

to find a place to wash. We were unsuccessful in finding any-  
 place private --- we couldn't even find a place to go to the  
 bathroom. (In fact, this was one of our greatest anthropological  
 disappointments: we never did find out on this trip where one  
 acceptably goes to the bathroom. The towns are pristine... we  
 later learned that one goes on a large leaf and throws the re-  
 sult into the jungle.) As we came back to the house we met Andre  
 who took us to meet a boy who was Oskar's older brother. Together  
 they took us to a washing place far out on the edge of town that  
 was said to belong to the granman --- his washing place. There  
 we swam and it felt wonderful. Coming back to the central part  
 of the village around mid-morning we walked around the town  
 trying to find something to do. As we approached the boat dock  
 we saw a group of people embarking on a boat. Oskar, his sister  
 (Elenda), the Bobbsy twins Norda and Sylvia (whom we later  
 christened 'toad'), the little funny boatman, Aukie and Percy  
 (the town guy who sang Kawina), Shakus, the basha from Santigrón,  
 and some others all said they were going ~~to Santigrón~~ 'tapse:'  
 and invited us to go along. They were, it turned out, going to  
 look at some of the villages up river, more or less like tourists.  
 We jumped in (luckily I had my camera) and off we went.

Our first stop was the second (or, if you count Te Vrede,  
 which is connected with granmankondre by a path and is the site  
 of the granman's wife's new house, the third) village upriver  
 from Posugrunu. It was called Piyeti, and a huge crowd of young  
 people stood by the dock to greet us as we came in. This was the  
 boatman's own town. The procedure in visiting in such parties  
 was fairly standard. Whoever was in charge (in this case, the  
 boatman, Oskar and the basha from Santigrón) walked into the  
 village and asked an old man to find the kapten or the baxa.  
 This man then welcomed us and took us around the village a bit,  
 finally entertaining us in some way. In Piyeti the ~~gran~~ people  
 seemed to be related to the granman's wife. The town was fairly  
 dense and extremely clean, with orange trees and tangerines all  
 about. As we wandered around we were met by a man called ~~Re~~  
 Richinel Adams who was a swagri to the granman, and very  
 friendly. The Adams became our closest friends during our stay,  
 frequently paddling down to visit us in Posugrunu. They invited  
 us up to their house (along with Oskar and his girlish entourage--  
 Oskar himself was of course well-known to everyone) where they  
 served us beer and peppermint candies. This man was relatively  
 prosperous it seemed because he had a treadle-sewing-machine.  
 (The Prices later informed us that these machines are surrounded  
 by taboos out in Saramacca). It didn't work, however, and Leslie  
 was asked to fix it if she knew how. We didn't. After we had fin-  
 ished the beer we went outside to the ~~ka~~ kuttu osu (meeting  
 house) where all the officials of the town were gathered around  
 drinking. We observed a common pattern here, too: there were only  
 one or two glasses and several bottles. Drinkpourers would serve  
 people (in no particular observable order) who would then be  
 obliged to drain their glasses to free them for the next person.  
 We drank up and started back to the boats, but not before Reggie  
 Adams had had me make several photographs of him with Leslie,  
 with his wife (Adwina Bettorina) etc., and given us a pile of  
 oranges and citrus fruits to carry home with us.

Next we went to Sukibaka, where the officials came out to  
 greet us. The kapten took the whole party up to his house, and  
 sat everyone down by a cookhouse, got out his Apintie and started  
 to play. Oskar scrambled up a coconut tree and we all drank milk  
 and some sort of local rum. Then the kapten played for a bit  
 and two little girls did a rudimentary banja dance.

100 guilder deposit.

If we take it 3 days, John & Leslie can go to Mount Denali on Saturday night.

3 day

2 day =

1 day =

62.50  
 52.50  
 10.00

65  
 35.00  
 20.00  
 20.00

67.50  
 40.00  
 10.00  
 17.50  
 John  
 from 200

300 ft. tip → 30 liters of gas = 10.00 guilders

extra charge per km. 20

includes 100 free km.

17.50

Daily cost

July 11

We now embark on the section of the summer that especially concerns Saramacca things. I decided that I would try to investigate, as a broader problem than just ethnomusicological description of somebody's music, the changes taking place in parts of the Bush Negro communities... places like Paramam where workers stay, the city suburbs where Bush Negroes holding city jobs are, and in the new villages near Brokopondo where ~~the~~ about 4,000 Saramaccas who were moved down the river have resettled. Earleir in the week Leslie and I rode out to Paramam on the bike to see if we could locate Bush Negroes living there. We weren't too successful and it turned out later that we had missed the main concentration of Bush Negroes who live in camps along the river there. (We saw them later with Rich and Sally.) So on this day and the next few we went to visit Fransina Landfeld at her house on the outskirts of Paramaribo as well as Oskar and Andre at their house on Groenahartstraat. Both places are fairly well furnished city houses stocked with appliances. (Oskar has a TV a refrigerator and a stove.) Mrs Landfeld lives with her sister, her man (a town Creole) and millions of children, the most important of which at present are two school age daughters whom she is seeing through school. She has said that when they finish (after another year) she wants to go back to her Spanasi / where food is easier to come by and life is generally better. In these notes I will mostly record words and expressions that I learned during this long and very frustrating period until the 17th.

|              |  |
|--------------|--|
| furyari oso  | birthday party   |
| keyst 'yorka | ghost, spirit (of dead ancestor) (S: yooka)                    |
| dorodoro     | completely   |
| sko:tu       | cop, policeman (S: sikótu)                                     |
| bre:ti       | glad, happy (mi bre:ti f' si yu)                               |
| kê'          | S: want      mè kê = Mi án kê 4 I don't want (it) I don't care |
| mi nángó ómi | m' e go, man (I'm going now, man)                              |

July 14

Oskar decided to visit, one day later than planned. We talked about the deficiencies of /foto libi/ (especially the lack of fresh game), about his meeting his wife at school in town, about the duties of the granman (riding up and down the river to see that everything goes right), about his upcoming work in Kwakoepron as obsector, and about his becoming granman later. The Prices express some scepticism about whether or not he (or anyone) can be a granman-designate, but he seems to be.

July 15

Rich and Sally arrive and we plan a trip on Thursday to Brownsweeg and area. We cancel our plans to go with Jap and B. to Marewijne.

July 16 &amp; 17

I started going around trying to prepare myself for my trip to a Saramacca village, even though warned that things would probably be very different. I went to the Taal Bureau and procured Voorhoeve's Saramacca wordlist, and I again called on the Landfeld's to learn a few more words. I also made arrangements to rent a car etc. for Rich's part on the trip was to visit as many places as possible.

|                    |                                   |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|
| gx yasi            | coat                              |
| mátu               | the bush (mi nango a mátu)        |
| kiní               | knee (foto: kindí)                |
| a baáka mób de óto | she's blacker than the others     |
| báu sê (básu sê)   | downriver (vs. líba sê: up-river) |
| gaáman             | granman                           |
| ofándji            | machete (F: o:ru)                 |
| fáka               | knife (F: néfi)                   |
| matjáu             | axe (F: áksi)                     |

July 18

We went to get the car around 7 and left for the Brokopondo area. We were carrying hammocks, Rich and Sally's cooking equipment, some rice, a live chicken (purchased at the market for Sfl 3.50), and some gifts that Rich and Sally were taking 7... mostly cloth. Rich meanwhile told me as much as he could about various things in Saramacca. Needless to say he knows a lot. Mostly he told me about spirits of various kinds (gdds) and kúnu, and burials, etc. etc. He also detailed a little about the history of the floysi-kondre or migration camps to which the Sarama cas had moved after the dam flooded their vilalges. The first place we stopped was Klass kreek (or Kass kifki) which was settled by people from Ganzee, the most educated of all S villages--- with more than one hundred years of schools and missionaries in their village. Rich was somewhat disparaging about their S-hood, though later evidence has turned up very much ~~ex~~ more S ways in Ganzee than was expected. We drove well into the village, which is quite large, and parked by the soccer field. There we saw a couple of old men sitting, and Rich approached them just to make conversation. Our major attraction at this time was being with two ~~mix~~ whites who spoke Saramacca ... one of the men turned out to be a basia from the section of Ganzee which lived in Brownsweg. We were asked to carry a message to thae captain over there: that guamba pená táxix kif mi (lavk of meat kills me) --- so that they should send some game over. We stayed for some time, and then drove on, feeling fairly certain that we would find some place to stay in brownsweg.

We came next to Brokopondo, where we stopped to visit a friend of the Prices. There is a Saramacca compound there on the dirtrikt headcity with only a few especially neat houses. From Brokopondo we drove to Belen, a small village that was below the dam -- atraditional village, not a new one ---and not flooded. There has been considerable contact with outsiders there, however, with factories all around and many tourists co ing there from Brokopondo. It is up on a hill with traditional houses etc., but only a few pretty ones. R&S ~~xxxx~~ sp"ke disparagingly about the filth just siting around the village -- something that wouldn't be allowed, they said, up river.