

Memaihood is thus an institutionalized leadership status. There are alternate, but definite, ways to attain the status (discussed further in the next chapter). In this aspect of New Ireland culture, as in other aspects, there is a known path to follow. But it is also characteristic of New Ireland culture that individuals like Francis and Lovan are given honored places in the group. They speak, they lead, and they are not challenged; and their path becomes another
known path for others to follow. They are respectable and respected members of the whole group, rather than leaders of dissident factions as they might be in other societies.

Women playing leadership roles met with mild resistance, mainly in the form of light ridicule from Francis, a few barked (and ignored) commands from Eruel, and a general patronizing attitude for their male supporters (Melisa and Kase). But their leadership went completely unchallenged, if one judges by the success of the malanggan: attendance was about the same as it was for other malanggans, but there was more food than usual, and it was very well done. Melisa, in a speech to inspire the people to greater efforts in preparation for the last few days, asked: what news will people take home from this malanggan at Kuluvos, about the food they received? The news was very good.

Still, women cannot be memais; and memais as a group rank above "just plain men" (pidgin: man nating). Amongst memais, there is no clear ranking. It is sometimes implied that older memais rank above younger memais, or at least that men who got their memaihood earlier rank above those who got it later. Kase said that he was a true memai because all "his memais" were dead; and when he dies, Tulebung will be the memai of Kuluvos. But Kase is about ten years older than Melisa, and was installed as a memai before Melisa was; and yet Kase acknowledged Melisa's position as stronger than his own in Nonopai. When Emi asked Kase to lead the malanggan for William and Makalo, he declined, saying that Melisa "holds everyone here." Kase said that he would put his own men under
Melisa’s leadership. There is every indication that he did try to do that. However, apparently some of Kase’s following were unwilling to view themselves as followers of Melisa; because it was two men from Nonopai (the village of both Kase and Melisa as well) who were Mokamiva (as Kase is) who refused to go along with Melisa’s leadership at the end of the malanggan.

At any given time some memais are stronger than others, but there is no institutionalization of these temporary placements. Thus, while William of Kuluvos had high status as a memai, his mokotok Tulebung starts again from the beginning. Kuluvos has not had a memai since the death of William, and it is not systematically required that each hamlet or family group have a memai. Tulebung was installed as a memai because a group of people who were able to provide the ceremony considered Tulebung to be an eligible young man that should be encouraged to provide leadership. He will have to participate successfully in many activities before he can function as a big man, as Kase and Melisa do. The fact that he is presently working in Rabaul does not mean that he will not eventually come home, learn his work, and do it well. Nearly all men of all ages in New Ireland have worked for Europeans for several years. This experience may increasingly become expected of local leaders.

Thus memai is a status, but not a position of leadership defined in terms of a particular group of people or a particular territory. Nowadays, however, there is generally considered to be at least one memai per village, and sometimes
conceptions of succession are then associated with the status. Tulebung was viewed by Kase as succeeding to the status within the hamlet of Kuluvos, which in 1967 offered a constituency of two households. Those two households were able to draw support from many others, however, for the installation. Kase specifically gave the death of other memais as required to elevate Tulebung to the status of "true memai;" and yet he was inconsistent on that point. First he said that Tulebung would succeed him (Kase) at Kuluvos; and then later he said that Tulebung was already a memai because all Tulebung's memais were dead.

A memai can function as a leader of many different groups of different sizes and in different relationships to him. He has no single, clearly-defined group. Similarly, each individual has no one memai whom he or she regards as his or her only memai. During the malanggan proceedings at Tokanaka in Livitua, Sirapi paid Uliakis of Kableman village to remove that taboo that forbade her to eat taro. Merange of Panapai village spoke for her in relation to the group that brought a singsing from Omo village. Lovan performed the routine service of calling out the names of those who brought money and mias to help pay for pigs, cement, and malanggans. Eruel made the special speech that announced that her pig had come free to the malanggan, because she was "sorry."

Memais provide services. They are paid for their services. They organize malangganes, and one of the abilities that they must have in order to do so well is the ability to
speak well, both privately and publically. A memai may serve an individual, as Uliakis did when he removed Sirapi’s taboo to taro at Tokanaka. She paid him two mias for this service. Melisa served the whole group at the Kuluvos malanggan, but he was invited to provide services by the Mokamiva people of Kuluvos. They were his primary employers; but two Mokamiva men from Nonopai were able to discharge Melisa from his work. They could not have done this had not the Mokamiva people of Kuluvos consented to the discharge; Melisa implied this when he said that he would have come back had Tulebung himself come to ask him. Men of higher status than Tulebung—Lovon, Taito, Kase himself—came to ask Melisa to return to lead the malanggan; but he refused.

How then shall the function of the memai be viewed? Is he master or servant of the group? Is he helping or controlling? Has he power or a salable skill? The ship of state needs a new captain, but canoes do not have captains. They have steersmen. A memai is often said to be one who “steers” activities. Lasuwot thought he “steered” better at Tokanaka than Taito “steered” at Wuap.

I rarely heard the word “power” in New Ireland. When I heard it, it was always men who thought they had it who spoke the word. One of them was Melisa. He did not use the word during the Kuluvos malanggan proceedings. He said that the malanggan grew up on his strength, on his hard work; but he did not mention his “power.”

When Melisa received the message that Tulebung wanted
to get memai from his own clan, Melisa was ashamed and withdrew. His shame could not be bought by others, and Tulebung did not come.

People had different interpretations of why Melisa stayed away. Lingiris of Livitua thought it was because Livitua had shown him that his harsh words to Livitua were unwarranted. Livitua had "won," according to Lingiris. That was the facet of the situation that interested Lingiris. But perhaps it is significant that neither Lasuwot nor Francis went to Melisa to ask him to come back. Melisa had tried to give orders to Livitua, and Livitua had ignored them. Some people supported Melisa in his attempt. I infer from this that a memai may try to give orders to the whole group at a malanggan, but that he is taking a risk in so doing. This is a borderline area of his function, and his "power" appears to be great or not, accordingly as he is successful or not. The "bossing" function of memais is controversial, and will be considered right or wrong by different groups in different situations.

When I asked individuals why they were helping with a malanggan, there was no indication that they felt "forced to help" by the memai or by anyone else. It was difficult to get an answer to this question. They were helping because they wanted to help; that was the first answer. When I asked their kinship and locality connections to various people they gave the information but saw no special relevance to my original question. Finally I learned to ask: Who do you follow here? The answer was the name of an individual: someone counted
as close kin. From there one could trace that person's connections to one of the main participants in the malanggan. But if the name of Melisa were mentioned, it was his kinship and locality connections that were relevant, not his status as leading memai of the malanggan.

A big man, then, had a "following" or "faction" only in the sense that groups were there, individuals held in a network of interpersonal relationships, waiting for whomever was ready to lead them. The group needs a leader with the ability to lead; and in New Ireland this ability is referred to as "the ability to talk." Some add that he must be able to organize. But the ability simply to talk well publically and privately is more important in a small society where relationships are face-to-face relationships than it is in a society based on impersonal relationships. Melisa said that his brother was designated to become a memai, but that his brother did not know how to talk; and that therefore Melisa, instead, had taken his father's place. Ability to talk well is especially highly regarded in New Ireland, too, because the culture discourages the development of the ability: it is a kind of "ostentation."

This analysis finds, then, that the memai has a salable skill. Melisa himself stressed that he came to "help" Emi. Where were the men of her own clan? Did Kase come to help? Did Mavis come to help? They did not. Melisa saw that she worried, and he came to help. She had plenty of opportunity to ask other memais, for instance while Melisa himself was in
Namatanai; but Emi chose to wait for him to return, and to ask him to help.

Big men perform symbolic (at least) acts of humility in order to underscore their own role of servant to the group. Beong, who is old, helped to build the fence around the cemetery, the bamboo for which every man, big or small, carried to Kuluvos. A man who is really important has to be careful lest others become jealous: that is probably the major factor that influenced Samuel and Levi to stop Melisa from giving memai to Tulebung. A really big man not only can afford to appear in humble functions; he must do so, or he will lose influence. At Kuluvos, it was Lasuwot, not Francis, who gave up his "chair" (a kerocone tin) for me to sit on; and during the building of the fence around the cemetery, it was Beong, not Lovan, who helped.

"Power" in New Ireland does not come from a memai in control of some physical force, or in control indirectly of force through control of subsistence resources. He can at most "steer" the forces of society. Makalo has been dead for four years, but his promise to Kavok was respected. What kind of power does a dead non-memai have that his promise is respected? He has the power he derived from the nature of New Ireland culture, which organizes a society built on trust. Respect and trustworthiness are the foundation of this culture, and without them it would have to collapse. Not all individuals are trustworthy, of course; but the malanggans I witnessed could not have taken place if respect and trust were not
prominant characteristics of individual members of New Ireland society. With regard to Yarakà's role in the Tokanaka malanggan, I asked Milika if he would share his pay with the men who actually did the work of making the cement. She said that he could make them each a present if he wanted to do so. I asked how he would know who had done the work? Milika said that the men would come and tell him. I asked if they would gamon (lie) about it. Milika at first seemed not to understand my question. Then she said: oh no, this is not something that people would lie about.

Of course one could easily point to sanctions against lying, and one could easily point to lies. The point is this: if people were unreliable more often than not, malanggans would not have survived as an institution.

Furthermore, there are positive sanctions for participating honestly in malanggans. Giving, according to New Ireland ideology, is what people do because they want to do it. In addition, it is virtuous. Malanggan ceremonies give an opportunity to hold up the values of New Ireland society as personified by the dead: "These two, Makalo and William, they were everywhere, helping, giving," Melisa said. Perhaps it is just as well that they are dead when they are held up as symbols of virtue, and perhaps it is just as well that they have been dead for several years. (Sirapi remembers privately that William became cross very easily and very often; but if anyone else remembers, it is not mentioned publically.)

Individuals and groups know what they are doing in New Ireland. It is held that people do things because they
want to, not because they ought to or because they have to: that is, actions come from wishes, not from obligation or coercion. In 1967, New Irelanders could maintain the activities provided by their culture without changing their assumptions about "human nature." They did not need a memai to force them to do things; nor has a memai control of any substantial force, or resource. They did need a memai to make a schedule and to notify and communicate, "to talk." They did need a memai to decide that no more time should be spent waiting for more people to produce more sago (Melisa's taking a hard line on this point, at first, made him appear to yield when he offered only one more day). They needed a memai to scold them (as when Melisa chided the women for not preparing all the taro for cooking). They needed a memai who would run with the fufus when everyone was cross (but who would have the good sense to run only after the argument appeared to be dying down).

In the old days, coercion came in the form of raids and attacks by other villages, led by putunangaul (discussed in a later chapter), not by memais. Today, the coercion within New Ireland society comes from outside, from the Australian Administration.

Much has been written of the Melanesian big man's quest, if not for power, for influence and for prestige. Less has been written of his role of public servant. In New Ireland, that is the aspect of his function that stands out.

The very high value placed on the group, its unity and continuity, is manifested continually throughout the KuluvoS
malanggan. Melisa, for whatever private motive, withdrew from the malanggan when the "public welfare," the unity of the group, was threatened.

As memai, Melisa acted with a mandate from the primary group he served: Mokamiva of Kulubos. When one big man (not a memai) of that group, one who had not been among the original planners of the malanggan, challenged that mandate, Melisa withdrew. There was no power struggle. When a messenger brought a mias to Melisa and told him that his services were no longer wanted at Kuluvos, Melisa accepted the defeat. Melisa, personally, had already lost his mandate.

But the group had not lost its structure. Kase, who was accepted both by Melisa and by his Mokamiva brother Samuel, took over the leadership. When his work was done, Samuel embraced him, while Levi stood by holding the memai's feather of office. The group effort went on without open dissension.

Political Organization: Networks of Relationship

The Kuluvos malanggan, like all malanggans, was built on structures created by kinship and marriage. The malanggan was initiated by the sister (classificatory sister to Makalo, true sister to William) of the two dead men in the Kuluvos cemetery. Emi first called to help her men of her clan (also the clan of the dead): Mokamiva. They invited a tamboo, a man married to a Mokamiva woman, to be memai for the malanggan.

Then the widows of the dead were called: Rusrus was already remarried. Her role was that of widow, but also that
of mother to William's son. Sirapi and Makalo had no children, but her role was not the less important for that circumstance.

Kin defined as close kin helped most, but nearly everyone from Mangai helped. The same was probably true for the other villages that were fully involved, through kinship and marriage ties, in the Kuluvos malanggan: Mangai, Livitua, Wuap, Lauen (of which Kuluvos is a hamlet), Wongerarum, Paruai, Sali, and Nonopai.

A malanggan brings home people who have left: Rusrus' brother Pasap (from the West Coast, where he is married); Malembes, Emi's classificatory sister's son (from Omo village, his father's village, where he has always lived); Kamniel's West Coast relatives (who came to support him in the village into which he had married, Wongerarum); Kavok's daughter Doli and her husband, William's son Nelson (both of whom are teachers in New Ireland schools); and Tulebung, who came home to Kuluvos from his job with the Electric Power Company in Rabaul.

What are the boundaries, spatial and temporal, of the Kuluvos malanggan? In this single event there were villages represented from an area of one hundred miles on the East Coast of New Ireland, and there were at least two West Coast villages represented. Five language areas were represented. The men from Omo were making functional ties that might have been dropped forty years ago, when the mother of Malembes married and moved to Omo, the village of her husband.

Malanggan ties doubtless have a much longer history,
but it cannot be recovered in detail. All agree that malanggan
carvings came originally from Tabar. Mangai village has ties
specifically with the island of Simberi on Tabar. Old Iangiro
(Matanavillam hamlet) is from there, and old Ngadu of Livitua
was married there for years. During the Tokanaka malanggan
Milika waited anxiously (and in vain) for her (classificatory)
father, Buliminski, to come, along with the rest of the Tabar
people.

But ties with Tabar are by no means inactive. Con-
sidering the difficulty of transportation between New Ireland
and Tabar (irregular and dangerous), New Irelanders go often.
Most of the time I was in New Ireland there was a small group
from Mangai or nearby just going to, or just back from, or in,
Tabar.

The institution of malanggan extends and regulates
social, political, and economic ties over a wide area in
New Ireland and across to Tabar. Conventions and valuables
are standardized, which makes contact easy and secure. New
Irelanders visit relatives in other places often, and regard
the European presence as a great blessing precisely because
it made possible safe visiting.

Mobility requires the meeting of obligations in the
places visited. In 1965 three men from Simberi came to Mangai
to invite residents to attend a malanggan in their home
village. The three themselves were required, upon entering
Mangai, to distribute shell armbands to lift a taboo that
automatically fell on them for their failure to attend—and
help--Mangai's last malanggan. This malanggan had been for, among many others, the brother of the Simberi men, who had died in Mangai during the war. The men from Simberi distributed eighty shell armbands, and some Mangai people were cross because they said that was not enough. (All the women reached the Simberi men early and exchanged mias for the shell armbands; so there were none left for the men when they found out the Simberi men were in the village.) If the Mangai people went to the Simberi malanggan to which they were invited, they too would have to come "heavy with mias" to lift a taboo on their presence, resulting from their failure to attend several Simberi malanggans in recent years. All ended amicably, and a week later twelve people set out for Simberi, from Mangai and Livitua. Thus malanggan provided a framework, accepted and understood by all, within which, after an interval of twenty years, old ties were productively renewed.

Economic Aspects of Malanggan

The Kuluvos malanggan, like all malanggans, stimulated the production of basic resources. Four years earlier, Sirapi and others began to grow their pigs. Sirapi grew hers specifically for the malanggan for Makalo. Lasuwot grew two big pigs for the Tokanaka malanggan.

Pig-raising requires hard work. Every morning and every evening coconuts are sought on the ground, opened, scraped out, and fed to the pigs when they come back from the bush each evening. The pigs are expected to supplement their diet with wild food found in the bush during the day.
Allowing the pigs to roam for food means that gardens must be fenced. Men work in groups to fence cleared areas in which they have plots. It is hard work, and often in vain: hardly a week goes by without someone bringing the discouraging news that a pig has broken through a fence, rooted up large areas of garden, and consumed considerable quantities.

Extra gardens are planted in preparation for a malanggan. Several months before the Livitua malanggan the whole village worked together to clear and plant a large garden specifically to supply the malanggan.

The report of the Kuluvos malanggan emphasizes the hard work required to make a feast. Sirapi said at one point toward the end that the women were too tired, and too committed to their task, to eat properly. Their continual work was that of food preparation, often in a hot smokey house; but there were always trips to be made to the bush for leaves, food, and other supplies. Additional coral rubble had to be brought from somewhere for the many additional mumus required for the feast. Tokanaka had not found enough coral rubble for their pig mumu, and the pigs were not well done. Lina made a new shell scraper for her own use in Matanavillam after Vasale took the hamlet's whole supply to Kuluvos. Some of the products of this labor will be left over when the malanggan is finished: roof materials, the coral rubble, even some food.

Two kinds of distribution of resources occur during malanggans: first, there is that distribution which equalizes
availability of resources in varying supply at different
times and in different places. There was no evidence
of this kind of distribution at the Kuluvos malanggan.
But the institution is there to be used if required to this
day. After World War II, during which New Ireland was occu-
pied by the Japanese, New Ireland had no pigs. Tabar was
not occupied, and Tabar had pigs. A big malanggan,
accomplishing final rites for all the dead of the war years,
brought pigs from Tabar; both by direct purchase before the
malanggan and as gifts during the malanggan.

There is some variation in vegetable foods. Taro is
much bigger in the Lesu area than it is in the Mangai area.
The women told me this and I observed it. Mangai people
do not work very far into the bush to make their gardens, and
the soil is exhausted: or at least this is the interpreta-
tion made by some informants. On the other hand, Mangai has
plenty of sago, and there is none in some of the villages
around Lesu. Sago is valued because it is well-liked, but
also because it can be stored for considerable periods of
time: up to a year, if it is dried.

The second level of distribution that occurs through
malanggans creates an equitable supply of resources for all
individuals. Anyone who comes to a malanggan is welcome to
eat. Some people do not have pigs, and theoretically might
not have any other chance to eat pork. Pigs are eaten on
other occasions, but always for some sort of ceremonial event,
and usually only one pig is divided. Only at funerals and malanggan are many pigs in evidence. Preceding the last day of the Kuluvos malanggan there were four other preparatory events, about a week apart, where pork was eaten by all who helped. In tropical climates, meat cannot be stored for long, and it must be shared or lost. But there are different ways of sharing, and not all take in everyone present. At the Kuluvos malanggan, as at all others, everyone who came was served a large portion of pork before those who had helped pay for it got the extra to take home. Anyone who wants to can help buy pig (because everyone is somehow related to someone who is involved with a pig) and takes his chances on getting some extra pork to take home. At the Tokanaka malanggan, there was none left after the public had been served.

It is at malanggan that a currency has been established and standardized in New Ireland. The currency is slightly different in the southern part of New Ireland, but malanggans have established a rate of exchange. A rate of exchange has also been established for Australian currency: five shillings is equal to one string of mias within the context of malanggan exchanges. The report of the Kuluvos malanggan shows that mias is more highly valued than Australian currency in the context of malanggan; and the reverse is true in the shops in town. Mias has in no way been devalued by the introduction of Australian currency.
The form of valuable unique to malanggans in New Ireland is the malanggan object (carving or vavara). The right to commission a particular design is owned, bought and sold. The artist is paid to make the object when it is needed. Objects may be used on more than one occasion, I was told, but I never saw this happen. The climate destroys the wooden ones; and vavaras are burned.

There is some specialization in the production of valuables that creates a basis for exchange. White shell arm bands, which could only be exchanged for strings of red shell currency (mias: two mias for a set of ten arm bands, made to fit together), was made in Tabar and in New Ireland.

Mias was produced on Djaul island (off the northwest coast of New Ireland) and in nearby New Hanover. Neither of these islands entered into malanggan exchanges. They use mias for purchase of perishables and for marriage payments.

New Ireland stands between Tabar (to the north) and the two mias-producing islands. According to a myth (told me by Langiro, who is from Tabar) Tabar invented malanggans specifically in order to get mias from New Ireland. Tabar used to have mias, according to this myth. It was in a basket held by two brothers. One day they were swimming and diving in the sea. They took turns diving, one brother remaining above water with the mias. Then one day when one brother came up from a dive the other brother had swum away with the basket of mias. He quickly made a sling shot and shot stones at his brother, but in vain: he succeeded only in breaking
Tabar into three islands; and then shattering the end off New Ireland, thus forming New Hanover and the Tigak islands. Thus Tabar had to think of a way to get back mias. First Tabar made white shell arm bands, and traded with New Ireland; and brought back some mias. Then Tabar invented malanggans. And that is how Tabar brought mias back to where it first belonged.

Nowadays New Ireland has another kind of currency that Tabar "catches" with its malanggans: Australian currency. New Irelanders, especially those on the East Coast road leading to Kavieng (a port town) have much easier access to Australian currency than have the people of Tabar.

Distribution is accomplished through a form that has elements of both reciprocity and of redistribution. Presentations are made in the name of one individual to another. Actually, however, each individual is "helped" by his group. For instance, the individual presents a pig, but his "line" adds mias and money to the pig. The pig is bought by the "line" of the individual to whom it is presented. When a whole group of people make a presentation, as was the case when many men brought bamboo to Kuluvos; and again the case when the men of Paruai brought the malanggan for Livitua to buy at Kuluvos, mias is given from one individual to another. It is not given to any "leader" of the group for later redistribution, as is the case with mias and money given to individuals for pigs.

Sometimes people talk directly about an exchange as
an instance of reciprocity. It was said that Makalo promised Kavok that he could make the cement for William because "Makalo wanted to reciprocate" Kavok's inviting Makalo to make the cement for Suraman (Kavok's father). People did not say that Makalo had to reciprocate, or that he had a debt to Kavok. Melisa interpreted Kavok's distress over Livitua's bringing a malanggan (which meant that people had to divide their resources between Kavok and the Livitua "line") as caused by Kavok's worrying over his debts, his obligation to reciprocate.

Sanctions against persons who failed to reciprocate were indirect. There was no talk of taking Lepilis to court for his failure to reciprocate three invitations to bring malanggans to events in Mangai and Livitua. Lasuwot simply refused to invite him again, and asked Lovan not to invite Lepilis to bring another malanggan to Livitua. When Lovan suggested that he wanted to bring another malanggan of Lepilis' to Kuluvos, Francis said: "how many times are we going to invite Lepilis? What goes to Lepilis goes for good, it does not come back again."

But it is stressed that people may reciprocate if they want to reciprocate. Francis asked Mavis for a malanggan, not because he hoped that Mavis would reciprocate in the future, but only because (Francis said) Mavis was a man of Kuluvos: a man "inside" the malanggan but "outside" Frances' Livitua group.

The injunction to "go outside and lose, lose, lose"
was specifically stated on several occasions during the
course of the Kuluvos *malanggan*. Those who "talk badly" of
others at *malanggans* frequently accuse them of not going
outside, but of merely putting money and mias back into
their own pockets. The institution of *malanggan* is supported
by expansion: new contacts, new resources, new sources of
mias and money. According to Max Weber, capitalism grew on
the honesty of its Protestant initiators. The business of
*malanggan* in New Ireland similarly required reliability in its
participants.

The profit motive was scorned explicitly in New Ireland
in 1967. Profits are made, but they should be temporary.
Lepilis has kept his money and mias, but he has lost his
place in the business. He will never be invited to bring a
*malanggan* again in this area; unless Lovan invites him to
bring one to Purapot, along with his pig that couldn't be
captured (so he said) for the Kuluvos *malanggan*; so that Lovan
can *kattom* the *malanggan* he has only *puled*.

It was said that men became rich by giving *malanggans*;
but, as elsewhere in Melanesia, they became rich in creditors.
However, the term "creditors" overemphasizes the obligatory
aspect of giving. In what sense did Pambali "owe" a pig to
Sirapi?

What debts did Makalo leave when he died? Melisa
said that he would leave whatever he had with his wife, and
he implied that Makalo and William had probably left their
money and mias with their wives. He said, however, that he
was not thinking about getting out those resources when he, along with Emi, asked Sirapi and Rusrus to help, to be "inside" the malanggan.

Makalo had one debt that was made public: the debt to Kavok. But a man does not have to repay debts unless he wants to. Makalo had shown by his promise to Kavok that he wanted to repay that debt; and Emi and others wanted to honor Makalo's promise. Beyond that, the malanggan functioned to reintroduce the resources of the dead into the system. It was a "debt" to the system in general that was honored.

What was spoken of at the malanggan was not the debts that Makalo and William left behind; but rather the debts owed still to the dead. Emi and Sirapi gave their pigs free because they were "sorry;" and also to help repay the dead for their many services. Kasino's translation, "reward," is probably more appropriate in this context.

There is no need to imagine a people carefully counting their obligations and their gains. There is no data that requires this interpretation. New Ireland anxieties are focused on whether or not they have given enough; not on whether or not they have received much. Thus, people look anxious when they gather in groups to buy pigs. Sirapi explained to me that Taito avoided me because he was ashamed that he had not brought me food.

There are strategies to be mastered by ambitious men who want to be big men, but they have not far to rise. Big men are respected, but so are men who are only kings in their
own households. In fact, despite the existence of a public installation ceremony, it is hard to know who is a memai and who is not. Melisa thought that Lovan was one, or at least he said that he thought so. Men who were widely recognized as big men said that only some men (including themselves) had wealth and power while others were poor and powerless. Other informants, and other information, cast doubt on their claims. They did not have differential access to basic resources.

Melisa had acquired Australian currency through his hard work with coconuts and caocao; but people knew he had money and made many demands on it. His truck was in constant use by other people, and there is no way for him to collect unless people "want" to pay him. Where wealth and power flow, jealousy is not far behind. I think interpretation best explains the actions of Samuel and Levi in blocking Melisa giving memai to Tulebung. If Melisa had performed this service, Mokamiva would have had to pay him. By paying Kase instead, they brought down Melisa and brought up Kase at the same time. This is one instance of a leveling process that is constantly at work in New Ireland culture.

Group Cohesion

New Irelanders, following the manners and morals of their culture, act in ways that tend to keep groups of people from splitting apart, into two factions or many small groups of people. Within groups, New Irelanders tend to act as if every human being were very important, and no one person
more important (in fundamental ways) than any other. New Ireland is group-oriented, but individuals are by no means lost in the group. Socialist theorists will not find this paradoxical: the continuity and stability of the group secures the rights and protection of individuals. I call this "egalitarian integration."

This subject is discussed with illustrations elsewhere. Here I want to point out the evidence from the Kuluvos malanggan in support of this view.

Disputes are handled in such a way that the group does not split apart. This characteristic was manifest on several occasions during the Kuluvos malanggan. There was dissension over Livitua's bringing an uninvited malanggan; but eventually Livitua brought the malanggan, and even Kavok helped to buy it on the last day. Melisa was ousted by some, invited back by others, but he did not try to mobilize a faction behind himself. He would have split the group had he done so. He withdrew, and the malanggan went on. Sirapi felt that Livitua was not helping her, and Rusrus was very angry about it; but next day Sirapi and the husband of Rusrus gave mias to help Livitua, and Lauen.

New Irelanders tend to act in ways that bring outsiders into the group; and that keeps people inside the group, preventing them from becoming outsiders. The strong are not allowed to become too strong. They are not allowed to become a ruling class. The leveling tendencies in New Ireland culture prevented Melisa from gaining more prestige and wealth, and
directed these instead to Kase. Melisa had been stronger than Kase at the beginning of the malanggan, according to Kase; but who was stronger at the end?

The weak are not allowed to become too weak. The persons most notably in a weak position at the Kuluvos malanggan were the three women who initiated it. Several times it was publically stated, by the big men who were helping, that it didn't matter if everything went badly, because this was just an affair run by women. Melisa and Emanuel were protective of the women in their remarks on this subject, but Francis was not. He ridiculed the idea: what, do we work for women? From the very successful outcome of the malanggan, I infer that people gave extra help to Kuluvos, a little more than they might have had it been run by the strong. New Irelanders characteristically give whatever extra help is required to bring the weak up to the position of the rest of the group.

Four outsiders who were foreigners and who were in weak positions for that reason, were taken into the malanggan and given important roles to play. Laksia, from New Hanover, helped to process food and helped to build the fence (and would have continued to help had he not been taken off to jail by the police in town). Sungua was mildly ridiculed for his suggestion that coconut milk be saved in a basin, but his wife and sister made special efforts at once to support him. He carried out the important task of catching Rusrus' pig (important because sometimes pigs cannot be caught, as was the case with the pig of Lepilis; and Rusrus' pig, unlike
Lepilis’ pig, could not just as well be held over for a later malanggan). He carried money and mias to help buy.

Sungua was, after all, married to Rusrus, so that his participation was determined by factors more important than his foreignness. The same cannot be said for the mad Chimbu: he had two points of weakness, his foreignness and his madness, and yet he carried mias; and he sat with the body of the dead child.

I was the fourth foreigner, and I was given every special privilege and service: the keroxene tin, the mat, the first coconut opened for drinking, the lean pork. But my help was enlisted in earnest, too; and there was no way to remain an "outsider," even when, at times, I tried to do so.

Warakau, who felt "outside" enough to attempt suicide, was given (upon return from hospital) the important responsibility of catching Sirapi’s pig.

Conventions of malanggan exchange were explained by Emanuel during the course of the proceedings at Kuluvos. He said that he and Kavok and all their relatives would join to return mias to Emi, because she had given them much and now she has not got any herself. In Medina village, where Emanuel is from, the mias would be returned at once, Emanuel said; but in Kuluvos it would be returned on the last day. The tendency to level, to equalize is again manifest in this standard procedure. Emanuel was invited to bring the cement for William because of his own weak position, as an "outsider"
from Medina, where no one "helped" him.

Children are "outsiders" in adult affairs in that they do not know, as a foreigner does not know, how to participate. New Ireland brings in children, too; and the account of the Kuluvos malanggan includes several instances where very young children carried mias to help buy. At the very beginning of the account, Sirapi named a baby about a year old as one of the buyers of Matunga's vavara. Telengebe, aged about thirteen, brought a pig to the malanggan. Big men were not so engrossed in adult affairs that they did not hold their own, or other people's, children. Lovan held a baby while he counted his money.

The mode that characterizes the relationships between individuals and groups at a malanggan is that of giving; and the medium is gifts of food, betel nut, smokes, help. Francis made explicit his view that doing things together is important: "Whenever Makalo got something started, I was there close to him; and when I got something started, he was there, close to me, all the time, all the time."

New Irelanders do things together, and their style of movement in daily tasks reflects their awareness of each other. Movements are slow and careful. Doing things together, there is pleasure in the process, attention to detail, and awareness of slight deviations. Slight deviations are appreciated as specialties of the individual, but deviation in style evokes laughter or ridicule. Thus, while a dozen women were carefully processing food in the cook house, Emi provoked roars of laughter by swinging her hips in front of her tamboos.
But Milika feels that she is laughed at for being unable to tie up food bundles as neatly as do the Mangai women. (Clumsiness in the dance is discussed elsewhere.)

Group Cohesion: Giving

Giving at malanggans is associated with many meanings, but there is an underlying motif: that of the relative unimportance of material goods when compared with the overriding importance of social and personal relationships. Sirapi will give her pig free, and Francis will order a malanggan from someone "outside" (which will cost more, and risk more) in order to testify to the strength and sincerity of personal feelings and relationships.

It is always correct to give, and shameful to ask a price. New Irelanders have an inverted form of barter, wherein they begin by giving more than they will ultimately pay. The giver offers more, not less, than he expects ultimately to have to pay; and the recipient returns more than he thinks he ought to have to return, keeping less than he thinks he should have.

But giving is not just a symbol of sincerity. People enjoy giving help and things to other people. Sirapi looked forward to my going to town so that I could take some food to a plantation owner on my way. She was not known to him, nor did she expect ever to be recognized by him. This kind of giving, where no return is expected, is the kind that New Irelanders seem most to enjoy. I noticed their interest in giving to people (myself included) whom they expected never
to see again. Giving to people nearby involves them in an endless cycle of obligation, and obligation does "stick to their skin." But they can enjoy the pleasure of giving without involving themselves in the entanglements of long-term exchange when they give to outsiders, or to children, or to the dead.

For those who were emotionally involved with the dead, a malanggan provides an opportunity to go on giving to the dead. The living are able to give to the dead not just at the time of a malanggan, but throughout the preceding years of preparation. Sirapi tended a pig, feeding it night and morning, about eight coconuts a day (a shillings' worth) for four years, all the time thinking that it was a pig for Makalo. And then she gave it free to the Kuluvos malanggan because she was "sorry."

Time, work, food, help, attention, respect: all these are given in honor of the dead at a malanggan. The emotional significance of malanggan has to be inferred from events and statements. Melisa told me that malanggans are held to give the living peace of mind about the dead.

Ritual: The Known Path

The raison d'etre of malanggan is ritual. It is a ritual that marks clearly for all the end of the dead. People say that malanggans are held in order to "finish the dead:" socially, economically, politically, emotionally, and (in the world of the living) spiritually. If the spirits of the dead are still about in the world of the living, even
their friends and brothers tell them, at their malanggan, that they must now leave. "Walkabout, Makalo! Walkabout, William!"

The compelling motive around which malanggans form is love and respect for the dead. The timing and organization of events derive from political, economic and social purposes; and function to produce social, political, and economic results. But if these could somehow be stripped from malanggan events, a malanggan would still, in some form, have to be held for all who are dead and known to the living.

The responsibility for organizing and running a malanggan is assumed by a memai. A memai usually organizes a malanggan only when there is at least one big man amongst the dead. (However, Taito held his malanggan mainly for his dead wife.) The malanggan ritual was required at Kuluvos as much for the dead child Mare and the dead young man Masapal as for the two dead big men, William and Makalo. No one said: we must hurry and put the dead child in the cemetery here at Kuluvos because otherwise she will not be "finished" at a malanggan. What was said, rather, was this: we must hurry and put the dead child in the cemetery at Kuluvos because that will save us a lot of hard work later. It was also suggested that the child's kin in her own village would not be able to mount a malanggan effort as successful as the one ongoing at Kuluvos; which meant, again, not that she would have no malanggan, but that she would have a malanggan less elegant.
No one said that a *malanggan* had to be held in order to alter the conditions of the dead one way or another. What was said was this: a *malanggan* eases the thoughts of the living about the dead. And what was said was this: when we have a *malanggan*, we are not thinking of the dead; we are thinking of the living.

**Institutionalization of Expression**

*Malanggan* is an institution which provides known channels and mechanisms for the expression of personal feelings. It is an institution with social, political and economic functions, providing known paths along which social, economic and political activities may be directed; but known paths, too, along which personal feelings can be directed, and communicated within the group.

Eruel told me once, in response to persistent questioning, that the *mamatua* mask wood carving is used at a time when people are "sorry: it makes you want to cry." But when the final *malanggan* comes, it is time to forget the dead, "it is a time to be happy: it makes you want to laugh." He gave these details of behavior (cry, laugh) in order to be sure he was making himself clear. He was the only person in New Ireland who realized that I had to be taught appropriate emotional responses along with all the other details of the culture. (Throughout the account of the Kuluvos *malanggan*, I have mentioned that Eruel is more expressive than are most New Irelanders. He did not conform to the group as much as other people did, and he was more curious about, and more
aware of, other ways of life. In all the eight villages whose residents were prominent in the Kuluvos malanggan, Eruel was the only one who could stop the rain. For money, of course; Eruel liked money too much.)

During the course of that discussion with Eruel in 1965, Ismael added this statement: yes, malanggan is a time to be happy and forget the dead. He went on: "You cannot go around sorry, sorry, sorry all the time."

And so the malanggan is the time when the dead are brought to mind again, worked for, talked about, thought about again after perhaps several years; and then they are to be forgotten. New Ireland culture is rich in ritual markers along the known path, and in general New Irelanders follow it. But not always, of course. The Omo men brought a singsing to make people happy at the malanggan, and I think Rusrus enjoyed it. Sirapi was shown how to participate at the last minute, and she enjoyed it, but she was distracted. We had just found out that Melisa was not coming to Kuluvos for the last day. The party on the night before the last day is a time to have fun and be carefree, but I have never seen New Irelanders looking carefree. They are, in general, restrained, reserved, moderate, serious, whatever the occasion. (Drinking loosens their laughter considerably, if they drink enough, but few of them do.)

Along the known path the group goes together; but the individual is not lost in the group. He is supported in the group. When someone dies, as the child Mare did during the
Kuluvos malanggan, the group is there to cry. That the bereaved cry as little as they do does not (according to my interpretation) reflect a lack of depth or intensity of feeling, nor does it reflect a repression or tight control of the full feelings that they experience. All the grief is expressed, but not all by the mother and father alone: There are many who come to, as they say, "help cry."

Spontaneous emotion is not completely channeled by ritual, or moderated by the group, in New Ireland. At a malanggan in Panapai village, when the women were getting ready to perform their singsing (a "time to be happy" at a malanggan) one old lady sitting on the beach suddenly began to sob and wail. The other women ignored her, went about their preparations, and began to walk toward the village. I found someone I knew and asked why the old lady was crying. She was crying, I was told, because she thought of her two dead pupus (for whom the malanggan was held). Then I walked up to watch the singsing, and found there were two young women who had stopped singing and who covered their faces with their hands to hide their tears. The group did not help them cry this time, though: it was time now to be happy.

Individuals may find their own place within the institution of malanggan. They do not have to stay outside. Those who fall at one extreme or the other in personality type do not become dissident outsiders in New Ireland, because there is a place for them along the known path. Francis doesn't like to respect the boss: all right, the boss can respect him, then, and let him bring his malanggan. Lovan is too
assertive, too, and he likes to talk but he doesn't help build fences: all right, let him talk, someone else can build the fence. But Lovan will never be a memai if he is not willing to cooperate.

It is interesting that New Irelanders refer to their big men as those who "go first." Kanda said, about the 1965 event in Wuap that derived from a competitive relationship between Taito and William: "You cannot know who goes first in Wuap." He who "goes first" in New Ireland follows the known path, but he has to look around and be prepared to meet new situations. Such a man is Eruel; and so he is memai for Mangai, even though he likes money too much. Those who come behind need only look straight ahead, and follow the person in front of them. That is how people come to malanggan. "You come here behind whom?" is the literal translation of the question that best evokes information about why particular people come to particular malanggans. The name of him who "goes first" is given only by those who are related to him in kinship through someone. Others give the names of their own kin and friends. One man came who said he had become a friend of Melisa's in his work on caocao. On the last day, some of the Sepik laborers from the plantation came "behind Sungua." As Matiu said, "Everyone likes to have a line behind him, to help him."
CHAPTER IV
BIG MEN

The big man in the status memai has been discussed in some detail. What has not yet been discussed is a question raised in discussion with informants: what is a "true memai" in contrast to a "rubbish memai?"

In 1965 this discussion was led by Kasino, who has spent many years working for Europeans, and who emphasized the fatherson relationship in his conversations and explanations more than did other people.

Kasino stated that only a man whose father was a memai could be a "true memai." Other men present either said nothing or else agreed. Then I asked them to name some "true memais." Kanda named Waradis (for whom the Tokanaka malanggan was held). I asked where Waradis had got his memaihood, and the answer was that he had got it "straight," from his mokotok, his mother's brother, his own clan. Kasino agreed that Waradis was a true memai, and that memaihood could be got from the father's clan or from the mother's clan. Subsequently, Kasino again stated that the only way to be a true memai was to be the son of a memai.

I had several conversations of this sort\(^1\) in 1965, with or without Kasino. Sometimes the informant chose to claim that a true memai was one who had got his memaihood straight from his own clan.

\(^1\)In 1965, Nicolas Peterson was a participant in these conversations. Our preliminary report (Billings and Peterson, 1967) indicates that we thought then that there were alternate "true" ways to attain the status.
During the Kuluvos **malanggan**, Kase implied another standard of judgement about who is a true **memai**; only those whose "own **memais**" are dead. Other people said sometimes that a particular man would be a **memai** when someone else died. In Mangai village, there were three men who were **memais**: Eruel, Ismael, and young Lasisi. People of Mangai consistently named these three; and then, some would add, Ismael and Lasisi, the can be **memais** when Eruel dies.

Eruel was the oldest (although Ismael was not much younger), but he had also had **memai**, according to his own claims, much longer than the other two.

One day I went to Ismael's house to interview him. After I had been talking with him for an hour or so I asked him how he had got **memai**. (I had been in Mangai for several months, and I knew that this question was sometimes a delicate one that should not be pressed.) Ismael answered that he had got **memai** on top of a garamut. The lime (symbol of power) was put on him by Garapoi of Pangalawa village (the same man, I learned later, who had "put lime" on William of Kuluvos). Ismael said that he had paid ten **mias**, so that he could be a man who spoke at feasts and funerals. "We two, Lasisi and I, got it at the same time. As for Lasisi, his (buying of **memai** status) did not finish. I think five **mias**? I don't know. Garapoi said it was not enough.

Ismael went on to describe the occasion (in response to my question). It was with a **malanggan** in Matanavillam. Sirapi disposed of the "rubbish" of Makalo. ("Rubbish" in this context means what is left behind that belonged to the dead.) There was **vavara**, and a long **malanggan**, carved (the
one I bought in 1965). It was hung up on the beach. "Everyone must know about it first," Ismael said, "all the petins (clans)." Then money and mias are gathered.

I asked if Ismael were any relation to Garapoi, the man from whom he got memaihood. He said he called him brother, but he did not know the "road," or whether it was through his mother or his father. Garapoi is Mokangkala, "pupu to Thomas" (married to a sister of Kavok's, Kuluvos geneology chart, p. 2); but no relationship to Ismael.

One point that became clear was this: a man does not necessarily succeed the man from whom he gets memaihood. A man may say that he is a memai because his father was a memai, but he does not mean that it was his father who "put lime" on him, i.e. installed him in the status. Thus Tulebung may say that he is a memai because his mokotok William was memai of Kuluvos; but it was his pupu Kase who installed him in the status, after the death of his mokotok.

The insignia of memaihood are not completely standardized. Ismael said that he had no kepkep (shell neck ornament), just leaves. I asked him if this decoration has meaning, and he said, "Yes, it has pay; for each arm, for lime, for spear." He knew no other meaning. (Other informants sometimes implied that there were different grades of memaihood represented by different decorations, but direct questioning indicated either that informants did not know the grades or, more likely, that there was no standardization on this point.)

I asked Ismael where the other village memai, Eruel,
got his memaihood. Ismael interpreted the question as an attempt on my part to find out something that Eruel would not tell me. "Eruel did not tell you? He says he got memai at Munuwei village when he was young, a mission boy there."

I asked if it were necessary to have a malanggan for the installation, and Ismael said no, a man did not have to give a malanggan; or get memaihood on an occasion when someone else has brought a malanggan for some reason. Ismael stressed the pay necessary to achieve the status: "You cannot just talk for nothing," and then later he said "You have to pay to talk."

When people spoke of "rubbish memais" (which they never did in my presence unless I brought up the subject), they often indicated that this was a phenomenon that belonged to the present day decline in standards in general in New Ireland culture. And yet I could find no evidence that standards had been more regular, or that alternatives had been fewer, in the old days. I could find no evidence that young men came back with Australian money and bought status. Some bright young men, e.g. Konda (Panakaia-Paneval), had been invited to become memais, and had turned down the opportunity on the grounds that they were not at home often, and did not know what to do. It is more likely that the money that has come into New Ireland that has been used to buy "rubbish memaihood" has been used by men like Ismael himself. Ismael is respected in Mangai, and he is a leader in the Methodist church, but he has not the leadership qualities of Eruel or Melisa. No one ever said that Ismael was a rubbish memai. But I never
heard Ismael talk in public outside of Mangai.

Later Sirapi told me (when I mentioned to her that Ismael had told me how he got memai) that Ismael was wrong, that her malanggan for Makalo came up later, with a vavara to mark the burning of Makalo's things. Ismael got memai, she said, at the time of making cement for Vakapal and his father, Vaisele (see Matanasoi hamlet). Ismael sat down first, she said, and Lasisi later.

Sirapi's information means that Ismael has been a memai since Mangai held a malanggan for all those who died during the war. People say that this malanggan was held right after the war. This means that Ismael has been a memai since before 1950, rather than since 1963. This is, incidentally, a dramatic illustration of the need for caution in discussing time lapses in societies like New Ireland. More important here, it means that Ismael became a memai when he was middle-aged, rather than when he was already old. Perhaps he was more active as a speaker then, and perhaps he is a "true memais." However, whenever I asked, "Who is a true memai?" no one ever said, "Ismael."

Eruel was acknowledged by all to be the memai of Mangai, and yet people seemed skeptical about Eruel's having received memai from a man in Munuwei, as he said he had. Lingai said that Eruel said someone from Munuwei had put lime on him but he, Lingai did not know, he had not seen it. Later he remembered that Eruel had got memai from Waradis, too, after the war.
Lasuwot said that he had only heard that Lasisi had got memai, that his father, Lamo (Ripai hamlet) had put him on the garamut in Matanavillam; but he, Lasuwot, had not seen this. It was common, then, for people to urge that their own reports be taken lightly because they "had not seen it."

But Lasuwot went beyond that in telling me about Eruel. "Eruel's big men did not have memai status. So he got it from mankis (pidgin: young men, with the connotation of inexperience and incompetence). It's all right, they have not get a big man in Mangai, Eruel talks," Lasuwot said, and he smiled.

Lingai was less benign in his discussion of Lasuwot. Lasuwot had told me himself that he had never been installed as a memai. When Lingai talked to me about memais, he said: "No one put him (Lasuwot). He just got it from his 'business', from Sesil, the father of Makalo (Sirapi's dead husband, who was a luluai, but not a memai). Lasuwot is the child of a big man, too. But Lasuwot did not have lime. I think Lasuwot talks on the basis of nothing! There is no one who put memai on him!" I then asked if Lasuwot were a true memai, having got memai just from his mokotok and his father, but without having lime put on him. Lingai said: "He is not a true memai. Before, Eruel offered to put it on him and Lasuwot said that he already could (talk). Now he has helped his 'business' with this big thing (the Tokanaka malanggan), but they all did not put memai on him."

On one point, Lingai's information did not agree with
what Eruel told me. Lingai said that Eruel had put lime on Songa of Kableman, who is dead; but not on Uliakis, who is alive. But Eruel told me one day when we went to a funeral together in Kableman, and were looking at Uliakis, that he had "put his lime on him." Eruel also told me that Waradis gave memai to Beong, on the garamut, in Sali; but he did not say that Waradis had given memai to him, Eruel. Eruel also told me that Melisa had put lime on Ephraim, in Wuap, before I came. Eruel never volunteered to tell me about his own memai. I decided not to ask him, lest I force him to lie. It was common for people to talk somewhat scoffingly about people who had had real wealth and power, as Eruel had; and I think Eruel probably got memai status in some way in Munuwei. But as he was only there as mission boy for one year, his supporters could hardly have been numerous or enthusiastic. Eruel had owned three trucks and a fleet of ten bicycles before the war, a financial achievement one other native New Irelander had matched by 1967. That was Dori (the blind man who gave himself a malanggan before he died.)

Melisa told me more about memaihood than did anyone else, as we sat talking at the funeral of Masapal, the young drowned boy who was amongst the honored at the Kuluvos malanggan.

Melisa said that he himself had got memai from his father (who was a Mokamiva clansman), and also from his mokotok, Ingmat (the old man of whom he and Kase told me at Kuluvos, who had lived to be nearly one hundred).

Melisa gave only one mias to his own father. "You
cannot buy it (from your father)," he said. His father had bought it, and Melisa took his place (without further pay).

He contrasted his situation with that of Metagal, a Tivingur of Nonopai on whom I had seen Melisa put lime. "Metagal had already been "marked" with lime by Ingmat, to whom he had given ten mias. Melisa then "finished" him, gave him memai, and Metagal gave Melisa ten mias. "Some give twenty," Melisa commented.

Metagal had no big man in his line and they needed one; so Metagal got it. "Now he bosses," Melisa said.

Melisa's own father also had had no memai in his own 'business.' Therefore, he had to buy it. "I get it from one; others can get it from me." Melisa said that a memai does not lose his memai by passing it on; and he cannot refuse to give it to anyone who can pay. "This man has strong power. He is boss inside of the place, just like the government."

Later Melisa said again that anyone could buy memai if he had enough mias. Then he went on: "Metagal, he did not have enough. Just ten mias." I asked if twenty mias would have been enough, and he said yes. Metagal is one of the "borderline" memais, who is almost one, but not quite; or who is one in the eyes of some people, but not in the eyes of others.

This account indicates a degree of uncertainty that is not reflected in practice. About some people, there is no doubt and no disagreement: Melisa is one of those. Kase is another. Taito is another. That Eruel has the right to act
as memai for Mangai is agreed upon by all. Furthermore, a man without memai status can perform big man roles, anyway. Melisa had this to say of such a man: "A man without memai, he cannot talk. He must call out from whom he got memai when he talks. You cannot just talk without basis. But another man, without memai status, he can 'excuse himself' to the memai; then he can talk about working a feast, or something, about work." In other words, so long as he acknowledged his place further down in the organizational scheme, a man without memai can participate, as do Lovan and Francis.

Melisa told me further details about his own memaihood. At the malanggan for his father, after the war (he died in 1942), he went on top of a stage. His mokotok talked, and Melisa got the place from both, and of both, simultaneously.

I asked if a man could give memai to both his own son and to his mokotok. Melisa said yes; and that his own mokotok, Ingmat, had given memai to his own son, Meleke, before he had given it to Melisa. At the time, Meleke (of Nonopai, who was mentioned during the report on the Kuluvos malanggan) was only a little child. Melisa was already big. "A man who is smart can get this, because he knows about this work. Meleke does not know how to talk."

Melisa said that his elder brother got memai status first, before Melisa did; but that he, too, did not know how to talk.

"You can clear it first in front of everybody, and then my child can get my place when I am gone," Melisa said. "If
I die, and then my child wants to make himself strong, he can ask another man. As for me, I 'marked' him." Melisa was speaking hypothetically, and he added that his own son "cannot think too much about memai" when Melisa dies, because "he is not strong."

Lasuwot just took the place of his mokotok, Waradis. "They all say that it (memaihood) is not strong," Melisa said, when it is just got in that way. William got memai from his mokotok, Lapok; but he also bought memaihood from Garapoi of Fangalawa. Melisa saw this himself, he was careful to say.

I asked about Taito, and Melisa said he did not know. (Taito and Melisa have been leading memais in neighboring villages for about twenty years. It was statements like this that made me decide not to probe deeply when, in my opinion, it was not essential to understanding the institution.)

I asked Melisa about succeeding directly to a memai position, as opposed to buying a memai position if there were no big men in a man's own clan. Melisa said that buying memai status was all right, too; that either way was right. (He did not consider one way or the other 'rubbish' as some other informants did.) "If you can call many men from different 'businesses'--for example Eruel and Waradis--then they say, 'Oh, a strong man, he got it from plenty of different big men.'"

Melisa said that he could not get memai status just at a funeral or on no particular occasion, or at someone else's feast (e.g. at Lasuwot's malanggan) that he would have to work
a feast himself at which to receive the memai status. Otherwise, people would say it was not strong.

Melisa's analysis seemed to fit the data that I gathered from discussion and observation. The only man who ever volunteered cheerfully to tell me about his memai status was a man named Tangala from Luberua village. He had had lime put on him four times, he told me, and he described the four occasions in detail. Twice he got it from men of his own petin, and twice from men in different petins; but not from his father. Only one of these occasions was in his own village. Kase and Melisa each had lime put on them only twice, and Tangala was the only person I found who had had lime put on him more than twice.

The function of men in the memai status was discussed in the analysis of the Kuluvos malanggan. In this further discussion I have illustrated the kinds of questions New Irelanders themselves raise about the source of a memai's status. I did not hear people talk about whether or not a memai performed his job well, but only about whether or not he was a "true" or a "strong" memai. This was analyzed in terms of information about his installation into the status.

Information about men who were generally considered to be memais and who functioned in that capacity confirms Melisa's statements: that any man, at birth, may aspire to the status. He may eventually get memai from his father, or from his mokotok, or from outside; and he need not have memais amongst his kin. (Because of the spread of kinship relationships,
it would be hard to find someone who did not have a memai in the family somewhere.) It is a man's ability to talk, to organize, and his interest in doing so that finally makes the difference.

One thing is clear about the formal structure of this status: the identification with the clan of the mother that is regularly followed with regard to the inheritance of resources is not found with regard to succession to leadership. According to Lovan, that kind of memaihood is just for young boys. A man who is going to be a big memai must have a mandate from his own group, but he must also be able to gain support outside his own clan.

Filling the role of memai requires a kind of assertiveness that is discouraged. It is interesting that this most important of all leadership roles in New Ireland is called a "talker." Speaking in public requires an individual to "go first," to take the initiative. New Irelanders tend to be "shy," to move carefully lest they deviate, to ridicule lightly those who are doing common things just a bit differently. Many fear the embarrassment of "going first," of not doing the right thing. It takes a person who is a slight deviant to seek this status, a man who does not mind being in the public eye. But if he seems to enjoy ostentation, or if he is a "big head," who will help him with his undertakings, who will help him with mias? I think that few would help Lovan, and that that is why he is not a memai; and that is why he did not completely buy Lepilis' malanggan in Purapot (as discussed in the account of the Tokanaka malanggan).
The status of memai is an institutionalized status, sufficiently well-defined so that men who want to be big men know exactly what to do to become big men. This is another known path in New Ireland culture. But the structure within which men may be selected is without genealogical restriction. Men with the ability to be memais can achieve the status, and can be selected by the group, regardless of their connection to big men who are dead.

There are two other local terms that were given when I asked for local terms for "big man:" a) Putunangaul. This status was that of war leader, who led his men as a lead dog leads a "pack of savage dogs," according to Kasino. The fact paint used on such occasions is one source for the painted designs used on Malanggans. Some accounts indicate that these men were feared in their own villages. b) Pirin. This term refers to all respected older men, alive and dead. My attempts to find out about traditional religious beliefs found very little information. People said they did not know what happened to the dead, or whether or not their spirits lived on, until the missionaries came and told them about heaven. Since they manifest a friendly skepticism about heaven now, and I do not doubt their stated skepticism about spirits in the old days. I heard one piece of important information to the contrary: Patavani told me that when she was young, before the mission came (and she already had children when the mission came), people "did not know about prayer. They believed strongly in all their 'business' who had died. A mamatua (a particular
kind of malanggan carving) would sit down on the house of a pirin who had died." I asked who would be considered a pirin. Eserom (her ancient mokotok, who was present), and Waradis, the man for whom they made a malanggan in Tokanaka, she told me.

Kasino also said that "pirin" meant "God" in the old days.

Sirapi was present during these discussions, and she did not know these things herself. She took me to Patavani in order to help answer my questions. Some people found it embarrassing to consider that their ancestors were "heathen," but others, who were not embarrassed, did not know.

Kramer and Groves both write of interest in ancestors. Everything in New Ireland culture points to great respect between parents and children. But in 1965-7 (and all sources lead me to think that I saw what I would have seen before the missions came, in this respect) a malanggan was to "finish" the dead, not to worship them, or to invoke them, or even to thank them. It was to "show respect." Lasuwot said "Walk away, William! Walk away, Makalo!" I think that this injunction was intended as a symbol, and that it was seen as such. These matters are subject to individual interpretation in all cultures, but I found no evidence of institutionalized invocation of the ancestors in New Ireland in 1965-7.

I did find some people who were frightened at night.

1Kramer specifically notes that the interest is in "not ancestors, as Heinrich Schurtz says, but in deceased contemporaries" (p. 81).
alone on the road, by ghosts. These ghosts are called rongan in Mangai (tamberan in pidgin). Patavani told me that "rongan means the devil of a man, that's all. We used to use this idea to make the children afraid. We would say: 'You cannot run about, a rongan will catch you.'"

One old lady hurried into my house one night and told Sirapi she wanted to wait to walk home with her, because she had seen a tamberan. Sirapi told me she was not in the least afraid of tamberans, and she laughed.

If pirins were important in the religious views of New Ireland at one time, I think they are not now. I asked Kanda in 1965 if the spirits of the dead knew that a malanggan was being given for them; and he said no, they do not know. I asked him if he believed that the spirit of a person lives on after death and he smiled and he said that that is what the mission said. I said I knew that, but did he believe it. Kanda said: "I don't know. I hope so."
CHAPTER V

GROUP COHESION

EGALITARIAN INTEGRATION

There are several lines of structure along which groups may separate in any society: age, sex, and ability of individuals; class, caste, or faction of groups. The basis for these divisions exist in New Ireland, and are by some asserted as the bases for special privilege. Any attempt by a group to gain special privilege in New Ireland is met by a strong counter-tendency of the culture: inclusiveness.

Throughout the account of the Kuluvos malanggan, there were instances where individual "outsiders" were taken into the group: the weak (foreigners, children, the insane and the suicidal) were pulled into the group from one direction, the strong (Melisa) from the other. Factionalism threatened the unity of the group effort in several instances, but the threat was weak in relation to the countertendencies that strengthen at once bonds across lines of fissure. (Thus Sirapi and Rusrus were among the first to help Livitua pay for a malanggan they did not want.)

Illustrations of this thesis were presented in the analysis of the Kuluvos malanggan. Here I want to add illustrations from other contexts.

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I. Hierarchical Tendencies and Counter-Tendencies

a) Big men.

I have already illustrated the leveling tendencies in New Ireland in relation to big man, both memais and non-memais. Amongst memais there is no systematic or stable ranking, and non-memais play memai roles.

In New Ireland, energy and complexity are channeled into the lateral dimension which characterizes malanggan integration. Impulses toward ranking and stratification are redirected, and integration is systematically renewed without hierarchies developing that separate segments of society over long periods of time.

b) Class.

Kasino and three other men who went to school with him (all men in their fifties, all men who were among the first in New Ireland to be educated in government schools in the Territory) told me that in the old days there were class divisions in New Ireland society. Kasino said that people were "slaves" to the memais. There were rich clans and poor clans, "high" clans and "low" clans. "For instance, Tivingur is the head of all clans," Kas told me, reluctantly, as though he were torn between his duty to be an honest informant to me, and the mores of his culture, which require modesty. Tivingur is his own clan. Kasino said that in the old days, high clan people were careful to marry each other. People did not just "marry around and about" the way they do nowadays.

There was other evidence (inconclusive) that Tivingur
had been one of the large and strong clans in Mangai in the recent past. Doubtless there were local flourishings of some clans and dwindling of others; but there is no evidence that tendencies toward consolidation of resources and power ever stabilized into class stratification. Two clans that were rich and that intermarried might be well off for one or two generations, but if they were healthy and prolific they would have to marry outside to bring in more resources.

In the short run, it is an advantage to "marry back along the path of your father." But in the long run, two clans intermarrying and increasing in numbers must marry out to gain access to the resources of a third clan. Perhaps it is that circumstance that has prevented the principle that creates short-run advantages from hardening into a rule. Lovan said that one can marry back into his father's clan, but that it is not a strong rule (see the discussion of marriage).

In malanggan, the injunction was specific and explicit: go "outside" and lose, lose, lose. In marriage, one did not have to go very far outside. Informants disagreed as to whether or not the true cross-cousin was eligible as a marriage partner, but everyone agreed that the classificatory cross-cousin was "good" to marry. The marriage was good, but not prescribed. In marriage, too, one had to go "outside," to some extent. I cannot recover the information necessary to be certain about the class structure of the past in New Ireland, but there is nothing in the information available in 1965-7 that supports
the view of Kas and his friends that there was a class structure in the past. Despite the cultural preference for modesty, there was a tendency for people to tell me that their own clan, or their own way, was the best and the highest. These revelations were made in private. If another person were present, his clan or his memai was included in the category "highest." Thus there were strong hierarchical interests in New Ireland culture, but counter-tendencies to egalitarianism prevailed.

c) Sex Division

In contrast to the usual Melanesian inter-sexual situation, males and females in New Ireland behave toward each other with respect, speak of each other with respect, and have equal rights and privileges with regard to access to resources. They do not have equal access to leadership status (memai status or pirin status). However, the Kuluvos malanggan account gives evidence that women perform leadership functions, just as men do, outside of the status of memai. Kanda told me he knew of a woman who had been a memai, and some other men said that women could be memais; but Sirapi said that they could not be memais. Rusrus and Pepa shouted in public when they were angry at Kuluvos, but I never heard a woman speak in public. Men spoke for them, as Melisa spoke for Emi. But aside from the single remark by Francis ("what, are we helping women?") that provoked shouted anger from Rusrus, who in turn provoked Pepa, I did not hear ridiculing remarks about members of the opposite sex, either from men or from women. Milika, when she was angry with Kas, made very disparaging
remarks about him, and talked about his failures as a husband. But other women thought it was strange that she wanted to control what a husband did, and Kas told her that she was not like the women of Mangai. I (privately) agreed with him.

No woman ever told me that she could not come to see me because her spouse would not allow her to come; a complaint I heard later in New Hanover from both sexes.

Marriage was said to be accomplished by exchanges of food and mias. Ten mias was the figure most commonly given as the amount of a marriage payment, as it was most commonly given for the amount that had to be paid to get memai. There was a great deal of evidence that quantification of this sort (dates, amounts) was an area into which New Irelanders entered mainly to satisfy the interests of Europeans. Since, as Lovan said, a wife is paid for in the same way that a pig is paid for, it seems highly likely that there is no definite amount of mias required. All agreed that marriage is accomplished by an exchange; but some said that the man's side gives more than the woman's side. Tom Ritako told me that equal amounts were given by each side in the exchange.

d) The Taboo Child.

There used to be, in this part of New Ireland, an institutionalized seclusion for some children. This custom has come to an end, people agree, because the government officers required that all children appear on line when census information was gathered. Memories were not full and clear on the subject, but when everyone's memories are put together these generalizations
are secure: children of both sexes and of several ages (new-born babies up to about ten years old), children of men who were big men and men who were not, children of different clans and even of different villages, all were secluded together. Sometimes the seclusion was just in a fenced-in enclosure, and sometimes it was in a House Kupa, decorated with malanggans. (It is these decorated houses for which New Ireland is famous in the world of primitive art.) The children were brought out of seclusion, with a malanggan or several malanggans to mark the occasion. Usually the malanggans on the House Kupa were the long carved type, about five feet long, hung horizontally on the walls of the special house, which was shaped like a quonset hut. But the malanggans used for the end of seclusion ceremonies were more often mamatua masks. It is this type that I saw used in a naming ceremony (similar to a baptism, the people said), wherein the child took the name of the mamatua: Luta. No one told me that children received a new name when they came out of seclusion; and if they sometimes did, it did not have to coincide with the name of the mamatua used at the ceremony. I infer this from specific information about names; and also from the fact that people usually do not remember the name of malanggans used at their coming out ceremony.

Children were brought out of seclusion at malanggans, and sometime the event was timed to coincide with malanggans for the dead. It has already been mentioned that ritual event could be "added" to malanggans in 1965-7; and coming out of seclusion was one of the events added to malanggan gatherings.
in the old days.

There were two purposes served by this institution, in the views of various informants (not all of whom gave both): one was to display the wealth of the man sponsoring the seclusion of the children, in exactly the same way that men display wealth by buying malanggane or pigs in 1965-7. The other was to protect the children, to keep them healthy, to make sure that they "come up good." Food brought to the enclosure had to be eaten within it, and only close kin of the children could come to see them.

A taboo child continued to be subject to special "restrictions" when the child grew up: women who were taboo children could not cook for people outside the family, and adults of neither sex (who had been taboo children) could walk under houses, or under the lines of sago flour hung up at malanggane. Furthermore, a taboo child should not carry for other people. Recital of these customs was treated lightly. There were only three people in Mangai who had been taboo children in Mangai: Sirapi, Tambeta (Panakaia), and Simek, the first sone of Lovan (Purapot-Pangai). Sirapi cooked for more people than anyone in Mangai and, despite her arthritic ankles, carried for other people until someone took the load away from her. The "rules" of the game were given, but no one told me any stories of people who followed them. Had they been taken seriously, there would have been an elite section of the population.

As I reconstruct this institution (about which Kramer
did not write, his work being mainly in Middle New Ireland, which differs systematically from what I found in and around Mangai), it shared with other institutions in northern New Ireland this characteristic: an orientation toward the whole group, composed of members of equal status. Wherever there were dividing lines between groups or categories within a group, these lines were "dissolved" and persons of other groups or categories were added to a "segregated" group.

It is difficult to define, then, the secluded taboo child. No criteria of age, sex, clan, wealth, or health consistently define the specific situations I heard about. Here follow several illustrations.

In 1965, Kasino told me there were two ways to make a child a taboo girl (lakaina atap) or a taboo boy (laruk atap); one way is to make them taboo when they are born. The mother gives birth in the enclosure, and the mother (for a while) and the child (until he can crawl) stay there. He might stay there until he or she is two or three years old, and then come out with a big malanggan.

Simek became a taboo child in a different way (according to Kas). He walked around outside until he was about six years old. Then he was put into a taboo house, where he stayed one year. He did not go outside. Then they worked a malanggan by which he came out. He was decorated with various kinds of plants and other decorations, and he carried miag, strung over his fingers like strings on a guitar.

The house in which such children used to be secluded was called a House Kupa. It was shaped like a quonset hut,
and it was decorated all over, top and bottom, with Kupa, many malanggan.

Simek did not have a house like this. He stopped in a regular house but behind a fence, in Purapot (where his father Lovan lives), down near the beach.

Kas remembered that the malanggan used for Simek was called Tavavaliu; and it was a long one, not a mamatua mask.

Simek is Lovan’s first son, but Kas said that the taboo child did not have to be the first child. Sirapi, he said, is taboo, but she was not the first child. She was the first one to survive. If the first children die, the first one who lives can be taboo.

Kas distinguished the House Kupa from the House Korema, which is the local name for the men’s house. In New Ireland, the men’s house was a place on the beach where the men sat and talked, and visiting men, and sometimes adolescent boys, slept there. Some men said they served the function served by European hotels. Most villages have them, but Mangai does not. “Mangai likes to sit down with women,” Taito told me, with a laugh.

Kas said that Tambeta is also a taboo child. Such a person should marry another taboo child. They cannot go under houses, and they cannot go under the bamboo on which sago is hung.

On another occasion I asked Kasino what was the purpose of making people atap. “Because that clan (that makes its children taboo) is rich, the highest people.” Today, he said,
others can do it, because they, too, are rich. But before, only the highest people. (It was during the course of this conversation that he expounded his views on class, beginning with the assertion that Tivingur, his own clan, was "the highest people.")

Another man who was present, Benson (see Ripai hamlet), said that there is still seclusion for girls, but that it is only for a few weeks. He is married into Nonopai village, where I saw a girl "brought out" with a malanggan; but her mokotok, Ephraim, said that she had not been secluded.

Only relatives can see the child, Kas said. The mother stays there at first, then not all the time. She can go out and work in the gardens, and a pupu or someone comes to take care of the child. No one outside the family can see the child, and it must not take food from the hand of outsiders.

When a baby is about to be born, the parents discuss this question: shall the baby be a taboo child? The parents do not have to be taboo children themselves to make their child a taboo child. But only the first child can be taboo, not the second or the third or the fourth (according to Benson). Tambeta was the last taboo child in Mangai. (She and Simek and Sirapi are all first amongst surviving children of their parents.)

When this child grows up, he or she will not carry things for other people. He or she should not be sent on errands. Everything about this child is taboo, and people do not say anything bad about this child.
When I asked Sirapi about the details of her becoming a taboo child, she took me to Patavani; because she said that she herself did not remember well.

I began by asking Patavani if she had seen a House Kupa. Patavani pointed to Sirapi: "Her mother, and then Sirapi followed her." Then she said many others, and named names I did not know. "But they just stopped behind a fence."

Sirapi had been agreeing, and helping to name names, as we all sat outside in the shade; but when Patavani went inside her house to cut us a piece of fish from that which Malu had brought from Tambeta when she came back from Kavieng, Sirapi said: "I must talk straight to Dotty (acknowledging her duty as informant, apologizing thus for her immodesty), not all those people had House Kupa."

DB: "Yes, I thought that."

Sirapi: "Just my mama, that's all."

DB: "Yes, and you."

Sirapi: "Yes."

DB: "Yes, thank you Sirapi, I was going to ask you later."

Patavani came back, and she told me of her own experience. Wowuak and Simbakon (Tivingur twins, big men of Matanavillam) had invited Patavani and her sister, Putuneen, and their mother, Sambuan, to stop together in a House Kupa. Menameen, a Mokatitin who was married to Wowuak, stopped too. (Patavani was not yet married, but Menameen was.) Moktun (Matanavillam), who was younger than Patavani, "looked after us all for food. Ngangan helped, too."
All who stopped were women and girls. *Atataila* is the name of this custom, she said (a term I heard later in the Tigak islands), which means the same as *atap kapul* (taboo woman).

They stopped in seclusion for five months, Patavani said. Wowuak and Simbakon invited Sesil, the father of Makalo (Sirapi's late husband, and a Mokatitin like Wowuak's wife at that time), to bring the *malanggan* by which they came out: *Rusvang* was the name of it. "Before they did not just play with *malanggan*. Today, they all work cement (instead of *malanggan*), and it does not look good!" I asked if the *malanggan* had meaning. She thinks that it did, but she does not know what meaning.

All joined to help buy the *malanggan*, Patavani said: Konda (the father of Patavani, Temevoilei (the brother of Eserom), Rakum. (These are men of different clans, but all from Mangai village.)

Next day, when Sirapi and I were alone, I asked her to continue telling me about this subject. "Did only your mother have a House *Kupa*?" Sirapi said, "Plenty in Mangai did not have *Kupa*, just a fence."

She went on to tell me about Wowuak and Simbakon: "All were afraid of them, because they killed people in battle before. They could 'pull' pigs for one or two *mias*, because people were afraid of them." I asked Sirapi if she remembered this herself, and she said no, that Vasale had told her.

She reminded me of the *tingirip* (string of shell currency with "beads" smaller than those of *vagaut*, commonly used nowadays,
and referred to here by the pidgin term *miag* I had seen at Rongo's house. That had belonged to Simbakon and Wowuak, who were *vasak* (brothers) to Sirapi. Sirapi had not argued about Rongo's holding the *tingirip* because eventually it would go to the children of Siriu, whether Rongo held it or Sirapi. (Siriu is married to Rongo's brother, Piwas.) Wowuak and Simbakon got this *tingirip* not for *malanggan*, and not for pigs, but "with their mouths, that's all." They got up a *singsing* on the West Coast, and received the *tingirip* for it.

Sirapi did not know who made her *malanggan*. "I was little then," she said; but later she said that she stayed behind the fence until her breasts came up, and that she had watched the man make her *malanggan*. They were the long kind, she said. She stopped alone, except that Lintung, the daughter of Tamawas, stopped to look after her.

In the evening Sirapi came over to my house, this time bringing Vasale to tell the story of her (Sirapi's) seclusion.

According to Vasale, Sirapi was born behind the fence that still exists in *Matanavillam* (a fence of trees), and behind which there is a little house today where Pangin and Warakau sleep. Sirapi's House *Kupa* was there. The enclosure was taboo, and no woman could go in there. All food taken inside had to stop there: that is, it could not be taken outside, or taken to the women in their cook houses.

Sirapi stopped there in her House *Kupa*, and no boy or girl could see her. Only old people, either men or women. (She and others contradicted themselves on this point, i.e. the
exclusion of women.) Sirapi was her parents' third child: two boys died first, then a girl died after Sirapi, and then twin boys again died after that. Kapin (the mother of Rongo, Mali hamlet) helped to look after these twins; and then they died.

Miligen, the son of Simbakan (and a Mokatitin mother of Makel, Kapin's hamlet in Livitua), talked to Sirapi's mother, and said that Sirapi should come out along with the children of Makel. Sirapi interjected at that point in Vasale's story: "we were just following blood, that's all." (That is, Sirapi was not following her own clan, but that of her father: Mokatitin.) After that, Sirapi slept at Matanavillam, but during the day she played inside the Makel fence. With her there were Leilei (a girl now dead), Langawa (the brother of Rombul, Ba's wife, who was in the hospital at the time of the telling of this story), Langawa's brother Mosovau (who is dead), and Rongo. They all came out with a mamatua. Miligen and all (Mokatitin) asked Eserom (Mokangkai) to bring it. There was no malanggan.

After they came out at Makel, Sirapi went back into seclusion at Matanavillam, and finally came out when there was a malanggan, for some dead and for Sirapi. Vasale remembered which malanggan it was: Ewin. But she does not remember who brought it.

Wowuak and Simbakan had worked a big taboo on Matanavillam. Women who wanted to feed Sirapi had to go around by the sea, and only old women, like Verigete (long dead), could
bring food. Sirapi was about as big as Mangat (Sambuan's daughter, about twelve years old) when the malanggan at Matanavillam ended the taboo, and Sirapi came out.

Vasale said that she stopped in a House Kupa in Lamakot, her home village. She was alone, and she was already a big girl.

All Mokangkai (Vasale's clan) were married to Mokamiva in her place at Lamakot; and the father of Vasale's mokotok called out to all Mokamiva to work this House Kupa for Vasale. When it was completed, they held fast a pig to open the house; and they (Mokangkai) gave mias (vagaut) to Mokamiva.

(In Vasale's account, clans or local sub-clans are the basis of the exchange. Other accounts show the importance of clan, but also show that clan lines were crossed.)

Taro was piled around her house and under the tree, and a pig was put on top of the taro. Then mias (six mias, Vasale said, but this is just another case that shows the numbers and estimates lack standardization here) was put on top of that; and all of this Mokangkai gave to Mokamiva, to open the house (that Mokamiva had made).

Vasale was given food by two old Mokangkai ladies: Leiwai, her mother's mother; and Luvuk, the sister of Leiwai. Vasale was her mother's first and only surviving child. She was a big girl, but her breasts had not come up yet when she stopped in the house.

Her pupu worked a mamatua in order for her to come out. (When she came out, she still did not have breasts.) It was a mamatua type malanggan, named Vagerangis.
I asked them what the purpose (pidgin: asg) of this custom was. Sirapi laughed, and she and Vasale and Langiro (who had come along, and who said it was just the same in Tabar, and that he had not been a taboo child) talked for a few minutes. Then Sirapi said to me: "It's something that belonged to all big men before." Then she added: "You white skins have it too." I said: "You mean to work something good over a child?" And she said Yes. She did not go on. She was raised in a Methodist village, but she had lived all her married life in a Catholic village. Other informants had indicated that this ceremony over the child, baptism and confirmation; was similar to what New Ireland had had in the old days. But I could see that Sirapi was uncertain both about her own custom and about the Catholic custom, and so I did not press her to go on.

About a week later I talked with Lingai (Matanavillam). I asked him for information on the subject of taboo children. He said he had been one, in Matanavillam, along with Lintung (daughter of a Mokamuna father, the girl who later looked after Sirapi when she was secluded), Lando (half-brother to Lingai), Tavavaliu (a young Tivingur boy), and Iaisisi, Sirapi's baby brother, who was younger than Lingai.

Wowuak and Simbakon "two big men," put all these children behind a fence in Matanavillam.

Melisa (Ripai hamlet), who was trapped by the rain with us, said that no woman could look behind the fence. Lingai said: "Mama, that's all, she can bring food and she can look."
All Lingai's "business" (Mokamuna) lost plenty of mias to the man who cut his ear.

Keres, who had come to sit with us added: "Yao is what they were, taboo because they stopped inside the fence." (Sirapi had told me earlier that all who stopped inside a fence are called yao: and those who stop outside are called lemaluk. Most customs of this sort had several names associated with them which were said to mean the same thing. All were said to be Mangai's language, but I think the terms had come from different languages.)

Lingai said he was the only one who had his ear cut. Lando? No. Lasisi? No, his ear was not cut, he was only a little baby, then he got sick, then he died. Lasisi was wrapped in coconut leaves, and left to "stand up and stink," because all were so sorry about him. Later they burned him.

Lasisi was only a baby, but Lingai was "the age of Aius (four) or Leti (eight)." Lintung was younger.

Keres volunteered: "Wowuak and Simbakon were men who killed other men, before, during the times that were no good."

DB: "Why did they kill?"
Keres: "They were all cross."
DB: "And why did they put children inside the fence?"
Lingai: "Before, all died. Each "moon" (month). Now it is a good time. Before, God was cross with us because we worked a fashion that was not good. In one month there must have been three or four men who died."

(This part of New Ireland, along with Tabar, experienced
serious depopulation. This phenomenon is discussed elsewhere.)

I asked Lingai: "But why did you put children inside the fence?"

Lingai: "Because Wowuak and Simbakon knew that plenty of men died, they went to the fires of the grave. So they began gardens and pigs, and put children inside the fence, so that they would by and by come out with the malanggan (for the dead)."

DB: "But why inside a fence?"

Lingai: "Oh--I do not know well."

(Lingai was a good informant who had spent years with white people and who could be pressed further than most without feeling shame.) At that point in the conversation Rusrus, who had just joined us a few minutes earlier, said:

"In order to look after the children well, hide them, so that by and by the would be all right."

There must have been some ideas, however vague or well formulated, of poison and sorcery. No one ever explained these to me, if they knew or remembered. Children and adults were dying at a very high rate, and people in 1965-7 were well aware of this. They said: "Before there were no children here. Today, the place is full with children." And yet other purposes seem to have played an important part in seclusion.

Taito was secluded inside a fence when he was a boy, he told me; in his own place, Lokom hamlet, Wuap village. A big man worked the fence for him, a fence of stone:
Lakapalau, the true father of Taito's mother.

DB: "What is the purpose (pidgin: ass) of this custom, Taito?"

Pitalai: "A father who is rich, and a mokotok (who is rich)."

(Pitalai, the councillor for Mangai-Livitua-Lauen, happened to be present.)

Taito: "Yes, rich."

Pitalai: "If your mokotok is rich, maski (nevermind), you cannot then think of your father."

One day I was talking to Lasuwot about what place he considers to be his true place. He said he has three places: one is Tokanaka, where he now lives, which is his mother's place. Another is Kaelis (the hamlet that is the border hamlet between Livitua and Mangai). That was his father's place, and also the place of his wife. He gave a pig free to Kaelis when his wife died, because he was sorry. And the third place that is his own place is Katina (where the school now is in Livitua), the place of his pupu. Lasuwot was a child in Katina: his mother gave birth to him in Tokanaka. When he was still a baby, they went to Kaelis, his father's place. Lasuwot was a taboo child there, in his father's place.

I asked him who else was a taboo child in Livitua. Before, he told me, there were plenty who were. Along with him there were four, or three, or ten who stopped: Lasuwot, Makalo (Sirapi's late husband), Bokap (a girl), Mapulo (boy), Metal (boy), Ngulen (girl), Lasisi (boy), Mikal (boy). That was all.
I asked if only the first child was put inside the fence and Lasuwot said no: a mother gives birth to her first child, put it behind the fence. Then a second, a third, too (can be put behind the fence). Kanda, Lasuwot's younger brother, was inside the fence at the same time Lasuwot was; but Lasuwot was there first.

When the New Ireland East Coast road was built, the government wanted them all to come "on line;" so the custom ended. But Lasuwot's fence still stops, he tells me. A man who stops inside a fence is a "wild pig," because he hides, just like a wild pig. "If you want to go to the bush, you wait at the road, look, then run quick to the bush; but no one must see you."

DB: "Who gives you food?"
Lasuwot: "Mama, papa, pupu: pig, fish, plenty. When it stinks, throw it away." (That is, it cannot be passed on to those outside the fence.)

Errel and I came to a discussion of seclusion one day at a funeral when we were discussing burial customs. He had asked me what we did in America, and he then told me about some of the customs I had not seen in New Ireland. They used to tie the body in a sitting position, with the hands on the fence (of the enclosure adjoining the cemetery); the thumbs tied to the verticle supports of the fence. Then the body was decorated with feathers and red paint. Then the body was moved to the place where deaths are burned, put on a stage, and covered the ground.
The fire lasted a long time. Then the bones were retrieved and put in a leaf parcel, and hung up in the house inside the fence. A mamatua was worked, and all the children went inside. Then the bones were buried in the enclosure, and all the children stopped inside with the bones. They came out with a malanggan. The house remained; it was still taboo. When the house fell down, everyone made a feast near it, and then "finished" it (by burning).

(Eruel is the only person who told me that the presence of the bones of the dead was what made the enclosure taboo. The enclosure where Sirapi had stopped, and where Warakau and Pangain then slept in 1965, was not adjacent to the cemetery of 1965.)

On another day I asked Eruel if he had stopped inside a fence as a child. Yes, he said, but added: "My fashion was to 'humbug,' though; and I ran away." He stopped with his baby brother, in Katedon. I asked him about the purpose of the institution.

Eruel: "They did not want everyone to see the children. (The women) gave birth inside the enclosure."

DB: "Why did they leave the child there?"

Eruel: "It is our fashion. All the big men, everyone, they worked this fashion."

I asked if they were afraid that someone would do something bad to the children, and Eruel said: Yes, they did not want someone to work something bad. They did not like the children to run around and about. Then he went on to say that he, however, had run away from seclusion: "I did not like it.
I did not see Panakaia, I did not see Matanavillam. I stopped and stopped, then I washed; then I stopped and stopped, then I washed. I got tired of stopping inside the fence. I ran away." I asked him what his mother said, and where he went.
Eruel: "My mama scolded me, and I did not want to hear her; and I ran away and worked in the bush, with everyone else, when they went to make a fence, or to eat, or whatever."
Eruel thinks he was about the age of little Langiro (age six), younger than Leti (age eight); and his brother was a babe in arms.

The road had not yet been built; Buliminski (1903-13) had not yet come up; and they had not yet heard of the Bible.

Eruel's father had built a House Kupa in Katedon, and in it, along with Eruel and his baby brother, were three girls: Menameen (the mother of Lingiris), Maria, and Tauut. I asked if these women were all Mokamuna, and Eruel answered "Nonnem!" (Yes! Of course!) He confirmed that the boys and girls stopped together, along with the bones; and that it was the presence of the bones that made the enclosure taboo. They came out not with a malanggan (a long carving: only Eruel carefully makes this distinction), but with mamatuas: not just one but two, three, four, five. I asked if the children got the names of the mamatuas and Eruel said "Nonnem! Telengabei, Luta. . ." He reminded me that when he brought me his mamatua he had slapped me with lime; and he said that that was the ceremony that was performed when the children
came out of seclusion. Then they took the mamatua with them to their places, as I had done with mine. (What I did not remind him of was that the mamatua that he and others said was his, the one that he came out with, and the one that he carved for me, was Munerau: a girl’s name, the name of his mother, not a name that he could have had even as a second name.)

The last person in Mangai to be a taboo child was Tambeta. She stopped in Panakaia, along with Pariu, Raus, and Bakor (the sister of Wulos); and Sirapi requested a mamatua from Eruel: Mataneas, with which to bring her out. Matiu told me this, and he remembered that he had just gone to Rabaul to school; and that that was in 1934.

The institution of taboo child was apparently available for use by many people, and by people who wished to use it for slightly varying purposes. The point which is especially relevant here is that the institution did not support or create a hierarchy which evolved into, or maintained, a stratified society.

Some accounts of the taboo child stress birth order: the taboo child is the parents’ first child. Detailed accounts of actual practice indicate that, if this ever was a widespread ideal (and it is not clear that it was), the more general New Ireland tendency toward inclusiveness overwhelmed it. It was never implied by anyone that it was preferred that the first-born be male; and in practice both boys and girls were secluded, alone and together.
These points are important to a discussion of egalitarian integration in the Pacific. Special emphasis on the first-born, and especially on the first born male, is one of the characteristics that becomes more pronounced in Polynesia as the society becomes increasingly stratified. (This thesis has been developed explicitly by Sahlines, 1958).

But stratification has been built on other kinds of selectivity. Wealth could be accumulated and inherited, but in New Ireland those who had access to the wealth of the dead are enjoined to "lose, lose, lose." If it is the little rich children who are secluded, they are joined by others. Tambeta is said to be a taboo child, although two other women of Mangai were secluded and fed and attended to along with her, and came out with a malanggan along with her. It was Tambeta's family who initiated the seclusion and provided the malanggan at the end, and lost mias for it. Doubtless the families of the others helped. This is another instance (according to my interpretation) in New Ireland of a step taken toward hierarchy, followed by another step taken back again toward egalitarianism.

In some institutions of seclusion, older men initiate younger men into adult society by exposing them to the genuine hardships of their life, but also to artificial hardships, what we may call "hazing." The line around the insiders is clear, and it remains clear when outsiders have, by passing whatever tests have been imposed on them, become insiders. The older are, in these institutions, displaying their power over the younger members of society.
Seclusion has none of these elements in New Ireland. The old, often the real grandparents, serve the young. The old men, the real grandfathers sometimes, initiate the building of the House Kupa or merely of the enclosure; and the old women, often the real grandmothers, feed and care for the children. The only hardship mentioned was that of restriction of movement; and only Kruel seemed to find that a hardship. Others emphasized that it was a good time, with plenty to eat. Even "seclusion" did not make the rigid separation between people that it was said to make; as illustrated by the case of Sirapi, who, while "secluded," went back and forth every day to Makel in Livitua where there were other children "in seclusion" with whom she could play.

The institution drew attention to wealth (however temporary), but it also underscored a New Ireland value seen in many other contexts: protection and honor for the children. My informants never made clear how seclusion protected the children from harm; but the children (as well as the adults) were dying, more and more often than usual (as New Irelanders know, and as European records show); and making the children taboo, at whatever age they were, or of whatever sex, whether rich or poor, and even if they were of some other clan, was seen as a way to look after them.

II. Outsiders and Weak Insiders

In discussing tendencies toward and against hierarchy in New Ireland, I have been discussing primarily the ways the culture provides for persons who are strong (men,
big men, rich people, adults) to break away from the whole group, to become an elite. The culture provides counter-tendencies and counter-values that (according to my interpretation) have prevented hierarchies from developing. The strong remain in the group, through their own wishes or through the pressures of others, or both.

Just as the strong do not form an elite on top of the group, so the weak do not form a depressed class at the bottom. Some illustrations of this generalization have already been given: women and children, it has already been suggested, are respected citizens of New Ireland. I want to illustrate this point further here with regard to children, who are a special class of "outsiders" in every society; and with regard to other persons in weak positions.

a) Children.

Children are included in adult activities, and are generally treated as persons of neither higher status nor lower status than that of adults. They are persons who are small and physically weak and with regard to many things they do not yet "know how." They are given the help they need.

Sometimes they are disciplined. I saw so little disciplinary activity that it is difficult to make any statement about it. The one characteristic that stood out in my eyes was that the child who was being disciplined was not put at a distance, socially, personally, or physically from the person doing the disciplining. The situation I saw most frequently and that only half a dozen times, was that where
an adult called a child away from me (so that the child would not bother me) and to himself or herself. (Two other illustrations are given below.)

I have said they are treated as equals, but they are given special privileges and honors in some cases. This is in keeping with their position of "weakness" in the society: all persons in weak positions are given extra privileges and honors.

The company and care of children is viewed as a pleasure, rather than a chore. It is a sad thing when a woman has no child. It has already been pointed out that Siriu has given two of her six children to Kombulau to look after in Pasai; and that Kombulau tells the fact with pleasure, while Siriu merely acknowledges it.

Children very rarely cry. If they start to cry, or look like they are thinking about crying, someone is there at once, and the crying does not occur. Powdermaker made this observation about New Ireland children in Lesu in 1930 (Powdermaker, 1933), and Government anthropologist Anita Pritchard made it again in the early 1950's in Medina (Pritchard, 1956). (Both these studies make observations similar to mine about children in New Ireland.)

Here follow some illustrations from Mangai and environs in 1965-7.

Crying

1) We are all at Livitua village for a feast preceding the malanggan at Tokanaka. A six-year-old next
to me suddenly begins to cry. It leans over sideways on its stomach and almost sobs. A child a bit bigger comes slowly over, takes its hand. The younger one starts to get up. Then a middle-aged woman comes and takes its hand and walks off with it and another smaller child, also held by the hand. I cannot tell if it is a boy or girl. I had this problem in New Ireland with children all the way up to the adolescents. I did not have this problem in New Hanover, even with children two and three years old.)

2) Leiwai (Panakaia) held Taria's baby for a while, and one of the children of Lovel (who was Leiwai's sister, and who recently died; leaving five children, all of whom Leiwai looks after) looks as though he is going to cry; but he is making no noise. He just looks infinitely mournful, standing there next to Leiwai, holding her hand. After a few minutes (during which Leiwai put an arm around Lovel's child, a boy I think, juggled him, tried unsuccessfully to comfort him) she gave the baby back to Taria, took Lovel's child between her legs, hugged and juggled him. He was "clearing" when I last looked, but still looking sad.

3) Wulos' little boy is finished a sobby cry, and Sambuan, not Wulos, is looking after him. Wulos goes on working, but I think she is watching. (I wrote this note before I had been to New Hanover, and before I knew that Wulos was raised in New Hanover; but after I knew that New Ireland women go right away, slowly, to crying children. It struck me as odd that Sambuan, who is not particularly soft-hearted on
this matter, and not Wulos was attending to Wulos' son.)

Carrying Children; Grandparents; and Crying

4) We have gone to the funeral of Masapal in Lauen, about five miles from Mangai. As usual, many women carried children here today. We met Maria on the way with three children, wondering whether or not she should leave them behind. Sirapi told her that she should. We went on, leaving her in indecision.

Malu carried her pupu, Lambet, with her. (He is the son of Pariu, who is the daughter of Malu's sister, Kiu). Pariu is processing sago, and there is no one to look after Lambet in Mangai because everyone is here at the funeral. Lambet is about two years old. Mitlang carried her grandchild, Taria's older boy, who is about four years old, all the way here; while Taria carried her young baby in a sling on her back, as they all do.

Now Lambet is thinking about crying. He cries slightly and rubs his eye. Malu looks at him at once. He stops. He makes a crying noise again, but it turns into just a noise soon, without Malu doing anything about it.

Crying and Social Pressure

5) Lamedeng does not often come to malanggans, and she does not usually wear the scarf of respect for his husband's relatives that New Ireland women wear. (However, when Mesalem, who has been to Australia and teaches in a mission college, came home at Christmas, Lamedeng plunked a
towel on her head to go to church while Mesalem was there.) Furthermore, according to Milika, she talks in a cheeky way to her mother, Dokas, which no child of any age should do.

One day I was sitting on the steps of Lamedeng's house (Matanasoi) and I asked her some questions about the care of babies. She said that her baby could cry during the day, but she does not let it cry during the night. Her husband, Eron, and her grandmother, Randes (Maio) were both present; and her baby began to cry, as we talked. "Maksi (nevermind), she can cry," Lamedeng said. Eron and Randes, who were both paying attention to something else, each spoke to her within ten seconds of the onset of the crying. "Ach!" Lamedeng said, and she picked up the baby for suckling.

6) Lingai and I are talking. He suddenly hears crying (I had not heard it), jumps up, says, "First I'll go look at the child," and rushes off.

Children and Food

7) Two of Lina's children, Leti and Misamak, ate at Sirapi's tonight. She ate last again, eating less, and from the saucepan and the fish tin. There are more dishes. I think she eats from the pot to make visible her appropriate status, as hostess, of "last" to eat. When she is seen eating from the pot, Lina's other children should note this and not come over to eat. If they came, she would give them whatever there was left.

8) We go to Lesu for the funeral of Boas (the
father of the wife of Konda, Panakaia-Paneval). The widow, Getti (who was twelve years old when her father, Lesu luluai, looked after Dr. Powdermaker here) gave all of us from Mangai plates of rice. I was given tea; two cups, one for me to pass on to someone else. (That is so that I will not feel ashamed, drinking alone, having something that no one else has. Getti could have given the second cup directly to someone else; but in this situation I am often given the second cup, so that I can pass it on to someone else, so that I can look generous. It took me a while to figure out why I was always given so much more than I could eat or drink.) I pushed the second cup over toward Vevele and Vinda (Lamarau hamlet), who were sitting across from me. When it cooled, Vevele picked it up and gave it to her child, age about five. Later a third full big cup came. Vinda gave it to her child, age about five.

9) Lokorover is building my house on the beach at Matanavillam; and Sirapi and I are supposed to be feeding him while he does it. (He eats here often anyway, and brings us fish nearly every day.) About noon Lokorover came and got me at my house (in Purapot, Kasino's brick house), invited me to come to eat, and to bring some abus (pidgin: meat or fish, in this case tinned) if I wanted to do so. I did. He had cooked sweet potato "greased" with coconuts. He had set out and filled four big plates: one for himself, one for me, one for Lingai (who is helping Lokorover with the house), and one for a fourth person. "For whom?" I ask. Lokorover
answers: "The baby here," nodding to Wulos' five-year-old son, whose plate had just as much in it (about four big potatoes) as everyone else's. Wulos and Sirapi had gone to wash, and little Kambakaso had been left with Moktun, who was in and around her house. He had wandered over to watch Lokrovor and Lingai, and a plate had been at once fetched for him. He sat down and consumed everything on his plate, plus a fish I brought. Children count one, just like everyone else, except when it comes to eating: in that case, they are somewhat more than equal, because they are "one of the family" wherever they happen to be.

10) Sirapi gave me a plate of sweet potatoes the other day, which I did not finish eating. (I had learned by then that I was not expected to finish what I was given, if there was only one plate offered and someone else was present. One plate meant that that was all there was cooked,) I ate some and passed it back to Sirapi for her to finish. Instead, she called over Misamak (Lina's boy, about eight years old) who was nearby, and he came and finished the food. Standard operating procedure at meal time was this: children first, then men, then women, then the hostess. (At Sirapi's, I was given food before the children were for several months. As I became more of an "insider," I was fed after the children, but still before the men. Visitors were ordinarily given food first, but it depended on who the visitors were. Local visitors who were well-known were treated as "one of the family," and children were given food first, then visiting men, then local men, then visiting women.)
11) It is New Year's Eve, and Mangai is feeding (rice and local foods) Lauen village. Lauen and Mangai are Methodist, Livitua is Catholic. The Catholic villages go to Lamakot Catholic Mission on Christmas and on New Year's eve, but the Methodist villages entertain each other, taking turns. This year Lauen fixed a meal for Mangai on Christmas, and Mangai is fixing the meal for Lauen for New Year's eve.

Two temporary bamboo tables, with attached bamboo benches, have been set up in camp, and Sirapi has asked me to help serve. Where shall I put the plates? One table is for men, and one for the women, she says. I follow some of the other serving women from Mangai to the men's table. True to New Ireland fashion, all the children sit down first, at the men's table, where we serve first, and then at the women's table, and we serve them there. The adults come and join them.

**Giving Honor to Children**

12) The special attention given to children (allowing them to eat first, giving them the best piece of meat, and so on) did not cease at any age. Ancient mothers and grandmothers, so long as they were able, continued to serve their children. As noted in the report of the Kuluvo malanggan, a pig was given in the name of a young man, Pengas, who worked in Rabaul. The work of raising the pig was done by his pupu, Pepa; but the pig was said to be his. He thereby had the honor of giving the pig to the malanggan.

If the parents became incapacitated, the children
would of course look after them. It was in preparation for this eventuality that Alice asked to teach in Mangai, so that she could be there to help Patavani and Eserom (Panakaia). She did help with heavy tasks, such as bringing in firewood. But when I observed mealtime there, old Patavani served Alice first.

As children grow up, they in turn serve their own children, but their parents continue to serve them, as far as I could see.

13) The children are going back to school, and many mothers are working a "cup o' tea" for their children. Milika says there are so many, and she thinks it is a bit silly. The children stop nearby, and we will see them all the time, she said. Nonetheless, she and Rakasou (her daughter) went to several of them, each time giving a shilling for a plate of rice and fish. All the money went to the child who was going away to school.

The Pleasure of Children's Company

14) Two truckloads of children went down the road to take them back to school (thirty miles away) this morning. Two of Bungalow's went, two of Ba's went. "All the mothers, they all cried, they cried too much for their children," someone told me. And someone else added, "They 'broomed' them all (swept them all up), even little Lasi." Sirapi then said: "If it were my child, he would wait. Who will look after them for food?" I asked what the cooking
arrangements are for them at the school, and Sirapi said:
"Yes! How can they know how to cook there?"

15) Lasuwot told me all were so sorry that it was
time for the children to go back to school. Lasuwot wanted
Bainbai (age about twelve) to stop at home. The other two
could go to school, he said, but who would stop with him?
His eldest daughter then scolded him, he said smiling, shyly
proud of her. His eldest daughter told him that all the
children must go to school.

Children Come First

15) Semegi was carrying her young baby, Langasin.
She and several other women and I were talking on the road,
headed toward the entrance to the path leading to Semegi's
brick house. Suddenly a very light rain turned into a very
hard rain. Semegi's husband, Kamak, came out of the house
with a raincoat over his head, took the baby, covered him,
and hurried back in; leaving Semegi to manage in the rain
with the rest of us.

Children Come First, Even Eggs

16) I am going away for a few days, and Sirapi
says that she will feed my mother chicken, which is sitting
on new eggs. Sirapi says that the mother chicken will not
leave the eggs in order to find food, and that therefore she
must be fed. I said: "That's all right, just break them."
(I meant: take the eggs, a valued food, and eat them.
New Irelanders generally show no emotional interest in animals,
and their dogs are no fatter than any other Melanesian
dogs. Despite my explicit instructions, my cat had not been
fed for three days once when I was gone, because the people
could not bring themselves to give a shillings' worth of
food to a cat. I thought, therefore, that Sirapi was making
a polite offer to feed my chicken, while she probably really
thought feeding a chicken rice was ridiculous. I thought
she probably wanted the eggs to eat.) When I said "Break
them," Sirapi said, "What?" and I repeated, "Break them."
She, too, repeated: "What?" Then she went on, thinking she
must have misunderstood me, "They are not ready yet." I said,
"That's all right, break them anyway." Sirapi, finally sure
that she had understood me, said: "Oh! I can be sorry for
all kinds of things." As I got her point I interrupted and
said, "All right, all right, yes, you must not break them."
(I hoped she did not think I was callous and untrustworthy.)

Guiding Children, but Letting Them Do It Themselves

17) Sambuan is giving me lists of names of all
the people in Mangai who belong to each clan. In each case
but one she gives all the names of the children first, and
then finally the name of the mother. (In Lina's case, she
said first "the line of Lina," and then gave her children's
names.) Sambuan's children are helping to supply the names,
giving the names of the children first. She encourages them:
"Call out!" She wants them to speak up clearly so that I can
understand.

18) The children sit in front during the church
service, and are taken out before the sermon. Taking the children out is the responsibility of Melisa (Ripai) and Lingai (Matanavillam), two old bachelors, who are pupus of some degree to most of the children. Leaving the church involves getting over a log across the bottom of the door (meant to keep out pigs, and to strengthen the structure of the house). The log is as high as the legs of some children are long. I think most Europeans would, without thinking, lift the children over the log, probably by holding them under the arms or by lifting them by one arm, if the child were being held by the hand. Melisa gives these children his hand, and they hold his hand, which he slowly moves forward to accommodate their progress over the log. As far as I can see, he does not lift at all. Lingai watched one, which made it over the log itself; another he took by the arm, but let it proceed basically at its own pace.

19) The women are practicing their singsing (dance and song) for the last time before the actual performance at the Livotua malanggan. Previously they have always practiced under cover of darkness; and while there was some pretense of "secrecy," many men were present. Shyness, as well as the fact that most work during the day, kept the practices at night.

Even though this is the final rehearsal, people move in and out of the dance, and there are people in it that will not be in it in the final version; in particular, children. Vevela's child is dancing with her mother, and Lambet (age:
two) is there in front of his mother, Pariu. Lambet keeps
turning in the wrong direction, and Pariu gently turns him
around, guiding him. She does not hold him tightly. I have
never seen anyone hold a child tightly, or guide him asser-
tively.

Children with Big Men

20) Ba talks on line, and his baby goes around
his legs as he talks.

21) While Matiu talks on line, Putuneen (age three)
comes and holds his hand. She stands, facing in the same
direction he is facing, looking out at other people, not at
him.

22) Iasuwo, at the Tokanaka malanggan, called
names for the bringing of money and mias to Yaraka. Bainbai
(his twelve-year-old daughter) came and sat at his feet as
he called, and when he called her name she went with her mias.

23) It is the next to the last day of the Tokanaka
malanggan, and Lovan is counting the money and mias he received
for a pig. Some baby, I think the child of Lasisi (Lovan's
wife's brother), has been put on his lap, and he is counting
around it.

The Individual in the Group

24) I met Eron for the first time today. He came
with his son (age nine), each of them carrying a pineapple.
Eron made no move, but waited until the boy shyly handed
over his pineapple; and then Eron handed over his. (The son had to act for himself; father did not do it for him.)

23) During malanggan exchanges, often only the husband or the wife of a couple go forward to give. But often, too, husband, wife, each parent of each, and a child will go; and not together, but each alone, letting other people from other nuclear families go between them.

Looking After Other People’s Children

24) Mesalam Aisoli is visiting Mangai. He teaches at the Methodist teachers college in New Britain. He was the third of the five Aisoli children (Panakaia-Paneval). (Seven were born, but the first and last died.) His mother died when he was very young, and various people raised them. Konda stopped with Eruel, Ruby and Mesalem with Patavani, and Tambeta and Alice with Kumbat (their mother’s mother). Eruel sent Konda to school; and Eron sent Mesalem to the mission school at Liga.

25) Sirapi and Siriu and I were on our way to the garden together. Sirapi said that she and Makalo looked after Siriu from the time she was very young. She left home because her father hit her. Siriu’s breasts came up and she married while she lived with Sirapi and Makalo. Her mother was still alive when she came to Sirapi, but she is dead now, and so is her father. Rursus went with him to hospital in Rabaul for his last illness.

We sat down when we got to the garden. Sirapi held Siriu’s baby while Siriu looked for a stick to make into a
digging stick. Bungaloo was there with her baby. Siriu's baby cried while Sirapi sang to it; so Sirapi put it down and it moved a few feet over toward Bungaloo. But then it started to cry again, and Siriu came back. Sirapi handed over the baby, saying that it wants its mama, not its pupu. Siriu suckled the baby, then handed it back to Sirapi, in whose arms it fell asleep. The women have to stop a lot to comfort babies; and there always have to be some who sit with the babies while others work.

26) Sirapi told me that after he own mother died, the mother of Patavani (Sambuan) "held" her in Panakaia, and looked after her with food. Wasering, a Tivingur classificatory father, also gave her food when she was young.

27) Kombulau looks after two of Siriu's six children. She has had them since they were babies. She is childless. (See Pasaik hamlet.)

28) Karamel, the sister of Kamak (who lives in the brick house in Livitua), looks after Lisoval, Kamak's third child and second girl. She has looked after her ever since she was a little girl. (Semege now has seven children.) Karamel, whose husband recently died, bore only one child, who died when still a baby. (She is middle-aged, and Lisovel is about fifteen.) I asked why she looked after Lisovel, and she answered: "Because it is my true brother who is married (to the mother of the child)."
On other occasions some women have said of this kind of situation that the true mother "was sorry for" the woman without a child. On this occasion, however, the women present during my conversation with Karamel went on to discuss the difficulty of finding food when one has many children, as do Semegi and the sister of Semegi, Dokas. Dokas has had fourteen, twelve of whom survive. The women went on to name those who help to find food for these children: one is in Lauen village, two are with Dokas' daughter, Ruby, in Lossuk. Sambuan wrinkled her nose and said: "I would not be up to having so many children. There is not enough food!"

At first I thought that Karamel's aid had been enlisted by an overpopulated family; but then I realized that the women were making these points in front of Karamel, the "foster mother," so that she would feel good about her role.

Some days later children were being identified for me, in Livitua, by Sirapi, in the presence of Semegi. When Sirapi identified one girl as Lisovel, I remembered the name and I said: "Lisovel is the one that stops with Karamel, is that right?" No one responded, so I repeated my question. I suddenly realized that Semegi was present, and I saw that she was tight-lipped, so I said: "Just sometimes, right?" and got a firm "Yes" from Semegi.

29) Milika and I were discussing her various sources of money for putting windows into the brick house that Kas built and I lived in. She had got some money from Sirapi. I asked: "Where does Sirapi get all her money, she has not
got plenty of coconuts, has she? Is it still Makalo's money?"
"Yes," Milika answered, "still Makalo's, and the purse of
Sirapi is full up and is never empty, because all those that
she looked after (when they were young) now must hear her
requests. So she gets things from Siriu and others."

I said that I had been afraid that Sirapi had no way
of getting up money, and that she would have none once she
had spent all she had. "True," Milika said, "but all must
hear her, because she is, and she was, so good to everyone.
Just as in the case of Kas," she went on. "He looked after
Wylip (son of Dokas, and therefore pupu to Kas) when he was
little, and now Wylip does not ever forget Kas. I mentioned
that Kas was still good to Wylip, that he had just bought
him a guitar; and I asked what their relationship was.
"Mokotok," she said, "that's how he counts him."

30) Vinda (Lamarau hamlet) is hitting her child,
age one and one-half, with a flexible piece of cane. Her
sister Vele now gives it a slap with her hand. Vinda hits it
again. Then Vele tries to draw it over. It resists. Vinda
goes on looking at it, hard, sitting with her hand raised the
whole time (holding the cane). Now Vinda takes the child
on her lap, wipes its eyes (it hardly cried), and now is
suckling it. This whole episode, one of two involving hitting
I knew about all the time I was in New Ireland, took less than
two minutes. The child was not abandoned or exiled; her
mother kept her eye contact operating at high intensity the
whole time. Later I was told that Vinda was hitting her child
because it had something bad in its mouth and was eating it.

31) A little girl from Livitua, Kungawot's daughter Teresia, amazed me one day. I had never met her. She came into my house with her two young charges, asked me many questions, wanted to look at my books and magazines, told me about her clan connections and so on. She even understood and laughed (at the right time) at some of the words, in English, she heard on a record I was playing. She said she was seven years old. Later I asked Ito about her (he teaches the young children in Livitua) and he said that she was very bright, and had been first in her class.

The next time I saw her was when we were all in Livitua, cooking for the Livitua malanggan. She and her mother were walking toward Milika's cook house. Teresia was crying, and her mother was smiling and looking guilty, her eyes looking off first in one way and then in another. Kungawot was holding Teresia's hand. I said quietly to Milika: "Why is she crying?" Milika said, "Her mother hit her." I asked: "Why?" "She 'bigheads' too much," Milika said. "To her mother?" I asked. "Yes," said Milika.

Teresia has developed deep sobs, and her mother has put an arm around her as they walk. Apparently Kungawot is just walking her around to try to quiet her. Teresia's eye is swollen.

This is not a surprising fate for a precocious child in New Ireland. Each individual must play his or her part, but the parts to be played are quite well-defined.
This was the most severe disciplinary action I saw in New Ireland. What is characteristic about it is that the child, far from being banished from the group, was attended by her mother, her persecutor, in her anguish.

These incidents involving children show how children are included in activities, guided into participation, present with adults even when the adults are big men who are in the process of performing their tasks in that role. Children who were orphaned young do not tell of privation and exclusion, but of inclusion and plentitude. They did not have no one to feed them, but many to feed them. Children are a pleasure; people are sorry to see them leave, and people who do not have them are pleased to claim the children of others. The true mothers are not pleased to let them go, but compassion for the childless moves them to do so. Children learn that they count as individuals, that their own acts (for instance, their own initiative in getting over the log at the bottom of the door) are important. Unto them is given, and from this they learn to give.

b) Other Insiders in Weak Positions.

Children are in a weak position in any society. New Ireland compensates for that weakness, and brings them into the society as equals. Similarly, persons other than children who are in weak positions are supported so that they can take a full place in society.

1) Warakau's situation was described in the account of the Kuluvos malanggan. He tried to commit suicide;
and upon his return to Mangai was at once given a responsible
task to perform (catching Sirapi's pig), and thereby returned
to a full place in society.

2) At the malanggan in Panapai I saw a young
woman with her child, aged about two years, who were both
outstanding in appearance. She was a pretty woman, but what
made her outstanding was her new bright red laplap (wrap
around skirt), her blouse made of a bright red material on
which there was a pattern in white and gold, and her bright
red hair. Her hair had been dyed with a red dye bought from
the Chinese. (New Irelanders focus considerable cosmetic
attention on their hair, and often dye it. Usually they use
either peroxide, which is medicinal; or black, or a reddish-
brown. I never saw a straight red dye on anyone again.) The
little child also had bright red hair, and a little dress of
the same material as the mother's blouse.

I thought perhaps the woman had some special role in
the malanggan, and I began asking about her. She seemed to
be no one in particular in relation to the malanggan. Finally,
in response to my questions, one man said to me: "Her ears
are closed, and she does not talk." She was, indeed, deaf
and dumb. (This incident stood out clearly in contrast to
a comparable situation which I later encountered in New
Hanover; described elsewhere.)

3) Men who are unmarried are often "rubbish
men" elsewhere in Melanesia. Lingai, Melisa, Keres are not
"rubbish men." I did not hear this expression in New Ireland.
c) **Outsiders.**

In most societies, people who come from outside, foreigners, are in a weak position. Throughout the account of the Kuluvos malanggan, and the description of the population of Mangai (some of whom are foreigners), it has been shown that foreigners are brought into the society. Laksia, Sungua, Pasingan, Ba, the mad Chimbu: all are given a place.

Because New Irelanders do not display their emotions, but instead control them, I was unsure for a long time about what their feelings were. I did not tell them much about what I thought about things, since they seemed especially sensitive to what Europeans thought; and I did not want to make them feel that they could not tell me their views if they were different from mine. The incident which I now describe indicated to me that perhaps I would learn more about them if I let them learn more about me.

I went to Kavieng for Christmas eve and Christmas day. There I met a young German boy who, with three companions, had just survived a crossing of the Indian Ocean in something less than an adequate vessel; and arrived in Kavieng the day before Christmas. His companions flew on to Rabaul, where they had family, leaving him in Kavieng with the vessel. He had many tales of woe, but a hearty spirit. While he was in New Ireland, he said, he would like to meet the native people. I told him he would be welcome if he decided to visit Mangai. He came the afternoon of December 29, and left the
next day. In less than twenty-four hours he made considerable progress in pidgin English, and charmed everyone with his willingness to "sit down" with the native people, eat the local food, and with his high interest in everything. He was thereafter referred to as the "little German master," and the whole German period in New Ireland took on a rosy glow. Stories of German masters of the old days were told, and Germans were remembered with warmth.

I was very glad that the people liked this young man so much, because they had expressed disapproval of my spending two days in Kavieng with Europeans. I was a little concerned that my having a European come to the village so soon after my return from Christmas with Europeans would not be looked on favorably. Fortunately, he was a great success.

After he left I told Sirapi (partly by way of apology, quite unnecessary from her point of view I think) that I had felt sorry for him. When he was born, he had no father (which is what the New Irelanders say of a child born to a woman who stops alone); and his mother was ashamed and gave him to her mother, his grandmother. When his grandmother died, his mother took him back; but she was then married to a man who did not want this young boy in his house. They fought. They all moved from Germany to America, where things were all right for only a short time. Then his mother told him that her husband had threatened to leave her if her son stayed in the house; so the son would have to leave. He went back to Germany, joined the Navy, and spent several years at
sea. He had decided to come to Australia, and found the opportunity to said this private vessel as far as New Ireland. He was to be well paid, but he now thought he would be cheated.

Sirapi listened to this tale as we walked home from Panakaia. "Oh sorry!" she said, but that did not surprise me. I already knew that Sirapi took a compassionate interest in everybody. Why did the boy's mother put him out? I told her that in our society a woman who has a child and who does not have a husband is ashamed. "She cannot be ashamed, she must look after him! Here, a mother looks after a child, just the same."

The next evening I was in Livitua with Milika. She was cooking for Mangai's New Year's Eve feast. Her mother, Malaibe, Lasuwot and I were there. I started to tell them about the German boy, and Milika said, "Did he go?" and went on interrupting me, as most people did if I started to tell a story (which is another reason why I did not often try; my stories did not work). But soon Milika and her mother had stopped working and they, along with Lasuwot, were listening intently. I said the boy had no papa, and mama was ashamed and ousted him. His pupu had looked after him until she died.

Milika and Lasuwot asked for more and more details. As other people came to join us the story was told and re-told.

"A mother cannot oust her child," Milika said. "If the new husband is not good to the child, she must oust the new husband." They all said; over and over: "It is a big
thing, an important thing: a mother must look after her child, she cannot put out her child."

They kept asking me, hoping they had misunderstood: "And now he has gone back to his place?" I said no, he cannot go back to his place.

Lasuwot and Milika, independently, each said right away: he must get a job in Kavieng, we will look after him. I said: "Here if a mother dies, another mother can look after the child." And Milika said: "If this master were the child of my sister, me, I would be able to look after him."

Lasuwot said, "If his skin were the same as my skin, I think I would look after him now." I was surprised to see that Milika (usually a bit less protective than most New Ireland women) was genuinely touched, and kept saying "sorry," out of nowhere, for the next ten minutes. But she, and I, had to quit showing any emotional interest in the subject when we realized that Lasuwot was deeply upset. He said: "I cannot think of anything else. I do not like to hear this talk. Tonight I will not sleep." We had all been sitting inside the cook house, and then Lasuwot went outside. Milika went on working for a while, and we tried to talk of other things. Then we went outside to sit with Lasuwot. "I cannot be a little happy now," he said, "I still think of this master." Earlier Milika had said something like "You cannot worry," and given a slight laugh, partly of embarrassment over Lasuwot's visible concern. So when we went outside to sit, I said to him: "You cannot worry too much, I will look after him a little now."
I had intended to try to find out if there is any shame for the mother of an illegitimate child in New Ireland, but I never got to that part of the question. What was amply clear is that a mother's first duty is to her child.

Milika asked what happened to children in America if their parents die; and I told her that the government or the missions gave money for houses for these children. She asked why the government had not given money to this master, and I said perhaps he was ashamed to ask; telling her that people are ashamed sometimes to ask. She said that in New Ireland, too, people were ashamed to ask. But, she added, if he came back now, they would give him (without his asking) some ground, and then he could start a plantation and soon he would be rich like other masters. (I took that opportunity to mention that not all planters are rich, but there was no response. No one could believe that.)

Lasuwot started to talk about God and Satan, then just shook his head, and said again, "Sorry." Then he said something about God helping the boy.

Just before Lasuwot went outside he said "I feel like crying now," and indeed he seemed close to tears; which is what prompted Milika to try to lighten the atmosphere a bit. She said: "I think this mama, she is just like a pig." I said: "But a pig looks after her children." Milika said: "Yes, she is like a turtle, she lays her eggs and then goes off." Lasuwot said: "She is like a crocodile." YYes," Milika said," she lays eggs, and then the babies come out,
and they must find their own food. The mother does not help them."

On February 5, five weeks later, Lasuwot said to me that he had not forgotten about this master whose mama had ousted him; and that if his skin were the same color (as Lasuwot's) he could go to Sydney (where, as I told him, the boy had gone) and bring back this master and look after him.

III. Disputes

A group may separate if the strong split off at the top, or if the weak go to the bottom; or if factions within the group fall to disputing with each other. Disputes were not easy to see in New Ireland. People hid them, or said they were over, or claimed that they were not really cross. It was a shameful thing to be cross, for most people.

However, if there was a conflict that people decided they wanted to have settled, it was made public. It was then settled publically, and the matter was closed.

One of the major pieces of evidence that I have that quarrels are few or avoided or kept secret is the difficulty I had gaining any information about disputes. When I did obtain evidence about disputes, it nearly always involved someone reared elsewhere. Elizabeth of Finchafen, for instance, who was married to Piskaut of Livitua, gave me some data on marital disputes by nearly amputating the foot of a girl whom she suspected of having an affair with her husband. New Irelanders thought it was shocking that she had fought with a knife. I wanted to know whether or not Piskaut and the girl were indeed having an affair, but my New Ireland informants
did not seem interested in that aspect of the situation. Most said they did not know; Milika said that there was no affair.

But Milika herself was from Lesu and, as her husband Kasino said, "not like Mangai women." She was much more talkative, and she talked much more about her feelings than did other New Ireland women. She did not like to "just sit around with the women and stare into space," and she was the only woman in Mangai who wove mats and baskets while I was there. (The women had learned these skills in the early 1900's from Fijian and Samoan missionaries. The Government Welfare department was trying, with little success, to stimulate interest in production of handcrafted items with a view to future markets. Milika was the only woman in Mangai who was interested in these projects. She asked me to get her a sewing machine.)

Furthermore, Milika was the only woman in Mangai who casually expressed annoyance about other people to me. She was the only woman in Mangai who found men generally a nuisance, and her husband, Kas, in particular, intolerable sometimes. She left him and went to Livitua, partly on the grounds that she was helping to prepare for the Tokanaka malanggan, in September, 1966; and they remained separated (although continually involved in plans for reconciliation) until March, 1967.

Her complaint about Kasino was that he drank too much, which took all his time and money; and that he went to
camp to drink, where he also found women for himself. Taia, whose husband, Pambali, was away at jail, was the woman Milika most often mentioned to me as Kasino’s "friend." Milika herself had had a "friend," Ito (the teacher in Livitua; see Kuluvos genealogy chart, p. 3), for two months before she left Kas; but she thought he did not know about Ito, and as far as I ever found out, he did not. She considered her affair completely irrelevant to her problems with Kas.

Sirapi and her Tivingur friends did not come to help Milika with her preparations for the Tokanaka malanggan. They worked in Pepa’s house; but they did stop to say a few words to Milika in her house one day. I asked Milika why they did not help her, and she said it was because they were ashamed. She said they were not cross, only embarrassed.

Sirapi did say one day that if Makalo wanted to go out at night, he went; and she did not scold him. "If a man wants to go out, he can go out!" Otherwise, she made no criticism of Milika. Kasino was drinking too much, and Sirapi and everyone else knew it. He came drunk to church New Year’s Eve, and Sirapi said "ach" under her breath and put her face in her hands. But there was no talk. The interest of the people of Mangai and Livitua in this separation was focused on the two becoming quickly reconciled. People wanted to hear news of a reconciliation, and one day Sirapi came into my house and announced "Milika and Kas, the two stopped together last night. The quarrel is finished!" But they had not stopped together, and it was not finished.
During the five months of separation, other women cooked for Kasino. Milika left her son Makalo with Kas at first, because Makalo was in school in Mangai; and Milika herself went to the house and prepared food, which she left for the two of them, while she herself went back to Livitua. Makalo went to Livitua to live, however, even before school was out, and he walked back and forth to school every day.

Milika thought that children should not be made a part of their parents' quarrels; and New Irelanders generally felt that quarrels should involve as few people as possible. Milika was very annoyed when Kas said something about their quarrel in front of Makalo; and that was one reason why she told Makalo to come to Livitua to live.

After that Sirapi took food to Kas, and Sambuan took food to Kas. As the separation went on and on, Sambuan sent her oldest daughter, Mongot, to Kasino's house every day, and she and some of the other girls her age (twelve) did domestic chores, cooked the evening meal, and ate with Kasino. Occasionally the other Tivingur women took him something, and he received all the help he needed during this period. At one time Kas and Milika talked of divorce, through her mokotok, Lasuwot; but the quarrel was not brought to any authority outside the family.

A much more serious quarrel, also involving marriage, did eventually go to the "court" of the local government councillor, Pitalai.

The Local Government Council in northern New Ireland (called Tikana, using the first syllables of the names of the
three language groups represented in the Council: Tikak, Kara, Nalik) was instituted in 1957. It replace the old luluai system in New Ireland, as it is gradually replacing the old luluai system throughout the Territory. Under the luluai system, there was one luluai in each village, appointed by the government. Often he was not a local leader, but sometimes he was; and he seems not to have been fully scorned in New Ireland as he sometimes was elsewhere. (Sirapi's father was luluai of Mangai for years, and he was followed by Lamo. They were respected, it is said. But Lepilis was luluai of Medina, and people laughed slightly when they told me that.)

Under the Local Government Council system, people elect their own representative, one for every three villages, to the Council. (In 1965-7 it met in the new brick Council house, of which Lepilis was caretaker, in Mangai.) In addition, each village also elects its own "committeeman," who in Mangai functioned as "chairman" of the Monday morning meetings of the whole village. This is still called "line." In the old days the government patrol officers of the luluais required people to come "on line," or to "make line," every Monday morning to hear instructions, or to provide census information, and to conduct business of interest to the German, and then to the Australian, Administration. On "line" nowadays, all matters of village concern are discussed: parents should send a shilling to school with their child this week; the Mission tax collection day will be in September; all women should gather
leaves for the *malanggan* next Friday; and the string band will play in the Civic auditorium in town Saturday night.

In the old days, the *luluai* had broad and vague powers. He settled some disputes without waiting for the help and authority of the patrol officer. The committeemen and the Councillor are expected, by the people and by the Administration, to also settle disputes; but they have not got the power to do so, as the *luluai* had. The *luluai* could collect fines and send people to jail. The Councillor can mediate an exchange of money between two disputants, a mode of settling disputes which is traditional (it is said) in New Ireland; but he cannot collect any money himself. He has no judicial power; but people look to him for judicial function.

Problems of jurisdiction, of function and of power are common to all systems. New Irelanders think that their system is more confused than most, and evidence for them lies in the fact that they may have to wait four months before a patrol officer comes to settle a quarrel that has been referred to him. By the time he comes, they say, the quarrel has grown big.

For all its lack of clarity, the system works very well in New Ireland. New Irelanders know the concept of legitimately constituted authority in their traditional system, and they accept it without question in the offices of committeeman and Councillor. *Mangai, Livitua* and *Lauen* first elected Kasino as their councillor; then *Eron*. Then *Kas* again, then *Eron* again. Then *Kas*. And, in 1966, *Pitalai*, of *Lauen*. 
Pitalai played his role in settling quarrels in Mangai on two occasions. The first one involved the marriage of Karake, the son of Kiu (who was in the army in Port Moresby), and Kavalison, the youngest daughter of Kanda (who was also in Port Moresby, in the hospital with jaw cancer). Kanda had children by two women: Tapi, his eldest son, was born to his first marriage; and Bungaloo (married to Warau, Lungantire hamlet) and Kavalison, his youngest daughter, were born to his second marriage. (Pape, mentioned at Kuluvos, is the son of Kanda's third wife by her first marriage.)

One day while Sirapi and Ngadu (the old Mokangkai lady now living in Livitua, formerly married into Purapot-Lameden) and I were coming back from the gardens, Sirapi explained to me what they were talking about. Kiu is cross that her young son, Karake, is already married completely and finally to the sister of Bungaloo (Kavalison). Kiu is cross with Ngadu (Kiu's classificatory mother, but not one whom she counts as close) because Kiu thought that Ngadu "sang out" to Karake, invited him to come and get Kavalison. "But she did not (ask him)," Sirapi said, in Ngadu's presence, defending her. "The two were married because they both wanted it." Karake went to sleep in Kaelis (where Kavalison, Bungaloo and others live); and that completed the marriage. Tomorrow, there will be court.

I ask what the court will be about. Finally Sirapi said that it would just be a court for all the women, to talk. I asked if the committee would be there, and she said yes.
Sirapi also said that some women had said that this girl took money from men.

The next day (Friday, December 23, 1966) Sirapi went to put lime on the headache of Nawo (the youngest daughter of Kiu), saying she would be back right away. But she was gone half an hour. When she came back she said she took a long time with the headache remedy because while she was there she heard some more about the quarrel. They are all still cross. Karake came back from Kavieng today where he and Kavalison had gone after yesterday's quarrel and he wanted to slap his mother's face. But Sirapi stopped the quarrel, she said. How? I asked. She told them to stop, to wait until tomorrow, and then talk to the committeeman.

DB: "He wanted to slap his mother's face. Why? Because Kiu said bad things about his wife?"

Sirapi: "Yes. She cannot put out (of her house) his wife."

DB: "Kiu wanted to put her out?"

Sirapi: "Yes."

DB: "Why is Kiu cross?"

Sirapi: "Yes! Why? I don't know."

DB: "Who is asking for the court?"

Sirapi: "Okas called for the Council."

DB: "Is he related to the wife of Karake?"

Sirapi: "Yes, mokotok."

DB: "And do they want to bring Kiu to court for talking badly?"

Sirapi: "I think perhaps. Tomorrow we will know, at the court."
Later Sirapi told me that Kavalison was put out of Lamakot Catholic school because she had a man. Someone found out about it in a book she wrote and kept under her pillow. It was discovered and taken to Sister Clematsia, who put her out.

Tuesday, December 27, Sirapi told me (in response to my question) that there had still been no court about Karake.

The next day (Wednesday, December 28) I was talking to Tom Ritako, about many things. (His father, Ba, had sent Tom to school in Manus; and he was much more expressive verbally, as was his father, than are New Irelanders. He was very much aware of this difference between the cultures himself; and found it somewhat difficult to conform to New Ireland standards.) Tom mentioned that Karake had been to see Kanda in the hospital in Port Moresby before they all came home to Mangai for Christmas.

DB: "I heard he got married."

TR: "Yes, he's having a little trouble there. He's away, and some women started the talk that she saw other men and took money. So when Karake brought her (Kavalison) down to Panakaia, Kiu 'blew them up.'"

DB: "Are they married 'finish'?”

TR: "Yes. Well no, more engaged. That means, well, yes, the same (thing that it means) for you. They've paid some money."

DB: "But not enough?"

TR: "Yes. Also they have exchanged foods. In Port Moresby they pay ridiculously high prices. Just the man's side. But
here you don't lose anything, you just exchange—money and foodstuffs." (This exchange was carried out here in Mangai for Tom and Ruby, while they were married in church in Port Moresby.)

The court over this issue was finally held over a month later, Tuesday, January 31. Mama, the young man who is Livitua's committeeman, came to Mangai to hear the court. The people who had been involved in the original accusations against Kavalison were present, and so was Kiu. Kavalison was not there, and Karake had gone back to Port Moresby.

The husband of Malu (Kambakaso) had asked the committeeman to come to straighten this quarrel. (Malu is Kiu's sister. Kiu initiated the court.)

Kiu's version of the story was this: Baulung and Elizabeth told Kiu that "all the women" said that when Karake goes away, another man will come and get this girl (Kavalison). I asked who "all the women" were, and Kiu said "Marian" (METEROA).

Kiu said that she is not longer cross. She wants to straighten it all out, that is all she wants to do. She wants them to be married now, because her son talked strong to her. Her son said that he was going to marry her, and that if Kiu wanted her to come, she (Kavalison) could come to see her. If Kiu does not want her to come, she will not come. "All right," Kiu said (to me), "I no longer can put her out." (Thus Kiu is willing to accept defeat rather than create a lasting breach.)
Previously, she had sent the husband of Malu to get back the marriage payment that had already been made; but now Kiu no longer wants it back.

I did not attend the court for Kiu (because there was another one about land at the same time), but I saw her immediately afterward and asked her what had happened. She said it was all settled now, and the quarrel was over. (This always seemed to be the point of major interest to New Irelanders: that the quarrel was over.) I asked what was decided, and Kiu said that it was decided that Kavalison would come back to Panakaia and live with Kiu. And what about Marian? I asked. She said she was just joking (pidgin: tok pilei), Kiu said.

Later Leiwai (Panakaia) told Sambuan and me that Sesil (of Livitua; see Kuluvos genealogy chart, p. 6) had talked in front of Marian; who then told Elizabeth, who then told Kiu. Leiwai said that George (Marian’s son) was angry with his mother for talking. Kiu was cross with Marian because when Marian talked the marriage payment had already been made; and, since the two were already married, it was not good to talk badly of her. Leiwai laughed and shook her head slightly when she told this.

The next day I overheard Sirapi telling Sambuan that Ellen (the wife of George) had said to Sirapi, after the court, "When will some good talk come up? Everyone talks badly!" The whole quarrel came up as a result of "all women talking around and about." Marian and Sesil (a young man)
had just been teasing and joking. Sirapi said that Kavalison would go back to Kiu's now, that she had heard the outcome of the court. But at present she is ashamed, and stays with her mother in Kaelis.

Kiu accepted her son's decision about his marriage, and accepted her son's wife into her house, thereby accepting her proper functioning as mother-in-law. In the process of settling her own doubts, she cleared the name of the girl, publically; for the time being. In April, while Karake was still in Port Moresby, Kavalison spent the night with her brother, Tapi, and she did not get away before the sun came up. They declared themselves married by a patrol officer. (This case is discussed at length in the section on marriage.)

Bungaloo beat up her sister, Kavalison; and then Tapi threatened to take Bungaloo (his half-sister) to court for it. Other members of the family came and were cross. Tapi's previous wife, Verinais, fought with Kavalison. Lasuwot and Tapi had cross words. Otherwise, there were no expressions of anger over this incestuous marriage. In the old days, some said, the girl might have been killed. In 1965-7, however, in this case (as in others) the maintenance of the whole group in a condition of peace was given top priority. Once I started to say something about it, about a month after it happened. I was sitting with other women in Sirapi's house. Sirapi rushed over and took my arm and said "Mama here," nodding to a lady sitting near me. The lady, who was the mother of Kavalison, talked on in an angry tone for several
minutes. (Perhaps she was motivated partly to put me at ease over my mistake.) She said the whole affair was shameful. She especially found Tapi's behavior shameful, as he was the father of children.

One further incident in connection with this marriage of Tapi's again underscores the high value placed on avoiding and preventing angry confrontations. In August, 1967, I visited Taores and Ewodia (Kavaliako hamlet, Mangai; see also Kuluvos genealogy chart, p. 3), who were then living on Ungakum island, her home. In our conversation we discussed the different "fashions" of New Ireland on the one hand, and of the Tigak and New Hanover island people on the other. (Taores, of Livitua, was reluctant to say anything derogatory, at first; but Ewodia, a local girl, was vigorously critical of her own people. Taores was finally willing to participate in a mild manner.) One of the points Taores made was that the New Hanover people carry on quarrels in public. This is not the New Ireland fashion. When I later told him about Tapi and Kavalison, he told this incident, and said it illustrated the New Ireland fashion of "not bringing out" a conflict.

When I told Taores about Tapi, he said: "True?! And what of all the children?" (illustrating, again, the major focus of interest in New Ireland in regard to this case.) Then he told me that he and Tulebung (the son of Emi, Kuluvos genealogy chart, p. 1) accidentally came upon Tapi and his previous wife, Verinais, sleeping together in a house. Verinais was married to another man at that time. The two
young men decided, "Maski (nevermind), it's their business, the two of them." Taores and Tulebung said nothing to the families of the two. Then someone closer in relationship to her, her mother or her father, found them, and then it came out. Verinais then finished with her previous husband, who was away in Port Moresby. "And so now Tapi marries his sister!" Taores smiled and shook his head a little.

Another dispute that was superficially about property again illustrates the same thing: peaceful social relationships take precedence over all other aims.

I first heard of this quarrel on Sunday, December 12, 1966. Sirapi told me that the women have been discussing a quarrel between Rusrus (Lungantire) and Kumbut (Matanasoi) over a pig. Kumbat thought a small pig of hers had come back, and fed it behind her house. Then Friday Mora (the son of Kumbut) his Rusrus, slapped her face, when Rusrus said it was her pig.

The next day, Monday, after line, there was a court over the quarrels that came up over the pigs of Kumbut and Rusrus.

The background was this (according to Rusrus, who told me this just following the public hearing). She had been cross with Kumbut and Wulwul (Kumbut's youngest daughter, married to Tangai; who stood in for Mavis at the Kuluvos malanggan) over a pig. That was about two weeks ago. Rusrus' pig had come back from the bush "pulling" the pig of Kumbut and Wulwul. That is, the pig of Kumbut had followed the pig of Rusrus.
Rusrus had thought it best to feed Kumbut's pig along with her own, so that it would not run away again. The pig of Kumbut had run away when work was being done (to add a new section) on Konda's house (House 17, Matanasoi, where Mora now lives).

During the course of the argument, Rusrus said to Kumbut: "You do not belong here, you belong at Lossuk. Your papa is from here, that's all; and both my mama and my papa belong here."

Kumbut and Wulwul told Mora about this when he came home Friday (from Kaveing, where he had been working to help unload a ship). Mora confronted Rusrus (his immediate neighbor) at the door of her house. Rusrus had said to him that the quarrel was between her and Kumbut and Wulwul, and not with him. "The quarrel is not yours, it belongs to us three." She repeated what she had said, and told Mora that he, too, did not belong here. (Note: my own study indicates that by the standards prevailing in Mangai, Rusrus is correct on that point.) Mora then made a fist and hit her on the breast. She grabbed his waist, and then Sungua (Rusrus' Sepik husband) came and hit Mora, while Rusrus held him by the neck. (She gestured, and gritted her teeth, to dramatize the telling of the story. Sungua was present, smiling. He had a bandage on his face, near his eye.)

During the recital of the story, Rusrus could laugh a little. But it had been in earnest. Kare (her dead father's true brother, Maio hamlet) had stopped her from going to the "office;" that is, from taking it to European authorities.
Rusrus' assertions that Kumbut and Wulwul and Mora did not really "belong" in Mangai drew Israel into the quarrel. Israel is the representative in Mangai of the Demarcation Committee, part of a system newly instituted by the Administration, empowered to register land claims in Port Moresby. Israel said he could not stop the quarrel, because his job was merely to register undisputed claims; not to decide disputed ones.

That was the background for Israel's announcement, on line Monday (December 12), that he would like someone to replace him as the Demarcation Committee representative in Mangai.

Israel: "All right, it is time to straighten all this out now. You can talk. If there is something I have done wrong, you can talk. If my work is not straight, you replace me. I have plenty of work for all my mokotoks and my son. Replace me."

Sambuan (his sister) started to say something, and Israel said "Takamus!" ("Finish!" in local dialect. He had been speaking in pidgin. I noticed often, in Mangai and elsewhere, that people spoke pidgin when they were cross. One man said that it was because then not everyone understood, and all were not cross. Everyone seemed to understand pidgin well, however, and it seems much more likely that speaking pidgin maintained a kind of social distance among angry participants.) Israel went to his house, returning in a few minutes with a cigarette.
Then Mora stood up. He had never spoken on line before (during the period of my observation). "I just want you to show me—that is not much to ask. Where is my father's land?" Rusrus moved up closer when Mora began to talk.

Luverida, Lovan, Seri, Matunga, and others were present. Suddenly Pitalai rode in through the entrance to camp on his bicycle, clutching his little basket under his arm. Matunga, who is Mangai's committeeman but who had protested that he could not settle this quarrel, then shouted out: "The quarrel is finished!" He thereby displayed his confidence that a higher level of legitimately constituted authority could do the job. (N.b. Matunga did not call out "Justice will be done;" but rather pointed to the conclusion of primary significance: the quarrel will end.)

Right behind Pitalai came Tangai, whose wife, Wulwul, was sitting on the ground with their child. Kumbut came into camp from across the road. Pitalai, having parked his bike, strode across the middle of the open area in camp.

After ten minutes of private conferences, Rusrus told her story. She told her story of feeding the pig, and then Tangai told his story of owning the pig. He made an elaborate argument, telling of the spots on the pig's sides, the marks on him, where he had seen the pig three weeks ago, all with a view to proving that the pig was really his.

When he was done, Pitalai spoke as follows: "Thank you. You talk about whose pig it is. I think I will kill the pig, and you two will still be talking about whose pig it is. It would be better if this pig dies, rather than
create a quarrel."

Tangai: "I am telling the truth, before you and before God. All right, I have enough pigs, I do not worry about this one. Let him go to the bush, he will be everyone’s pig (a wild pig)."

Kumbut started to talk, and Lovan stopped her, with two words (in pidgin): "Finish talk!" Then Lovan said: "Tangai has said the pig belongs to all now. Don’t waste any more time with this rubbish talk."

Pitalai: "All right. The pig belongs to all now."

But then Kumbut and Wulwul and Rusrus all talked again, each in turn. When they had all had their say again, Pitalai turned to the men, who had gone to sit on the steps of the Cooperative store: Lovan, Mora, and others. Pitalai asked them what more there was to discuss now. Mora came forward and began thus: "Excuse me," and then went on to again state his problem: he would like to know which is his father’s land and which is Rusrus’ land. The quarrel about the pig had developed into a quarrel about boundaries between their houses (which are next door to each other). Mora added: "Not Eron (he doesn’t want to know). Me, just me, I want to know: I live on this ground for what reason. What is the basis of it" (the ass of it: pidgin).

Eron then spoke for the first time, replying to his much younger brother: "Do you speak to make our life good here for all, or are you just angry? The basis (pidgin: ass) of this quarrel sits in your belly, and it is not straightened well yet."
Thus Eron made a point similar to that made by Pitalai: what matters is whether or not people are getting along well with each other, and not what happens to the pig, or to the boundary.

There followed a long discussion about the complicated ownership of Matanasoi: "Mokamuna sits down, Tivingur sits down, Mokatitin sits down," Kare said. Seri was there, and at one point claimed a part of Matanasoi that he, alone, holds.

Iuverida then said that the entrance to the camp, the beach, and so on (which might or might not be considered part of Matanasoi) cannot belong just to some. They must belong to all. No one can be put off these places.

Francis had also come from Livitua and listened for half an hour before he put in his views: "Talk is wind, that can break a tree." He said that Iuverida's idea was a good idea, but it was not enough. The councillor must straighten everything. "True, talk is wind; but we have to cut a new tree for a new house after a house breaks with the wind. You do not sit down without basis. It is hard work to build. Talk is like wind: if it goes away, it is nothing, of no consequence. If it stops in your belly (mind), it destroys. You must talk: does it belong to Rusrus? If not, it is something for the councillor to decide. I call out to this big woman (he points to Rusrus) and to this big man (he points to Tangai): you must straighten out this matter. Good talk came from Iuverida: but it must come later."
Lovan then made a long speech in pidgin, starting with the complexities of Matanasoi, then going on to the general and total problem of land ownership in New Ireland today. He, like all others who discussed this question in New Ireland, concluded that they had to "straighten everything," cease their vague habits of "stopping around and about," and settle down properly. He mentioned some coconuts that Tangai had planted in Mangai, as an example of the kind of problem that has to be settled. (Tangai is from Paruai.)

Pitalai then said that he knew there was "plenty of wind" in Mangai, that the ground does not belong truly to the men, that they are all just following their wives. (In New Ireland as in all matrilineal societies there is conflict between the traditional mode of emphasis on ownership through women, and the European emphasis, ownership through men.)

Eron talked again: "All right, who knows. This house of Konda's (where Mora lives), does it stop too much this way?" (He indicated the direction toward the house of Rusrus.) "I would like to straighten the boundary."

Tangai then said: "Me, I alone, I have made trouble for you all with my pig. You do not have anyone to make trouble for you here--me, just me. If a person talks to 'kill his belly' (to get it out of his system), by and by everyone is talking. All right, this pig, it is free. All the coconut trees, five pounds."

Francis: "We do not know. All those who can look with knowledge on this boundary, speak: Ismael, Matunga, Sirapi."

Pitalai called Ismael, and Ismael got up to talk. He
at first indicated that he would not talk. Then he said that it is good, all good talk, all is out, and there is not time to talk more. Matunga spoke, repeating what others had said, and Francis half-laughed to himself. Kare, Kamale, Lovan wandered off.

"Come!" Francis called out. There was a small hedge of cortons in camp and Seri, Kare, Rusrus, and Eron go to examine it. They were joined by Pitalai. Someone else came along: it was Taito. I expressed surprise to Sirapi, with whom I was sitting, that Taito had come. Yes, she said, Taito had come to tell the story of all his ancestors who hung themselves on this piece of ground (thereby making their descendents, including Taito, kiut to this ground.)

Taito, Eron and Rusrus gestured to places in various directions, both the men pointing to the doorway of Konda's house. Then Eron moved six feet over toward Rusrus' house, near the banana tree that Konda planted in 1965.

Then Taito paced over to Temerikai's house. The court started about 9 a.m. and it was then 11 a.m. Tangai shouted out, "Who is telling the truth here?" Pitalai and Israel began to put in sticks, Pitalai's being far over toward the church.

Francis said to Sirapi, "In Livitua, a man can sit down in camp, no one can put him out. (N.b. this is what Ba believed to be the case in Mangai camp when he put his house here. See Palapung hamlet.) The major participants in the court pursued quiet conversations for some time. At 1:45 p.m. I
approached Pitalai and Francis and asked them where they had decided to put the sticks. (All had been taken from the ground.) "No," Pitalaia said, "there will be no boundary. Everyone will share." (It will be recalled that that was what Luverida had suggested nearly three hours earlier, and Francis had replied that that was a good idea; but that it was not the time for it, as matters had yet to be straightened. With matters "straightened," the time for this idea had apparently come.) I said: "Oh, just like Livitua." And Francis said: "Yes, it belongs to everybody."

Kumbut came out of her house with a handful of coins. She went over to Rusrus, put it in her hand. They shook hands, one long firm shake, as is their fashion. I asked Pitalai: "Did you charge Kumbut?"
Pitalai: "Yes. No. Our fashion with regard to quarrels is this: the two must exchange money." I asked how much.
Pitalai: "Five shillings. Kumbut to Rusrus, and Rusrus to Kumbut. They shake hands. Now afterward the two cannot be cross." (Here is another instance of the institutionalization of expression of emotions in New Ireland. A "ritual" handshake helps the individual to guide his emotions toward the peace of the group.)

It was not until 2 p.m. that Mora emerged from his house. He went over to Rusrus, and each fumbled to get five shillings into the hand of the other at the same time, while shaking hands as well.

Then Pitalai called out that Eron will give to Seri, to
"straighten his belly." Seri will return another five shillings to Eron. Seri had put his mark near Eron's house, which meant that Mora's house was partly on Seri's land. Eron then moved the mark back in the other direction. The exchange of money will end their cross feelings.

I then saw Seri give money to Rusrus. Then he came over to say something to Pitalai. When Pitalai stood alone, I went over to him and complimented him on his handling of the quarrel. "This is really a big quarrel," he said.

Israel came forward to speak: "I belong to Demarcation, I am not able to straighten trouble that comes up here. I have no power. (Kare, Eron, Ismael were sitting at Eron's house, listening.) Pitalai called out: "You belong to Demarcation, and you are to register land ownership. You are just 'humbugging' (making excuses) about this not having any power."

Luverida then said to Israel, but loud enough for all to hear: "Everyone pays no attention to you (when Israel asks them to come and register their land with him). You just write it in the book the way you want to write it. All that is not registered must come back into the 'unused lands' category." (Pidgin: ol grawn ol i slip nating.) Israel: "They all think, what kind of a man am I (that I bother them about this)? But I am worried about getting the names late to Port Moresby."

Pitalai: "I don't worry about two names." (He is making fun of Israel for being too thorough.)
Israel: "I belong to Mangai. Councillor (Pitalai) is not on the Demarcation Committee. I am! There is a law. If you do not obey the law, that is not good. I am ashamed. The councillor has power over me. Being a missionary is not enough! I am ashamed, and now I do not want to do this work."

Israel was shouting and angry. Sion came over, smiling, to give me a pineapple, and Eron, smiling, invited me to sit down. (Everyone was being extra polite to me, to show that they really are nice people even though they are having this shameful quarrel.)

Everyone ignored Israel's request to be let out of his work. Pitalai thanked everyone for participating, mentioned "the tamboo of me and Eron (Tangai)," and thanked him for coming. Pitalai was smiling. Eron was not smiling. He got up and he said: "The committeeman is not always nearby. I think a man who is nearby must try to stop these things in a hurry, so they will not become really big." (He is advocating that all quarrels be treated as the concern of the nearest man who is able to try to stop them.)

Pitalai started toward his bicycle. I said: "You are going now?" No, he said, he had to go see some woman about a pig that has eaten many chickens. "All day Monday with government work in Mangai!"

There was a little more private talk. I went to sit with Sungua, outside the house of Rusrus, and Rusrus finally came and explained it all, as she saw it (and as it is given at the beginning of this account).
The important points about this conflict and the settlement of the conflict are these: the issues were considered secondary to the primary goal, which was to end the quarrel. Both issues, pig and ground, were resolved in favor of the public: the public got the pig, the public got the ground. And at several points in the quarrel, it was said that any member of the public should have stopped the quarrel; and Israel, especially, should have stopped it. (Israel's statement of the limitations of his power is correct from the point of view of the Administration.) The ritual act marking the end of the cross was an exchange: like all New Ireland exchanges, each side gave equally.

MODE AND MEDIUM OF INTEGRATION

I have given evidence to support the view that integration in New Ireland society is egalitarian. Tendencies toward separation of the group, either vertically into classes, or horizontally into factions, are dominated by counter-tendencies which maintain the group as a whole.

At the level of individuals, and at the level of groups, the primary medium in which this integration is expressed and created is food. The primary mode of behavior expressing and creating integration is giving.

Other media are betel nuts, smokes, money, mias, and clothes. These are very important, too; but they are derivative in their importance. Food is the vital medium, and the other media replace food as media of interaction between people who have become adults.
Other modes of interaction are important: helping, and doing things together.

Food is given to children, visitors, spouses, to people of all categories, informally. In addition, there are many formal feasts and food exchanges outside the malanggan. (E.g. Kungawot gave a pig to her husband's family, and invited them to a "feast to close mouths," to formally recognize and appreciate the food contribution Kugawot and her children obtain from her husband and his family.) Smokes and betel nuts are media of sexual liason, and should not therefore be taken from the hand of a sibling of opposite sex.

"Help" is a concept used in a characteristic way by New Irelanders: Sion "helps" Pasingan with tax money; the Bank "helps" Lingiris with interest; the Australian Administration "helps" the people. "Help" is a sub-category of giving, and emphasizes that giving is part of a more complex relationship. Help may come in the media of work, money, material goods, or whatever is needed. Sirapi was pleased when she found an old man who knew a story that "helped the work" of the anthropologist.

Tasks that could be accomplished by solitary labor are accomplished by people working together in New Ireland.

It is possibly efficient for groups of a dozen people to go together to process sago, and for fifty to work together to finish a new roof in one day. The functions of these work groups can be recounted. But no list of functions or adaptive values is long enough to explain the New Ireland preference for working in groups, or for giving food to
strangers. Here I am not seeking causes; I am merely pointing up the modes of behavior common in New Ireland, and the sym- bollic use of common media. In New Hanover, the media are the same as those used in New Ireland, but the modes are different.

The New Ireland interest in maintaining large groups in peace is manifest in the style of body movement characteristic of New Irelanders in New Ireland. In daily activities, New Irelanders tend to be slow and careful, with people and with things. Food parcels and bundles are carefully made, neatly sewn, symmetrically tied. There is a place for everything; new benches and racks are built to hold the vast quantities of food that comes to *malanggang*, and the food is neatly lined up on the racks. There are places for people, too, and people are organized into them. There are mats, and when people sitting on a mat see someone coming down the road, they shift themselves together so that when the new person arrives a place on the mat has long since been made available. (During the account of the Kuluvos *malanggan*, I mentioned Eruel's patting the bench to indicate that there was a place there for me; and I mentioned the women in Kuluvos seating me on a mat. This type of communication, organizing people in relation to things and each other, is continual in New Ireland.) Bungaloo stepped over food I was preparing at Kuluvos, and women laughed: she was out of place, feigning clumsiness.
A study of New Ireland kinesics\(^1\) gives further evidence of the group-orientation that characterizes the culture. Patterns of body movement that are not explicitly recognized as forms of communication by the culture are powerful modes of integration between people who share them.

New Ireland culture seeks outsiders, however, who may not share these inexplicit modes of communication. **Malanggan** is the formal counterpart of the informal acts of inclusiveness, help, and giving that characterize New Ireland culture. Malanggan is a formal, explicit form of integration, with formal, explicit acts that are easily learned and performed. As detailed in the account of the Kuluvos **malanggan**, children and outsiders can and do participate in the **malanggan** mode of giving.

**INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF EXPRESSION**

New Ireland culture provides many more "known paths" than do some other cultures. This phenomenon may be given varying interpretations, depending on the viewpoint taken by the interpreter. It may be said that the culture is "rich in content," or that it is "restrictive." Much of the content is ritual, so it may be said that the culture is "ritualistic."

Much that is informal in other cultures is formalized, ritualized, institutionalized in New Ireland. (If all cultures

\( ^1 \)Kinesics is the study of human body movement. That body movements and gestures are learned forms of communication, patterned differently in different cultures, has long been known to students of the arts, especially to students of acting. For systematic study of this aspect of communication, and for bringing it to the attention of social science, anthropology has mainly to thank Ray L. Birdwhistell, whose essays have recently been collected in a book, **KINESICS AND CONTEXT** (1970).
known to history were considered, I think New Ireland would be judged only moderately institutionalized. In Melanesia, it is among the most institutionalized."

When I use the term "institutionalized" to describe New Ireland culture, I am referring to a series of characteristics, to all of which I have previously made reference. I wish to summarize and order them now.

New Ireland culture provides explicit occasions and circumstances within which emotions are expressed. Emotions tend to be expressed within these cultural channels, rather than spontaneously.\(^1\) Individuals within the culture tend to be reserved, rather than open; quiet rather than talkative. Interest is focused on action, rather than on the nuances of individual feelings or statements about feelings or actions. Individual fulfillment is found in following known (and cherished) forms, renewing endlessly familiar patterns.

Conversely, there is indifference toward the new and unknown, an absence of exploratory behavior. The "new" is seen as basically "just the same" as the old, and there is no interest in analysis that would point up differences. In some cases there is more than just "no interest;" there is positive avoidance of analysis. The myths of sameness, equality, unity can sometimes

\(^1\) It could be predicted on the basis of some theories that where emotions are channeled into institutionalized circumstances for their expression, spontaneous expression would be low in incidence. I have been building this interpretation inductively, however; and with regard to this particular point, I observed that emotions were expressed in institutionalized contexts, and I observed that there is little spontaneous expression of emotion. Here I am only describing the pattern, without exploring or explicitly supporting the theoretical implications of correlations.
best be preserved by an absence of scrutiny. The element of newness comes into New Ireland culture from outsiders and from children, who come easily inside the society and culture, new people revitalizing, and revitalized by, old forms. (This mode of revitalization will be contrasted with that of New Hanover, where new forms are sought for purposes of revitalization of a static population.)

As stated above, these points have been illustrated throughout the description here of New Ireland culture. When I say that New Ireland culture provides explicit occasions and circumstances within which emotions are expressed, I am referring to these points: the institutionalized wailing at funerals, the institutionalized patterns of behavior in relation to kin statuses, the provision of a whole series of ritual markers along the way to the final malanggan, "a time to be happy." Leadership and power relationships are institutionalized in the status of memai. When people are cross, the memai has an institutionalized signal, understood by all, at his disposal whereby he can bring the quarrel to a hasty conclusion: he runs with the fufus leaves.

When I say, in summary, that New Irelanders tend to be reserved I am referring to a series of incidents I observed, some of which have been reported here. That New Irelanders manifest restraint and control of emotional response is a conclusion based on examination of evidence, and is not an
impression easily gained.¹ The fact that it is difficult to gain any impression of personality becomes, in the final analysis, part of the evidence for the description of New Irelanders as restrained and controlled.

Reserve in non-institutionalized situations was described in the report or reactions to the suicide attempt of Warakau. The mother of the drowned child Mare was, at her funeral, subdued in her expression of grief. Strong expressions of pleasure are equally uncommon amongst New Irelanders; and I reported the difficulty that people had in trying to make a party on the last night of the malanggan at Kuluvos. At that party there were slightly scornful comments about those who were "sparking;" and most of those that were said to be "sparking" had not lost control sufficiently for me to be able to see what New Irelanders saw.

Reserve and restraint are supported by the provision within the culture of institutionalized channels for the expression of emotion. Spontaneous impulses are given expression in formal ways known to all; and they are thus clear, understandable, and controlled. They are controlled to serve the public interest, the group-orientation that dominates New

¹Mr. Peterson and I agreed throughout our period of research in 1965 that we had no "general impression" of the New Ireland people. We knew what they did, but not why they did it. In our preliminary report (1967), we emphasized political functions of malanggan as an important aspect of the raison d'etre of the institution. Subsequent work altered my interpretation, and in this thesis I view the basic purpose of malanggan as ritual. I make this point here in order to stress that the view of personality presented results from a detailed examination of evidence, and not from a merely personal and transitory response to people.
Ireland culture.

It is important to distinguish between the concept of suppression of the individual and the concept of control. Individual emotional responses are not prohibited, but they are provided channels. Avoidance of excessive emotional response that might be damaging to the group as a whole is achieved by this channeling.

Personal reserve helps to maintain the functioning of these channels; just as the functioning of these channels helps to maintain personal reserve. But individuals are different, and these institutionalized channels are insufficient to provide for all the expressions that all individuals make. There was an instance of uncontrolled verbal anger at the Kuluvos malanggan, when some of the women joined the men in the dispute over whether or not Livitua should bring a malanggan. Melisa used the institutionalized technique, the waving of fufue, to signal the end of the quarrel; but he waited until the shouting had begun to fade away before he stepped in to arbitrate.

Eruel's devience, his individuality, his expressiveness are used by the culture: he is the local rain maker and carver. Francis is more assertive than most in a culture that admires reserve: but his assertiveness in bringing a malanggan to Kuluvos was tolerated and used. Sirapi, who was disappointed that Livitua was bringing its own malanggan; and Lovan, who was annoyed, were among the first to "help" Livitua in its undertaking.

There are sanctions against loss of control when
physical violence is involved. The court case of Rusrus and Mora illustrates these sanctions. But there are sanctions which encourage self-expression. The ideology is explicit: if a person feels strongly about something, he must "outim bel;" that is, he must let his thoughts be known. Melisa said that all went well at Kuluvos except for "that one piece of hidden talk." (Perhaps in the old days sorcery was feared from those who were angry but did not say so. There was "poison," and there is no loss of belief in the efficacy of the "poison" that does not require a material base. I sat in at one meeting about poison, where Francis was asked if he had left poison at Lokorovar's house, and Francis said no. People thought it deplorable that some men still used poison, something that belonged to the dark days of the past.)

Sirapi, when she told me that the shouting women and Francis were not cross, but just "big-mouthing," indicated that she recognized the difference between the expression of anger in order to diminish feelings of anger (which psycho-analysts would call "catharsis"), and the expression of anger with a view to taking action on it. A loss of control involving action does not elicit expressions of tolerance; but a loss of control of feelings and expression that is merely verbal does elicit expressions of tolerance, and even of encouragement.

Control is achieved through channeling emotional expression along "known paths;" through tolerance of expression when it remains merely verbal, merely "big-mouthing;" through the use of slightly deviant actions for the benefit of the whole
control. Observation over a short period of time might lead one to conclude that there is a lack of intensity of depth of feeling in New Ireland; but observations over time and in many contexts indicates rather depth of feeling and a ready sensitivity. Internal controls are moderate, and the external controls of institutionalization and avoidance of stimuli support the manifestation of reserve that is valued.

Evidence that people are experiencing emotions is occasionally gained when someone loses control. Warakau, for instance, ate poison. I saw few manifestations of sorrow in the form of emotional expression. Malanggan in all its elaborations is built around the desire to end lingering grief for the dead, and yet few cry "spontaneously" at the grave. That is partly because those most grieved often do not come to the grave. When they did, they wept. The father of Masapal sat with the coffin before the funeral, and sat near the grave during the ceremony; all the time weeping and dabbing his face with a towel. But Masapal's mother went in and out of her house, where she was cooking, expressionless; she did not go near the casket or the grave.

Stimuli to anger are explicitly avoided. When people started to become angry during the Kuluvos malanggan, other people began to leave. Had they stayed, they, too, might have become cross.

The willingness of New Irelanders to restrain their expressions, to adapt themselves to the group, to follow the known path is consistent with the absence of exploratory
behavior amongst them. They do not manifest curiosity; and, conversely, they manifest contentment in long periods of little external stimulus.

On the last night of the Kuluvos malanggan, for instance, I noted that people did not leave the most familiar even for the only slightly less familiar. Finally the Livitua women came over and sat with the women from Mangai whom they had known all their lives. Some of the younger women, for instance Milika, made clear to me that they felt embarrassed and shy about going into the "party."

I have also noted that, at Kuluvos, there were children who sat idly, without playing, for an hour. I referred to Semagi's baby who, still not two years old, had become afraid of me, when earlier he had been interested.

The ability of the children to sit, with their parents or with each other, doing nothing visible, was characteristic in New Ireland. They were not interested in anything that I tried to show them or give them. Books, beads, boxes, papers, magazines, balls: all were held carefully (as their parents hold things) and briefly and then carefully put down. In May, 1967, after I had spent two months in New Hanover, I was back in New Ireland for the Kuluvos malanggan. One afternoon Piemot, Sambuan's youngest daughter (eight years old), came to my house. She said she was alone at her house. She had not gone with her mother because she had a sore foot. In all the months I had lived in Mangai she and no other child (except the ill-fated and precocious Teresia, whose visit is
described elsewhere) had ever come to visit me alone. She had come nearly every evening with her mother, and about three mornings a week to bring me something to eat; but never on her own initiative.

She said she had been soaking her foot in hot water at her house; so I heated water for her. I tried to get her to adjust the temperature of the water herself. She knew my house well, and she got water from my rainbarrel every day; and yet she asked me how to perform every step of the operation. Should she get water? Should she put it in the basin? Should she sit down? Should she put her foot in the basin? The questions were separated by long pauses. Alone, without her mother and her "group," the whole experience was so new to her that she had to ask what was right, how to sit, where to sit.

I gave her a box of colored pencils, a sharpener, and paper. (She had made drawings at my house before, and she had made them at school.) First she sharpened all the pencils; then she brought me the sharpener and asked where she should put it. She went back and sat down. Then she asked me if she should make a house; then if she should color the roof; then I said Good! Then she asked what else she should put on the paper, and I said she could put other things if she wanted to put them. Flower? Yes, if she wanted to. When she finished, she asked if she should close the drawing pad, then where to put it, then where to put the pencils, then where to put the other books I had given her. And then she sat down,
all closed up again. She was not afraid of me or my house, she was not more interested in other children, she was not distracted by her mother or obeying orders that I had not heard about: she simply preferred to sit, unstimulated, content, without playing.

In general, neither adults nor children show any interest in the new. (I have mentioned Eruel as an exception in many ways, and this was one of them. He showed some interest in looking through Jean Guiart's *Arts of the South Pacific* once, and he asked me questions.) People like to see the old patterns renewed and fulfilled. Their conversations are descriptions, without analysis, of who gave what to whom, and when was it, and where. All these interactions have emotional import, and they need no further analysis.

Change, the new, comes into New Ireland culture when new people come, to fulfill old patterns. As has been illustrated, outsiders and children are welcomed into the society and shown how to participate, to help, to belong. Outsiders may come in by following patterns that are explicit, formal, visible, and easy to learn: even the mad Chimbu and three-year-old Steven could each give his shilling at the Kuluvos *malanggan*. Pride in exclusiveness characterized very few situations in New Ireland. As a principle, it was completely dominated by the principle of pride in inclusiveness. Many instances have been cited to illustrate this characteristic of New Ireland culture.

Institutionalization of expression in New Ireland makes it easy for outsiders to come in, and makes it easy for large
groups of people to continue to function together. The
institutions are not empty forms, but known paths to personal,
emotional, social, economic, and political relationships.
That is why malanggan are flourishing forty years after they
were doomed to"certain and early extinction"(see page 194).

Malanggan is an elaborate and explicit ritual, but
many acts of daily life in New Ireland have ritualistic
elements: they are outward and visible signs of personal
transactions, and their function and their purpose ("purpose"
because New Irelanders know what they are doing and why)
are not what they seem, superficially to be.

In New Ireland, people "structure time,"¹ as they
structure their emotional expressions, with endless "ritual"
acts: sweeping, preparing food, helping someone else to
sweep, giving and receiving; giving food to someone else and
eating what someone else returns; helping with a house,
helping with a fence, feeding someone else's pig. In the
evening, sitting together on the mat, the daily tales recount
who gave whom a betel nut, a banana, half a smoke, a passing
word. Some of these acts accomplish ends basic to survival:
specifically, the production of food. But New Irelanders

¹Eric Berne, in GAMES PEOPLE PLAY, suggests that
people structure time by playing games. According to Berne,
babies need stroking for health; and as babies become adults,
social transactions are substituted for physical stroking.
Transactions become structured into Games, but the ultimate
aim of transactions is to transcend the game and achieve
genuine intimacy. There is evidence that friendly or hostile
transactions are equally effective in promoting health. The
adult equivalent of stroking, the transaction, is provided
by "any act implying recognition of another's presence." (p.
Berne does not discuss the cultural structuring of transactions.
live far above the level of mere survival, and their culture serves far more complex functions. Among these is the fulfillment of the capacities of individuals within the group. New Irelanders admire and appreciate their culture. Many of them have been away to work, and they are glad to come home to the protective, generous qualities of their culture.

Most educated New Irelanders who had lived in Port Moresby and elsewhere in the Territory came home for Christmas holidays; and they expressed admiration for New Ireland culture in relation to what they had seen elsewhere. I met two "alienated" young men, who believed what Europeans had told them. One (who talked privately with me) believed that malanggans were "stupid," because they were a "waste" of time and resources. Another made a speech in public at a funeral, in which he said that it was wrong to bring materialistic and business activities to funerals, where only expressions of "love" were appropriate. He believed that love was intangible and had nothing to do with pigs; an idea often expressed by the missions. These young men were "outsiders" who did not share the feelings of their fellows who were not alienated from their rituals.

The New Irelanders who live in the village, the ones about whom I have written, seem to have no curiosity about the rest of the world, and generally seem able to sit for hours without showing signs of restlessness or discontent. They appear to be doing nothing; and outsiders, whether Europeans or native Territorians from elsewhere, or New
Irishers who have been raised elsewhere in Mission schools; or men like Tom Ritako who spent many of his early years in Manus and his later years in the company of Europeans, all find New Ireland culture astonishingly boring at first. Outsiders are astonished that New Irishers are content for long periods of time to do nothing.

But they are not doing nothing. They are deeply involved, emotionally, with each other and they are being together. The account of the Kuluvos malanggan includes mention of some of the emotional events that underlie the apparent calm: relinquishing mourning, a child's death, an attempted suicide, men struggling for position. Even though the women were tired and had slept very little, they stayed up all night to sing and dance and watch.

New Irishers structure time (to use Berne's terminology) with acts of giving and receiving that appear to be trivial, that appear to be at most "games." But they are social transactions that many times achieve the genuine intimacy that ends the "game." These strong interpersonal relationships are the foundation of the institution of malanggan; and while malanggan activities will surely include new elements in the future (as they have in the past, gradually substituting Australian currency for mias, cement for malanggan carvings), the basic forms have strong foundations. The new generation can be expected to maintain and recreate the old patterns.
CHAPTER VI

THE ARTS

Students of cultures that have held great places in the history of the world have regularly related the art of a period of history to the culture of that time. Anthropologists have not often undertaken this task, in some cases because the art and the culture that produced it are already past history when the anthropologist makes his study.

A more important reason for neglecting to study the arts (the very aspects of culture to which we refer when we speak of the "culture" of civilized peoples) is that social science methods do not yield credible results in this area. There is a prevailing assumption that the arts of any people are epiphenomena about which a brief description can be given somewhere in a dependent position within a monograph. Malinowski's treatment of art as a response to an "integrative imperative" is generous compared to the treatment accorded art by most anthropologists who came after him, especially those following the British tradition in anthropology.

The German tradition has concentrated on the historian's interest in motifs and the distribution of motifs; and on the Western, but especially German, search for iconographic meaning. Students following this tradition, which was also the American ethnographic tradition (following Boas) ask natives what the motifs of their art "mean." If
no native informant is willing to produce a narrative to "explain" by myth the "meaning" of the motif, the are is said to have "lost its meaning."

Contemporary analysts of art styles describe them primarily in terms of structure: that is, the relationships between lines and shapes, balance, rhythm, the tone and texture and dimensions of work of art. Just as anthropologists in the English-speaking world have turned away from an interest in following single elements or "traits" as they move from one society to another; so art students have turned away from following single motifs over time and space. Both have turned their interest to a study of interrelationships among elements within a structured context. Radcliffe-Brown and Malinowski in England, and Benedict and Mead in the United States, were among the first to turn the interest of anthropologists to the study of a culture or a society as a whole, relating elements within the culture or society to each other and to the whole.

In art, an analysis of structure means a description, first of all, of what the art looks like; or, in music, how it sounds. I will here present a structural analysis of the arts of New Ireland: songs, dances, and the plastic arts.

The Dance

New Irelanders dance in groups. In the groups, all individuals make the same movements with hands and feet, and follow the same course over the ground. There are no solos, but someone "goes first" when the group moves over the ground.
Body movements are restrained, careful, neat, graceful, and detailed. By "restrained," I mean that the movements of the arms and legs are small and close to the body. By "careful," I mean that they are controlled, and by "neat" I mean that the control carries through to all parts of the body. By "graceful," I refer to the small, slow, non-assertive character of the movements. And by "detailed," I mean that attention is given to slight movements, and to the movements of "details" of the body, e.g. the toes and wrists and fingers. Movements follow straight lines or regular curves: they do not "flow" in complex curves.

Most dances are by either men or by women, but some include both, doing the same things. The women lift first one foot and then the other, setting them down toe first. (Milika did not want to dance at Livitua, because she said she could not point her toes the way the other women did.) They hold their arms bent at the elbow, and then occasionally straight from the shoulder. Usually they hold a leaf or two in each hand, or sometimes just in one hand, and they slightly rotate their wrists (and the leaves) in time to the music. They dance in rows.

The men's dances are similar in form and style. Their movements are larger and stronger, but still delicate. Tantanua, the dance in which men wear the high crested masks for which New Ireland art is famous, is the dance that New Irelanders regard as most characteristically their own. It is theirs, traditionally; and all other dances that I saw performed had come from somewhere else within memory of the
living. In Tantanua, each man comes into the dance area alone, then all dance together and go out together. They do not all perform the same movements at the same time during the dance, but in turns. They wear skirts of lacy green ferns (costumes unique to this dance) which reflect the slight and graceful movements of the dance. The men use their wrists as women do, but in Tantanua the movement is slight and rapid: the hands holding leaves appear to "tremble."

**Singing**

New Irelanders in large numbers enjoy the art of singing. There are only a few carvers, and the very old and the very young do not dance; but everyone sings.

As in the dance, there is someone who "goes first," who leads a song. Songs have several parts, each part being composed of a simple melody repeated over and over again. Sometimes the leader sings a line and the whole group responds.

The songs that people offered to sing for my tape recorder were (except for those sung by the school children) traditional songs that are sung to accompany the dance. A few had been composed by Eruel or Kanda during the war, and were descriptive narratives of events that occurred during that time: for instance, a plane flew around overhead, then swooped down, then shot a man, then the man fell down, then the plane flew away.

Most of the songs sung were traditional and I could not get translations. Sometimes this was because the songs were in languages foreign to the area. For instance, one
dance that was performed several times during my period of observation was called "Solomon," and it had been learned by men working in the Solomon islands. The accompanying song had words that people did not understand in New Ireland.

Sometimes it was not clear to me why people did not translate the songs. My requests were met with silence, even after it had been established that the songs were in the language of Mangai. Only the teacher, Alice (Panakaia-Paneval) said, once, that she thought that the language of the song was an old language of Mangai which the people no longer understood. She told me this with some embarrassment, in English; and she did not seem willing to ask them, so I did not ask. I think many people did not know what the language of the song was, by name, time, or place.

The Plastic Arts

The discussion here of plastic arts will be limited to the production of malanggans. The analysis applies to both wood carvings and to the coiled, target-shaped vavaras made of rope.

Malanggan art is predominantly two-dimensional. The vavaras are round and flat and the backs are not finished; and they are, thus, two-dimensional in conception and intent. But even the three-dimensional wood carvings manifest a predominant interest in two-dimensional design: that is, the interest is in surface decoration and detail rather than in sculptured, full, three-dimensional forms. When sculptured forms are present, these forms, like the surface designs, tend
to be geometric, rather than naturalistic. By "geometric," I mean that straight lines or simple, regular curves, curves that can be described in simple terms mathematically predominate. By "naturalistic," I mean that straight lines are absent, and lines follow complex curves that cannot be described in simple terms mathematically.

The objects that I saw in use on graves were derivatives of all the types recorded by previous students in northern New Ireland (Lewis, fig. 46): frieze, doll, statue, mask, and the spiraled vavara (Lewis: wowara). The friezes that I saw and that are known in the published literature depict human figures, fish, and birds. The same motifs recur as center parts for the vavaras. The masks are of the human face. (I have seen on in a museum that depicts a boar,) I saw one small frieze on which a flying fox was carved in relief.

Malanggans are displayed in small "display case" houses, closed at the back and sides and top, but open at the front. Those I saw were decorated with plant materials: leaves that were cut, fitted, and sewn together to make borders; and the delicate, lacy roots of plants. Clean sand from the beach was spread in front of the display house. Betel nut was placed evenly in the sand, or as part of the decorative backing on the display house. Fine tufts of white chicken feathers were sometimes added to the display case, and to the malanggan itself.

Malanggan art typically is known for the fineness of its effect, produced by openwork carving, and also by painted
surface designs. Large areas of color are not left unbroken, but carved and painted with designs, often composed of sets of thin parallel lines. Designs are often repeated on a surface: for instance, a stylized leaf shape containing parallel lines is often repeated over the face of the carving.¹

¹Paul Wingert is the only student of primitive art who writes detailed structural analyses. Here is his view of New Ireland art: "This art is unique among Melanesian styles. It is a deceptive combination of the pierced, sculptural style of the Massim area and the two-dimensional, symbolic art of the Papuan area . . . . Elaboration, fantasy, and all other spectacular qualities were the desired goals in this dynamic style of artistic expression. It (a pictured statue surrounded by slim poles which Wingert refers to as a 'cage' effect) was created within an exceptionally strong, three-dimensional tradition which utilizes the spaces within and around carved forms. These forms are also completely pierced or open, so that the sculptural mode of expression is closely combined with the pierced or aerial mode. In addition, all of the carved forms on a Malagan object are painted in small, symbolic designs which tend to visually dissolve the structural character of the work. As a consequence, a very close examination of these forms is required to distinguish the solid or composite character of their elements. The basis of all of these Malagan designs is to be found in natural forms, both human and animal. But these are interpreted and assembled in a fantastic, often bizarre, nonnaturalistic manner which completely reorganizes the original shape. The resultant pierced, three-dimensional design elements are arranged compositionally along a vertical axis in an interwoven, interlocked fashion so as to combine in a dynamic and imaginatively spectacular manner.

"Important characteristics of Malagan style are the solid, sculptural renderings of the body structures to which, in their dynamic poses, these fabulous heads are so often attached; the framing of these shapes by a series of subsidiary horizontal and vertical forms which create an open, cagelike construction around the figures; and finally, the all-important painting of all surfaces, whether parts of the framework or sculptural elements, with a series of small-scale, symbolic designs, often composed of fine-line definition. These elements must be present in toto, as their blending is essential for the artistic expressiveness of this art tradition, and the recognition of their importance is requisite to any comprehension of these works. Perhaps the most significant single feature of this type of Malagan art is the visual import of the painted surface designs; these lead to an optical fragmentation of dissolving of the structural character of
It is as difficult to get "translations" of malanggan carvings as it is to get translations of songs. The generic terms, malanggan and vavara, are known to all, but often even the specific name of the vavara or malanggan (e.g. Luta, Kolepmur, and other names that are used in New Ireland as personal names) is known only to the carver and a few others who worked closely with him. The carvings clearly depicted men and fish and birds, but what men, what fish, and what birds, and why? Was there a story connected to this malanggan?

As reported elsewhere, I asked Patavani if her malanggan, when she came out of seclusion, had a meaning; and she said she thought it had, but she did not know what it was. She was one of the very few who understood my question. At Kuluvos, Lingiris said that the malanggan that Paruai village brought to Livitua depicted the two dead big men, Makalo and William; but since the malanggan was one that only a year earlier Beong had brought to Mavis of Paruai, the meaning that Lingiris gave for it was read in for contemporary purposes.

both the physical forms and the functional nature of the surrounding open cage structure. In many ways, then, this is an illusionistic art . . ." (Wingert, 1962, pp. 234-5).

Within this analysis Wingert uses some of the same terms that I have used to describe the art, while giving a much fuller statement of its visual impact. He does not project his emotional response onto the art, but describes it in structural terms; which, among other things, allows us to see correlations between his description of the art, and my description of the social structure. For instance, Wingert speaks of the surface painting on malanggans "dissolving" the sculptured form; just as the "cross-cutting ties" amongst New Irelanders "dissolve" kin and locality groups. I do think that these facets of culture are related, but a great deal of research directed toward personality structure in New Ireland must be done before these correlations can be viewed as other than suggestive of cultural style.
Lingiris had heard my questioning many times, and I think he would not otherwise have thought up an appropriate meaning for the Paruai malanggan.

As to whether or not the malanggan had anything to do with religion, the spirits, the old gods, there was accord: they did not and they do not. When I asked the question there was hesitation which I thought might be due to reluctance to be honest. The Catholic mission, believing the malanggan to be images of false gods, had tabooed their use in Catholic villages. (The Methodist Mission had followed the same policy earlier, but had abandoned it.) Eventually I realized that the hesitation was due to the informant's being puzzled by the question. Only Lasuwoot agreed with my statement that perhaps a long time ago malanggan had something to do with spirits, but he said that he did not know of it.

Eruel responded to my questions about a particular mamatua mask (Munerau, the mamatua bearing the name of his mother which had been used for his House Kupa) by saying that the face was painted like the face of a warrior: black. The stylized leaves described what I saw still in 1965-7: the designs put on the faces of participants in processions which brought a malanggan, or bamboo. The designs were palm prints which, on the face, were said to look like leaves (which they did, because the wrinkle lines of the hand looked like the veins of leaves). The carvings were descriptions of things people had seen, and were not symbols of anything else.
According to Eruel, the carvings are "pictures of man," not symbols of the gods or of God or of anything else. (Pidgin: piksa, picture; as opposed to mak, mark or sign or symbol of something.) The local term, maru, is perhaps better translated "image" than picture. Eruel defined the term in this way: when you look in the mirror, you see your maru. In the Bible, Eruel continued, they write that man is the maru (image) of God. But malanggan is not the maru of God; it is the maru of man, that is all.

Eruel picked up a TIME magazine in my house and pointed to the portrait of a man on the front of it. "This is a maru," he said, a maru of man, just as a malanggan is a maru of man. He then said, with some annoyznace: if the mission does not like the maru of man, why is it here (on the magazine) and everywhere (in the European world).

Lasuwot, Eruel, Lingiris, the women, all agreed that malanggan is just decoration: bilas tasol (pidgin), decoration, that's all. Patavani said: nowadays they just use cement, and it does not look nice. Milika said: "Religion is not in all these things. They are just decoration. Religion stops in the 'belly' of you and me."

Further evidence that malanggan art is decorative, rather than symbollic, lies in the non-malanggan objects associated with malanggangs. The cement monumen'ts, whether in the shape of a cross or in some other geometric shape, have designs painted on them that are geometric and non-symbollic. Often they are starts with four points, each point divided down the middle, and the sections painted in contrasting
colors. The school children liked to draw these designs when I gave them paper and pencils or coloring implements of some kind. Further, malanggans are always put in clearly decorative settings. Most convincing was the array of grave markers I saw at a Panapai malanggan gatjeromg" tjree vavaras, one mamatua mask, two doll figures, one polished Volkswagon hubcap, a bowl of plastic fruit, and a fake Indonesian carving bought in town.

Interpretations

I have already given the native interpretation of malanggan objects; and I have noted that it is difficult to get native interpretations of songs.

My description of the dance is at the same time interpretive. I have used the same terms about the dance that I have used about the kinesic patterns of everyday life and work: careful, neat, restrained, detailed. (I have two judgements which support mine on this point; but they involve information on New Hanover, and are reported elsewhere.)

Furthermore, I have described both singing and dancing as a group activity, "egalitarian" in its inclusiveness and in the identical roles assigned to all participants (with the exception of the participant who "goes first.")

With regard to the malanggan objects, it would be interesting to explore the hypothesis, often advanced by students of art and psychology, that geometric art, two-dimensional art (especially when applied to sculpture, where it is hard to escape, not difficult to introduce) reflects
emotional control and restraint. I have discussed elsewhere the control and restraint of emotion in New Ireland, associated with the institutionalization of expression.

Any traditional art form is in itself a kind of institutionalization of expression; and in New Ireland some informants, at least, articulated this kind of "meaning" for malanggans, in relation to the occasions of their use. When Eruel explained the mamatua Luta that he took to Nonopai to mark the end of a widow's mourning, he said that the occasion was not a real malanggan. At a real, final malanggan, he said, you go, you see all the malanggans, and you want to laugh; it is a time to be happy. But the mamatua is not like that: when you look at it, it makes you want to cry (he told me with some disgust, forcing himself out a sense of duty as an informant, but embarrassed to be reduced to

1Arnold Hauser, whose special competence is in European art, makes the following statement: one that is typical of interpretations of art by art analysts: "The naturalistic style prevailed until the end of the Palaeolithic age, that is to say, during a period of many thousands of years; no change took place until the transition from the Old to the New Stone Age, and this was the first stylistic change in the whole history of art. It was not until then that the naturalistic attitude, open to the full range of experience, yielded to a narrowly geometric stylization, in which the artist tended rather to shut himself off from the wealth of empirical reality. Instead of representations true to nature, with loving and patient care devoted to the details of the object, from now on we find everywhere schematic and conventional signs, indicating rather than reproducing the object, like hieroglyphs. Instead of the concreteness of actual living experience, art now tries to hold fast the idea, the concept, the inner substance of things—to create symbols rather than likenesses of the object. The Neolithic drawings merely indicate the human figure by two or three simple geometric patterns, as for instance by a vertical straight line of the body and two semicircles ..." (Hauser, 1952, p. 30). I have described the incuriousness characteristic of New Irelanders.
discussing such subtleties): it is a time to be sorry. Ismael, who was present, agreed then, that a final malanggan differs from earlier feasts in the series, in that it is a time to be happy, to forget the dead: "You cannot go around being sad all the time." Thus are malanggans markers along known paths, helping to channel the flow of spontaneous emotions.

But whether or not the geometric, non-organic character of the art is in itself related to emotional restraint I leave as a suggestion. Attempts to relate art and culture in this way have reached no universal conclusions. However, I put this instance forward as a correlation between a kind of art and a kind of culture that has been noted before (e.g. for the Pueblo Indians, especially as interpreted by Benedict, 1934), and one which merits systematic attention.¹

Lokorovar and Lovan gave me an excellent interpretation of the arts of New Ireland, the only such interpretation made explicit. They were looking at the pictures of New Ireland art in Jean Guiart's ARTS OF THE SOUTH SEAS one night, near the end of my first two-month period of research in 1965. They recognized their own art and the art of the Sepik peoples, probably because Sepik laborers in New Ireland sometimes carve their traditional art forms. It was the first time I had shown the book to informants, and they had never seen their art pictured in a book before. I tried to tell

¹Barnouw has summarized this approach as anthropologists have used it (Barnouw, 1963).
them that their art was famous and highly regarded. I wanted to tell them what qualities were particularly admired in their work, but I was not expressing myself well in pidgin English and they did not understand. With little hope of evoking a response, or a valid response, to my highly structured statement, I drew three parallel lines neatly on a paper, small lines close together, and I said: Your art is like this. Then I said: Sepik art is like this; and I drew three lines rapidly and sketchily, big, letting them go off (out of control) in different directions. Both men laughed. Lovan said, "You understand, missus" (calling me by the pidgin term for all white women). Lokorovar said: "Yes, and the Sepiks sing and dance the same way." He then made a few rough and clumsy movements with his arms and legs, accompanying himself with a scratchy, unmelodious song. To him, Sepik expressions were crude, vulgar, uncontrolled. Lokorovar went on: "Suppose we in New Ireland sing and dance, we are like this." And he made characteristically controlled, graceful, detailed movements, accompanying himself with a soft rendition of a New Ireland melody. Then, while he was still moving, he said "easy, easy" (a pidgin term taken directly and without change in meaning in this usage from English).

I take this incident to indicate that these New Ireland informants saw in the arts of New Ireland the careful, detailed restraint ("easy, easy") that I have been describing.

**Style in Art and Culture: Further Interpretation**

Alan Lomax, whose special knowledge is musical, in collaboration with musicologist Victor Grauer and anthropologist
Conrad Arensberg, has recently (1968) published the first in a series of studies of the relationship between art and culture: *FOLK SONG STYLE AND CULTURE*. He began with his insights from his special interest in folk songs, and went on to an analysis of dance and kinesic style. Research is being carried out by the Cantometrics Project staff of fifteen, which includes linguists, musicologists, ethnologists, and statisticians. Lomax has not allowed the study to fall into the hands of the machines that it uses; and he explicitly recognizes that classifications depend finally on the impressions of human beings. However, those working on the project are trained so that consistency within the work of a single researcher, and between researchers, has been generally achieved.

The principle hypothesis and finding of this study is this: "that song style symbolizes and reinforces certain important aspects of social structure in all cultures. For the first time, predictable and universal relationships have been established between the expressive and communication processes, on the one hand, and social structure and culture pattern, on the other. A science of social aesthetics which looks at all social process in terms of stylistic continuity and change may now be envisaged" (p. vii).

That there is "Stylistic continuity" between the various aspects of a culture, including its arts, is an assumption regularly made by novelists, journalists, world travellers, and people in general. Lokoro var recognized it, and summed up New Ireland culture succinctly: "easy, easy." Social
science has resisted discussions of these hypotheses because of their imprecision (thought to be greater than the imprecision found in discussions of political, social, or economic systems); and because of the uses and abuses of power associated with stereotypes about ethnic groups, nations, classes, and other groups.

This second consideration is political. It is important, but need not detain us here. The first problem mentioned, that of imprecision, is one which the Cantometrics project has met and conquered. The findings of the study, while tentative, have already withstood tests of precision and validity that no one will ever have to apply to studies of cross-cutting ties or ecological niches. The major findings are these:

"We find that song styles shift consistently with:
1. Productive range
2. Political level
3. Level of stratification of class
4. Severity of sexual mores
5. Balance of dominance between male and female
6. Level of social cohesiveness" (p. 6).

Lomax identifies two "contrastive models" (p. 16) used by the Cantometric staff to rate song style:

"A. The highly individualized and group-dominating performance, in which a solo singer commands the communication space by presenting a pattern that is too complex for participation (in text, melody, rhythm, ornament, vocal
technique, or in all five of these ways); often he is accompanied by a supporting orchestra which further enforces silence.

"B. The highly cohesive, group-involving performance, in which all those present can join easily because of the relative simplicity and repetitiousness of the patterns—for example, a nonsense refrain, set to an unornamented one-phrase melody in a simple and regular meter.

"In their extreme form this pair of performance models looks like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model A</th>
<th>Model B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Individualized</td>
<td>Integrated, groupy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solo</td>
<td>Choral, multileveled, cohesive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Textually complex</td>
<td>Repetitious text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metrically complex</td>
<td>Metrically simple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melodically complex</td>
<td>Melodically simple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ornamented</td>
<td>No ornamentation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Usually noisy voice</td>
<td>Usually clear voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Precise enunciation</td>
<td>Slurred enunciation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"The manipulation of this pair of simple models brought considerable order into the world of song. Model A is the style of exclusive solo dominance and is found all along the highroads of civilization from the Far East all the way west into Europe, or wherever political authority is highly centralized. Model B is the integrated style and has its center among the acephalous and tightly integrated bands of African Pygmies and Bushmen, but turns up in one form or another among very simple people in many parts of the world.
Actually, all the singing styles of mankind can be described in terms of their positions on the grid defined by these maximal cases of individuation and integration" (p. 16).

All of the indicators given in these models affect the "semantic load" that the song carries. "On the one hand there are textually complex narratives like the Western European ballad, and on the other, the songs of primitive peoples, which frequently consist of repetitions of a few words or phrases and seldom contain a structure" (p. xiii).

With the findings of Lomax and his associates taken into account, a further interpretation of New Ireland songs can be made. I have already described the structure of the singing group; and its correspondence to the social structure and culture of New Ireland needs no further elaboration.

The fact that New Irelanders did not translate their songs for me can be interpreted now not as a sign of the decline of their culture, but as a positive characteristic of their culture: "groupy" people like New Irelanders do not sing about anything. The raison d'etre of their singing is their singing together. The songs in other languages might as well have been "nonsense syllables" or "slurred enunciation," characteristics Lomax finds among groupy people (Model B).

A further interpretation of the dance in New Ireland is possible, too, using the generalizations of Lomax's study: "Song and dance style . . . symbolize and summarize attitudes and ways of handling situations upon which there is the highest level of community consensus. This is why we have found that
the main posture used in dance is the body attitude that runs through a majority of everyday activities; this is why we have found high correlations between norms of song performance and patterns of social interaction" (p. 15). "The dance is composed of those gestures, postures, movements, and movement qualities most characteristic and most essential to the activity of everyday, and thus crucial to cultural continuity (p. 224). "... (S)ocietal continuity in these groupy cultures seems to depend on a high level of visible synchronous behavior. The level of coordination of the singing group, then, reflects and reinforces the level of synchrony essential for the continuance of the whole society and should be discoverable in the relatively higher level of groupy behavior in other aspects of social organization" (p. 174). "One thinks of Africans, Polynesians, and East Europeans as outstandingly gregarious, sociable folk who move through life in shoals" (p. 179). Lomax singles out the work group for special mention in regard to movement patterns: "Teamwork of any sort demands that idiosyncracies and personal conflicts be subordinated to the requisites of a common goal" (p. 171).

I have described the "social structure" of New Ireland dancing in such a way that it corresponds without further analysis to the social structure in general. The movement patterns in the dance correspond to those of everyday life. I mentioned the physical responsiveness of New Irelanders to other people in several instances throughout the account of the Kuluvos malanggan and again in the description of the
kinesics of "togetherness." The same careful, neat movements seen in the dance are seen in daily work: carefully, neatly tying up bundles of food (the simple act, complexly related to the rest of the culture, which Milika could not do properly, for which she drew mild laughter from others); carefully scraping taro and sweet potatoes; neatly, one by one, sewing together leaves for a roof, nearly everyone in the village working together as a team to finish the roof in a single day.

Lomax writes of the "explanatory force of style" as follows. "In the study of style one is not concerned with the particulars or the specific contents of cultural events, but asks instead how people sing, how they dance, how they relate to one another. . . . Observations derived from one platform of stylistic observation, such as dance style, can be used to draw forth significance at another platform of observation, namely song or culture style" (pp. 9-11). Given the concept of style, it is incumbent upon the researcher to look for patterns that are similar in all aspects of culture. Specifically, I can apply what I know of New Ireland songs to a field that Lomax does not discuss: the plastic arts.

Thus the fish, the birds, the lines, the lattice-work motifs that recur in malanggan art are merely the "nonsense syllables," the "slurred enunciations" of the plastic arts of a "groupy" people. They are symbols of the group if they are symbols of anything. More likely, the art is merely decorative, which is what informants maintain.
Phillip Lewis' thorough studies in the field, in museums around the world, and in the literature left him still unable to deal properly, he says, with iconography. He concludes that participation in the malanggan ceremonies is in any case the most important "meaning" of the malanggan carvings in New Ireland (p. 20).

Powdermaker, Lewis, and even Kramer are all careful to state that they did not find out about malanggan ceremonies and malanggan carvings: that they are not clearly religious (Powdermaker, 1933, pp. 134-5); that "unfortunately the accounts of the natives do not help much further in the explanation (of motifs)" (Kramer, 1925, p. 82); and that "from informants one got little beyond ... pre-iconographical description" (Lewis, 1969, p. 18). These are important positive findings of field work, not failures, or indications of cultural "decline."

In what sense does a work of art have a "meaning" if those who produce the art do not know what that "meaning" is? I am only repeating the arguments of functionalism, which have not yet fully lit the world of primitive art. Even some anthropologists believe in the mythological and religious aspect of all primitive art, against all evidence to the contrary: ¹

¹Leach cites views of primitive man as "a creature who confronts the outer world as helplessly and incoherently as a dumbfounded animal (Wor-ringer);" and, on the other hand, an idealized view that sees primitive man as a "practitioner of Art for Art's sake." Illustrating this latter view, he quotes Clive Bell: "In Primitive Art you will find no accurate representation; you will find only significant form. . . ." Leach then gives his own view as follows: "All that I can say about
Many commentators, of Western cultural origins, see "individuality" in New Ireland art. Phillip Lewis and I both found (as most students of primitive art have found) that New Irelanders themselves deny individuality in their own art work. Each claims that he is making exactly what has been made before, by himself or others.

An instance of this denial came about in my field work as a result of my commissioning Eruei to make a carving.

such opinions in a talk of this kind is that they are wrong. The primitive artist is in every way as rational and sensible a being as his European counterpart. The great bulk of primitive art is definitely representational rather than abstract. It is intended to be understood. And in the ordinary way it will be understood by the audience for whom it is designed. For the audience for which a primitive artist works is composed of members of his own community steeped in the same mythological traditions as himself and familiar with the same environment of material fact and ritual activity; the primitive artist can therefore afford to communicate in shorthand; symbols have the same basic significance and the same range of ambiguity for artist and audience alike.

"It is very different for the European critic who tries to understand primitive works of art. He knows nothing of the religious and mythological background of the objects he is examining. He is therefore forced to concentrate his attention upon form alone. It is this which leads to the kind of misapprehension which I have quoted" (Leach, 1954, pp. 31-2).

Leach makes his claims only for "the great bulk of primitive art," but he reveals in this terminology the kind of evolutionary orientation that he deplores in others. "Primitive art" is as vast and varied as any other class of art, and represents a great variety of historical traditions; much greater than that represented by European art. The assumption that primitive art is mythological at least, if not religious, is firm in anthropology; and I myself went to the field with it. Another example is less open to other possibilities than is Leach's statement: "All the animals (in a pictured New Ireland malanggan) represent mythological figures and events, details of which are, however, not known" (Buhler in Buhler, Barrow and Mountford, 1962, p. 129). If the details are not known to researchers or to natives, in what sense does the art represent mythological figures? Even this generalization is "not known" to the natives.
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I told him to make a carving that he would like to make, and that I would then buy it for the museum. He made a full figure with a great head of hair. The name of this carving, he said, was VAIA. Yes, he had carved it many times. Oh yes, it was always the same, always just like this. Yes he had made in many many many many many times, and it was always just like this. He thought for a minute or two and then said: "But before, only the head. Now Vaia has come out altogether." He gestured to the body of the figure, and smiled innocently.

It is essential to know the style of the culture in order to evaluate statements by informants. Eruel was the most "individualistic" New Irelander I met in many respects. He was the only one who found seclusion boring and ran away. He was the only carver who was considered "professional" in a group of about ten villages. He was the only rain magician. He was the only one who asked questions. He liked money too much. In many ways, he was different from the others. Yet he always said, except for this one instance with regard to Vaia, that whatever he carved he had carved many times before; and always "just the same." He still viewed himself as part of the group; not as an innovator.

Style is determined and overdetermined by the interactions of everyday life, which are derived from conditions of survival but also from conditions of history. Lomax writes that the defining and diagnostic traits of style are found where there is redundancy. The redundancy that I find in New Ireland may be summarized as restrained, careful, detailed, orderly behavior in groups of closely interacting people;
in daily work and daily activities as well as in the arts of song, dance, and malanggan.
PART THREE: NEW HANOVER
CHAPTER VII
RESIDENCE, RESOURCES AND RELATED SOCIAL GROUPINGS

In this chapter the hamlets of the village of Lavongai, New Hanover, are described in terms of the social groups related to them. The relationship of persons to basic resources is also described.

There are twelve matrilineal clans in New Hanover: Kol, Tien, Kanai, Silau, Yanga, Manilawa, Balus, Bengebenge, Sui, Kiukiui, Gila, and Uk. All but the last two (which are represented only at the west end of the island and on Tingwon island) are represented in the population of Lavongai. The major landowning clans in Lavongai are Kol, Tien, Silau, Yanga, Balus, Sui, and Kiukiui.

However, neither clans in toto nor their local segments own land as corporate groups. In theory, people (but especially men) should get their resources from their fathers. At the same time, it is said that if people stay on their father's land, there will be criticism; whereas there will be none if they stay on their mother's land. The land of a man's own clan is usually referred to as the land of "all the big men of my clan," rather than as the land of the mother. However, it is not explicitly said that women do not own land.

Land ownership principles are not clearly defined in New Hanover. There has been no population pressure to encourage interest in solidifying claims. The ways used to claim land
by the people of Lavongai village will be examined here first
hamlet by hamlet; and then in general terms.

RESIDENCE

As stated earlier, the concept of the "home hamlet"
does not hold the place of importance in New Hanover that it
has in New Ireland. Individual residents of hamlets often
are not third generation descendents of earlier residents of
that hamlet; and they often are the children of men who lived
in that hamlet. If that is the case, they are of a clan different
from that of the previous residents. While they sometimes say
wich conviction that a man should get his land from his father,
some said that it was necessary to transfer a pig and mias
in order to hold the father's land. On the other hand, one man
said that he could no longer use his father's land because
his father's clansmen had given him pig and mias in order to
take back the land. But no one ever said that pigs had to be
transferred in order to secure rights to the land of one's
mother.

On the kinship charts for New Hanover, the symbols used
are the same as those used on the New Ireland charts. However,
the hamlet identification should be read loosely. It merely
refers to where the person was born or raised, in some cases;
while in others it carries a time depth that nonetheless holds
less significance in New Hanover than it does in New Ireland,
both sentimentally and structurally.
15. △ = ○
and Mokansuirmis
16. Mokansuirmis Ngarot
17. (Demolished 1967)
△ = ○
 Tolimbe
18. △ = ○
Tisiwua Bekai
19. (Demolished 1967)
△ = ○
Thomas
20. △ = ○
Pungmat Litania
21. △ = ○
and P'skaat Mokan.
22. △ = ○
Silaigai
23. △ = ○
Kiniussitas Pakab
24. (Demolished 1967)
△ = ○
Tombat Mokan-
25. △ = ○
bengebenge-
mailik
26. △ = ○
and Kasindik Remi
27. △ = ○
through Silakan Ngurvarilam
31. ○
TUKIME RINGU

TUKISOVONG

BUSI

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

Meta Kailot

Kilimani
32. $\triangle = \bigcirc$
33. Aping, Ngur

34. $\triangle = \bigcirc$
   Tolimbe, Maquisaimaris

35. $\bigtriangledown = \bigcirc$
   Makansuimat pelak

36. $\triangle = \bigcirc$
37. Pakau, Makankiakiusolmat

38. (Wind broke, 1967)
   and
39. $\triangle = \bigcirc$
   Lokalas, Lain pelau

40. $\triangle$
   Temeteng
41. $\Delta = 0$
42. Nqarisnasf = Nemulus
43. $\Delta = 0$
44. Galai
45. $\Delta = 0$
44. Walukoil = Delilah
45.
46. $\triangle = \bigcirc$
   Polos  Kavingpalis

47. $\bigcirc$
   Boskera  Silvani

48. $\bigcirc$
   Topi  Makanbameswok

49. $\bigcirc$
   Bunkarai  Tarangok

50. $\bigcirc$
   Bonali  Mismirion

51. $\bigcirc$
   Toosepate maroa

52. $\bigcirc$
   Majinie  Roni'

53. $\bigcirc$
   Vaknunga  Taia

54. $\bigcirc$
   Vavapuru

55. $\bigcirc$
   Vakungapi  Talia

56. $\bigcirc$

---

PAWAPURUK

PALIK'ARUNG

PALMAT

Ufulu
57. \( \triangle = 0 \)

58. Kiukkumalinga Seelai

59. \( \triangle = 0 \)

60. Pakare

61. \( \triangle = 0 \)

62. Yangalik's copra drier

63. \( \triangle = 0 \)

64. and

65. Pamais Kavulik-cwanep

66. \( \triangle = 0 \)

67. Bangarei

Boasnala Meteor Kavinmai

Palferung
Diagram of clan origins
Prepared by Ungele and Beski Tom
KULIPUAS Hamlet

Makanbalustimui (Timui) is a sister of Silakau's mother, Elizabeth. They both had the same mother, but different fathers. She is one of Silakau's several "mamas," and they sometimes go to Tanga together to work. Timui's husband, Aine, has built a house there for her to cook and rest in while she is working in her big garden.

Timui and Aine were not demoralized by the cult, although they were for it. They have worked for years for the mission, and have the full trust and respect of Europeans, and of most native New Hanoverians. (Some are jealous and do not like Aine.) When the ship came to evacuate Father Stamm just before the Japanese arrived during World War II, Aine ran to find Timui so that they could be properly married by a priest. After the war, they went to Vunapope (the largest Catholic mission station in the Territory, where nearly two hundred Europeans live) in New Britain to help rebuild the school, hospital, and residences demolished during the war. Aine was "boss boy" for the plantation there; that is, he supervised all the work of the labor line attending to the huge coconut plantation that supports Vunapope.

About 1960, Aine decided he wanted to go home to New Hanover in order to start his own plantation for his own children. He was made "boss boy" of the plantation at Lavongai Catholic Mission. Timui works in the laundry, and helps with the sewing and other tasks. She and her husband are both active in the service work of the church.

Early in 1967 Aine and Timui lived in Kulipuas, Balus
land that Timui claims rights to occupy. With them were Timui's half-sister, Neputuk (also Balus), and their classificatory mother, Mersi. (Mersi is also Aine's sister.) These three women went together to Tang to work. Silakau also worked with them sometimes. Often Martin, Timui's oldest son, went along with Silakau and Ngurvarilam (one or both of them) to the bush.

In July, 1967, Aini and Timui moved into a brick house across the river from Kulipuas. The mission built the house for them as a reward for long service, on land that Timui claims. (Aini's claims, through all his classificatory mother's brothers, now dead, are in Ungat village. These lands were disputed in 1967.)

This couple is settled uxorimatrilocally. However, the controlling factor in their choice of settlement site was his work for the mission, not her claims. Another long time mission worker, Abo, who has no claims near Lavongai village, lives in a brick house built for him on mission ground, very near Aini's house.
Kuypers, P.2
KAIKOT Hamlet

I asked Joseph who owned Kaikot. Joseph returned a question: "Who have you written?" He knew I had spoken with his mother, and he wondered who else might have told me something.) I said I had written no one. Then Joseph said, "I think two 'birds' sit down: Sui and Balus." Sui is the clan of his mother; Balus is the clan of the dead Iguakesebut, whose widow and children occupy all the other houses in Kaikot.

This is another case of the "spillover." Limoni's claims are to Kuliwailai, where Joseph lives and where the government rest house has been built. Although no one said so, presumably the government rest house displaced Limoni and her son.

Limoni came from Luout, beyond the plantation next to Metakavil village. Marung of Tutuilla village bought her, and brought her to Kuliwailai, where Boserong and Joseph were born. They were still living there when Marung died, when Joseph was already grown.

Marung was from the bush where, according to Joseph, there is no place to plant coconuts and to get up money. "There is a place, but there is big bush, now what can I do?"

Joseph's old mother, Limone, knows the name of the several pieces of land on which she and her sons have gardens. Some derive from Temekinteng, a Sui (male) like Limone.

In addition, she got a piece of land that belongs to Kiuki, because Limone came up from (i.e. was fathered by)
a Kiukiu. She has both gardens and sago in Kiukiu ground, as well as coconuts that Joseph has planted.

She claims another piece of ground that belongs to Kiukiu, "but another man, Baking (of Saula) plants there now."

Trying to establish the extent of a person's authority over land, I asked: Can Baking sell the land he is working on if he wants to sell it?

Joseph: "There is already talk! (That is, there is already criticism of his using the land; and he certainly could not sell it.) "He only steals it, because he is Kol and he came up from Balus. He has nothing to do with the green bird!" (Kiukiu is associated with a green bird.)

Joseph went on to explain the whole situation. Vatlon, a Kiukiu (deceased), has a son, Borais, who stops in Australia now for school (see Panapurak, p. 3). He has other children as well. All these children of the green bird are cross. They just "talk nothing" at first, they have not taken Baking to court.

The mother of Borais, Telekau, is Kol, like Baking. She is labag (sister's child) to him. Baking claims that he is planting for Borais, not for himself or for his own children. But if that is the case, Borais must hold fast a pig; he should have done so when Vatlon died. Limoni and six other local Sui clansmen (including Polos, of Palmat hamlet) held fast a pig for Vatlon while he was alive, in order to hold this land securely. "Everyone is talking about it! Why does Baking not hold fast a pig!"

I asked Joseph about a piece of Sui ground on which he
had a garden: could he sell it to a European? Joseph said he could not do that.

DB: "If another Sui wants to put a garden there, can he?"
Joseph: "He can put it."

DB: "What if he is a Sui from Baungung village?"
Joseph: "He must ask me first." (Joseph smiled, and indicated that we were discussing matters of courtesy.)

DB: "Other Sui here in Lavongai, must they ask?"
Joseph: "Yes, Because Almai, Taia, Yetingal, Laking, Temaite, Makansuimara, Kavulikewunep, Makansuimatpelak—all right, if they want to come to me, we can sit down first and talk."

DB: "And if you say that the ground is full, will they be cross?"
Joseph: "They cannot be cross."

Then I asked about people who are "blood" (fathered by) Sui. Joseph had a hard time thinking of these names, but his mother supplied them readily: Lamtopong, Nemalus, Lewis, Nevitool, Piskaut. I asked: who comes first, Piskaut (son of a Kiuki father) or Almai (himself a Kiuki)?
Joseph: "Both can work."

DB: "But if only one can?"
Joseph: "Piskaut must, because it is his father's land."
(N.b. Piskaut's father was Sui, but Piskaut was raised in Meterankan village, and says he has no land in Lavongai.) "Almai cannot talk."

DB: "Piskaut cannot take it from you, though (i.e. this particular piece of land to which Joseph considers that he has prior rights)."
Joseph: "He cannot take it from me."

DB: "Suppose he holds fast a pig."

Joseph: "Now he can. But suppose Piskaut dies, I must get back the land now."

I asked if he could go on putting a garden there while Piskaut was also using the land. Joseph said: "Piskaut would then be cross and speak angrily to me if I went on putting a garden there. 'Why did you eat my pig, yet you (still) work (in this place).'" Then Joseph would think (he says): "Ah, it is true. Now I am ashamed.

I asked Limoni if, when she was a little girl, it was true that people followed first their fathers onto the land. She said yes, that is how it had always been. (Some young people thought that they had been influenced by European custom.)

Limoni came to Lavongai with her husband. She is living virineolocally. Her husband and her father were both Kiuki, and she uses Kiuki land, as well as that of her own clan. Her two sons are living viripatriilocally, according to their own ideology.

Yama is living, with her children and grandchildren, on the land of her dead husband, IguaKesebut. He and his two brothers were influential men, and their children (especially Sekson and Babe, sons of Vatposig) have derived some influence from them.

They all work on Balus land, the land of Igua’s mother’s clan. Yacob and others say that Kaiket belongs to "Molik," the name of a small hamlet up the river. Agnes spoke knowledgably about the land of her father, saying that he had
showed it to her. He had also showed her the land of his own father, but "they all hold it now." I asked who she meant; and she said Mersi and all Silau (members of the clan of Agnes' father's father).

Yama's land is in Ungat village. She says she has none in Lavongai.

Yama was one of the women who allowed Tamangamiss to eat and sleep at her house. He moved around several times during my eight-month stay. He had been epileptic, and had fallen into a fire when he was a child. As a result, he limped. He sometimes appeared to be mentally retarded, but as I got to know him I thought he was neurotic, rather than limited in intelligence. His mother was Kimkiu, of Umbukul village; and his father was Yanga, of Lavongai (Palkarung area) village. Toospatemaran (Panapuruk), Silaku (Tukimeringu), Yangalik (classificatory father, Kavinmai hamlet), and Yama all fed Tamangamiss, reluctantly, on a semi-regular basis, in 1967.

Yama is living virineolocally (because her husband left the bush and came to the coast where he claimed the ground on which she lives). The households of her three married children (one of whom is dead) are viripatrilocal (Yacob) and uxoripatrilocal (Agnes and the deceased Matla, whose husband still has a house here).
KULIWAILAI Hamlet

Only Joseph and his three wives lived here in 1967. (Their resources are discussed in connection with that of his mother and brother: see Kaikot hamlet.) Joseph came back from working in Kavieng to find that his first wife, Makanluma (with whom he has three children) had left him for a man from New Guinea (to whom she has since become married and borne four children: see Meteor). Joseph has since bought himself two young wives, and people thought that he was acquiring a third in 1967. His wives are all from the area of Tutuilla village, and have no resources in Lavongai. His household is, thus, viripatrilocal.
METAKAIKOT Hamlet

Malekaian and his wife and their children of both sexes, along with their own spouses and children, are settled here.

The grown children all have gardens in several plots of land that belong to Kol clan, their father's clan. They consider themselves owners of the large area of ground cleared by T.I.A.\(^1\) for planting coconuts.

Pungmat told me that he has coconuts that his wife got from her father's father, as well as some from his own mother's father. He also has some from his father's labag (mother's brother), as well as some he planted in ground belonging to that same labag.

The children also have gardens in their mother's land, Tang. Tang is the name of a large area of land, and many people claim resources there.

One area of ground, toward Kavieng, Malekaian gave to his half-sister, Makanlus (see Panapurak), with whom Malekaian shares a father. Another area that Malekaian considers his is being used by Ngurkalabus, the mother of Tombat (and also Kol clan). Ngurkalabus has married away in the direction of that land, and uses it because she is near. Malekaian has given a large stand of coconuts, planted by his mother’s father (whose clan is not remembered), to his relatives: Sione, Elizabeth, and Silakau (all Balus, as was Malekaia's father).

Thomas, the elder brother of Pungmat, said (without knowledge of what Pungmat had told me) that his mother has

\(^1\)T.I.A. is the planting association formed following the Johnson cult, discussed elsewhere.
no ground in Lavongai; that all her ground is in Tiaputuk village, where there are plenty of coconuts that belong to her labag there, Tbingum.

Thomas said that Pangmat's children can follow Malekaian on Kol ground, because Pangmat married a Kol woman (Litania). But if Thomas himself were married well, he said (i.e. if his wife had not left him, and if they had children), his children could not follow him; because Sawal, Thomas' ex-wife, is Tien. (Her mother was from Nusawung, but her father brought her mother to Palkarung in Lavongai; and she is now living with her clan brother, Bateton, and his wife in Metetingum. Kalali, the mother of Bateton and all, called Sawal "sister." If Thomas had had children, then, they could have stayed in Lavongai village and used the Tien ground of Kalali, theoretically. In fact, people did use the land of their father's father; and Thomas' children might have used the land of Malekaian.)¹

Unless some sort of tie is "counted" between individuals, however, clan land may not be "legally" used. Malekaian himself said, when I asked, that Ngurvarilam (Kol, of Kulingei village, but Malekaian's neighbor and relative by marriage)

¹Extra women--widows, divorcees, the unmarried--lived more often with their brothers in New Hanover than in New Ireland. Extra women tended to live together in New Ireland, as Anna and Toospatemaran (see Panapuruk) did in New Hanover. In Mangai, Mele lived in her brother's household; but it was said that Mele and the wife if Ismael (Delila) shared a house, and Ismael had the second house. These differences relate to the presence of brother-sister avoidance in New Ireland, and its absence in New Hanover.
could not use the sago on his Kol ground without asking; nor indeed would she be expected to ask.

In this extended family unit, two nuclear families are located viripatrilocaly; one virimatri
tilocally, and one uxoripatrilocaly.

Piskaut and his wife are living uxoripatrilocaly. Piskaut's wife, Makansilaugai, and her mother, Mersi, go together to the bush. They get sago and coconuts from her dead husband's grounds. They have gardens with Makanbalustimui (see Kulipuas for the relationship between these women) in Tang, where they also get sago. I asked Mersi what she called Makanbalustimui (who is called Timui) and she said: "Sister."

Then I wrote her genealogy and it was clear that Timui was "daughter" to Mersi. I asked if she called Timui "sister" along "another road;" and she said, "No, I call her 'child'. "

This incident illustrates New Hanover indifference to careful tracing to ties in some instances. The interest is not in groups per se, but in categories. Thus, Thomas' wife called herself "sister" to a Tien woman, and also "sister" to that woman's son. In this case, Mersi called herself "sister" to Timui. They are of about the same age, and the important point about Timui is that she is a relative of Mersi's dead husband, Luri. In addition, and probably most significant, the two women work often and with genuine interest for the mission, and are friends.

Mersi's case raises a question about land ownership in relationship to women. In practice, women in New Hanover are
not well able to establish claims to land because they come from other villages to live virilocally. Mersi was raised in Metakaikot. The mother of her prospective husband, Luri, and all his brothers and sisters gave her food. This was "during the time before, the time when women were 'pulled' for nothing." (That is, no one gave ten mias for her.) Her mother was a Silau from Ungat (the village of both parents of her mother), and her father was from Butei, in the bush. She does not say that she has any land in either of those places. However, she says she has sago in a piece of ground called Kaviniuvau, which "belongs to me, belongs to Silau; I got it from my labag Bilek." Thus, consistent with the rule of land ownership that allows people to own only the land of their mother, Mersi (a Silau) says she owns Silau land. But she is not using it. All the land that she uses belongs to the men to whom she is related. She does not say that she got the land from her mother, but from her mother's brother. (New Irelanders sometimes said this too; but much more frequently they said they got their land from their mothers; or from the pupus, and the person named in the latter case was usually a woman.)
TUKIMERINGU Hamlet

This hamlet belongs to Kol, according to Silakau and other informants. Silakau said that he lives here not because his wife is Kol, but because he was raised here. He lived here with his father and all his father's wives while Taumbes, the father of his father, was still alive and lived with them. In fact, Silakau said, he did not know when he put his house here that this was Kol ground.

Before, among the ancestors of the people who live here today, it was important to marry back into the father's clan, Silakau said. "We married straight the magmakoung (cross-cousin) because she had come up from labag (mother's sister), and she would not work something that was not good on me, put something bad in my food or water; and she inherited straight (directly) all sago and ground of this clan (i.e. the clan of her husband's father)."

Silakau said that his father, Bomaras, had got Tukimeringu from his own father, Taumbes. (As this was inconsistent with the ground being said to belong to Kol, I questioned Silakau about it; and he said he was sure, though he, too, recognized the inconsistency but could not explain it.) Silakau said that he was able to pass the land on now to Anton, his own son.

At another interview Silakau said that he though he got Tukimeringu from his father's mother. During that conversation he could not remember Taumbes' name, but he thought that he had been Yanga clan.
He claims Tang, the name of the large piece of ground on which Silakau and many other people work, through his mother, who got it from her father, Polokes. Silakau's wife, Ngurvarilam, works in parts of Tang that Silakau and Ngurvarilam both view as his. However, her unmarried sister, Maria (see Panapuruk), gets sago her father planted from another part of Tang that she views as Silau land, not specifically belonging to her father (who was Silau clan). She said: "We all come together (converge) at Tang," and I found that many persons did mention their use of Tang. However, many were reluctant, as was Maria, to make hard and exclusive claims to any part of the land.

When Silakau and Aine and Timui (see Kulipuas) wanted to plant coconuts at Tang, other claimants came forward, ready to dispute. (This dispute is discussed elsewhere.)

Silakau claims his house site through his father, which makes his residence viripatrialocal. Earlier in his marriage, he lived for a while in Palkarung, Ongai's home; which made his residence uxoripatrialocal. Since Ongai was his mother's brother, the residence could have been considered avunculocal. It was not; Silakau refers to his residence there as residence with Ngurvarilam's father, rather than as being with his own labag. (Ongai and Elizabeth are only classificatory siblings.)

Tombat, his sister Remi, and their spouses live here because it is near their mother's residence site: Metakaikot, where Malekaian and his family now live. Mersi (see Kulipuas), through her husband, also claims Metakaikot. This is the
cleared area in which the government rest house is located, and Metakaikot is fully used at present (1965) for house sites. Thus, Tombat and Remi and their spouses live in Tukimeringu because they have "spilled over" from Metakaikot, rather than because of their connections with Silakau and his forebears in Tukimeringu.

Tombat said that he and his sister, Remi, mainly use an area called Wolbung for sake. They share this area with all the children of his labags, Borolong and Luri (see Kalipuas, p. 2). There are coconuts there, but Tombat allows Makansiluangai (a child of Luri, and wife of Piskaut, who has nothing in Lavongai) to have them, because "there are plenty of us, and I cannot go inside." (From this statement I infer that he views the claims of the child of a man as superior to those of the sister's son, at least in this case.)

Tombat has planted five coconuts behind his house in Tukimeringu "just to grease the food, not for copra." Behind the village, on top of the mountain, there is a place called Patevul, where all his Kol ancestors lived during the time when there was still fighting. Tivingok, a man of Kol clan, was wolawa (big man, leader of fighting) at Patevul. Tombat says that he has already marked the places where he will plant lines of coconuts. "Remi, too, must work, for her husband," Tombat added. (Usually, in New Ireland as in New Hanover, men plant coconuts. In New Ireland, men plant coconuts in the land of their wives for the children of the two of them. It is interesting that Tombat views the work of his own sister on their own clan land as being for her husband, rather than as for
the children of the two of them.)

When I later asked Remi about her resources, she said that she had a garden in some Kol land (she could not remember the name of the land); and that she got sago from Wolbung. (Many people in Lavongai and in southern New Hanover do not have gardens at this time. The Administration, and sometimes the New Hanoverians, cite the Johnson cult as the cause of this situation.) Remi views her rights in Wolbung as coming from her pupu, Kongak (a woman whom Tombat admired greatly. He thinks of his resources primarily in terms of his relationship to his mother's brothers, rather than in terms of his mother or the mother of them all, Kongak). Remi said that her husband, Kasirolik, had planted coconuts in Tukisowong, ground that also belonged to Kongak and to Kol. She mentioned the coconuts that her brother, Tombat, had planted as belonging also to her. She was, like many others, embarrassed about what she viewed as the paucity of her resources and the meagerness of her knowledge of them.

These two married couples, a brother and a sister and their spouses, worked together to process a sago tree (on one occasion during the period of my field work). They commented on the need to hurry, lest the tree spoil; as it would quickly, since it had already got new buds. (In New Ireland, the usual work group processing a sago tree comprised a dozen persons related in various ways. In New Hanover, the nuclear family was the usual group. The fact that Remi and Tombat, together with their spouses, worked together on this occasion and on
others, made them an unusually close family.) Many other close relatives live in Lavongai village, but Tombat did not call on them to help. While Tombat worked on his sago, he paid a man who was, he said, a friend (and not a relative) to work on the coconuts Tombat was anxious to see planted.

Kiukiuvaitas and his wife, Patab, are settled here because it is his place. She is from Umbukul village, and was formerly married into Baikeb village. She left her husband and went to live with her sister in Meterankan village, where Kiukiuvaitas came to get her. Her stories are all of people who refused to help her when she was in need, but Kiukiuvaitas is not among these. She uses his land in Lavongai, as she has none. Still, she no longer has a garden "because everyone was cross about land." (Others say she has no garden because she is lazy.) She went to Kavieng for the third time in her life to try to collect pay from a New Guinea man who had "married" her eldest daughter, Barbara. Her husband was in the hospital in Rabaul (New Britain) during most of my stay. He returned well.

When T.I.A. cleared ground, Patab planted a little garden. She said she used to get sago at Araking, ground that belongs to Kiuki clan (the clan of her husband). She has some coconuts, near Metamaram. Her father planted them, but she and her mother and her pupus gave a feast when he died (pig, taro and all) and all his relatives came and ate. Therefore they are now her coconuts. She said she had none nearby.

In Patab's case, as in most other cases, the sources of income described were not adequate to the consumption observed.
Patab said that no one gave her money, yet she and her children sometimes ate rice. Sometimes people received money from young family members working for wages in the Territory. Patab hoped to tap this source when she went to Kavieng to try to collect money for her daughter's marriage.

There is always plenty of green leaf growing wild in New Hanover, and many women gathered great bunches of it every day. Once I saw Patab carrying some. Once I saw her and her children eating potatoes which she said she had bought from a woman in another village. People often pass through Lavongai on their way to the mission, where they can usually sell what they have to sell, and buy what they want to buy at the mission store.

Silakau and Ngurvarilam are living viripatrilocally, as are Patab and Kiukiuvaitas. Tombat and his wife, who is from Meterankan village, are living virimatrilocaly. His sister Remi and her husband are living exorimatrilocaly. From a broader perspective, the one in which the residents see themselves, all but Silakau are following their connections to the Kol clan, through father or mother or spouse. Silakau is following his father, who was a powerful individual: he had four wives living together under the same roof; one less than the father of Nguruvarilam was husband to at one time.
Reside (Tingwan) (Reside Tingwan) 
Nurkaptan (See Tingwan) 
Bestiess

(See Fig. 9, p. 4)
C: E. Jiao
V: Lavoigre

For pon (see Fig. 9, p. 4)

First instance: Naukaptan Descry

Together with five of C's

All five of C's
METENSELA

Here, in a house protected by barbs of wire and cut tin cans, and by a huge angry dog, lives Aping, a 76-year-old Chinese storekeeper. He is married to Ngur, a woman of Baung-gung who is past middleage. There have been Chinese storekeepers here before with whom the people got along well: "He gave us thing free, the Chinese here before." But Aping keeps to himself, plays records of Chinese music loudly on his phonograph, and often will not even sell, let alone give, things to the people. His wife does not come out of the house much, but she is friendly with the people and gives things away behind her husband's back. Aping has two half-caste children who work at the hospital in Kavieng and who occasionally come back and forth in Aping's ancient launch, which brings him cargo to sell. Sometimes he goes back to town with them, but he is the last one left of all his old friends who came to the Territory when he did. "China was just 'bush' when I left, just like a kanaka (unsophisticated native) place when I left," he said. He and many other Chinese men came together, and the others that he knew are all dead. But in 1967 he had cronies amongst the younger generation: the enormous E. Fong, in his fifties, sat and talked with Aping sometimes when he went to town. Aping had married a native, which may partly explain his apparent isolation from any community. He was courteous and deferential to me. He invited me for beer once, and told me something of his life; but soon grew very restless and withdrawn, and I left.
KULILAMUN

Tolimbe and his wife and her mother live here. Tolimbe and his wife until recently occupied a house (House 17) in Metakaikot, with his fellow clansmen (Kol) and friends. However, as that house became dilapidated, and the area crowded, Tolimbe built a large new house in Kulilamun, near the house of his wife's mother. They consider this to be her father's land, and the residence is therefore *uxori-patrilocal*. The fact that they lived for a while on Kol ground indicates both the strength of virilocality, and the strength of clan as a category in New Hanover. Tolimbe is from Lukas island, off the north coast of New Hanover, and has no traced ties in Lavongai village.
PATEKERE

Pakau is living in the village of his father. He has a garden and sago on ground that belongs to his father's clan, Sui. His father got this land from all his clansmen, Pakau said; and also planted coconuts on Sui ground, and gave them to Pakau. Nemalus (see Ufulu), whose father was a true brother to Pakau's father (she is Balus) also uses some of the Sui ground to make gardens, near where Pakau makes his own.

When his father died, Pakau gave pig, taro and coconuts to Sui: "My strength is this: I gave pig to them, and now they cannot talk any more about me."

He is Kiuki, but uses no Kiuki ground. His mother was from Baungung village, where only two clansmen of his still live. His father got his mother there during the "time of fighting" (i.e. when traditional warfare was still practiced) with miag. The missions still had not come when Pakau was already big.

Kase holds the coconuts of his father. He says that a father can give them on to his own child for nothing; and that he will give all of his to one of his two sons, Kasirolik (see Tukimeringu hamlet). His other son, Emanuel, is a catechist, and Father sends him around and about; and he gets money for this work. Kasi, on the other hand, stops nearby, and helps with all the work.

I asked him if he had ground in Baungang. "Yes," he said, "but my clansmen hold it, and they have children."
Pakau has only recently married Makankiukiusolmat. Her mother was a New Ireland woman and her clan is Manilawa. Her father married a New Ireland woman when he worked "along the road" in New Ireland. He was Kiuki, and her first husband, who fathered her children, was Kiuki. Pakau paid Bangarat, the labag (mother's brother) of her first husband Alang, for Makankiukiusolmat.

Pakau uses his own resources, and Makankiukiusolmat goes on using her first husband's resources. The lands that she uses are Kiuki, and she says that they belong to Polos (see Palmat).

Pakau claims Patekere rights through his father, and this residence is thus viripatrilocally.

The ground of Lakalus' father is in Ungat village and the ground of his mother is in Lavongai. But he has many brothers and sisters who all live in Ungat, and his mother said to him it would not be good to lose her land in Lavongai; so he married back into Lavongai. His mother spent all her married life in Ungat, her husband's village, where she still lives, though her husband is dead. Her own place in Lavongai is Siara, a place that is now bush, near the mission. Lakalus and his wife, Lainpelau, and her mother, Makalus, and Lainpelau's young brother, Temeteng had three houses, one of which broke during 1967. Lakalus and his wife were located uxorimatrilocally; and Makalus is also located uxorimatrilocally. Her descent from a mother's mother who belonged in the same place where she, Makanlus, is now living, is very unusual in Lavongai village.
Lainpelau has a garden on her own ground, and she and Lakalus have three gardens in Ungat which they work together. Though Lainpelau lives on her mother's residence site, her garden is on land that belongs to Balus, the clan of her father. Her father, however, was not from Lavongai: he was from Tiaputuk village. Clan membership is used, thus, as a category, and the child of a Balus is here allowed to use Balus land in another village. Her only claim is clan membership; her father had no traced or claimed relatives in Lavongai village.
UFULA

Nemalus uses the land of her father; along with Pakau, whose father was brother to her father. She had been twice married when I first came to Lavongai, but had no husband. She was living with her sister, Teresia, she said. Both lived with their brother, Lewis, and his wife in Tukisovong. Then Ngumarismat of Ungat "came and got her," and they built a house in Ufula, near her children. Nemalus' mother's father was from a bush area when he bought Nepalio, the mother's mother of Nemalus; and he brought her to Kuliwailai hamlet in Lavongai, where their daughter Muringai was brought up. She married Maleng, both of whose parents were from Lavongai hamlets near Ufulu. Nemalus considers her residence uxoripatriloc. Ufulu is a small part of Palkarung, which includes Palmat, the hamlet of her father's father.

But Ufula is also the hamlet of her first husband, the father of her two children. Thus, the residence of Baluskoil and his wife, Delilah (who comes from nearby Palmat) is viripatriloc.
Polos and his wife Kavungpalis live here because "all my big men sat down here," Polos told me. He meant that he is Kiuki, and that Palmat is by some considered to be Kiuki ground. His parents were both from other villages. He also plants his garden on Kiuki ground. All their gardens are on his ground, not on that of his wife.

Polos' father came to work at the mission, found Polos' mother along the way, and Polos was born and raised in Lavongai. He does not use the ground that belongs to his father, because the men of his father's clan, Silau, of Saula village (above Lavongai) gave him pig and food. He says he cannot (pidgin: no inap) use the ground now, or take sago from it. This household is located virimatriilocally.

Boskeru is the true brother of Silakau's wife, Ngurvarilam (see Tukimeringu). Palmat is the hamlet of Ongai, their father, who had five wives simultaneously. The child of Ongai's brother by Boskeru's mother, Maria, also lives in Palmat (see House 49). She lived with her half-sister, Ngurvarilam for a while after she left her New Guinea policeman husband; then went to Kavieng to stay with her full brother, Pasinganles; then returned to Lavongai and lived with Ngurvarilam and her family again for a few weeks. She found the children and all the people irritating, and she moved into a house, alone, in Palmat. Her residence is now uxoripatrilocal. Boskeru's residence is viripatrilocal. His wife is from Meterankan village.
PANAPURUK

Topi and Makanbaluswok are a young couple with a new baby. He is away at work most of the time. Both of her parents belong at Metatonlik, on the other side of the mission. She goes to the garden with her mother, and the land they use is her father's land, and belongs to his clan: Balus. She has coconuts at Metatonlik which she says were planted by her father's father, who was of Manilawa clan. (When I visited her parents, they said that the father of each of them had planted the coconuts at Metatonlik.) Both of Topi's parents are from hamlets in Lavongai, and they consider Panapuruk to be the Kiukiu ground of Topi's father. Thus their residence is viripatrilocality.

Bangarat has a house in Boasmala, where he lived as a child, as well as his house with his wife in Panapuruk. He considers Panapuruk his own place as well, and says that he got it from his father, who got it from his mother, Talaia (Yanga clan). Boasmala is also Yanga property, and Bangarat got it from his father. He and his wife have no children. Each has had only the other as spouse. They are now old. Tarangok comes from Melik, the bush area from which some of the Kaikot people came.

Her sister, Taia, is married to the classificatory brother (father's brother's son) of Bangarat: Vaknupat. Vaknupat and his wife live near Taia and Bangarat in Panapuruk. Vaknupat shares the little house in Boasmala with his brother. They have their fishing nets and their canoe
in Boasmala, in the last house at the end of the village. Both these men and their wives are residing viripatrilocally.

Toosepatemaram is sister of Vaknupat (who is the husband of Taia) and of Ngenget, a widow who lives with her son (see Meteor hamlet) in Meteor. "Toose" was married to Bomaras (see Tukimerigui), who fathered Bonail (House 52). Toose had been married previously, and one of her daughters from that marriage lives in Meteor. Meteor is her father's hamlet, she says. It is adjacent to Boasmala, which also is associated with the Yanga clan. As stated previously, Toosepatemaram's brother claims Panapuruk from their father as well. Toose's residence is currently uxoripatrilocal; and that of her son, Bonail, along with his wife, is virimatrilocal.

Anna's husband, Sekson, has left her and she now lives, along with three of her children, with Toose. (The other two children sleep at the mission in the school dormitory.) Anna and Toose are the children of brother and sister of Kiuki clan. She is living uxoripatrilocal. Sekson has two children by the woman to whom he is now married, but Anna still makes her gardens on his land: two on Sekson's mother's ground (Tien clan), and one on Sekson's father's ground (Balus). She also claims coconuts planted by the father of Sekson at Metetingum.

Mavis (of Yanga clan) is a classificatory child of Toosepatamaram. Panapuruk is his place. His wife, Rondi (of Saula clan) is from Saula village. Their residence is thus virimatrilocal.
KAVINMAI

Silai and Naraia are sisters, half-sisters to Toose and Anna (see Panapuruk, p. 3). Silai's husband, Kiukiu-
malingro, is from Baikeb village, the place of both of his parents. Pakere's father was from Lavongai from Nebanis near Kuliwailai; but his mother is from New Ireland. Silai and Naraia and their husbands are living in the hamlet where the girls grew up; the place of their father, and of his mother before him. Thus both households are uxoripatri-
locally located.

Yangalik considers that he is on his father's place, and he has built his copra drier here. His first two wives are dead, and his children by his third wife live here in Kavinmai with him. The oldest daughter is married to Tarerei, a Tolai from New Britain who teaches at the Lavongai school. These two households are, thus, viripatrilocal and uxoripatrilocal, respectively.
METEOR

Makanluma was previously married to Joseph, but she left him for Peterus, a man from the Sepik area of New Guinea, whom she met when he came to New Hanover as a laborer. She is now living on the ground of her ancestors: in particular, of Koki, her mother's father. She has a garden on ground that her mother, and then she, got from Koki. He was Yanga, and the ground belongs to Kiuki, "but Koki always used to work on it." She also gets sago from some ground that belongs to her mother, to Kiuki. She does not have any sago just now, but she just follows New Hanover custom (she told me) and calls out to someone who does have sago; and they go together to get it. She mentioned in particular her "brothers" Silakau and Herman. (Their mothers were at some time married to the same man, Bomaras. He is Silakau's and Herman's father, but not the father of Makanluma.) Her own father's resources are being used by Barnabus, Jacob, and their family (see Kaikot), who are also children of Balus fathers; which is why she does not use them. She and her husband are living uxorimatrilocally, on land from her mother's father.

Pamais "follows" his mother, he said, at Metro. His father and both of his father's parents were from Ungalik island, off the north coast. Pamais' father was a catechist, and married his mother in Lavongai. He died before Pamais was born, but Pamais has been to Ungalik and stayed for as long as two months. His father's brother has shown him part of a plantation there that his father planted, that Pamais
partly owns. In Lavongai, they plant on his wife's ground: ground of Sui clan. Kavulikewunep's mother is a Sui from Bolpua, but it is not a factor considered relevant to land use that she comes from another village. Pamais says that they could equally well use his land, Kiukiu. I asked him whether it was better to follow one's mother or father, and he said one could follow both sides. Then he added: "We take the nearest. If father's is a long way away, take the mother's." He had his own particular situation in mind, but this generalization is supported by other people in deed more than in word. (Some people assert that one side is preferable to the other.) Pamais and his wife live virimatrilocally.
BOASMALA

Bangarat has a second house here, where he keeps his fishing gear. He and his wife have a house in Panapuruk. Two single men sleep here: old Lomba and young Nolis. Lomba is from Baikeb, and says he only has ground there. He married Lucy after the death of her husband, and when her children were still small; and now, in his old age, Delilah looks after him and gives him food. Lomba is classificatory mother's brother to the wife of Yangelik, through whom he has access to Boasmala (which is Yanga clan land). Nolis, a young man who is not yet married, lives here because Bangarat is his labag.
TUKISOVONG

Lasi is from Saula, the place of her father. She stops with her husband, Lewis, and his sister, Teresia, in their place. Teresia's husband is in Rabaul, and it is not clear that he is coming back. Lewis' residence is *viri-patriloc*al, as Tukisovong is considered to have been his father's place.
METATONLIK

The father of both husband Aini and wife Eta lived in this hamlet. There are coconuts here planted by both of them. Makanbaluswek (see Panapuruk hamlet) thought that all the coconuts had been planted by her father's father (which is probably what her own children will learn), but Eta knew the coconuts that had been planted by her own father. Eta and her daughter planted gardens on land that belongs to Aini's clan: Balus. The three members of this family to whom I spoke emphasized differently the derivation of this ground. I think it is best classified as duopatrilocal, that is, derived from the fathers of both spouses.
MEETINGUM Hamlet and MELELEMAAROU Hamlet

Two brothers and a sister with their spouses live here. A fourth brother, Sekson, used to live here, but he now lives in Ungat with his second wife. (His first wife and their five children continue to live in Lavongai, in Panapuruk.)

This residence site belonged to Tubail, the father of the mother of these siblings. Their own father, Vatposig, was raised in Kuliwailai, where Babe's last house was, and where Vatposig's coconuts still grow. His children claim them.

Sekson is the oldest of these siblings, about forty. The two youngest brothers are away, one at school, the other teaching.

They use the resources of their own parents, and of their spouses' parents. Sekson currently has a garden in Ungat, his wife's village, and also one of his own in the area cleared by T.I.A. in preparation for planting coconuts. He also has a garden at Wole, a piece of land that he got from his mother and his father together. "They mix together there," he said, "Balus and Kiuki.‖ (His mother is Tien.) Then he said: "the land did not truly belong to my father, it is Silau land." They use the sago of both father and mother.

Technically, there are three households here, two virimatrilocal, and one uxorimatrilocal. However, the conception of ownership basic in New Hanover does not allow us to dwell on these simple categories. The land is viewed as having belonged to Tubail, and his male and female descendents make their claims as his grandchildren.

When I asked Marion about her resources, her husband quickly said she had none.
PATTERNS OF RELATIONSHIP: Man to Land

Ways to Acquire Land

The people of New Hanover do not have clear rules of inheritance from the mother as have the people of New Ireland. Nor is there a clear rule of inheritance from the father; nor from the mother's brother. If there is a conflict of claims between the son of a man and his sister's son, it is not clear who has the prior right.

The stated preference in Lavongai village, and elsewhere in New Hanover as well, is for patrilineal inheritance. A man should use the land of his father. But in order to do that and avoid "talk" (critical talk), a man should give pig and other foods, a feast, to his father's "business"; that is, to his father's clan relatives (specifically to those of the area who might want to use that land). That is what Pakau did, and that, he says, is his "strength."

New Hanoverians did not like to discuss land ownership "rules" (just as New Irelanders did not like to discuss actual land ownership, although they liked to discuss the rules). They agreed that a man should give a pig to his father's business so that he could use his father's land; but this was not so much the right thing to do as the smart thing to do. It gave him "strength," it kept people from talking.
But something happened in New Hanover that never happened in New Ireland: a man's clansmen gave pig and other foods to the man's son so that the man's fellow clansmen could use the land. Polos of Palmat was given a pig by his father's clansmen, and because of this he did not use, he could not use (pidgin: *no inap*) father's land. This case supports the view of many informants: that a man's own son has prior rights to those of his sister's son to use the man's land.

But I heard the opposite principle stated by the same persons in a single conversation. Pamais said that a person could use the land of both his father and his mother, but he uses the land that was most conveniently located. This, in fact, was generally the case in Lavongai village.

While in New Ireland there was an extended family group whose members all had some claims on the holdings of each (because the group was corporate), the individual as owner does exist in New Hanover. Pakau planned to pass his coconut groves to one of his sons, and not to the other. At the other end of the scale, it could be said that the whole clan owns land in New Hanover, while only local segments of clans own land in New Ireland (along with local segments of other clans). Through use, some lands have come to be associated with particular clans in New Hanover, and a man moving from village to village may use the land there of his own clan or of the clan of his father. In Lavongai, several people are using land which they claim rights to through their grandfathers (e.g. Makanluma of Meteroa).
But the clan is not a corporate group. It is a category, and it gives names to the land in New Hanover, and individuals trace their rights to use that land through other individuals. In most cases in New Hanover, these men are fathers or grandfathers; not brothers or mother's brothers. One may question whether or not women really own land in New Hanover. While they have certainly equal rights with men to use land, people rarely say that they are using the land of a woman, unless there is no way out of it. Makanlus is living on her mother's mother's land (the only person in Lavongai who traces her rights back two generations through women), and she made an apologetic statement about it: "We do not live on father's ground."

People rarely say that they are using their mother's land, and they do not have inalienable rights to mother's land the way New Irelanders do. Lakalus married back into Lavongai so that he would not lose his own mother's land. And mother's land is not "home" in New Hanover the way it is in New Ireland: in fact, when I asked New Hanoverians where their "true place" was, they said, "What do you mean?" Their culture tells them both that a man should live on his own father's land, and that if he does not pay a pig there will be "talk"; and furthermore that he cannot pass it on to his son, which many of them have done anyway.

Some of them think that the emphasis on the father is new, part of their changing ways. Silakau said, "We do not want to think of our sister's children any more, we want to think of our own children." But Limone, who is about
seventy years old, said that it was always so in her lifetime, that men gave to their sons, and sons got from their fathers.

Traditional fighting in New Hanover came to an end during the German period of administration, preceding 1914. Before that, according to several informants, there was no "mixing"; when they fought with spears, each clan had to stop straight on its own land. There was (and is) clan exogamy; and there was a preference for cross-cousin marriage. The people were all clear about this preference: it kept the land straight. There was another source for this preference: a woman captured from outside would poison the water she brought to her husband, whereas a cross-cousin would not do that. (Informants implied merely that she would not do that to her own cross-cousin. In addition, however, it should be noted that she did not have outside relatives to run to as a captured bride had.)

Memories are not reliable about the extent of genuine "capture" that existed in the old days in relation to obtaining a bride. But there was certainly something more to marriage than just warfare, because some people know clearly that it was taboo to kill cross-cousins in warfare. Still, in 1967, some informants said it was taboo to hit a cross-cousin, and if one broke the taboo, there had to be a settlement (discussed elsewhere).

Tombat remembers the stories told him by his grandmother Kongak, who said that she herself used to go into battle. If you met your magmagaog (cross-cousin) in war, you
would say: "Sorry, I think another man will come to kill you." Furthermore, Tombat said he would be obliged to watch his cross-cousin and make sure that no one else did come to kill him during the fight. And one cannot fight men in a canoe in which magamaog is riding. "He must say," Tombat went on, "'Sorry, Tombat has saved you (to Tombat's fellows).'" And thus marriage of women out of the clan settlement created at least these minimal ties between clan settlements in the old days.

The lands of different clans were not widely dispersed, at least not within the recent past. From the mission to Kaikot was Balus land; where Metakaikot, Kuli-wailai, and Tukimeringu are today was Kol ground; and beyond the coconuts of Mating in the area called Palkarung (a term that takes in all the hamlets from Mating to Boasmala) belonged to Kiukiu. Today, they say, all are mixed; but such was not the case before.

Lavongai village has had more disruptions than other villages in New Hanover. "Lavongai" is the native name for the whole island, and the village of that name originally may have been a European construct. Two excellent informants from the village of Meteran, Tom and Walla (who were officers of T.I.A., the planting association that developed in New Hanover in 1966, discussed elsewhere), told me that "If you sit down on the ground of your father, eventually there will be talk. If you sit down on your mother's ground, there will be no talk." These two further stressed that if you give a pig and mias after your father's death, you may use your
father's ground; but your children may not. Tom moved to Tiaputuk village to look after a plantation of his mother's brother.

But no other informants gave statements so clear and unambiguous. Furthermore, both Tom and Walla agreed that the wife must come and live in the place of her husband. Unless the man has moved from his own father's place to his mother's brother's place, he will not raise his children on land that (theoretically) they may use; and unless his own children move to their mother's brother's place they will not be on ground that they may (theoretically) inherit. Labag (mother's brother) is not structurally an important person in Lavongai village, and no one mentioned that any boys ever had or could or should move to their mother's brother's place at any time in their lives, anywhere in New Hanover.

I think it is clear, then, that New Hanover culture contains two concepts that are contradictory: one is that a son should use his father's land, and the other is the concept of clan land (rather than the mother's land). An abundance of land in relation to population has saved Lavongais from having to resolve these conflicts in terms of any consistent principle.

There is ample evidence of an abundance of land in Lavongai, beyond the straightforward observation that much land is uncleared and still has large trees. Lands are associated with particular clans, and when someone comes into the village who has no particular connections to anyone,
he may use the land of his clan. In the case of Tolimbe, he and his wife settled for a while on Kol ground, even though he had the clear alternative (later taken) of settling on his wife's land (see Kulilaman hamlet). There is not a strict relationship between land and the local clan segment in New Hanover as there is in New Ireland. The concept of clan as a category rather than as a corporate group allows more individual mobility; and genealogies indicate that there has been more moving and mixing, and shorter local histories for kin groups, in New Hanover than in New Ireland.

A newcomer may use land that is not that of his clan, or his father's, for one reason or another; and regardless of whose land he is using, if he wants sago he can ask someone who has sago for the privilege of taking it (as Makanluma did: see Meteroa). All the evidence indicates that there is an abundance of resources in New Hanover.

T.I.A., the planting association, was formed, with mission leadership, for the purpose of planting plantations of coconuts which will produce profits that will ultimately (in seven to ten years) be divided amongst its members. All land is viewed as "owned" by some clan or other, and yet T.I.A. had no difficulty all over New Hanover in getting people to simply donate large tracts of land for T.I.A. plantations. The only problem confronted was that of selection of a site which was good from the point of view of its potential to produce coconuts. Once selected, men of the clan or clans that are associated with the ground were asked, and they gave their consent. New Hanoverians had not
yet become fully aware of the value of their land, for cash-cropping, in relation to the European world. In New Ireland small groups of kinsmen have claimed grounds and planted coconuts. The men of New Hanover could have done that, too. Their apparent generosity in giving up great tracts of land which could, twenty years from now, benefit their own descendants rather than the descendents of the whole village or of all New Hanover, was due to three factors: first, they had not thought about the long term consequences and alternatives, even though European authorities (mission and government) tried often to alert them to these.

The second factor which helps to explain New Hanover willingness to donate resources to T.I.A. is related to the large number of claimants who could come forward with regard to any piece of land. New Hanoverians were very angry about the work of the Demarcation committee (which had not yet acted in New Hanover, but which was about to start registering lands there in the names of those who came forward). They said their own system was much more flexible. They said they had no trouble over land, but if one person tried to be the owner there would be plenty of trouble: because each piece of land has plenty of people who can rightfully make claim to it. Thus, if a man did foresee his own plantation on a piece of land claimed by his clan, he would despair of maintaining his claim against those of all other claimants; or of getting their cooperation in working to produce the plantations. Furthermore, since ownership is not closely defined, men who were asked for their land by
T.I.A. leaders felt flattered to have their own claims honored and recognized in this way. They appeared generous, by appearing to give what they had little hope of getting.

Third, the task of preparing and planting a plantation large enough to bring any substantial reward had to be taken on by a group of men, according to the local view. It was a task too great for the solitary individual, or even for a group of brothers (who do not usually work together in any case, and who would form an unreliable group). Men were willing to give their allegiance to T.I.A. where they would not have given it to one person amongst them.

While these three factors do not directly indicate that there is no land shortage in New Hanover, they do so indirectly. The question of shortage in relation to the production of subsistence goods, i.e. in relation to the production of what New Hanoverians had been producing, was not even raised.

Ownership is a concept that New Hanoverians avoid with regard to large tracts of ground. Ownership is vociferously claimed for items small enough to be controlled by a single individual: particular trees, a fish, a bottle of water, a basket of betel nuts. Cries of theft are heard over these small items. Sometimes theft of this nature is deliberate and intentional; sometimes it is based on ignorance or lack of consensus. The children thought the coconut trees along the beach near the "public road" belonged to everyone; Malekaian thought they were his; and Silakau thought that Vatposig had planted them. The question of
ownership was raised only by the anthropologist, and it was not resolved.

In the old days ownership was a matter of defense of territory. Men gathered around a big man or several big men, and while they were there it was their land. Some of the mountain villages (according to a brief survey) are still oriented around one or two or more big men and the land they regard as theirs. Saula, above Lavongai, has two big men of different clans, and the men around them are sons, son-in-laws, and sisters' sons. It would be a false effort to attempt to arrange their claims in order of priority, other than to note that one man should not come and try to push another man out of the places he is actually using.

Some of the same formal "laws" are stated in New Hanover as in New Ireland, but contradictory assertions are made enthusiastically, in theory and in practice. In the old days of fighting with spears, if a man were on his father's clan lands the "talk" that this usage theoretically might evoke could perhaps have come to blows. In 1967, people did not regard it as "wrong" for a man to pass his father's land on to his sons.

Residence Choices in Lavongai: Viripatrilocal Households

Viripatrilocality is ideologically favored, and a plurality of households in Lavogai village (sixteen) are said to be so located. Some of the men who follow their father in residence are grouped together into extended families. Thus, Limone (who is classed as living
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virineolocally because her husband came from elsewhere) and
her two sons, Boesrong and Joseph, along with their wives,
form a residence group. They do not cook and eat together
(Joseph's family cooks and eats for itself), and their money
is not held communally. Boserong works (at the mission) and
has money. But Joseph does not work (the mission would not
have him, even if he were willing, because of his polygynous
marriages). He was furious in 1967 when his grown son
Phillip sent money to Boserong but not to him (Joseph).
(Boserong had sent money to Phillip, and Joseph had not; but
Joseph considered this factor irrelevant.)

Yacob belongs to the three-generation family that
also includes Agnes and the husband of her dead sister Matia
(both classed as residing uxoripatrilocially). And Thomas
and Pungmat are part of the lineally extended family that
also includes their sister, Bokai (classed as residing
uxoripatrilocially) and their father, Malekaian (classed as
living virimatrilocally); as well as the spouses of all.

In these three cases, three-generation, lineally
extended families are each grouped around a single man:
Limone's dead husband, Yama's dead husband, and Malekaian.

Makanbaluskow's parents are still alive, and there is
ample space near them in Metatonlik, but she and her husband
have elected to live as a separate nuclear family.

Uxoripatrilocial Households

Twelve households in Lavongai village are classed as
uxoripatrilocial. In eleven of these households, either the
women are unmarried, or else the men are from other villages. The household of Naraia and Pakere forms the only exception: he had been away working in New Ireland, and she lived in a house near that of her sister while he was away. In 1967 they were building a new house in Boasmala, which Pakere considers his father’s land. (His mother is from New Ireland.)

These men are apparently willing to live in the hamlets of their wives because they have none of their own in Lavongai; or in the village of their wives for some reason. Lavongai, adjacent to the mission, offers opportunities for earning money that are less easily available to residents of mountain villages, or of villages further away from the mission along the coast.

Interpretation of the entries in this category as households set up in the wife’s father’s place, rather than in the husband’s, because the husbands in this category are from other villages, lends weight to stated preferences for patrilocality. It also provides negative evidence in support of local ideology preferring viripatrilocality: of the Lavongai village men, only Pakere had his house on his wife’s land; and that was only a temporary situation.

**Virimatriloclal Households**

The appearance of matrilocality in the cases of Babe and Bateton is deceptive. Babe formerly lived on his father’s land (Kuliwailai), adjacent to the government rest house, until his house became old and run down. He and his
brother and sister and their spouses now live in Metetingum which they describe not as their mother's land, but as their mother's father's land. They form one branch of the descendents of a single man. Three siblings who have remained together after marriage, they form a laterally extended family.

Neither of Polos' parents was from Lavongai village. He is settled on the land of his clan, he said (rather than on the land of his mother).

Bonail's father had five wives, one of whose sons (Silakau) is living on his land (Tukimeringu). Bonail's mother lives near him on her father's land. Maivis' parents are both from other villages, as is his wife; and he is following a classificatory relationship to Toose in his choice of residence. He wanted to live in Lavongai village in order to be more conveniently located for work on the mission plantation.

Tombat and Malekaian are the only two cases of preferred virimatrilocality in Lavongai village. They are, however, not following their mothers, but rather following the "big men of Kol clan."

Uxorimatrilocality Residence

As has been pointed out, Aine lives in Lavongai because he works for the mission. It is something of an accident that his wife had land here; and it is that on which they live.
Parain lives with her brothers on their mother's father's land.

Kasi considers that his land is in Baikob village, and he and Remi use her land in Lavongai; and her land comes from her grandmother Kongak, of her own clan.

Makanlus and her mother and her daughter all live (or lived) in Patekere hamlet. All their husbands are (or were) from other villages. Lainpelau nevertheless uses the resources of her father's clan in Lavongai.

These uxorimatrilocal residences do not contradict the general principle: a preference for patrilineality and patrilocality.

**Basic Land-Owning Group: Local Clan Segment**

Land is referred to as belonging to a particular clan, but the prior rights of the local clan segment is understood. No one is excluded from the land to which he has a claim through either parent just because he comes from another village. A man who is already using the ground has the best claim. Whether he passes it on to his own son, or to his sister's son, or equally to both, is not a matter that is settled by any clear rule.

Clan names identify categories to which a person may be assigned, rather than groups to which he belongs. Often people are identified with the clan of their fathers almost as much as they are identified with the clan of their mothers, the one to which they themselves belong. Men follow their fathers in residence if they live in their
father's villages; and women alone, widowed or divorced, go back to the villages of their fathers, rather than to the villages, or hamlets, of their mothers, their own clan.

Men and many women were very certain about the rule of residence in New Hanover: it is viripatrilocal. Rules of ownership were less clearly enunciated. The people were under the impression that they paid less attention to their sisters' sons in 1967 than they had in the old days, and it is tempting to say that their rule of ownership used to be what some said that it still was: a man may use his father's land if he gives a pig to his father's "business," but he may not pass it on to his children. However, I see no compelling evidence to indicate that the people of New Hanover in the old days had resolved the conflicts of their system.

About half the women of Lavongai are from other villages. About half the men are also from other villages, married to local women. Even those women who were brought up in Lavongai, e.g. Ngurvarilam (Tukimerringu) may not, strictly speaking, own land there. Ngurvarilam's mother was from Kulingei village, and she says that that is where her land is; though she has not spent much time there. She, like most children, was brought up in her father's place.

The contradiction between the rules of residence and of land ownership has either broken up, or prevented from developing, the matrilineal descent group. The absence of ties between the families of those who marry has prevented the development of an extended family composed of segments of different clans which cannot trace their interrelationship.
Such an extended family is found in New Ireland, and it jointly owns land and other resources. (Since there is no evidence that marriage ever created lasting ties between groups in the old days, I do not consider the possibility that there might have been such groups that have now broken up.)

In New Hanover many people seemed well aware that cross-cousin marriage made it possible for people to maintain strong claims on land. Still, there are few marriages of this sort, amongst the living or the remembered dead. There seems to have been no attempt by two lines to consolidate claims to land by repeated intermarriages.

Broadly speaking, the whole clan is the ownership unit in New Hanover. In practice, however, it is the nuclear family that makes a garden, processes sago, and builds its own house. Brother does not help brother build a house. New Hanoverians value self-reliance in these basic enterprises, and they express no resentment whatever that their immediate kin do not offer help. Silakau and Joseph were both building themselves new houses in 1967, and both of them spent about four months (at least) on the project. When Silakau came home from the bush or from the mission in the late afternoon, he often sat down outside his house and sewed a few more leaves on a rib for his roof. When he needed help setting up the verticle supports for the house, his wife held the posts, while male neighbors and relatives looked on. Joseph and his wives worked together, but I never saw Boserong, Joseph's brother, who lived one hundred yards away, lending a hand.
Siblings, once grown and married, may live near each other, and share many things easily; but still maintain themselves separately in relation to basic subsistence production.

Lavongais were not especially interested in resource ownership, but they were very interested in ownership of the small and immediate resource. Individual ownership is a clear concept in relation to clothes, betel nuts, items of household use (e.g. a chair) and food. Boserong broke his wife's arm in 1967 because she found and smoked a cigarette he had hidden.

Pakau has recently married, and he and his wife each go on using their own separate resources. In many ways, the individual is the basic unit in ownership, production, and consumption. Pakau is going to give his coconuts to one son and not to the other. That would not be possible in New Ireland, where no man owns anything that is not at the same time his brother's.

Sometimes prepubescent children contribute substantially to the production of food for themselves and for their families; but at least until they are eight or ten years old, and usually beyond, their parents take a large share of the responsibility for their being fed. The nuclear family is held together in this task, and is the basic group; socially, politically, and economically, in New Hanover.
Marriage

Marriage is not customarily a group affair in New Hanover. A man pays ten mias for a woman who has not been married before. Sometimes he gives the mias to her father, sometimes to a man of her clan, sometimes to her ex-husband: in short, he gives it to a single individual, usually a man, who at the time of the marriage is most closely associated with the woman.

There are no subsequent payments from either side to the other. Sometimes men whose wives have run away try to get their mias returned, and sometimes they do not. A man who has received ten mias for his daughter will not take her side against her husband in a quarrel if it means that he has to return the ten mias.

Marriage tends to be an individualistic antagonistic, combative relationship. Families do not interfere. In marriage, as in other aspects of New Hanover life, the individual stands alone. The nuclear family exists, but individuals cannot depend on nuclear family members for help. Romantic love is important.

Here follow some examples of Lavongai marriages.

1) Silakau and Ngurvarilam.

Food is a medium of relationship in New Hanover as in New Ireland. It is used to reject. When Ngurvarilam was angry with Silakau, she stayed in the garden until late, or she
came from the garden and went directly to her sister's house without letting Silakau know that she had come. He sat at home, pretending that he did not know where she was, and that he could not eat unless she came and brought him food, or cooked it. When she left him for two months, his "skin became slack." (I estimate he lost about twenty pounds.) He went to one of his three "mamas" occasionally for food, but he was "ashamed." Still, he preferred to get what he could from them, and from the anthropologist, and from the mission, rather than go to the garden for his own food and prepare it himself. He was rejected, and martyred. His weight loss told the world that his wife had shamelessly left him, and his mamas shamelessly did not feed him. (His real mother, Elizabeth, never rejected him. She would have fed him, he said, if she had been in Lavongai. But she had remarried after his father's death, and she lived in Baikib. She always brought him food when she came through Lavongai, and she still made his sleeping mats, which Ngurvarilam refused to make for him.)

When Silakau married, he was a young catechist; and the mission participated in his wedding ceremony. The relatives of both his mother and his father came. The mission contributed bread, rice, and tinned meat. That was 1952.
One day when Silakau was feeling worried about Ngurvarilam, who was sick, he came to my house and told me about their courtship. It was a subject which interested him, and he told me about it on several other occasions, sometimes in front of Ngurvarilam. She always smiled and encouraged him.

When they were young, Ngurvarilam did not like Silakau. One day Ngurvarilam and two other young girls (Koloi, and another one whose name Silakau has now forgotten) teased Silakau by saying this: "Your teeth are just like a passage (in the reef)!" (One of Silakau's front teeth is missing.) Thus they had taunted him, many years ago; and he cried and went home and told his mother, Elizabeth. She then came and scolded those girls, thus: "You all kulikilis," which means that they said bad things in front of many people in order to shame someone.

Silakau was determined to change Ngurvarilam's mind about him. He went looking for moai, a grass; and in the afternoon he found it. During the night, he sang over it.

In the morning, he did not go to work. He told his mother not to go near him. (He admitted that his mother probably knew what he was doing, just as she knew when his father performed singsings, but she was not supposed to know.) Silakau stayed alone in the house for about a week. He fasted for one whole day, except for eating some taro in the afternoon. "I thought only of my singsing," he said.
"Then a star, I think, came," he told me. He was waiting for a little lizard, "which contain our human devils." One day the lizard finally came, came up to the moi, and lay down next to it without moving. This meant, Silakau said, that he and Nguvarilam would be truly married. If the lizard had just come up and then gone away again, it would have meant that he and Nguvarilam would be only lovers.

"After this, Nguvarilam's face was no longer 'strong' against me. She waited for me, she smiled, and she looked happy." Silakau told his mother that she could no longer come to his house, the rangama (men's house) where he slept. He put the moi in a tin, and kept it in the house.

Soon thereafter Nguvarilam came to call out for Silakau. Only Silakau's mother (Elizabeth) and Nguvarilam's father (Ongai) knew about it. She told her father that she would not marry the man to whom her father had promised her and from whom he had accepted pay. She wanted to go to the mission to be married by the priest, and she cried for Silakau. She told her father, "I want Silakau so much!"

The man from whom her father had accepted pay lived in Tiaputuk village. (He is now dead.) Ongai returned the pay, and Silakau and Nguvarilam were married.

Silakau's father was dead by this time, but he had warned Silakau not to give this singsing to other men, and Silakau has always heeded the warning. "It will bugger up everything
(if you give it to all). It is just for you," Silakau's father had told him. And he never used it again.

2) Boserong and Neruliwok

Boserong's wife came to the mission hospital today with a broken arm. She said that Boserong had broken her arm because she refused to cook for him the previous evening.

3) Yama and Igua

Igua has been dead for several years. Yama is old. We were talking about her life, and I asked her about her marriage. She said that Igua had hit her with a cane when they were newly married, but that she hit him back with a stone, and made his ear bleed. I asked her if he had "befriended" (had affairs with) other women when he was young. "Nonnem!" (Strong colloquial affirmative.) Toward the end of his life, she said, he went to Mersi and made two children came up in her. Yama pointed to Tanlawa, Mersi's youngest (who was sitting nearby), and Tanlawa dropped her head and looked ashamed. Yama smiled cheerfully. "When Tanlawa was born, I gave Mersi presents," Yama said. I asked: "And you do not get cross about these things?" Yama replied, "He finished his liking, then came back."

4) Baluskoil and Delilah

Silakau, Aine, his wife Makanbalustimui (one of Silakau's classificatory mothers) and their children told me stories one
night of quarrels in the village. The recounting of incidents was accompanied by dramatic reconstructions of the incidents, much jumping about, characterization, and laughter.

Silakau started it by mentioning that Baluskiol had really beat up his wife, Delilah, again. The others indicated that they had already heard about it. This was the third time he had beat her. This time she was hurt less seriously than the first time, when he hit her with a branch of a tree.

The first time Baluskoil beat his wife, Silakau intervened. He arrived at the scene of the fight after the beating, and found Baluskiol, his wife and her mother all pulling at their new baby: Baluskoil was pulling her head, grandmother Lucy was pulling her legs, and mother Delilah was pulling her arms.

Silakau was councillor at the time, which (he said) is why he intervened. "You fuckin' bastard, do you want to bugger up your child?" Silakau said to Baluskoil. Then he added: "I'll jail you."

Baluskoil retorted: "You fuckin' bastard, this is none of your business. We have already promised in church." (By that Baluskoil meant that since he and Delilah were indisputably married, he could do as he liked with her.)

The fight occurred outside the house of Topi, the brother of Delilah, who was present at the time. Silakau said, "You have no respect in front of your tamboo (brother-in-law)."
I asked if Topi had seen Baluskoil beating Delilah, and Makanbalustimui (Timui) answered, "Yes, and he just sat there." So Silakau started in slugging Baluskoil, and after he had hit him several times, Topi got up and said, "Let's you and I get him now!" All of us listening laughed heartily. Silakau continued: "Then I said to Topi, 'The fight belongs to you two now, I'll stand and watch.'" The audience shouted with laughter again. Silakau said that Topi then won the fight.

That was the first time Baluskoil beat his wife. He has beat her twice more, and the second time she nearly died.

Baluskoil did not forget his defeat at the hands of his brother-in-law. He and a fellow clansmen ganged up on Topi later, and Anton (Silakau's twelve-year-old son) came and called his father: "Two fellow clansmen gang up on Topi!" Topi called on his own fellow clansman, Lewis, to help him. Silakau came and fought Baluskoil again then. Lewis was not much help, as he slipped and fell on a tree root.

A third fight occurred when Silakau was innocently going into the house of his sister-in-law, Maria, carrying Josephine on his back. Nemalus, the mother of Baluskoil, darted out of her house and pulled at Silakau, and Baluskoil threw something at his back. Silakau put Josephine down, while Nemalus kept hitting him with a piece of cane.
Silakau was letting Timui tell most of the story, but at this point he picked up one of Timui's children to demonstrate what had happened next. Silakau had picked up the old mother and thrown her down; and then picked up her son, and threw him on top of his mother. Bonail, Silakau's half-brother, then pulled Silakau into his own house and said: "Be a little sorry for them."

Nemalus is a classificatory mother to Timui, and pupu to Silakau. "But they do not stop well with us," Timui told me. "They are always cross, cross, cross."

5) Maivis and Rondi, Silakau and Ngurvarilam

After Timui and Silakau told me about the fights with Baluskoil, they launched into a spirited description of another fight. Timui did most of the talking.

Silakau had been having an affair with Rondi, the wife of Maivis (see Panapuruk hamlet). Silakau had told me about this affair before, several times; once with the help of his nine-year-old daughter, Rosale, who remembered some of the names he had forgotten. Rondi approached Silakau when he was Councillor (in 1963-4), and told him that she liked him; not for his money and his position, but for his personality and the way he acted. Silakau knew it was wrong, because as Councillor he should have set a good example; but he yeilded to temptation.
I knew there had been a fight, and Timui now told me the details. She and her half-sister Elizabeth, Silakau's true mother, were present when the men from Saula village (where Maivis and Rondi were then living) came to Lavongai looking for Silakau. They were present because Piskaut came and warned them: "Hey! They are all coming to fight Silakau!" Everyone from Lavongai village and the surrounding villages was supposed to be at the mission, because it was Good Friday afternoon. (Later Sister Liboria told me that they wondered what was wrong, because only about half the expected number came to church. Many had stayed away either to join or watch or avoid the fight, she thought.)

Timui and Elizabeth had been on their way to church, but they turned around and went back. They tied on their laplaps with rope, and Silakau put on a belt (so they would not lose their laplaps in the anticipated fight).

Three men came: Maivis himself, along with Natgai and Mokoi. (Later one of Saula village's two big men, Baking, came and watched, but did not participate.)

Timui then recounted enthusiastically her own part in the fight. All present for the story agreed that Timui was the one who did all the talking. She said to the three as they approached: "You want to fight, you come!" The three rushed Silakau. Timui pulled one of them off and threw him
down. "Like this," Anton said, demonstrating with one of Aine's children. (He had not seen the incident, but had often heard it told and knew what came next.) "Make them savvy!" Timui had yelled, as she yelled in the re-telling of the tale. "Pump their asses!" Elizabeth fought them with a stick, but Timui used only her hands. Silakau said, half-flattering and half-jesting, "They all ran away from my two mamas."

Anton and Timui picked up the story again to tell of Silakau's part. Silakau had then said to them, calling after them, "Tomorrow you three come again!" Timui had yelled after them, "You saw that all clansmen did not stop, and you came to fight him! If I die, all right, then you can kill my child. But I am still alive!"

Elizabeth had called after Maivis: "You send your wife to get money from Silakau. Don't you want to give money to Rondi yourself?" (This refers to the New Hanover pattern that requires men to continually give presents to their sweethearts.)

In 1967, Maivis and Mokol still had not shaken hands with Silakau. Natgai came and gave Silakau one shilling and shook hands.

Silakau and Timui claimed that they escaped unscathed, but Sister Liboria told me that Silakau had sustained a broken collar bone and a dislocated shoulder.
The pain, anger, and jealousy over this whole situation has never been terminated, formally or informally, except for the single incident between Silakau and Natgai. In 1967, Maivis (who still does not speak to Silakau) invited Ngurvarilam into the bush with him. She turned him down, but she made the most of the incident. She shouted through the village: "If you want to fuck someone, don't fuck me, fuck Silakau! He is the one who took your wife, not me! Don't get back at me, get back at him! If you want to fuck someone, fuck Silakau!" Ngurvarilam was very much amused by what followed. Not surprisingly, Rondi heard, or heard about, the invitation. She went home and broke all the plates and tore all the clothes and threw them into the sea; a mode of behavior characteristic of the jealous woman in New Hanover.

Polygyny

1) Bomaras and Wives

Silakau was telling me about his father. He used to be an assistant to the doctor. He went around the island, to Umbukul, Kalungei, Baungung. The people of the place helped to build him a big house, which he needed because he had got himself a second wife. (Silakau is the only surviving child of Bomaras' first wife, Elizabeth.) I asked if his mother was cross when Bomaras brought home a second wife. Silakau said that his mother had broken the house in her anger, and that
she had always believed that his plural marriage was the cause of the death of all her other children.

But Elizabeth did not mind after a while. When Bomaras brought home wife number three, Elizabeth did not mind, but number two wife broke the house in her anger. And when Bomaras brought home wife number four, wives number one and two did not mind, but wife number three broke the house in her anger.

Joseph came back from working in Kavieng to find that his wife had been "pulled" from him by Peterus, a Sepik laborer. The priest at the mission tried to keep him from marrying again, because he and his first wife had been married in the church. One day, Joseph was overwhelmed with pity for his old mother, who is crippled; and decided that, since he had no sister to help her, he must get another wife.

He went to Tutuilla village, where he was born, to see a classificatory old father of his there, Polikan. Polikan said: "I have not seen you in a long time. I think you want something." Joseph responded thus: "Yes, true. I want you to buy me a wife." Polikan was surprised, and cried, to hear the news of Joseph's first wife. He agreed to buy Joseph a new wife. He went to Nekonoman village, in the bush, to a woman named Sera. Sera said, "All right, I have a daughter, and I do not want her to stop with nothing, I would like her
to be married. But she is in the hospital in Noipus with a sore." Polikan left her ten mias, and she promised to send her daughter.

A year later, according to Joseph, the girl still had not arrived. He wrote to Polikan and Polikan was angry. He went to Sera. He demanded back the pay.

Nebi, the purchased wife, heard about all this, and tricked the doctor into letting her leave the hospital. She packed all her laplaps and set out, thinking: I want to see this man Joseph. Along the way, she found her sister and her mother in their garden, and the three all came together.

When she first came to Joseph, she had skin disease, but he bought her medicine and looked after her, and she got well. She bore their first daughter. When she was pregnant with their second child, Kennedy, during the "election" events which led to the Johnson cult in 1964, Joseph realized that Nebi was not able to do all the work he wanted her to do. There were many visitors, long lines of police, and Joseph has clearly defined ideas about the kind of hospitality he wants to be able to offer visitors to the village. So Joseph sent Nebi back to her mother, Sera, and Sera sent Nepungup, Nebi's half sister, to be Joseph's second wife. He paid only five shillings for her, because she already had twins. Joseph did not get the five mias from anyone, as he had it himself.

Joseph said that the two get along very well (and my observations support his view), and help each other. The way
to keep two wives happy, Joseph told me, is this: always treat them exactly the same. Never give something to one of them and not to the other. Give them both laplaps, and call them together and give them simultaneously. They should be the same color, because if one is blue and the other black, the one who gets the blue one will want the black one; and the one who gets the black one will say that she prefers blue.

In May, 1967, a third young woman, Sam, joined Joseph's household. She was a young relative of his own clan from Tutuilla village. One say Silakau came to my house, passing Joseph's on the way, and told me that he had just seen Joseph pinch Sam on the bosom, and then Silakau quickly looked away. "This woman is supposed to be his relative from Tutuilla; but everyone is wondering, because he beats her just as though they were married. The two are just like married people, he is always hitting her." I said, "Is that how you can tell they're married, he beats her?" He said, with just the slightest trace of a smile, "Yes."

These examples illustrate principles that generally characterize New Hanover marriage. Marriage is a transaction between those who have never seen each other, or between two individuals who are romantically motivated, kin groups are not involved. A father, a mother, or some other individual receives pay from the man who wants to marry a woman over
whom the recipient of the pay has some control. The prospective groom may ask someone else to help him raise the needed **miss**, but he may provide it himself (as Joseph did for his second wife).

Romantic love emerges as an important factor influencing events in New Hanover, just as it has in other societies where the individual looks mainly to the nuclear family for support. And as is the case in other societies which base marriage on personal and individual factors, particular nuclear families are unstable. Many marriages in Lavongai have lasted 1 for years, but the threat of dissolution is continual. In many ways, the individual remains alone in the nuclear family, struggling against the other members of this small group.

The origins of hostility between spouses is not difficult to trace. In the old days, women came from enemy clans unless they were cross-cousins of their husbands. Sexual antagonism is a derivative of clan antagonism, to a large extent, in New Hanover. Men used to fear that their wives would poison them. And people remember that sometimes fathers poisoned their own children, because these children helped the clans of their wives grow strong.

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1. In 1967, Ngurvarilam left Silakau for one to six weeks on three occasions. A letter to me from Father Miller in 1971 informed me that Ngurvarilam left Silakau for a whole year 1969-70, and then came back. She told Sister Liboria that she feared another pregnancy.

2. The childrens' position is discussed elsewhere.
Polygyny is discussed further elsewhere (see Chapter IX). In New Hanover, polygyny is very directly a derivative and source of power. Women are a labor force. Women are property. And still men look to their wives for a kind of companionship and acceptance, love and appreciation. One night, very late, whacks and cries came from Joseph's house (which was next to my house); and then loud scolding came from his mother Limone's house (which was next to my house on the other side). Next day I learned that Joseph had been beating his wives, all three of them; and that his mother had called out to him to stop beating his wives. Joseph did not tell me this, but not long afterward he told me the story of his marriage to Nebi, emphasizing the parts of the marriage where he had taken good care of her. Then he said, "You know, Nebi would cry if I sent her away."

He was probably right. Wives are very much dependent upon their husbands. When Ngurvarilam was threatening (as she often was) to leave Silakau, he said to her: "Where will you go, to your brother? He does not want to see you, he does not want to give you money. He has his own wife and children." Tombat told me that a woman who is put out by her husband cannot go back to her brother because she is ashamed to ask him for money. She has to find another man to give her money: she has to find a "sweetheart," a "darling." In New Hanover, the family orientation does not continue to
function with strength for an individual who has already joined his or her family of procreation. And the stability of that family hangs on the ability of the individual spouses to get along.
Institutionalization of Behavior: Kin and Affines

Individualization characterizes behavior between kin and affines in New Hanover, as it characterizes other aspects of life. Roles are said to have been much more strictly defined in the old days. However, there is strong evidence that descent groups were never strong, which casts doubt on local assertions (not often made) that kin roles were more carefully fulfilled.

There is no strong brother-sister avoidance in New Hanover as there is in New Ireland. The strong avoidance taboo in New Hanover is between cross-cousins of opposite sex. An avoidance taboo that is nearly as strong as that between cross-cousins is enjoined between a woman and her husband's brothers, and a man and his wife's sisters.

In New Hanover as in New Ireland, people must select persons with whom to observe kinship taboos. Since marriages do not tend to be repeated between groups in New Hanover (or at least in Lavongai village) nowadays; and since spouses are often drawn from other villages, people are not related to each other in as many different ways as are people of New Ireland. But still, New Hanoverians have several ways in which they could trace their relationships to most people in the village.

In battle, male cross-cousins were supposed to save each other's lives. Men did well to marry their true female cross-cousins, because they would not poison their husband's water. Furthermore, a man could then pass his father's land on to his children.
But nowadays, I was told, people no longer follow these customs. People marry whomever they like. Some people still follow customs of shame and avoidance, however, with regard to magmagaog (cross-cousin).

In the cases of which I knew, people observed shame customs with people with whom they had grown up and with whom they had learned the habit early. Others with whom they had grown up, but with whom they played, and with whom they just never began practicing avoidance, were not avoided. Thus Silakau and Joseph were magmagaog, but they had played together, and they were friends. Ngurvarilam avoided her magmagaog Thomas, son of Malekaian (who is Kol clan, as is Ngurvarilam, though they do not trace their relationship); but she much more vigorously avoided Almais, the son of Taia (see Panapuruk), whom her father counted as sister. She did not come and sit and talk when Silakau's half-brothers and classificatory brothers were present, but she did not avoid them. However, she was forever scolding Silakau for not practicing avoidance customs with her own sister, Ngurkapitan, who for a while lived with them. Silakau attributed Ngurvarilam's headaches to her jealous worrying about him and her sister. "If you come some day and find me on top of her, all right, then you can worry," he told me he had said to her.

Tombat found it surprising that Lasi wants to run away into the bush when she sees him. He told me he could not call her name, but he did so several times, apparently with ease, when she was not present.
Silakau said that when he was a child, his mother told him he should not go close to his mamagaos, but must follow shame customs. Ngurvarilam and her siblings were all mamagaos to him. Her father, Ongai, was his labag. He went into Ongai's house to see him, but not if he stopped with all his children. Then he would wait outside.

Yama called Silakau's father, Bomaras, labag; and she really learned well the shame fashion! According to Silakau, she avoids looking at him at all, and if she comes upon him sitting down, she goes down on her hands and knees to pass. Some of the men, in their thirties and forties, claimed that that was quite remarkable for New Hanover. One village on the east coast, Fatigaga, has strong shame customs, and the women wear scarves on their heads, as do the women of New Ireland, out of shame and respect for some relatives.

All informants agreed that they would like to forget about these old customs of avoidance, and follow the Australian way, the way of all masters: "they all do not have relatives."

There are many kinds of motives behind this desire for change in this particular area of culture. Basic to them all, however, is the essentially pragmatic view that New Hanoverians take toward their culture. Nothing about it was sacred. Avoidance customs with regard to some kin were developed to suit another time and another situation. Now they are inconvenient and senseless, and many people ignore them for the most part. Particular avoidances were encouraged for particular reasons (i.e. Ngurvarilam encouraged
Silakau to observe avoidance with Ngurkapitan because she was jealous), but not for the sake of the custom itself. Tradition for its own sake held no honor.

Relationships between persons were only minimally structured by institutionalized modes of behavior. It was not uncommon for people to criticize others by saying, "Oh, he is not a good father"; or "She should not treat her sister like that, it is her sister!" Tombat said to me, "Is it good to hit your mother or your father? Pasingang-galai hit his mother, Nemulus (see Ufula). I see how mothers are to babies, and I think: I'm sorry, but I think my mama did all this for me, this big work, I cannot hit her! If she scolds me, I sit down and listen, that's all." Tombat's question was partly rhetorical, and his own mind was clear. But when he and others discussed these matters, they were discussing patterns of behavior, patterns that they had observed, rather than rules that people were expected to follow. Thus Silakau said he thought Joseph had married his young clanswoman, because he beat her just as he beat his other wives.

Marriage, like other aspects of New Hanover life, was accomplished without ritual. One might think that there was an element of ritual in the fact that mias is used for the purchase. But mias is not the honored currency with social connotations in New Hanover that it is in New Ireland, and people would rather have Australian currency than mias for their daughters nowadays. Silakau finally refused to allow Ngurkapitan to stay in his house in Lavongai, because he
would be expected to pay back her husband, whom she had left in Tingwon island. He had paid for her in Australian currency, a large sum, nearly thirty pounds (so Silakau thought), and Silakau could not give that back to him. Therefore, he did not want Ngurkapitan to stay "under his protection"; and when Petero, her husband, came for her, Silakau made him welcome. Ngurkapitan finally left, in tears.

Life in New Hanover has pattern, but neither ritual nor routine. There is no known path that is right, no one ahead to follow: and if there were someone ahead, what Lavongai would follow him? "We are like little streams coming off from a river," Silakau said. "We each go our own way."

Schneider (1962, p. 13) hypothesized that one source of the brother-sister avoidance taboo in matrilineal societies was the conflict between a man's interest in his sister's reproductive activities and the universal taboo on his interest in her as a sexual object. In discussing the taboo in New Ireland, I indicated that I thought it more likely that the strain was related to the fact that the children of brother and of sister were competitors for resources.

In New Hanover, too, the children of brother and of sister are competitors for resources, theoretically. In fact, they seem to be so infrequently, for two reasons: 1) land is abundant, and 2) sisters often marry away and their children do not come back. Furthermore, New Hanover-
ians do not characteristically fight their children's battles for them. According to my interpretation, brother-sister avoidance in New Ireland anticipates competition between the children of siblings of opposite sex. New Hanoverians (if the same source is seen as motivating avoidance behavior) have put the avoidance obligation on those who must directly compete: cross-cousins.

Since the avoidance obligation is much stronger between persons of opposite sex, there must also be a sexual component motivating behavior. I infer that the sexual taboo between siblings does not take the form of avoidance because it is internalized (as is the parent-child taboo in New Ireland, where no avoidance is required) within the nuclear family.

Schneider's view that "Matrilineal descent groups depend for their continuity and operation on retaining control over both male and female members" (1962, p. 8) helps both to confirm and to interpret the New Hanover data. Schneider explains that this control is retained because the males are needed to play authority roles. My data indicates that in 1967 in New Hanover, matrilineal descent groups retained control over neither male nor female members. In the old days, they did not (according to contemporary evidence) maintain control over female members. In 1967, there were no authority roles for men to play. In the old days, the men of the clan did stay together, live together in the rangama (mens' house), and get wives from other clans and other places. Perhaps a man sold his sister for ten mias,
and bought his wife from his mother's place: the daughter of the brother whom she did not have to avoid; and the sister of the man he could not kill in war. But in the old days, too, there were no "authority" roles for men to play; and, according to contemporary evidence, no strong descent groups.

There were no strong descent groups, and the nuclear family was not strong. Marriage did not form ties between groups that had continuity. Nevertheless, there were some group activities in New Hanover, and these are discussed in the next chapter.
CHAPTER VIII
MARAS, PATA, AND WAG

Throughout Melanesia political institutions have been given minimal development. Structures that extend beyond the village tend to be created and maintained in terms of transactions that are largely economic. The large-scale pig exchanges of Highland New Guinea, and the Kula ring circulation of shell valuables are two examples of this kind of structure.

Individuals in the Sepik and in the Kula ring area have trade friends, some of whom they have inherited from kin. Thus the relationships between individuals in these cases take on a historical depth, and offer to individuals the reliability of continuity.

Throughout Melanesia the mode of transactions is exchange between equals; and the media are pigs, food, speciality productions, and shell currency.

In New Ireland, typically Melanesian elements characterize malanggan ceremonial. Pigs, shell currency, food, and malanggan carvings are exchanged; as are also songs and dances. In New Ireland as elsewhere, the basic relationship that structures the duality of exchange is the relationship formed between two groups through marriage. In New Ireland,
the groups involved in marriage are local clan segments and bilaterally extended families.

In this chapter the New Hanover counterparts to these Melanesian institutions will be discussed.

There was one institution known traditionally in New Hanover that required a group effort, and that was Maras. It was an institution of male initiation, and while it was known about everywhere in New Hanover and in the Tigak islands, it had never been widely practiced. European contact was said to have ended Maras, because seclusion could not be maintained against government orders.

I spoke to three old men who had taken part in leading Maras: Pasingantakai (Ungat village), Maripas (Umbakul village), and Makios (Magam village). All other informants referred me to these men, and I heard of no other areas that had ever undertaken the work of Maras.

"Maras is not play," Makios told me. "It has work. It is the foundation (pidgin: ass) of the place, Maras. All the old show the new men, so when they die, new men can work it (Maras). True," he added, "all the men stole it from all the women."

A Maras is initiated by men who are vaitas: that is, they have been in Maras before, and they are therefore already knowledgeable. Maripas had been inside three times, more often than anyone else as far as anyone knew.

Big men decide to undertake Maras when they see that "plenty of men do not come up true men. They do not work this just to make a singing, but to make true men,"
according to Maripas. Other informants gave the same general picture.

Men who decide to undertake the initiation first build a fence, and then a house within it. Then they go, on a single day, in the afternoon, and "pull" all those who have been "marked" to go inside: mainly young boys who do not yet shave.

These novices are known as moratiptip. One event in the lives of the moratiptip was mentioned by all informants: they were whipped with a plant. Some said it was one on which there were needles. The group of men who, along with Maripas, informed me at Umbukul told me more about this custom: "Moratiptip is the first stage. They are fed, and they grow fat," Boski Tom told me. "And there is a lot of beating if they are disobedient. . . . There is a special night for all the young men. They light the fire, and let them harden their bodies before the beating begins."

Another old man explained further: "They have to beat them to make them strong." Boski went on: "They sit all night by the fire until dawn. Labag (mother's brother) must be there, and must chew ginger and spit it into his (the novice's) mouth. It is our stimulant to wake him up again. Father, or brother, or next of kin. It sometimes happened that someone died."

The fattening up of the boys that Boski mentioned was another characteristic of Maras generally known. Kasau of Kulungit village, who saw Maras once (near Ungat) remembers this: "At the time of the singsing (the coming out of
seclusion), all moratiptip go on too, over the fence. When the time comes to go look, plenty of men come to look. Before then, those pulled inside the fence cannot be seen. Their relatives cannot see them." Kasau said there was no pay to look, you just looked at the man; but other informants said that you did pay. "They stopped behind the fence, then they were fat," Kasau went on. "Before they were slack. They all wanted to look at this skin, now they were fat."

Makios said that the dance performed at the coming out requires the covering of the face with a kind of mask, so that the performer cannot be recognized. No one else knew of this fashion in other areas.

Practical skills were taught. Two men (and no others) remembered that coconuts were thrown at painted "bullseyes," to give the boys practice in the skills of spear-throwing in war. One man thought that the boys learned of poison.

Informants who knew of the Maras near Ungat, and Makios and others of the Magam area, knew of another associated custom: the covering of the bones of the dead with a gummy substance (produced by an insect) in order to make a figure that looked "like a true man or woman." Makios knew how to make such a figure and had done so many times, he told me. But only an informant in another village told me that Makios had done it just the previous year.

Makios said that he got paid for teaching a new man how to do this; and that he also got paid by people who came to see it. In the old days, being able to learn how to do
this was one of the privileges of the Moratiptip. Makios said that it cost ten mias to buy a teacher. Those who looked gave what they could. The informant who had seen Makios' work the previous year told me he had given one mias. Makios said that all women and children had to give, too; and that a woman might give one, two, or three sleeping mats (karukas). Later Makios told me that there were ingua inside this figure. And ingua is just a tamberan in pidgin, Makios said; just "the thing that chases children," not a real spirit of the dead. (He meant that it was just a nameless ghost of the sort that frightens children, not adults. The implication is that this figure in the enclosure with the young initiates helped to maintain order.)

The men of Umbukul did not tell me of making figures of bones (and when I interviewed them I had not heard of it).

There is another aspect of Moratiptip of which I learned from only one informant; and he said he learned all he knew from Maripas of Umbukul. A young (age: 30) educated man of Umbukul told me that homosexuality was part of the Moratiptip experience, the older men selecting young boys for anal intercourse. Subsequently I gained information confirming that homosexuality is common in New Hanover, but no further information about its relationship to Maras.

There is indirect evidence that sexual interest was an important factor in the selection of boys for Maras: the absence of any other criterion of selection. Some boys who did not yet shave were "marked," but not all boys who did
not yet shave. Further, two informants told me that not all Moratiptip were young boys: some were already married, some were as old as men who are the fathers of children who are about ten years old, i.e. old enough to be fathers of some of the boys. Several hamlets (in the area of the villages of Ungat and Umbukul, which were probably only hamlets themselves at that time) were involved, and several clans. Maripas was able (with the help of other men present) to give me a list of twenty-four men who had been in Maras with him, of whom only six are alive. They represented nine hamlets (or villages) and seven clans. Pasingantakai's memory of Maras at Ungat produced a list of thirteen men from three clans. When I talked to Pasingantakai, I asked if all the men of Ungat went inside, he said, "No, all of Ungat, all of Lavongai cannot go inside. Just one here, one there. A man was marked to go inside." I asked who marked them, their own clan? Their own clan, other people as well. He went on: "Some had no hair on their face, then they went inside the fence, then they all had hair on their face." Informants denied that the selection had anything to do with relative wealth.

Women were not allowed in the enclosure. This category of the excluded was clear. The mothers and wives of the men cooked, but sometimes other men cooked. Men who had already been initiated, the ones who were vaitas, came in and out as they pleased, and they carried the food inside. Otherwise, women and the uninitiated, called monol, could not see those inside until the day they came out.
When all came out, performing the Maras dance which they have learned inside, "All the women cannot like a man who does it. All look, and then they all go inside, and they all like some man," Pungmat of Lavongai (a young man who had only heard stories) told me. Lavongai men in 1967 expressed in many ways their view that it was difficult for a man to make himself attractive to women. I infer, then, that Maras was one of the ways used in the old days.

Informants said that people came from "a long way" to see Maras, but no one at Ungat, Umbukul, or Magam knew anything about Maras at the other two areas. In telling me who came to see, informants mentioned only neighboring villages, many of them in the bush, in the mountains. Those who came were not feasted. There were no exchanges of food or of anything else. Those who came watched, paid, and went home. They did not otherwise participate.

The big men who sponsored Maras were not well known. It was not clear to me whether only one man mainly "bossed" the event or not. Only one account mentioned that a particular man (at Ungat) had started Maras twice. Men who were vaitas were not necessarily wolawa (fight leaders): in fact, of the men who went into Maras at Umbukul, not one was a wolawa. I asked for names of wolawa at the time, and other names were given; so the event was not so long after the end of warfare (if it was after the end of warfare) that all wolawa were dead. When I asked if a man had to have a lot of mias to start a Maras, all informants agreed that he did not. He did not have to be a "talker," or a man who had
gone through any public installation. He had to have been Moratintip himself, and he had to have been in Maras before. He only had to know how.

Maras was originally stolen from women. The story of the theft is told in the tone of semi-playful antagonism that characterizes the relationship between the sexes in New Hanover. Yangalik told the story thus: Before, before, a long time before, all women went to Kulibung, a place near Lungatan. They came up to this place, and they were fenced; not just with coconut leaves, but with trees. They did not have plenty of coconuts in those days. All the women worked at cooking food. One man went with his dog to find a wild pig. He went and found this enclosure. He saw the fence, he saw the food that came up, he saw them throw it away (because there was so much). He himself stopped with the garbage, at the edge of the enclosure. They did not eat much, and the man ate what they threw away.

Yangalik went on: The man watched all the women start singing and dancing. They had not performed it yet outside the enclosure. The man stopped hiding in the bush, watching. There was plenty of work going on inside for him to catch!

When all the women were about to come outside, he watched them all. Much food remained inside. He watched all the work. He did not miss a single thing. He had to catch it all. When they came outside, then this man got up. All right, then he went and made an enclosure, and brought all the young men inside, and then he performed this
singsing. Then the women knew that the men had stolen Maras, and they no longer did it themselves. And now they no longer know how.

In 1967, the men, for the most part, no longer know how, either. Makios claims to be the last man to know how. In the old days, a man did "make a name" for himself by initiating Maras. Makios and Boski Tom each told me independently that the mission had stopped all their singsings.

Boski (see Appendix IV for details) claimed that the mission had put a stop to all their singing and feasting, because the mission thought it was a "waste of time"; and also because the mission did not approve of the associated promiscuity. Boski said that the people no longer made gardens, and no longer had plenty of food, because the missions had put a stop to the events which provided incentives for production.

Was Maras merely an incentive to production, or was it a magical manipulation of production, in the old days? People did not hesitate to affirm their belief in other kinds of interpersonal magic to me; but they did not claim that Maras had been a kind of magic. On the other hand, New Hanoverians are very explicit about their need to have something in particular to do in order to overcome apathy. This knowledge of their own psychological structure certainly did not come from the European world; or at least there is no evidence for it.

Maras gave an opportunity to activate on a larger scale a kind of behavior that characterizes New Hanover's
interpersonal relationships: exclusive behavior. The women
used to have it, and now the men do. It is considered self-
evident that once the men had it, the women no longer wanted
it. The "reason" for this (according to the interpretation
presented here) is that much of the pleasure of possession
derives from exclusive possession. Conversely, the pain of
non-possession derives from the possessor's pleasure in
excluding, rather than from the fact of non-possession.

Maras, then, first excludes women. But since all
women are excluded, the pain inflicted is not great. Maras,
however, gave opportunity for very personal, individual
exclusions. Some persons within the village, within the
clan, within the age group, whether or not they had mias,
whether or not they were married, were excluded. They,
along with the women, could come and watch, later, for pay.
They did not otherwise participate, they did not help; but
they were finally permitted to watch, for pay. When they
came out, the men who had been inside were especially
attractive to the women; but it is likely that women faced
the possibility of being rejected and excluded sexually by
their men while they were secluded. The men who were out-
side must have found this situation especially provocative
of the jealousy for which the New Hanovers are well-known
amongst Europeans. They also see it themselves as one of
their strongest characteristics. In Maras, men were accepted
or rejected as individuals, not as members of groups. From
those outside, food and mias were taken, and nothing was
given in return except the privilege of being a spectator to the activities of others who knew how.

Feasts

There were some occasions of feasting in New Hanover in the old days. The only one which I saw is that of providing a meal for those who come to a funeral.

Wag is the name of a feast given some time after the death of a person, in honor of the dead. I did not see one, and some informants said they were no longer held.

Silaupara of Metakavel told me about the death of Willi, a respected old man who had been councillor and who was admired for his stamina in keeping up his work until about two weeks before his death from a cancer that had caused him considerable pain. There was a feast at his death, and there would be another later, a wag, Silaupara told me. A wag would be held just to call Willi's name (pidgin: singoutim nem bilong Willi). "It cannot come up soon, because there are only three of us," Silaupara said. "It would not be good if others got up the wag, just we three who are close." I asked if Isaac, who was also of Silau clan in Metakavel, could help. No, Silaupara said, "he cannot help. It would not be good if there were talk later, 'You three were not able to do it'." Another clan, or a Silau that is not a close relative, could not help, he said.¹

¹In the Tigak islands, clan structure and cultural values are more like those of New Ireland than like those of New Hanover. However, the scale of exchange is much smaller, and the intensity of related values lower. They have wag,
Since I had no opportunity to observe a wag, I do not know who actually helps. In his statement about the wag he plans to give, however, Silaupara manifests the individualism that characterizes New Hanover culture. His pride lies in his being able to do it alone, along with two others who are very close, and without help from outsiders. (N.b. in New Ireland, a big man's pride lies in getting help from as many people as possible, and thereby including everyone who would like to help.) There is an interest, too, in excluding other people who might like to feel close to Willi, who was an important man. Silaupara views himself and two others as the only ones who were close enough to the deceased to give him wag.

Other accounts of wag state that it is just to call the name of the dead; and also to "loosen the thinking of all" that is still with the dead. They make a feast, sing, dance, and perhaps make use of their love magic.

Another kind of traditional feasting was called pata. (This term, and also another term, sulun, was applied by some to the feast given in the name of the dead. Both lack of standardization of custom, and forgetting over time, play a part in producing this variation.) Pata is the name given to a large bench on which taro is heaped. Some big men plan the pata in good times, when they see there is plenty of food, and they send out word. Big men from other places used to come, but not with nothing: they brought a singsing. These not malanggan. Wag involves exchanges between small groups of affines.
were the occasions of singing and dancing the traditional songs and dances of New Hanover. (I saw these performed at a mission celebration, and heard of later performance at a T.I.A. celebration: so they are not forgotten. People regret that nowadays there are so few occasions on which they can perform. No one "gets up" anything any more.)

An old man of Metewoe said that a pata was held to reciprocate one previously held by someone else, or to reciprocate a pig brought to a funeral. This same informant said that men might come from as far away as Umbukul or Baungung.

No other informants supported his view that people came from such great distances. Still, marriage takes place across these distances; so it seems likely that some people came to see relatives.

**Analysis of Political and Economic Organization**

The institution of *Maras* produced the big man status of *vaitas*. Any big man could organize a pata; and anyone related closely to the dead could give a wag. Some people still give a wag in memory of the dead, but the other institutions are not functioning.

If networks of relationship were formed by these institutions, no evidence of them remained in 1967.

There were "big men," and big men who attracted other men to their *Rangama* houses: club houses for men. In the house *Rangama* there were places to keep spears, so that men could run and fight "if they wanted to do so." It is not
possible to construct clearly the leadership functions of these big men, but there is no evidence that they controlled large resources, directly or indirectly, or that their renown went beyond a few neighboring hamlets.

Mias in New Hanover hands was not a "ceremonial" currency, except possibly in its use in marriage. It was used for direct purchase of perishables: a garden full of taro, a canoe full of fish, a bag of sago flour. New Hanoverians did not make purchases from the same people over a period of time. If they had long-term relationships with particular people, or with particular small islands, no evidence of these remained in 1967.

Both in New Ireland and in New Hanover I heard that mias was made in New Hanover and in the island of Mait, near Djaaul island. No one in New Hanover that I spoke with ever saw any mias being made or knew where in New Hanover it was made. I never saw any in New Hanover.\(^1\) If it was made in New Hanover, it is likely that it was not widely made, and that few knew how to make it. Most of it probably came from the small islands to New Hanover: New Hanover had land and had bush materials (sago leaves, bamboo) necessary for building houses on small islands.

\(^1\) I only saw mias when it was being used in New Ireland; and as there was no use for it during my period of work in New Hanover, that may explain why I saw none. Father Miller showed me a string of mias that had been given him so that I could confirm its identity to that which I saw in New Ireland. The people whom I asked to show me mias all said they had none.
But the people on the small islands had land on "the big place" of their own. All indications are that it was people from "the big place" who got into their canoes with their goods and made the trip to the Tigaks to try to sell them. In 1967, men took a few extra bags of sago flour with them in their canoes, hoping to sell them for five shillings each in the Tigaks.

It must not have been easy for a man to get the ten mias necessary to buy a "new" woman, or even the five mias necessary for buying a divorced woman required some effort. No man ever told me that he earned his own mias for his own wife. He always got it from someone, usually his father. Thus, the use of mias in marriage was semi-ceremonial, in that it involved a social relationship between a man and some one of his kin. It involved no further exchanges of food, goods, or mias between the families of the married pair.¹

Thus the distribution of goods in New Hanover was accomplished largely through impersonal interactions, using mias as a fixed unit of exchange. Some distribution of food was accomplished at the pata feasts, where those who "had no name" to the bench of taro were given food free. Those who came to a pata were expected to give one in return, the only instance of reciprocity I found in New Hanover.

¹One further ceremonial function served by mias relates to the settlement of quarrels. This is discussed elsewhere.
Feasts stimulated production, however, and it is this economic function that was missed by New Hanoverians in 1967. Many did not have gardens, and some attributed this to the effects of the Johnson cult; but some referred it back further, to the decline of feasting activities, for which some held the missions responsible.¹

Group Cohesion

The groups held together in New Hanover are not nearly so large as those held together in New Ireland. At a malanggan in New Ireland, of six hundred people attending perhaps twenty at most (laborers from other islands, Europeans, visitors from a distance) are not involved in obligations that they are returning or creating. The pata of New Hanover involved some reciprocity, but the feast for a dead person, the wag did not (so far as I know).

Furthermore, there is no evidence that the wag drew together the relatives of several dead to work cooperatively. Instead of the principle of inclusiveness that pervades the New Ireland malanggan, the evidence suggests that in the wag, the principle of exclusiveness guided the initiators. They would be ashamed if they could not give the wag without outside help.

There is no theme of mutual giving in New Hanover, and very little giving. At the pata, taro was given free to those who had no "title" to the taro; but they did not immediately give back. In discussing these traditional

¹See Appendix IV.
feasts, informants were mainly interested in the "display" element. That is, they told me repeatedly about how the bench of taro and the piles of coconuts looked, but not who came, or who gave.

Interactions in New Hanover tend to be personal and individual, rather than social and group-oriented, as they are in New Ireland. Choices of partners in the interaction tend to be made on the basis of sexual or personality preference, rather than on the basis of social role. The media of transactions are food and play, and the modes are taking, rejecting, and display.

Some of these characteristics can be seen in Maras (although not enough is known of Maras to derive them from it alone). Selection of men and boys for seclusion was based on no social characteristics. In 1967 the society showed a preference for individual and personal relationships, not based on role expectations; and there is every reason to suppose that these also underlay the choices of participants in Maras.

When the men came out of seclusion performing the Maras dance, their interest, and the interest of the women who watched, was in their sexual attractiveness. They counted on display of themselves to create a relationship. They expected to be noticed as individuals in the group performance.

Similarly, the men who came from afar to a pata did not come to exchange, to buy or sell, to give or take, but merely to display their singsing.
These institutions did provide channels for expression, institutionalized forms within which individuals could express themselves.

Wag was a way of honoring a relationship to a near clan relative who is dead. Silaupara clearly viewed his giving of a wag for Willi as an expression of the sincerity of his grief (as against that of Willi's widow, who had already remarried).

Pata provided a way to express pride and well-being of a place.

Maras expressed the strength of the men.

But Maras was performed in only three places in New Hanover, and neither wag nor pata are remembered everywhere; and all have ceased or nearly ceased, not since the cult but since the coming of the mission.

I infer from these circumstances that group cohesion was weak in New Hanover. Further evidence (given elsewhere) indicates that exclusiveness and rejecting behavior left the individuals of New Hanover each dependent in many ways upon himself alone.
CHAPTER IX

BIG MEN

In the old days, there were two main types of Big Man. The veitas status is discussed in relation to the institution Maras, in which a man might become veitas. There was also the wolava, a man who fought well with spears and led war groups.

But these big men are not known, except from stories of the past, to the contemporary generation in New Hanover. "Big men" for them are men who have attained positions of leadership in European-created roles: teacher, luluai, head of the Cooperatives, councillor. All of the particular cases about which I obtained information shared these characteristics: the men occupying these positions used the power they had, or that people thought they had, to take money, food, service, and women from their fellows. People obeyed them mainly through fear. There was also an element of hope: hope that these men of power, who usually made promises about good things to come, would be able to "save" people.

Singarau died in 1963 of a sickness that set in after he forced a reluctant native medical assistant to amputate his toe. (Sister Liboria said the medical assistant was afraid, and that Singarau died of septosemia; while native informants think Singarau was probably poisoned. They agree
that the medical assistant was afraid not to obey Singarau.)

Singarau had returned to his home village, Saikeb, after having been away for years in his work as a policeman. He spent a long time in Tabar, and even got a malanggan from there to use in connection with a wag (feast for the dead) in Baikeb.

He was a big man when he came back to New Hanover, because he knew about the ways of Europeans. He was made a luluai by the Administration, and in the 1950's it was Singarau who was mainly responsible for starting the Cooperative society in New Hanover. By 1967 the Cooperative society had failed in nearly every village in New Hanover (largely for the same reasons that it has failed elsewhere in the Territory, relating to the inability of clerks to require pay for produce, and inability to give the money to the society officials). But when Singarau, along with Boski Tom and European officials, especially a Mr. Evans, first told people about the Cooperatives, New Hanoverians were hopeful.

All around New Hanover, I heard the same story, from cultists and non-cultists, including from Boski Tom (who was the only man in New Hanover who had had enough experience with the outside world to view political and economic ventures as Europeans did): Singarau had said what the cultists claimed he had said. He went around the island telling

1Boski Tom's view of Singarau and of subsequent events is mentioned briefly in the interview presented in Appendix IV.
people that if they would work for the Cooperative, eventually they would have stores where the old and the sick and the poor (and all New Hanoverians view themselves as poor) could take things free.

Singaraau got himself a boat and carried produce, mainly sago, to the islands for people, to sell it for them. He came back without the food, but simply never said anything to anyone about the money. People were afraid to ask.

The Administration investigated Singaraau eventually, and found him guilty of exploiting people in many instances. Administration personnel cheerfully joined Lavongais in accusing Singaraau in connection with the "lies" that are said to have produced the Johnson cult. But Lavongais do not blame Singaraau as vigorously as do Europeans, for two reasons: first, Singaraau's actions are what they expect of all men. Big men are able to do more successfully what all men want to do. Second, people are grateful to one amongst them who tries to start something that will help them all. They know it is not Singaraau's fault entirely that the Cooperative failed; that it is the fault of all.

The New Hanover big man's characteristic plurality of wives is of no concern to the Administration, but it has brought them into conflict with the mission. Singaraau's threats of violence against a priest brought him into conflict with a European planter. None of these characteristics

\[1\] Pamais, in his speech to the United Nations Visiting Commission, mentioned that Singaraau had lied to the people. See Appendix V.
brought big men into conflict with ordinary men, because they were afraid. However, one characteristic common to all big men did make ordinary men lose respect for them: the "pulling" of other men's wives, and sleeping with all the women here and there. "Filikos and Singarau, luulaiz, sleep with all the women (pidgin: pushpushim ol meri), and then who will hear (obey) them?" Silakau said on this subject. But Silakau was the first to admit that when he was Councillor he, too, had "done the wrong thing": he had had an affair with Rondi (see Panapuruk).

Here follow some of the things that people said about Singarau:

1) I was talking with Sekson about his life history, and he mentioned that he had been catechist "in Singarau's place, Baikeb." I asked what kind of a man Singarau was. Sekson said that his skin was fat. He was not very good. He spoiled the place, he took the people to court. He "pulled" the wives of other men. "We were cross. He gave us hard work without big pay."

DB: "Did he lie to you about the Coop?"

Sekson: "Just that."

DB: "Why?"

Sekson: "When he came here he told us straight: this is to save everyone, all those whose arm is broken, or leg. Later, they will be all right. We had no ship (and the Coop had one). We paddled (by canoe) with our copra to Taskul — we swam along with our buggered up copra! Oh, sorry!"
Sekson's story indicates that people felt that they had great need, and that Singarau brought them hope. Typically, Sekson pictures Lavongai helplessness, and typically he does so with humor.

2) Piskaut, Tisiwua and I were talking about big men. Piskaut said, "We have to have shame and respect for our big men." I asked him to name some. He named Igua (deceased husband of Yama; see Keikot). He was luluai, and then became the first Councillor in 1961. "We don't have any big men now, just mankis (youths), that's all. During good times, you can have respect. But if something buggered up, then I no longer have respect."

I asked Piskaut to name another big man. He named Kivankoto (of Saula village) and Singarau.

DB: "I have heard that Singarau did things that were wrong."
Piskaut: "Yes, and after that no one respected him any more. Igua too. He has two children in this way. Two daughters, with another woman, with Mersi." (Piskaut is married to Mersi's eldest daughter by her dead husband.) He went on: "But no one is cross about this, her husband is dead."

DB: "Had Igua any other wrongs?"
Piskaut: "Oh plenty plenty, all kinds, around and about. But all men understand truly well about all men."

DB: "Singarau?"
Piskaut: "I don't know too much about him, because he was really a man who was no good."
Tisiwua: "He could really be cross."

DB: "And when he was cross, what did he do?"
Piskaut: "He hit people. He hit his labag (sister's son). They fought about ground at Ungat village. Singarau belonged at Baikeb."

We discussed a quarrel Singarau had had with the mission, about which Piskaut and Tisiwua said they knew little. Then Piskaut said:

Piskaut: "Singarau had good ways, but he got cross about all little things. He was really a man who got cross quickly."
Tisiwua: "Cross if you cut a bit of bush without asking."
DB: "And he was a truly big man?"
Piskaut: "Nonnem! (Colloquial strong affirmation.) He was as big as Father Miller, but when he was sick, he was really thin." (Piskaut understood my question to refer to physical size.) "He was strong. He was a policeman. He would hit you."

DB: "With others to help him?"
Piskaut: "No, him alone."

When Silakau was telling me about someone else's sexual "wrongs," he said: "Singarau, too (did things that were wrong). If he bought a wife for his magmaog, he would have her first, then send her on." I asked if he would also take his own son's wife first, and Silakau said no, he did not do that.

3) Tombat knew the story about Singarau's quarrel with the mission. Silakau and Tombat were young catechists, after the war, when Father Meinslinger was at Lavongai. Singarau was talking about killing Father Meinslinger because Father was always criticizing Singarau's fashion with regard
to women and marriage. Father had particularly talked to Singarau, and about him to others, with regard to Singarau's having "pulled" the wife of Kiukiuvaitas (Metakaikot): Kavungkure labag to Joseph, who joined his household in 1967). Father kept demanding that Singarau send her back, and that is when Singarau began to talk of killing Father. Father Meinslinger was also a man who used to hit men, mainly with regard to their wrong marriages.

One night Father took Tombat and Silakau and others with him to Baikeb to see Singarau. Father put bands with in-turning nails in around his arms, and his arms dripped blood.

DB: "Why?"

Tombat: "You know, a man who has sin must have pain."

(Father was thus indicating that he did not pretend to be without sin, in asking Singarau to give up one of his.)

"'I do not come to fight,' Father said, 'I do not come to fight. I only come to talk to you about sending back this woman."

DB: "And did he?"

Tombat: "'No."

4) At Patipai village, I spoke with Isaac about Singarau. He had been Councillor in 1961, and had known Singarau. He said that Singarau had caught plenty of women, and also plenty of money. People brought other people to him for "court," and Singarau heard the court, fined them, and took the money himself. It never went into the village account. However, Isaac said, he did a good thing in
getting up the Cooperatives. (Isaac was not in the Johnson cult.)

5) I talked to planter Jim White, who has lived on New Hanover since 1952, and who knew Singarau. Mr. White had no sympathy for the cultists, but he conceded that Singarau had allowed people to believe that if they stood behind the Cooperatives cargo would come easily.

Mr. White thinks that all the patrol officers put in bad reports about Singarau. He knew of Singarau's quarrel with another priest at Lavongai, Father Otto, whom he described as a "gentle man." Father Otto told Singarau that he could not hold meetings on controversial subjects outside the church. Singarau challenged him to fight with bush knives.

When Mr. White heard about this he told Singarau that he would take him up on it, if Father would not. Singarau backed down.

6) I talked to Nasson, Councillor at Belewaia, near Baungung. (His village voted at Umbukul, and did not go into the cult.)

DB: "Did you know Singarau?"
Nasson: "Yes, I knew him. He used to go all around Lavongai."

DB: "Was he a good boss or not good?"
Nasson: "He was strong about talking about the Cooperatives. He was a good man."

DB: "I have heard that he stole from the Cooperatives."
Nasson: "I have heard that, too, but I did not see it."
DB: "You do not believe it."
Nasson: "I do not believe it because I did not see it."
DB: "I have heard that big men 'pull' women. Is that true?"

Nasson then told me, in a humorous vein, of Iguarungai of Baungung, who had been Paramount Luluai when he died not long ago. He "pulled" all women, about one hundred of them. He kept two in the house, one to sleep with and one to do the cooking. The whole line was used to do work in the gardens. He only took "new women" (virgins), and he only slept with them once, only the first time. Then he sent them out to the labor line.

Nasson went on to tell me of the large plantation that Iguarungai had left behind. He had two daughters, and they each have children who are dividing the plantation.
DB: "Are people cross about the land?"
Nasson: "Who is the man who is cross! Big man, here, you cannot ignore his talk! He'll jail you, he'll fight you."

I asked if men were ever cross with him for taking their wives and sleeping with them. Nasson said that he did not take the wives of other men, only virgins. "A man who 'pulled' the wife of another man had to sleep on top of her in front of everyone. Igua, he was another kind of man, true!"

I asked if people truly respected Iguarungai.
Nasson: "There was no true respect, in our hearts (pidgin: long bel). All were afraid, that's all. All were afraid because he was a big man, he was first of all the luluais."
7) I interviewed Boski Tom, first President of the Council, and second man in the Kavieng District to gain a teacher's certificate. (His teacher was W. C. Groves.) We spoke English.¹

BT: "My Daddy was a polygamist. We had one man in New Hanover who "won" all. He had fifty wives. Iguarungai. He was one of our Paramount Luluais."

8) An informant whom I met only once told me about homosexuality in New Hanover. He was from Umbukul, where Boski Tom teaches. I asked him generally about Boski Tom, with a view of finding out whether or not he was respected by his fellows. (He had gained enemies during the Johnson cult, and people said they did not want to elect him to the House of Assembly or look to him for leadership, because he had not helped them to "get up," to find a way to get money. But I had heard no stories of his taking either money or women.) My informant said that Boski Tom liked the school boys, and that he himself had left school and left Umbukul because Boski Tom would not leave him alone.

Later I asked my best informant, Silakau, to evaluate the information I had gained from the informant that I did not know. Silakau generally confirmed the information, but said that he had not heard that Boski Tom liked the school boys. He had heard, however, that Boski hid quietly inside women's houses, waiting for them.

¹Part of this interview is reproduced here in Appendix IV.
9) Peter Yangalissmat was remembered by many people of New Hanover as the man who first talked of the idea of asking America to come to boss New Hanover. It was near the end of the war, and the Australians sent Yangalissmat to jail in Buka for a year for spreading this talk.

Before he was jailed, he held a high position as a native soldier. He had access to cigarettes, soap, and other items of European manufacture in particularly short supply during the war. His success with women was partly attributed to this factor, but it was widely acknowledged that he had very strong love magic.

Planter White knew Yangalissmat and had talked with him many times. He told me that he had been converted to the Seventh Day Adventist religion by the wife of Dr. Carlo, a medical assistant who is spoken of in highly favorable terms around New Hanover. (I went to see one of Yangalissmat's surviving wives in Narimlawa; and the white teeth of the people there, the result of abstaining from betel nut in accordance with SDA law, indicate that the people of his village were following his faith, ten years after his death.) Mr. White found Yangalissmat a man of remarkable physical appearance, intelligence, and charm, who enjoyed conversation on philosophical and political subjects.

When Isaac of Patipai and I were talking I asked him if he had heard of Yangalissmat's wanting to bring America to New Hanover after the war. He said he had not, but he did know of him because he used to go around with the luluai. He said that Yangalissmat had been a medical assistant before;
and he knew he had been jailed in Buka, but he did not know why. (He asked me if the Japanese had jailed him.)

Then he volunteered this: "I think of one little trouble with Yangalissmat. He used to go with the waitpus (Paramount Luluai) to all the villages and get money. He said it was pay for the ground, which he said belonged to him. He did not return it. He said it was to buy the land on which we stopped. He got nias, too. Not just in New Hanover, in Tsoi, too."

I asked who was Paramount Luluai, and Isaac said it was Gapi of Umbukul: "The two worked this together."

DB: "Why did people give?"

Isaac: "They were afraid of the waitpus."

I asked him if Peter liked all women or just "new" ones; and whether or not he "pulled" men's wives, and what the men thought of that. Isaac conferred with some of the other men, who thought that Peter Yangalissmat had taken both single girls and married women as well. The other men knew of Yangalissmat's earlier talk of America, and of everyone's putting all the blame on Yangalissmat when the Australians came looking for someone to arrest. I asked if people had put the blame on Yangalissmat because they were cross with him for taking their money and their women. No, they said, it was just that everyone was afraid.

In all these discussions of big men there are these common characteristics: a man who gained a position in which he had "authority" from the European administration
used his position, successfully, to take money and women from other New Hanoverians.

Sometimes there has been some genuine attempt to "lead," to "get up" something, associated with this exploitation. It is this factor, the possibility that a leader had been found to bring about economic development, that created some short-lived, and even some lasting, respect for these men. Lavongais respect a man who tries to lead them, because they know they need to be led and that they are difficult to lead. "We are like little streams going off from a river, each in its own direction," Silakau once said.

One night after a late-night meeting in Lavongai, Silakau and Joseph and some other men were criticizing the young Councillor, Pamais. Silakau said (contradicting his usual evaluation) that when he had been Councillor, everyone had "heard" him (i.e. done as he told them to do). Then he went on in a tone of exasperation: "Why doesn't Pamais boss us? He says, 'I can't boss you each, one at a time. You all do what you like.' But what does he expect? Pamais did not 'hear' when others bossed." Then the tone of exasperation disappeared from the conversation, and the men began to laugh at themselves, agreeing that none of them ever heard when someone else was boss.

Joseph then turned to me and "Master Fish"¹ to explain to us their fashion of followership: "When I was

¹Keith Hill of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, who was in Lavongai teaching the people how to
boss of Co-ops, suppose I talked about something," he began. Joseph spoke dramatically, gesturing first to one and then another of his fellow Lavgais as he spoke. "Him, he goes paddling (his canoe); and him, he has already gone to the bush. Him, he wants to go get daka¹; him, he is chopping out sago up there. Him, he wants to go sit down in his house; and I talk, my mouth fills up with flies."

¹The green peppery bean chewed with betel nut.
CHAPTER X
GROUP COHESION

Individualistic Integration

There are several lines of structure along which groups may separate from the whole in any society: age, sex, and ability of individuals: class, caste, or faction of groups. These categories also serve in some societies as foci around which groups form.

In New Hanover, individuals are identified by category in terms of clan, hamlet, village, and so on; but in many ways, individuals stand alone, and groups do not form.

Evidence has been presented to show that in the old days there was the institution of Maras which brought together men, but not all men of any category. The institution was exclusive.

Evidence has been presented from more recent times, since contact with Europeans, which indicates that big men were individuals who made themselves outstanding. But they were not leaders of groups, nor did big men form groups.

In New Hanover, "group" cohesion is best viewed as cohesion between a series of individuals whose lives come into contact with each other. They lack consensus as a group, and conviction as individuals. They lack ritual, sacred or secular; by which I mean they lack sacred formal practices, and practices that are "standard" or "routine."
Lacking order of any other sort, they rely on a pecking order to arrange their relationships with each other. A pecking order system puts a high value on two modes of behavior: assertions of strength, which succeed in dominating; and assertions of weakness, which show submission and forestall the "peck". All individuals must know both behavior positions in a pecking order, as there is always someone above, and someone below. (Even the "first" and the "last" positions may be occupied by different persons in different circumstances.)

The "pecking order" model does not interpret all situations in New Hanover life; nor even all the data presented here. It interprets one aspect of group cohesion: that aspect which has to do with the arrangement of power (in a very limited sense) relationships. But there are other modes of relationship between people, and other models are needed for their interpretation. I have characterized the New Hanover culture as "individualistic," because in the final analysis they are not interested in the whole group, or only in their position in the pecking order. They are interested in their relationships with a few other individuals, and the "pecking order" amongst these few is only one aspect of their relationship.

However, an interpretation of big men, the absence of leadership and followership, and behavior of individuals in relation to the weak and the strong, is best given in terms of a "pecking order" model.
I. Hierarchical Tendencies and Counter-Tendencies

Evidence has already been given about big men in New Hanover. They did not form a class of men who grouped together to consolidate power, nor did they form groups distinct from men who were not big men. They were individuals who made themselves outstanding for their personal characteristics, and they sometimes worked in pairs. Contemporary evidence suggests that a big man was probably surrounded by his "lieutenants" or "henchmen," men who have been accepted into the big man's "exclusive" group, and into the aura of power.

The big man himself and all his lieutenants are, in New Hanover, part of the pecking order system. In a pecking order system, each person kicks the one behind him and appeases the one in front of him. In New Hanover, people take from the weak, and give to the strong. But they do not give easily to the strong. The strong must be continually vigilant, taking assertively, lest they slip back in the pecking order.

In New Hanover, a big man depends not on the strength of the people with whom he is associated, but on their weakness. He takes what he can from them, and he keeps it. What the weak derive from these associations is a position, however temporary, as an "insider;" or merely a temporary escape from the scorn or anger of the stronger person.

Strong men in New Hanover have a small number of "followers." These are the men who are next in the pecking order. Singaraa and Joseph exploited people together, taking their
food, selling it, and keeping the money. Peter Yangalissmat and Gapi worked together, collecting "rent" from people for living on the land over which Yangalissmat and Gapi said they were "boss."

It is said of Boski Tom: we used to respect him, but now we do not; because he went away and got "savvy," but he does not help us to "get up." From the bottom of the pecking order looking up, it appears that the men at the top have "savvy" which they refuse to share. This is the impression that big men need to perpetuate in order to stay big. Furthermore, if they really do have savvy, they can in fact keep people weak in relation to themselves by not sharing it.

"Savvy" may be of various sorts, practical or ritual. Silakau's father had "savvy" about practical medicine, but also about ritual singsings. With his medicine he healed some sicknesses, with his "savvy" he delivered babies when the mother was having trouble; and with his singsing, he drew women away from their husbands. Silakau claims that he got his wife with this singsing, and that he has never told anyone about it, nor used it himself again, because it is dangerous. He regards it as infallible, and therefore says that promiscuous use of it would have women leaving their husbands all over New Hanover.

But this "love magic" is something of a joke. Ngurvarilam always agrees with Silakau when he says that it is responsible for her having changed her mind about him. However, sustained
faith in the good will of persons or the sacredness of power or knowledge or desserts is not part of New Hanover culture. There was not a single big man about whom I heard who had not lost the respect of the people, and lost their respect because he did something "wrong." His underlings no longer gave things to him, because they no longer feared him or had hope that something good would come from this big man. A big man in New Hanover had, for a while, some power; but he never had authority. His power was not legitimate; at least, not for long.
II. Outsiders and Weak Insiders

In a pecking order system, it is difficult to define "outsiders." There is no "group" to be inside, and most people feel that they are "outsiders." However, in every situation, some people are more "inside" than others. In New Hanover, these are the strong; and they exert their full strength, lest they lose their place in the pecking order.

Children are in a weak position in all societies. In New Hanover, it is the children, especially the girls, who run errands and do the chores. But they are not overworked. Their position at the bottom is best indicated by the direction of scolding. Parents scold children, children scold weaker children or weak adults.

Children are usually included in adult activities, but only because they are so demanding that it becomes more difficult for parents to try to exclude them than to let them be present, as spectators, to adult activities. When men speak in public in New Hanover, they do not hold a child's hand. But no attempt is made to prevent children from participating in quarrels, especially quarrels between spouses, where children are used by one parent against the other. And no attempt is made to prevent children from knowing about the sexual adventures of their parents. Silakau told about one of his with the help of his daughter, and Joseph discussed other people's past affairs in front of children. (It is these matters, anger between spouses and sexual affairs of
parents that might lead to this anger, from which New Ireland adults exclude their children.)

Parents do not guide their children in such a way that they learn what is expected of them, and how to do it. I saw and heard of many instances where parents spontaneously slapped a child's face in response to a child's mistake, or "misdeed;" for so it was viewed. Parents were in a hurry, and they lifted children up and down steps, rather than waiting for the child to take his own time. By the time they were two years old, they were clumsy. It was not safe for them to be left unattended on a verandah, for they would surely fall off it.

Children were fed, and they were fed plenty. However, in many cases father was fed first. At meal time as at other times, children were not honored, they were tolerated. The company of children was considered a nuisance, not a pleasure.

Here follow examples which illustrate the evidence for these generalizations.
a) Children

Children and Food

Morris is twelve years old, but still in the second standard. He is behind because his father is "boss boy" at the plantation at Enuk, where there is no school. He has been sent to Lavongai village so that he can go to school, and Silikau, his father's sister's son (see Tukimeringu), looks after Morris for food.

I ate often at Silakau's during my first six weeks in Lavongai village (which began February 10, 1967), and had a chance to observe the mealtime situation. Morris was told that he "ran about, that's all," and that he "knows when there is food, then he comes." Morris received these words with downcast eyes and silence.

The second time I ate there (during my first week) Silakau said, when the food was served by his wife, "Hey! I have no spoon!" Morris (I judge from his look) and I both felt that we were to blame for this situation, and I insisted over their protests on running over to my house to get a spoon. When I came back and gave it to Ngurvarilam, she passed it to one of her children, laughing raucously over Silakau's situation. Silakau drank his soup and ate with his fingers and said maski (nevermind), it was all right.

Morris spent a lot of time at my house, sometimes alone, often with Silakau's children, with whom he got along well. On Friday, February 24, Ngurvarilam told me that she
had scolded Morris this morning because all his laplaps were wet. Usually she does not scold him, she said, because that is Silakau's work. She said that she had told Morris: "If you get sick, who will look after you? Silakau will have to because I won't!" When Ngurvarilam reported this all to Silakau, he said: "If Morris comes to sleep with me, I'll break his neck."

Ngurvarilam told me all this in her usual manner, nervous and laughing. Then she said: "A woman who has children, her mouth is sore from talking. Start in the morning, only close it when asleep. A woman without children, she is lucky."

Whenever she spoke of Morris, he was a "big head," or in some way a nuisance. "Where is Morris? He is always gone when you want him to do work, and always here when there is food!" Both Ngurvarilam and Silakau referred to Morris sarcastically as "this big man here."

Sunday, February 26, when Silakau and I were talking in his house, Morris was in the next room playing his guitar so loudly that we could hardly hear each other. No one said anything.

In the evening, Sunday, March 5, Ngurvarilam expressed disgust when Morris arrived just after she had dished out the food. "That's it, that's the kind he is, I just finish and he comes." He disappeared instantly. She kept calling
him, then I called him; then Silakau, who was outside and had not yet come in to eat, began to call him. He had gone. "That's the kind he is," she kept fussing.

Then they told me that he has gone to Ngurvarilam's sister, Maria, and will sleep there. Last night he took his bed there. "He's already found good food at Maria's!"

Ngurvarilam kept talking about it, and I thought she felt guilty. I said to Silakau, who was taking it all casually: "He ran away because you were cross with him all the time."

Silakau: "No, I just gave him a little savvy."

DB: "Now he gives you a little savvy."

Silakau giggled in response to that. He often laughed when people scolded him.

**Children: Excluding the Outsider**

Tuesday, March 14, Gertrude ate the evening meal at Silakau's house. She was nine years old, the child of distant relatives who had gone to Talesea in New Britain. Her mother's sister had been taking care of her in another village, but had sent her to Lavongai to go to school. Silakau said to me: "Some men don't like to have extra children in the house, but it's all right with me."

Wednesday, April 5, Morris (age twelve), Gertrude (age nine), and Silakau's second youngest daughter, Josephine (age five), were playing on my verandah, where I was working.
Serial, Patab's daughter (age five) sat on my chair and was a shy spectator to the scene. Morris and Josephine were "flirting" with each other, partly in earnest, and partly in order to exclude Gertrude. The children were playfully tapping each other, and then refused to tap Gertrude. Josephine shouted, teasing, "play, play!" Then she hit Gertrude. Gertrude said, in a soft voice, "shame!" She came slowly over to me, while Josephine pulled Morris down on the mat and lay with her head in his lap. Gertrude tried to laugh, but hardly managed it over her jealousy. Morris and Josephine began to throw bits of buae twig at her.

Gertrude said to me then, "Morris is hitting this little girl of everyone's," referring to herself. Meanwhile, back on the mat, Josephine was suddenly angry and hit Morris. Gertrude started back toward them, saying "Finish, finish play." Morris suddenly jerked himself stiff on the mat, and Josephine laughed. Gertrude lapsed back into a sad stare. Serial sat shyly out of it, but not trying to be in. Josephine was doing the successful flirting, and excluding.

Thursday, April 6. Josephine, Gertrude and one of Patab's children ran in about 12:15 p.m. I asked if school were over for the day.

Josephine: "No, we will go back. We have run away from the men."

DB: "From whom?"

Gertrude: "From Yacob."
DB: "Why?"

They told me that Yacob had wanted them to hurry up, to go get sago. (The school children help to provide for their own food.) I asked why they did not want to go. Josephine: "We go to school, and he likes to hit us. We have come to stop a little, and then we will go back."

They went to my suitcase full of "books" (old magazines that I kept for them to come to see). I reminded them to "hold the books easy", and they whispered this reminder to each other as they got out the magazines. (However, as usual, pages were torn. Both adults and children could not seem to achieve the kind of physical control necessary to maintain the magazines undamaged. This inability to make controlled, gentle movements was typical in other situations as well.)

Gertrude had two magazines under her leg, keeping them from Josephine and Morris while she was pretending to look at a third. I told her to give the other magazines to the other two children, who were pulling at them, and Gertrude cried. Josephine said gleefully, "She's ashamed now."

They began to slap each other. I told them if they wanted to fight they should go outside to play. They left and came back later in the afternoon, fought again, and left again when I told them to go. (A New Ireland child would have been shattered by such orders from me, but for New Hanover children it was something of a game that they insisted on my playing.) Gertrude came back by herself and came and sat on the floor next
to me while I worked. After a few minutes she said: "Dorothy, Josephine wants some P-K" (chewing gum, which I often gave them).

DB: "And you, don't you want some?"

Gertrude: "Me too, I want some."

Interpretation: Josephine, as the leader of the general clamor which made me eject them, had sent the quiet Gertrude to get gum, to reassure herself that I was not really angry, without herself taking the risk (in case I really was angry). Furthermore, she liked to send Gertrude on "errands" for her. And Gertrude, pleased to be included, went.

Gertrude usually did as she was asked. However, the previous day Ngurvarilam had told us all, as we all ate, that she had asked Gertrude to go get water, and Gertrude had not done it. Gertrude looked shamed, and a big tear came down her cheek. (I wondered if she knew where to get water. She had only been in Lavongai a short time. Lavongai residents either go up the river, or to a small spring forty-five minutes away in the bush.)

The day Gertrude asked for gum, I gave it to her and she went away. Later, before dinner, she came back again. She told me that she and Josephine went and got kumu (green leaves, for dinner), but Rosale (age nine, Silakahau's oldest daughter) did not want to come. Gertrude called out to her to go hear her mother, and she (Rosale) did not want to go. She repeated and repeated this accusation to me. (This is an illustration
of the New Hanover propensity to "tell on" other people, using the occasion to allign themselves with the person to whom they are reporting.) Gertrude was very pleased with herself. "We will mix it with sago," she said.

While Gertrude was telling me about all this, Rosale appeared and shouted out: "Gertrude! You go fill up (the bottles) with water!" Gertrude answered her, her tone of voice showing her failing confidence: "You go hear your mother!" They both stopped a while on my verandah, then Rosale said, with a view to startling Gertrude: "Here comes Father Miller! Let's go, Gertrude!" (Father Miller was not coming, or in sight.) They ran.

The Sisters at the mission asked me about Gertrude, as she had been hanging around. They said they would keep her in the dormitory for a week or so.

I saw Ngurvarilam being nice to Gertrude only once, and that was at the expense of Rosale. Ngurvarilam had given Gertrude her plate of food, and Gertrude did not eat. She said she was waiting for Rosale to come. Ngurvarilam said: "Maski, you eat, Rosale is doing something no good, all must all eat at one time." It turned out that Rosale had already eaten (and Ngurvarilam must have known it).

Wednesday, April 12, when Gertrude had been at the mission almost a week, Ngurvarilam said to me (when we saw Gertrude, alone, at a distance): "Oh, I had wanted Gertrude to stop with me, but now she is here, maski. She never came to help me
when I stopped in the hospital (the local mission infirmary)."

In the evening at the mission movies Gertrude came and sat on my lap, very sad until Sister Regine gave her a piece of candy, which she gave at once to the two boys behind us. Later, she asked me for a piece, and I gave it to her, and she put it in her mouth, then asked for two more for the boys behind her (which I gave her), which she gave to them at once.

Interpretation: Gertrude has no defenders amongst the New Hanoverians here, and is dependent, in her weak position, upon white people. She is trying to make friends, bribing with candy.

Gertrude, from an outsider's point of view, "came last" among the people who were supposed to be looking after her. But each of those persons, from his or her own point of view, was an outsider, rejected, neglected, and abused. Ngurvarilam had been sick, and she was trying to keep a food supply available for herself and four children, plus two extra children (Morris and Gertrude). Silakau seemed always to be unable to go to the bush because he felt sick, or his toe hurt, or someone had to stay home with Antonio, the youngest child (nearly two years old). Silakau himself endured a series of personal crises, all relating to his being rejected by Ngurvarilam. She found ways to avoid sleeping with him, and she found ways to avoid giving him food. Josephine, who appears as the "leading lady" in this narrative, was in tears and looking miserable every evening, as her continual attempts to attach herself to her father were rebuffed,
and his attention was given to Antonio. Morris' story has already been told. Rosale was usually very quiet and cooperative. She took her opportunity to make some fun of Gertrude, and on other occasions I heard her ridiculing Tamangamiss. She seemed to be resigned to her lot. She was completely ignored most of the time, and she never made any attempts to gain affection or food or anything else. When Ngurvarilam was sick, Rosale became the family mainstay, going every day to the gardens, and for water.

Her submissiveness was rewarded with exploitation, but also with relative freedom from scolding. Early in my stay in Lavongai, Silakau sent Rosale to help me carry my tape recorder back and forth over a coconut log bridge after dark. I needed her assistance for about a week, and it meant that she had to wait alone for me at the mission, after the other children had gone from their study time at school back to the village. I gave her a new green laplap as a present for her help. Ngurvarilam wore it to church the following Sunday, and thereafter only Silakau wore it. One of Silakau's old laplaps began to appear on Josephine. Rosale went on wearing her own laplaps. I raised the subject with her once, and she seemed pleased to have done something that brought her into favor with her father. When Ngurvarilam threatened to run away to Kavieng and to take all the children with her, Rosale cried and said that she would run away back to Silakau.
Discipline, Crying, and Being Left Out

After dinner in the evening Ngurvarilam slapped Josephine for breaking a glass. Ngurvarilam had told her to wash it, and she did not want to. The breaking, however, was an accident.

We were going to visit Pamais after dinner. Josephine wanted to come, too, but Ngurvarilam said no, who would carry her when she fell asleep? Josephine gave a coy smile and said she would not fall asleep, she would "play, play, play!" Ngurvarilam still said no, and we left Josephine crying.

Discipline; and Participating in Adult Work

Ngurvarilam said that Silakau is not up to (pidgin: i no inap) hitting the children: "Just me, I have to hit them."

One morning (May 28) Josephine came and told me her mother was sick. She had been sick on and off for a week, I knew. I was interviewing someone when, shortly thereafter, Silakau came over, but left without coming in when he saw I was working. When I was through, I went over to Silakau's house. He stuck his head out the door and said "Ngurvarilam is sick, she is crying." I went in briefly to see her, and she tried to sit up for me. She was crying. She complained of being unable to breathe, and of a new lump in her stomach, and of her usual dizziness.

While I was sitting there, Rosale (age nine) came back with a headload of water, and then went to wash a plate. I said something to Silakau and Ngurvarilam about what a good girl
Rosale was, working hard. Silakau went out of the house to where Anton (age twelve) was standing and suddenly gave him four switches with a flexible reed. (I did not see this, but it sounded as though he hit him on his laplap, and not with the intention of producing much physical pain.) "You let Rosale do all the work, you like to run about, that's all." Anton, with his back turned to me, cried: not sobbed, but cried quite hard. About ten minutes later I saw him walking, alone, down the beach; and looking very sad.

In the evening Silakau said he had not gone to get sago today because he was sick, and Ngurvarilam said he should not go if he felt sick.

The Baby

The baby is an object of general affection in the family. The affection of the other children is mixed with mildly hostile acts of teasing and pinching, but when the baby is scolded by the parents, the other children sometimes side with the baby.

Both parents behave affectionately toward the baby, while at the same time talking about it as though it were a nuisance. Young babies are carried in slings on the back, just as New Ireland babies are.

Weaning takes place gradually at about the age of two years. The baby is left behind when mother goes to the field. With whom is the baby left behind? Primarily, with father. Sometimes with grandparents, but often neither set of grandparents is in the same village; and if one set of grandparents is present, it
is likely to be the father's parents. Some women have friendly relationships with their mother-in-laws; and some do not. A woman's own sisters have often married off into other villages.

In New Ireland the individual isolated in kinship terms is soon provided with fictive kin. In New Hanover, the individual is isolated despite the presence of consanguineal kin, who do not want to look after each other's children, or give each other food. Thus the baby of the family is almost entirely dependent upon the nuclear family of which it is a part.

The Displaced Second Last Child

When the new baby comes, a second last child may look to his father (in the absence of other adult kin who pay attention). But father often has to look after the baby himself. Where older women are seen carrying babies in slings on their backs in New Ireland, it is more often, fathers who carry babies in slings on their backs in New Hanover.¹

This leaves the second last child struggling for father's attention. Sometimes the child gets his attention, but because the demand is constant, the ratio of rejections to acceptances is high.

One way that these second last children can get father's approval is by offering to take on the job of watching the baby.

¹I discussed these observations at some length with Sister Liboria, who had been in Lihir (which in many ways was like New Ireland) for two years; who had relieved Sister Clematia for brief periods in New Ireland; and who had been at Lavongai for six years. I am indebted to her for the observation that it is the fathers, rather than the papus, who carry children in New Hanover.
These little baby-tenders soon lose interest in their jobs after father has left the scene. These circumstances of nuclear family life help to interpret the fact that, two months after my arrival in Lavongai, there were eleven children under the age of five, and two under the age of two, on my verandah. I went with the youngest to find their parents, and did not find them. No woman in the village offered help. One five-year-old baby-tender disappeared, and I was left the undisputed baby sitter until she returned. (I put them all out so as not to set a precedent.)

Here follow some illustrations of incidents involving second-last children:

1) One morning (February 24, two weeks after I arrived in Lavongai) Tombat paddled me and Silakau back to the village side of the river, from the mission side. On the village side, Regina (Tombat's daughter, displaced by baby son Isidor) sat howling. Tombat (whose name and kinship relationship to the child I did not know at the time) called her name several times in a tone which mocked the severity of her troubles, then he yelled to me to "Get Regina!" Silakau walked past, but I picked her up and carried her a way and she soon stopped crying. At my house I gave her some gum; then took her on to her mother, to whom she ran, telling her about the gum she had got.

2) The men (Tisiwua, Joseph, Tolimbe, Tombat, Thomas, Piskaut, Silakau) gathered often on my verandah to talk. Some of their children always followed them. The second last children—
Josephine (Silakau's daughter), Regina (Tombat's daughter), and Ladi (Piskaut's son) were regularly rebuffed when they tried to lean on, sit on, or lie on their fathers. However, when the babies were carried in or (in the case of the older ones) walked in, the father's held out their arms to them and took them on their laps.

For instance: Tuesday, February 28, the men were at my house. Josephine was continually pushed away by Silakau. Then Antonio (age: not yet two) arrived with Ngurvarilam and Rosale and Silakau took Antonio on his lap right away. (Rosale always stands back, shyly.) Josephine leaned and hung on her father. He kept telling her to sit down, and she kept trying to sit on his lap. An hour later he had got up and sat on a chair, and she hung over him, sulking. He usually carried her home, on his back, and she regularly refused to leave until he did.

I noticed this behavior partly because Tombat had had the same problem with Regina at my house on the preceding day. "Regina," he said good-naturedly, "is just like a little flying fox: hangs up, hangs up, all the time, on papa!"

3) May 24, 1967. Piskaut was sitting on my verandah, telling me stories. About 10 a.m. a child started crying outside. It was Ladi, Piskaut's second youngest. He cried and cried and cried. Eventually he wandered up to the verandah. (The small children could not get up the ladder themselves, because the steps were about two feet apart.) Piskaut seemed not to notice
at all. "Mamai! Mamai!" (Mamai is the local term for father.) Finally Piskaut said "sh wisssss!" the way they do to silence children. He began to quiet. (Piskaut was sitting behind the half wall, and perhaps the child was not sure where his father was.) Finally he quit crying and went away.

4) May 30, 1967. Piskaut and I walked back from the mission together. As we came into view of his house his three children ran toward us. Ladi, the second youngest, was carrying the baby. With no acknowledgement of the other two, he took the baby off little Ladi's back, holding it by one arm and setting it on his hip. He went on talking to me and ignored the other children, who waited for him.

5) Wednesday, June 7. I mentioned to Tombat that Montau had not come to see me for a few days. (Montau was the name of his pet bird, a kokomo that he had raised from babyhood. It flew around the village, but they did not take it to the bush, lest it be unable, or unwilling, to return home.)

Tombat: "He is dead."

DB: "Dead! How?"

Tombat: "Piskaut's child hit it on the head with a plank."

Later I asked which child it was, and learned that it was Ladi.

6) Thursday, June 8. Josephine, without specific cause, was hitting Tamangamiss with a stick. (Tamangamiss is the man who is probably feetle-minded. See Kaikot.) They were in my
house, and he was shouting at her to get out (pidgin: raus!). They stopped when I came in and he said they were just playing, but he looked angry and he left.

Josephine was pouting, still holding her stick. Then she began playing with my cat with the stick, moving the stick along the floor for the cat to follow. I kept watching her, and she glanced up and away, and finally quit the game.

Silakau has said of Josephine: "This is truly the little girl that breaks everything. If she holds it, it is broken."

7) Wednesday, May 24, Kennedy and his mother, who is carrying the new baby (age: four months), headed down the path to grandmother's house. Kennedy stopped opposite my house, yelled and yelled, cried, stamped his feet. His mother ambled on toward Limone's house. She looked back, and went on. She saw me. I waved and smiled. She let Kennedy go on crying for another two minutes, then slowly ambled back, picked him up in one arm, and turned back again toward Limone's house. (This is the only time I ever saw anyone pick up a crying child. I felt that she had done it because she thought I would be critical, an impression I of course tried to avoid giving. Another possible explanation is that Nebi was an unusually docile woman.)

John Kennedy had always been welcome on his father's lap, but by July his father, Joseph, began to be preoccupied with the new baby; and Kennedy began to be continually in tears and pouting outside his house.
8) Boskeru was walking down the beach, about thirty feet behind his second last child, daughter Devilus. She was crying, yelling, sobbing, and he was smiling.

9) Silakau was coming over to see me, in the rain, wearing my raincoat. Josephine ran out of the house after him, and wanted to get under the raincoat too. He let her come under it and held it around her.

Feeding Other People: Children and Adults

Ngurvarilam had been sick on and off for about three weeks, with headaches, dizzy spells, and nausea. She had nevertheless continued to go, nearly every day, to the bush for food. (Silakau, often feeling sick, did not go.) She had been in the mission hospital twice, each time for about a week, and each time her family brought her food only occasionally.¹ Most of the time she either came back to the house to cook, or ate bananas I took her, or ate some of what Lewis brought his wife Lasi, or went hungry. Rosale once took her cooked food.

Her sister, Ngurkapitan, had left her husband in Tingwon

¹Relatives of hospital patients are expected to provide all food for the patients. None is provided. Sister Liboria's diagnosis of Ngurvarilam's illness was this: either she is pregnant or she is feigning illness (or has worked herself into a state of illness) in order to rebuff Silakau's advances, so that she will not become pregnant again. Sister Liboria had seen this same sequence of events with Ngurvarilam with regard to her two previous pregnancies. Ngurvarilam bore a son, Bernard, February 10, 1968. Probably Sister Liboria's diagnoses were all correct.
and had come to stay with Ngurvarilam. When Ngurvarilam became sick, it was not appropriate for her to be in the house with Silakau (Ngurvarilam was forever scolding Silakau for failing to observe proper shame customs with regard to Ngurkapitan); and so Ngurkapitan went to live with Maria, their other sister, near their brother, Boskeru, in Palmat.

Maria and Ngurkapitan had gone to Taskul May 30, along with about five hundred other people, for the opening of a new hospital there. I had gone, too, and I had seen them there. On June 2, when I got back to Lavongai, I went to visit Ngurvarilam to see how she was. My interest was more than academic. Her children were always at my house, and sometimes one or another of them said that they had had nothing to eat, and asked me for something. I asked them who gave them food when their mother was away, and usually they said that Maria gave them food. Sometimes they said that there was sago in the house and they took it. Anton caught fish and cooked them himself for the whole family sometimes when Ngurvarilam was there, and he continued to do so when she was sick. Ngurvarilam had left Silakau many times, and later, in July and August, she left him and took her bed to Maria's. She then fed the children there, and Silakau had to fend for himself. Even though he had three close "mamas" in Lavongai (but not his real mama, who would have fed him, he said), he preferred finally to eat three or four evenings a week at my house, even though I at first "scolded" him, and even though I finally made him scrape the potatoes himself, and even though I
had no coconut (because no one would bring my any) to "grease" the food the way they like it. This happened in July and August; but by June 2, he had shown signs of wanting to use me in his struggle with Ngurvarilam. One of her main weapons was refusing to feed him.

Of course I did not want to become involved in their quarrel, though I wanted to know what was going on. When Ngurvarilam was sick but her two sisters were in Lavongai, I thought that silakau and the children would be fed by them. With the sisters gone, I hoped that Ngurvarilam was well enough to feed her family so that they would not all try to draw me in and take my food.

Fortunately, Ngurvarilam was feeling better. (I, and Ngurkapitan, and Silakau, all wondered how closely her sickness was related to her jealousy of Ngurkapitan in relation to Silakau.) She was sitting in her house, cooking, smiling, and seeming very relaxed when I went to visit her upon my return from Taskul. I told her that I had seen her sisters, and that I had been a little worried about her, and I wondered why they had gone to Taskul when she was sick. Ngurvarilam said: "Who knows about them," by which she meant, how can people like that be understood? She went on: "Silakau wanted to say something to Maria, but I stopped him. Ngurkapitan is a good woman, she had no talk, but Maria has fouled her thinking."

She told me that Maria had been bought by a local man, but she left him. Then she married a man from New Guinea, who was
very good to Ngurvarilam's children; but Maria wanted to leave him. Ngurvarilam and Silakau had to go get her in a canoe, at Enuk island.

I asked Ngurvarilam if Maria liked to look after her children, and Ngurvarilam said: "No, she just likes to go around." Then she told me what Silakau had already told me: Maria had said: "If I look after your children, who will give me pay?" To Silakau directly she had said: "If I cook for you, who will give me pay?" To Ngurvarilam she had said, "What do you and I work as laborers for Silakau?" (pidgin: wok boi long Silakau?)

Maria was in Kavieng with her brother during February, but she returned to Lavongai in March, and at first she slept in Ngurvarilam's cook house, where she had slept before. But Ngurvarilam told me (during our conversation about her June 2) "I put her out." She laughed. "I told her it would be better if she went and stopped in Boskeru's cookhouse, and stopped alone, because she was always angry at the children for disturbing her things. She scolded them for taking her little knife or something. Sorry, I told her, but they all think that you are their mama. (n.b. this was a dig: she is their classificatory mama), and I am not able to look after them, all of them, all the time. I have plenty of children, and I cannot look after them all the time." So then Maria went to Boskeru's cookhouse. I asked if Maria were good to Boskeru's children and Ngurvarilam said: "Oh Dorothy, she is really a woman who is no good." She
did not explain further.

Ngurvarilam apologized to me for Silakau's having "stolen" my sugar yesterday. (I did not know he had taken my sugar. She was hoping to get him into trouble, I think.) I said that it was all right, that Silakau helped me with my work, and that he was a good man. "True," she said, "he would not hide things (food) in the house, as some do; he has good ways." I asked her who else was a good man like Silakau; and I suggested Tisiwua?

Ngurvarilam: "Oh, he is truly no good. When he sees his wife giving food to their children he beats her. He does not like the children to eat first (before he does). Silakau and Tombat (her classificatory brother) are good to their children; 'maski (nevermind), the children must eat first,' they say."

DB: And Boskeru (her half brother)?

Ngurvarilam: "Boskeru is good" (unconvincing)," but Silvali (his wife)! She likes to cook, and eat until she is full first, later the children can eat. 'What,' I say to her, 'you cook for whom, have you no children?"

b) The Weak

Children are in a weak position in any society. In New Hanover, they are fed and given what is necessary for survival, but there are many situations in which their weakness is exploited. These situations are mainly
interpersonal, and involve ridicule and rejection.

Other persons who are weak in New Hanover society tend to be treated as children are treated, i.e. without special compensation for their weakness. The orphaned, the sick, the blind, and visitors are left to cope with their problems as well as each may. They tend to drop back to the bottom of the pecking order. Several incidents illustrate the evidence for this interpretation.

1) Pase (age twelve) has had an epileptic seizure (according to Sister Liboria). Malekaian (see Metakaikot) told me once that Pase did not go to school because "he's crazy" (pidgin: I long long). (I have found him helpful and competent" he found my cat when it ran away (out of fear of the new house) and brought it back, and he killed the snake that crawled along my verandah one day when the Sisters were visiting.)

He was in the mission hospital, talking incoherently, and his father, Tisiwua, refused to go and sit with him because he was ashamed of having such a child. His grandfather, Malekaian, was very angry with Tisiwua for taking that attitude, and sent Thomas (the boy's labag, true mother's brother) to go and sit with him.

2) Tamangamiss spent a great deal of time at the mission, where one of his jobs was to take the school children to get sago. He got no pay for it: that was one of his contributions to the church.
The Sisters joked with him and teased him, but they liked him because he was "clean:" that is, he did not make sexual advances to the school girls.

From the native point of view, there was no woman who would have him. He was always the butt of jokes, but more so than ever when a woman from Saula, Leafnating, said she would marry him. She had said so before, but each time she changed her mind. He was about thirty-five years old, and a "rubbish man," as they say in Melanesia.

His mother died when he was very young, and his father died when he was about twelve. He had had a seizure of some sort when he was young, and had fallen into the fire. His left side was scarred. The muscles had never healed properly, and he limped.

His conversation was limited almost entirely to a recital of the neglect he had suffered as a child, and the neglect he continued to suffer. He repeated himself over and over again. At first I thought that he was feeble-minded, but later I thought that his behavior was the result of his being emotionally disturbed.

He offered to work for me, as he did for the mission. I paid him two shillings a day (half what a worker at the mission plantation got) to carry water for me, and to feed my cat while I was away. He did these things: not without problems, but then no one else offered to help me at any price. They
let Tamangamiss do it, and then they took his two shillings from him. They did not steal it from him. He gave it to them in return for a moment's friendship.

April 9, after Tamangamiss had told me about himself over and over again, I asked him to sit down and tell me from beginning to end. He told me that his father had been from Baungung village and was Yanga clan, "but Yangalik does not look after me well."

His mother was from Lavongai, a Kiukiu, "but she had no ground here. Kiukiu has some, but another man holds it. There is not a single person in this place that looks out well for me. I have not got one little magmagaog, or labag, or brother, or sister to look after me."

Then he told me what he had often told me: that when he was little, he ate from a creek (where he caught fish), alone. He came back, he cooked what he had caught, and he had nothing (no sago or taro) to eat with it. "No one said: 'Oh sorry, pupu,' or 'oh sorry, brother.' But all sing out today (because he has two shillings a day), 'Hey, pupu,' or 'hey, brother!''

When he was little, he said, they hit him, and they said, "You are not something that I made that you should get food from me." And now they all sing out to him, he kept saying, "Oh, sorry (be sorry for me), brother, oh sorry pupu."

I asked him who was cooking for him at that time (April 9). He answered: "Toose (see Panapuruk). She looks after
me well now."

After each of his descriptions of his life he said, "That's the way they do things in this place" (pidgin: 
*fasion bilong ples hia*), in a tone of mocking resignation.

He kept calling me "Mama," as many of the men did when 
they asked for something. I gave him a cup of coffee, as I 
often did when he brought my water from the mission tank, 
and he said, "You look after me well, just like a true mama. 
I will really bugger up when you go, there is not one person 
in this place that looks after me as you do."

He said that Toose gave him food, but a month later he 
was sleeping and eating at Yama's, and a month after that he 
said Toose and Ngenget gave him food; and for two weeks in 
July he ate almost every night at my house.

3) I visited Ungalik island for about one hour, along 
with the nurse-missionary from the Methodist Mission at 
Ramelek, doing her child welfare rounds. I spoke with a 
young blind girl, who had two children, one about three years 
old and the other a baby only a few weeks old.

The children have different fathers, neither of whom 
send any money to buy clothes for the children. She charged 
one of the fathers to the patrol officer, and she said that 
she had won the court case; but still he sends no money.

Her own mother is alive, but not her father. She has 
a blind twin sister, who is looked after by a classificatory 
mother in New Hanover. They come to visit on Sunday, if
they have a way to travel.

The woman was highly animated, talkative, nervous. When we went into the Aid Post, she stood in the middle of the room, and no one helped her to a chair. Finally I did, and that is how we began to talk. She said that she was dependent on white people for help: klap Bob gave her money, Master "Fish," the former telatela Robbins all gave her a little money and tobacco. She asked me to tell the klap (Department of District Administration personnel) that the fathers of her children were sending no money. If she could see, she said, she would be able to look after her children; but since she cannot see, she would like the fathers to look after them.

DB: "Do the women here help you?"

Blind Woman: "Not at all, truly not at all! I am telling you the truth, the very truth! And I do not have plenty of coconuts. This is our fashion: suppose a person lacks something; his eye is closed (blind) or his leg is broken, people do not help them. You all, all white skins, your fashion is straight." As she spoke with me, she kept clenching and unclenching her fists, rubbing her fingers against the plams of her hand as she did so; and biting her lip. Her finger nails looked as though she bit them, though I did not see her biting her nails.)

She called out sternly to some children, then said to me giggling: "I am always scolding them all." The women
around us looked at her with mild expressions of disgust, and one uttered a disgusted sound.

The blind woman was eager to please. Could she teach me the local language? The white skins liked that, and she knew it well she said; and she proceeded to give me a systematic lesson in the Tungak language.

Her clothes were as good as anyone else's, but she was dirty. I asked her if she could go to the gardens, and she said no, but she helped to peel the potatos and taro. I asked her if she made baskets and mats, and she said no, no one had shown her how.

4) Patab was telling me about her life. She was brought up by a woman that her father married after her own mother died. Her father was good to her, but her stepmother was no good. She asked Patab to cook, and she did not know how to cook; and then the stepmother hit her. Then she asked Patab to do something else, and Patab did not know how, and the stepmother hit her. But her father was good to her, she said.

Before she married Kiukiuvaitas (after his wife was taken by Singarau) she lived with a sister in Meterankan. The sister's husband makes a lot of money with copra, but when Patab goes there they will not give her money for laplaps, so she will not go again. In response to my question, she said that they did give her food when she lived there.

5) Bateton and his wife have a spastic child, Vincent. He is about twelve years old now. He is completely helpless.
His low ability to control his muscles means that it takes someone about two hours to feed him every day. He jerks uncontrollably, makes uncontrolled noises, and cannot talk. I saw him once, at his house. Sister Liboria told me that his parents and brothers and sisters put his needs first in the family. One of the parents has until recently always stayed with him, but now one of the older children may do so. She has heard his brothers and sisters speak solicitously of him. This case was unusual.

6) Ngurvarilam told me she had gone on top to her garden yesterday, and her head got one of its big pains. Lewis, in a canoe, came upon her crying. "What is it, magmagaog?" he asked. She told him, "Oh, my head pains!" Lewis then said: "It would be better if you take the canoe." So he walked (because magmagaogs are under heavy avoidance obligations). "And he looks after Lasi (his wife, sick with anemia in the mission hospital) so well!" His own wife scolds him constantly, and he says nothing.

In a pecking order, people are weak or strong in relation to other people. Lewis is easy-going, and women scold him; and men send him on errands, or ask him to help. Tamangamiss struggles for position with the children, and giggles with pleasure. Tamangamiss is at the bottom of the pecking order amongst the men. Men at the top of the pecking order have no need to exploit Tamangamiss, as he is far from their position. Silakau, who is one of the top men, even gave Tamang-
amiss food for a while. (Silakau then scolded him, and Tamangamiss moved on to several old women.) But other men, e.g. Boserong, the perpetually angry and boastful brother of Joseph, was among those who took from Tamangamiss the two shillings he earned every day.

7) I heard of two suicides in New Hanover. One was that of a young girl who drank poison, and the other was that of the big man, Peter Yangalissmat. He also drank poison.

In both cases, the individual had talked for some time about committing suicide. People around them were sorry to hear that they intended to kill themselves. Once the announcement was made, it was the general view that nothing could be done to alter the situation. And nothing was done. When the individuals finally did drink poison, it confirmed the general view that their suicides had been inevitable.

One day Yangalik came to my house with a bottle of liquid which he claimed contained poison. He said that he was thinking all the time of killing himself, and that he would do it for the same reasons his friend and brother, Yangalissmat, had done it: because there was no use in trying to do anything in New Hanover. People were incapable of cooperating or of "getting up." Yangalik, like Yangalissmat, had been a government employee for years. He was, in 1967, committeeman for Lavongai village. For all his years of work for the government, he said, he had nothing to show for it. He had given a great tract of land to T.I.A. but he did not
have ten dollars to join himself. He did indeed seem very despondent, and I gave him ten dollars. He did not join T.I.A., but his disposition improved. After that he came to my house and indicated that he needed to be fed several times, but he did help me in various ways and he did not present himself in a dependent position again. (He called me "child" after that, unlike all the others who wanted things, who called me "mama"). I think that his dispair was genuine. I do not know how long it would have been and how many rejections it would have taken before he drank the poison.

It is significant that "big men" in New Hanover contemplate or commit suicide. It underscores their essential isolation.

Potential suicides are in weak positions. New Hanoverians do for them what they do for any other person in a weak position: they leave them alone.
c) Outsiders

Most New Hanoverians made no attempt to help outsiders. The term "outsiders" is used here in its most narrow sense, i.e. people who came from somewhere else. In a sense, most Lavongais felt that they were "outsiders," and there was no strong group in which they could firmly belong.

Outsiders were in a weak position, and like all, whether strong or weak, they had to act assertively. As individualists, New Hanoverians have a kind of pride in self-reliance, and they do not like to ask for help. The most important reason for their not liking to ask, however, is that they thereby confess their weakness. A single incident will illustrate these generalizations.

One night when several people were sitting on my verandah talking, Silakau came hurrying over to say that he had visitors from Baungung. They were not people that he knew, but they were going by canoe back to Baungauin village, and they pulled into Lavongai for the night. They had come ashore in Palkarung, and people had "mentioned" Silakau's name. (Silakau was the most hospitable person in Lavongai, at least in terms of his ability to talk easily to people that he did not know. Furthermore, he was easy-going, and he did not become cross. No one in Palkarung wanted to do anything about the men in the canoe, so they sent them to Silakau, expecting him to deal with them.)

Silakau had come to borrow my extra blankets. I offered
him some rice. I knew that Ngurvarilam had left him at the
time; so I handed the rice tentatively toward Tombat's wife,
saying that I did not know well how to cook it. Makanbenge-
bengemailik (Tombat's wife) sat there, smiling vaguely. Tom-
bat began urging her to take the rice. I went and got my pan,
filled it with water, and handed it to the reluctant cook,
who went off to her house.

Piskaut then spoke up: "Why feed those Baungaung
people! They wouldn't feed us!" He seemed slightly annoyed
with Silakau, and with me, for so doing.

Later Silakau came back. He spoke up to defend himself
for looking after people who came. Sione (Silakau's true
mother's brother, the father of Morris, who had come back to
Lavongai village) spoke up sadly: "They would not look after
you and me. I have been around the island, and truly they
would not look at me and give me food. Myself and Anna (his
wife). We came back straight, and ate at my mother's. We
came back straight, and we ate with the catechist at Patiaga."
He had in mind a particular trip he had taken when younger,
when he had gone two days without food.

Later Tombat told of his attempts to buy food in the
islands on the way to Kavieng; and how many people would not
look at them before they finally found someone who would sell
them food.

This is one reason Lavongais do not like to work as
catechists or missionaries. They say that people are cross
if they use the land, and that people do not give them food. They say they are hungry unless they stop right on their own ground, where they know how to get food.
III. Disputes

In New Hanover, in 1967, the settlement of most disputes was a private matter between individuals. There was no exchange of monies (as there was in New Ireland), but rather a one-way payment from the wrong-doer to the wronged. New Hanoverians settle disputes with a view to justice for the individual, rather than with a view to the peace of the group (which is what interests New Irelanders). If two individuals are in dispute and each things he is right, there is a third party to whom they can and do turn nowadays: the village councillor, or committeeman; or, before the Council was instituted in 1961, the luluai. In the old days, they went out with spears to settle things.

In the old days, too, there was an exchange of food that terminated a quarrel. If a man were angry at another man, and the two wanted to fight, instead of fighting one of the men could present the other with a heap of food. Later, the recipient reciprocated, having planted a large garden for the purpose. My evidence is not sufficient to show what attitudes were involved in this exchange, but there are indications that the exchange of food was motivated by the desire of each to shame the other. The institution rechanneled hostile energy into food production and prevented violence, without fostering positive feelings in relation to giving. In New Ireland, giving created and maintained egalitarian friendly
ties; in New Hanover, giving was associated with dominance and submission, and with shame. In the old days, the associated attitudes may have been more respectful, but there is no evidence for it.

In New Hanover, if two individuals are quarreling, it is not likely that each thinks he is right. It is more likely that each doubts that he is right, or that each thinks he is probably wrong. Lavongais are explicit about their confusion with regard to the priority of values. Which should come first, peace or justice? In the old days, there was no doubt: fighting and feeling cross came first, before peace, before justice, certainly before women. But after the missions came, and taught them about God and Love, they could see the advantages. Intellectually, they are convinced that "being brothers" is the right way. But emotionally there are so many other interesting things to do, that they cannot wholeheartedly adopt the ways of the mission. (About some things in particular, they know the mission is wrong. For instance, the missionaries have told the women that they should sleep with their husbands again a week after the babies are born. Lavongais usually wait about two years, so that another baby will not come too soon. In the meantime, Lavongai men are out looking for girls. It is this aspect of the situation that the mission opposes.)
Fighting and quarreling take on an integrative function in New Hanover, even though they often do not achieve resolution of problems. Quarreling in public remains a private matter, and it takes on an entertainment value. On several occasions (one of which is described here) public discussion became assertive quarreling, and the quarreling dissolved into laughter. Nothing was settled, but the "air was cleared." Justice was not done, but it was remembered. The quarreling and assertions of rightness dissolved into laughter as people lost confidence in their assertions. Their conviction failed, and they saw themselves as others might, and they laughed. The "game" element made them appear as actors on a stage, and partly accounts for their detachment from their own actions.

When quarrels are settled it is at a personal, individual level. In one instance (described here) a "ritual" act called **sese mungel** was invoked to create good feelings, but the function of the ritual was clearly perceived; and it was the function of the ritual, rather than the ritual itself, that interested the Lavongais. (New Irelanders were often inarticulate about the functions of their rituals, which does not mean that they did not understand them. However,

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1 Medical Assistance Carroll Gannon perceived this quality in New Hanoverians, of whom he often said: "They're all actors here, all Academy Award winners."
since they enjoyed the performance of the "ritual acts;" they did not need to seek further functional justification for their work.)
The following incidents illustrate the evidence for these general interpretations.

1) Some of the men (all in their thirties or early forties) were sitting on my verandah talking. I had asked them about land ownership and inheritance. Piskaut said that if he died, his children had to hold fast a pig, and the pig used for this purpose was called manmanic. "But if my child is not strong, my clan can fasten a pig, and give it to my children. They all eat together, and my clan says: 'All right, now you cannot eat from this tree or ground or whatever. Everything comes back now to the clan.'"

If both the children and the clansmen of a man are strong, then one gives a pig to the other and the other gives one back. If each gives and pig, and each returns a second pig, then all the resources belong to all. "No one can be cross. Everything belongs to both children and clansmen."

I asked what happened to the wife of the dead man. Piskaut said that the wife of a dead man holds the land if she has no children. Tolimbe then added: "But if she is not strong, his clan will 'pull' everything back."

Piskaut: "But today, no one does this. One here, one there does it. The child takes everything free. Lavongai wants to lose this custom."
Silakau then said that his classificatory labag (mother's brother), Igua (now dead), has many children, and that Silakau and other Balus clansmen could not be angry and put them off the land (pidgin: no inap kros, no inap raus). I asked why. Silakau: "Because it is the law of the government, a child must get his father's thing."

Tolimbe: "The law is the same as the law of our ancestors."

The men discussed this for a few minutes, then agreed that it had been, in fact, the law of New Hanover before the white men came. Silakau then said that "This thinking along the lines of clan is about to finish now. I want to think of my wife and children now, that's all."

In the old days, when men thought in terms of clan, things were different. Silakau, smarting after having been called out of the house to baby-sit with Antonio (he brought her back with him) said this: "In the old days, men would not look after children, because they all sat down together and 'greased' (talked about things). If a woman called out to him, the man would say, 'Get out, I'm 'greasing'."

The men agreed with Silakau's view. He went on: "My father would have scolded a wife who called out: 'Hey! I have work, look after Antonio!' My father would have said, 'Hey! You shame me! I sit down with the men!'"
In the old days, men used to eat together in the rangama (men's house). A big old man bossed the house. The younger men asked an old man who was sitting with us if it had been taboo for men to eat with women, and he said that it had been taboo for unmarried men, but not for married men.

All young boys stopped with their fathers, and if they reached the age when they shaved, or if they killed a man, then they bought him a wife. Piskaut: "He had to stop with me and with his mother, he could not go among women who were unmarried, or to women who were married."

Piskaut went on to talk about the "time of fighting." If, for instance, Lavongai and Ungat villages were fighting, a father would get his son, and the son had to stand up right next to his father. I asked about his labag. His labag had to teach the boy if the father was dead. Tolimbe interjected that a son had to learn everything from his father. The father had to teach him how to make mias, how to make a garden, how to use a spear so that he could shoot them at men. Piskaut added that eventually the son would go first before the father into the fight, so that the son could shoot a man. If a young man shot and killed five or six men in a fight, they would all come back to the village and beat the garamut. This young man would then be married soon, because then he was grown up.
Silakau said that in the old days, men did not sit down well. They were cross all the time. Piskaut: "A boy who was raised in this way did not stop together with the women so that by and by he would think of doing something no good (i.e. sexual intercourse). He thought all the time just of being cross. Before we were not ashamed if we lost our laplaps, or if we saw a woman (without hers). We did not think of anything, we did not think of anything no good. This kind of man did not think of women. He thought only of working for pay, of working so that he could buy food with mias. "...if a man knew how to make mias, he would not go to the garden. He would only think about making mias."

On another occasion they told me that they used to have a plant that they ate before a fight to make them cross.

2) Tugule of Metewoe told me that Buliminski himself had not come to New Hanover. A Master Waia was the man who came, walking around the beach along with local village men. He thinks Master Waia was the police master, because many police came, too.

At that time, according to Tugule, the people of New Hanover did not work together: "We did not have this idea of working together before, everyone fought. Brothers and clansmen could help you."

Fighting was still going on when Master Waia made his first rounds. But soon thereafter Inguarungai of Baungung
was made Paramount Luluai, and he came from his village to Metewoe to make peace. All waited for him with spears, ready to mob him; but he said, "I do not come to fight. I come to end the fighting." Then he gave them all money. (Iguarungai is the Paramount Luluai who had, according to Tugule, twenty, thirty, forty wives.)

Fighting is still terminated with money, Tugule said. This money is called kotobut: an exchange of money to end a fight. "If I am cross with my brother today, later I shake hands, I give him ten shillings, and then the quarrel is over."

3) Boski Tom told me that in the old days, if two men wanted to fight, they could exchange food instead. A man could go and set a great heap of taro in front of the man with whom he was cross. Then later that man who received the taro would plant a garden, and present a great heap of taro in return to the other man. Otherwise he would be ashamed. In this way, the quarrel was terminated, without fighting.

4) Kasau told me that in the village, all quarrels are settled with money. The person who is wrong must pay the person to whom he has done wrong; and he pays only one shilling if it is a small wrong, or perhaps five shillings if it is a bigger wrong.
5) Sekson, who is "Board" (representative) of T.I.A. for Lavongai village, beat the village gong for a night meeting. Someone beat the gong for a meeting, other than the regular Monday "line" meeting (to which many did not come), several times a month, and people were annoyed about it. Often they did not come. Only the Councillor is legally entitled to beat the gong. But people were enthusiastic about the new T.I.A., and they came to answer Sekson's gong.

Sekson began by scolding them. "You hear the bell to work, you go sit in your house, saying you are going to get your knife. All right, at noon you come up to work for T.I.A."

He went on: "Then you said you would build a house rangama for T.I.A. members to sleep in when they come for meetings, and you said you would have a feast to open the house. People came and they all ridiculed us (pidgin: tok bilas) because we did not give everyone food. 'Oh,' you all said, 'we will do it Monday, next week.'"

Sekson gave his speech partly in pidgin English and partly in local dialect. Tolimbe was translating for me, and he said at this point, to me: "Sekson tells the truth. The custom of this place, suppose work comes up, we go sit down in the house."

Sekson went on talking about his organizational plans for T.I.A. for half an hour. Then others talked. Joseph
made a speech describing what had happened when people came to the T.I.A. feast. "They waited and waited, and we had no fish. Finally they ate the food they have brought themselves, and then went home."

Joseph explained that part of the problem was that they were trying to use the new big fish net that "Master Fish" had brought them, and they did not know how well, and had caught new fish. Toliame then said how angry he had been when, on that day, when they did pull in some fish with the net, individuals ran up and grabbed them out of the net instead of waiting for them to be divided equally, and then cooked and brought to the feast.

After an hour had passed, some men got up and wandered away. Some wandered back again. Finally Pamais, a young man who was then councillor, got up and talked. "You like to boss, and you like to boss," he said, throwing his arm first one way and then the other. "Everyone wants to boss. We do not have just one boss. The boss says something, but all the men go off in another direction. All men are boss."

Yangalik got up and made a supporting speech for Pamais' view. Then Joseph got up and complained that no one had listened when he was boss of the Coops, and that now no one was listening when he was boss of the new fish net. And, he added, no one listened to Silakau when he was Councillor.
(Sekson had said, earlier: "Will T.I.A. be just like the Coop?" That is, will it fail for the same reasons?)

Then the talk turned to the subject of money being taken for false purposes, and from there to stealing in general, and from there to a particular theft of betel nuts from Tombat. Mausau (Kaikot hamlet), a teacher who was home on vacation, said this: "Pamais says it is wrong to steal. I want to reply to this talk." He indicated that they were getting nowhere talking about stealing; that they were only making more people more angry; and that the problem was that they had no way to settle their differences. "Stealing is not important, just 'firewood of the earth,' that's all. Jealousy is important. Once you have bugged up, what will you do? All men steal. Where is the man who does not steal? You and I, we all steal. We all have sin. You no longer have a road along which to straighten this stealing. Once you have spilled water on the ground, you want to catch it back again; but you cannot do it. You and I here in Lavongai, we cannot 'court' people for stealing. You and I, all of us, do it. The wrong has been done, (the betel nuts stolen), it is over and done with. You cannot straighten it out."

Tombat, whose betel nuts had been stolen, suddenly ran around the group, yelling: "You like to steal? You like to
steal? All right, from now on if I see a man with my towel, I promise I'll shoot him with a spear, just like a dog."

Joseph and another man began shouting at each other, Joseph supporting Tombat: "You like stealing? I cannot save you! If a man does wrong and I kill him, I get six fuckin' years, six fuckin' months in jail."

A general clamour followed that seemed to be about to evolve into fist fights. Mausau then shouted out: "All right, all right, put pay, put pay. 'Buy' the wrong." Tombat, still highly agitated, shouted out: "Put the pay straight into my hand. Go on, go on, go on! Pay, come quick! Go on! Go on! Go on!"

Joseph then shouted out: "all right, you and I, we are all cross now." Piskaut was milling around near me, laughing in despair: "All right, we bugger up now, we are not capable (i.e. we cannot settle our quarrels. (Pidgin: mepela no inap.) Silakau came over to me, laughing: "Hey, Dorothy; what is this? Everyone is cross. Malekaian is cross with Boserong because Malekaian found two children in his coconut trees. 'Hey! You go up whose coconuts?' The kids said: 'We did not just go up on our own, Yacob and Boserong sent us.' Malekaian then said, 'If you come down today, I'll beat you, I'll run you out.' Then he picked up
the kulau (young coconuts from which people drink) that the children had thrown down, put them in his canoe, and went off." Silakau said that now that all were cross and talking, they would not be able to settle the quarrel.

Joseph raised his voice above the noise of the group: "Who wants to buy this wrong, for one pound?" Then Mausau tried to talk again: "If you take from your cousin, go and let him know. Go and talk clearly to him. You talk about 'stealing' but this is not stealing. Just your brother or your kantire. Or if you go to something that belongs to someone else, say: 'Oh, sorry, I have gone up this tree that belongs to you.'" Silakau translated Mauau's talk into local dialect, agreeing with it. Lakalas, who had draped his laplap around him like a toga, called out: "Let's sing and dance now, there is a good moon!"

Silakau, noticing Lakalu's for the first time that evening, said: "Hey! Lakalus comes now." Silakau playfully grabbed his arm and said, "Hey! You steal?" Lakalas was not amused. He pouted slightly, and answered: "I did not steal."

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1 Kantire refers loosely to cousins, uncles, nieces, nephews, and people of your own clan.

2 Mauau had been away at school since he was very young; and he preferred to speak pidgin, because he did not speak local dialect well.
A little later Tombat came to me and said, rather apologetically: "The quarrel is over, I went and shook hands with the man here." He meant Lakalus. It had been Lakalus who had taken his betel nuts, from his house.

The evening meeting took place June 19. On July 1, Tombat came rushing in and announced that there would be a feast to sese mungel: to "buy shame." A feast had been planned for T.I.A. members last week, and when people came from other villages, there was nothing to eat, and all the people of Lavongai had slipped away into the bush. The problem was that they had been unable to catch fish.

Now another feast had been planned to "buy" Lavongai's shame. "We will sit down well, and look at each other. It is not good if your eyes must go down." (He means that Lavongai people will be able to look people from other villages straight in the eye again after they have "bought" their own shame with food.)

A feast such as this had not been held for a long time. Tombat was very pleased. He asked me, rhetorically, "Good custom?" Yes! I said. Tombat went on: "If I do not finish a quarrel, who will help me? If I have a quarrel with someone, I am ashamed to go to him for food, or if I am cold."

I asked Tombat if he had been paid for what had been stolen from him, or received pay to terminate the quarrel.
"You saw how cross I was," Tombat said, "but two days later, if he had brought pay, I would have said, 'Maski, you keep the pay, the quarrel is finished.' Lakalus spoke to me, he said that he would bring pay to me, and I said, 'Maski.'"
MODE AND MEDIUM OF INTEGRATION

I have given evidence to support the view that integration in New Hanover society is individualistic. Individuals have relationships with other people, and they are based on individual personalities, rather than on conceptions of roles.

In New Hanover, relationships between individuals are achieved largely through hostile transactions.\(^1\) Relationships that are close are characterized by more frequent, and more hostile (within limits), transactions than relationships that are distant. Hostilities range along a continuum, from physical beating to harsh baiting to mild ridicule to joking and self-disparagement.

Food is a medium of relationships in New Hanover as it is in New Ireland. The mode associated with food is, however, rejection and exclusion, rather than inclusion. Food is there, but it must be taken; because it is not given.

Tombat told me that when he was a child, if his mother

\(^1\)See footnote, p. 605. I refer here again to the terminology used by Eric Berne in GAMES PEOPLE PLAY. Berne claims that there is evidence that friendly or hostile transactions are equally effective in promoting health. They are not equally effective in producing group solidarity, according to the interpretation given here. The hostile transactions of New Hanover promote individualism.
was cross with him he would make the rounds of all his pupus until he found one who gave him food. He smiled with pleasure over this memory, thinking he had been quite clever. He could smile; but Tamangamiss could not smile, because either he found no one to give him food, or else he found no one who gave him food without scolding. He had no pupus, in those days, he said; he had none until he had two shillings every day, and then he had many.

The concept of "helping" was important in New Ireland. In New Hanover, when someone worked for someone else pay was expected and the concept of "help" was absent. Instead, people said that they "worked as a laborer" (pidgin: wok boi) for someone else. They laughed about it if they were paid; they were cross if they were not.

"Help" is the concept used in New Ireland between equals. When referring to children, New Irelanders usually say that they "look after" children. Because of the New Irelanders' pleasure in looking after other peoples' children, I looked for comparable instances in New Hanover. Maria's distinct displeasure in looking after her sister Ngurvarilam's children has been reported at length. I found only two cases where childless couples had taken over the care of children from other people who were still alive. One was a woman in Ungalik island, who had taken over six children. She did not express pleasure in having the children. Instead, she said that they were lucky to have found her; that they had all run
away from their mothers because their mothers treated them badly; and that she treated them well, which is why they stayed. The second instance of "adoption" was at Ranmelek. The mission boat captain, Bosap, and his wife had her sister's child living with them. Again, their attitude toward the situation reflected dominant New Hanover values. Bosap said that his wife's sister had sent them this child to "boss," because she had too many of her own to boss. "Bossing" replaced the New Ireland "looking after" in many New Hanover contexts.

An examination of the kinesics\(^1\) of New Hanover society indicates that they reflect the individualistic character of the culture. Some of the incidents presented describe typical kinesic events. Silakau said that Josephine was a girl who always broke everything she got into her hands, but my observations indicated that she was typical. Objects were broken, torn, lost, spilled. When women were angry with their husbands, they broke plates, tore clothes, and threw things into the sea.

New Hanoverians did not enjoy slow, careful, repetitive processes, and all of their material goods reflected their kinesic preference for fast, assertive, spontaneous movement. The sago they processed oozed out of the leaves hastily thrown around it in the bush. They produce only enough sago for a few days at best, and often only enough for one day, partly

\(^1\)See footnote, p. 594.
because they dislike work. They know all too well that this is one of their problems. Silakau worked hard one day in the bush, and came back glowing. He said that he always felt much better when he had worked. And yet every day he had to make the decision again: should he go to the bush, or did his toe hurt too much? He went perhaps once a week, and then usually only for two or three hours.

New Hanover women did not know how to weave mats. They sewed together karukas, mats made from a long leaf about three inches wide. I saw only three in Lavongai village. People had nearly all switched to buying Chinese mats at the store. (New Irelanders still use largely mats they have made themselves.) The culturally-fostered impatience with careful, detailed, repetitive work is one source for the great desire Lavongais have for money. They do not like to make things, and they do not like to work in a routine manner to produce food. They like to buy things.

Public quarrels in New Hanover are a mode of integration. As indicated in the example given, people come together, discuss, become angry, shout; and then laugh at themselves together. Sometimes quarrels evolve into fist fights, and men enjoy telling of their fist fights over and over again, reliving them dramatically and kinesically, punching into the air.

Children are physically assertive, rather than physically
responsive as they are in New Ireland. Children in New Hanover want to be held and patted and "stroked" (in Berne's terminology) more than they are, and they express their need by hanging, clinging, and obstructing adults; and by wrestling, tussling, and slapping each other.

New Hanover children manifest the restless interest in playing with things that the Western World knows in its children. We call these characteristics "playing and "curiosity." New Hanover children rushed to pick up any scrap of paper. They looked at it, twisted it, tore it. They often looked at magazines with a sustained interest that went beyond merely playing with the magazine as an object. As pointed out previously, they handled the magazines destructively, although the destructiveness was not openly deliberate.¹

One very important mode of integration that is prominent in New Hanover (and of secondary importance in New Ireland) is talking, or "greasing." That is what the men used to do in the rangama house in the old days, and that is what they really like to do nowadays. They talk about things that happened to them when they were children; about the day's events, evaluating them; and about ideas they have, questions

¹In my discussions with the teacher at the Methodist Mission, Miss Nancy Anderson, who had taught also in Namatanai, New Ireland, I learned that she had trouble preserving school books in New Hanover. She said that she had not had this problem in New Ireland.
they have (which they do not want answered), their needs, their hopes. Their discussion of events was quite different from the blow-by-blow descriptive accounts that New Irelanders typically give. New Hanoverians want to make a good story, at whatever cost there is to accuracy. (This mode of integration is discussed elsewhere as an art form.)

**INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF EXPRESSION**

The culture of New Hanover is characterized by informal and spontaneous expressive patterns, rather than by formally expressed, institutionalized patterns. There is no known path, and many New Hanoverians would avoid it if there were one.

New Hanover, like New Ireland, was schooled to come "on line" on Monday mornings. In Lavongai, sometimes the Councilor came to beat the gong for line, and sometimes he slept. If he beat the gong, some people came and some did not. Other people beat the gong in the evenings when they had something they wanted to talk about that they wanted to talk about right away, without waiting for "line."

The institutionalized big man status, vaitas, is non-functional and not well remembered in New Hanover. There is no formal wailing at funerals. At the only funeral I saw, the son and widow of the dead say near the grave and wept, and other people did not.

New Hanoverians are expressive and explicit rather than
reserved and evasive. They perceive their own behavior clearly and understand their own personalities. Lacking formal institutions, they need to perceive patterns in order to move with some confidence and predictability through their world.

New Hanoverians are spontaneous, individual, and personal in their expressions. They do not have to please the group. When the whole gathering was in a state of quarreling set off by talk of Tombat's stolen buae, Tombat inconspicuously went over to Lakalus, shook his hand, and ended his own quarrel.

How the individual accomplishes his relationships is a personal matter, too; but one that is patterned. Thus Silakau said: "I think Joseph has married his niece, Sam; he beats her just as though they were married."

There are supposed to be avoidance relationships between some kinds of kin, but many people do not observe them. Ngurvarilam's problem with Silakau and her half-sister Ngurkapitan has been described. Earlier she had had a similar problem with a classificatory sister, Makanbaluswok (see Panapuruk). In this case, it was Makanbaluswok who was not observing her obligation to be reserved with Silakau. (No one told me this, but I observed it.¹)

¹I am indebted to Sister Liboria for drawing my attention to this situation.
One day I went from Ngurvarilam's house, where all was peaceful, to the mission. I came back within half an hour. Josephine (age five) ran down the beach to meet me. She took my hand and told me her story in a casual way.

Josephine: "Mama (Ngurvarilam) and Makanbaluswok have fought."

DB: "What about?"

J: "Pawpaw. Makanbaluswok stole the pawpaw that belonged to all."

DB: "Were they just cross with their mouths?" (That is, was their anger just verbal.)

J: "Yes."

DB: "Did they fight?"

J: "Yes."

DB: "With their hands?"

J: "No, with a knife."

DB: "Blood?"

J: "Yes. Ngurvarilam has already given her a laplap, and the two have chewed buae."

DB: "The quarrel is finished?"

J: "Yes."

Within a few minutes, Ngurvarilam brought me a beautifully cooked sago loaf, the only time she spontaneously gave me food while I was in Lavongai. Her swings of emotional expression were greater than some other person's, but she was by no means bizarre. She used an institutionalized means of settling a quarrel, i.e. chewing buae together and giving
a gift. But Ngurvarilam, like most New Hanoverians, cannot make empty formal gestures. Her feelings of guilt about being inhospitable sprung up over Makanbaluswok, and lasted long enough for her to bring me (to whom she had also been inhospitable) a sago loaf. A few minutes later she sent Silakau over to get a tin of meat to go with their sago. They did not invite me to come to eat with them, even though I gave him my last tin of meat, and told him so when he complained that they had already had that kind.

In New Hanover ambivalence kept spontaneous emotional expressions suging forth, but not without pattern. The patterns were clear, but the timing was unpredictable, and people were surprised. New Hanoverians like to be surprised. They like the new and different, or so they think. In connection with the Johnson cult, many of them said: "We want a new 'food' now, we are tired of the old 'food'." They also said, "We want new 'laplaps'. The old laplaps are all right, there is nothing wrong with them, but we are tired of them and we want new ones." ("Laplaps" were used metaphorically in this statement.) The New Hanoverians wanted to taste every kind of tinned food I had, even though they did not like much of it (whereas the New Irishers preferred to have me bring them the same tin each time I came, one they knew they liked.)

It is the desire for the new, for change, for a whole
new way of life that was expressed in the Johnson cult. They laughed at themselves for their way, but sometimes they were sad. "Ours is a 'rubbish' place, and a 'rubbish' fashion," I heard, many times, from different people. They meant that they lived "like a dog or a pig," in thatch houses, instead of in houses like European houses, with iron roofs. But they referred also to their continual fighting, their inability to get anything done, to organize, to work, to lead, to follow. From the point of view of the outsider, they seemed to be having a good time. They laughed a lot, they talked, they joked, they enjoyed themselves at parties. They seemed to be involved in "games" that they enjoyed.

But their interpersonal transactions (using Berne's terminology again) never achieved the intimacy that ends the game. They could not even count on the nuclear family to provide minimal services when they were in need, e.g. when they were sick. Often the nuclear family did provide these services, or someone else did; but New Hanoverians cannot count on it. Their interactions are divisive, and in the end the individual is isolated. New Hanoverians turn to Europeans, to outsiders, to the "new," in hopes of finding what they have learned they cannot find amongst themselves.
CHAPTER XI
THE ARTS

The arts in New Hanover are the arts of dance, song, and story-telling. There are no institutionalized plastic arts.

The Dance

The New Hanoverians perform some of the same dances that are performed in New Ireland. In the old days, these were performed on the occasion of pata feasts. In 1967, they were performed only on mission festival days. I saw them performed only once, on Father's feast day at the mission. Enthusiasm about T.I.A. led to a special T.I.A. celebration in Meteran village in 1968, where (according to a letter to me from T.I.A. president Walla) some traditional dances were performed in a feast context.

The men of Lavongai village performed "Solomon," a dance from the Solomon islands that the people of Mangaii performed on Methodist fund-collection day. The form of the dance was the same in both places: rows of men all facing in the same direction danced while other men sang.

The kinesic style, however, was different from that of New Ireland. New Hanoverians move their arms and legs in longer, more jerky fashion, taking longer, more sweeping steps than those taken by New Irelanders. There is no attention to movements of toes, fingers, wrists, or other details.
of the body.

A few days after I saw "Solomon" in New Hanover, I saw it for a second time in New Ireland, at Paruai village. I had with me Silakau, my best New Hanover informant. I asked him what he thought of the dance, which seemed even more gentle, soft, and "tentative" than the Mangai rendition (as I remembered it). At first he said, politely, that it was good. I told him I really wanted to know what he thought. He said: "It is not very strong."

Practice for dancing in New Hanover took place in daylight, and involved the usual New Hanover problem of getting people to come together at a given time and place.

Singing

The singing that accompanied the performance of "Solomon" was strong, loud, assertive, and accomplished with corresponding facial and body movements.¹

New Hanoverians did not know the meaning of the words they sang for "Solomon," but they knew a story that went with it.

New Hanoverians did not sing traditional songs for me to record, with one exception: when pressed to perform, Mal-ekalan sang "Kambai," a song Silakau remembered hearing in

¹Anthropologist Theodore Schwartz was in Lavongai and observed this performance. He commented that both the singing and dancing were very "vigorous," he thought the most vigorous he had seen in the Territory. He had been working in Manus and in the Sepik.
his childhood. Malekaian came alone and sang it for me and a few others who happened to be there.

Group singing in 1967 was found only amongst the young men, who composed songs, or who sang songs composed by people they knew or had heard of, with guitar accompaniment. Piksaut had carved his own guitar, and two younger men had carved themselves ukuleles.

All of their guitar songs had the same harmonic structure: two bars of the tonic, followed by two bars each of the sub-dominant, dominant, and the tonic again. The melodic structure was equally simple and unvarying.

However, the words to these songs were clear and meaningful, and people volunteered to repeat them, translate them, and expand on the meaning for me. (When they finished singing a song, one of the young men would usually say: "Now the meaning of this song is this," and then explain.) The songs described incidents that were "newsworthy" at one time or another, a few of them going back as far as World War II, but most of them derived from more recent events. There was one about the time Ngurvarilam hit Silakau on the head with a stone and he was unconscious for two days and in the hospital for two weeks. In the song, Ngurvarilam was represented by a flying fox; and the men found it amusing to sing the song in front of her without ever letting her know that it was about her.

Most of the songs I heard in 1967 were about the coming
of the U.S.A. Many had been composed by the men while they were in jail together. One was about the long line of men in red laplaps (the jail uniform) extending over the hill at Taskul.

The Plastic Arts

The Lavongais did not carve in wood or paint, traditionally or in 1967. Children given paper and crayon did not stay long with it and did not produce finished pictures (as did the New Ireland children).

The people of Lavongaie prepared their dance costumes from easily available bush materials in a single morning before the dance. Some of them had been working on their head decorations for a longer period of time, each man alone in his spare time.

The Lavongais made decorations for an outside area only once during my stay in 1967 (whereas the New Irelanders made them for occasions other than malanggan about a dozen times). Both used the white leaf from the crown of the coconut. The New Hanoverians produced an uneven, relatively unprocessed decoration, in contrast to the controlled and relatively highly-processed decoration produced in New Ireland (see Plates).

The Verbal Arts

It is probably the verbal arts in which the Lavongais excel. Their skill with language, the frequent use of metaphor, the subtle rhetorical question, and their interest and ability
in story-telling: these features I observed. But I did not study their language or their stories.

Father J. Stamm, M.S.C., who was at Lavongai 1937-41 (and who in 1967 was retired at Vunapope in New Britain) wrote a Grammar of the local language in which he says this in his preface: "This is a translation of my grammar of the Lavangai language which I compiled at Lavangai during the years 1937-41. At that time I wrote in the introduction of that grammar: A Grammar of the Lavangai language will be a torso of a grammar for a long time. - What I wrote at that time, still stands today: This grammar also is only a torso. A study of this language for a decade or for some decades will not reveal its secrets. I may say it here: the Lavangai language is the finest of all the Melanesian languages I have ever learned, and I learned six others. No other Melanesian language has such a flexibility of expression, and I dare to say: Any modern book can be translated into this language without unduly forcing the original text." (Stamm, 1958)

In the rangama house in the old days, the men practiced the verbal arts. Associated with the arts of language are the philosophical and polemical arts, and of these the Lavongais are masters.

Silakau and Tombat were the men in Lavongai village who most impressed me with their skills in analysis and verbalization. Two examples must suffice:

Silakau said one day, for no particular reason: "You
and I do not know about the wind, it is what kind of a thing; you and I only know that it is there because we hold up a laplap to it." I said that there were many things that we did not know about: for instance, What is God? (He had asked me my views on that subject.) Silakau replied: "You ask me? Me too, I don't know."

On another occasion, just before I left Lavongai, Silakau told me that he did not know what to think now that he found that I did not think as the missionaries did about God. Father Miller had told me that Silakau was worried and not doing his job well at the mission. I had not deliberately tried to change his views at all, but had merely been honest about mine (which are basically agnostic). I felt it was my responsibility to him and the mission to leave him as I had found him; so I said: "Don't worry, Silakau. There must be something. Who made the coconuts, and who made the ocean, and who made you and me?" He answered: "Yes, I know, God." I went on with my work and said nothing. After a moment's pause, Silakau said, with a smile: "But who made God?"

Tombat often spoke metaphorically, and told me that that was what he was doing (pidgin: tok piksa). One day I asked the men of Lavongai who had been cultists but had avoided jail and were "fringe" cultists if they thought that the cultists had been "longlong" (crazy) as some people had said. Sione (who had been working on a plantation and had kept out of it) said: "They were not crazy, they had savvy." Tombat said:
"They were sol: angry. Their bellies were hot from waiting. I do not like to wait wait wait. Just as an empty drum (water tank) makes a big noise, so those who cry loudly 'crazy!' have no savvy. They are empty. A man of savvy, just like a drum that is full, he does not cry out loudly."

Style in Art and Culture: Interpretation

Alan Lomax's classification of singing styles as "individualized" or "integrated, groupy" has already been described (see Chapter VI). Here I need only point out that the song style of New Hanover conforms to his classification in that the text of the songs is complex, precisely enunciated, and presented in a "noisy" voice. Comparable complexity is not found in the melodic, metric, or harmonic structure.

In the dance, the Lavongai style contrasts with that of the New Ireland style in the direction that Lomax's views would lead us to expect. Lavongais dancing, like Lavongais working and moving about in everyday like, are assertive, fast, concerned with the general rather than the particular, the whole rather than the part, the heart of the matter rather than the details of its extremities. New Hanoverians do not enjoy repetitive process: they just want to get the job done.

New Hanoverians see themselves as individuals in their artistic expressions. The men talk of women noticing them, in particular, in the dance, and each man believes that his
performance is different from that of other men. This point of view was especially clear with regard to story-telling. Thomas told me a story that interested me, and he said: you must hear Lomba's version, it is different from mine. Lomba came and told his, and it seemed exactly the same to me. I tried without success to find out how they thought it was different. People then told me that I must hear Tombat's version, that it was different from the other two. Again, I could not see the difference, and I was surprised that they could not tell me what it was, as they usually were good at analysis of this sort. I now interpret their view that each version was different as part of their individualism: each version was different to them because it was told by a different individual. In contrast, Eruel thought that each version of Vaia that he carved was "just the same," even though one had only a head and the rest was head, body and limbs. He saw himself as just one of many carvers in a long tradition, as part of a group of men, each doing the same thing.

Further Interpretations

The "integrative imperatives" of which Malinowski wrote are fulfilled in New Hanover mainly by the verbal arts. The "semantic load" (using Lomax's terminology) of songs is high: Lavongais are impatient with forms without meaning. They want to know the function to be accomplished: then they will get it done somehow. Neither daily routine nor sacred
ritual holds their attention, and they are always ready to alter forms to meet functions. In the Johnson cult, group cohesion was based on an idea, not on forms. Each individual believed or not, as he chose; and was in or out of the group on that basis. The idea was general, and there were no lists of things to do or not do, no details of belief that were acceptable or inacceptable. Some people raised their hands to show they believed, but others just promised inside their minds. As an integrative movement, it reflected the style of New Hanover art and culture.
CHAPTER XII

THE JOHNSON CULT

In February, 1964, the Territory of Papua and New Guinea held elections in order to create a new governing structure: the House of Assembly. This election was undertaken by the Australian Administration under pressure from the United Nations to prepare the people for self-government. Europeans in the Territory in general, and Administrators in particular, were surprised that the election was "successful:" that is, people voted, and even those who had had very little contact with Europeans seemed to understand, at least partly, the purpose of the election.

New Hanover was one of the few places where the election did not go well (from the point of view of the Administration). Half the people of New Hanover and of the adjacent Tigak islands voted for President Johnson of America. This event and those which followed it came to be referred to as "the Johnson cult;" and Europeans (including anthropologists, myself among them) viewed these events as constituting a local version of the "cargo cults" well known in Melanesia. A summary is presented here first, followed by illustrations of the data from which the summary derives.
Summary of the Cult: Events

Patrols to many places in the Territory took place twice with regard to the election: first, to explain the election to people; and second, to accomplish the collection of ballots. For this latter purpose, patrols carried locked red plastic ballot boxes, separate ones for each polling station.

No Europeans made the initial explanatory patrol to New Hanover. Instead, European officers came to a Lavongai (New Hanover) Local Government Council meeting, explained the election to the Councillors of the area, and entrusted them with the task of carrying the explanation back to their villages.

Later Europeans and Lavongais alike were to say that the Lavongais did not understand the nature of the election and the concept of candidates; but there is ample evidence that they understood well enough to have carried out the instructions of the Administration. In fact, half of them did so.

The other half did not. Patrol officers arrived at Ranmelek, the Methodist Mission station in New Hanover, on the evening of February 14, 1964; and came outside the mission early Saturday morning, February 15, to begin collecting ballots. Ranmelek was the first polling station
in New Hanover. The patrol officers found waiting for them a blackboard, on which was written a short message: "We want to vote for Johnson of America. That is all." The patrol officers turned the blackboard around, with its blank side facing the people. Spokesmen then stepped forward and restated the message. The people gave a loud voice vote for Johnson, and then left the area.

On February 19, at the second polling station, Meteran village (like Ranmelek, on the south coast), the people proclaimed themselves to be for Johnson, in a similar fashion. At Umbukul, on the west coast; and at Noipus and Ungalik island, on the north coast, people voted according to the instructions of the patrol officers. Finally, at Taskul (the government station) and at Nonovul (in the Tigak islands), the people again proclaimed themselves to be for Johnson. Polling was completed March 2, 1964.¹

At first the Administration made slight response to the cult, limiting itself to a few attempts to contact a few people in a few villages. The Government reported some "truculence" on the part of the natives in these meetings. The Administration was attended by policemen. From the Administration point of view, these police protected them; and from the native point of view, these policemen were a provocation.

¹A timetable of events, from the point of view of the Administration, was given to me by one of the District Officers. See Appendix I.
The disposition of funds was an issue from near the beginning of the cult. On March 18, 1964 (according to an Administration report), there was a Council meeting at Mete-ranken village, attended by seventeen councillors and about seventy members of the public. One of the public was Pukina (Joseph) of Lavongai village. Pukina gave an emotional speech in which he said: "You can hang us all from the rafters of this Council House, but we will not pay tax!"

Money was collected from the people immediately following the election, and on March 20, 1964, L443-9-11 was given to Mr. Healy, then District Commissioner, for him to send to Johnson to pay his fare to New Hanover. Bosmailik presented it to Healy when the D.C. came to Taskul to explain to the people that Johnson could not come. Healy gave the money to various natives and Administration personnel with instructions that it be returned to those from whom it had been collected. (Later, some natives said that their money had been returned; and some said that theirs had not been returned.) Of this, L200 is said to have come from the Tigak islands. Later money was given to the American Catholic Mission, with the request that he send it. He refused.

On March 29, Administration personnel decided on a policy of regular patrolling and enforcement of rules and regulations, including long-standing rules that require the
populace to line for census-taking, preparatory to tax-
collection. Arrests were attempted during April, but mobs,
mainly in Tsoi and mainly led by Oliver, prevented the suc-
cess of these arrests. However, finally on May 6, "the D.O.,
Spencer and Corporal Korau proceeded down a track and at a
garden one census defaulter was pointed out and arrested."

The arrests for census defaulting began the cultists' jail sentences which soon thereafter derived instead from failure to pay taxes. These failures and subsequent jailings occurred in large (but decreasing) numbers in 1964, 1965, and still in 1966.

The Administration did arrange some meetings in which explanations were attempted. Mr. Healy's attempt on March 20, 1964, has been cited. No other major meetings with outsiders occurred until August 8, 1964, when four hundred assembled to hear one of the newly elected M.H.A.'s (Mr. Jim Grose), several Administration officers, two American soldiers, and each other. Thirty-five policemen were present. (These men were natives from all over the Territory.) A widely publicized meeting with United Nations personnel did not take place until April, 1965, more than a year after the vote at Ranmelek.

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1 I quote from a government report. It is a major, not a peripheral, point of this thesis that government officers, as well as cultists and non-cultists, enjoyed the "games" aspects of the cult. The "cops and robbers" tone of reports is one manifestation of (and piece of evidence for) this interpretation. In this instance, the government officer was making some fun of himself.
The Administration's point of view of events has been given first in this summary because it is related to the calendar, a relationship of interest to us of the Western world. To most natives, the vote for Johnson at Ranmelek was as much a surprise as it was to the patrol officers in Ranmelek. Most of those who were present at Ranmelek had only heard that there would be a vote for Johnson on Friday, February 14, along the way to Ranmelek.

The few whose idea it was, residents of Nusawung village, sent out a few men with the news. Friday night there was a meeting in Magam village, near Ranmelek, at which people expressed their approval of the idea of voting for Johnson. A man who could write was designated to write the message on the mission school blackboard. And Saturday morning, the proclamation was made to the patrol officers.

Summary of the Cult: Background

The idea had originated with local men who had worked for a U.S. Army survey team which had recently spent several months on New Hanover establishing points of reference for map-making. They had spent most of their time at Mr. Patebung, in the mountains above the village of Materankan. The Americans required native labor to help mainly in carrying equipment up the mountain. They worked from a large ship that remained at some distance out at sea. They had helicopters, and they poured cement on Mt. Patebung to make a landing area. The map-making required putting into the ground small round cement
markers, which the natives had seen being put in the ground elsewhere in the nearby islands by similar groups of Americans.

The experience that the Lavongais had with these Americans was a good one: high pay and friendly relations. This was not the first time that the New Hanoverians had been favorably impressed by the "American way" (pidgin: fasion bilong America). They had also experienced it during the war when some Lavongais worked with the U.S. services in neighboring Emira and in Buka, Solomon Islands. The points especially noticed about the American fashion were these: the Americans had "plenty of cargo," and they gave it away freely and with good will to the natives. Furthermore, they treated the natives as equals, sharing food and clothing with them, and sitting down together with them in easy conversation (sidaun gris wantaim).

However, many who were in the cult either felt that Australians (especially those from "outside," who did not have the customs of the Territory) were equally friendly during the war; or else had no opinion of Australians or of Americans, having met few of the former and none of the latter. They claimed to be merely taking a chance, willing to "try" a different country.

The Lavongais had been thinking about "trying" America as boss for more than twenty years, since Peter Yangalissmat had suggested it to them. He had been in a high position as a
native soldier for the Australians, and had ample opportunity to observe the Americans. He began to talk about the idea of getting the Americans to come and boss New Hanover after the war.

The Lavongais thought this was a very good idea. The Australian Administration sent some of its officers to find out whose idea it was, and to arrest him. Peter Yangalissmat was sent to Buka to jail for a year. In 1967, many Lavongais said they were ashamed of themselves for having let all the blame fall on Peter, when it was an idea that belonged to them all. (This memory was part of the reason for their refusal to name leaders of the Johnson cult.)

The talk of the Americans had not disappeared entirely during the next twenty years, but such talk gained new vigor in 1962-3, when the map-makers came to work.

Summary of the Cult: Leadership

One man told me (and other informants supported his view): "I am the one who has a 'name' for this cult." He meant that he had decided to be the one who took the blame, as Peter Yangalissmat had, many years earlier. He was Pengai, of Nusawung, and people seemed to agree that it was he who first said: "You do not want to vote the
way the Australians are telling you to vote; so let us vote for America." He said he was just the "mouth" for all, that all wished it to be so.

Pengai had not worked for the Americans. However, his younger brother, Bosmailik, was working for the Americans, so it was he who was given the task of finding out the name of the man who had replaced Kennedy (of whom they had heard because of the wide publicity given his death). Subsequently, Bosmailik's name became known, and it was he who was sought, and found, by the Administration.

The Administration soon lost interest in Bosmailik, and turned attention to Oliver and Robin of the Tsoi islands. Oliver was the nearest thing to a "prophet" that this cult had. He viewed himself as guided by God, the God about whom the natives learned from the missionaries. He collected money to send to Johnson; and he wandered through the bush evading arrest, and telling people to pray to God, and to hold fast to their election for America. He subsequently acquired a radio worth $400, a wristwatch, and many women. Like many other Melanesians, however, New Hanoverians are slow to speculate, and only a few felt sure that Oliver had "eaten" the money he had collected for Johnson.

The Administration and native non-cultists said that Oliver made prophecies about the coming of America, but he
and other cultists never admitted to me that this was true. They did not "believe" that Johnson would come: that is, they did not expect him to come. They had faith; they had hope; and they had the good feelings that came from taking a stand, together, as men: they had pride. It was this that kept them together, rather than any leader or leaders.

Each village within the cult area had several men who were stronger than most in their interest in the cult, and more assertive in their leadership, but many men said that the cult had no leaders; that it belonged to everyone.

Summary of the Cult: Punitive Action

The Administration sent some patrols to New Hanover to hold "discussions" with "truculent" young men two weeks following the initial incident at Ranmelek.¹ Two months later, when arrests began, regular patrolling had still not been established on New Hanover, and contacts between officers of the Department of District Affairs (DDA) and the people of New Hanover were limited to special meetings.² Some service personnel, in particular the Australian Malaria Control officer who felt that he knew the people well, continued to do their work against the orders of DDA. The

¹I quote from an Administration report, reproduced in Appendix I.
²The minutes of the District Advisory Council, Kavieng, 1962, show that planter Mr. Jim White stressed the need for the Administration to resume regular patrols of the island, which had ceased. The Administration pleaded personnel shortage, and no changes were made. At the time of the cult, there was no government station on New Hanover (one was reestablished at Taskul), and patrols occurred only with regard to specific tasks which the Administration wanted to accomplish.
official position of DDA was that contacts would create trouble, and DDA personnel feared violent reception for themselves in New Hanover. Service personnel never feared violent reception, and DDA continued, throughout the next three years, to depend upon service personnel for reports about what the people were doing.

Officials of DDA and of service departments (Public Health, Malaria Control, Agriculture and Fisheries, Labor Relations) had different functions to perform, and they may well have inevitably evoked different receptions. The service personnel thought that DDA was overly fearful and overly punitive, and the fact is that there was very little violence associated with the cult. All violent actions came from the Administration, and most of it came from the police; most of it without the knowledge or approval of European DDA personnel.¹ One man in one village was shot as he fled, and received a minor wound. Police damaged property. The Acting District Officer explained his own actions—shooting at coconuts and instructing a young man to stand in the smoke of a smoke bomb—as "demonstrations of strength." He said that the government had power, and that they would use power, and that it was only fair to demonstrate this to the people.

¹Four policemen were charged in court with assault in connection with related incidents on the West Coast of New Ireland, and another twelve were charged with refusal to obey orders.
On three or four occasions, DDA personnel feared violence, but none occurred. The Acting D.O. had ordered a line of men to carry a felled coconut tree, and one of the men fainted. The men were angry that one amongst them had been overtaxed physically, and began to close in on the Acting D.O. In the nick of time, the Catholic Mission boat, bearing nurse Sister Liboria (an Australian), came into view, and the threatened mob dissolved. This account was given in this same way by natives who were present, by Sister Liboria, and by Acting D.O. Benhem, who admitted good-naturedly that Sister Liboria had "saved" him. The New Hanoverians said they were "ashamed" to fight in front of her.

Orders, explanations, and "demonstrations of strength" all failed to accomplish the aims of the Administration: tax collection. Since the creation of the Local Government Council in Lavongai in 1961, taxes had been set and collected by the Council: that is, by New Hanoverians themselves, not by the Australian Administration. The Council was often viewed by Lavongais as an arm of the Administration, however, and they refused to pay taxes to "Australia" on the grounds that they had voted for America. People were aware of the distinction between the Administration and the Council, however, and when

1There was violence associated with refusal to pay taxes in New Ireland. However, one European patrol officer who had been in the party attacked told me that European personnel were carefully protected, while police offenders were attacked.
they thought in terms of the Council as a separate structure, they refused to pay taxes on the grounds that the Council had done nothing constructive with all the tax money they had already paid to it.

When the people refused to pay taxes, they allowed themselves to become "tax defaulters." They had broken a law: they could be arrested. And they were arrested, in large numbers. Tax patrols much larger than usual startled the villages. Sister Liboria said that she looked out the window at the Lavongai mission one day and saw "the Spanish Armada" coming around the corner. Eighty police, along with several European officers, disembarked, set up tents, and set up court.

I have no account indicating that native Councillors performed their proper function on these occasions. Many of them had gone into the cult. At that time, the Administration may have considered it dangerous for Councillors to come along on these missions.

Each man was asked individually to pay tax. Each individually said no. Each was either given exemption (too old, too young, sore leg, TB, bad back, just fell out of coconut tree, too many children, and so on) or taken to jail at Taskul. When the jail at Taskul was full to capacity, men were taken
to Kavieng; and when that structure was also full, they were taken on to Namatanai. In Vakieng and in Namatanai they broke rocks and did road work. At Taskul, they "beautified the station."

The time in jail unified men. They had a great deal of time to be together, to talk, to exchange ideas, to compose songs and sing together, and to develop esprit de corps. Some say they did not suffer, because it was a time of commitment when they did not worry about pain. Others say it was a time of pain: they had to work hard, they had no betel nuts or smokes, and there was not enough to eat. The greatest pain, however, was the pain of humiliation suffered as a result of continual police taunts, sometimes accompanied by a hit or kick.

Jail terms were from two to six months. The first year of the arrests, 1964, both New Hanoverians and European administrators emphasize that in the affected villages virtually every able-bodied man was jailed: Women, children, a dog, a few chickens were left in the village," Thomas of Lavongai told me. In 1965, a few men paid tax, and in 1966, a few more. Administrators, missionaries, and service personnel were all paying taxes for men who refused to pay themselves. They knew that jail was making martyrs and creating unity, and they wanted to prevent that. In addition, many Europeans wanted to appear as "good white people" by giving
their own money to help. Many were genuinely moved and/or charmed by individual New Hanoverians, and acted from these motives.

Summary of the Cult: Ideology

The ideology of the cult was well-developed before the election. These views were repeated, in whole or in part, by many cultists:

The Australians have been here many years and have not changed us. We are still like our grandfathers. When the Germans came, they developed the land. They planted all the coconut plantations. That was their work. Then the English-speakers came—first the English, then the Australians. They taught us to read and write. That is all. They said they were going to help us develop our place and get money, but that has not happened. First they gave us the cooperative society. They said our store would soon have plenty, and old people and sick people and young people with no parents could take things free from the store. But they were lying. That never happened. Now the stores are closed and we never got anything free. Then they told us to plant coffee. They showed us how to plant it but not how to take care of it. It is all bush now. (A variation of this complaint involved the accusation that New Hanoverians got but a fraction of the promised prices for the coffee they produced, so they ceased bothering with it.) Then
the Australians gave us the Local Government Council. They said it would save us. They said it would help us develop our place and help us get money. But we do not see this happening. Now who will save us? We do not want the Australians to govern us any more. We want to try another country. Of all the countries that we know about, we want to try America. Americans will give us "savvy." ¹

What kind of "savvy" do they want? They want know-how in relation to producing cargo—that is, material goods of the white man. When I asked Silakan of Enang island what kind of savvy he wanted, he looked around, picked up a metal teapot and said: "I want to know how to make this." They want the cargo, but they want the "savvy," too; and the "business," the enterprise, the productive occupation. And they want money. People always want money for something; and New Hanoverians are more dependent upon money for carrying on their relationships than are some other peoples, e.g., New Irelanders.

Some cultists had very simple and specific wants, according to their own statements. Others had a broad view of the "savvy" that they wanted: they wanted to know how to build a way of life for themselves, and they said so. Pengai was careful to distinguish his broader aims from the simple ones sometimes attributed to their election: he said that it was not

¹New Hanoverians often use the concept "saved," and view themselves as in need of being "saved." They spoke of being saved by some country which, in this context, was often referred to as "father." They said, for instance, that Australia had not been a good father to them, and had not saved them; and that they felt that America would be a good father to them, and would save them.
cargo that he wanted, but "savvy," in a broad sense. Those with the broader view did not like being dumb and poor, constantly humiliated by white people and by their own educated compatriots.

Their election began as a simple statement of preference: or so they say. In fact they knew that they were confronting the Administration, and that the administrators would be cross (pidgin: *kros*). They claimed that they were not cross with the Australians until the Australians became cross with them. The cult ideology was not really anti-Administration, although it appeared sometimes to be so. It was certainly not anti-European. It was impersonal, and dealt at length and intellectually with issues. It expressed a great impatience to know, to understand, to be on the move, to be going somewhere, to be in the mainstream.

**Summary of the Cult: Ritual**

Many cargo cults produce ritual acts that Western science views as futile in relation to the accomplishment of the purposes for which they are explicitly performed. I know of no such acts in relation to the Johnson cult.

The cement pegs left by the U.S. Army were viewed as more than what they were, but there is no evidence that their significance was exaggerated in the direction of "magic." I think people viewed them as signs and symbols of the intentions of Americans, and not as objects of power that might be ritually invoked.
The term "ritual" has a range of meanings, and in another sense there was one act performed by many of the cultists that I would call a "ritual" act. This occurred when cultists "promised to God" that they would vote for America. They made this promise when, at many different meetings, a local leader asked those present to raise their hands if they would vote for America. The first meeting at which this hand-raising occurred was at Magam village, the night before the scheduled balloting at Ranmelek. Those who raised their hands later interpreted their own act as a commitment. I never found out that anyone asked people to commit themselves through this act. Each individual merely interpreted his own act in this way, no doubt influenced by the opinions of others. This was a ritual act in the sense that it marked a transition point in their lives, a "bridge-burning" commitment,¹ after which there was no turning back. Many took their own commitment to mean that they would vote for America forever, no matter what happened, and that their children and grandchildren would follow them.

My most difficult, and ultimately impossible, task was to try to reconstruct the degree of commitment that had sustained the cult in its most intense phase. In 1967, there was still evidence in behavior of a commitment to the "election," to a better life for themselves. And this single act

¹Such a commitment is characteristic of all movements, according to Gerlach and Hine (1968).
of ritual was often given as the reason why they could not change their attitude toward paying taxes. However, when something else came along that allowed them to reinterprett their commitment, they quickly changed. The "ritual" act had little power in itself. Ritual acts were not characteristic of the cult, and from what I could learn they were not characteristic of New Hanover's traditional culture. All cultists interviewed, with two possible exceptions, said that cargo comes about through work of a practical sort rather than through ritual actions.

Summary of the Cult: the Supernatural

The only supernatural agency believed to be active in the cult was God, the God of whom the New Hanoverians had learned from the missions. The beliefs of New Hanoverians about God were certainly in the same realm of discourse with the European Christian beliefs about God.¹

God was mentioned primarily in three contexts: first, with regard to the election itself, particularly the balloting at Ranmelek. Unity is not a common state in New Hanover, and is not expected. Not without sorrow, the people joke about their characteristic inability to act in concert. The unity achieved in the vote for Johnson was surprising to them, which

¹The views of one of the American priests, Father Bernard Jacobso, working in New Hanover were expressed in a letter to me, which is reproduced here in Appendix III.
partly explained their invoking the supernatural to explain it. They said God must have come at once into everyone's mind, else why would all have had the same thought at the same time?

The second context in which God was regularly mentioned was with regard to the "promise to God," which has already been discussed in connection with its ritual aspects.

Third, a firm faith in a loosely-defined God did sustain many cultists to whom I spoke. When they were suffering in jail, or afraid upon the arrival of the police to arrest them, they asked for God's help, and felt that they had received it.

I found no suggestion that traditional beliefs about particular supernatural agencies, or any amalgamation of the new and the old, were involved in the cult. I found no traditional formal beliefs easily categorized as "religious."

Because of persistent rumors amongst Europeans and non-cultists that cultists believed that cargo was made by and would be brought by the ancestors, I asked for information on this subject. I finally found informants who told me that this was an old story amongst their forebears who first had contact with Europeans. These people of before did not understand, and they did not believe that ancestors did make cargo; but they did tell stories in which they suggested that perhaps ancestors made the cargo. They were just guessing and wondering (pidgin: siut nabout, tok nabout)
it was said, not asserting a belief. This was in the old
days when the local population had not yet seen the light,
they said. I did not evoke a connection between this story
and contemporary actions, even from the one passionately
involved cultist who admitted that he had heard the story
and that he did not know whether or not it was true. He
treated it as irrelevant. In any case, he indicated, whether
or not ancestral spirits knew how to make cargo, it was clear
that Americans knew how, and they could teach the people of
New Hanover.

Summary of the Cult: Factions

Factions began developing simultaneously with the
balloting. There were those who "voted on the board" and
those who "voted in the (red plastic ballot) box." Two
categories of persons voted in the box: first, Councillors
and Committeemen and others who viewed themselves as
especially responsible to the Australian Administration
(e.g., the occasional former government employee or police-
man), along with their wives. Without exception, wives
supported their husbands and children their fathers. The
nuclear family emerged in the cult, as in other aspects of
life in New Hanover. Not a single woman took a position
which she regarded as her own, because the cult was regarded
as men's business. Most were, however, clearly emotionally
involved, and on their husband's side.
The second category of persons who voted in the box is defined strictly in geographic terms, in relation to polling places: those who voted at Umbukul, Noipus and Ungalik voted in the box, regardless of where their "home" or "permanent residence" was. Thus, if a south coast resident was on the north coast for some reason at the time of the election, he was able to vote there and he voted in the box along with the others. Conversely, people from the north coast who happened to be on the south coast at the time of the election "went inside the election:" that is, they "voted on the board."

There were very few persons on the south coast, then, who "voted in the box." Some of them felt that their lives or welfare were threatened during the first few weeks of the cult, and the Administration brought them to Taskul for a while for their own protection. Silakau was one of these; and both he and his wife told me that he cried at night out of fear before he was taken to safety at Taskul.

Partly because it was the Councillors who were "loyal" to the Administration; and partly because grievances against the Council were among the major justifications for their actions continually recounted by cultists, those who "voted in the box" evolved into a clear pro-Council faction (even though individually they also had grievances against the Council). Since they were themselves either Councillors or
closely associated with Councillors, the cult meant personal humiliation for them when cultists refused to obey the orders of the Councillors: first with regard to the election itself, then with regard to "lining" for census, then with regard to taxes. And of course there were a multitude of small antagonistic interactions in connection with these larger issues.

It was these "loyalists"\(^1\) who regularly "reported on" the cultists to members of the Administration. As they became increasingly separated from their fellows by an accumulation of antagonistic encounters, they increasingly depended upon the Administration to give them moral and physical support. Conversely, the Administration depended on these men to give legitimacy to Administration punitive action against cultists.

Both these groups viewed cultists as "crazy" (pidgin: long long). By this they meant that the cultists held beliefs that were "crazy," and refused to yield to more "reasonable" beliefs. These irrational beliefs were held to be common to "cargo cults," about which the natives had learned from the Europeans, and they included such beliefs as these: that a passing ship was full of Americans who had come to take over the island, or that a cultist had been talking to an American in the bush. All cultists said that these ideas originated entirely in ridicule (pidgin: tok bilas); and that they had never held these beliefs. Thus, for instance, a policeman

\(^1\) An apt term, first applied by Carroll Gannon, the local Medical Assistant at Taskul. His role in the development of the cult is discussed elsewhere.
at the jail in Taskul shouted out, on seeing a ship out at sea: here come the Americans, now you can get out of jail! Cultists felt it to be a matter of pride to restrain themselves from responding to these taunts. Their silence was taken as acquiescence, and ultimately reported by a non-cultist to Administration officers. Oliver told me that when an Administrator challenged him, he responded thus: "You'll see, a ship will come." Oliver said he was just gamoning (fooling), and he laughed about it when he told me. This, then, was another source for these rumors.

The native non-cultists' view that the cultists were "crazy" was founded on a basis quite different from that of the Administrators. Cultists and non-cultists agreed that they lacked information on which to judge whether or not it was reasonable for them to believe that the Americans would come. Non-cultists had grievances against the Administration, too; but they thought that the Europeans knew what they were talking about, and that it was silly for the natives to place their own "savvy" against that of the Europeans. More to the point, cultists were disobeying the Australian government, the only government they had, and the only one from whom they could realistically expect help. For native non-cultists, the idea that the cultists were "crazy" was secondary to the idea that the cultists were confronting the power structure. When
pressed, some non-cultists, including the leading figure amongst them, Boski Tom, said that the cultists were not crazy.\textsuperscript{1} When non-cultists believed that cultists were starting "crazy" rumors, what they reported to the Administration was that these cultists were starting trouble, not that they were crazy.

Non-cultists found administrators particularly interested in "crazy" rumors, however. The Administration had a vested interest in viewing cultists as "crazy," and in viewing their protest as "just another cargo cult." Because everyone in the Administration, as well as other Europeans who were knowledgeable about the situation (e.g., planters), agreed that New Hanover had (for various reasons) been neglected, administrators were defensive about their role in creating the cult, which they viewed, officially, as damaging to their reputations as administrators. If the whole thing were viewed as "just another cargo cult" with the usual "crazy beliefs," administrators felt that they could not be blamed for what happened in New Hanover. Most of their superiors had also been in charge of areas where cult occurred, and most of the natives of the Territory were viewed as "potential cultists."\textsuperscript{2}

\textsuperscript{1}The interview with Boski Tom is reproduced in part in Appendix IV.\textsuperscript{2}For a long time I took at face value administrators' statements that New Hanoverians were "crazy," and that that was why I was at first not allowed to go there to do research. When I did go, they gave me no help, and put obstacles in my way: e.g., telling all service personnel not to discuss the cult with me. On July 26, 1967, I wrote the D.C. a letter in which I gave my view of the cult. I did not blame the Administration. After that, administrators sought me out, offered me files, information, and a typewriter in the District office. Previously I had never even been offered a chair, and had stood for hours copying population figures at a public counter. I infer from this that the Administration felt more responsible for the cult, and "guilty" about it, than the evidence warrants.
The missions were at first on the side of the Administration and the non-cultists. Cult activity was most fervent in Methodist areas, and the European Methodist missionaries spent a great deal of time talking to cultists, trying to "explain" various things. On at least two occasions, Methodist missionaries convinced cultists who had evaded arrest that things would go better for them if they turned themselves in at the District Office.

The missions, however, disagreed fundamentally with the approach of the Administration to stopping the cult. Administration action was punitive and aimed at reestablishing "authority," while missionary action was educational, aimed at reestablishing communication, confidence, and constructive activity. Each felt that its own approach was sufficient in itself to stop cult activity, which was considered disruptive of order and potentially violent, as well as threatening to the legitimacy of both mission and government as ruling structures.

Out of the views held in common by the missions, that the cult held energies that could be constructively channeled, a Catholic priest at Lavongai Catholic Mission, Father Bernard Miller, led cultists to organize a new endeavor: Tutukuvul Isukul Association.

Summary of the Cult: Tutukuvul Isukul Association (T.I.A.)

By October, 1966, some people had been jailed for the third year in a row for non-payment of taxes. Each year the number of defaulters decreased as jail lost its appeal as a
symbol, and as people became discouraged about the effects of their protest. Nothing was happening. The cultists had been unable to follow through from consensus to organization; unable to provide structure, and unable to throw up a leader like Paliau of Manus (Mead, 1956; Schwartz, 1962).

Into this vacuum of leadership from any source came Father Bernard Miller, M.S.C., who became resident priest at Lavongai Mission in 1965. He had been at Lamakot, but he exchanged places with Father Kelly after Father Kelly became an "enemy" to the cultists for his refusal to help them contact Johnson. Father Kelly and Father Miller are both Americans.

Father Miller spent a great deal of time listening to cultists and trying to think of something he could do to improve the situation for everyone.1 After more than a year in Lavongai, he sent out word that there would be a meeting at the Mission at Lavongai in October, 1966. Cultists came by the hundreds, from miles away, many no doubt hoping that at last the American Catholics were going to tell them what to do in order to bring America to New Hanover. Instead, Father Miller initiated discussion of what New Hanover natives could do to improve their own place, with their own resources.

1Father Miller's analysis of the cult (Miller, 1956) emphasizes his view that the cultists were locked into their position by "pride," and that they would not pay taxes until they could find a way to do so without losing face.
It was later difficult to find out what happened at that meeting. Father Miller had himself thought of collecting money in order to buy the European-owned plantations on New Hanover, but this idea was never mentioned later by the people. Two or three of them each claimed, more or less certainly, that it had been his own idea that everyone plant coconuts. The Agriculture Department had been encouraging the planting of coconuts for years, but with small effect.

However, the proposed planting of coconuts in October, 1966, was to be a project carried out by an organization. Father Miller tried to return the burden of decision-making to the people, and he succeeded in the sense that the people consider the whole project to have been their own idea. Nevertheless, Father Miller's influence is evident in most aspects of the organization. Father Miller thought that people would like to have some signs and symbols, and he suggested first that a name be chosen. Tutukuvul i Sukul Association ("stand up together to plant" association) was chosen as a name, and shows in its language its dual origins. It was written down as Tutukuvul Isakul Association, and became known as T.I.A. At that first meeting, rules were formulated: people may become members upon payment of dues of ten dollars (two dollars for women alone); there will be officers (President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer); and, most important, all
members must pay Council tax. The reason advanced (by
Father Miller, and then by others) for this last rule was
that men who did not pay tax would go to jail, where they
would not be available to help with the work of T.I.A. A
face-saving device was thus provided and, subsequently, used
by all. For example, when I asked T.I.A. members who had
been in jail if they would pay taxes next time they were col-
lected, typically they responded that while they still felt
the same as ever, they would pay taxes because it was a T.I.A.
rule. Some referred the rule more personally to Father Miller.

By the time I arrived in New Hanover in February, 1967,
this new movement was well under way. It had officers: all
cultists. It had money: over $8,000. It had enormous native
enthusiasm; it had internal problems which people were deter-
mined to control; and it had government opposition. Top mem-
bers of the Australian Administration called T.I.A., jokingly,
"Father Miller's cult." But Administration opposition was
serious, and in some instances it became official policy.1

1The Administration finally, reluctantly, became willing
to let me go to New Hanover only if I lived in Lavongai village
and only if I agreed not to interview cultists in the Methodist
area for a while, until the Administration could evaluate the
effect of my presence. They told me that I should study not the
cult but T.I.A., and they made clear to me that they would like
me to give them information about it. This was only one factor
in their wanting me to go to Lavongai. Another was that, since
the mission already included Americans, I would not immediately
be viewed as an emissary from Johnson, but perhaps as a missionary.
The Methodist Mission (Australian) soon joined the Administration in opposition to T.I.A. When news of the new organization reached Rev. Allen Taylor, he wrote to Father Miller asking questions. He was satisfied with the answer, and sent out a written notice to all Methodist villages, explaining to them that T.I.A. was a new kind of "business," and that it had nothing to do with the election for Johnson. Rev. Taylor felt that this was necessary because he had been informed by some natives that the people who were joining T.I.A. thought that by so doing they would help to bring America to New Hanover. Rev. Taylor saw the same people who had collected money for Johnson now collecting money--large sums, and quickly--for T.I.A. He saw the same enthusiasm for T.I.A. that he had previously seen for Johnson. He saw a new movement over which he had no control, taking leadership from the Catholic mission, getting started in Methodist villages. He objected. Rev. Taylor and the Catholic missionaries agreed, then, that T.I.A. should have a trial period in the Catholic villages before the Methodists were allowed to join.

By the time this decision was made, however, much money had already been collected from Methodists. Since careful records had been kept, the money could be, and was, returned: in some instances by the priests themselves.
However, it was very difficult to make the Methodists take back their money. They wanted desperately to "be inside." The dues money from Methodist areas went back and forth several times, and finally, late in 1967, with T.I.A. one year old, Methodist money was accepted.  

The early opposition of government and Methodist mission was based on the fear that the people, once aroused, would once again take up their cult activities. It was felt that they should be "subdued," and that they should be law-abiding citizens again (i.e., that they should pay Council tax) before any new activity could safely be initiated. The idea was that they must learn to recognize authority first, before they did anything else. This general attitude was expressed by the Administration in the handling of the Local Government Councils, which had only political functions, where the people had expected economic ones.

The attitude of the American Catholic priests, of whom three were active in shaping T.I.A.,  

1The interview with Oliver (Appendix II) and Father Jacubco's letter (Appendix III) tell of this back and forth movement of Methodist money, and of the determination of Oliver, a Methodist, to join T.I.A.

2Father Miller at Lavongai, Father Jacubco at Analaua, and then Father Fischer at Analaua. Father Fischer replaced Father Jacubco at Analaua when the latter was transferred to Lamasong in New Ireland following the death of the priest there. Father Fischer had been in Manus for some time and had dealt with cult and movement there. Bishop Stempel, in Kavieng, was cautious at first in his approval of T.I.A., and sought an experienced priest for the area.
be harnessed and channeled.

T.I.A. was identified by non-cultists in New Hanover with the election for Johnson; and, with what some people viewed as encouragement from the Australian Administration and from the Methodist Mission,¹ non-cultists hardened into a pro-Council, anti-T.I.A. faction. Where there had been fear amongst the opposition that T.I.A. would turn into cult, there came to be jealousy over the ability of T.I.A. to get money, attention, enthusiasm, work and support out of the cultists. Cultists had said they had no money for Council tax, but they had the same money (ten dollars) for T.I.A.! The Council, led by Administration officers, prepared a letter of opposition to send to T.I.A. The Medical Assistant at Taskul, Mr. Carrol Cannon, persuaded them against this action when he heard about the letter from some of the Councillors, on the grounds that factionalism should be discouraged, not encouraged.

"Karol" was himself an issue. He was considered a personal friend by literally hundreds of natives, and he had the full respect of the missionaries. Many government officials considered him potentially dangerous, and he was transferred late in 1967 to Rabaul.

The factions had been defined in terms of the elections. The same people (with a few exceptions) formed the factions which

¹See Appendix II. Oliver said that Rev. Taylor, the telatele, tried to "break" T.I.A.
supported the Council and its president, Steven, on the one hand; or T.I.A. on the other.

T.I.A. members began to clear their grounds. It had been anticipated that there would be many conflicts over ground, but there were few and they were minor. None prevented large areas of ground near each village on the south coast, and villages on the east coast in the Tigak Islands, from being selected and marked as T.I.A. ground. At the Lavongai mission, "flags" were produced to stand over T.I.A. plantations. These were painted signs showing a green New Hanover map in the center of a blue background. In each corner were symbols: a coconut tree, the Christian cross, an anchor for hope. That, in any case, is what the flag meant to Father Miller and to some members of T.I.A. There were several who asked, quietly and intensely, what the meaning of the flag was. There is no doubt that some cultists thought, hoped, or felt that somehow the flag meant that America would come.

Most members were, however, adamant: the work of T.I.A. must go on. Many said that they did not know what the fruit of T.I.A. would be, but they were determined to work hard, to work strong, and not to let the "fashion of New Hanover" spoil their work. The "fashion of New Hanover" to which they referred was their tendency to get angry and go off to work independently or to do nothing at all. And the tendency to steal money that came into their hands.

¹See Appendix II. Oliver said that Rev. Taylor, the telatela, tried to "break" T.I.A.
members but who were not resident in New Hanover. If a man were away, his wife could work for him. Married men thus had a ready substitute. But if a man and his wife were away, and he did not get a substitute (which was difficult, as a man who would substitute was usually a member himself and had to work for himself) he had to pay four shillings a day. This figure was decided upon because the mission paid four shillings a day. If a man was working for the mission and therefore could not take off a day and work for T.I.A., he could give his four shillings to T.I.A. instead. Father Miller helped them to get around this problem by giving his labor lines on the Lavongai plantation the day off, but then the manager of the Catholic plantation further west in Lavongai opposed this idea and fired men who took the day off.

It was these kinds of problems that usually defeated New Hanoverians. Their fashion was one of contention, always fearful that someone was taking advantage of them. But they were aware of their fashion, and determined (or so they said, and so it seemed) not to let their fashion defeat or "spoil" (as they said) T.I.A.

**Summary of the Cult: the Election of February, 1968**

In June and July, 1967, when I asked cultists how they would vote in the election for House of Assembly representatives when it came again in 1968, some said that they would have to wait and see. Most said they would stand by their election for
When I left New Hanover in 1967, $12,000 had been collected, of which about $80 had been spent for tools. From letters I have learned that T.I.A. has since acquired three boats to carry coconuts and copra to Kavieng. One of these, an old mission boat, was acquired early in 1968. (The Council had a "ship fund", but even had taxes been collected on schedule they would not have had funds to buy the new boat they planned to buy until about 1970.) At the time of the cult there was no regular transportation for natives or for native copra from New Hanover to Kavieng. Some had tried to carry copra in canoes, but as often as not they went down at sea and the copra was ruined. Getting space on a Chinese or mission ship for native copra presented obstacles: money, timing, know-how, humiliation.

By August, 1967, there were 20,000 new coconut trees in the ground, and by 1970 there were 70,000. At regular meetings, the "Boards" (representatives of each village who organized and supervised the work, and who were elected by their fellows) reported on the progress in their respective areas. There were problems: all members were supposed to work, and many Boards tried to organize work the way it is organized on European plantations. They "lined" everyone in the morning and at noon and again at night. But some did not do this, and of those who did, some wrote down the names and some did not. And of those who lined, some went straight to work for T.I.A. and some went to their gardens first before they came to the T.I.A. plantation. However, the most difficult problem was posed by those who were
Johnson.

However, these latter were not convincing. They had not realized that there would be another election. They had not thought about it, as some of them said.

Steven, Council President, had already announced his candidacy. T.I.A. members were well-satisfied with their second president, Walla, and they said they would elect him.¹

Father Miller suggested that Walla was doing a fine job of T.I.A., and that he was needed by T.I.A. Instead of Walla, Father Miller suggested that T.I.A. support Daniel Bokaf as their representative to the House of Assembly. Daniel is from New Ireland, and has taught at the New Hanover Catholic Mission school at Lavongai since 1965. He was very much against the Johnson cult, but he had worked hard for T.I.A.; often spending his Saturdays tramping through the bush surveying T.I.A. lands, and his free evenings (i.e. evenings when he did not have school duties in relation to boys who were boarders) making maps. Most important from Father Miller's point of view was the fact that Daniel had spent a year studying in Australia, under Catholic auspices. Father Miller thought that Daniel had gained the understanding of English and of European culture necessary to

¹T.I.A. elected Paulos of Ungat President, and Walla of Meteran vice-president at their first election. In July, 1967, they elected Walla president. Paulos had done no wrong, apparently, but Walla was much more active and efficient. Paulos was retained as Board in Ungat, but was not elected to any office in T.I.A., though he was nominated for all. High praise from Walla and the meeting helped save his pride and he continued to be helpful to T.I.A. However, there began to be stories of his "buying" women. He told me some of these stories himself.
make his voice effective in the House of Assembly.

T.I.A. members took Father Miller's advice, and nominated Daniel. In February, 1968, Daniel Bokai easily won in the open electorate in the Kavieng District.

Later that same year, Walla was elected President of the Council, while he retained his presidency of T.I.A. Even before I left New Hanover in 1967, some persons who had been against the Johnson cult, and who were initially against T.I.A. had begun to relax their opposition to T.I.A. Most of them had not made their opposition so open that they could not, without losing face, change their minds. Even Steven, the Council president, began to say that T.I.A. could be a good thing for New Hanover. "Karol" talked constantly to people, telling them to close ranks. Barol, who had helped stop the vote for Johnson on the north coast, and who was vice-president of the Council, joined T.I.A. in August, 1967. He had been a Catholic catechist for years, and the Catholic priests used their friendship with him to encourage him to help end the factionalism in New Hanover.

Walla has continued to this time (1971) to report to me by letter. He gives me the latest coconut count and the latest news. In September, 1968, he reported the arrest of twelve T.I.A. members as a result of a dispute with non-members. No non-members were arrested. At that time Walla reported that he and others still felt that Australia was not the right country for New Hanover. They were still hoping, he said, that America would come.
In June, 1970, he sent me a clipping from a New Guinea newspaper containing the headline: "Cargo Cult Spreads to New Ireland." He wrote that this was the same kind of ridicule that had been used against cultists and T.I.A. members in New Hanover, and he said that it was also not true.

In a letter to me in 1971, Father Miller said that rumors similar to those that he had heard earlier in New Hanover were being told about Lihir and about New Ireland: that the people were building warehouses and waiting for the cargo. In each case where he himself talked to the people accused, they claimed they were merely building meeting houses for meetings of their own T.I.A., called T.K.A. in these areas. Father Miller added (as he always did in talking of New Hanover) that he could not be sure, however, that the information that reached him was full or true.

**Analysis of the Johnson Cult**

The Johnson cult can be analyzed from many points of view. Here I am primarily interested in analyzing the patterns of behavior in the cult in relation to pre-cult or non-cult patterns of behavior.

The cult was no anti-European, nor pro-American. It was not even anti-Australian Administration. It was an attempt to force the Australians into the Lavongai world, or to force their way into the Australian world. It was an attempt to gain what Burridge has called "moral equivalence" (Burridge, 1960). Once
when Joseph Pukina was telling me about his angry speech to the District Commissioner he explained himself thus: "I am not a donkey. I am a man! I have got legs, arms, eyes, nose, head, just like you. But my food comes from the work of my hands, and you, you sit down and you eat just from a chair. And you do your work, write papers, or whatever."

The Australians had not granted the Lavongais moral equivalence, either; and some of them knew it, and it annoyed them, but it did not hurt them. It did not touch them deeply the way it touched the Lavongais, because the New Irishers did not, could not understand the full meaning and depth of their rejection by Europeans. They had never experienced the isolation, exclusion, and rejection that is common in the Western civilized world; and I found to my surprise that many of them did not have any comprehension of the depth of their rejection by Europeans. 1

But the Lavongais know rejection well, because they experience it in their own society. During the war, the soldiers (many, even Oliver, said that all the soldiers from all countries were the same at that time) granted (or seemed to grant) them moral equivalence. The soldiers, especially the Americans, gave them food cheerfully. That is a simple pleasure that the average Lavongai cannot expect at home, even from his mother (though

1 Some New Irishers, e.g. Kasion, fully understood the Europeans.

2 Some local Europeans, of course, did not reject them.
she is his best hope, unless he has a grandmother nearby).

The Lavongais thought that there was a chance that the Americans would teach them how to make cargo; and also how to run their lives properly. The Lavongais are pragmatists, and they wanted to "try" America. As one English-speaking Lavongai said in a speech before the United Nations Visiting mission:

"We do not want the Australians because we have been with them for many years and haven't got changed in our lives. We do ask the Australians not to govern us any more. We must wait for the U.S.A. has his turn. We do like the U.S.A. to teach us the best way how to live good, happy and useful lives."

The Lavongais wanted "savvy" because not having it makes them feel left out and passed by. They want it because they want something useful to do. And they want "savvy" about how to make cargo because they do not like to work with their hands. It does not come easily to them, and they do not do it well. The Australians had not given them savvy, and another native could not give them savvy. That is one reason why they wanted the Americans to come.

The New Hanoverians wanted somebody to do something about their lives. They wanted attention, and they did the only thing that they know how to do to get attention from other people: they provoked a public quarrel with the Australian Administrators, and they tried to make them jealous by voting for the Americans. They they played innocent: They pretended that they had been told that they could vote for whomever they wanted, and they had
done just that. They even gave money to the District Commissioner and asked him, in all innocence, to send it to Johnson. But they knew exactly what they were doing, and that the Australians would be cross; and that Peter Yangalissmat had been sent to jail for doing it, twenty years before.

Lawrence (1964) has pointed out that cargo cults are not radical but conservative; and that they continue to act on the basis of the cognitive structure built by the traditional culture. In the Johnson cult we see a continuation of traditional beliefs not about mythological persons or the efficacy of ritual; but about the efficacy of particular kinds of psychological manipulation of other people. Some New Hanoverians are exquisitely articulate about their cultural character.

Their views about human nature are not likely to have been altered by the cult. They did get attention, and they did provoke jealousy amongst Europeans for Lavongai favor. "If they can put two people against each other, that makes their day," Mrs. Pitts, the wife of the Catholic mission plantation manager, said of the Lavongais. The Johnson cult put the missions against the Administration, and the Department of District Administration personnel against the service personnel (public health, agriculture and fisheries, malaria control); and finally the Catholics and Methodists in opposite camps. The competition

1Mr. and Mrs. Pitts had spent many years managing plantations in East Africa before they came to Lavongai, after the 1964 election.
amongst different groups of Europeans to do the right thing to end the cult resulted in the building of a new hospital, the establishment of a three-man regular patrol station at Taskul, the "beautification" of the station (which made many Lavongais proud), and the hope and relief that came with occasional meetings with big men from the United Nations and the Australian Administration. Even non-cultists had to admit that the cult had brought about many benefits.

Finally T.I.A. developed from the cult. Coming as it did when hope was dwindling and jail seemed pointless, cultists seized upon it with great enthusiasm. Some people no doubt maintained a partly mystical view about T.I.A. being a forerunner to the coming of the Americans and the beginning of a new existence. But T.I.A. had its own rewards. It gave people something to do, and it provided organization and structure. New Hanoverians were determined that T.I.A. should not suffer the fate of all things in New Hanoverian hands: They insisted, over his protests, that Father Miller keep the money box and check the books.

Students of cargo cults have pointed out that the cults integrate people who previously lacked ties and overriding structure. Walla, President of T.I.A., saw that T.I.A. had that function, and saw that it was important. On August 31, 1967, he made a speech to members about the importance of acting together. First he drew an outline map of New Hanover on the blackboard. He drew little circles around the outline edge, representing
different clans. This, he said, was their old fashion: many clans, and many lines. Men did not unite, and they were not together.

Then in the middle of his map he wrote in large letters: T.I.A. Then he put a big T. in each of the little circles representing clans. "Now T.I.A. stops all around. It puts its name everywhere. No longer are there five lines in Metean village: there is one line now, on the ground. You and I all hear the talk of T.I.A. now. All men stop with T.I.A. If we did not have T.I.A. we would not have anything or anyone to unite us. This is the source that will straighten us, that will make us all one. T.I.A. showed us this road, and by and by we will be one."
PART FOUR: CONCLUSION
CHAPTER XIII
CONCLUSION

Summary of the Styles of Culture

I have described the styles of culture in New Ireland and New Hanover in this paper by comparing and contrasting them with each other. An analysis of structure and function finds a group of people in New Ireland, and an individual or category of individuals in New Hanover. This is so in relation to the ownership, use, and exploitation of resources; the organization and leadership of activities, and the political and economic networks of relationships; and the structure of institutions which bring groups together in New Ireland and in New Hanover. The modes and media of expression between individuals and groups, which bring them together or keep them apart, or both show how large groups persist over time in New Ireland; and how even small groups cohere abravely in New Hanover. I have shown how the respective styles of culture are expressed at the level of individual kinesic patterns in everyday life, and at the group level in traditional art productions. Where New Ireland expressions are gentle, detailed, restrained, respectful and inclusive; New Hanover expressions are assertive, general, spontaneous, rejecting and exclusive. In New Ireland, each follows the known path; in New Hanover, each makes his own way.
Non-Cultural Factors Influencing Style

I have described styles, with a view to showing the coherence of elements within each style. I have not tried to explain how the styles came about. Here I review factors which are non-cultural and external to style, which may have influenced the different developments of the cultures of New Hanover and New Ireland.

a) History of Contact.

New Ireland has had greater access to European culture and to economic opportunities provided by the European presence. The Germans built a permanent road down the East Coast of New Ireland before 1910. People and cash crops (mainly coconuts), which people learned to plant from the high number (by Territory standards) of planters along the road, come up the road into the town of Kavieng, where there are one hundred Europeans and three hundred Chinese. The Europeans are mostly administrators; the Chinese are largely merchants. Several trucks full of merchandise from the Chinese stores go down the road every day from Kavieng, and government officers and service personnel can easily go up and down the road to accomplish their tasks. Paradoxically, the availability of easy transport for government officers has actually reduced native contact with these officers, who now return to Kavieng at night instead of sleeping in the village rest houses.
To get to New Hanover, government officers must go by boat. The increasing availability of speedboats for government officers has done for New Hanover what a fleet of Administration Landrovers has done for New Ireland: reduced native contact with the Administration officers, who can easily speed back to the Government station at Taskul at night. New Hanover has had far less contact with government personnel that New Ireland in the past, even before speedboats were available. There was no permanent government station on New Hanover before the Johnson cult.

Long contact with the Missions is sometimes cited by New Irelanders as the source of their "brotherly love" and help for each other. There have been fewer missionaries for fewer years in New Hanover than in New Ireland. However, Lavongai village is the site of a Catholic Mission that has had a succession of beloved German priests since the 1930's. New Ireland missionary work began with Fijian and Samoan missionaries about the turn of the century.

New Hanoverians have had reduced contact with the outside world due to European reaction to the prevalence of leprosy in New Hanover. Nearby Analaua Island has been a Leprosy Hospital (run by the Catholic Mission) since the 1930's, and New Hanoverians were apparently not recruited as labor after that time. There are very old men in New Hanover who have been away to work, but there is a whole generation of middle-aged men most of whom have never worked on a plantation. It is these men who
formed the core of the cult group, but they were joined by all other groups.

New Hanoverians have been free to come and go for years now, but they still do not go in large numbers to work on plantations or elsewhere for these reasons:

1) Planters find that they want to work very little and get a lot of credit at the plantation store. They are not viewed as more likely to get into fights than the Sepiks and New Guinea Highlanders favored as laborers in the Kavieng District.

2) New Hanoverians do not want to go away from home. The reason they give for this is that their wives run off with other men when they are away. This, in fact, is usually the case. It happened when the men were in jail for non-payment of taxes, and it was one of the main reasons that the men did not want to keep going to jail.

3) Another reason New Hanoverians do not like to go away from home is that they are insecure about being fed and housed away from their own resources. In their experience, going away from home means real hardship. One planter told me that he found that New Hanover men get "homesick" when they are laborers away from home.

b) Biological Factors

New Irelaniders have more malaria, TB, and stomach ulcers than do New Hanoverians, according to estimates informally
made by European medical personnel in the area. It is well known that their early contact with Europeans brought them Veneral Disease, which accounts for the vast depopulation experienced after the turn of the century by Tabar and northern New Ireland. This explanation for depopulation is the conclusion of a comprehensive study made by Dr. R.F.R. Scrugg when he was head of the Public Health Department in the Kavieng District (Scrugg, 1954).

New Hanover did not experience this depopulation. Their disease problems were due largely to leprosy. Medical Assistant Carroll Gannon, who worked previously in the New Guinea Highlands, has observed a high incidence of asthma in New Hanover.

New Hanoverians occasionally complained that their problem was that they had no old people to show them what to do. While I have no statistics on the subject, I agree with the impression these informants had: there are very few old people visible in New Hanover, and many more in New Ireland. I have no hypothesis that would account for this different at this time.

New Irelanders, according to general opinion amongst European medical personnel, have very low red blood counts (hemoglobin). The average hemoglobin count in New Ireland is below that with which the average European can live. There is at present no systematic study published to confirm
this generalization. Informants in New Ireland told me that a doctor of an earlier era had told them to eat green leaves to "change the blood;" and, in an attempt to cooperate, they added some green ferns or a few taro leaves to Sunday dinner. New Hanoverians, by contrast, eat a big handful of the green fern leaves at nearly every evening meal. They look healthier than New Irelanders, but this may well be only because New Hanover has fewer old people to influence the impression given the observer; and because New Hanoverians move more quickly and in a manner more familiar to Europeans. (In this paper, this kinesic distinction is viewed as part of the overall cultural distinctiveness of each area.) New Irelanders, however, have great stamina, and during malanggan preparations work from before dawn until 2 a.m. sometimes for a week, and less strenuous, but still strenuous hours for a month before the final feast.

c) Ecological Factors.

Both New Ireland and New Hanover have large areas of unused garden lands now. However, it seems likely that New Ireland had land shortage in the past. There is no evidence of former land shortage in New Hanover. There is some evidence of soil exhaustion in New Ireland in the north; but there is plenty of land available that has long gone unplanted. People do not worry about taro being too small, because they are buying rice from the Chinese; and depending on sago.
Neither New Irelanders nor New Hanoverians are expert fishermen. However, in both islands people can easily get fish for dinner if they want to make the effort. They are aware, however, that nearby sea areas can be overfished.

**Persistence of Styles in Culture**

Many people, both native and European, attribute the differences between New Ireland and New Hanover (when they are brought to their attention) to non-cultural factors, or to factors external to each culture. As mentioned above, New Irelanders sometimes attribute their own style to missionary influence. New Hanoverians all attributed some of their "rubbish fashions" to the disruption of the Johnson cult.

Many anthropologists, too, also tend to explain culture in terms of non-cultural factors, or factors of culture external to the culture under study. I acknowledge the importance of these factors. With the data from my own research, I cannot measure their importance. I have cited them here in order to suggest the directions of their varying influences.

The data from my research supports the concept of culture as a tenacious organizing force. The concept of "style" in culture includes structure and function, but emphasizes the opportunities provided by cultures to individuals for self-
expression; and the opportunities these expressions provide for groups to integrate. I have written about these cultures as functional and expressive wholes.

Analyses of functioning wholes have in common an insusceptibility to analyses of change. As I have interpreted New Ireland culture, the institution of malanggan depends on child-rearing patterns, leadership patterns, and artistic expressions. We know that the institution of malanggan pre-dates missionaries in New Ireland; therefore (according to my interpretation) "brotherly love" pre-dates missionaries in New Ireland. The institution of malanggan does not, and could not, according to my interpretation, exist in New Hanover. New Hanover cynicism about big men and about "human nature" could not support malanggan. I know of two attempts to bring malanggan art and ceremony to New Hanover. These were isolated incidents which produced no changes in New Hanover culture.

Similarly, my interpretation of their culture does not support the view of some New Hanoverians (and of some Europeans) that before the Johnson cult New Hanover was a hospitable island. There may have been more food and more hospitality than there was in 1967, but the preponderance of evidence indicates that the style here described was not substantially different from what it was in 1967. Tombat is about thirty-five years old, but when he was a child he had to go from
pupu to pupu until he found one who was not cross and who gave him food. That single incident is a "foreign language" in New Ireland. It could not occur.

Taores of Livitua, New Ireland, and his wife Ewodia, of Kulibung island, off New Hanover, lived in Mangai in 1965. I went to see them in Kulibung in 1967. After we had talked for a while Ewodia said to me: "Do all the women of Tsoi (islands) give you food as the women of Mangai did?" I said (and this was partly true, and partly courtesy) yes, but the women of New Hanover did not give me food." "Oh, sorry!" she said. Later when Ewodia was not within hearing distance, Taores agreed with me, at first very cautiously, that people do not give food in the islands the way they do in New Ireland. He was cautious because New Irelanders do not usually make critical remarks about other people. After a little while, we began to laugh at the things that had happened to us in New Hanover and the Tsoi islands.

When Ewodia rejoined us, I asked if brother helps brother in Kulibung as they do in New Ireland. Taores smiled and hesitated. Ewodia snapped, "No!" "True," Taores said, "it is truly a hard life in this place. If I want to do something, make a house or a garden, others do not help me." He volunteered that he thought it was because the men did not boss well, and they did not "hear" (obey) well.
As we were talking, their child, who was wheezing with a bad chest cold, started to cry. "Finish," Ewodia snapped, and the child went to Ta ores, who took him very gently on his lap. He stopped crying.

Ta ores went on with his view that the source of Lavongai's problems lay in leadership. "No one pays attention to the bell for Monday morning line," he said. "The committeeman, and the Councillor too, they sleep." I asked him what he thought Lasuwot or Francis would do to provide leadership in this situation. He replied: "If Lasuwot or Francis see something that is not good, say if we are having a feast or something, they would excuse the people who came from a long way (i.e. the guests), and keep some of us together to talk. Then they would say: our fashion from the old days is just a little bit different from what you have been doing. It would be better if you would do things just a little bit differently." I said: "They would not shame you." And Ta ores answered: "They would not shame us. Can one man move a big stone?"

Then he went on to talk about the big men of Lavongai and Tsoi. "All the big men here go around amongst the women," he said. The big men of New Ireland are not like that.

There was one further thing that Ta ores had noticed. He had been at Taskul, at the hospital, and he was surprised when a quarrel came up at the hospital, in front of many people.
A man was cross with his brother, and told him not to "boss" his (the first man's) wife. Taores thought to himself: "maski (nevermind), plenty of people, and this is a quarrel that just belongs to two."

I asked Taores if he thought he was treated differently because he is a "foreigner;" and he said no, that they do not help him, but they do not help each other, either. He felt that he was treated just as they treat each other.

Ewodia came back. She was preparing great baskets of food for me, to show how well she had learned the New Ireland fashion. "They are not like the women of Mangai, not at all. They are all no good here! Only we feed the malaria control boys!" Taores went on: "You sit down and 'grease' with someone, 'grease, grease, grease', you would think that they would invite you to eat sometime. Man! They truly are not up to it!"

According to my interpretation of New Hanover culture, the men who did not give Taores food probably were not given food as children, long before the Johnson cult brought disruptions to the islands.

Childhood Determinism

I have described some aspects of the lives of children in order to show how they are consistent with other aspects of the cultures. I have not treated childhood as a determinant
of culture. There is of course a vast literature on this subject. I cite here only one especially relevant study. In connection with the work of Lomax, Ayres surveyed studies of infantile stress. She found that "the hypothesis that there is a relationship between painful stimulation in infancy and a tendency toward bold and exploratory behavior in adults is strongly supported: (Ayres, in Lomax, 1963, p. 221). New Hanoverians are both "pained" in childhood and "bold and exploratory" in their adult behavior, when compared to the New Irelanders.

Relative Stability of Cultural Styles

From one point of view, New Hanoverians are more open to change than are New Irelanders. New Ireland culture has survived many crises, continues strong, and New Irelanders do not show an interest in "exploratory behavior."

In 1970 there were newspaper reports in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea that the New Hanover "Cargo Cult" had spread to New Ireland. According to the interpretation given here, the Johnson cult could not spread to New Ireland any more successfully than malanggan spread to New Hanover.

Huizinga (1950) has written of ritual, myth, all aspects of culture as "play," and of play as "fun." "The fun of playing," he wrote, "resists all analysis, all logical interpretation." (p. 3). "All play has its rules... The rules of a game are absolutely binding and allow no doubt... The player
who trespasses against the rules or ignores them is a 'spoilsport'" (p. 11).

Using Huizinga's terminology, it can be said that even though New Hanover held some of the most important objects needed to "play" malanggan—the red shell currency (mias)—they could not or would not play. They lacked all the other qualifications to play without doubt. They lack interest in ritual, in giving, and in self-restraint.

Conversely, New Ireland lacks all the qualifications for "playing" cargo cult, as it is played in New Hanover. They avoid confrontation, anger, assertiveness, and abstract or new ideas. For New Hanover, the Johnson cult was a game and an artform. It is not a game New Ireland can play, or an art form that they like.

The study of change in these two islands is another study, and I will only undertake to suggest what factors might be important in it. Change has already come to New Ireland in a basic way. Near town, many people from New Hanover have settled and planted coconuts. New Irelanders, not accustomed to exploitative behavior; and New Hanoverians, not accustomed to receiving help from their neighbors, have worked together in such a way that New Irelanders have lost their land. New Ireland culture has not had to change in
basic ways to accommodate the white man, but it will have to change in basic ways to accommodate neighboring Lavongais.¹

New Hanover culture is using European culture as an aid to the change which they consciously seek. They are using the reliability of Europeans, especially in relation to money; and the "savvy" of Europeans in relation to organization, to try to change their own fashion.

Changes in content of culture do not change its structure or its style. Thirty-five years before I made my study of New Ireland, Powdermaker wrote a book that could have been written again in 1965. I think that we have underestimated the persistence of cultural styles. If New Hanover culture is to change, it will not be because they have provoked a quarrel with the Australian Administration. That is nothing new for them. It is just an old game of their culture, played with new adversaries.

¹I am indebted to Peter Lomas for this information. His studies were concentrated in the villages near Kavineg.
PART FIVE: APPENDICES
Appendix I

Robert Hoad's Report

District Officer Robert Hoad allowed me to copy this account of the Johnson cult, which made it possible for me to gain a chronological perspective in the sense common to the European world. Mr. Hoad prepared this account for his superior officers. It illustrates the kind of events which constituted the cult from the point of view of the Administrators.

"The first manifestation of the cult occurred at Ranmelek on New Hanover Island in the New Ireland District on 15th February, 1964, the first day of polling for elections to the House of Assembly, when 300-400 people took part in a demonstration. They wished to vote for President Johnson of the United States of America.

"On 19th February at Meteran village there was a similar demonstration, after which the people left the polling area.

"On 26th February the polling schedule of the New Hanover section was completed with only 25% of electors having voted.

"On 28th February a patrol led by the New Ireland District Officer arrived at Meteranken and was later approached by an apparently excited and truculent group of about thirty young men. Discussions were held.

"On 29th February the patrol had discussions with local missionaries and obtained a little further information and a rumour that a meeting was to be held at Mt. Patibum, site of the U.S. Survey Unit's camp.
"It was rumoured that a meeting had been held at Buta Island on 1st March, convened by one Bosmailik, who is thought to have started the cult.

"On 2nd March an Nonowaul polling place a large gathering of people met with Patrol Officer stating they wished to vote for President Johnson.

"A Malaria Control Officer returning from New Hanover reported that the cult was widespread among the north coast villages of New Hanover, the Tsoi Islands and inland villages.

"On 16th March an Assistant District Officer went to Meteranken and contacted local people.

"The District Commissioner New Ireland District went to Nusawong and on 20th March addressed a gathering of people. A sum of 1443 subscribed by the people to "buy" President Johnson was produced.

"On 21st March a meeting was held at Meteranken attended by about 250 people, an American Army Sergeant and Government Officers.

"On 31st March a meeting was held by cultists at Potpotingan.

"On 29th April two patrols joined forces at Tsoilik. They were met by about 80 truculent natives led by one Oliver. Arrest of 12 tax defaulters was prevented by mob action.

"On 6th May the District Officer accompanied by a Patrol Officer and Mr. Nicholas Brokam M.H.A., proceeded to Tsoilik. Attempts to arrest Oliver failed.

"On 23rd May 1964 a meeting of citizens was held at Taskul when a Council meeting failed for lack of a quorum. The meeting supported Government action."
"On 5th June a reinforced Native Affairs-Police party was established at Taskul and was briefed next day by the District Commissioner.

"On 8th June the District Commissioner, acting Assistant District Officer, a Patrol Officer and a party of 8 police commenced a tour of the area.

"At Meteranken it was learned Oliver and a group of people from Tsoi had called a meeting of some 300 people from nearby villages earlier in the day urging resistance to Administration.

"The party moved on to Lavongai Catholic Mission where 70 people assembled and discussions were held. For the first time a religious aspect of the cult became evident.

"On 19th June a meeting of the Lavongai Council was held at Taskul. It ratified the Tax Rule and supported Administration action.

"The Director of Native Affairs visited the New Ireland District after the first session of the House of Assembly concluded on 16th June. The House had unanimously supported a policy of strong action.

"On 23rd June a large group gathered at Ungakum during tax collection. After six tax defaulters were remanded in custody, tax collection proceeded.

"On 30th June a meeting was held at Taskul attended by 150 people who through spokesmen repeated that they wished to leave the Council and be represented by President Johnson.

"On 11th July the District Officer Kavieng reported the cult spreading to other areas. A patrol was sent to Mussau
to investigate cult activities and found attempts had been made to establish it there.

"On 22nd July two Officers commenced a patrol of the southeast coast of New Hanover.

"On 23rd July the District Officer visited Meteran.

"On 24th July a Patrol Officer proceeded to the southern end of Tsoi. An Assistant District Officer joined the District Officer and landed at Kitibung where a meeting of cultists was reported to be scheduled. Thirteen were convicted for failure to pay tax.

"On 30th July 300 men at Metakabil said they would not pay tax. Sixteen were convicted for refusal to pay.

"Another Assistant District Officer arrived at Metakavil on 31st July.

"On 4th August the District Officer accompanied by the U.S. Army Survey party proceeded to Metenes Harbour.

"Four hundred people attended a meeting at Meteranken village on 8th August. Present were Mr. Jim Grose M.H.A., the District Officer and two other Native Affairs Officers and two Americans of the U.S. Army Survey Unit.

"On 5th September 1964, at Nuseilas village when one man was arrested for refusal to pay tax about 40 men advance on the patrol. A general melee was broken up with tear gas. Five men were arrested and were subsequently convicted in the District Court Kavieng.

"On 24th September a tax collection patrol was attacked by about 50 men at Lokono village. Twelve police were injured, four seriously.
"On 27th September a major patrol departed Kavieng. It found Lokono, Kabien and Kaut villages on the west coast of New Ireland deserted.

"Two patrols then moved out of Kavieng and Kaut to regain contact with the people.

"The District Commissioner, Kavieng, reported in February that there were rumours of disaffection emerging among some groups of New Hanover people towards the "Johnson Cult" and its promoters. He requested a propaganda leaflet be printed in Pidgin and distributed to follow up the rumoured schism. This was done.

"A patrol reported at the end of February that an account system was in operation in the Kandas Census Division and it was planned to give considerable attention to this area also.

"Reporting on the acquittal on the 1st March, 1965, of three men charged with conspiracy, the District Commissioner, Kavieng, stated that his Officers and himself were disturbed at the impact the less of this case would have on the people in and around Kavieng and on New Hanover.

"He also stated that in such cases in the future he would seek professional legal advice immediately the situation arose, and also seek proper Police investigation as he was of the opinion the local officer was not sufficiently experienced to investigate such difficult matters as Conspiracy and Treason. The possibility of a further indictment against Matmakas and his fellow conspirators was to be fully examined.

"'I request your fullest support in this matter as I do not believe we can wait for something serious to emerge and
then attempt to deal with it.'

"The faint glimmers of success in New Hanover were somewhat overshadowed by the loss of the Conspiracy case, however, pressure aimed at counteracting cult activity was being maintained in all quarters."
Appendix II

Interview with Oliver

Interview with Oliver at his house in Namion, Tsoi Islands. Thursday, August 3, 1967. Translated from pidgin English.

DB: "I would like you to tell me a little about your family. You had one sister who died, is that right?"

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "When you were little, or when you were big?"

Oliver: "No, right now, just now. About five years ago. When the war was finished." (N.b. this wide range of time that means "now" to Oliver is typical in both New Ireland and New Hanover.)

DB: "When you were little, you came up where—in the place of your mama, in the place of your papa?"

Oliver: "I came up right here."

DB: "In this little place."

Oliver: "Unn, in this little place."

DB: "When you were little, was there a school here?"

Oliver: "There was a mission school Methodist."

DB: "Who was the teacher?"

Oliver: "Just a mission boy."

DB: "A native from where?"

Oliver: "Just from New Hanover."

DB: "At that time, what did you do in school—did you talk English?"

Oliver: "No. Just the language of New Britain; and we learned to read, that's all; and write, and work figures, just a little."
But the school did not teach many things or strong things."

DB: "At this time, Oliver, did you know about the place where all were white skins, when you were just a child at school?"

Oliver: "They taught me with maps."

DB: "Oh, they showed you a map."

Oliver: "Yes, yes and picture too. I knew how to call them by name, but I did not see them with my eye."

DB: "Yes, you call the name, that's all. It is the same with us. If we talk of New Guinea, we know how to call the name, that's all, but we do not understand well. And at that time, had you seen some white skins?"

Oliver: "When I was little? Unn, I came up when white skins already stopped (here in the islands)."

DB: "Many whiteskins?"

Oliver: "Unn, many white skins, but not very many—there was a master from the mission, master of the government, and one master on the plantation."

DB: "This Master Miller?"

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "I think Paulo caught his name."

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "And did you see some white women?"

Oliver: "I saw them, but they did not stop in New Hanover, but I used to go to Kavieng, and I saw some white women. But in New Hanover, there were none."

DB: "When you were little, did your father bring you to Kavieng many times?"

Oliver: "They brought me to Kavieng many times. This was the
work of Master Miller, and I used to go along to Kavieng."

DB: "And your father worked for Master Miller." (I had learned this from others.)

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "What kind of master was this Master Miller--was he good to your father or no good?"

Oliver: "He was good to my father. My father was the engine boy on his ship. They called the ship the 'Lavongai.'"

DB: "Master Miller" (Paulo) told me that the real Master Miller died at the time of the war."

Oliver: "Yes. Germans came and got him at Sali, jailed him, and killed him. They got him at Sali, and me, I stood up on the beach, and I saw it."

DB: "You saw it. Sorry. And at this time, the kiaŋ to you, was he the same or a different kind than he is today."

Oliver: "Now, today, it's like this: the place is clear, and he does not come with work. But before it was hard at your place, it was still half dark (i.e. they had not yet emerged from their own 'dark ages' as they see it), and they did strong work."

DB: "What kind of strong work?"

Oliver: "They talked strongly about straightening the place. And if they did not all do the work, quickly, in a short time they brought everyone to jail."

DB: "Were they cross all the time?"

Oliver: "They were always cross--they made everyone really very afraid before."
DB: "At this time did the **kiap** come and sit down and sleep in the House Kiap (government rest house)?"

Oliver: "They used to come and they used to sleep in the House Kiap."

DB: "And did you used to go inside their house?"

Oliver: "We did not go inside their house, it was taboo for us to go inside their house, and it was taboo for us who were just nothing (i.e. not the **luluai** or some other government officer), just anyone, to go talk together with them. All the **luluais**, that's all (could talk to them)." (Oliver said this rapidly, in a tone of interest and resentment.)

DB: "They stopped a long way from you all."

Oliver: "Un!"

DB: "Now today they come closer. . . ."

Oliver: "Now today they come close to us, and today we sit down together, and today, at this time, they eat together with some people."

DB: "Now this kind of master that stopped on the plantation before, Master Miller, did he eat together with your father?"

Oliver: "Master Miller before, he did not have one man that ate together with him."

DB: "He ate alone, that's all."

Oliver: "He ate alone, that's all."

DB: "All right. Now you went to mission school for how long--a long time, or . . . ."

Oliver: "I did not stop a long time at school. I stopped a little while, and then--then the war came up."

DB: "At the time of the war, where did you stop?"
Oliver: "At the time of the war, they all got me, I was little yet, I did not shave yet."

DB: "And you stopped with your father and mother?"

Oliver: "I stopped with my father and mother at this time."

DB: "In Hamion."

Oliver: "In Hamion."

DB: "And did the Japanese come to see you all here?"

Oliver: "Japan used to come--and they used to fill themselves up around and about here, and they used to bugger up everything belonging to us at this time. Bugger up the house--they used to go inside the house, they used to take things, whatever kind of things, lap lap or box, whatever kind of thing, and they all went and got all kinds of things from the garden. At this time, we were really afraid, very afraid true!"

DB: "You were afraid of the Japanese."

Oliver: "Unn, because they were men who fought."

DB: "And steal."

Oliver: "Unn."

DB: "Yesterday Anania (Oliver's brother) told me that you went to Buka during this time."

Oliver: "At this time, Master Bell came up--to Nemto."

DB: "Where?"

Oliver: "An island here, close to Lukus. And he came to get a 'line' (of men) to go carry for all the men. To carry for all the men who fought, all soldiers. All right, they came and got me then."

DB: "You were young!"
Oliver: "I was young, I did not shave yet."

DB: "And you went along with everyone?"

Oliver: "I went along with all. I went, I came up to Emira in the morning, and I got a number."

DB: "I keep hearing about this number. What was this number?"

Oliver: "It was the same as a name, that's all, just a name."

DB: "Just a name."

Oliver: "New Ireland, then my number, thus the total of all men, that's all. My number was 929."

DB: "I see. And who gave you this number, Americans or Australians?"

Oliver: "Australians."

DB: "And what work did you do in Emira?"

Oliver: "I got up again in the morning--I had already got my number--and I went on a ship and we went to Buka. I did not stay in Emira."

DB: "What ship--a ship of Australia?"

Oliver: "A ship of Australia. They all got me at Noipus--this (hesitates) PT boat, got me at Noipus (village on New Hanover's north coast)."

DB: "How did you get to Noipus?"

Oliver: "They all got me in a pinnace, to go to Noipus. Then a PT boat got me at Noipus, brought me to Emira. Then I got on a big ship, a cargo boat--it wasn't a cargo boat, it was a fighting ship--and they all brought us to Buka then."

DB: "And what work did you do in Buka?"

Oliver: "I worked in Buka, I used to just go to the bush,
go along with all the soldiers."

DB: "Help all."

Oliver: "Unn."

DB: "Soldiers from where?"

Oliver: "Join, they all joined--New Zealand, or America, Negro, Australia." (Long pause.)

DB: "What did they do in the bush?"

Oliver: "Settled down to fight, that's all."

DB: "Were there Japanese in Buka at this time?"

Oliver: "Plenty and more! . . . We used to go and finish one camp of the Japanese, win over this camp, go sit down in it; then get up again, then go again to a camp, then fight fight fight, then win over all and then go sit down in it (the camp)."

DB: "You saw this fight with guns, eh?"

Oliver: "Un."

DB: "And bombs too?"

Oliver: "Bombs, planes. The planes use to throw away cargo to us in the bush. They used to bring some people, too, by 'umbrella' (parachute), into the bush. They used to get them at the airport in Buka, then they used to bring them to a little place in the bush."

DB: "At this time, were you, all you natives, were you afraid?"

Oliver: "At this time if I just stopped and did nothing, I was afraid. If I went into this work that I had promised to do, I was not afraid. One must like to do something, or I must like to accomplish something (to win over something)."

DB: "But at that time you were young, and you didn't think strongly (about things)."
Oliver: "At this time I was young, and I though 'afraid' of things at the time it started here, or the time it was new here, or the time I saw for the first time this thing, or they all did something for the first time in front of me, and I saw. But—when the time came for me to do my part, I was not afraid. But when I first came, I was a little worried, and thought about coming back, that's all. If I forgot about my mother and father back home, I no more was afraid. I liked this thing."

DB: "First you missed your own place."

Oliver: "Yeh. Now at the time that I stopped in this thing (in the war), I did not believe in dying. I thought, I felt, I wanted (to win)—I thought of the meaning of this thing."

DB: "Your thoughts were strong on winning."

Oliver: "Un."

DB: "That's a good way to be. All these soldiers, all those that talk English, were they good to you at this time?"

Oliver: "Oh, during this time all soldiers of Australia, all soldiers of New Zealand, all soldiers of America, or all Africans, at this time we were good friends, during this time. We made good friends at this time. It was a time for us all to be brothers, this time. It was a time for us to eat together, this time. It was a time for us to stop together, this time. Altogether everything we did, we did together at this time. Australia or New Zealand or Africa or America, they were not 'masters' at this time, we were together, we were
together, that's all."¹

DB: "Did they give you everything? Who gave you food?"
Oliver: "During this time, food or trousers or whatever kind of thing around and about, whether it belonged to Australia, or to America, whatever kind; or belonged to New Zealand, we could be together, there was not one man who lacked one thing. Altogether everything belonging to all masters, we had at the same time, we truly had enough."
DB: "You ate all their food. . . ."
Oliver: "All food, we were full up, truly too full!"
DB: "But I think you were hungry for your own food, did they not give you a little of your own food?"
Oliver: "This food of ours, there was the sweet potato of Buka, too. Just sago, that's all, they did not have sago."
DB: "And rice?"
Oliver: "Rice, there was too much rice here! All kinds of food belonging to all masters, at this time the place was full up with it!"
DB: "You sat down well then. I think you were a little sorry when this time finished."
Oliver: "This time finished, I was sorry, because I saw that all things did not come up. I am sorry back again to this time. Because plenty of things came up at this time, and I say it was a good time, the time of the war, there were plenty of things, and men had enough at this time. The war

¹The term "master" may be used simply to refer to a man of white skin; or it may be used as here, with all its English connotations.
finished, and altogether everything, there was none."
DB: "Nothing."
Oliver: "Nothing."
DB: "You stopped with nothing."
Oliver: "I stopped with nothing, and altogether everyone stopped with nothing, and I sat down and thus bugged up, with just all things from before."
DB: "Now I understand. I did not know that you had seen all these things. All right, then the war finished, then what did you do?"
Oliver: "The war finished, we went and got all shells first in the bush."
DB: "Got what?"
Oliver: "All shells, and all Japanese--because no one was cross any more, we were big friends then."
DB: "Did you sit down together with all the Japanese?"
Oliver: "Unn, at this time we got back all from the bush, and we came and put them together in order to bring them all to a ship so that by and by they could all go back (to Japan)."
DB: "Now you, did you stop in Buka, or did they bring you?"
Oliver: "Bring me where?" (He is preoccupied with his memories of the war.)
DB: "Did they leave you in Buka to find your own road back?"
Oliver: "They had to think of me still. They had to help me."
DB: "You came back in what way?"
Oliver: "I came back on a ship."
DB: "Whose ship?"
Oliver: "It belonged to, belonged to--Australia. And plenty of men stopped inside this ship. Some who belonged to New Zealand worked this ship. And some Americans, too, they stopped on this ship." (Long pause.)

DB: "And you came back to where?"

Oliver: "I had to come back, too, to Emira. I went and threw away this number, and they brought me back to Noipus."

DB: "Then you had to find your own road."

Oliver: "Yes, I then found my own road, and I came."

DB: "At this time were you married?"

Oliver: "No, I was not married, because I was still little. Later, then I came and got married."

DB: "And since you married, have you sat down in this place since you married? Desi (his wife) is from Kung, have you lived at Kung?"

Oliver: "No. She belongs at Kung, her mother belongs at Kung, but she left her place at Kung, because her mother, too, she left her place at Kung at the time she was married. Now Desi cannot think back to Kung. But her mother and father died, and my pupu looked after her, at her little place called Pain. Then I bought her back again, and I married."

DB: "Was it the first time either of you married?"

Oliver: "Um."

DB: "When you sat down here, did your mother and father stop?"

Oliver: "My father stopped. My mother stopped. Then my father died first, and my mother died just now."

DS: "When I was here before you started to tell me about this time that all the kiaps came and shot into your house. I
would like you to tell me that story again."

Oliver: "I came (here) along with this 'line'--I got all of them in Kabin (a village on the West Coast of New Ireland), and I came.

DB: "From Kabin in New Ireland?"

Oliver: "In New Ireland. But at this time, everyone had voted (for Johnson) at this time. And there was a big fight with all the policemen about this, about this (hesitates)--this getting things going with the election."

DB: "Yes, I would like to hear the story of this, too. All right, this line, did you get them at the time they all ran away into the bush to lose the police?" (Three New Ireland villages attacked police, and villagers hid in the bush for a week thereafter until the Methodist missionary went and got them.)

Oliver: "No, they had fought first with all the police, then they had gone to jail. But they all still thought of the election. They all finished with jail, and they came and stopped (in their own villages). But my work (at that time) was to go around to all places where they had voted (for Johnson) and I went there to talk to all. I did not miss one little part of any place that had voted. I had to go and help all. Then I had to go to see them all, all the time. Then I went around. I was going, and I came up to Kabin, and I got this 'line' (of followers) then (who came back with him). I went and got this line at Kabin, and we came then. We came up here in the afternoon, and we ate. Then we slept. They (the enemy)
all made something, they worked some little thing that we have in our place, and they buggered us up, and we slept."

DB: "Worked what kind of something, some kind of medicine?"

Oliver: "Medicine of our own place itself, to bugger us up, so that we would sleep, so that they could all hold us. Our bodies were tired. We slept then. All right, we slept then, and one man, the man who married Rosa, Goliard--(Rosa is the daughter of Edward, whom Oliver considers an arch-enemy. He has supported the Council and the Australian Administration.)

DB: "He stops where?"

Oliver: "He stops in Nusalik. Then one man, a doctor boy, Natiting, and Herman, they all got a canoe, and they all pulled, and they all went to Taskul and they all talked to the kiaŋ then, and all the policemen, and all the labor line (of Taskul), came and got this line of Kulibung at one time, and all teachers, councillor Edward along with everyone, and they all came."

DB: "Edward too. Now this line from Kulibung, they are all enemy too?"

Oliver: "Unn. And all women too. The wife of Edward, the wife of Elisa, Selimba; and another woman who stops in Kavieng, the sister of the wife of Mataluai (Edward).

DB: "They are all enemy too?"

Oliver: "All of them, altogether, enemy."

DB: "Who is the boss of this line in Kulibung that is enemy?"

(OLIVER: Mataluai (Edward). All right, they all came then, they brought some people here, and then they went around to this little place here, to Neteret. They did not come first here. Some went around so that by and by all could come."
DB: "You did not know?"

Oliver: "We did not know. This line came ashore along with this gun. We slept here. All right, I got up then, and I knew. I think I did not know, something of God (in me), that was what knew. All right, I got up then, I got a torch (flashlight), and my knife, and I walked and walked around and around and I put my light on them and I found them all then."

DB: "You were afraid then?"

Oliver: "No, I was not afraid, I stood up then. I stood up and I walked about, I went in front of all. But I did not cease thinking--I kept thinking about God, He is something, He is one good thing to give me ideas, or give me savvy, or bless me in this work."

DB: "Help you."

Oliver: "Help me. I stood up and I thought: I asked God just this: Which is it, God, you have left me, or you have not left me? All right, they all call out now to shoot me. All right I turned off my torch and they could no more see me, and me, I was already inside the house, and I came and got up all the men then."

DB: "They all came at night."

Oliver: "Yes, about three o'clock."

DB: "Kiap?"

Oliver: "No kiap, just all policemen, that's all."

DB: "There was no white skin?"

Oliver: "There was no white skin, just all policemen, that's all."

DB: "I asked because I think one white skin did not tell me
the truth. I asked why they came and shot into the house of
Oliver on Mamion, and he said, Oh we did not shoot. And now
you say there was no white man present."
Oliver: "There was no white skin--just one 'second' who shot."
DB: "One policeman?"
Oliver: "One 'second' (in command), from Iavongai (New Hanover).
He belongs at Keteran (village), this man. But he is a police-
man. He shot then. I said to all the men: You break this
part here, and they all broke one place so that some could go
out that hole, and some went out the door. And altogether they
ran up close, and they all came around this house with all
their spears and all their axes, all with their sticks, and
all kinds of things that they had, they came carrying them,
in order to come and kill us. All right, me, I stood up at
my house and I only went to bring all men (where they wanted
to go). One man, he wanted to go outside, and I went along with
him first. All the men (outside) ran up and wanted to hold
him fast; and then they all saw me, and they ran away. He
went, and they all samoned (pretended, fooled, lied) about
here first. They all came and fell down again, and they all
shot after him. Then I came back. Time passed, and all had
gone, just one man I held in the house. I said, you stand up
along with me. You must stop along with me, that's all.
Supsup was his name, of Kiton. Then I said, if you stand up,
you cannot go about, move about, you must stand up just behind.
Suppose I want to turn and go, you must follow me, that's all.
All right, I stood up then, and he thought plenty; I don't know
what he was thinking. Then he wanted to go look again, and Matmat (the policeman from Meteran) shot again. Three times he shot. Three times he shot, and the powder from the gun burned his eye."

DB: "Did he shoot straight into the house, or just up in the trees?"

Oliver: "No, he put a torch here, on the gun, and he shot." (DB pressed him further. He misunderstood. Then he finally went on as follows:) "I don't know whether or not he shot 'true' (i.e. at the manor into the house). He fired. He looked at a man and he fired. He fired three times." All right, he finished then. And me, what is going to happen to me, will I die or what will happen?

"All right, then I went and got this man (Supsup), and we two went down, and we two went to the beach. We two went and got one little canoe and we two pulled out to sea. And I said to him that we two would 'trip' (go without direction) first while I thought. I thought about three things. I thought of all the men, and I thought of one little book of mine, and I thought of my little child, Fanalau, who had been sleeping along with us. I did not want all the policemen to kill him too. All right, we two tripped, tripped--then we two pulled to the big place (New Hanover). We two went and stopped at the big place, and they all worked to going around looking for us. All the men, they all had gone, this line from Kabin."

DB: "They did not catch a single one?"
Oliver: "They did not catch even one! They just broke a canoe, they broke our canoe, and they took all our things, things belonging to the women and all the children, too, they broke them. They took food belonging to the three, my three mothers, and they all broke it, they broke it and they made a fire in the canoe that they first cut and broke, and they burned all the food and all the things belonging to us inside, in a fire. One councillor, he took them and he gave them about to all his men. Edward. All right, I took everyone first to his own place, and then I came back again. I came back again, I wanted to know what had caused everything to be destroyed. And how much damage had been done. All right, Desi then came and told me about everything belonging to us and belonging to my three mothers. They truly were in a bad way at this time."

DB: "Yes."

Oliver: "And all the time, this is what they did, just like this. They came to find me, and if I did not stop they ruined everything of mine."

DB: "Did you come back and stop?"

Oliver: "I came back and I came to find out, and then I went back (away). At this time, I could not stop in my place."

DB: "This was the time that you stopped in the bush, right?"

Oliver: "No. Just later. Two years went by, make it three, with this trouble. By time in the bush had not come yet. But another journey of mine came then. I used to go about, then come. I did not miss one part of a place. All little parts of a place, all belonged to me. I had to come up to them."
It was my place, whatever kind of place it was, and I had to go to it. I used to go myself to all men who had come into the election. I did not go for no reason to a place, just any place that had not been in the election, or that had an enemy. I just went to the places that belonged to all the people."

DB: "Tell me about this--how did you go to New Ireland? Did you hear talk that the West Coast followed you?"

Oliver: "Unn. I heard, that's all, and I got my canoe, and I had to go."

DB: "You had to just paddle there!"

Oliver: "I just went. I paddled and went."

DB: "Alone?"

Oliver: "No. I along with Robin, I got Robin."

DB: "When you came up to New Ireland, had the people of Lokono village already fought with the police?"

Oliver: "They had already fought a long time before, and they had been in jail a long time, and they had finished jail. They had all come back to their places."

DB: "Who brought the news of the election to the West Coast?"

Oliver: "Everyone, they came and got it."

DB: "Were there some men from Lavongai (New Hanover) who stopped there?"

Oliver: "No. It was their own wish, of everyone. Their wish was the same as ours. Thus it was their view, as they saw it; and their feeling; they all felt what kind of life they all had. And they all wanted--a new one."

1 That is, those who refused to vote for the candidates offered by the Administration, and who voted for Johnson.
DB: "Who was one of the bosses of the West Coast? I want to go to find one man to hear his story."

Oliver: "Oh, ah, I have forgotten the name of the man who was boss, but I know his 'committee', his leg is broken."

DB: "What is his name?"

Oliver: "I have forgotten his name. He belongs at Kabin I think."

DB: "And you went and gave everyone talk, and they all followed you, and supported you, and some came back along with you, right?"

Oliver: "Umm, they all followed me, and they all supported my talk. And some got up and they came behind me."

DB: "Did they pull (paddle by canoe)?"

Oliver: "We pulled. Plenty of canoes. A big canoe that belongs to Kavin, too. It belongs to a tenawolowai (Methodist mission post), his name is Robin. Of Kabin."

DB: "And he, too, did he come along with you?"

Oliver: "No, he stopped. It was his canoe that they destroyed. The police came and broke it, his big canoe."

DB: "There is another thing I would like to ask you. You told me before but I lost it here¹—at the time that you went to Kabin, and at the time that you went into the bush, what kind of talk did you give to everyone?"

¹I had interviewed Oliver at length once before. He only allowed me to use the tape recorder for the last half hour of a three-hour interview on that occasion (June 17). I accidentally erased that tape, and I have told Oliver this. I am repeating some questions. In pidgin, "I lost it" also means "I have forgotten."
Oliver: "This is the talk I used to give them all—I used to just tell them about all the words of the Bible. The meaning on the death of Jesus, and the work of straightening things after the death of Jesus, and the fruit that the death of Jesus made to come up; and the fruit of this has plenty more coming later, by and by it will come up in all the years to come that you and I have not seen yet. Or (I talked about) the work of all the spirits of everyone, in all years (eternity) there is the fruit of the work of the spirit, there is something big for the whole world—later. By and by it will come, but we must be strong in finding all the good things that God has (hesitates) hidden before this time comes."

DB: "Ah yes, now I remember. You told me that you talked of finding the work of all the things that God has put here (on earth)."

Oliver: "Un. But just sitting down, doing nothing, that is not adequate to finding all the good things that God has hidden. Not at all. Throw up in searching, or sweat in searching—then all things much come up. I used to give this talk to all: you know, if you eat one kind of food all the time, by and by your body will not have good life, or good blood will not come up in your skin, and your body has got grouble, and you are sick, and you die. But you must change food, and then your body has got good life. And you know about our life in this world, some are all right, and some are no good (i.e. they have not got what they need to live well); some garen (tell lies), and some are true, and the fashion
is not straight, some have a good fashion and some have one that is not good, and our life (pidgin: sideun) is not straight. You do not just look and do nothing, and you don't keep hearing and do nothing; you must throw up in searching, or you must have pain, or you must have blood, or you must have something to say, in order to find. And suppose you sit down and do nothing, you are not going to be able to find something good. I used to give them plenty of kinds of talk, to everyone, about my work of going around to talk about all kinds of things." (pause) DB: "Now you mentioned the work of the spirit. What is the work of the spirit?"

Oliver: "The work of the spirit, I know what to think, that's all. Suppose I sit down and I think of something. For instance, I sit down with nothing, I haven't got anything—I have no food, I have not got anything—now it's something like the mind—now it's like this, I know that all spirits must work inside, and turn my mind, my thinking, they show my mind how to do something and I do it and I eat, or I have got one shilling. Now I call this the work of the spirit."

DB: "To help you with this. . . ."

Oliver: "With all my life, for all time. Now every little thing that I find or that I work or that I think is the work of all spirits, because the spirit comes down to work. It does not come down in order to sleep and do nothing in every place. It comes down in order to work. To straighten all men, or to show all men. . . ."

DB: "Yes, I understand. I thought (at first) that you meant something else. I think that you know that plenty of men in
the old days, and today too, they think that the work of the
spirit is to produce the cargo that belongs to you and me
now. All these things. Did you give this talk to all?"
Oliver: "Cargo?"
DB: "Umm. Plenty of men believe that the work of the spirit is
this kind of work."
Oliver: "Plenty of men believe in the spirit, that it shows
all about some good thinking, so that by and by they can find
out everything, so that by and by there will be enough for the
bodies of all, for the lives of all."
DB: "But with regard to making (the cargo)? Does the spirit
work it straight (directly)?"
Oliver: "Spirit—in the thinking, that's all. The spirit,
its work is to give the dieas, that's all. But as for working
(making, doing things), it is not able (pidgin: i no inap).
Now the minds of all men know plenty of things. And they
all have 'savvy' about plenty of things. Plenty of things in
the ground, plenty of things in the bush, plenty of things in
the sea. But the work of it (the spirit), there is no man to
teach everyone about it. Suppose the spirit were a true man,
a man who belongs on the earth, it would be better if he showed
everyone about all this. God must talk to all, he must show
all about the work, as he showed Jesus first. All right, all
are able to do it. But Jesus, he went back, and the Holy
Spirit comes down in order to work, so that thinking will be
clear, because the spirit clears the mind. But its work is
strong (great). Who by and by will show everything to every-
one?"
DB: "You spoke of the fruit of the death of Jesus. What is this fruit of the death of Jesus?"

Oliver: "Clear."

DB: "That all thing shall become clear."

Oliver: "That altogether everything be clear. Altogether everything all must see, absolutely everything all must look on it, because it is (hesitates) cloudy all around. (pidgin: kaloudin naboul). Before it was not like this, they had not lokked. (pause). They all came and sat down sorry (i.e. compassionate). They used to sit down as brothers."

DB: "Yes." (Pause). "And you gave this talk to the West Coast too."

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "And around in the bush."

Oliver: "Around in all places."

DB: "Those who heard you, what did they do, did they follow you?"

Oliver: "Their minds were clear, that is they got our thinking, that's all. They must all stand up and be strong in this work, and make this trouble, so that it will have a name, or a year, or a time that by and by all places must hear of this trouble, and seek out the meaning of this trouble, it has come up from what? It has come up from gamon, that's all. Making bullshit at this time, for plenty of years."

DB: "From the gamon of Australia."

Oliver: "Yes, about looking after everyone."

DB: "Now you are a Methodist, right?"

Oliver: "Yessuh."
DS: "Did you give this talk to some Catholics, too?"
Oliver: "Some Catholics too, I used to talk to all. At Lavongai true (Lavongai village next to the Catholic mission) I used to talk to all. All the time I used to go to Lavongai."
DS: "To Pukina (Joseph)?"
Oliver: "To Pukina. Everywhere, around in the bush near Lavongai, on the beach near Lavongai, around to Lungatan, around and about, on top of all the mountains, I used to go to them."
DS: "Catholics did not 'big head' (talk back, ridicule) to you?"
Oliver: Catholics at this time, there was not one place that 'big headed' at this time—altogether believed at this time. Suppose I talked, all had to hear my talk. But now, that's all, Tutukuvul has come up and it sleeps now, and I come and sit down, and everyone knows about all my talk."
DS: "And one thing more. You told me before of the work of 'belief.' I asked you, did you believe true, did you believe strong that by and by America would come—what was your answer?"
Oliver: "About belief, right?"
DS: "Yes."
Oliver: "All places together, we believe. And ask God to bless it (our work), for instance to help our thinking, and in order to believe in this thing, that it will come—it must come up."
DS: "You told me before—you said, if you did not believe strong, this thing cannot come up, right?"
Oliver: "It cannot come up, because, I just play (pidgin: *mi piloi nating*), or I just go around for no reason, or I do not believe in this thing, and thus God looks—and he knows about me, right? He knows about me, and he watches my thinking just playing for nothing (insincerity), and he watches my thinking just work things easy, for nothing—this thing, do I want it or do I not believe? All right, it will not come up. Or He will not bless this thing. All right, it will not come up. If I believe in something, and I am strong in believing, all right, God knows this, he knows my belief, all right, he must... (Oliver did not finish his thought.)

DB: "And this is the reason you went around to all places, to strengthen belief?"

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "Now according to your thinking, is this one reason America did not come, because all did not believe strong?"

Oliver: "I do not know about things related to the United Nations. Or everything about them (the Australian Administration). Just believe, that's all. Believe in God, or believe in this thing, or believe that this thing will by and by come up: that is for God to decide (pidgin: *saming bilong God*). Now what idea he makes in whoever is boss of the world, all right he brings whatever kind of idea, or he brings whatever kind of thing that is strong, that something will come up; all right, to support this thing."¹

¹Oliver is saying that he does not know in what mysterious ways God will move to bring about New Hanover's wishes; and he does not know that God will support, or "bless" the work and wishes of New Hanover. His job is to strengthen New Hanover's
DB: "Yes, I understand."

Oliver: "Just like, like, it's just like, like, that's all."¹

DB: "Yes, now I understand, but I wanted to be clear. You told me before. Because you know, plenty of people outside are not clear and they make fun of you, because they do not understand the meaning of belief (to you). 'Belief' is something to strengthen you all, and by and by God will know that you truly believe.

Oliver: "You look. Suppose there is something that I have not seen, I must believe in it, right? I must believe in this thing I have not seen."

DB: "For instance, heaven."

Oliver: "Yes. Heaven, I have not seen it either, God I have not seen, but I must believe without evidence (pidgin: belief nating). And something I have seen, if I believe in it, that is not straight. That is not true (belief). But something I have not seen, I must believe in it. It must come up, or

support for this election, and let God know that they are serious, and willing to suffer for their views: but "nevertheless, not my will but thine be done."

¹Oliver is saying that when he says he "believes" that America will come he is using the term to mean he hopes America will come, he has faith (or tries to have faith) that America will come, and he would like America to come. Outsiders, both Europeans and natives, consistently attributed to cultists a kind of mad inability to deal with empirical reality. Thus, they said that Oliver and others "believed" that America would come in the sense that they expected it, and thought they had evidence for it, from which cultists derived their beliefs through some twisted logic. Some, impressed with the logic of cultists, ridiculed what they presumed to be their faulty premises and misinformation. Cultists consistently presented their "belief" to me as a matter of faith and hope. Oliver was more articulate on the subject than some, but many were articulate.
I must find it. That is true belief, this one. But look at something, then believe in it, that is not true belief (faith)."

DB: "Ah, now I understand--just like Doubting Thomas, in the Bible."

Oliver: "Yes, yes."

DB: "I had forgotten about that." (Oliver is silent.)

When you were a child in this mission school, did they teach you about that (Doubting Thomas)?"

Oliver: "No."

DB: "It just came up in your thinking..."

Oliver: "It just came up in my mind--the reason for it was my asking, that's all." (Pidgin: ass bilong en long askim tasol.)

DB: "Yes, you told me of this time when you waited, and thought, and asked." (Oliver is silent.) You told me you worked this fashion too with regard to Tutukuvul, you gave talks to all."

Oliver: "Yes, I give all Board talks."

DB: "And you told me that you made a little feast for all."

Oliver: "Oh, worked a little feast, in order to help all, each one, alone, around and about. Just one shilling."

DB: "Yes; I know of this fashion, they have it in New Ireland. Does Desi cook for you all?"

Oliver: "Suppose one man wants to cook, he must talk out when we are sitting down together. And he says, Me, by and by I will cook a little of my rice, and they all put a time and then

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1Oliver had already told me of his long periods of contemplation during which he asked God for help, for ideas, for guidance.
he himself goes and cooks."

DB: "And what kind of talk do you put to all about Tutukuvul?"

Oliver: "Just all little talks, about work, and just telling them to do as they are told (pidgin: harim tok). I tell them to say thank you to God, that's all. They have not caught the thinking of God. They just stand up for this new thing, one new thing comes up to save all or help all in their lives. They must not forget God, they must think of God, they must thank God for this (new thing--T.I.A.)."

DB: "Now tell me a little more about your thinking about T.I.A. I have heard that some do not do as they are told. Does everyone work strong for T.I.A., or not?"

Oliver: "All in Tutukuvul in the islands, in Tsoi, they all are working strong, they all listen to good talk. And they all really like it, true. They are all putting out work, and by and by they will want to see. Because they all have not seen yet. All women, men, they are all strong in working, they all do as they are told. Now at this time they all stop in this work for this thing, Tutukuvul, and they all want to 'win' (accomplish) all the work of the Council. Do as they are told, that's all. They all obey for all the work for the government, or for them (all the Europeans). Because I spoke well to all. With regard to everything, you must obey--the law of the government, of the missions, or of Tutukuvul, or for your own good, you must make everything straight. Haski.

1Oliver is referring back to our discussion of things seen and unseen. They work on faith for T.I.A.: that is his implication.
(nevermind) if you don't like something, or seeing something and doing nothing, or hearing talk (when someone says to do something) and doing nothing. You must go to meetings.

DB: "They do not listen to the Councillor any more, right?"
Oliver: "They all listen to the Councillor. I told them all this: do not 'bighead' to the Council, you must hear the Councillor, and then your work for Tutukuvul will be good because the government won't do something or other to you. They will not jail you. You must straighten all your work so that you must work strong on your own work. By and by your life will be good, you must hold well your work."

DB: "Do you all here have plenty of kuru (spourting coconuts) to plant, and plenty of ground? I see that your ground here is already full with coconuts."

Oliver: "You are just looking at the beach. There is room inside. And you saw one place that belongs to us, in Ungakum. There is a big piece of bush there."

DB: "Yes, true, I saw an area of bush.

Oliver: "We have one area of bush that we have cut in Ungakum, that belongs to Tutukuvul."

DB: "And another plantation belongs to you in Tsoilik, right?"

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "That is a big one."

Oliver: "It's big, but it's not very big. One hundred twenty (coconuts), that's all. But in Ungakum it will be a little bigger, because there is a big area of bush there that we have cut. Because there is a lot of bush in Ungakum. It belongs to
us all, together, in Tutukuval. Boundary at Katupit, and another boundary at Tsoilic.

(Oliver then mentioned various people and areas that are in T.I.A., adding that the people of Kulibung, "this line of enemies," were not in T.I.A. I asked him what would happen if later, when they saw the fruit of T.I.A., if they wanted to come inside, could they?)

Oliver (with fervor): "They cannot come inside. I say that they cannot come inside because plenty of kinds of talk started with them in 1964 at the time of the election, making fun of America (pidgin: tok biles long Amerika), and of Johnson, and of us altogether—and now, to Tutukuval. All right, I say that they cannot come inside. They must stay as they are until they are old and they die and their progeny (pidgin: sinis bilong en) must be the same, the same. A man who has savvy and he does this, he must act on his knowledge. He cannot come inside of this (T.I.A.), it is just a rubbish thing—they have said that it is just a rubbish thing. Just a stupid idea."¹

DB: "Yes, you told me before, they must follow their own savvy, right?"

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "And their children too, they cannot come inside?"

Oliver: "The child must take the place of him (the enemy), he cannot come inside. And if his child dies, then the progeny

¹Oliver is being sarcastic. The enemy, who knows so much, must take the consequences of their actions, and their children after them must continue to take the consequences.
(replacement) of his child, too, must do the same."

DB: "Are there some here who are afraid to go inside Tutukuvul because they are afraid that they will be taken to court?"

Oliver: "No, there are none."

DB: "When it (T.I.A.) was new?"

Oliver: "Before, when it was new, there were some. But now there are none."

DB: "What kind of ridicule do they talk about T.I.A.--I keep hearing about this but I don't understand well what kind of ridicule."

Oliver: "They say that it is a rubbish thing, this Tutukuvul, and it does not have its own government; and it is a rubbish thing that will not later have fruit. I follow blindly my own stupid thinking, and they all keep following."

DB: "How can they say that planting coconuts is rubbish--all men know that planting coconuts is a good thing, right?"

Oliver: "It is a good thing--they just keep talking about how it is gemon (lies) to get money that will ultimately go to all the Fathers (Catholic Priests) and the Bishop."

DB: "Oh, they say it will stop with the curch."

Oliver: "Yes. I say, let them (talk). It makes nothing, it does nothing. Just hear the talk (from T.I.A.) and do it (what you're told). Masuki (nevermind) if you don't see the fruit for all, you must work."

DB: "Just you alone, are you a little afraid that this money of T.I.A. goes to the Father?"

Oliver: "No, I understand the reason for this, there is a
rule that came up to make this thing, and I know about it. I can't talk or be afraid, because I understand—there is a reason for it."

DB: "I think you know about Father Bernard—do you think Father Bernard would be up to lying to you?"

Oliver: "I think Father Bernard or Father Miller, they would not lie to me, or the Bishop, he would not lie to me. Because I know this: they are men who keep working at the work of God, and they have compassion for all souls that are buggering up or that keep doing things that are not good in the sight of the Church and of God and of all men. They are all men of compassion (pidgin: ol man bilong sori), and they must straighten, they must save everyone, all the bodies of men, in a good way. And I say they are true."

DB: "I am sorry when I hear this talk because I see Father work hard to help everyone and plenty of men speak badly of him."

Oliver: "Plenty of men. You look down toward Umbukul, they do not do this, they do not stand up with Tutukuvul."

DB: "Why?"

Oliver: "They hear the advice of—because they are all men who talk English, down there, at Umbukul, and they hear (obey) Boski."¹

DB: "Boski is still the boss?"

Oliver: "Um, because they are men of savvy, but we are just men without savvy, we don't have any savvy. (DB laughs.

¹Boski speaks English very well, and Europeans seek him out partly because of this.
Oliver is being sarcastic.) We like this thing because we do not have savvy. But they, they all have savvy, they do not go inside, because they all have savvy. We, who have no savvy, we must follow this thing that Father, or the Bishop, or whoever, teaches us about or talks to us about and tells us to do."

DB: "Have you got a man who did not go into the election, but who has now gone into Tutukuvul?"

Oliver: "There are some, plenty. Before when they were jailing around and about, and buying off men around and about, and everyone was afraid, they stood up outside. Now at this time, something free comes up, to show everyone, now they all come inside." (We are eating, and I cannot understand all his words.) "But they did not talk badly before, at the time of the election. They just stopped (and did nothing either way)."

DB: "There was one Councillor who talked badly of you before who has now gone inside. Barol."

Oliver: "He has gone inside."

DB: "Did he make fun of you before?"

Oliver: "He really made fun of us a lot before, and he knew all the time—policemen from Moresby, or from Rabaul, or from Buka, or from Manus, who came to ruin (pidgin: bagarap) us—they used to put out money that belonged to the Council to order these police to come and ruin us. They used to put out (to the police) our own money, that we paid to the Council in taxes. Then they ordered the death of this thing (the election) for the government. The government did not just bugger us up
for nothing—oh no, they followed the orders of the Council itself. Because they all brought money into the hand of the government in order for them to get a little something to come and bugger us up, or stop us with regard to this wish (for Johnson). But they cannot. God has blessed us, at all times, and we work with strength. Maski (nevermind) if we bugger up, maski if we cry, maski if we bleed, maski if they all really ridicule us a lot, if they really fight us: but we are strong yet."

DB: "Yes, I see this fashion of your, and it is very good. But I would like to know why Barol has changed his mind—does he back America now, or back Tutukuvul—do you talk to Barol?"

Oliver: "To Barol? No."

DB: "I think of one thing—he was a catechist before."

Oliver: "Um." (Slurp.)

DB: "I think he is strong because Father is strong."

Oliver: "He has heard talk from Father, who talks strong about this thing, and explains well about it, and I think he has taught him a little, and his thinking has cleared a little, and he wants to back (it). But what came out of his mouth was really sharp, in the past."

DB: "And another thing—you all go to the Father at Analaua, you do not go to your own boss, the Telatela (Methodist missionary). Why do you not go to the Telatela?"

Oliver: "Because—we do not go to the Telatela because he hears the voices of all the enemy. All munamuna (native village
missionary), and telatela—all native telatela."

DB: "Some mnanama back you, right?"

Oliver: "Umm. Some back us, and some don't like it."

DB: "Do you sit down together with this Telatela and eat with him?"  

Oliver: "No."

DB: "He sits down with many natives. He is not a big head in this way. But it's a little hard to talk to him. Have you talked with him?"

Oliver: "I have already talked crossly with him."

DB: "Cross!"

Oliver: "Umm, I did not talk nicely, I talked crossly."

DB: "At what time."

Oliver: "About his 'buying' all men."  

DB: "About buying all?"

Oliver: "About buggering up everyone, he did not save everyone, he did not teach them well."

DB: "At what time, at the time that you went around in the bush?"

Oliver: "Yeh. . . . The Telatela wants to break this Tutukuval."

DB: "Did he tell you that?"

Oliver: "He already said so. He said it to Patuana, in Maleguna."

DB: "Who is Patuana?"

Oliver: "Some kind of (native) bishop or whatever."

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1 The Telatela at Ramelek at the time, Allen Taylor, ate regularly with native teachers and church officials.

2 Oliver is referring to the fact that Rev. Taylor bought taxes for some men in order to keep them out of jail.
DB: "Oh--I don't know. Go on."
Oliver: "A big man in the Methodist church. He now talks of stopping all Methodists from going inside (T.I.A.). If a Catholic man wants to make this thing come up, he must make it come up amongst Catholics. That was his talk. He was cross about this."
DB: "Who gave you this report? I think it's true, but I would just like to know."
Oliver: "Father Bernard came, and he came to bring back the money of Tsoi islands."
DB: "Ah yes, at the time that he returned money to you."
Oliver: "Along with the island near Enang."
DB: "But you all took the money back again, right?"
Oliver: "Unn, I talked to Father, and I heard this talk, and I took back the money."
DB: "Yes, I have talked to Silikan of Enang about this. Was he a friend of yours at the time of the election?"
Oliver: "At this time he, too, helped me, or heard my talk."
(We discussed which nanamuna were with him, and against him. Then we turned to the subject of ridicule. I told him that I had heard, in New Ireland in 1965, that a day had been put when America would come. He said that was just talk, based on nothing; all just ridicule, making fun.)
DB: "Another talk that I have just heard recently--that some are afraid not to go into Tutukuvul, afraid that they will bugger up if they stay outside."
Oliver: "This talk is just talk. They are still thinking of the way it was before."
DB: "Election."

Oliver: "Election. At this time they bugged up everyone, and now they think of this time that is finished, and they say these things."

DB: "Did this talk come up at the time of the election, that those who did not go inside would bugger up?"

Oliver: "No, they are all thinking of this thing that all the policemen did. They keep making this kind of gamon talk, that's all—that there will be something later for all those who do not go inside the election, or all those who do not go inside Tutukuvul, by and by they will all come to kill them or whatever kind of thing. It comes up from them—this talk is just ridicule, that's all, it is not talk that is true—it's just one kind of lie. Just as they talk on the basis of nothing about finding some kind of strength in whatever kind of something that will come up."

DB: "It is just enemies who talk thus."

Oliver: "Yes, I do not believe this talk."

(DB talked English into the tape recorder, then explained to Oliver. The subject is why the people of New Hanover did not feel obliged to explain why America did not come, as many Europeans asked them to.)

DB: "Why did not America come, in your view?"

Oliver: "Oh yes, America did not come—oh, I didn't see it, right?"

DB: "Yes."

Oliver: "America is a big place, right. And New Hanover is one little place of no account. America is a big place, and
it has plenty of work—America is not just nothing. It has big work to straighten the whole world. All right, I must see that America has seen what I have done, or my wishes, it must hear about them. But it is up to them, whether or not they come. America is boss. If it likes, it can like; if it does not like, it cannot like (to come)."

DB: "That's it. That's what I thought you meant, and I said that (into the microphone). Do you talk strongly to all that they must buy taxes?"

Oliver: "I must talk strong to all, all Board must talk strong to all, they must buy tax. It wouldn't be good if Tutukuvul was ruined by people not buying taxes. They must work strong to find money for tax."

DB: "In a little time there is another election for the House of Assembly. What do you think will happen? The candidates of February, 1968—Grose, Peta Mari, I think not Broken, I don't know about Boski—according to your thinking, what will everyone do at this time?"

Oliver: "All will follow yet this promise of all, they all have promised to God for America. And if it comes up later again, they must all call yet the U.S.A."

DB: "They all follow their promise. You, just you alone, you did not go to Taskul and promise to God as the others did, who put their hands on top. You yourself, did you promise to God?"

Oliver: "They all put their hands on top, they all promised—but me, I promised in my mind."

DB: "Yes—inside yourself. During the time when there were
luulis, how did you get money for tax?"

Oliver: "One here, one there, go to a plantation, work a little for all the masters."

DB: "Did some have copra too?"

Oliver: "Just a few. It's not the same now. (Today) people sell it at the bridge, and the price goes up a little. Before we did not have this."

DB: "At the time of the election, were you all cross with the Aid Post here?" (Nearby, at Unus.)

Oliver: "At this time, everyone went to it. And me, I had talk for everyone--Karol\(^1\) before, he bawled me out for this, and I said: I am not stupid that I would stop all men from going to the Aid Post. It is something to save my baby, or my child, to save their lives. I'm not going to talk about this (in a negative way). I just talk about law, I want to straighten this law, and I just bugger up the law, that's all, so that by and by there will be a good way again. Now this thing (Aid Post), it is something that has to do with my body."

DB: "Straighten thinking first."

Oliver: "Yes."

DB: "Were there some men who did not go to the Aid Post at this time?"

Oliver: "They all went, they all used it."

DB: "And you? Did you go?"

Oliver: "Me? At this time I did not stop here."

DB: "Did you go to church at the time of the election?"

\(^1\)European Medical Assistant, friend to the cultists.
Oliver: "At the time of the election, it came up, and then I stopped in the bush. I used to go find Methodists, I would go to the Methodist church. I used to go find Catholics, I went to Catholic Church; I used to go find Seven Days, I would go to the Seven Day church. All churches belonged to me, that's all. And in the bush, bush and nothing else, that was my place to see God."

(An interruption, followed by a question about self-government.)

Oliver: "If they are all strong about hurrying up to straighten our lives and then self-government comes up, then that is all right."

DB: "You said--there is no 'step'--what does that mean?"

Oliver: "Yes. Because, you look--in all kinds of work, it will get up, or it must come up or it must be good, with money, that's all. There are two kinds of things: money and savvy."

DB: "Yes, true."

Oliver: "Now suppose self-government must come to men who, altogether, have not got money. And there is no good road along which to find money, or there is no good road for all men so that by and by all must at one time get money from whatever kind of work. And all must have good money, all have big money: all right, self-government must come, and it will be good, too lucky. But we have not got this. Some men are in good situations, some in situations that are no good. And all men of savvy savvy well, and one man he does not savvy, he is just the same as one man shit nothing, that's all. Later, when
self-government comes, it buggers up again this man who is already buggered up. Before he was buggered up, then self-government comes, buggers him up again. With regard to money, that's all."

DB: "Yes, true."

Oliver: "But who will straighten first the road? Because—you, all whiteskins, you have another kind of road, and another kind of law. Now with us, all black men, another kind. That is, we are down more yet. Now a man who has got savvy, he goes and jumps up a little, and he goes and jumps up a little on the step, he goes together with you all. But we, some of us, we sleep (stay) truly no good. Down below. And what road will you--will they make so that by and by all men who are not well off, and all men who have savvy, all must be equal (pidgin: oli mus wantain)."

DB: "But I think you know about us in America, too, everyone does not stop on one step. Plenty of men go on top more, and plenty of men stop down below. Everyone does not stop together in America. You see some Americans, that's all--during the war--there are strong laws in the army--private, sergeant. All those who stop on one step must stop together, but the boss of all, he does not stop along with them all."

Oliver: "Is it a good fashion for whites to be able to go to blacks (white men to black women), but blacks cannot go to whites (black men to white women)?"

DB: "It is not a good fashion, in my thinking."

Oliver: "And suppose one blackskin finds one white missus, and they all jail him for one year--that is a very strong law."
DB: "They don't have this law any more."

Oliver: "And at this time what do they do?"

DB: "This law has been finished for a long time. Pukina told me."

Oliver: "Oh!"

DB: "You did not know?"

Oliver: "I did not know."

DB: "Pukina told me that he said what you just said at Meterankan, to Mr. Seale. All this kind of law that you say is not straight, you speak well. But . . . (long pause)"

Oliver: "Territory of Papua and New Guinea is not a big place."

DB: "You aren't thinking of another part of the Bible. You think of one part of the Bible, but you do not think of another bit of talk inside the Bible: all men have sins. Right? There is no place that is straight."

Oliver: "Un, there is no place that is straight. All men are men of sin, that's all."

DB: "White skins too."

Oliver: "White skins, black skins. And there is a reason for this. It is not just nothing, this thing—it has a source. The source of it is with God himself. Now suppose God put just the good, and the straight; the world would not be straight, and man would not believe in God, or lean on God. If He just put goodness. The source of this is that God himself understands absolutely everything about life—everything that will come later, or about now—He must understand about everything. He put two things: good and evil."
DB: "Yes."

Oliver: "And all men must see evil, and must see God."

DB: "When you were a little child, did you believe strongly everything that the Church taught you?"

Oliver: "I heard, that's all--I believed, I heard, but I believed--but I found it (for myself) too."

DB: "You found it, too, later."

Oliver: "Yes. I must find it. I cannot just hear it. I must find it, too."

DB: "In your own thinking."

Oliver: "Yes. (Pause.) Two faces, right?"

DB: "Two faces?"

Oliver: "Man--in the world, first--at the time they made the earth. God made the earth. And he made two human beings--the Bible talks of them. Adam and Eve, right? Now you know, the two were straight at first. Then later, God--what is He, a straight man--He is good, a big man, or a strong man. And he was straight about everything. And he could not go show the two about both things. All right, he had to send this one that they call Satan, right? so that he could teach about this too. All right, he went, but he did not tell God. And he went and had intercourse with Eve, to show her. Eve knew how then and she went and showed Adam about it. And Adam had to find out from Eve, because Satan had showed her, she found out from him."

DB: "He just showed Eve."

Oliver: "Yes, two things came up, and they have stopped up to now, today, good and evil. All men do these things, both
things, all must do both, they are not able to hold one and throw away the other. Not at all, they must all do both things all the time, all the time, during their lives on the earth. And everyone does both things, and sees God all the time in his mind."

DB: "Yes, true. And you know all men are not able to get rid of this: sin, it is here to stay, on the earth, right."
Oliver: "It is here to stay. But everyone does it. It stops with all. But, then too, it is something that belongs to each one alone."

DB: "Yes. Some are more good, and some not so good."
Oliver: "But it is something related to each one. They teach you, the Bible teaches you and me altogether. But it is something for each (to decide). We look at what is said in the Bible, you follow what kind of talk, what kind of talk—that is for you to decide. It is not able to stop you completely from one kind of thinking that you have. No, you worry because you do not follow your own thinking or your own wishes. All right, you are sick from this, and your skin is not well.

DB: "What, does Satan . . . "

Oliver: "Huh?"

DB: "Who makes this bad thinking come up?"

Oliver: "Satan makes it come up. Or he showed the two about it. But the source is not with Satan."

\[1\]DB apparently misunderstood him. He was talking about individual interpretation of the Bible, and conflicts between the Bible and the self. DB thought he was still talking about the conflict between God and Satan.
DB: "The source is where?"

Oliver: "The source is with God himself."

DB: "With God himself."

Oliver: "Suppose I find some trouble. I find a woman. Now I don't forget about God with regard to this. I must thank God for this. Or suppose I find whatever kind of thing, I find fish. Now I have what kind of fish. Or I come and eat, I must say thank you for this. Or suppose I find whatever, I go to the garden, I must say thank you for this. Because I know, everything, God put it on the earth, and it does not have no purpose. I must 'see' him at the time, say thank you, absolutely everything belongs to Him Himself. And my little time (of life) too. It does not belong to many men, it belongs just to me."

DB: "You think of God all the time. Why don't you go to school to be a missionary, Oliver, I think missionary work would be good work for you."

Oliver: "Missionary (work) is good work for me, but missionary--God does not stop just with missionaries. He must stop with me, too, if I am a man who is not a missionary, or if I am a man who is not straight. God stops with all men who hold His law, and God stops with all men who believe true, and God stops with a man who does not believe true. And God stops with a man who does something bad, too. All men entirely on the earth, they are men of God, that's all. But my work is to see Him and say thank you to Him for all the things he has put on the earth. That is for me to do, that's all."
DB: "Yes, true."

Oliver: "You look, I see everything. I see the sea—it never ceases to break at the line between sea and shore. I see the wind: it changes. I see the sun: it does not cease. I see the night: just the same. And everything must work in this way. God has put everything for all time, for all years, for all months, for all weeks—for eternity. Me too, just the same. I cannot cease to be. Just the same, too, all good lives. They do not cease to work among all, around the whole world. They must work. But I am not surprised when something comes to me. I say: ach, now, that's all, it comes to me. It does not have work to do around in all places, and it comes up to me, and I find this thing. And I know, it is something from before yet. But its work is to go around in its work in the whole world."¹

DB: "Now this came up in your own thinking."

Oliver: "Yeh."

¹I misunderstood this speech at the time. He had previously told me of the good work to be done by all the things that God had put on earth: rocks, minerals, "hidden" in the earth, put to use by the white man but not yet by the natives of New Hanover. I thought perhaps he was talking about the "good work" of these things as he spoke. For several reasons, I did not press him to explain. Here is the speech in pidgin:

DB: "Did it come up before, just at the time of the election, or before?"

Oliver: "Just now, at the time of the election, that's all."

DB: "When you were going around."

Oliver: "Yes, when I stopped in the bush, going around in the bush, then I saw this thing."

DB: "Did you stop alone in the bush many times?"

Oliver: "I stopped alone in the bush many times. I used to come up to a place, I would stop at that place. Suppose I got up and went to another little place, night would find me in the middle of the bush, I slept first, I got up, I went to another place."

DB: "Were there times when you had no food?"

Oliver: "Plenty of times I had no food. If I came to a place, I ate. But I did not feel hungry. (Pause.) At this time sickness did not find me."

DB: "I think you were very strong."

Oliver: "At this time, God worked hard to look after me. Now I have come, I stop well a little while in my place, I do not forget God in my mind, I must thank him at all times."

DB: "Yes, because He heard you in bad times."

Oliver: "They got my wife, and she sat in jail for one year. And they all said that she would sit down in Taskul and die. And I said: God is the way, and later this became clear to Desi and she came and sat down in our place."

DB: "They all took Desi to jail? Why?"

Oliver: "Just because of me."

DB: "She sat down in jail?"
Oliver: "She sat down in jail—at Taskul—along with all the children."

DB: "One year! Where were you at this time?"

Oliver: "I was around and about in the bush."

DB: "Desi, was she strong too in her belief in God?"

Oliver: "She too—she did not forget. She saw me at the time I stopped in the bush. Me, I saw her, I saw God too about her at the time she stopped in jail. All right we two together saw God about all our children, to look after all our children. All right, we two together saw God about blessing all men that stopped in pain in jail."

DB: "All the children too, they all suffered at this time."

Oliver: "Unn. They all, together, stopped at Taskul. David along with all. David, Banalau."

DB: "I am thinking of this school that put out Banalau."

Oliver: "Unn, they put him out."

DB: "What school was it?"

Oliver: "This government school, at Unus. Later they went and put him out at Noipus, because of David. They all put out David at Noipus, and they all said this wasn't a school that belonged to America at Noipus. This is a school that belongs to Australia. You all, all you men of America, you have no school. All right, they sent him to Noipus, they all talked just the same, too. The master said that Boski had already given him this advice. All of Oliver's children, if you see them, put them out of the school."

DB: "Boski said that."
Oliver: "Umm. All right, they put out the two, along with me. The two came up to me then, and the two told me, and I said: it's all right. It's not important. A man who has savvy, he's alive; a man who has not got savvy, he's alive too. A man who has money, he's alive too, and a man who has not got money, he's alive too. For all things, it's the same. One kind, that's all. I don't worry too much about savvy."
DB: "And Banalau, he went back to Unus, to school."
Oliver: "Umm, Banalau has already gone back."
DB: "And they don't put him out."
Oliver: "No. Desi called out to him to go to Unus. Desi said: this fashion is not good, that all teachers keep putting these two children out of school. I want Banalau to be strong in school."
DB: "What standard is Banalau in?
Oliver: "In the fifth."
DB: "And you told me before, too, your two brothers and your sister's son were jailed just in your name, right?"
Oliver: "In my name, and in the name of the election, that's all."
DB: "What is the name of your sister's son?"
Oliver: "Wain."
DB: "Did he buy tax?"
Oliver: "When?"
DB: "When they jailed him."
Oliver: "No."
DB: "He did not buy tax."
Oliver: "They all made this 'big head,' and they all went to jail. They did not want to buy tax. They all wanted to make bad names for themselves first."

DB: "When they stopped in jail--I think you did not stop but I think you have heard stories--did they have pain in jail, or were they afraid, or what?"

Oliver: "They were not afraid at this time. We had no fear at this time. In the thinking of all, they truly wanted to go into this thing. Because they all truly wanted to see their wants fulfilled. Now they do not want to change their minds around and about. In the minds of all, they have not got fear—all kinds of fear, fear of all the masters, or fear of anything, no."

DB: "Before were you afraid of whiteskins?"

Oliver: "Before."

DB: "Were you afraid because you were just ashamed, or were you afraid, or what?"

Oliver: "They were all just ashamed in front of them, because they were another kind, they all had savvy. And another thing, they were afraid of jail."

DB: "During the time of the luluai did they jail many men?"

Oliver: "They jailed plenty of men—but they did not jail many men, because all work, it was all right. It was straight."

DB: "And they were straight in their ways, they did not just bugger up a man for no reason, right?"

Oliver: "Unn, yes. (Pause.) Hey, did they all tell you the story of one doctor who before came up new to Taskul or Analaua?"
DB: "No."

Oliver: "No. A little way of his, it was really not straight! This master, doctor, they called him Master Lekin.

DB: "I have not heard of him. He was a doctor?"

Oliver: "A doctor. He cut the bush at Analaua, this doctor. He worked at asking all lepers to go to Analaua. But this little way of his, he worked at buggering up for sure all men."

DB: "In what way?"

Oliver: "He came up—but he did not let anyone see him. He stopped in hiding, or he stopped a long way, or he stopped down, where, in Kavieng. I would leave if he came up to me. He would really bugger me up with cane, beating me."

DB: "Beating you with cane! Why?"

Oliver: "And his dog, too, would bite me."

DB: "He came to get all the lepers—and to look at everyone, too?"

Oliver: "Umm, everyone, and all their sores. But he had medicine too that he would shoot into men so that they would die. Suppose a little sore—this kind here, this one (he points to one on himself), that comes up on the skin—he must take me. And—all went and converged at Analaua. And they all dug one big hole, very deep. Suppose you go to Analaua, you ask all the sick men there, they will show you this hole. They all wanted to work a little trick, to make all men die, altogether. He would gamon all to look at some little something, and they fire at them. And all men here, they all too everyone to Analaua at this time. But one thing 'broke' this: I think
God, I don't know. He broke this law, and Mr. Lekin did not stop here any more. All right, Taid (name of a doctor) he came then, the second one came."

DB: "Master Lekin, where was he from?"

Oliver: "He was from Australia. He stopped and cut the bush at Analava and Taskul, this doctor."

DB: "Was he old?"

Oliver: "No, a young master."

(Anania, the younger brother of Oliver, joined us, briefly. Oliver and Anania, they told me, agree about their ideas, but Anania sees some of the kiaps and straightens things out and hears what they have to say. Oliver does not. Similarly, Anania goes to Edward to straighten things out and hear what work is to be done for the Council, and so on.)

DB: "Anania goes to Edward to straighten out things about work?"

Oliver: "To straighten out the work of the Council."

DB: "Oh, What kind of work?"

Oliver: "Program about whatever kind of work, whatever they talked about at the meeting in the Council."

DB: "Oh, he comes and tells Anania, and Anania comes and tells you all."

Oliver: "Unn, and what kind of thinking there is amongst everyone, and he (Anania) goes and tells the meeting. And if it is time for a Council meeting, and I hear about what kind of rule or program the Council is considering, Anania injects his own thinking so that it goes along with his (Edward's)
thinking and his savvy. In order to straighten everyone, not to harm everyone. He does not want everyone to go to jail. If Anania says that a man cannot go to jail, they don't jail him. They hear him (Anania)."

DB: "Do the kiaps hear (i.e. follow) the talk of Anania?"
Oliver: "Unn."

DB: "And why do you not go and sit down along with all, as Anania does? Do you send Anania?"

Oliver: "It is his own wish. All kiaps know that he has good ideas, they understand the meaning of his talk, that's all; and they all hear his talk directly, and it is good. It is good talk to save all men. And to look out well for everyone. All right, they all get it (his talk), and they understand, he goes all the time to the Council meetings, and all the time all the masters come and sit down at them, and they all sit down together. This is the house where they all come and sit down here." (He indicates the house of Anania.)

DB: "Here."

Oliver: "Unn, and all the kiaps. All the time, too, if the D.C. comes, or if he (Anania) goes to Kavieng the two go around together, or go to Namatanai. Yesterday he told you of another time."

DB: "Yes, I hadn't known that he went with Karol."

Oliver: "Yes, he is Councillor here, but he is not Councillor (i.e. he was not elected)."

DB: "Yes, he is like a Councillor. They hear Anania, and they do not hear Edward, right?"

Oliver: "No (they do not hear Edward). Because Edward is a
a man of lies. He talks, but the meaning is not straight. The strength to give talk all the time so that by and by all men will be straight, he has not got. He does not know how to do it."
Appendix III

Father Jakubo's Letter

Oliver often visited Father Bernard Jakubo in 1956-57, when Father Jakubo was stationed at the leper hospital at Anahaua. Oliver wanted to talk a lot, and "Father Bernard" was willing to listen. He was not far from Kasion, Oliver's place. Father Jakubo took the initiative in seeking out Oliver, with the intention of helping the Administration and the cult, and of helping the people to redirect their energies.

Father Jakubo was transferred to New Ireland in August, 1957. I wrote him a letter in which I outlined some questions about Oliver that I wanted him to answer. He wrote back a very interesting letter, dated 15 August, 1957, part of which is reproduced here.

"About Oliver...I feel it's hard for me to give answers that make sense because he never made sense. I'm quite convinced he is emotionally unbalanced. He does not want to face reality; he wants to live in another world, a dream world; and he feels persecuted in the present real world.

"1. What did he talk about?

"He came many times and talked about a lot of things. After the T.I.A. got up, it was mainly about that. Before, he complained about the Administration. They don't care about him. They lie. They promise things, but they don't carry them out. He didn't like the way things were going on New Hanover; so his strategy was to bugger things up completely. Not violence.
I had had enough at that time--and so I said if you want to be mad, okay, be mad--but get going. I had a hard time trying to send him away. He just couldn't realize that I would not take his money. He stood around--he went to the boys' house--he came back again, tried to talk again. I ignored him. It was at least 6 weeks before I saw him after that.

"Oliver talked always about the "Spirit" of God moving him. Since I was a man belong lotu (of the church), the two of us were moved by the same Spirit. I had to agree with him, therefore. I could not turn him in, etc. Why didn't he have what he saw Europeans have? Because of the injustice and deceit of men. God intended everybody to have everything. The Americans would not hold it back from them. The Administration was. Therefore it was evil. The Aussies were holding back "save" (savvy, knowledge).

"2. What was his worry?

"Perhaps you can find it in what I said above. I don't know exactly. What was bugging him? That's the way I would phrase the question. Answer: everything. He wanted a nice home, a radio, a wrist watch, a big flashlight, etc., and he didn't know how to go about getting it all. He had the highest ambitions but always a morbid inferiority complex too. I often said to myself, if he were logical, why doesn't he blame God for the colour of his skin and the country he's
living in—but he preferred to blame the Administration for things they have no control over, for instance, a lack of mineral deposits, etc. For him, economy was just a matter of 'save.' God gave it to the white man—but the white man is obliged to pass it on.

"3. What did he hope to gain from me?

"Sympathy, for one thing. He wanted to cry on somebody's shoulder. Prestige, of course. I'm sure he feels important—and I think the administration has made mistakes in that regard, making him feel more important because he's hounded and persecuted and talked about—sought after. He also asked straight out for stuff: cigarettes, beer, rubbish shirts, my flashlight.

"Another thing: temporary relief from his nervousness: he always has to be carrying talk or getting up talk.

"4. Did he ever really believe America would come?

"No. If the Administration had not got alarmed about the whole thing in the first place, the Ivoquezis wouldn't have taken it seriously either. But as it went, they continue to talk about it not because they hope America will come but simply because it's their cause. They want others to pay attention to them. I figure they themselves didn't take it seriously until the Administration did. Maybe I'm wrong. They did in fact see the Bishop, and they did collect money, etc., in the early stages. But I don't think it was any more than a hope. I think Oliver realizes that he must settle for the Administration—but that doesn't mean he can't talk about
But resistance in every way possible so that everything gets all fouled up and everybody suffers—and bring things to a head that way. So that the Aussies would get disgusted and leave them entirely alone. He didn't think anything they did was good—and so they shouldn't be allowed to do anything more. All of Oliver's conversation was negative all the time, anti-Australian. He seemed to enjoy telling how much the Lavongai's were shit upon. He wanted to make things worse if possible in order to arouse more resentment for the present Administration.

"Before the T.I.A. he talked about himself a lot. He was wondering what they were saying about him—if they were trying to catch him—things on that line. He said he would come out in the open and go to see the D.C. but only on "Father's boat." He said he'd be all right if they weren't chasing after him. That's why he was hiding, because they were after him. A vicious circle.

"He took all these things very seriously and very personally.

"After the T.I.A. his problems were much different now. The biggest one: could he be a member. When we finally returned his money, he got real teed off. It was as if the rest of the world passed him by, and he was back where he started from a long time ago. He accused the Fathers of breaking their promises or going back on their word—just like the administration."
"what might have been." But since Oliver doesn't face reality, it's hard to know if he realizes reality. It's hard to know what he really believes. I think he is just trying to get what he can out of this whole deal—and that is quite a different matter. He's not concerned with whether America comes or does not come, as long as Oliver has some prestige and something to do. The T.I.A. engrossed him. He assumed the role of collecting money as his own. He wants to lead, to talk, to get people excited. All right, let him lead. As long as he's leading something, it doesn't matter if America is coming or not. I think Oliver is not thinking about America as much as he is thinking about Oliver.

5. Oliver always justified his thoughts, words, and deeds.

"And with me it was a theological basis.

"It is hard to convince him that he is not being impelled by the Spirit of God. I didn't try as such. But I made clear that I couldn't go along with him on some of his conclusions, etc.—and that he was contradicting himself—left and right—he was lying—if this is the work of God, then I don't believe in the same God as he does. I vaguely recall mentioning something like this to him. But again, he saw no contradiction.

"I was always trying to dis-align myself from his position. And he was always trying to align himself on the side of lotu (church).
"6. Oliver supported T.I.A. I don't know if that was any kind of a switch! Except that he was coming into the open and he was no longer concerned so much about talking about the Administration. He had something else to think about. A real thing! A big thing! Just for Lavongai! And the Administration was not leading it. The American Fathers were! That's why he liked it. I have no idea if he even tried to understand what it is all about.

"7. He never told me about talking to Americans in the bush. Or about secret meetings. I figured there were a lot of secret meetings. I suspect there is some unnamed secret leader at the head of the whole cult.


"Since March, 1966, until the present, Oliver has changed his approach during that time:

- He came out in the open
- At first he visited me only after dark.
- Also, the T.I.A. absorbed much of his interest.

Enough for now... New Iirelanders, it seems, are nicer and more loving. I think it's more than formal courtesy. The Lamasongs are the nicest people in the whole diocese!!!
APPENDIX IV

Interview with Boski Tom

Interview with Boski Tom at his house in Umbukul Village.

Tuesday, August 8, 1967. (In English. Edited.)

DB: "Now, if you would tell me -- you were Council president at this time?"

BT: "Yes."

DB: "Did you have any idea that this was going to happen?" That they were going to vote for America? before it actually happened at Rammelk?"

BT: "I didn't know that this was going to happen, but I went up to see the American on the mountain."

DB: "Oh did you go up to see them?"

BT: "On the 9th of January, 1952. That's when they elected me one of the Councillors."

DB: "I didn't realize they were up there in 1962. They were there some time then. And what did you think?"

BT: "I only thought of what I knew, during the war, all around the Territory, when the Americans was treating them."

DB: "Well I'd like to hear that from you."

BT: "I think they noticed that the Americans give them more things."

DB: "Just bec. they had more?"

BT: "Yes, they had more things, bec. of the war, they give them more then they went, and they that -- they didn't learn
about America and Australia, but they thought America better than the other."

DB: "I often hear they ate together -- during war -- n. native workers -- do you think that's true?"

BT: "Oh yes, just the same as the Australians -- I was a soldier -- I'm a returned soldier -- I knew that."

DB: "Where were you?"

BT: "I was enlisted in the Papuan Infantry Battalion."

DB: "In N. G.?"

BT: "Yes, I was a teacher in Rabaul, and when the Japanese invasion came I was taken by the Japs as one of their carriers. I walked up the Kokoda trail with them. We went up to within 40 miles of Port Moresby. You see their plan was to build a big air base at Port Moresby and bomb Australia. That's what they were intending to do. Yes about 40 miles. There's a ridge there -- Yuribaiba ridge. And the convoy was destroyed somewhere on Milne Bay. The Jap convoy...."

DB: "Were you people punished for having worked for the Japanese?"

BT: "No. I went there and they questioned me. I was interrogated by/... I forget the name ... I was taken to the Headquarters -- under Gen. Haring. I told him everything. I told him the truth. They asked me a question like this: 'Who helped the Japs?' And I said, 'All of us.' Bec. if we disobey we lost our lives. They were a different people -- cruel."

DB: "Were they -- cruel? I always hear that from the Americans but you never know what to believe about war
stories. But from what I've heard -- esp. from the people in New Ireland -- "

BT: "Oh yes, they do not want anybody to tell a lie. They don't want stealing. They cannot be cruel to a person just boo. He's right or honest -- but to people who are dishonest or disobedient."

DB: "I had heard that they just went around cutting people's necks for no reason at all."

BT: "What? killing people for no reason?"

DB: "Yes."

BT: "No body can kill anybody for no reason."

DB: "Right, I agree with that."

BT: "The answer I gave when they asked me, 'Who helped the Japs?', 'Everybody.' I helped the Japs bec. I save my life. If I say 'No' -- well, I do not know where I am now."

DB: "Then you didn't work with the Americans during the war -- or did you?"

BT: "I didn't work with the Americans, but I was with some of them. Once I was very sick, I was taken to the American camp, the doctor gave me a very good medicine. I went there -- we line up -- it's mess time -- they gave me."

DB: "One of those?"

BT: "Plates."

DB: "Plates that they use."

BT: "We stay together and ate together."

DB: "And the Australians also ate with the natives during the war, did they?"

BT: "Ah yes."
DB: "What did you see in Portobung -- did you just go up on one day?"

BT: "The main reason I went up there, I didn't know what they were doing there."

DB: "Well nobody seems to know. Brightwell doesn't know. Seale doesn't know."

BT: "I went up there and I look at everything -- there was an altimeter and something -- I went there to ask them for two things -- for measuring height. I am a teacher. They said, 'They are very high, but we can show you one,' and they show me one -- this is an altimeter here. Their main work is to try and correct, to make an accurate map from here to Manus, and everywhere."

DB: "Why do they keep putting down these cement pegs?"

BT: "Oh yes, with a small metal thing in with the name of ..."

DB: "What do they say on them? I haven't walked up to see them."

BT: "It's the name only of the unit that is working there, and the date."

DB: "But why are they having an American team out here mapping? -- That's what I don't understand -- I would have thought the Australians."

BT: "I think it's up to the Australian gov't -- the Aust. gov't might have sent word for the Americans to come and do it beca they was better -- I'm not telling the truth (meaning he doesn't know, is just guessing). They might have better instrument, and some of them were excellent in doing the
work -- that's what I thought."

DB: "Well I suppose any gov't can get the right to make its own maps. Was it a gov't-paid team? U.S. team?"

BT: "Army -- USA Army Geographical something -- I forget -- "

DB: "You know they don't even know this in the DC's office, don't even have it written down."

BT: "When Mr. Healy was the DC there, I went there and I asked him and I asked him about the altimeter. I want to find out how the local people are helping, and I found a little trouble. Some of them had been walking away with cigarettes, packets of cigarettes. I came down to the Coop store and I bought some packets of cigarettes and I sent them up to the Army there."

DB: "Oh. But then you didn't have any idea that this election was coming up. It came as a surprise to you, did it?"

BT: "Yes -- I think the first meeting was held on Thursday afternoon."

DB: "I haven't heard of that one -- where?"

BT: "Nusawung."

DB: "That was with Pengai I suppose?"

BT: "No -- Bosmailik. I was up there -- I was Councillor of that area."

DB: "You're a teacher here?"

BT: "No, I'm just waiting for retirement. Yes, I was teaching here."

DB: "So you were councillor at Materankan and they had this meeting at Nusawung?"
BT: "When I was there the time for the election at Ramalek was coming up, so I sent a note to Mr. Weston, Stan Weston."

DB: "Oh yes, he was in Jack Glebe's place here, wasn't he, Wasange?" (plantation).

BT: "Yes, he was here, but when Mr. Jim White went on leave he went into his place and he was in Lungaten. So I sent a note up to try to contact Mr. Beresford --- I think Mr. Beresford was our school inspector here --- to ask permission, him and the DC, if they allowed me I stay for the first election there. But I waited and no answer, so I got my canoe and came down to ... I think the man who took my note up did not give it to Mr. Weston. I do not know. I didn't check. So I came here and that thing happened. It happened then, and when they came down to Metersan the same thing happened and when they came here, nothing happened. I sent word around ---"

DB: "How do you explain its not happening here? you were here at the time, were you?"

BT: "I stopped it."

DB: "You stopped it? Were they ready to go in?"

BT: "Yes. Many of them came and asked me, 'What are we going to do now?' And I said, 'We'll follow what the government wants us to do, that's all.'"

DB: "But many of them came and asked, did they?"

BT: "They say, 'What are we going to do now, they election for America, and what about us?' They sent two letters to me. Councillor Willi wrote to me and asked me, asked me to write a letter and send it around New Hanover. 'Tell them to elect Johnson. Not President Johnson, just Johnson,'
and I was wondering, what Johnson? Is he a half-caste or?"
DB: (Laughs.)
BT: "Then the next letter came, from Willi again, and he
told me, 'President Johnson' --- and he mentioned Father
Kelly."
DB: "What did he say about Fa. Kelly?"
BT: "He said that Fa. Kelly said that we are going to make
our election for Mr. Johnson. And I said, 'No, I will not
follow that.' I told the people here, 'We will follow the
right. We will not follow their talk. We do not know what
is going to happen. There might be trouble.' I wrote a
letter to my vice-president, Barol. He sent word out to
Ungalik, but the news about this Johnson cult had spread up
to an island called Nuselik. That's how the Johnson cult
got into ..."
DB: "The Tigak area."
BT: "Baungung (village) came here and asked me, 'What are
we going to do?' And I told them this cult idea about John-
son (is no good)."
DB: "So you were able to influence Baungung too. I believe
most of them followed you too."
BT: "They came and asked me, two of my uncles. (I told
them), 'If you try to follow them, there will be trouble, I
can see it. There will be trouble bec. Australians looking
after us -- so we must follow what the Australians want us
to do. It's a safer way, and a peaceful way."
DB: "What prevented Noipus and Koitab and Ungalik from
going in?"
BT: (Firmly), "I wrote to them."

DB: "Who did you write to -- to Barol?"

BT: "To Barol."

DB: "I did talk to Barol (should be Babrol) once and he told me some people came from another island by night once and he told them to go. (got out)."

BT: "Oh, that's right. We had the same idea, Barol and I, we worked together."

DB: "He's a very good man, isn't he?"

BT: "Very good man. He's been doing work for the Catholics for a long time."

DB: "Yes. You're a Methodist, aren't you, Buski?"

BT: "I'm a Methodist. I'm a Methodist, but I can be a Catholic -- Catholic, the same. We're worshiping one God, only the rules (are different)."

DB: "How do you account for this here? These are your people. I've been here 6 months. Why do you think this cult occurred? why did they decide to vote against Aust. authority?"

BT: "I think it's because of discontent of some sort. This thing started a long time, I think after the war --"

DB: "Mr. Seale mentioned that there had been cults here. Have people been talking about America since the war?"

BT: "Ah yes, they met them during the war. A lot of them went to Emira there. America was there, they saw them, they worked with them, and they went to Buka."

DB: "What kind of things? in what way did it start? just talk?"
BT: "Just like what I've said before -- they thought that America was better than Australia."

DB: "And this that stayed with them."

BT: "Right."

DB: "You were here at the beginning of the Cooperative. Do you think their complaints had some justice about the Cooperative movement failing here? Do you think the Cooperative movement has failed here?"

BT: "Yes, yes, because of some of the leaders. They went round telling the people propaganda and the people ... "

DB: "Believed it."

BT: "Yes, they believe it when it was said, but later they could not see what had been said."

DB: "Some of these leaders did tell them false things, then, did they?"

BT: "Singara."

DB: "Tell me a little about Singara."

BT: "He said that the Cooperative came here to help everybody, small and big and weak and strong and old and young -- "

DB: "He said all that?"

BT: "Not he only."

DB: "This Mr. Evans that I keep hearing about, did he say all this? Did you meet him?"

BT: "Oh yes, Mr. Evans."

DB: "Did he tell tall tales too, did he exaggerate?"

BT: "I've not been with Mr. Evans when he went around with the people, but I've heard from some of the men in the village. We cannot see what these, all men, leaders of the"
Cooperative, told us before. I think once one director -- I knew one director who asked them a question based on what those big men were talking about, that coops will help everybody. 'I've been thinking about what Singarau and the other people said -- when they came around and said, "The Cooperative is going to help everybody" -- how will it help us?' And I said, (he was a nephew of mine): 'You're going to work. You have to work for everything. Have a meeting and try to find out whether it's a good idea, and then you're going to work for it. You work hard and you'll get your money. There's no other way you can get money to put into the Aid Post to help everybody. You can get money to build an Aid Post in your village, or a tank.' This is when the Council started it."

DB: "Ah -- no tanks."

BT: (Sadly) -- "No tanks. I think this is what they were discouraged about, bec. they didn't see what these leaders told them before."

DB: "Then you think they were sort of justified, that the leaders had misled them?"

BT: "I know that when we went around (I was asked to go around with the DC and some of the gov't officers to talk about the Council) and a few of those village leaders told the people 'The Council will come' (he puts mockery in his voice as he repeats what they said, indicating their enthusiasm) 'and will help everybody. Everybody will have iron roof houses.'"

DB: "They told them that about the Council?"
Another voice: "Yes," (amused).

BT: "Yes. And I finished that speech. I covered everything. I said, 'If we work hard, pay more money, the Council can help. But the Council cannot help. We have to stand on our own two feet and use our land to plant coconuts, caocao, and then we'll build our own houses, the Council, everybody, not for one man.' That was at Minn."

DB: "That's what they never understand. That was at Minn, eh?"

BT: "Yes -- at Minn."

DB: "They were very strong cultists, I believe. And when this election came, did you go around?"

BT: "Yes, I went around once with Mr. Power -- went around and talked to the, and I asked them, 'What are you fighting for? What is your aim? What is your aim?' And they say, 'Oh, we're just trying our idea.' 'And when you'll get nothing out of it, what are you going to do?' (He changes his voice back to the reasonable mature man, from the kind of gay tone he took when speaking their words. Gay, nonserious, casual.) "They didn't answer me."

DB: "That's very interesting, when you say they say they are just trying their idea. That's definitely the impression I get. But many Europeans think that these people actually believed that America would come. Now my idea is that they didn't so much believe it as hope. What would you say, did they ever really believe that America was going to come?"

BT: "I don't think so (laughs). I don't think so (laughs again). It will be another war. I'm just joking."
DB: "Yes, yes, yes."

BT: "If they will come I think America will be fighting with the.

DB: "Yes."

BT: "Or if now, no fight, they say, all right, you come, you take
this place, we're not going to fight, there's nothing good in
New Guinea."

DB: "Oh no, not true." (pause) "But you think the idea could
have spread over the whole island if you and Barol and perhaps a
few other people hadn't stopped it."

BT: "Oh yes, yes, yes. It would be worse. There'd be somebody-
if the idea spread all over the island, nobody will listen to
the government, everybody will get together, and there will be
somebody - killed I think."

DB: "Now I think that Umbukul is quite a cooperative village
isn't it - are they cooperating with the Council here at Umbukul?"

BT: "In some ways, yes. Yes, they work for the Council, they
listen."

DB: "And what do you think about this new association, Tutukuvul,
Boski?"

BT: "What?"

DB: "Do you know about Tutukuvul?"

BT: "Yes, I think I wrote a letter to Mr. Pitts and asked him
about it and he explained to me."

DB: "Well, is anybody here in Umbukul joining it? In your
home village, Meterankan, they're really all very strong for it."

BT: "Yes, I think some people are. It's all right. It's to
help, I think."

DB: "Do you think it's 'dangerous'? That's what some people say."
BT: "How is it dangerous? It's one of the -- what? -- economic development -- it's for the economy of the island, of the whole Territory. The main thing is they want money -- they have to have a way to." (He laughs.) "Long ago they didn't think about planting, using the land to plant plenty coconuts. It's time now -- money -- they have no money."

DB: "They have no other way of getting it?"

BT: "Yes."

DB: "This is the only way isn't it?"

BT: "There used to be trocchus shells, they used to be divers for trocchus shell."

DB: "Did you people once sell trocchus shell?"

BT: "Oh yes, yes."

DB: "To the Chinese?"

BT: "Yes. It's going now, the Chinese are buying trocchus shells now, and sea slugs. What do you call them?"

DB: "Sea slugs, I think that's what we call them."

BT: "Mishadama, mishadama."

DB: "I don't know. I've heard them talk about sea slugs."

BT: "The Chinese, they cook it first, cut it up and cook it, and then they dry it, and then they send it in bags."

DB: "Are they buying it here?"

BT: "Up in town. Only a few local people are doing it. I think they are good for inland Chinese who use them for soup, or something like that."

DB: "Yes, that's what they need. Yes, there ought to be a lot of things like that. All these people are always talking
to me about 'Masta Fish,' delivering the big red nets?" (I explain his interest in starting canning of fish in grated coconut. He's hoping to get something like that started here.) "It wouldn't employ many people, I guess. It would employ a lot of people fishing, but I don't know how much fish you people have around here."

BT: "That's the main thing somebody have to find out about." (He laughs.) "Nobody knows."

DB: "Nobody knows."

BT: "Uh." (Pause.)

DB: "Then you don't feel alarmed about this Tutukuvul society?"

BT: "I don't feel alarmed. I only guess. When the Germans first came here, they started with economic development."

DB: "Yes."

BT: (Laughs.) "I won't tell you, you know it."

DB: "No. I don't know all that. I have only heard from some of my teachers. But you mean here in New Hanover too the Germans started economic development?"

BT: "Yes."

DB: "Did they plant all of these plantations?"

BT: "Oh yes, yes, yes. I can tell you some of the German planters who were here. I've seen some of them. I was born in 1911."

DB: "In 1911! You don't look it."

BT: "Oh yes, I was born in 1911, and when the Germans were sent back, I was a big boy. 1918 I think they were -- "

DB: "Yes. So you knew them."
BT: "I know then. Here, Mr. Cregit, at Wasange, and Mr. Oksucken, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Mark. That's the three Germans I know."

DB: "And you knew them?"

BT: "I know them."

DB: "Well then, perhaps in a way you really agree with some of these people who were the cultists, that Australia hasn't done as much as they should have done. What do you think about this?"

BT: "What -- before?"

DB: "Now -- now, too. Frankly, many Europeans are very critical of the Administration here. Not just Americans. Australians, too -- Englishmen."

BT: "Oh, I got the same thing from some of the Australians who had never been here before -- during the war when they came they talked like what you are saying now."

DB: "They were critical?"

BT: "Yes, they blaming the Australians who were here. But I think it was a different time before, and we do not know. Many of us did not have any education, and we just thought everything was all right for us."

DB: "Yes."

BT: "A laborer used to get 4 shilling or 6 a month."

DB: "A month and thought he was well off."

BT: "That is 4 shilling defer and 2 shilling later."
DB: "I know, now this is something that confuses me. I very often hear the people say how wonderful the Germans were, bec. when they finished working for them they got a big box of laplaps. Then I'll say, but how long did you work? And they'll say: three years."

BT: "But they didn't get any pay."

DB: "no pay."

BT: "They got no pay because they received them (at the end of work.)"

DB: "Did they give them a big box of laplaps?"

BT: "Oh yes, very big, I've seen it myself."

DB: "It was really a lot, uh? How much do you think it was worth?"

BT: "One of the workers, or two, he comes into the store. All right, you see what you want. . . ."

DB: "Did they really say that, they could take what they want."

BT: "Yes, they could choose what they want. And they choose anything. I went to see the box - the German did before - and I can tell you that nearly every villager has a "whale" box. I think just because the whale box was cheaper, and there were a lot of boat builders. But now there are none."

DB: "Nearly every village?"

BT: "Nearly every village has a whale box. Whale box was 50 pounds to 70 pounds before. My father has one."
DB: "Well, the main thing is, you're willing to see things in perspective, and see that the Australians have had other jobs to do."

DB: "You've been to England, haven't you? People keep telling me you've been to England."

BT: "No - only to Australia."

BT: "Where did you learn to speak English so well - everyone keeps telling me that nobody else in the Territory speaks English so well -- where did you learn?"

DB: "I learn it from Rabaul. My teacher died just recently - Mr. William Charles Groves."

BT: "In Rabaul, in 1923."

DB: "What school were you at then?"

BT: "Government school."

DB: "Government school! Now you're the first government school person I've met. Everybody went to Vunakan or something."

BT: "No, Vunakan is Methodist."

DB: "Methodist."

BT: "There were no missionaries when I left here. I didn't know about the mission."

DB: "You didn't know about the Lotu!"

BT: "I didn't know about the Lotu."

DB: "You mean you were educated first."

BT: "First from the Administration school."

DB: "Where was that first school?"

BT: "Kokopo."
DB: "When you were how old, what year would that have been?"
BT: "Eleven."
DB: "Eleven. 1922 uh?"
BT: "Twelve - 1923."
DB: "When then did you first hear about the Lotu?"
BT: "At Rabaul. The school was divided into two groups, Methodist and Catholic. But I didn't know where I... and they just said, Oh I think you go in Methodist."
DB: (laughs - so does BT) "You didn't know what it was all about. Had you heard about the Lotu at all?"
BT: "No, I didn't know about the Lotu.
(We discuss the role of the mission in life here, and Boski says that people have lost interest in life, they don't have any fun here, the Lotu has interfered with all their amusements, the boys no more sing native songs, and they are in fact losing interest in their own culture now. So we're discussing who will finally gets the blame for this cult and so on - and the mission's role in it.)
DB: "Just tell me a little bit just what you think the mission's role has been in all this."
BT: (pause) "In some of the culture?"
DB: "Yes."
BT: "When we have pig we have dancing in and out. When we have feasting in memory of the dead, in memory we make a feast - in memory of someone who died."
DB: "Is that the feast that's called wag?"
BT: "Wag, yes. Now it's all stopped. It's a waste of time."
DB: "Is that what they say? It's a waste of time?"
BT: "Yes. They say we make feast, and we make all the dances."
DB: "A waste of time!"
BT: "They say because people who try to make these try to make charms, what they call Maira."
DB: "Yes."
BT: "That's where part of our gardening has dropped because people were thinking of making feasts for the dead."
BT: "There are two reasons why the mission stops it. If we make a feast, and we have this native drum - rangamut - and the people bot (dance and sing) at night..."
DB: "I know about bot."
BT: "The missions say when the people bot at night, mixing with the girls..."
DB: "Promiscuity."
BT: "That's right. That's right."
DB: "They worry about that. So that's why they stop it."
BT: "That's why they stop it."
Appendix V

Pameis' Book

Report

This bad election was started among the people, because the people knew that the Australian people tell so many lies to them. Some foolish words also about this election to the American people. Before long, in the year 1950, they sent the co-operative societies to us and they said they will be helping us in two ways:

First of all the co-operative said if we help the co-operative well, we will stop giving tasese (taxes). The time when the war was not yet coming the people of New Hanover pay taxes. The Australian soldiers make wars to New Guinea and they came to our land. Till now at the present time the Australian people are living with native. The war ends, the people of Australia gave us the co-operative. When the co-operative starts at New Hanover taxes are cut off. They told the people not to pay taxes anymore.

Secondly co-operative said like this, those who are poor, old men, old woman, widow and a child who has no father is going to be help by a co-operative. They said they will give them good dresses. Dressed up like European by putting good laplap and good clothing and also clean trousers (trousers) and shirt. You can see some people around New Guinea dressed a bit like European because they had job around the towns or a
teachers' job. But what about the poor people? We don't see the co-operative helping these people. They only telling lies to us and they don't keep their promised to us! Another word for the co-operative is this, old woman, old man, poor-boy, poor-girl can take something in the store without payment. Now at the present time we don't see one old man taking something in the store without payment. This are the name of the masters who drop these words to the people of Lavangai they are: Mr. Cart and Mr. Singirau. All these words have been started by those two men in the year 1950. They told the people of New Hanover to make share capital and give LI0-0-0, LI5-0-0 and L100-0-0. And if a man gives some of these money he'll be a great master of the Society. So please we people are sorry of this telling lies to us.

Mr. Cart and Mr. Singirau told the people in the year 1950 that if a man gets big rebate he'll get L100, or L200, for his rebate. So if he has taken the money the man had to go and buy iron-roof for his house. In our villages not one house built up with iron-roof none at all. In 1953 Mr. Heven arrived at Lavangai, and he told the people that they had meeting. 'So in the meeting Mr. Heven said like this to the people The money which you buy your Rebate with is bigger than the Government money. Mr. Heven said, see, if spread your money on the Kavieng wharf and your money will built up as bridge. That is from the Kav. (Kavieng) Wharf to Musa Is. The cars can run on it, and also the people had to walk on it. So that's Mr. Heven's foolishness to the people.
Copy (coffee)

In 1958 the copy was started at New Hanover. Mr. Carry went to New Hanover and told the people of New Hanover that they had to plant copy. The people do what Mr. Carry told them to do. Copy around the villages of New Hanover grew up. Then the copy gets fruit. Mr. Carry himself said to the people that the Government will give the people of N.H. a machine. That machine will help you for your copy to take off the skin of the copy. After the copy has finished on the machine then its ready to fill in the bag to sell it. Mr. Carry told the people that if you fill in your copy in one of those small white bag of rice you will get L15-0-0 for one bag. Then if a man fill one copra shake bag with copy he'll get L100-0-0 for his bag of copy. Now we can see our copy got spoiled up only because of lier to us.

Some people have done the selling of copy. See if a man fill his copy in one of white bag of rice. He went to sell it, and how much did the man gets? only 5/- . If a copra shake bag only L10/- out of one bag. And that's Mr. Carry's foolishness to us.

Council Report

In 1961 the Local Council was started in N.H. the Government gives you Council because it's a good thing really to save the people. Those who are poor, poor woman and poor man are going to be save by Council and also to make them happy later on. And the Council did not come to pull your own money. You are the chief of your money. It's your own thing if you want to give taxes for how-much. It's your own wish.
If a man has no money and he has to pay no taxes let him. We see this now at the present moment we don't see those things that the Council has promised us. You know among European and native there is a rich man and a poor man among European and native. And how they push poor native to jail? Is this good? If a poor man went to jail and also if he has a wife and children, who is going to help his wife and children with money. Where is the Government to save the children and the wife of that poor man, who went for jail? This the people saw and their minds are not good at this. That's why we are worrying about the Government because he told so many lies to us.

Well now they talked or schooled us about the self Government. Mr. Jim Groose said to the people of New Hanover, Youself had to see what country are you going to vote for? Youself had to pick one country. We had a look around the countries. They don't teach or show us well about many things: For Example for work to find money for the couneller. That's why we see and look around the European countries, and now we are voting for this country America. Mr. Spencer got jelous of this election and he said like this to the people of N.H. The people of N.H. will have no Government for 2 years. He said no school also for the children of N.H. and no medicine also for the people. He said they had to get their own medicine from America. Another word that Mr. Spencer said that the Americans had to give school to our kids.

Mr. Jim White said why you want America for? American people always thinking of wars and sleep under a tree like wild
pigs. He said American has no money and he's only like an empty drum. Councillor Vili Temeking said President Johnson paddled up to Pativung to bring cargo at Pativung to those who elect for America. Also the same councillor said that this election is a bad election.

Mr. Benthem said like this, the Australian Government put president Johnson already in jail. He said these words last year 1964. We vote for President Johnson not for a native or a European to speak foolish words for this bad election. Because we are voting (making) for America now because they want America very much. Long ago our grand-mothers and fathers did not bote (vote) for this country Australia. Only Australia made war up to New Guinea and now at present we sec Australian people in our own land. Now, we the people of New Hanover want the Australian people to get out of our land straight away now.

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Other paragraphs that he did not use in his final version are the following: Government gave us the co-operative and he said that people will have the co-operative and if any mistakes in the co-operative people in the village has to straightend the Society. Why the Government leads the co-operative and then it took the co-operative and leads the clerk again and pushed the clerk in prison? That means the Gov. tell lies to the people.
Another law also for the Government is about fighting he gave it to the people and we follow it. Then the Patrol Officer came to us and his policemen make fight against us. Then when the people make a fight against them they sent us to prison. And if they they fight us they is no prison from them. This is what the Australian Jews to us like this. It means that we have no government.

Councillors

We native people are staying like dogs and pigs. We stay like these animals because we have no Government. Australian people has a Government and got strength from his Government till some European from Aust. make bad things to the native woman or girl. What's the matter with this now? And if a native man wants to make bad things to the European mrs (??) or really make bad things to her they bring us to prison for about 3 or 2 years. That means we have no Gov. to help us to put European people to prison like they do us. See, some European teachers also when they are teaching.

They spoiled the girls who are still staying in school by making bad things to them.

This country Australia made us a slavery that's why the native people doesn't want to obey the Aust. Gov. anymore.

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After the main report, Panaia wrote the following:

Sirs, the Fifth Commandment of God tells us that "Thou shalt not kill". Why did Mr. Touhy told the people of N.H. that he's going to call one hundred police boy to come and killed the
people? Why is this?
The tenth commandment of God tells us that "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbours good". It means that the Self-Government should not give his order to our own land. Some times they come and get the money from our own land and spoiled our own land by taking the money from our own coconuts. We know that the people of Australia make gardens in our land. They took money from our land from our coconuts. Then, when they are rich they went back to their country. After when they got their money from our land we people of this island stayed like poor people in our land. They still make us as slavery, that's why we are worrying about their laws that they made to us.

We people of New Hanover wanted President Boski Tom to be finish with his councillors not over run the councillors job here in New Hanover, it's finish, and now we said clear to the United Nation about our dislike to the councillors today.
New Ireland

"Tananua"
Emi - Sirapi in background. Buying pigs.

Rows of bagged sago flour.

Melisa

Matiu's child helps to buy pigs.
Kuluvos
Malanggan

Lovah

Serenge—Lingiris in background.

Francis

Lasuwot
Milika

(L.tor.) Iqua, Mora, Eron

Matunga, Lovan, Pambali

Rusrus

Lingai, Luponida, Eruel, who is carrying a plant instead of bamboo.

Bringing bamboo to make the fence for the cemetery at kuluvos.
Panapai
Malanggan

Vavaras, figures, mamayua,
Volkswagen hubcap, plastic fruit,
foreign carving.
New Hanover Style

Decoration using white center of coconut palm.

New Ireland Style
Vigorous singing.
(L. to R.) Tolimbe, Tisiwua, two men from Ungat; Sister Liboria in background.

(L. to R.) Malekaian, Thomas, Riuki,umalingro, Tolimbe

(L. to R.) Tomangami'ss, Tisiwua
Carrol Gannon (right) with Silau, on whose head is perched a parrot from the aviary (background) Mr. Gannon built, partly with jail labor, at Taskul.

Oliver, his wife and son in background.

Joseph Pukina (above and left).
A New Hanover copy of a New Ireland "Tantanua" mask.

Montau ("Wild"), the pet bird killed by Ladi, Piskaui's second last child.

Josephine (right in both pictures) with friends on my verandah (left); and with her cousin, Agnes (right), also (like Josephine) a second last child.
Silakau, Ngurrarilam (his wife), and their youngest child, Antonio.
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