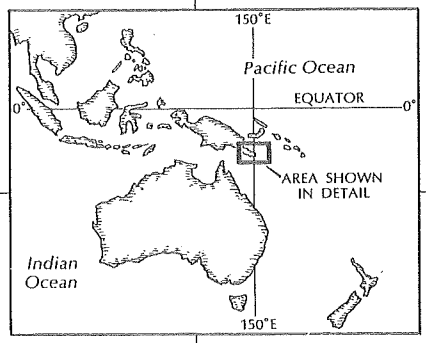
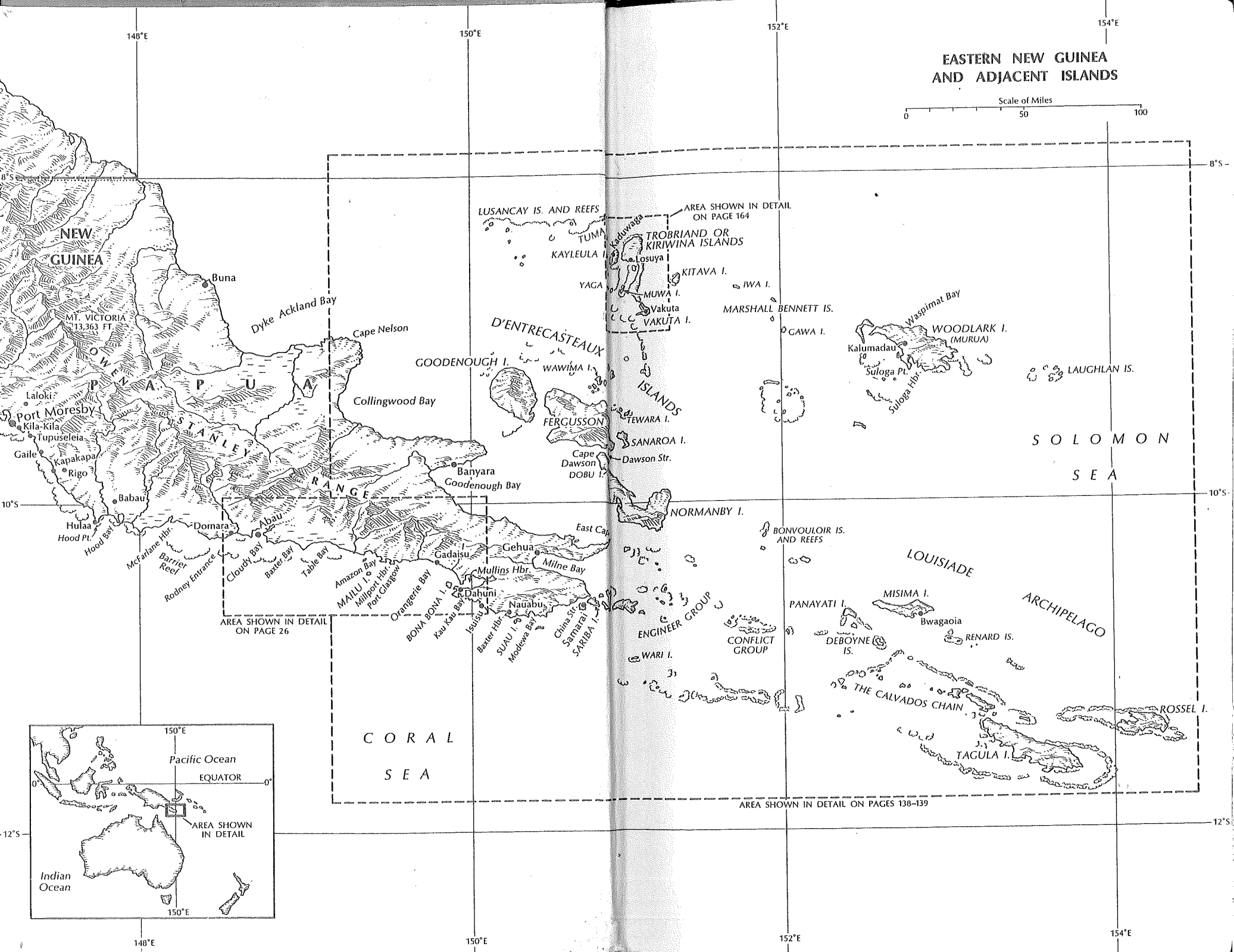
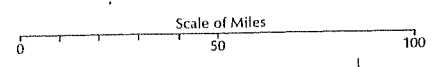


EASTERN NEW GUINEA AND ADJACENT ISLANDS



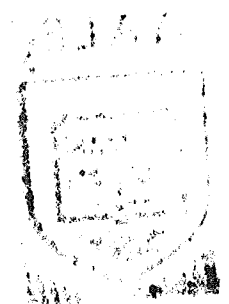
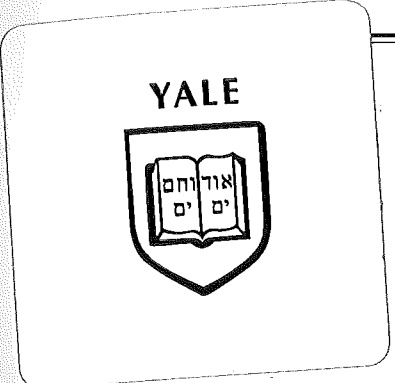
145

Niedziela 22/4. Wtorek 6^{ty} po 6^{ty} godzinie
 Spania. Niedziela od us Top. — just another
 experience. Duszki bliźniacy powracają z Langabady.
 Jakiś albatros uleciał nad nami do miast. Poleni
 przez całą noc, rano w chwili, po
 storice, popołudniu, pod brzołem. Of. 4.
 (nom) i do Kaulaka i mal mone, z dzieł
 waso de potozne. Jakiś mirono do wyos.
 Jakiś Joduncom: ramy, lni zabrymę biy.
 Jakiś Jemzylci: ale bogda porbarowiydi.
 Jakiś. Cadam z myrami o "poryyeh" puz.
 akai pteibwym. Wspania! a coie i praco myy
 dwoma kradkami, mionemymy i tery ponda.
 now; spymom fale, karyje ramylong.
 Wracam b. 5^{ty} 2^{ty} 3^{ty} 4^{ty} 5^{ty} 6^{ty} 7^{ty} 8^{ty} 9^{ty} 10^{ty}
 taqz z powodu supposed theft of Kaleria.
 — Ten dzień jest pauza i inlenyone; pracy.
 Jest do 2^{ty} 3^{ty} 4^{ty} 5^{ty} 6^{ty} 7^{ty} 8^{ty} 9^{ty} 10^{ty}
 tem sformuowanem mysl. — Jakiś kradka
 chieruwa, nie wyłoniem. Jakiś kradka
 chieruwa — nam flak Jinyht: firyca i tery
 w drugim otowlichem powadze tobie podla.
 ni galytoci i tyll. — prawidlowi ubraha
 za krototy wolno do spaci.

Poniedziałek 23/4. Ciepły i wazny podla. No.
 Zdolno i skupienie, troche gora chowatorci
 Pano wlaso 7^{ty}, mi zabieram ty odnowe
 dawnowa ani do pracy. Myśli ani plany
 nie plyną mi spontanicznie do gtony.
 Ciepły blubi francuzki garet; jakam
 ciadze, przyjedam more kapury; trocha
 gad in 2^{ty} 3^{ty} 4^{ty} 5^{ty} 6^{ty} 7^{ty} 8^{ty} 9^{ty} 10^{ty}
 Po 1^{ty} lunch z Samsonem. Północ Ra.
 Jakiś w jago domku i praca o apor.
 Jakiś. Wiersem jed. to de, na lagune:
 byca pauncie dachy, pat holoty, zony
 stremi; myśli mi puz. Pano wlaso
 zado walenie; nawet to oknota mi puz.
 Wracam obrotowch form. Wracaj z puz.
 Poczajem oblane polamy, mysl o 2^{ty} 3^{ty} 4^{ty} 5^{ty} 6^{ty} 7^{ty} 8^{ty} 9^{ty} 10^{ty}
 i czy obcowoci i chwilowa wy bly wos; i cy
 by wie ocusawat awy puz. Jakiś kradka
 Porem mysl; o nowo od puz. Jakiś kradka

Facsimile page from Trobriands diary, beginning with entry for April 22, 1918

AAA A DIARY IN THE
 STRICT SENSE OF
 THE TERM by Bronislaw
 Malinowski AAAA



PREFACE BY VALETTA MALINOWSKA
 INTRODUCTION BY RAYMOND FIRTH
 TRANSLATED BY NORBERT GUTERMAN
 INDEX OF NATIVE TERMS BY MARIO BICK

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
 LONDON

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PREFACE

Bronislaw Malinowski was already in the United States when the Second World War broke out, and he accepted what was at first a temporary, and later a permanent post, as Professor of Anthropology at Yale University. Naturally he needed a considerable amount of the manuscripts, notes, and books which he had left at the London School of Economics on leaving for the United States for his sabbatical leave at the end of 1938; and after accepting the Yale appointment he made a careful selection of these, to be sent to him at New Haven, while the greater part of his books and papers were stored away in the London School of Economics for the duration of the war. In New Haven, part of this material was kept at his home, and the rest was kept in his office at the Yale Graduate School.

In May 1942, Malinowski died suddenly of an entirely unpredicted heart attack. One of the first people to come to New Haven on hearing the bad news was Dr. Feliks Gross, friend and former student of Malinowski's, who offered to help in the special task of sorting and ordering Malinowski's books and papers, beginning with the contents of the Graduate School office. While this work was going on, Dr. Gross suddenly telephoned me from that office, asking if I knew of the existence of a

smallish thick black notebook which he had just found, containing a diary of Bronislaw Malinowski, written almost entirely in Polish in his handwriting. Dr. Gross brought the notebook straight over to me and translated a few entries chosen at random which referred to his field work in Southern New Guinea. Malinowski had never mentioned to me the existence of this diary; I kept it carefully and took it with me to Mexico when I moved there permanently in 1946.

Sometime after the end of the war, Malinowski's books and papers were taken from their storage place in the London School of Economics, and about 1949 this considerable mass of manuscripts, notes, and books was sent to me in Mexico; among these I found two envelopes containing notebooks, one marked "Early Polish Diary" and the other "Diaries." All of these small notebooks were written in Polish. I put these with the first notebook found at Yale, with the idea of having them translated and possibly published at some later date.

The diaries remained, therefore, locked away until the end of 1960, when I made a visit to New York. There I spoke of the diaries to one of Malinowski's publishers; and we decided on their publication. Mr. Norbert Guterman was kind enough to undertake the translation from Polish, which he rendered in a very direct manner. In correcting the proofs I have tried to assure the closest possible adherence to Malinowski's personal use of English words and phrasing, in which language in the latter part of his life he expressed himself with such freedom. A few extremely intimate observations have been omitted, the omissions being indicated by dots. The early Polish diary has not been included because it antedates Malinowski's anthropological career.

I have always felt a desire—even a need—to know something of the life and personality of any painter, writer, musician, or scientist whose work has profoundly interested or moved me.

I feel that the psychological and emotional light shed by diaries, letters, and autobiographies not only give one a fresh insight into the personality of the man who wrote certain books, developed a certain theory, or composed certain symphonies; but that through this knowledge of that man as he lived and felt, one is often brought into a closer contact and a greater comprehension of his work. When there exists, therefore, the diary or autobiography of an outstanding personality, I feel that these "data" regarding his daily and inner life and his thoughts should be published, with the deliberate aim of revealing that personality, and linking up this knowledge with the work left behind.

I know that some people will think that a diary is of a basically private nature and that it should not be published; and those who hold this point of view will probably be severely critical of my decision to publish my husband's diaries. But after seriously weighing the matter, I reached the conclusion that it is of greater importance to give to the present and future students and readers of Malinowski's anthropological writings this direct insight into his inner personality, and his way of living and thinking during the period of his most important work in the field, rather than to leave these brief diaries shut away in an archive. I am, therefore, solely responsible for the decision to publish this book.

VALETTA MALINOWSKA

Mexico
May 1966

INTRODUCTION*

This diary by Bronislaw Malinowski covers only a very brief period of his life, from early September 1914 to the beginning of August 1915, and from the end of October 1917 to mid-July 1918—about nineteen months in all. It was written in Polish, as a private document, and was never intended for publication. What then is its significance? Malinowski was a great social scientist, one of the founders of modern social anthropology, and a thinker who tried to relate his generalizations about human nature and human society to the issues of the world around him. The diary refers to that very critical period of his career when, having equipped himself theoretically for empirical studies, he began to carry out field research in New Guinea. The first section covers his apprenticeship period among the Mailu; the second, after an unfortunate gap of two years, covers most of his last year in the Trobriands. Nowadays it is recognized that while the personality of a scientist may not necessarily have a direct bearing upon his selection and treatment of problems, it must influence his work in other more subtle ways. Although

* I am grateful to Audrey Richards and Phyllis Kaberry, friends of Malinowski, and to Józefa Stuart, his eldest daughter, for advice on this Introduction. They have, of course, no responsibility for the opinions expressed here.

chronologically very brief, and although giving no great amount of detail on professional matters, the diary does indicate vividly how Malinowski thought about issues and about people—or at least how he expressed himself when he was writing only for himself as audience.

Malinowski came to be in New Guinea through his association with British anthropology. What led him to this move so far from Poland, his native country, is not now fully known. But despite his often unkind comments upon England and English gentlemen, he seemed always to have a basic respect for the English intellectual tradition and the English way of life, and it seems likely that even at that early period of his career he was attracted to both. (Note his revealing description of Machiavelli in this diary as “very like me in many respects. An Englishman, with an entirely European mentality and European problems.”) He himself has told us how, when at the (Jagiellonian) University of Cracow, he had been ordered to abandon for a time his physical and chemical research because of ill-health, but was allowed to follow up a “favorite sideline of study” and so began to read Frazer’s *The Golden Bough* in the original English version—then three volumes only.* Malinowski had obtained his Ph.D degree in 1908 in physics and mathematics, and after two years of advanced study at Leipzig he came to London and began his systematic studies of anthropology with C. G. Seligman and Edward Westermarck, at the London School of Economics and Political Science. He also

* For this and other details see B. Malinowski, *Myth in Primitive Psychology*, London, 1926, pp. 5-6; also Raymond Firth in *Man and Culture*, London, 1957, pp. 2-7; Konstantin Symmons-Symonolewicz, “Bronislaw Malinowski: Formative Influences and Theoretical Evolution,” *The Polish Review*, Vol. IV, 1959, pp. 1-28, New York. A few further facts appear in “A Brief History (1913-1963)” of the Department of Anthropology of the London School of Economics, published in the departmental programme of courses, session 1963-64 and succeeding years.

made contact with A. C. Haddon and W. H. R. Rivers of Cambridge—all of whom are mentioned in the diary. His first major publication, a documentary study of *The Family Among the Australian Aborigines*, was published in London in 1913. Another book, in Polish, on *Primitive Religion and Forms of Social Structure*, completed early in 1914, was published in Poland in 1915. Influenced especially by Seligman and Haddon, Malinowski had prepared for field research in the Western Pacific, after an unsuccessful attempt by Seligman to get funds for him to work in the Sudan. Money for field research in anthropology was then much more difficult to obtain than it is nowadays. Malinowski was helped through scholarship funds and a grant from Robert Mond, the industrialist, obtained primarily through Seligman’s energies. An attachment as Secretary to R. R. Marett, who was Recorder of Section H—the Anthropology Section—of the British Association, which was meeting in Melbourne in 1914, gave him a free passage to Australia. Malinowski’s situation, with exiguous field resources, was complicated by the outbreak of war, since he was technically an Austrian national. But through the help of his friends, the Australian authorities proved themselves very understanding by allowing him to proceed to carry out his field research in New Guinea. Their liberality was also shown in supplementing his finances by a grant from the Home and Territories Department of the Commonwealth. After traveling to Port Moresby, Malinowski spent the greater part of six months in the Mailu area in the south of New Guinea. A brief visit to the Trobriand Islands off the north-east coast stimulated his interest more and he returned there on two subsequent expeditions of a year each, 1915-16 and 1917-18.

One of Malinowski’s outstanding contributions to the development of social anthropology was the introduction of much more intensive and much more sophisticated methods of field re-

search than had previously been current in his subject.* The many references to his ethnographic work in his diary show his industry. The day after his arrival in New Guinea he had contacted an informant (Ahuia Ova), and the next day he began collecting field data on social structure. Only a fortnight later he noted two basic defects in his approach—he did not observe the people enough, and he did not speak their language. Both of these he tried hard to correct, and his endeavor was the clue to all his later work. The ethnography of the diary consists of references to subjects of talk or observation—taboo, burial rites, stone axes, black magic, dancing, procession with pigs—rather than development of ideas about field questions or theoretical problems. But an occasional note shows these behind the scene. “I asked about the division of land. It would have been useful to find out about the old system of division and to study today’s as a form of adaptation.” This is an early indication of an interest in social change which later developed into a major theme in his work. What the first diary does show is Malinowski’s keen desire to get his early material written up as soon as possible for publication, and in fact his report on *The Natives of Mailu* was ready before the middle of 1915.† One is led to infer that it was in the course of writing up this material (“in fact as I worked out my notes”) that Malinowski came to perceive the significance of many points of field method which he later developed and incorporated into his treatment. The Trobriand account is more vivid—the choosing of the site for the tent, the meeting with old acquaintances, including the chief To’uluwa, and the man “who used to bring me eggs, dressed in a lady’s nightgown”;

* See Phyllis Kaberry, in *Man and Culture*, 1957, pp. 71-91.

† See bibliographical reference in introduction to Index of Native Terms *infra*. Malinowski’s preface was dated June 9th, 1915, from Samarai, when he had already begun his second expedition to New Guinea. (He received the D.Sc. degree from the University of London in 1916 for this publication together with *The Family Among the Australian Aborigines*.)

the making of village plan and census; the amassing of information about *baloma* and *milamila*, about *gimwali* and *sagali*. The references to the *krula* are fascinating to anyone who has followed his analysis of that complex system of exchange of shell tokens of social status, with its economic, political, and ritual overtones.

What an anthropologist may miss particularly in the diary is any detailed account of how Malinowski arrived at the choice of his field problems, why he selected one topic rather than another for investigation at a particular point of time, and whether fresh evidence led him to reshape a hypothesis. Some evidence there is—as when he notes that reading Rivers drew his attention to “problems of the Rivers type,” presumably those of kinship. But on the whole such methodological issues are not pursued in this daily record of his thoughts. Of more interest are Malinowski’s occasional flashes of theoretical observation, such as his remarks on language as a system of social ideas, both instrument and objective creation or on history as “observation of facts in keeping with a certain theory.” These give sign of his concern with issues which were then relatively novel but later became part of the general talk of the academic market place. But if the diary does not dwell either on field methodology or on problems of anthropological theory, it does convey most keenly the reactions of a field anthropologist in an alien society. There he must live as recorder and analyst, but as such he cannot completely share the customs and values of the people, admire or dislike them as he may. The feeling of confinement, the obsessional longing to be back even if for the briefest while in one’s own cultural surroundings, the dejection and doubts about the validity of what one is doing, the desire to escape into a fantasy world of novels or daydreams, the moral compulsion to drag oneself back to the task of field observation—many sensitive fieldworkers have experienced these feelings on

occasion, and they have rarely been better expressed than in this diary. Some emotions, no doubt, have been expressed more violently by Malinowski than they would be felt—or at least stated—by other anthropologists. Most fieldworkers at some time have been bored by their own inquiries, and have been conscious of frustration and exasperation against even their best friends in the field. Few may have been willing to admit this even to themselves. Few perhaps except those as highly strung as Malinowski have cursed the people they were studying as heartily as he did. Yet this revelation of a darker side of the relation of an anthropologist to his human material should not mislead us. Malinowski often used equally violent language about other groups and persons, European and American. He had to explode to get his irritations out of his system and it was almost a point of honor with him not to repress his feelings or curb his tongue. This also should not obscure from us Malinowski's own appreciation of his Trobriand friendships, of which the diary also makes mention. Few anthropologists too would be prepared to write with Malinowski's freedom, even as he did for his own eyes alone, of their sensual lusts and feelings, or to engage in, much less set down, such ribald gestures as singing to a Wagner melody the words "Kiss my ass" to chase away flying witches!

As an ethnographer, Malinowski stood somewhat apart from the government officials, missionaries, and traders who constituted the white society in New Guinea at that time. Consequently, we get from him new and sometimes unexpected shafts of light, though only in passing, upon personalities known usually to us only from more formal literature. His thumbnail sketch of the now almost legendary figure of Sir Hubert Murray, the lieutenant governor and apex of the official pyramid, seems to me very apt, though his remarks about some other acquaintances, including Saville, the missionary who helped him, may be less just. It is significant that Malinowski's capacity for

seeking out meaningful experiences led him as much to the company of some of the pearl buyers in the Trobriands, particularly Raffael Brudo with whom he later stayed in Paris, as to the more official sectors of the white society. Though scanty, his comments on conditions in New Guinea half a century ago are very useful sociological evidence. But it is as a human document rather than as a scientific contribution that Malinowski's diary should be evaluated.

A diary in the ordinary sense can be a simple chronological record of day-to-day events. This is what many people keep, or try to keep, as a kind of *aide-mémoire* to their recollections or as a kind of justification to prove to themselves that the days that have gone by have not been completely wasted. An extension of this kind of diary, seen in the memoirs of generals, ambassadors, and other public figures, may provide interesting, perhaps critical, evidence on the shaping of public affairs. In revealing the doings and sayings of prominent people the record may be all the more attractive to the world at large if the issues mentioned are controversial or touched with scandal. But another kind of diary, much more difficult to write with sincerity, is the expression of a personality through day-to-day commentary on events at least as much in the world of the self as in the world outside. The great diaries of history, if not notable for the light they throw on public events, illumine those private aspects of a personality which can be interpreted as having a general meaning for the student of human character. Their significance lies in the interplay of temperament and circumstance, in the intellectual, emotional, and moral struggles of men or women striving to express themselves, to preserve individuality, and to make headway in the face of the challenges, temptations, and flatteries of the society in which they live. For such a diary to have meaning and impact, literary skill may be less important than force of expression, modesty is probably

less effective than vanity, weakness must be displayed as well as strength, and a kind of brutal frankness is essential. If it is ever published for the common reader to see, the writer must incur criticism as well as appreciation; in justice too he should be given understanding if not compassion.

By these criteria, while this diary of Malinowski's in its purely ethnographic sense cannot be ranked as more than a footnote to anthropological history, it is certainly a revelation of a fascinating and complex personality who had a formative influence on social science. In reading it, one must bear in mind its purpose. I think it is clear that its object was not so much to keep a record of Malinowski's scientific progress and intentions, or to set down the daily events of his studies in the field, as to chart the course of his personal life, emotional as well as intellectual. In the earlier section it would seem that he regarded the periodic chronicle of his thoughts and feelings as a way of helping to organize his life, and to realize its deeper meaning. But in the later section he meant it as an instrument as well as a reference work; he saw it as a means of guiding and indeed rectifying his personality. Part of the reason for this intensified emphasis of the diary as discipline was clearly the relationship he had entered into with the woman who later became his wife. What he writes of E. R. M.'s qualities of character in this diary those who knew her later would confirm, and what shines out in these pages is the depth and sincerity of his love for her and the efforts he continually made to avoid sullyng what he tried to keep as a pure emotional bond. What it meant to him then and as far as one can judge all through their later years is beautifully expressed in the phrase that for him she had "treasures to give and the miraculous power to absolve sins." There seems to have been little that he did not confess to her; in the later diary his relation with her was partly at least responsible for its frankness. To be honest with her as well as with himself was one of Malinowski's prime aims. Yet he did not pursue it consis-

tently, and it was his emotional link with another woman from whom he had not completely broken which accounts for so much of his self-questioning and self-accusation.*

The vividness of some of the descriptions in the diary is very striking, revealing Malinowski's perceptive eye for the color of the New Guinea landscape, and his love of the sea and of sailing. It is very interesting to have these sidelights on his personality. But how far his innermost personal feelings should be exposed must always remain a question. Whatever the answer be it is amply clear that this diary is a moving, human document written by a man who wished to leave himself with no falsity of illusion about his own character. Some passages in it illustrate his emotions, while others mock at them. Some passages show his hypochondria, his continual quest for health, through the pursuit of a mixture of exercise and medicaments. Other passages again may even nowadays offend or shock the reader, and some readers may be impressed as much by the revelation of elements of brutality, even degradation, which the record shows on occasion. My own reflection on this is to advise anyone who wishes to sneer at passages in this diary to be first equally frank in his own thoughts and writings, and then judge again. Malinowski's was a complex personality, and some of his less admirable characteristics come through perhaps more clearly in this diary than do his virtues. If so, this is what he intended because it was his faults and not his virtues which he wished to understand and make clear to himself. Whether or no most of us would wish to emulate his frankness, we should concede its courage.

RAYMOND FIRTH

London

March 1966

* As I understood it much later from him, it was Baldwin Spencer's knowledge and misunderstanding of the overlap in this relation and inept attempt to intervene which led to the breach between him and Malinowski. E. R. M., when Malinowski's wife, apparently shared his views though she spoke of Spencer, who had been an old friend of hers, in more forgiving terms.

NOTE

The problems involved in producing a faithful text from the original handwritten manuscripts have made certain editorial devices necessary. In some cases the handwriting was illegible, and this has been indicated by ellipses in brackets [. . .]; such passages seldom involve more than a word or a short phrase. In other cases, where words or spellings could not be entirely made out, brackets have been used to indicate conjectured readings. Brackets have also been used for ordinary editorial additions for the sake of clarity—as on the first page of text: [Fritz Gräbner [German anthropologist]; or where abbreviations might not be readily understood—as in H[is] E[xcellency]. Parentheses in all cases are the author's. Editorial omissions are indicated in the usual way by ellipses.

As the introduction to an Index of Native Terms explains, the original manuscripts contain many words and phrases from the many languages Malinowski was familiar with. As a matter of added interest, his use of foreign languages has been indicated by printing in the original language in italics all passages not in Polish (including passages in English), with translations supplied in brackets where this seemed necessary.

The detailed maps (of the Mailu area, the *kula* district,

and the Trobriands) are based on maps published in Malinowski's early works under his supervision. Some of the place names are not in agreement with current maps (particularly in orthography), but it seemed preferable to show these areas as they were during the period covered by the diaries.

PART ONE

ΛΛ 1914-1915 ΛΛ



Port Moresby, September 20, 1914. September 1st began a new epoch in my life: an expedition* all on my own to the tropics. On Tuesday, 9.1.14 I went with the British Association as far as Toowoomba. Met Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge.† I chatted with them and he offered his assistance. The falseness of my position and Staś's attempt to "set it right," my taking leave of Désiré Dickinson, my anger with Staś‡ which became a deep resentment that persists even now—all this belongs to the previous epoch, the trip to Australia with the British Assoc. I went back to Brisbane alone in a parlor car reading the Australian *Handbook*. At Brisbane I felt quite deserted and had supper alone. Evenings with [Fritz] Gräbner [German anthropologist] and

* Malinowski's report on this expedition is *The Natives of Mailu: Preliminary Results of the Robert Mond Research Work in British New Guinea, Transactions of the Royal Society of South Australia*, XXXIX, 1915.

† Sir Oliver Lodge, a prominent English physicist, was also interested in religion and psychical research and had published several works attempting to bring together both the scientific and the religious point of view. Since 1900 he had been the principal of the University of Birmingham.

‡ Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz (1885-1939), son of the renowned Polish poet and painter and an artist in his own right, who was a close friend of Malinowski's from boyhood.

Pringsheim, who hope to be able to go back to Germany; we talked about the war. The lobby of the Hotel Daniell, its cheap furniture, its staircase in full view, are closely bound up with my recollections of this period. I recall morning visits to the museum with Pringsheim. Visit to Burns Phelps; a visit to the goldsmith; a meeting with [A. R. Radcliffe-]Brown. . . . On Thursday night I went to see Dr. Douglas,* to say good-by to the Goldings and to give Mrs. Golding a letter for Staś. I returned books to her.

It was a cold moonlit night. As the streetcar went up, I saw the suburb low at the foot of the hill. Afraid I might catch cold. I went for a walk with the doctor's sister, a plump blonde. Then the Goldings arrived. Because I missed the British Assoc., I treated them with a warmth which was not, however, reciprocated. . . . I had a much friendlier evening at the Mayos. Night; rain; after supper I went to the ferry. Still, calm night, the ferry boat suddenly lit up when the moon came out from behind the clouds. I walked to the foot of the hill and lost my way; it began to rain and Mayo came to meet me with an umbrella. Talk about the possible resignation of Seymour, plans for the summer, chance of spending our vacations together, etc. They are immensely charming people. I went back to the tram. Conductor reminded me of Litwiniszyn. Many drunks. All in all I didn't feel well in Brisbane. Strong fear of the tropics; abhorrence of heat and sultriness—a kind of panic fear of encountering heat as terrible as last June and July. I gave myself an injection of arsenic, after sterilizing the syringe in the kitchen.

On Saturday morning (election day) I went to the museum to present a book to the director; then bought medicines (cocaine, morphine, and emetics) and sent a registered letter to Se-

* Probably the Hon. John Douglas, who had been special commissioner for the British Protectorate of New Guinea, 1886-1888.

ligman* and a number of letters to Mother. After paying the exorbitant hotel bill I boarded the ship. Several persons came to see me off. . . . The Mayos stood on the shore; I watched them a long time through binoculars and waved my handkerchief—I felt I was taking leave of civilization. I was fairly depressed, afraid I might not feel equal to the task before me. After lunch I went out on deck. Sailing down the river reminded me of the excursion with Désiré and the other "Assoc's." Eurypides is situated below the gigantic slaughterhouse. Talked with *fellow* passengers. The flat banks of the river broaden suddenly. There were hills all around; land to the west and south; islands to the east. To the northwest, the strange, picturesque forms of the Glasshouse Mountains rise from a plain. I looked at them through binoculars; they reminded me of the Saturday excursion to Blackall Ranges. . . . Earlier I had watched the ship sail beyond the island; the sea got rougher and rougher, the ship pitching more and more. . . . I went to my cabin after dinner and fell asleep after an injection of Alkarsodyl. The next day was spent in my cabin, dozing with a bad headache and general numbness. At night I played cards with Lamb, the captain, and Mrs. McGrath. The next day was better; I read Rivers† and Motu grammar.‡ Got chummy with Taplin and danced with Mrs. McGrath. This state of things persisted. There was a lovely green sea, but I could not see the full sweep of the [Great Barrier]

* G. C. Seligman, the British anthropologist, Malinowski's mentor and author of *The Melanesians of British New Guinea* (1910).

† W. H. R. Rivers, English anthropologist and physiologist, founder of the Cambridge school of experimental psychology. He administered psychological tests to the Melanesians, and developed a method of recording kinship data which became the most important method for collection of data in field work. His work was influential on all field work, including Malinowski's. His *History of Melanesian Society* was published in 1914.

‡ Motu, the language of the Motu (around Port Moresby) and *lingua franca* of the South Massim. Malinowski used a grammar and vocabulary by Rev. W. G. Lawes (1888), the only published work on the language at that time.

Reef. Many little islands along the way. Would have wanted to learn the principles of navigation, but feared the captain. Marvelous moonlit nights. I enjoyed the sea very much; sailing became enormously pleasant. In general, as we left Brisbane, an awareness that I am somebody, one of the more notable passengers aboard. . . .

We left Brisbane Saturday, 9.5.14, arrived Cairns Wednesday, 9.9. The bay was lovely seen in the morning half-light—high mountains on both sides; the bay between cuts deep into a broad valley. The land was flat at the foot of the mountains; at the end of the bay, thick green mangrove forests. Mountains in fog; sheets of rain kept moving down the slopes into the valley and out to sea. Ashore, it was damp with sultry tropical heat, the town small, uninteresting, its people marked with tropical self-conceit. . . . I walked back to the sea and along a beach facing east. A number of quite nice little houses with tropical gardens; enormous purple hibiscus flowers and cascades of bougainvillaea; different brilliant shades of red set against shiny green leaves. Took a few pictures. Walked slowly, feeling very sluggish. [Saw] a camp of aborigines, a mangrove thicket; I talked with a Chinese and an Australian from whom no information whatever could be obtained. . . . That afternoon I read Rivers. At night a bunch of drunks. Visited a drunken Russian and a Pole. Medical consultation at the Russian's. The Russian smuggles birds of paradise. Went back to wait for the "Montoro." Lamb was drunk. I got to the shore with Ferguson and waited there. The "Montoro" came in very slowly. Saw the Haddons,* Balfour,† Mme. Boulanger, Alexander, Miss Crossfield, and Johnson. Once again I was vexed

* Alfred Cort Haddon, English anthropologist and ethnologist, a major figure in anthropology at the time.

† Henry Balfour, F.R.S., British anthropologist and curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford.

and emotionally disappointed. We talked a quarter of an hour, they said good-by, and turned in. I did too. Oh yes, that was the time I made the mistake of reading a Rider Haggard novel. Slept badly that night, and felt rotten on Thursday. The sea was very rough—threw up my breakfast, went to bed and threw up twice more. I spent the evening on deck with the whole company, singing English songs in the dark. Friday, 9.11, the same—couldn't manage anything, not even the Motu grammar. That night I did some packing.

On Saturday, 9.12, arrival in New Guinea. In the morning the mist-covered mountains appeared in the distance. One very high ridge behind the clouds with a number of other ridges below it. Rocky cliffs down to the sea. The wind was quite cold. Off shore a coral reef, the *wreck* of the "Merry England" * to my right. A hill behind which lies Pt. Moresby. I felt very tired and empty inside, so that my first impression was rather vague. We came into the harbor and waited for the doctor, a fat and unpleasant dark-haired man. I left my things in the cabin and went ashore with Mrs. McGrath. Called on Mrs. Ashton, then on Mr. [H. W.] Champion [secretary to the Papuan Government]—telephoned the Governor [Judge J. H. P. Murray, lieutenant governor of British New Guinea]; then Jewell; then Stamford Smith† from 12 to 4; got part of my stuff off the ship and that night turned in very early and slept a long time, though poorly.

Sunday morning, went to Stamford Smith Institute and

* "Merrie England," a government steam yacht which in 1904 had been used in a punitive expedition to the island of Goaribari to avenge the cannibalistic murder in 1901 of two missionaries and ten Kiwai islanders.

† Probably Miles Staniforth Cater Smith, who in 1907 was director of agriculture and mines and commissioner for lands and surveys in Port Moresby, in 1908 was appointed administrator of Papua, and later became the director of agriculture and mines, commissioner for lands and surveys, and dormant administrator. In 1910-1911 he led an exploratory expedition into the area between the Purari River and the Fly-Strickland River system, for which he was awarded the Royal Geographic Society medal.

read Reports there, getting down to work fairly energetically. At 1 o'clock I took a boat to Government House, where the crew of fuzzy-headed savages in government uniforms gave me very much the "sahib" feeling. My over-all mood of the first hours: exhaustion from the long spell of seasickness and the minor heat wave. Rather depressed, barely able to drag myself up the hill to Mrs. Ashton's place. Pt. Moresby struck me as just the kind of place that you hear a lot about and expect a good deal of, but that turns out utterly different. From Mrs. Ashton's veranda, a view straight down a steep slope to the shore, which was covered with pebbles and meager, dried grass and was littered with refuse. The sea has cut out a deep circular bay with a narrow entrance. It lay there calm and blue, reflecting a sky that was at last clear. On the opposite side lay chains of hills, not too high, varied in shape, scorched by the sun. On the near shore, a cone-shaped hill stands at the entrance of another inlet which extends deep inland in twin bays. On the right, the hill close by cuts off the view of the native villages and of Government House, which to me were the most interesting features of the landscape, its quintessence. Along the shore there runs a fairly broad path—past the wireless station, through palm groves, across the narrow beach on which a few clumps of mangrove grow here and there—leading to the native villages. I did not go out there at all my first day. . . .

Sunday the 13th I went (*ut supra*) to Government House. The Governor's nephew met me halfway. The path runs through coconut palms, past a gigantic fig tree; then it turns and bypasses the old Government House to the new one. Governor Murray is a tall, somewhat stooped, broad-shouldered man; very much like Uncle Staszewski. He is pleasant, calm, and a bit stiff, does not come out of his shell. Two half-naked boys served lunch. Afterward, I talked with the Governor and Mrs. De Righi, a kindhearted, horsy Australian woman who treated

me with the deference of a socially inferior person. H[is] E[xcellency] gave me a letter to O'Malley and I called on him in his little house surrounded with palm trees, down below Govt. House. A fat, rather small man, clean-shaven, reminded me a little of Lebowski, only more *en beau*. He sent for Ahuia.* The Governor and Mrs. De Righi joined us and the three of us set out for the village. It was my first sight of it. We all went into Ahuia's little house. A couple of women wearing only short grass skirts. Mrs. Ahuia and Mrs. Goaba wore dresses of mohair cloth. Murray and I talked with Mrs. Ahuia, and Mrs. De Righi with Mrs. Goaba; we examined gourds with lime for chewing betel. Mrs. Goaba gave one to Mrs. De Righi as a present. The four of us walked the length of the village; I caught sight of the *dubu*† built [. . .] in 1904 in Hododae and a few entirely new little houses made of tin, crammed between the old huts. . . . Took leave of the Gov. and Mrs. D. R. The boys from the boat caught up with me. I returned by the boat and tipped them 2/-. It was dark already when I got to the Pratts.‡ Oh yes, the day before at Ryan's§ hotel I had met Bell, who asked me to supper on Monday. Evening at the Pratts'; Bell,|| Stamford Smith, Mrs. Pratt, and the two Pratt daughters. Talk about the young ladies' excursions, about the *boys*, etc.

* Ahuia Ova, a native informant trained in ethnology by Seligman, later carried on his own ethnological work. See F. E. Williams, "The Reminiscences of Ahuia Ova," in *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, LXIX, 1939, pages 11-44; and C. S. Belshaw, "The Last Years of Ahuia Ova," in *Man*, 1951, No. 230.

† Explanation of native terms can be found on pages 306 to 315.

‡ Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pratt. He was a surveyor who had accompanied the Smith expedition.

§ Henry Ryan, assistant resident magistrate, who in 1913 explored the area Smith had intended to explore.

|| Leslie Bell, inspector of native affairs and one of the four European members of the Smith expedition.

On Monday the 14th I went to see Judge Herbert* and borrowed Ahuia for a whole day. Went out with Ahuia and Lohia around 11 o'clock and gathered some information. Then I went to Govt. House and waited a very long time for lunch. Not until about 3 did I get back to the village. There, in Ahuia's house, the old men had gathered to give me information. They squatted in a row along the wall, fuzzy heads on dark torsos, dressed in torn old shirts, patched-up jaegers, and pieces of khaki uniform, while under these civilized clothes peeped out *sihis*, a kind of belt that covers the thighs and adjacent parts of the body. The bamboo pipe circulated rapidly. A little intimidated by this conclave, I sat down at the table and opened a book. Got information concerning *iduhu*, genealogy, asked about the village chief, etc. At sundown the old men left. Lohia and Ahuia stayed. I walked as far as Elevala. It was dark when I got back. Marvelous sunset; it was cold and I was feeling rested. Felt not too distinctly or strongly but surely that a bond was growing up between myself and this landscape. The calm bay was framed in the curving branches of a mangrove tree, which were also reflected in the mirror of the water and on the damp beach. The purple glow in the west penetrated the palm grove and covered the scorched grass with its blaze, slithering over the dark sapphire waters—everything was pervaded with the promise of fruitful work and unexpected success; it seemed a paradise in comparison with the monstrous hell I had expected. On Monday evening, Chignell, a good-natured missionary with absolutely no understanding of the natives but on the whole a likable and cultured person.

On Tuesday I worked with Ahuia at Central Court in the morning; in the afternoon we went to the village. I was given my first coconut drink. . . .

* Judge C. E. Herbert, acting administrator of the Territory of Papua at the time of the Smith expedition.

[On Wednesday] morning I hung around the *duana*. Evening dancing at the McGraths'. Thursday at home with Ahuia. On Friday I went to the village with Ahuia and we planned an excursion into the interior for Saturday. . . . By then I was tired. Went back home, [washed], and spent the evening at the Governor's. Very boring. Old Mrs. Lafirynd and young Miss Herbert, who monopolized Murray.

On Saturday morning I was fairly tired. On horseback to the village. Disappointed by nonappearance of a guide Ahuia had agreed to get for me. Went to see Murray, and he sent for Douna, the missing guide. We rode past villas at Kanadowa, then through a few gardens belonging to the inhabitants of Hanuabada and entered a narrow little valley covered with burned grass and thinly scattered pandanus and small trees of the *Cycas* species. Here and there very strange trees. Feeling of sheer delight at being in so very interesting a part of the tropics. We climbed fairly steeply. Sometimes the mare would not advance a step; in the end I walked to the top, which gave a lovely view of the interior. . . . I rode down past fenced-in native gardens and along a little valley, turning into a transverse valley, with grass higher than my head on horseback. We met Ahuia, saw women with netlike bags; a few naked savages with spears. La Oala, chief of Wahanamona *iduhu*. Fires had been kindled in a few places. Marvelous spectacle. Red, sometimes purple flames crawled up the hillside in narrow ribbons; through the dark blue or sapphire smoke the hillside changes color like a black opal under the glint of its polished surface. From the hillside in front of us the fire went on down into the valley, eating at the tall strong grasses. Roaring like a hurricane of light and heat, it came straight toward us, the wind behind it whipping half-burned bits into the air. Birds and crickets fly past in clouds. I walked right into the flames. Marvelous—some com-

pletely mad catastrophe rushing straight on at me with furious speed.

The hunt achieved no results whatever. [On the way to Ahuia's garden at Hohola I saw native gardens up close for the first time. They were surrounded with fences of sticks; bananas, sugar cane, and taro leaves and [. . .]. There were a few handsome women, particularly one in a violet caftan. I toured Ahuia's garden with him and visited the interiors of the houses. I was sorry I had not brought along tobacco and candy, for it made it harder to make contacts with the people. On my way back I passed natives cutting up a wallaby. Rode through a wood that greatly reminded me of the Australian bush. Occasional eucalyptus trees and cycas amid burnt grass. After several miles I got very tired and my left leg went numb. I made it to the road and was annoyed to learn how far I still was from the town. I could not enjoy the landscape the rest of the way, though it was certainly lovely. The road wound along the hillside amid bushes and palm trees, past some civilized native houses (Malays, Polynesians?). Took it easy back to town (galloped along the beach). At Govt. House I watched tennis and drank beer. Back home on foot, very tired. That night I stayed in and started this diary.

Sunday, 9.19 [*sic*; Sunday was the 20th], I slept late and wrote letters. After dinner, tired, I slept two hours. More letters, and took a short walk down the road to the village. In the evening the devil persuaded me to call on Dr. Simpson. I went in a bad humor and completely torpid, and climbed slowly up the hill. The music there reminded me of many things: some *Rosenkavalier*, some tangos, the "Blue Danube." I tangoed (not too well) and waltzed with Mrs. McGrath. At moments was assailed by blackest depression.

Today, Monday, 9.20.14, I had a strange dream; homosexual, with my own double as partner. Strangely autoerotic

feelings; the impression that I'd like to have a mouth just like mine to kiss, a neck that curves just like mine, a forehead just like mine (seen from the side). I got up tired and collected myself slowly. Went to see Bell with whom I talked about native labor. Then Ahuia at Central Court. After lunch again with Ahuia. Then I reported to O'Malley, with him to McCrann. Back home I wrote to Mother and Halinka. Went up the hill. . . .

Sunday, 9.27. As of yesterday have been here two weeks. I cannot say that I have felt really fit physically. Last Saturday I got overtired on the excursion with Ahuia, and haven't quite recovered since. Insomnia (not too marked), overtaxed heart, and nervousness (especially) seem so far the symptoms. I have the impression that lack of exercise, caused by an easily overtired heart, combined with fairly intensive intellectual work, is at the root of this condition. I must get more exercise, especially in the morning while it is still cool, and in the evening after it gets cool again. Arsenic is indispensable, but I must not exaggerate the quinine. Fifteen *grains* every 9 days should be enough. As for what I am doing, my ethnological explorations absorb me a great deal. But they suffer from two basic defects: (1) I have rather little to do with the savages on the spot, do not observe them enough, and (2) I do not speak their language. This second defect will be hard enough to overcome although I am trying to learn Motu. The extreme beauty out here does not affect me so strongly. In fact, I find the region right around Port Moresby rather dismal. The veranda of my house has a [rattan curtain] around it for 4/5 of [the way], so that my only view of the bay is at the two ends. The ground is stony and pitted, littered with all kinds of refuse. It looks like a dump sloping down to the sea. The houses are surrounded with trellised verandas with openings here and there. However, the sea and the hills

around the bay are marvelous. The effect is extraordinary, particularly on the road to the village where the view is framed by a few palm and mangrove trees. In the morning everything is wrapped in a light mist. The hills can scarcely be seen through it; pale pink shadows projected on a blue screen. The lightly rippled sea shimmers in a thousand tints caught briefly on its continuously moving surface; in shallow spots, amid the turquoise vegetation, you see rich purple stones overgrown with weeds. Where the water is smooth, unruffled by the wind, sky and land are reflected in colors ranging from sapphire to the milky pink shadows of the mist-enveloped hills. Where the wind churns up the surface and blurs the reflections from the depths, from the mountains, and from the sky, the sea glistens with its own deep green, with occasional spots of intense blue. A little later the sun or the wind scatters the mists, and the outlines of the mountains can be seen more distinctly; then the sea turns sapphire in the deep bay, and turquoise along the shallow coast. The sky spreads its blue over everything. But the fantastic shapes of the mountains continue to blaze in full pure colors, as if they were bathing in the azure blue of sky and sea. Not until afternoon do the mists entirely disappear. The shadows on the mountains turn to deep sapphire; the mountains themselves take on a strange ghostly expression, as if some pitch-darkness held them in thrall. They contrast vividly with the perpetually serene sea and sky. Toward evening the sky is covered with a light mist again, diversified by the patterns of feathery clouds which are kindled by the purple glow of the setting sun and arranged in marvelous designs. One day at noon, the smoke of some distant fire saturated the air and everything took on extraordinary pastel shadows. I was terribly tired and could not feast my eyes on the spectacle as much as I wanted to, but it was extraordinary. In general, the character of the landscape is more desert-like than anything else and brings to mind views in the Suez

isthmus. It is a mad orgy of the most intense colors, with I can't say just what strange character of festive, overrefined purity and distinction—the colors of precious stones sparkling in the sunshine.

My life these last few days has been rather monotonous. Tuesday the 21st [*sic*] Ahuia was busy at court all day. I got Igua* to help me unpack. Tuesday evening I felt rotten and had not the slightest desire to go see Dr. Simpson. Wednesday morning, A. was busy from 11 on. In the afternoon I called on O'Malley, who didn't actually have anything interesting to tell me. I met the beautiful Kori whose skin and tattooing I found delightful; a glimpse *des ewig Weiblichen* [of the eternal female] framed in a bronze skin. Thursday morning I spent with Ahuia; in the afternoon I went to the village; very tired. In the evening Bell came and we discussed the *natives*. On Friday morning I met Mr. Hunter,† lunched with him, and in the afternoon we talked; I was frightfully tired and couldn't do a thing. Oh yes, on preceding nights I had developed some photographs; today even this tires me. On Saturday morning Hunter came; once again he was very helpful; then an hour with Ahuia, and after that I went to see Bell, invited myself to lunch at the Governor's, and after lunch I read Tunnell and did some Motu grammar. In the evening I took a walk on Pago Hill—felt a bit stronger; talked with Stamford Smith. Went to bed early. . . . The political events don't bother me; I try not to think about them. I have far-reaching hopes that Poland's lot will improve. As for homesickness, I suffer little enough from it and very egotistically at that. I am still in love with [. . .]—but not consciously, not explicitly; I know her too little. But physically

* A Motuan "cook boy" from Elevala, who went with Malinowski to Mailu and acted as his interpreter.

† Probably Robert Hunter, who had accompanied the Armit-Denton expedition in the 1880's.

—my body longs for her. I think of Mother [. . .] sometimes [. . .].

Mailu, 10.21.14 [*sic*]. Plantation, on the river; Saturday [10.24].

Yesterday a week had passed since my arrival in Mailu. During that time I was much too disorganized. I finished *Vanity Fair*, and read the whole of *Romance*. I couldn't tear myself away; it was as though I had been drugged. Did some work, however, and the results are not bad for only a week, considering the terrible working conditions. I don't care for life with the missionary, particularly because I know I'll have to pay for everything. This man disgusts me with his [white] "superiority," etc. But I must grant that English missionary work has certain favorable aspects. If this man were a German, he would doubtless be downright loathsome. Here the people are treated with a fair amount of decency and liberality. The missionary himself plays cricket with them, and you don't feel that he pushes them around too much.—How differently a man imagines his life from the way it turns out for him! The island is volcanic, surrounded by coral reefs, under an eternally blue sky and in the midst of a sapphire sea. There is a Papuan village right next to the shore, which is strewn with boats. I would imagine life amid palm groves as a perpetual holiday. That was how it struck me looking from the ship. I had a feeling of joy, freedom, happiness. Yet only a few days of it and I was escaping from it to the company of Thackeray's London snobs, following them eagerly around the streets of the big city. I longed to be in Hyde Park, in Bloomsbury—I even enjoy the advertisements in the London newspapers. I am incapable of burying myself in my work, of accepting my voluntary captivity and making the most of it. Now for the events of these past weeks.

Port Moresby. My last entry was Sunday, 9.27. I was under the spell of Tunnell, whom I had been reading for hours on end. I promised myself I would read no novels. For a few days I kept my promise. Then I relapsed. The most important thing that week was my expedition to Laloki [a village near Port Moresby]. Invited by the Governor to dinner on Tuesday—Miss Grimshaw and Mrs. De Righi were there. We planned to leave Thursday, or rather Friday. All that time I had little opportunity to work with Ahuia, for he was busy with the trial of Burnesconi who had hung up a native for five hours. I have no clear recollection of those days; all I know is that I was not concentrating very well. Oh yes, I recall: on Wednesday, dinner at Champion's; before it, visit to the missionary. The Sunday before I went to lunch at the Governor's, Captain Hunter was there and I read Barbey d'Aureville. Ahuia was not at home. I went to see O'Malley; then to the missionary, who took me to the town in a boat. I remember that evening; night was falling on the village; the engine churned and groaned unsteadily under us; it was cold and the fairly heavy sea splashed a good deal. On Wednesday I felt poorly; I took an injection of arsenic and tried to get some rest. Thursday morning Murray sent me a horse with Igua and Douna, who met us in the village; I rode out behind the mission station through a valley covered with gardens, past numerous groups of natives working in the fields or on their way back to the village. Near the spring is a pass from which a beautiful view stretches back to the sea. I rode down the valley—at the foot of the hill a little *clump* of trees with marvelous shade; I felt a longing for tropical vegetation. Then on, down the valley in a raging heat. The same dry *bush*; little cycas trees and pandanus—the former resemble woody ferns, the latter with fantastic fuzzy heads [. . .]—they relieve the far from exotic monotony of the dried-up eucalyptus trees. The grass is dried up, bronze-colored. The strong light seeps in ev-

erywhere, giving the landscape a strange starkness and sobriety which in the end becomes very tiresome. Here and there spots of greener green whenever you approach moisture—a dried-up creek—or come to better soil. Vaigana Creek winds through the scorched plain like a green snake, cutting a swath of luxuriant vegetation. Lunch; Ahuia gave me some information about the boundaries of the various territories. We rode on (after taking two photographs) across the plain. Ahuia showed me the demarcation line, the boundary between two territories; it runs in a straight line, without any natural basis. We rode up a hill. I went to the top with Ahuia and drew a map—he made a sketch. Before me was the plain traversed by Vaigana Creek, to the right dried-up swamps, behind them the Baruni Hills. In the distant background, a range of hills extending right down to Port Moresby bay. Had a hard time getting the map right. We rode down along a narrow valley. To the left were fields of tall bronze grass that kept turning crimson and violet, waving and shimmering in the sun like velvet caressed by an invisible hand. Ahuia organized a little hunt. We entered the thicket of Agure Tabu—a murky little river dragging on sluggishly between the trees; I saw a sago for the first time. A. told me that a prayer is said on such occasions, and that it is dangerous to drink this water or to eat the fruit of the sago or the other plants that grow here. We came to a jungle that extends in a narrow strip on both sides of Laloki. There were monumental *ilimo* trees—on their very broad bases they rise to tremendous heights—and magnificent climbing plants. . . . We forded a river with tall rushes. Then on the other side we rode along a path lined with tall trees, climbing plants, and bushes. To my right was the river; to my left gardens were visible now and then. A little settlement on the riverbank with four little houses around a clearing of smoothed, dried earth. In the middle was a little tree with purple berries turning into a marvelous vermilion. A few na-

tives; children roaming in the square among pigs. We walked through a garden where bananas, tomatoes, and tobacco were growing, and back to the river. There A. was stalking an alligator—in vain. I picked my way back along the bank, the sharp spikes of loxa cane tearing my shoes. At home, I sat and talked with Goaba and Igua.

Next day (Friday) I got up early, but too late to hear the speech and cry marking the beginning of the hunt. Went with A. to the other side of the river, where natives from Vabukori were sitting. Oh yes, I had been there the previous evening. On a platform, wallabies were being smoked over a fire. Bed of dried banana leaves, sticks on supports for head rests. Women boiled food in petroleum cans. The hastily built platforms that serve as pantry and storeroom are interesting. I took a picture of some platforms with wallabies. The Governor arrived. Photographs of hunters with nets and with bows and arrows. We walked across a garden, then through grass, around the village, through the woods, past a pond with violet lotuses. We stopped at the edge of the woods; I went right over toward the nets and sat down with two natives. The flames were not as beautiful as in the hunters' fire I had seen earlier; not much of it could be seen, mostly a great deal of smoke. The wind blew in front of the fire, and there was a strong crackling noise. One wallaby ran into the net, overturned it, and fled back into the woods. I didn't manage to get a picture. One was killed to our right. A. killed a *boroma*. We went back through the scorched area. Monstrous heat and smoke. Lunch with the Governor and Mrs. D. R.; conversation about sports. They left early, at 2. I stayed. Then to bed. . . .

Next morning (Saturday) I got up fairly late and went with Goaba and Douna out to the gardens. I observed the digging and wrapping of banana trees, then pursuit of a [deer]. Siesta under a mango tree; I took pictures of some women. Had lunch (papaya); slept. Afterward I bathed in the river—very

pleasant—then walked in the woods. Marvelous secluded spots and natural bowers. One enormous tree trunk had supports like flying buttresses—an *ilimo* tree. We came to a clearing where a group of natives sat around cutting up wallaby meat and roasting it. First they cut open the belly and throw away the [viscera]; then they roast it skin and all. Yellow smoke rose in the air and made its way into the woods. We went back, heard wallabies running away. A. already back. We had a talk (the day before we had a talk about children's games, but unfortunately I didn't take notes).

On Sunday we got an early start back, returned the way we had come, as far as the ford, then cut across Agure Tabu and went on foot over a fairly long stretch of plain, as far as a tall mound covered with ashes, a little like a [wall]. At the foot of it we made another turn where we could see plantations where they grow Mexican hemp (*sisal*). I made another sketch from a little hill. Lovely view of the mountains, Hornbrow Bluff and Mt. Lawes. Suddenly I felt very tired. I rode on, dozing quietly. A. shot and killed a wallaby. When we reached Hohola I was very tired. Terribly annoyed by the fact that N & G apparatus was out of order. We took statements from the bailiff of Hohola (chief of Uhadi *iduhu*) about conditions that formerly prevailed among the Koitapuasans. Rest of the way home as before. At Pt. Moresby I found an invitation to tea from Mrs. Dubois whose husband (a Frenchman) strikes me as intelligent and pleasant; we talked about the Motu language. Spent the evening at home.

Monday, 10.5., I worked with A. and telephoned Murray. Did not go to see him until Wednesday (?). Moments of severe moral collapse. Once again I read. Fits of dejection. For instance, when reading Candler about India and his return to London, I was overcome with a longing for London, for N., how I lived there the first year in Saville St. and later in Upper Mary-

lebone St. I find myself thinking about *T*.* often, very often. The break still seems to me extremely painful, a sudden transition from bright sunlight to deep shadow. In my mind's eye, I go over and over the moments at Windsor and after my return, my complete certainty and feeling of security. My serious plans, made several times, for living with her permanently. The actual break—from Saturday, 3.28, until Wednesday, 4.1, and then my vacillation—Thursday night, Friday, Saturday, going round in circles—all this keeps coming back, painfully. I am still in love with her. I also keep remembering the later times after I came back from Cracow.

I rarely think about the war; the lack of detail in the reports makes it easy to take the whole thing lightly. From time to time I take up the art of dancing, trying to instill the tango into Miss Ashton's mind and heart. Beautiful moonlit nights on the veranda at Mr. and Mrs. McGrath's—I am filled with dislike for these ordinary people who are incapable of finding a glimmer of poetry in certain things which fill me with exaltation. My reaction to the heat is varied: sometimes I suffer a great deal—never as much as on the "Orsova" † or in Colombo and Kandy. At other times I bear up very well. Physically I am not very strong, but intellectually I am not too dulled. I sleep well as a rule. I have a good appetite. There are moments of exhaustion, the same as in England; still I feel decidedly better than that hot summer, at the time of the coronation.

A typical day: get up late in the morning and shave; go to breakfast with a book in my hand. I sit opposite Vroland and Jackson. I get ready and go to C[entral] Court; there with Ahuia, to whom I give cigarettes. Then lunch; siesta; then to the village. Evening at home. Never have been to Hanuabada in the

* These initials in the manuscript are actually an *n* and a *t* in a circle. Italic initials are used throughout to denote this symbol.

† Perhaps a reference to his voyage to Australia, via Suez and the Red Sea, in the summer of 1914.