

June 19

This is the first day of field notes, and I hope there will be many more. So far my Surinam time has been extremely frustrating. But today I have made my first truly useful contact (it has taken a week) and so things may progress. We found ourselves an acceptable hotel not far from the center of Paramaribo (Hotel Sans Souci (sic), Prins Hendrikstraat 11, Tel 3580, Mrs. Leefstand), from which Leslie can Chinese to her heart's content.

We made several official contacts early in our first week, and though officials were anxious to help they have been slow in putting me in contact with Bush Negroes. (Leslie has met all the important Chinese, however, and seems to have a good beginning.) For future reference I will record the names of people who have been helpful to some degree:

USA Vice-Consul (Ted) Van Gilder --- a self-styled sociologist who had lots to say about Chinese, considers Amer-Indians to be 'marginal', and is busily collating data for some sort of survey of sociological and anthropological literature of interest to the State Department; he also referred us to:

Director, Ministry of General Affairs (Alg. Zaken) Van Der Geld --- who got right on the phone to establish contacts for us. A very helpful man.

District Commissioner Michels, of Suriname District, gave us an audience of about 2½ hours. He told us lots of stories about his travels and seemed extremely ~~sym~~ simpatico; the suspicions that I had heard he held towards anthropologists seem to have evaporated: he had much praise for Rich and Sally Price.

George (Bueno de) Mesquita --- a private citizen, gas station manager, and member of one of the old Jewish families, took us around in his car, after accosting us in Kersten lunchroom. Only slightly bigoted white man.

Mr. Jap Tjoen San --- liaison man between the Suriname ministry of foreign affairs and UN Technical Assistance, and father of Glenda (Mei-Ling) who was given us in charge by Van Der Geld --- half-Chinese with excellent Chinese contacts. He has had more trouble in helping me.

In any case, I have today arranged to rent a motorbike for 30 guilders a month, and been to Hun kombe (njoen kombe), which is the government-run hostel where bush negroes and amer-indians can stay when they come into Paramaribo. I expect to go back and work there for a few days, especially to improve my Sranan.

My first inclination was to try to work in Paranam or Biliton, two big bauxite plants about 30 km south of the city, where there are large, semi-permanent settlements of Bush Negro laborers. Mesquita took us for a ride down to Paranam fairly late one afternoon, and though I couldn't see much I was aware that there were quite a lot of fairly primitive huts (all with TV's!) along the road. There were evidently two ~~nig~~ shifts for laborers each day, so I expect to be able to find people thereabouts all day. To implement this plan, however, I thought it would be good to have a small motor-bike to make the trip; I don't like to be dependent on buses. This week I plan to make a foray again.

Meanwhile, however, I have been to the hostel. I was there at about 10:30 AM and there were very few men about. Each group is housed in separate dormitory-like rooms: Trio Indians, Guyana Indians, Arawak Indians, Saramacca BN's, and more. The women were sitting with their kids, evidently doing nothing. One uniformed attendant took me around; he was called Cornelis Waterberg, and he seemed willing to help me learn taki-taki. Unfortunately, I'm terrible, and I can't say anything. Here are a few useful (??) phrases that I have learned.

n stands for ñ; and c stands for č, and x stands for š

Fa yu tan? How are you? (How do you stand?)
 Mi de bu(n). I am well.
 Olati x y' e kon? When (lit. how late) are you coming?
~~Mamni~~ Omeni Ho many...
 ayti holo eight guilders.

Car' a pkin watra kon gi mi. Bring me a small drink of water.
 jonsro Just now

pre: poku play instrumental music
 nun kombe new kmobe -- the government hostel
 sroto lock
 oto car
 iniwan whosoever
 amaka hammock
 boto boat
 parboto small (canoe) boat
 pari paddle
 gaña (hemp) a piece of junk
 a wan gaña --- it's a piece of junk

opolanã =
 fligmaxin airplane
 konkru gossip, chatter
 konkrate: telephone (gossip wire)
 todo prasoro mushroom (toad's umbrella)
 agu meti pork (hog meat)
 ko: meti beef
 furfe:ri terrible, disgusting
 no fe:r mi don't mother me (fe:r lit. file)
 sarasara shrimp

mi wan yu f' kon I want you to come
 san sortu what kind of...
 san buku what sort of book
 sort' buku

wat' ten (wat tej) what time....
 muyé ~~wamni~~ woman (from mujer), implies mistress
 ferstand understand

The language is ridiculously like baby-talk; but it has a fairly impressive expressive power, and the words are not easily guessable in all cases.

Fode:wroko, June 20

I went about 10 to Nun kombe: and tried to clarify the invitation to a granman's wedding which had been made the day before. Evidently Aboni, the granman of the Mortuariers --- a Bush Negro tribe who live along the Saramacca River --- is a Christian, and is getting married on July 3rd. The officials who run the Nun kombe/ are invited. In fact, they are in charge of inviting the various white dignitaries (and Creoles, of course,) who ought to be invited to such an occasion. Cornelis gave me a fancy, official invitation. A party led by Cornelis will set out on June 28 by train and canoe. They will take food along; evidently I will need hammock, mosquito nets, malaria pills, swimming suit; they assured me, too, that I could carry my tape recorder and a camera with many rolls of film. The stay will be about ten days; granman weddings are big things (especially when the granman is a Christian and can take only one wife!) and people from all the villages of this tribe will be in Pusugrunu for the occasion. I will get to hear quite a lot of music in a short time; and perhaps I can meet some people who will be able to work with me in the future not so far in the interior. The foods to be carried include

fisi	fish
gruntu	greens
eksi	eggs
ale:si	rice

I was told that Cornelis would /bori/ (cook; from 'boil'). The items to bring include:

amaka	hammock
krambu	net
swem-bruku	swimming-trunks

The officials spent some time helping me with my Sranan and testing out my comprehension, which has improved somewhat since yesterday. I was told about further differences in vocabulary and idiom between the Sranan of town people and what people call loosely 'Djuka-tal' or Bush-Negro language. A vocabulary difference would be

moy	pretty (from the Dutch), good, etc.
anso	(handsome) --- the word used by B*N's

An idiomatic sort of difference is, for example

pe yu libi	where do you live? (asked in town)
sort kɔndre f' yu	

what ~~xxxxxxx~~ country is yours? (to be asked of Bush Negroes: what tribe do you belong to? what is your village?)

There are, of course, larger differences. Saramacca language is a sort of bastardized form of the town Sranan to judge by the vocabulary lists I have seen. An interesting implication of all this is, not only that you can identify a bushnegro by his speech, but that to carry on meaningful exchanges you must, in some situations, know in advance that a man is a Bush Negro. Creoles and town people generally claim to be able to tell a Bush Negro from other people. Mewquita claims they are 'blacker.' Jap says that they have different facial characteristics. My best clues are clothes: many Bush Negroes I see wear sandals, or funny hats, or extremely bright colors. Bush Negro women tie their hair up in a distinctive style (and many have tattoo scars). A further question: one language expressing different forms of life in, e.g., etiquette, greetings. Schoolchildren whose school-language is Dutch talk between classes in Sranan 'because it's easier.'

The administrative details of the government hostel would be interesting to study. While I was in the office several people were sent off to the hospital, and one Indian came back from the hospital with a note saying that he was to be sent home. He had no money so the officials were arranging for him to get /pasasi/ or /okasi/ (permission, occasion) or a free bus ride out towards where he lives. One woman came in with a very sick looking baby and with her hair cut very short. They called her over and explained to me that she had cut all her hair off recently because of a death in the family. (She was a bush Negro.)

a koti ala w:iri she cuts (off) all here hair
 In the hut there I also wrote down the following expressions:

sula	waterfall, rapids
a bunu so?	is it allright like that
gran taji f' yu	the bush equivalent of 'many thanks'
esi	in town more often people say: danke quick (easy?) (not /e:si/ which is 'ice' and 'hoist') (similarly contrast /ale:si/ (rice) with /a lesi/ (he is lazy) xxxxxx and /a le:si/ (he xxxxxx reads))
doj (also bogo)	drum (/apinti/ is also the name of a kind of drum)
frifri	fly (the bug)
xxxxxx	
sremnefi	razor (lit: scratch-knife)
krabu barba	shave beard (scratch beard)

Afetr awhile I asked if I could go /koiri/ and talk with some of the people in the camp. The hostel is arranged in a long narrow plot of land, with a series of long buildings down one side, arranged into compartments, and an open building for cooking on the other side --- with a long corridor-like walkway down the middle. As you go into the compound various Indians are housed first and then three tribes of Bush Negroes. During the day, it seems, very few men are around; some men sit on benches near the entrance, but I haven't yet approached them.

Everyone watched me more or less disinterestedly as I walked back. I finally saw an old man sitting alone, wearing some sort of felt hat and sneakers, so I introduced myself as best I could and sat down next to him. Probably terribly rude, but I didn't know how else to show that I wanted to be ~~fix~~ friendly. I didn't understand either his name or his village (he was sitting among Saramaccas), and he said he was in town just to buy things. He said he would remain until next Tuesday and that he hadn't brought anything to sell. After several long and painful silences I asked what all the people who were /na foto/ (in the city) were doing there-- i.e., those at the hostel. He listed the following possibilities:

de' kon f' meki pkin na at'oso	(they come to have babies at the hospital)
tra sma kon a siki	(other people come because they are sick)
tra sma kon a bay sani	(other people come to buy things)
de' cari pkin bigi go a skoro	(they bring their older children to school)
suma suku wroko	(some look for work)
de' kan tan feyfi siksi mun wroko	(they can stay for five or six months working)

I had understood that people could only remain for two weeks at a time in the hostel, but this does not seem to be the case.

Men who are in the camp mostly gather out near the front gate, while the women and children remain by the compound buildings. Water is provided and they wash clothes and bodies; and they cook.

a way ale:si she Fans rice (i.e., cleans it by shaking it on a plate in the wind.)

I also saw several little boys playing a game that looked to me like simulated fishing. They had objects tied on strings (like a decapitated doll's head) which they threw out in front of them as far as the strings would reach. Then they pulled in the lines and started again...

The man with whom I was talking turned out to speak some English ('I come to go buy things') which he had learned someplace other than at Brokopondo (working with American dam builders.) He tried to explain that he learned from other Americans, but I didn't find out in what context. Perhaps at Paranam?

Stranger still, a little later another man came up dressed in Western clothes, a metal helmet and sunglasses but with a definitely Amer-Indian face. He accosted this man and started to speak in French! They carried on a very articulate conversation. The newcomer was trying to recruit my man to work in French Guiana; he detailed the different pay scales and the more advantageous working conditions. After he left I continued to talk with my Bush Negro in French. He spoke relatively well, though a listener would have a hard time telling from his accent what language he was speaking. The Indian, he told me, was not from French Guiana himself but from Albina, which is more or less a border town. Lots of Bush Negroes work there (and in fact they are first class smugglers across that border...~~the~~ several tribes have branches in French Guiana.)

After awhile the rains came after which I went home and typed notes. In the evening Leslie and I were picked up by Sammy Chou (...) who took us to the more progressive Chinese Association's club... a sort of sports center. I played some basketball and Leslie and I watched some dragon-dance instruction. I also watched a Creole Kawina band ---a sort of calypso-like drum and percussion band with a conga drum, two small adjustable head drums, maracas, and two large long rattles, singers and a small cluster of girlfriends who swayed attractively. Unfortunately I didn't have my tape-recorder, but another opportunity will come. The music is definitely Trinidadian.

With one of the Chinese men I learned quite a lot of Sranan parts of which I will record here.

eri	whole, a whole lot
furu sma	many people (lit. full (of) p..)
patapata	wooden slippers, & tennis shoes!
s:u (susu)	shoes (including my sandals)
e muyluk	it is difficult, hard
e kraga traja	
bosi	kiss, hug
waran	warm
faya	hot (fire)
alen	rain
	alen e kon, hebi alen e kon
sturu	chair
	leni mi yu sturu: lend me your chair
baja	bench
alen ba	(really: alen kabá) the rain is finished
krutu:	meeting, conference (a much used word)
olaja=omenlaja	how long

ete ete	yet
	mi no ab' pkin ete (I don't have children yet)
be:na	almost (a Dutch word) a no miti tu yari ete (almost two years: lit. it doesn't meet two years yet) --- answer to the question "how long have you been married)
te:go	forever, eternally
sekrepatu	turtle (they eat it in the bush)
{ a e go kond' yu	untranslatable idiom: roughly: you can't escape it, it will happen to you
{ a e go sor' yu	
lagadisya	lizard (they atitit too)
a wenče moy no hel	a proverb, with a confused meaning. A wench pretty like hell (??)
a uma kaksı	another expression: the woman is a shrew (lit: she is cocky, pugnacious)
ba suku, ba feni, ba čari	proverb: gaxsaxax if you have searched, you have found, and you have carried it. (if you make your bed you have to sleep in it; or, don't look for trouble..??)
wanwen te:	so so
at'oso	hospital (from ati oso: hurt house) ati - hat ati - heart (also/hati/)
a wan xen (šen)	that's a shame: you should be ashamed!

Freda, twenti na wan Yuni (June 21)

I went with Jap to investigate hammock prices. We can get fairly good cloth hammocks at between 12-16 guilders, with suitable mosquito nets for about 4.50. He dropped me at Nun Kōmbe, where everyone greeted me happily. I was not able to find out exactly whether or not we ~~sh~~ will be picked up when we leave on the trip to the interior. We will be coming back from Coronie on thr 26th; and as plans now stand we will leave for the wedding the 28th.

Cornelis greeted me with
i de: no

which he said meant /yu de bun/, or 'are you well?' This must be a bush greeting, and the answer is 'ay' or 'aya' which is a sort of filler word signifying general assent. He also clarified our travel plans somewhat:

wi tek' oto go na tren go na Kwakagrun
(we take a car to go to th train to go to Kwakagrun).

This time I decided to approach the men who sit on benches near the gate. Mostly they are fairly old, though young men coming in and out stop occasionally; and women passing out of the camp often stop to converse.

I have noticed that, at least in the camp, there is no sort of greeting expected. People do not shake hands freely; they occasionally nod. Bush Negroes do not volunteer their names. or at least not to me in that context. If I approach a group of men they start talking about me but do not include me in the conversation unless I make some overt introductory move (such as extending my hand --- probably an extremely rude gesture.) In any case I introduced myself to several men who were sitting by

the gate. One of these later turned out to be a Captain of a village called Tot Kampu or Toti Kampu. (In fact, all the bush negroes I talked to in this little period are from there; and Cornelis calls it 'mi kondre.') They spent some leantime discussing my sandals. Those rubber things are called teptepi susu

but sandals have no special name. One man began telling me the different Bush Negro tribes and their granmen. They were

Okanis	granman Gason
Saramakan	Aboykoni
Matawari	Abone; (the one we will see)
Pamakan	Postu (live on Tapamaoni-liba)
Aluku	Toleja

I may well have misunderstood how these groupings go.

As we were talking a group of women carrying large baskets set out from the camp, and they explained

dati de gwe (those, they go away)
go na oso (to their houses)

Presumably the people who live on the Suriname river take busses as far south as they can.

The men mostly sat watching the people go in and out, conversing on various subjects. The Bush Negroes speak a modified form of taki-taki among themselves. I could understand more than isolated words only when they spoke directly to me --- then they used the town language. When one man is speaking and another listening, the listener says 'aya..' during each of the speaker's pauses. A man brought a cart by with some sickly beverages and selling peanuts (/pinda/); no one who bought anything offered it around. People speaking to one another did not look each other in the eye but stared around absently. One man with a massive bump on his head and vaguely inimical expression was introduced as a /gran gaduman/, which presumably is a great magician. He lurked around watching everything. I could not get people to be more specific about their stay in Paramaribo than to say that they were there to buy things; although women admitted having been there as long as four weeks. One explanation was offered when I asked about Amer-Indians: why were they there?

ala tu de: wan datra e non
(every other day a doctor comes) (to the camp)
yu pkin siki, Cari en kon a datra
(if your baby is sick, you bring him to the doctor)
muji old woman
uma = huma younger woman
odi howdy (a greeting)

Most of the men seemed to have some sort of government connections, since the word /lanti/ (govern,ent) appeared often. One man told me

mi du sak naja a lanti
(I do ? (things?) with the government)

I asked about music and was told

tide: de' n' e pre: (today they aren't playing)
te a de: de a prisiri da de pe: (when they make marry,
then they play) (this man omitted ~~xxxx~~
r's when he talked)

I was further told that indians (busi indi) do something called meki lanti -- which I don't understand.

About noon it got very hot so I came home. I found that unfortunately our motor bike was not ready. In fact, no one had started to get it ready. Somewe may still be walking until after the trip to the interior.

June 22, Saturday

The most notable event of the day was my noon conversation with Commissioner Michels. He told me to meet him in his house which is right next door to the building in which he has his office. I went ostensibly to find out what sorts of provisions we should carry into the bush. He was pleased to hear that I had been invited to see Abone's wedding; he said he himself might accompany the Prime Minister (by plane, of course). And he told me that Cornelis Waterberg is himself a Bush Negro from Toti Kampu (making him an Okanis --- Toti Kampu is near Santigrón) who is usually called Bebe. Thus, he said, we could expect a very competently run trip. He advised us to carry hammocks and nets (to guard not only against mosquitoes but also against blood-sucking bats), paregoric or equivalent chemical, crackers and peanut butter, bathing suits, plastic bags to carry camera and tape recorder. Many things, after all, are lost from canoes in the /sula/ or waterfall/rapids. He further advised that we obey all instructions given by the boatmen; to wit, if they say get out and walk, do it! (People who have tried to ride the rapids have often been thrown in.) If they say jump, jump!

Michels also lectured by example on the lack of privacy among Bush Negroes. (We later found that there is privacy of sorts, though not of the kind one experiences in Zinacantan, for instance.) He got me particularly excited about going. As for music he led me to believe that the Matuwari, having been long ago Christianized, were unlikely to have drums of any sort--- the Moravian brothers consider drums unnecessarily pagan. In fact, though the Matuwari are very extremely Christian, they do have drums, and their spirits are ministered to by something called the 'Evangelical Mission' which has a Protestant air to it. The effect of religion on music is an interesting question; among the Matuwari it may be hard to measure. All in all, it was an entertaining afternoon.

Monday, June 24

We bought two hammocks and nets in the morning and then I took Leslie to Njun Kombe to re-introduce her to the various people we would be travelling with. We had a very warm reception, and lots of people who had only nodded to me before came up to talk. I showed the hammocks and nets (which in BN-talk are called /garden/). Then we stood around and talked some more about what it's like out in the bush. I learned

a wa:ɣ̃ (= a waran) = a kendi it's hot

(a characteristic of bush talk is that it drops r's from town words)

fe:musu (= fremusu) = bat These are supposed to be a menace, according to the the Bush Negroes. They /a e beti sma neti, a (h)ari brudu, a driɣ̃i brudu/ (They bite people at night, they suck blood, they drink blood) Also called: /pukusu/

buskuto = biscuits Take some along.

oto banti = lit: car bands = tires (what my sandals have)

I was told that many of the Toti Kampu people were going to a service for a man who had died. /Wi go siɣ̃i na kerki tide:, wan sma dede na oso./ But I was pointedly not invited, so we stayed away. We prepared to go to Coronie.

June 25-26

We accompanied Jap and Boulder(?), the Dutch copra expert who works for FAO, to Coronie, a poverty stricken district in Western Suriname, where the government is trying to improve the quality of copra produced. I was able to record some Coronian kotumisi dance music and, through conversations, learned some interesting expressions to improve my taki-taki.

kroñtu	cocunut
blaka kumba	black-man (lit. black navel)
tonton	brains
wan seti fesi	??

Coronie, however, being so isolated, would be a good place to do fieldwork.

June 27-28

Our departure for the bush was postponed until Saturday, so we spent the time making additional preparations. We were advised to procure a ~~kadox~~ /kado:/ (ie., cadeau, gift) for the granman, and we decided to buy an alarm-clock, called /aloyssi/. We had, by this time, procured a motor-bike (only a temporary one, however, since the one we were to get permanently was still not repaired) so that running errands was no longer an all day proposition. And I devoted time to completing the taped- taki-taki course I borrowed from Dick Franke, as extra preparation for the trip.

We also went, interestingly enough, to a rehearsal for the Emancipation-Day proceedings of the Chinese Cultural Association (Fung) and saw some dancing and some Chinese instrumental music. The most interesting was a violin-like instrument with two strings tuned in a fifth, and with the strings placed so close, that the bow ---which went between them, was simply pushed back and forth for fifth jumps. I'll have to learn sometime.

Saturday, June 29

Since we had taken most of our things to Nun Kombe the day before when we awoke at six we only had to eat and drive down to the camp to get ready to leave. We were carrying the following items, in addition to clothes and hammocks: a taperecorder, two cameras, a tin of crackers, some chocolate and soup mixes, and a bagfull of medicine. When we arrived at the camp at 7:00 there were lots of people hanging around, and a pile of about fifty government food sacks: rice, beans, condensed milk, cocoa, dried fish, sugar, salt, matches, etc. wrapped in a heavy plastic bag. It turned out that not all of these were for the trip --- we eventually took only ten of them. However, we did not depart immediately -- in fact there was some of that considerable delay which was to characterize the entire trip. No one had coordinated in advance what would need to be done before we left. Moreover, all the government people involved had to engage in endless, mysterious /krutu/ (discussion: powwow), during which everyone else just sat around waiting. Lots of people watched us, discussing the fact that we were going into the bush, but it wasn't clear until we started loading the bus that eventually appeared who else (or what else) was going on the trip, too. We were amazed by the incredible volume of stuff that we were planning to take; in addition to the food sacks, and about ten suitcases and bags like ours (as well as my banjo), there were ten or fifteen crates of soft drinks and beer, about two outboard motors, several trunks, food baskets containing dishes, spoons, cooking pots, some portable gas stoves and five or six tanks of gas to run them on, several

huge drums of gasoline, and much more. Looking back, none of this seems really unnecessary, but at the time we were astounded by the volume. How many canoes would we need to hold all this. We were quite impatient to leave, and finally about 10:00 we all piled into the bus (squeezed between motors etc.) and started off --- to a succession of stores, where everyone bought a few more little items that he had forgotten to pack --- and eventually found ourselves on the road to Zanderij. Most people didn't seem to mind the delays. (Bebe was always rushing up and saying "I have to go talk with some people, but I'll be back just now.") In fact, everyone was lighthearted and laughy. At about 11:30 we pulled into a train terminal called Onverwacht where we hastily unloaded our bus and put everything in a diesel train-car, fairly decrepit. However, we were not destined to leave very quickly: the train we were going to take would leave at 2:00. So we all walked over to a nearby Chinese store (they're everywhere) and had some food. Bebe was insisting on treating us --- he bought Cokes and peanut-crunch-candy, and dried shrimps, and we bought some chicken-stew stuff which we shared with him. Back at the train station we sat down to wait, and got a first chance to examine some of the people on the trip with us. There were a couple of young men, one of whom, Oskar, was constantly running Bebe's errands. He turned out to be the 23 year-old granman's heir (i.e., he was the granman's sister's son --- second son, in fact) who had been picked over his older brother as successor because he did better in school. (His brother, when we finally met him, did seem to be something of a dolt.) The other boy was quite friendly to me and later helped us quite a lot to feel at home. His name was Andre; he was the seventeen-year-old brother of Oskar's wife. The two lived together in Paramaribo working -- along with the wife, who had, in fact, just had another baby and was staying in the hospital while Oskar made the trip. (Oskar's oldest child, a three-year-old boy, lived in Posoegroenoe with the granman's sister.) He was from a town near Kwakoebron (Makakriki?).

A woman who seemed very civilized (except in her hairdo- and her Bush talk) turned out to be a Bush Negro woman from up near Santigron, who had moved into the city five-years ago to send her two daughters to school. She was accompanying her brother, who was in fact a /baxa/ (from an older taki-taki word meaning 'overseer' (of slaves)) from Santigron, and a very dignified and quiet man.

There was, in addition, a boy we called blue-shirt (his real name was Aukus, or Aukie) with another relative from Toti Kempu. Aukie was an especially good-case of the effects of urban life on young Bush Negro men. He dressed quite fancily, always wore a hat, had a tigre-ish way about him, knew all the fancy city dances; and his baboon-like face made him look mean. He turned out to be quite nice, and taught us some card games.

I never learned quite what the status of these people was vis-a-vis the whole trip. They travelled with us on the boat (these last people did -- i.e., all the foreigners (non-lower Saramacca river-people). Oskar and Andre went on another boat.) The Baxa made the trip evidently as a political sort of thing, with his sister along to keep him company. The blue-shirt guy was on furlough from his job in Cayenne, and was evidently going with his brother (cousin?) for pleasure. (or perhaps /oma/=uncle??) In any case, we all lounged around the train station; the men mostly told stories. I couldn't understand very well what was being said, so I mostly read a science fiction book I had brought. I also did Judy Merkel's little 'animal sounds test' --- unfortunately I didn't write down the words.

Just before 2 o' clock a train came into the station filled with Bush Negroes --- probably heading into the city to watch the celebrations on Mansipasi. (A day also called /keti koti/ by town people : cut the chains). We had been waiting for this train to arrive, because the track has only one lane, and was only clear when this train had got past. So we all clambered into our car and headed for Kwakoe, passing Zanderij airport. About halfway to Kwakoe Gron the driver of the train got off and placed a telephone call at one of the railside stations. Then, with a few disgusted words to Bebe he turned us around and we went all the way back to Zanderij to pick up another bunch of passengers and their luggage (including three more outboard motors) who would join the party ~~xxxx~~ up the river.

Finally, at four o' clock or so we reached Kwakoe Gron. In net travel time we could have made the trip in about two hours from the city. The fact that it had, in gross time, taken us an entire day is ~~xx~~ revealing about the way the whole journey was conducted. In Kwakoe Gron we met Obsector Balfour (and one of his assistants, Beo, who seemed to be the one efficient organizer on the trip); Balfour was a rather pompous official who rode to the granmen's with a tent-covered canoe --- not a Bush Negroe himself. (He also had a daughter who wore sunglasses, curlers, and hip-huggers around Posoegroenoe.) Everyone was hot to /go wasi/ (wash/swim) so we pulled out our bathing suits and headed for the river. This was our first view of the Saramacca (except much further downstream almost at the coast) and everyone exclaimed how high the water was ... /wat(r)a bigi!/ Here there were no leaves and things floating in the water, though it was fairly muddy. But the docks were submerged and the current was very swift. We changed into our bathing suits and started to get in. The water was also filled with tight clumps of tadpoles (/pikin todo/) which would not separate even if you stepped into their midst.

We were a bit nervous about stepping into the water, because we were warned by Bebe (with much gesticulation) that the water was /dipi/ (deep) and /hebi/ (strong) or /traja/ and that if we went in it /yu go dede/ (you'll die). Of course we did go in anyway, after blue-shirt jumped in. But Bebe seemed honestly afraid of getting in, though I'm sure he knows how to swim. Bush Negroes generally seemed unanxious to swim in the water at any time, though I was later told that during the dry season when the water is lower and presumably calmer (and, they say, perfectly clear) one never wants to get out of the water. We found that in general the people were respectful of natural things (like high water, rapids, animals etc.) and did not take unnecessary chances.

The washing routine, which everyone repeats two or three times a day, includes brushing one's teeth, soaping the body and jumping in the river. Women wash clothes and dishes first, then their bodies. They first wash the lower parts of their bodies while wearing the dresses. Then they wrap a towel (or tablecloth) around their ~~waists~~ waists, remove their dresses, and jump in to complete the task. A Doctor later told us that hygiene level is acceptable with these practices because the Bush Negroes live in such small groups.

After we washed Beo and Bebe took us across the town to the store/houses of a Mr. Watkins who was a Creole from British Guiana who had moved to Suriname with his mother some three years earlier to take over some inherited property. He had agreed to put us up and give us dinner --- symptomatic of the preferential treatment we were given on the trip. (We were a bit disappointed not to get to use our hammocks.) Bebe was staying with us. We sat down and ate boiled fish and rice, with bottled, very cold water.

Mr. Watkins' cooking was just like that of the Bush Negroes--- he cleaned the fish in rudimentary fashion, then chopped it into pieces, bones and all. These he boiled with some sort of tomatoe paste. The result was to be poured over immense quantities of rice.

After we ate Bebe bought a pack of cards and we taught him to play hearts (which was all I could explain in taki-taki). The fellows on the trip seemed to play cards a lot. Eventually Bebe went off, saying that he wanted to look in on the rest of the party. He told us that we should be up around 6:00 AM. He was planning to leave early, about 3:00 he said, to go to an early morning /krutu/. As Bebe left, in came Oskar, Andre and another young man we never identified. We called him ~~Brain~~ Brainiac because he was such an awful card-player. They invited me to be a fourth at a game they called /trufcal/ --- it turned out to be whist. Oskar was very lucky, even though his partner (Brainiac) continually reneged --- he didn't really understand the game.

As we played Mr. Watkins gave me his views about what Bush Negroes were like. Watkins had been in Kwakoe three years and observed quite a few Bush Negroes who had to pass through that town on their way to the city. He first informed me that Oskar was going to be granman; he explained that the present granman, Abone, his uncle, had picked Oskar because he was a good student in school. (Andre later confirmed this; and we could see for ourselves that Oskar's older brother was something less than quick.) (It is worth noting that I did not collect any kinship terminology, so that my facts may be considerably muddled on these kinrelations and their significance.) Watkins said that when BN's use the word /negre/ (lit: black man) they do not just mean blackman but rather 'slave' --- referring to the fact that town people and Creoles were descended from slaves, whereas BN's were always free. Thus the term, according to Watkins, is derogatory. I noticed that when someone said of me that I /tak(i) negre/ he meant that I spoke the taki-taki of town, rather than some Juka-tal (or, particularly, Matuwari). In general Mr. Watkins seemed to think a lot of the Bush Negroes. He knew that they were skilled boatmen and he remarked particularly on their cleverness with outboard motors. He said that, though they never went to a 'trade school' they could fix the motors especially well with minimal tools and spare parts. (We observed this to be true.)

Finally our whist game gave out and Leslie and I went to bed. Bebe again said that he would be off considerably before us in the morning. One of our biggest mistakes of the trip was that we left our bathing suits behind to dry in Mr. Watkins' house and thus did not have them for the rest of our trip.

Sunde.:. June 30

We were awakened at 6 by Mr Watkins, and we came down to find Oskar waiting for us. He told us that Bebe had already gone away on a /krutu/ and that we were to /waka wan ~~haxt~~ boto nana en/ (travel in one boat with him). We went to the dock where all the things had already been loaded onto boats--- or at least all of our things had been loaded. We were in a fairly decrepit but large boat, open and stuffed with things. It turned out that Bebe had not left (or perhaps he had come back) because he turned up, but soon set out again on the river in a boat that was partially covered. Oskar didn't even stay in our boat but left. There was considerable delay, however, even after our boat was loaded and everything was seemingly ready. On our boat were the ~~two~~ four people

from Santigron, plus ~~about~~ two exceptionally good boatmen: Maksi, who ran the motor and turned out to be the granman's personal boatman, and another man who sat in front and navigated or used a paddle and a pole in the rapids. I never learned his name.

Just when it looked as though everything was ready for us to leave, someone brought out a big load of food: rice with beans. Everyone went up and grabbed a few pots for himself and sat down to eat --- everyone except Leslie and John. Evidently this was some of the cooperative food, but we didn't understand the way things were done (so we went hungry most of the day.) Most of the boatmen who appeared at Kwakoepron were not on the train with us but had come especially to meet us, at the granman's request. The granman was the ~~only~~ ultimate authority over river travel, and could command a large number of boats and boatmen (and motors).

Finally at about 9:00 we started off, somehow quite suddenly. Everyone got into the boat, and Maksi started us off. Riding in a canoe, even on this relatively still water was at first a bit unsettling. The boat was quite heavily loaded, but still narrow. It rocked considerably with every change of direction and I didn't feel particularly secure. Since all boats followed roughly the same pattern let me describe how ours was loaded.

Head man, navigator
and pole man

Blue-shirt, leunging

Cargo, raised slightly
on boards: cases of
beverages, trunks,
suitcases, my stuff
Covered with tarp.

Pots with food and dishes
partly covered

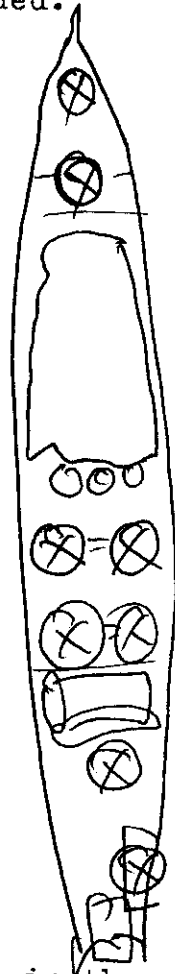
Santigron baxa + sister

Leslie John

Gasoline drums
Tool kit
Maloney, helping occasion-
ally

Maksi,
driving

Motor



Maksi was definitely the captain of the boat, in the sense that he directed its operation, supervised its loading, was ultimate selector of our path through the water (though the headman --- the one /na fesi/ (in front) gave arm signals to indicate clear passages through the water or to show submerged objects which could damage the propellor.) He also moved people about in the boat to adjust the balance (when it would /kanti/ or lean) or have people bail out the seeping water. He also called out significant points about the route to the visting /baxa/ though I could not only not understand but hardly hear above the motor roar.

We had considerable problem with our motor on the first part of the trip. First the throttle linkage had some sort of defect which caused us to stop several times. Finally it became so severe that we pulled into one of the small compounds that we passed along the river and the two boatmen began to work on it. Soon all the other boats that were behind us came along and pulled in with us ... people were making common stops all the way. While the boatmen worked everyone else got off the boat to go to the bathroom and to raid the village for edibles --- fruits, sugar cane, etc. We were urged to try various things including cacao which turned out to be a squash-like plant with seeds surrounded by a sweet tasting white goo. You suck off the goo, dry the seeds and make /fayawatra/ (a hot drink), namely cocoa. (!!)

After about three hours we again pulled into a town called Njun Jacob Kondre (which is actually the name of just one of a complex of villages, also known as Umakondre). Everyone got off the boats except the boatmen, because we had reached the first series of ~~xx~~ /sula/ (rapids). We walked on a path through the villages, with Oskar and Andre. Each boy went off the trail from time to time to greet friends --- it was clear that they were well

known to the people in this village, and that they hadn't been seen for some time. We could hear the boats passing over the sulas and I was a little disappointed that we couldn't see --- jungle separated the path from the water. I was interested to note that only the boatmen went on the rapids --- no one else wanted to. Somehow I had ethnocentrically supposed that young men would want to demonstrate their prowess by being the ones to navigate the rough waters but not so; why take unnecessary risks?

After Njun Kondre the water was no longer calm, and we began to meet a series of rough patches not severe enough to make everyone walk, but enough to frighten the two passengers from Santigrón (where there are no sulas). The technique for passing over these rapids was as follows. The front-boatman would stand with a paddle if the water was deep but fast and guide the boat carefully using his /kula/ (oar) as a ~~pañala~~ rudder, also giving hand signals. If there were rocks around he would use a pole to feel the bottom and to keep the boat from crashing. He must be extremely strong.

About 3:00 we stopped at a town called Kwata Ede where some people, including Obsector Balfour, prepared to stay for the night. It was here that we ran into Bebe again; he said that we would go on to another /kondre/, riding until it was later in the day. (It would, of course, be impossible to navigate the river after dark, though some boats straggled in to our stopping place using flashlights.) In this late afternoon portion of the trip we passed through a number of very narrow passages where the branches scraped the contents of our canoe. I was again amazed at how well the boatmen must know the way, because the river has several tributaries, islands, extra paths, sidestreams, etc ... especially at high water. Finally, just before dark (around 6) we reached PakaPaka where we planned to stay the night and pick up some new passengers. PakaPaka, I later learned, is the lowest village where the people are ~~xxx~~ more or less Matuwari; farther down river people belong to other tribes, and in PakaPaka they

are said to be /afu Matuwari/ (hlaŋ Matuwari), whatever that means. I was not able to determine what the tribal names actually govern, or how far Abone's domain as granman ranges. It does not include the Okanis people of the lower Saramacca (like Toti Kampu etc.) whose granman is Aboikoni, of the Saramacca tribe. But it clearly does cover everything down to Kwakoe Gron. I should investigate, too, how far away people marry--- Oskar, home Posugrunu, marries Andre's sister, who comes from Kwakoe Gron. (And Aboikoni's son Jackson is married to a woman from Santigron.) How do they even meet??

In any case we got our hammocks and dishes out and Bebe tied us up to beams under the Minister's house. In all the larger villages which have churches that we saw, the minister's house is always the foremost building in the village (and fancy?) with the church not far away, quite prominent, and a school. The houses of the actual villagers are well back from the river, usually not even visible from it. In fact everyone got out his hammocks or stretchers (cots), and a few men hauled their stoves of boats and began to cook: fayawatra (cocoa), ale:si (rice), stimifo (something, usually meat, to go with the rice--- fish, sometimes beans.) (Lit: switi-mofo, 'sweet-mouth'). I at last got some notion of how cooperative things were supposed to be on this trip. (It was understood that Bebe was to be responsible for us on this trip -- he was to see that we were fed. Thus, when the women on our boat learned that we hadn't eaten all day she gave us some food saying /Bebe no kweki u bun/ (Bebe isn't taking good care of you.) One man, named Luis(i), had been brought along as a cook. He had charge of the ten government food bags we had carried, and he was responsible for feeding all the Njun Kombe party, which included Bebe and the other officials, Aukie (who was staying near Njun Kombe recently), Oskar and his group (Oskar being later also fed by his mother) and us. Bebe got somewhat annoyed when other people expected to get some of his government food, although people were always telling us (including Bebe himself) that whenever ~~the~~ they had food they gave it away to people. The rule seemed to be not so far from the truth. Thus Bebe asked to see what provisions we had brought privately and was somewhat disgusted that we had neither bread nor butter. But, anyway, he shared his with us since there existed no 'ours' to share with him. Neither Leslie nor I, happily, was very hungry, and anyway I had /lus-bere/ whose literally translation (loose belly) should speak for itself. So while everyone else sat around stuffing rice and chugging rainwater we sat and listened to the river which was very active at Pakapeka.

There were some interesting people in evidence that night. For one thing Bebe introduced us to a young nymphette he had picked up, we later found out, at Njun Kondre. She was no evident relation, but he told me, cryptically enough, that he had brought her and that they were doing everything together. (I think, to sound a little less dirty-minded, that he had brought her to see the festivities and, perhaps, to help around the house? She was something of an outcast among the regal girls who will appear later.) And there was a young man, whom I have later surmised was part of a construction crew of foto men working in Pakapeka (like the mysterious Percy who will appear below), who was the Bush equivalent of a tigre-genius. He spoke a variety of languages and was an inveterate show-offish bore, but he seemed curiously out of place among the relatively retiring bush Negroes. He was especially proud of his French and was repeatedly telling anecdotes about his experiences in French Guiana with dialogues in French that

I'm sure were unintelligible to most of his captive Bush Negroe audience. Strange.

After about 9:00 o' clock we began to get tired and ready for hammock. Word began to go around, however, that there would be singing and dancing, and sure enough we soon heard drums off in the village somewhere. Most everyone went off to look.

Just before the drums were heard a church service was finishing with familiar hymn-melodies sung to taki-taki words. Pakapak must have a fairly active minister because he not only had ordinary church services but also got his congregation and choir out at about 4 AM the next morning, supposedly in celebration of Mansipasi. But the sound of a fairly recognizable "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" mixed with faraway Kawina drumming is unique.

Anyway, Leslie and I walked with Andre into the village to view the dancing etc. The drumming was 'Kawina' --- which may refer to a rhythm, a style, a group of songs, a singing style, a dance, a drum....I don't know, exactly --- and not terribly stimulated. There were a couple of young boys drumming and occasionally someone would pick up the rattle (/sekseki/) and /seki/ (shake) it. (Dictionary also has /sek'seki/= racket, excitement.) Someone was trying to start singing= he would sing a line which was to be answered by a chorus, from a store of what I take to have been 'possibly familiar' songs. We watched a short while, with almost no progress--- finally some old woman came up talking in a scolding voice to the drummers; we thought she was telling them to go to bed. Actually she just moved them into a sheltered area (probably the discussion house) that reminded me of a Polynesian men's house. There people other than children began to dance.

We were both very tired and the dancing, so early in the evening, didn't seem very exciting so we decided to get o bed. (It later appeared that the real dancing doesn't begin until after midnight, when it continues until 3 AM, but it was very hard to last so long and find that out.) We climbed into our hammocks, and eventually went to sleep, although the drumming continued and was present whenever I awoke during the night.

(And, sometime the next morning the church choir came out and sang hymns, all bearing torches --- very eerie. They marched once around the church, sang again, and filed away into the dark.)

Munde:, July 1

Today was Mansipasi, the biggest holiday of the year in town but passed without a flicker (except, perhaps, the choir out here). People began getting up around six, but no one much got out of his hammock until 6:30 or 7:00 except for the cooks who were preparing /fayawatra/ for everyone. In the morning when everyone gets up each man goes to the water to wash: brushing his teeth and in most cases washing just the exposed parts of the body. Usually people claim that it's too cold to jump in (though it really ain't). This morning, after everyone had washed someone caught a fish to contribute to our cooperative eating. It was chopped into pieces after cleaning, and Andre and I washed it in the river. (I got to wash the jawbone!) Then Oskar, who was cooking at that point, thre it into a pot with oil, later adding boiling water, onion etc. It may sound good, but it isn't particularly, mostly because the bones are omnipresent when you eat the resulting chunks with rice. The cooking and washing of pots was interminable, so after we had packed up our things we brgan to cruise around the town a little. Andre took us to see the soccer (/futbol/) field.

It was really just a roughly rectangular cleared area in the bush, that was really more of a valley than a flat field. It was filled with little furrows, and I don't think it would have been too easy to play on. We were later accosted, near the boats, by ~~xxxxxx~~ a fairly drunk woman (one of the women baxa's from Pakapaka who later travelled with us) who asked us to come drink some sopi with her. (Actually she first asked if I had any sopi to give her. Sopi is some sort of cane whiskey, considerably stronger than, e.g., uncut pox.) While I was helping to load the

boats the lady took off with Leslie in tow. (Ladies are much friendlier among each other than with men, and they seem to form a fairly solidary community. Natural, I guess, in a matrilineal, matrilocal place. But women were especially friendly to Leslie, and there first question to me was lawyas: Where's your wife, or, How's your wife??) When I ~~xxx~~ finally went to rescue her, the lady had plied here with a drink and I had a swallow myself. It was strong, and filled with dead bugs. (Leslie said she had seen one mosquito fly into it and die instantly.) The woman introduced us to her fourteen year-old daughter, Norda, who came along to Posugrunu in another boat

and who was one of our Bobby twins.

I have noted in my field-note-book that I should here include (an aside on the attitude of government people" --- I guess this refers to the domineering ways of Bebe and Balfour who were the only two government officials who wore their uniforms and who had not taken a furlough to come to this event. They were more or less always in their official role, Bebe somewhat less than the other. They were always commandeering other people's goods (especially in our behalf, which made us feel a little queer) and they were always asserting their control over the proceedings, e.g., by arguing with the boatmen over who rode where, or by disputing landing places, etc. In this case, at Pakapaka there was considerable fighting over what would be loaded into our boat and who would ride with us. (We had changed motors overnight, and had traded the powerful but unreliable Evinrude for a smaller, quieter, weaker, dependable Mercury.) Eventually we set off with the same load, and only the drunk woman from Pakapaka as an additional rider. We didn't leave until after 9:30 --- our ~~xxxx~~ ability to get off promptly, which had never been very good, was deteriorating. We were told that it was just a short ride to granman kondre, only three or four hours, and that we would see a really big sula on the way.

A number of new people were picked up on the way in Pakapaka and especially the three young girls aroused our curiosity. There was, of course, the lady baxa --- an official, --- along with some city people, notably Percy (who was the lead Kawina singer). There was that lady's daughter and a companion in another boat. And riding next to Oskar in his boat, very friendly (he had his arm around her, she sometimes sat on his knee) was yet another rather proud girl. We were at first suspicious, because Oskar is married and has two children. The girl turned out to be his younger sister by a different father (a man from Pakapaka) who had not stayed with her mother... the granman's sister. Perhaps this relationship is always tinged with such familiarity as we observed. The three girls at first stayed together, and Andre once told me that they had come to cook for the granman. I later decided that probably they had just come for the adventure of it all, and --- this is conjecture --- to be exposed to the public view. How else do men pick wives from distant villages?

The river was noticeably more sula-ish above Pakapaka, and the lady-baxa, who seemed to know the river well, devised some hand signals to warn us about rapids that we were approaching. Just about noon we came to a bend in the river where the sound of not-too-distant roaring water could be heard. Our boatmen stopped and started towards a very small, fast stream to one side of the main passage, and soon most of the boats were jammed along there. The women got out and walked up a fairly steep hill through the woods. The rest of us stripped off our clothes (my shirt still got wet because I dropped it in) and started to pull the boat ((h)ari boto/) up the small stream. We were, obviously, avoiding an impassable sula elsewhere. I wore my sandals in the water but I still bashed my feet against the unpredictable rocks on the bottom of the small stream. (During dry season this stream probably has no water, so that hauling the boats is a more grueling affair.) We got to the top of a grad and eventually restarted the motor and continued upwards, until we came to a very rough stretch ending in some real rapids. As we started up we could see a boat in the rapids, clearly floundering. (It later went down, with its motor, though no cargo nor crew were lost.) We pulled in again, and all passengers dismounted and walked around one small rough stretch, while the boatmen manoevered to a fairly calm spot just below the worst rapids. This was what everyone called Grandam (which is listed on the map as Grassdam) --- the worst sula at this part of the river, guarding granman kondre, which lies just above it. In 1967, reportedly, 23 boats and motors were lost there, and untold thousands of guilders of merchandise lies at the bottom somewhere.

To pass this part of the sula it was necessary for the boat to be unloaded. (Both because the weight was a problem and because no one wanted to lose any more than necessary.) So we completely unloaded our boat and carried the contents over some rocks to a place where the boatmen could steer after passing the worst rapids. Then the boatmen stripped down and took ~~many~~ the boats up --- I hope my pictures will give some idea how it's done. A few teams took all the boats up --- no one goes who doesn't have to. Meanwhile everyone else stood around watching, drinking cherry soda off one of the boats.

Finally our boat came through and we reloaded and took off again. Much gasoline had been spilled inside the boat, so after we had gotten upstream to some calmer water we stopped again to wash the Surinam flag that we (and all the other boats) were carrying. In fact, soon all the boats massed together and made plans for the grand arrival at Posugrunu --- we wanted to come in with a flourish. The approach to Posugrunu was very colorful, and our front boatman played several blasts on a metal horn he had brought... at Bethel, the village before granman kondre, a large crowd appeared jumping and waving as we passed. And quite a large group of young children turned out to stand by the pier at Posugrunu as we pulled in, one boat at a time. It was about 2:30.

After unloading the boats, a party of the official people on the trip, headed by Bebe, went up to the granman's house for an official arrival-krutu. I am still not sure exactly what sort of authority the granman has. Presumably he is the ultimate controller of all travel to his country, on the river etc. He was the one to dispatch boats and motors and boatmen to carry people around. If we had wanted to go back by plane rather than boat we were told we would have to consult him. In any case, we were obliged

along with all the other foreigners to be introduced and explained to the granman and his /lanti/ --- all the village officials. The granman had a large wooden house, several stories, and as we arrived several screened shelters were being constructed outside and around his house for the later festivities. There were also several smoke-pots pouring off smoke -- presumably intended to drive away the flies though there could be some question about whether the flies or the smoke made things more unpleasant.

Bebe led us into the presence and we were introduced to, first, the head /kapiteyn/ (essentially a chief: one per village) (who was also going to be married alongside the granman) and then to the granman Abone himself. A very big man physically. He sat us down in wicker chairs facing him and his kaptens and summoned the head baxa for the granman --- a fellow who acts as an official go-between --- between the government and the outside world. His part mostly consists of saying ("Iya....iya...pik' en so....iya..") , that is, interjecting the equivalent of 'Uhhuh' between his interlocutor's phrases. No one except the head kaptens spoke directly to the granman; he himself spoke very seldom --- only when he had a few words to add to the pronouncements of his ministers. (Once in a while he would clap sharply as a signal to the clusters of women nearby to make less noise.) Otherwise all the conversation was between Bebe, who was explaining the presence of the various members of his party, and one of the kaptens who indirectly extended the granman's welcome. The baxa, to whom all remarks were directed, would wait until one man had finished talking, then say: ~~I ye: no?~~ "I ye: no?" (Yu yere no: --- did you hear that?) to the man concerned. Strangely the tone of the meeting was very solemn, considering the rather lighthearted subject matter (some strange American /bakra/, coming at the Commissioner's request, to watch. Ok, give 'em a house.)

After the meeting we waited outside for a short while until the head kaptens approached and showed us to an unoccupied house near the granman's compound where he indicated that we should put our things to stay. A large proportion of the families from the village, we were led to believe, were away --- mostly working in Paramaribo --- so that there were a number of vacant houses in which we could stay. We went down to the dock and picked up our belongings and lugged them back to the house. It was a very nice place --- relatively new, with a large front room (the back room was crammed with possessions ---) and a nice wide balcony. All the living houses are raised from the ground, to protect both against flooding and against the average animals, bugs, etc. The front porch seems to be part of the public domain, however, since everyone seemed to feel free to climb up at any time of the day or night. After we had gotten installed and begun to think about mounting our hammocks, the chief electrician for Posugrunu appeared to install a light into our new home. The granman has a special /faya oso/ where he has a generator that lights up the town. We were being included in the line. (Actually, the electricity failed in the middle of the dancing on the granman's wedding night, making all of the colored lights that had been strung around the town quite useless. But it was a nice gesture towards clean lighting.) Just about the time the job was finished Bebe reappeared telling us that we should move to a different house, closer to the place where our food was to be cooked. So we re-packed all of our things and moved off to the other side of the village to a small, somewhat dingy house with furnishings (good ones, large, big table, chairs etc.) and no light. OK, we said, unpacking and putting up hammocks. We were directly beside the small cookhouse that is found near every house and where meals are prepared and eaten it seems. (There was, for those interested, no apparent compass alignment of houses...)

Evidently Luis was setting up shop in our cookhouse (and, in fact, sleeping there). I was never clear about who was eating from our cookhouse--- a large number of unidentifiable women were always swarming around, and people (like the sister from Santigrón) were occasionally popping over to take some rice or something. The nature of the communes in this communal set up was never clear to me. We had just gotten our hammocks in place in our new house, when Bebe puffed up again to change us once more. (It turned out that he wanted the house we were now occupying.) He took us to a house two compounds away where there was electricity evidently -- a good thing, too, because without it the house would have been totally dark at all hours. We dejectedly moved our things in (and found that the electricity didn't work anyway) and sat down to rest a bit. Andre came by and took us on a small walking tour of the outskirts of town, looking for Oskar and pointing out the exotic fruits as he went. Posugrunu is not very large -- perhaps two hundred people at the very most. (And it is hard to judge because so many houses are not occupied.) In addition to the granman's matrilineage there seem to be few people around, because everyone we saw in the area identified himself by his relation to the granman. The minister and the people from the clinic seem to have their own small society, connected into the Bush Negroes by the faith of the granman and some of his parishioners, and by the government officials, Bush Negroes themselves, who have official contacts with the outside.

Everyone looked at us a bit curiously when we walked around but no one seemed hostile or afraid (except for little girls). We came back and several of our boatmen came looking for us to give us food. We got out our dishes and walked to the cookhouse, where our plates were piled up with rice and fish (I think) and we were given a couple of cups of rainwater. We ate by our house. Meanwhile the electrician came to try to get our light working. After about an hour of tinkering he decided that the trouble was with the light pole, so we had to do without at least for one night. (In fact, it meant that we only would have light Tuesday night since the electricity went off for good on Wednesday.) So we rustled up a lantern from Bebe and unpacked the rest of our things. Then we went off to wash down where the boats went in. Since we had left our bathing suits in Kwakoegron we had to find secluded places to wash or to wash well after dark ~~xxxxxxx~~ when no one would care. Had we been better equipped we could have washed like the natives, but Leslie had no towel, and I nothing but my underpants. (Men swim in bathing suits which double as underpants. Women wash the lower parts of their bodies while fully clothed in dresses. Then they wrap their wastes in colorful tablecloths or towels and take off their dresses to complete the wash. Very attractive.)

We were quite tired by about 9:00 so we went to hammock. We were told the next day that there had been dancing late that night, but we usually succeeded in missing the late night Kawná and the teeny-boppers.

Tuesday, July 2

We managed to fall out of our hammocks about 7:00. Inside the house it was totally dark, and we only awoke when the din from people's commerce outside was too deafening. People must start to get up about 4 AM; and they talk very loudly. Just as soon as we got out the door, someone came running up to ask "I diji fayawá kaba?" (Have you had your cocoa yet?) So we had some, and set off

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 result 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 tapse~~ '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 upstream 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 finished the beer we went outside to the ~~ku~~ kuttu ósu (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 Munich Paris on Saturday night.

3 day

2 day =

1 day =

52.50
10.00
62.50

35.00
20.00
20.00
65

17.50
40.00
10.00
Munich 200
67.50

300 k.tnp → 30 liters of gas = 1000 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 Saram acca 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 Paranam 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 Paranam 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: yoŋka)
dorodoro	completely
sko:tu	cop, policeman (S: sikôutu)
bre:ti	glad, happy (mi bre:ti f' si yu)
kê"	S: want mē kê = Mi ǎn kê 4 I don't want (it) I don'tcare
mi nǎngó 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 Brownsveg and area. We cancel our plans to go with Jap and B. to Marewijne.

July 16 & 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.

ɣx yasi	coat
mátu	the bush (mi nango a mátu)
kiní	knee (foto: kindí)
a baáka mōò 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 ... 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 ~~xxx~~ whites who spoke Saramacca ... one of the men turned out to be a basiá from the section of Ganzee which lived in Brownsweg. We were asked to carry a message to thae captain over there: that guamba pená táxkif kfi 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 head~city with only a few especially neat houses. From Brokopondo we drove to Belen, a small village that was below the dam -- a traditional village, not a new one --- and not flooded. There has been considerable contact with outsiders there, however, with factories all around and many tourists coming there from Brokopondo. It is up on a hill with traditional houses etc., but only a few pretty ones. R&S ~~xxxx~~ spoke disparagingly about the filth just sitting around the village -- something that wouldn't be allowed, they said, up river.

Deep River Blues

1. Let it rain, let it pour
Let it rain a whole lot more
'Cause I got them deep river blues
Let the rain drive right on
Let the waves sweep along
'Cause I got them deep river blues

- 2 My old gal's a good old pal
She looks like a waterfowl
When I've got those deep river blues
There ain't no one to cry for me
And the fish all go out on a spree
When I get them deep river blues

- 3 Give me back my ol' boat
I'm gonna sail if she'll float
Cause I got them deep river blues
I'm going back to Mussel Shoals
Times are better there I'm told
'Cause I've got them deep river blues

- 4 IF my boat sinks with me
I'll go down, don't you see
Cause I've got them deep river blues
Now I'm going to say good-bye
And if I sink just let me die
'Cause I got them deep river blues

-from Doc Watson