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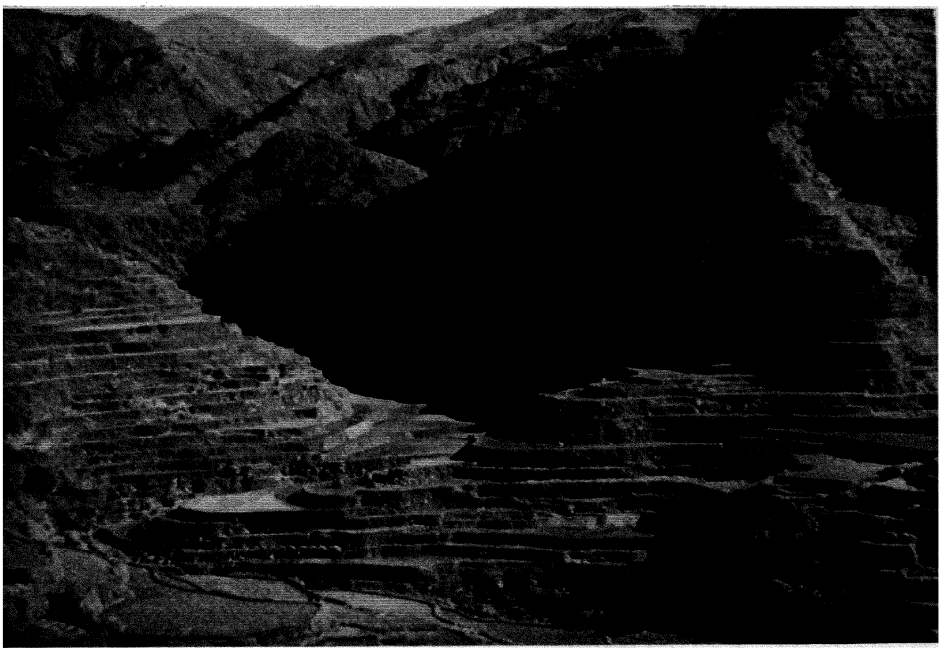
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PHILIPPINE PAGANS



Terraced rice fields of the upper portion of Benauwe Valley. Many of these terraces are fifty to seventy feet high

[*frontispiece*

PHILIPPINE PAGANS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF THREE IFUGAOS

By

R. F. BARTON, M.Sc.

Illustrated

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PREFACE

The contents of this book are appropriate only for mature readers and for students of anthropological, social, and psychological sciences.

These autobiographies were recorded during a field trip to Ifugaoland during the period May–November, 1937. Having given the informants the simple directive, "tell the things in your life that you consider most important," I let them tell their stories with a minimum of questioning and interruption and typed the narratives down as nearly in the way they were related as was consistent with fairly idiomatic translation. Thus, the texts of the narratives, barring my sometimes uncertain subsequent chronological rearrangements, are the informants', together with all explanations in parentheses. My own comments, explanations, and translations of native words are in brackets if brief, or in footnotes if long. My questions are in italics or are intimated in the informants' texts.

The autobiographies are here presented only as primitive documents, so to speak, which may, I hope, be useful to others and on which I hope to draw, myself, in further studies. In only a few instances I

have invited the reader's attention, in footnotes, to what may be the historical implications of some passages. But a short part of the total time in the field was spent in securing these autobiographies, and I consider it, proportionately, the most fruitful part.

Anthropologists of to-day want to see, as Geoffrey Gorer has put it, " not only the generalized objective culture as conceived by a foreign investigator, but also the individual *in* that culture, the individual as a product of that culture, and that culture through the individual's eyes." Such a subjective approach is needed for light on one of the problems of anthropology: How much of man is innate, how much is social, and what is the interaction between the innate and the social environment?

I found these autobiographies highly corrective in just this respect. My acquaintance with the Ifugaos is not recent. I spent the period 1908–1915 among them as a government teacher and studied their remarkable culture as an avocation. During this whole period, and again during my recent field work up to the time of making these records, I under-estimated the promiscuity and irresponsibility (from our point of view) of sex relations in the dormitories for the unmarried and the minimal selectiveness on the part of both sexes in initiating these relations. I formerly wrote that the wealthy married their children at a very early age, often even engaging one of them, contingent on sex, before its birth, in order to prevent the adolescent folly of *falling in love* with another who might have little or no property. But it appears from

these autobiographies that there is no such danger, that Ifugao youths are utter strangers to adolescent love—a phenomenon generally assumed to be biological and common to mankind. It appears that what I ought to have said was that child marriage has the function of nullifying a form of sexual relation that the culture has outgrown and of establishing a monogamy based on property. Furthermore, the implication of this Ifugao instance is that love, as we understand it, arises with monogamy. That it has been reported from non-monogamous or not definitely monogamous peoples time and again does not prove the contrary—the reporters may have read their own culture into the primitive, as I did; only a careful subjective study can determine the truth of the matter.

Not only do the autobiographies reveal that the Ifugao experiences only sex-hunger—they show that even sex-hunger is by no means entirely biological, that it is greatly stimulated socially.

That the absence of adolescent love is nowise racial is proved by the fact that Filipino lowlanders, of the same race but of a more advanced culture in which monogamy is an established institution, experience the phenomenon in marked and even exaggerated degree.

For their kindly welcome and co-operation I gladly express my thanks to the Honourable, the Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Commonwealth, Mr. Elpidio Quirino, and to the Deputy-Governor of

Ifugao Subprovince, the Hon. Luis Pawid, himself an Ifugao, one of my former pupils. It is most gratifying to find that since the establishment of the autonomous commonwealth, the Filipinos have outgrown their colonial attitude of being ashamed of their backward tribes and of opposing published studies of them lest they themselves, a cultured and civilized people, should be confused with the latter by the rest of the world. The Filipinos' attempt to solve their national minorities problem is as adequate in conception as their socio-economic system allows, and is being put into practice in a kindly and genial way—which is saying a good deal.

For various kinds of help in the field I am much indebted to several educated Ifugaos, especially to Mr. Francisco Bugbug, to one of my first pupils, Mr. Antonio Gimbatan, who has been Sanitary Inspector for many years in Ifugao and Benguet Subprovinces, to Miss Carmen Dugan, and to Mr. Pedro Kitung. I also owe much to Professor H. Otley Beyer, of the University of the Philippines, a co-worker in Ifugao ethnography, for generous advice and for historical data and other information, to Mr. A. V. H. Hartendorp, Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Myers, Professor Dean S. Fansler, Professor V. D. Gokale, Professor R. A. Rowley and others, also acquainted with Ifugao culture, who, with Beyer, comprised a group of genial spirits with whom one might talk things over on emerging occasionally from the field for a breathing spell.

I especially warmly thank the Institute and Museum of Ethnography, Leningrad, for the loan of equipment

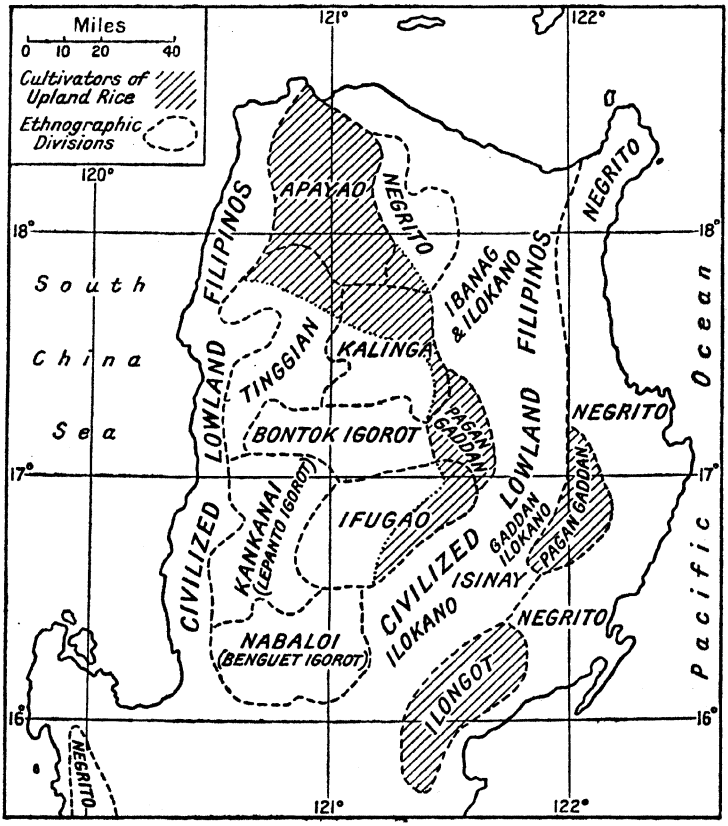
taken into the field and for many other forms of assistance.

Finally, and in a most fundamental way, I am indebted to the Social Science Research Council, New York, and to the National Research Council, Washington, for grants-in-aid which made my field trip possible.

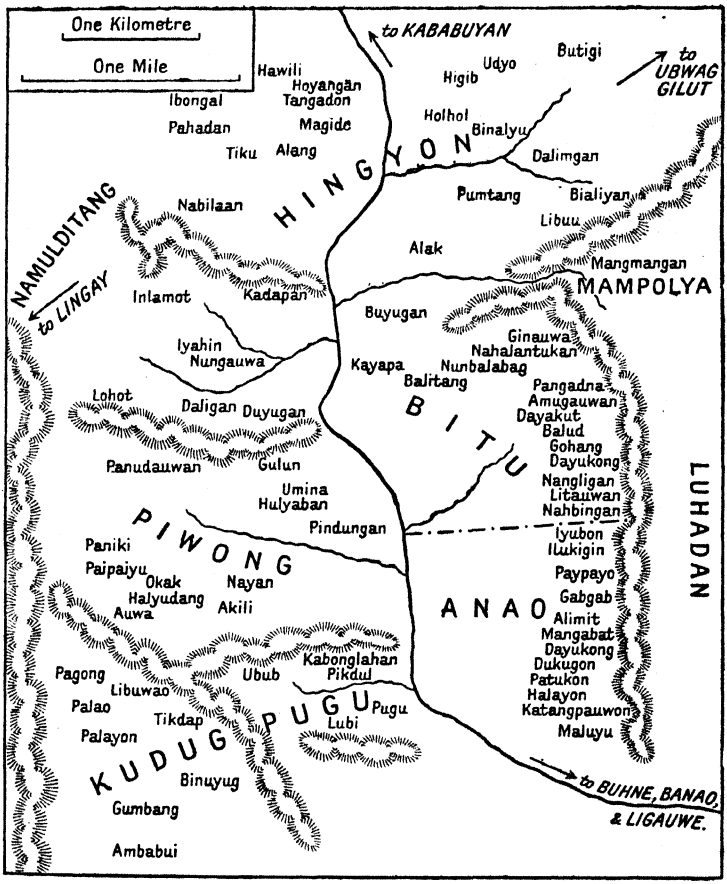
R. F. BARTON.

June 1st, 1938.

MAPS



1. Ethnographic Map of Northern Luzon.



2. Sketch Map of Bitu and Surrounding Regions, Showing Principal Villages.

PHILIPPINE PAGANS

PART I

Introduction

HOW THE IFUGAOS LIVE

The autobiographies which follow were recorded in Balitang, a village in the Bitu region, which lies a little north of the centre of Ifugao Subprovince. This subprovince is at about the centre of the northern third of Luzon, the largest and northernmost island of the Philippine Archipelago.

The habitat of the Ifugaos is extremely mountainous; it occupies the eastern slopes of the rugged Cordillera Central and Polis ranges and the lateral ranges that, spurring from them, diminish into foothills and finally rolling plains.

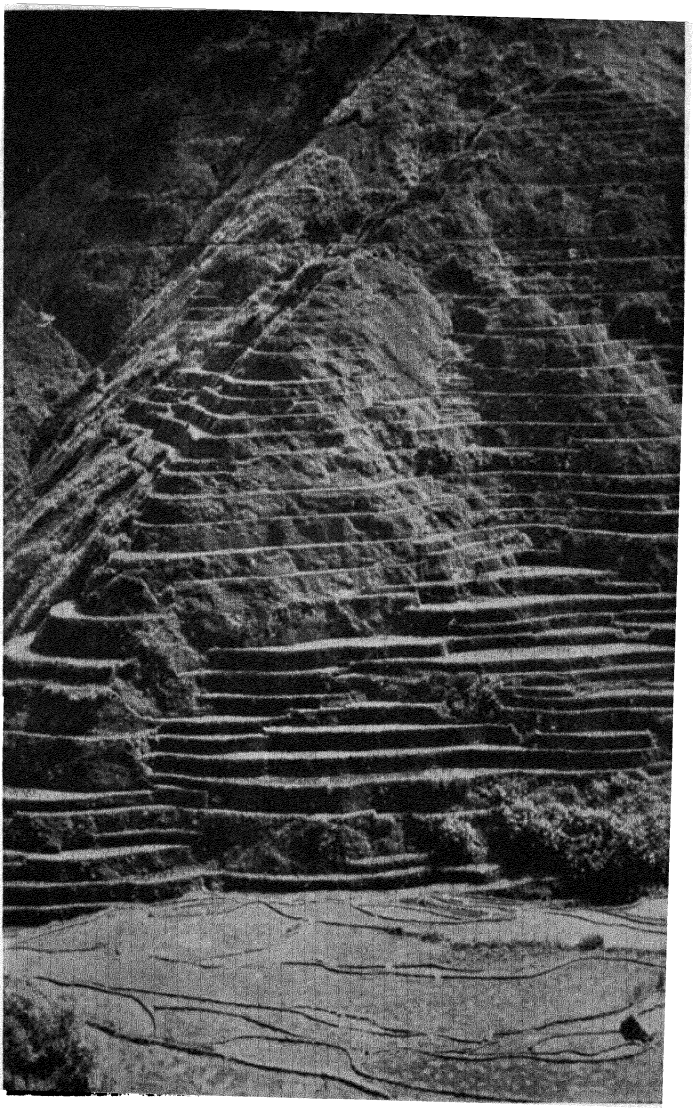
The Ifugaos (about 80,000) live in little villages perched on hillocks or nestled in (usually) unirrigable portions of the cultivated area of a valley or mountain-side. A village may consist of from a single house to thirty or more—usually about eight to twelve.

The folk living in a single valley or region are fairly homogeneous in language, much intermarried, and usually manage to get along with each other without a great deal of actual fighting. And when fighting does occur, neighbourly counsel intervenes to prevent a permanent feud from resulting. Surrounding the home region is a ring of other regions with whom relations are less cordial, which may be called the "neutral zone". There is also much intermarriage

with these regions and the folk there may not be beheaded even if it becomes necessary to kill them. Beyond the neutral zone and encircling it is a "feudist" zone: nearly every kinship group in the home region is at more or less active feud with one or more groups there, and heads are taken of those slain in feuds. Beyond this zone is what may be called a "war zone" with which enmity is on a geographic basis rather than one of blood feud: that is, practically all the people there are unrelated and enemies, and are killed and beheaded on sight if a good opportunity offers.

Still, it is necessary to warn that all this is only (and very decidedly) schematic. Many factors besides distance enter into the relations between regions, as, for example, tradition, trading relations, degree of kinship and intermarriage, and geographic factors. Thus, as illustrating the last named factor, it is to be noted that regions situated on the same stream are never at so deadly enmity as those on opposite sides of a range, are more homogeneous, and have a tradition of co-operation. But in general it is fairly safe to say, at least, that linguistic differences and outlandishness increase with distance and that tolerance decreases.

The great majority of the Ifugaos live in the western, more mountainous parts and cultivate rice in irrigated terraces. The plains are uninhabited; the foot-hills are sparsely inhabited by folk who grow some rice by dry farming and a very little irrigated rice. A part of the "Ayangan" people, deadly enemies of the folk where my field work was done, belong to this dry-rice group, though those who come in for the most



Terraced mountain spur, Benauwe Valley. The canals that bring water are shown at the left

[*face p.* 2

invidious mention in the autobiographies (the Gilut people) are wet rice growers.

Among the wet rice folk, rice terraces are the principal form of productive property. These climb the mountains, tier after tier, to heights of 1,800 metres. The terrace walls are usually of stone, either natural or built up. The average height is probably 4 or 5 metres, but there are natural stone sides 20 or more metres high and others having built walls 10 or more metres high. If these terraces could be straightened and placed end to end, they would reach about half-way around the equator. Here is a modification by man of the earth's surface on a scale unparalleled elsewhere—a massive modification beside which the Suez and Panama canals are quantitatively insignificant, though qualitatively, as necessitating a vastly higher technology, social organization, and mobilization of resources, they, of course, stand far ahead of the Ifugao terraces, built little by little through many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of years by means of wooden stakes, sometimes iron-shod, and wooden paddles—" spades " by courtesy—as the working tools.

Other forms of productive property are traps and hunting weapons, tools, the domestic animals: the pig, chicken, and duck. Only quite recently, a few christianized Ifugaos raise buffaloes. Neither wet- nor dry-rice growers raise enough rice for their annual subsistence; both plant hill-side clearings with tropical sweet potatoes (hereafter called by the Philippine term " camotes "), various beans, yams, and corn (maize). Indeed, the dry rice Ifugaos depend almost entirely

on camotes. But these clearings are hardly to be regarded as property in the usual sense of the word because they are abandoned after one to three years, grow up in jungle, and may be again cleared and planted by whomsoever wants to plant them.

But there is another and parallel form of property which has no production- or consumption-value, but rather an ostentation- and accumulation-value: ancient gold beads, worth four to ten times their intrinsic value according to their age; another form of bead consisting of a core wrapped in gold-leaf and covered by glass; ancient agate beads; beads probably of Greek or Levantine origin, dating from the fourth century or thereabouts; old gongs of bronze, having sometimes a high silver content; Chinese and, less frequently, Japanese jars which date from the fifteenth century onwards, valued largely according to their antiquity; shrouds having, it is true, a use value but also an accumulation and a currency value.

Until recently inherited property was not, and even now is not, in theory, privately owned. It passes, with many obligations (now falling into non-observance) attached to it. The eldest child accedes, on marriage, to possession of the inherited property of that parent who has the most inherited property, the second child to the inherited property of the other parent. These two lines of property, kept separate during the marriage of their parents, can never merge unless there be an only child. The acquired property of the parents was formerly allotted mostly to the eldest child, but since the coming of the Americans

the tendency is growing to allot it to children younger than the first and second if there be such.

The two inheritors are under obligation to assist their poorer kindred, not only brothers and sisters but cousins according to nearness, with animals for sacrifice in case of illness, death, marriage, etc., with assistance in paying indemnities assessed against them by other groups, bride prices, indemnities for remarrying when widowed, with loans for petty trading, rice in time of crop failure or hunger, and so on. Things so loaned have to be repaid, but without the exorbitant interest charged outsiders—without any interest at all, in fact. Thus the inheritors are trustees rather than owners—or were, until recently; they might not dispose of inherited property without the consent of their near kindred. But American rule has lessened the dependence of the inheritors on their kinship group and takes no cognizance of group ownership of property. As a result, the property inherited is coming more and more to be privately owned, though the transition is by no means complete.

The kinship group consists of all the descendants of an individual's eight pairs of great-great-grandparents. In the theory of the society, the inheritor of family property owes obligations to all of these (who may number up to 2,000 individuals) according to their degree of relationship. In practice, of course, an inheritor cannot assist so great a number—he can help only his nearer kin in their economic crises. But there are, in the group, several other inheritors of family property, so that it is only the individuals who are not fairly closely related to such an inheritor

who are, so to speak, left out in the cold. That is to say, every kinship group consists of a number of sub-groups more or less dependent on and subject to a rich kinsman.

If an individual of one group suffers wrong from an individual of another group, he takes his case to his near kindred who confer and send a go-between—perhaps a more distant kinsman or perhaps an unrelated person who has a reputation for settling controversies. The go-between (*monkalun*) listens to what the other side has to say and tries, by beating down the demands of the one side and beating up the offer of the other, to effect a settlement. In Central Ifugao he receives a fee for his services only if he effects a settlement; in other regions he receives a fee in any case, but a much larger one in case of bringing about a settlement. If he cannot settle the case, he withdraws from it. In some regions (but not in Central Ifugao), when he withdraws, he imposes a truce of half a moon, during which there must be no fighting else he will unite his own kinship group to that of the attacked group and help them take vengeance on the aggressors. After termination of the truce, the go-between and his kinship group are out of the case and the two sides may fight or, as is more usual, the complainants send another go-between. Thus, kinship groups deal with each other somewhat after the fashion of nations. Withdrawal of a go-between has much the same significance in inter-group relations as has the withdrawal of an ambassador in international relations.

Indemnities are paid in named units, either ten of

them or six, as a rule; the first, which is of greatest value, goes to the offended individual, while succeeding units, decreasing in value down to the last, go to the eldest of various lines of lateral kin who have backed the offended person in collecting the indemnity. For some reason, about which I might only conjecture, the lateral kin always receive more recognition in adat [custom law] and in ritual than the kin of preceding or succeeding generations, although the last two categories may have co-operated just as actively as the first.

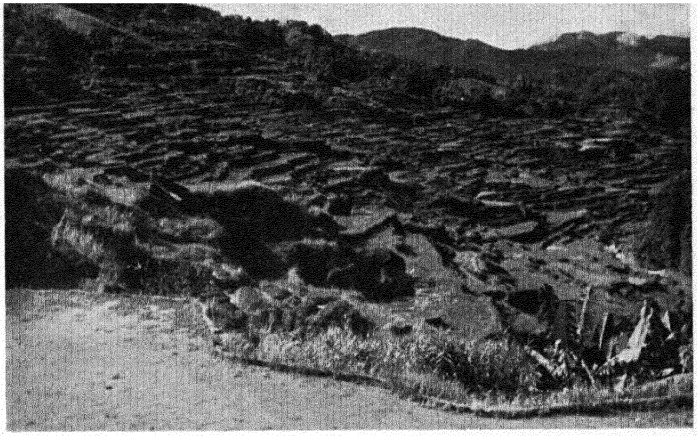
The lateral kin are called "brother-sisters" (one word: *tulang*), those of preceding generations are called "fathers" or "mothers", those of any generation preceding that one, "grandparents." The kindred of the generation succeeding one's own are called "children", and those of any generation succeeding that one are called "grandchildren".[1]

The kinship group is based on the past, the historical, development of Ifugao society and on the present co-operation of kinsmen in work, ritual, defence, aggression, "juridical procedure," economic activities and even, to a considerable extent, on collective property ownership and on collective consumption. For simplicity's sake I call this complex "the blood tie" or "kinship solidarity". How greatly it predominates in the Ifugao's consciousness and ideals and the nature of the various loyalties and obligations it enjoins are fairly well revealed in the narratives that follow.

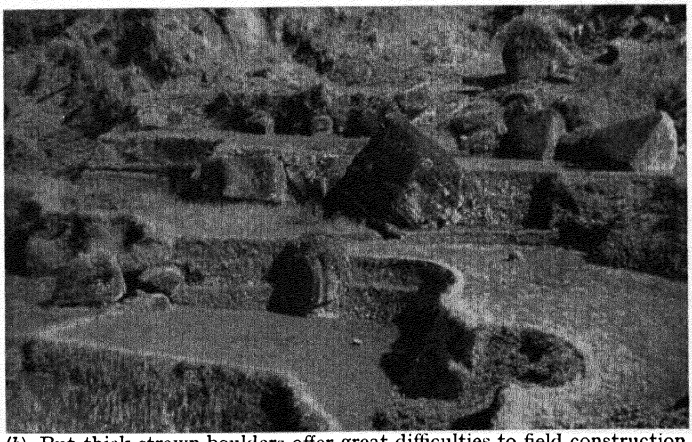
[1] In the pages that follow, whenever a kinship term is enclosed in quotation marks it is to be taken in this *extended* Ifugao sense; when it is not so enclosed it is to be taken in our own limited sense.

But there is another social unit, the local or geographic unit, which is extremely important despite the fact that it is obscure, undefined, and rarely has a place in the Ifugao's consciousness. The relations on which it is based grow, not out of kinship but out of propinquity. First of all, the folk of a neighbourhood unite to defend their locality against attack by outsiders. There is a modicum of ritual co-operation throughout a whole region and still more between neighbours of the same and near-by villages. There is a degree of economic and of head hunting-raiding co-operation between neighbours. The Ifugao recognizes the obligation to try to make peace between quarrelling kinship groups in his locality, and last, but not least, the obligation not to allow children's rows to stir up trouble between himself and his neighbour. This complex, which I call "local" or "geographic" (as opposed to "blood") solidarity, or the "tie of propinquity", is ordinarily very weak as compared to kinship solidarity, and is often in opposition to it. For the very principles of the two relations are contradictory.

Kinship solidarity transcends geography, it is centrifugal; the kinship group lives dispersed in a hundred villages in a dozen or more regions. And a kinsman is a kinsman, wherever he lives. But suppose one of these regions makes a raid on another: shall kinsmen fight kinsmen? Here is a divided duty—and it is but one of many that can arise in Ifugao society owing to the presence of two kinds of socio-economic bases. In general head-hunting and especially head-hunting raids intensify local solidarity. Slave-catching,



(*a*) Rice fields of the Bitu Region where the slope is more gentle



(*b*) But thick-strewn boulders offer great difficulties to field construction and cultivation

[*face p.* 8

when not connected with raiding, that is, when carried on within a region or between a region and its neutral zone, had an opposite effect—weakened local solidarity. A weakening of local solidarity effects a strengthening of kinship solidarity and vice versa.

The marriage tie is supplementary to kinship solidarity. It subjoins the kinship group of the spouse as allies—so long as the marriage remains in a healthy state and especially if children result from it. To a certain extent it reaches beyond the two principals and unites the respective kinship groups. But a quarrel or conflict between members from each group that leads to formal controversy may easily lead to divorce of the spouses. The blood tie is always stronger than that of marriage. Naturally, if the spouses want to continue in marriage, and especially if there are children, they strive to make peace between their respective groups. The mutually related kin also strive for peace, as also, to some degree, the neighbours if the quarrel bids fair to disrupt local unity.

Property considerations lead to the engagement and even marriage of the children who will come into a considerable amount of property when they are quite small. This child marriage is much more prevalent in some regions than in others; in Central Ifugao it is practised only by the very wealthy. The sex life of those who are not married in this way follows a much older, traditional pattern.

From the time he is physically independent (four to seven years) a child sleeps in a dormitory for the unmarried, the *agamang*. This may be a vacant house

or the house of a widow, widower, or unmarried person. The agamang (the native word will henceforth be used) for boys contains only boys and bachelors, the girls' agamang is always mixed, the inmates being little girls, large girls and their lovers, old women, widows (including divorcees) and their lovers if any.

Throughout my eight and a half years in Ifugaoland my house was a boys' agamang. The youngsters came in at dusk without any by-your-leave, would help my houseboys with their chores if asked to, would scuffle with each other, romp and banter for a while, would quiet down a bit when tired, lie on the floor, scuffle again and play pranks with each other's bodies, tell stories and obscene jokes, and finally fall asleep, several under one blanket. Masturbation and sexual perversions are absent—at least I am sure about the latter. There is no positive evidence for the former and no word for either. I do not doubt, however, that at puberty a boy sometimes reaches orgasm against the body of another boy. The carryings on in the boy's agamang are such as to stimulate sex-hunger, while as for little girls in the mixed agamang—they receive a complete education long before they require it. At puberty or soon after, the boy begins to visit the mixed agamang.

How heedless and promiscuous are the sexual relations in the mixed agamang, the reader will see for himself in the pages that follow. If pregnancy results from a liaison there, marriage follows as a matter of course. It is inconceivable to the Ifugao that a boy should not marry the mother of his child unless

there should be doubt about the paternity. In such a case, there would be resort to a harmless form of ordeal and the lad designated by the ordeal would henceforth believe himself to be the father and would marry the girl. The clinching consideration is that, by adat (custom law), the child, assuming hypothetically that the parents should not marry, would become heir to all the inherited property of both parents by right of primogeniture and thus the parents would henceforth be propertyless.[1]

But conception results less frequently from agamang relations than one would expect. The surprising intensity of the sex life of the agamang period seems to create physiological conditions unfavourable to conception: possibly the excessive intercourse keeps the female organs in a state of hyperemia—I do not know whether the science of physiology is in a position to give an explanation at present. Cases of disputed paternity are extremely rare and this would seem to indicate that conceptions occur, for the most part, when a liaison has become established and when a couple has settled down to a fairly moderate sexual relation like that existing in marriage.

Finally the boy tires of the intensity and discomfort of agamang relations; he begins to long to " acquire " [property]; the urge grows to follow the more adult pattern of Ifugao life and is stimulated, in all probability, by his parents who have been waiting, discretely silent on the sidelines, for the psychological moment in which to give him advice. He and his family

[1] It seems fair to conclude from this fact that the Ifugao regards the agamang relations as a form of marriage.

choose a girl [how this is done will appear later], and send a "messenger" (*monkauwe*); if accepted, they send an engagement token (*mommon*) to the girl's kin. After an interval, a second gift, of chickens for sacrifice (the "*málahín*") is sent. The bile-sac omens of these are read and, if they are good, the two, who from before the sending of the engagement token have been sleeping together in the agamang, "go separate" (*málahín*): that is, they begin to live apart, in a house, as spouses. But the marriage is still far from having run its gauntlet of omens. There is yet another marriage ceremony and, after that, the omens of the series of rice rites of the succeeding year must be good, else the marriage is discontinued (I think that is the best word to use) and back the two go to the agamang to find new mates. Indeed, so many marriages or attempts at marriage fail that the words *mommon, málahín* and *pogpog*, (a gift sent when an engagement is broken) are used with exceeding frequency in the autobiographies, and will not henceforth be italicized. Even when established, the marriage is likely to be broken by divorce for any of a great number of reasons. Divorce, like marriage, is a matter of concern between the two kinship groups of the spouses—it is not a matter for the principals to decide on alone. I suspect that the best definition of Ifugao marriage would be the following: "an agreement between kinship groups for the procreation of children by a man from one of the groups and a woman from the other."

That monogamous marriage has not always existed among the Ifugaos would seem to be the implication

both of the number of words used for marriage and of their meaning by derivation :

Ifugao Word.	Meaning of Root or Word Base.	Literal Meaning of the Compound.
1. *mdlahín*	*lahín* separate.	Go separate from, [apparently, from those in the agamang].
2. *monadum*	*adum* more, other, addition.	Take an addition or supplement.
3. *monhimbale*	*bale* house ; compound word base, *himbale* household in sense of man and woman living together in a house.	Form a household.
4. *monine*	*e* go, take ; comp. word base, *iné* something taken or carried away.	"*ininé-na Bugan*" = he took (or carried) Bugan away.
5. *mondatum*	*datum* unite.	Unite.
6. *mabolhe* [1]	*bolhe* apart, separate.	Go apart from the rest.
7. *umiwe*	*iwe* living separately.	Live separately.
8. *monhimbiyo*	*biyo* partner, trading partner ; comp. word base, *himbiyo* partnership relation, partners.	Form a partnership ; become partners.
9. *monahaowa*	*ahaowa* (borrowed word ?), partner in sexual intercourse ; spouse.	Take as spouse ; have sexual intercourse with.

The woman does the most tedious work, the man the most strenuous : the woman plants, weeds fields, harvests, weaves. The man formerly stood guard while the woman worked her hill-farm. Sometimes he helped her a little, and sometimes he still does. He spades the rice fields, builds fences and houses, sometimes hunts deer or wild boar, sometimes works in the neighbouring lowland provinces of Nueva Viscaya or Isabela or, more recently, in mines located at a considerable distance. He goes on trading trips, brings pigs or buffaloes (carabaos) up from the lowlands, formerly went on head-hunting raids, slave-catching, and slave-selling expeditions. He almost always becomes a priest and occupies himself with

[1] But with prefix *mon* (mombolhe) = to divorce, that is, go apart from each other.

the astoundingly rich ritual which has to be carried out at every turn of Ifugao life. For the religion of the Ifugaos is surely richer than any that has yet been recorded.

The universe is conceived as consisting of " Here " (the known earth), of a Skyworld above, which has a rather intricate geography of its own, of the Underworld, which has yet another underworld beneath, of a mythical, little-known Upstream Region to the westward, and a Downstream Region of the same character to the eastward. These five regions are all inhabited by a great number of deities and spirits of many sorts and groups. Sun, Moon, and Stars comprise part of the group of gods of war and justice.

The number of named gods and spirits probably rises well above a thousand. Some of them torment or afflict human beings in one way, some in another. The " division of labour " between them is not a reflection of the Ifugao's division of labour (which is sexual, age-group, or social) but rather, it would seem, of observed differences between phenomena and objects (animate and inanimate and human) in the environment and on former stages and vicissitudes of social organization and history. Besides the gods, there are the ancestral spirits ; both groups must be propitiated by feasts and sacrifices.

The Ifugao's world outlook and a large part of his thinking are of a magical nature. Magic is almost entirely of the kind called " sympathetic ". There are hundreds of myths which are recited on their appropriate ritual occasions for magical effect—myths that relate situations and crises in the past and how

PLATE 4



Village rites for terminating food prohibitions obligatory on all during harvest time

[face p. 14

gods or heroes happily met them, the present recital of which renews the forces that formerly brought about the desirable outcome. I have seen about forty-five myths recited on one ritual occasion—a mock head-feast. The recitation of some myths requires as much as three hours.

Besides functioning as priest, the Ifugao, when wealthy, acts occasionally as go-between in the controversies between kinship groups and profits from the fees he gains in this way. But only a rich man, or sometimes a very forceful character with probably a head-hunting reputation, can become a go-between, because only he can command the co-operation of a sufficient number of his kinship group to enable him to speak with the threat and authority requisite for dealing with people so stiff-necked as are Ifugaos involved in a controversy.

The wealthy man enjoys prestige by virtue of the fact that he is able to help his kindred in time of need, can kill enough animals and large enough animals at his rituals to "share" meat with his distant kindred and so command their loyalty and co-operation, and, finally, because only he can give the quite expensive social prestige feasts which the Ifugao so admires and enjoys. These prestige feasts are prepared for by an elaborate series of preliminary ceremonies and by nightly preliminary dancing which is believed to cause the wine that is being brewed to ferment well. The culmination, on the tenth day, is a drinkfest attended by kin and non-kin from far and near—often a very turbulent affair. On the eleventh day, several carabaos (water buffaloes) are slaughtered and the

meat distributed to even very remote kindred—to hundreds or even a thousand of them. On the twelfth day, a carabao is killed for the neighbours of the same or near villages.

The Ifugao's known earth is divided into plots and parcels, each of which seems to him to be a unit and each of which has its own name. They vary in size from a hectare up to perhaps 30 hectares or, in a stretch of uninhabited territory, up to 200 hectares or so. A number of these localities are grouped together under a regional name. Thus Bitu, where my field work was done, consisted of about thirty named localities and had an area of about 500 hectares. The denser the population, the greater the subdivision into named localities. To the east and south-east of Ifugaoland lie the lowland provinces of Isabela and Nueva Viscaya, inhabited by civilized Filipinos whom the Ifugao calls Klityanot (*cristianos*).

There are two types of dwellings, the "house" (*bale*) and the hut (*abong*). The house is of uniform type, is elevated on posts nearly 2 metres high, each of which bears a rat fender; its floor area is usually 5 to 8 square metres. The walls slope outward from below up, giving the body of the house a characteristic bin-shape. There is a front door and a back door. The (thatched) roof is pyramidal and has a smoke hole at the apex. The hut is not so uniform in type, is built of poorer materials on, or but slightly raised from, the ground by posts that carry no rat fenders; the roof is rarely pyramidal, the sides are usually perpendicular, and there is usually but one door.

In either house or hut the fireplace is invariably at

the farther right-hand corner from the front door. There are no windows, the interior is dark and sooty. The right side of the dwelling, its area lessened by the fireside, is called the " woman's side ", the left side is the " man's side ".

The dwelling is, to the Ifugao, a storeroom, a shelter in bad weather, and a place to cook, eat, and sleep. Twenty years ago, the average value of a house, measured in money, was about ten pesos. The value is now three or four times as great.

I was fortunate in being able, for the period of my stay, to rent a house of bungalow type from Mr. Pedro Kitung, formerly a school teacher in this district. It was situated on the main path of communications between downstream and upstream regions; passers-by always stopped to rest under or near it and nobody felt any sense of strangeness in it. Folk were accustomed to entering without invitation; my occupancy made no difference in this respect: they would penetrate to kitchen or bedroom or sit or lie on the floor at all times of the day. There were usually a number of men or boys sitting or standing around during my work with informants. When the men's biographies were being recorded, the women started coming to listen, but I had to send them away, as the informants would not talk freely before them. The male by-standers, however, did not bother the woman informant in the least; instead, they gave her an audience she seemed to enjoy.

Wherever the events related in the autobiographies are contrary to the spirit of Ifugao culture, contra-typical, so to speak, I have so indicated in comments

enclosed within brackets or in footnotes. Where no such limitation is expressed, events or attitudes in the narratives may be regarded as typical or at least as being within the frame of the culture.

I have done my best to minimize the use of native words in the texts, a frequent source of irritation to the reader of ethnographic works. But it has been impossible to avoid using a few. A word in one language can rarely, if ever, be translated by a word in another even closely related language: a phrase, sentence, paragraph, or a whole dissertation would be required in most cases, except that the context usually helps by giving the word an approximate sense.[1]

I have adopted the plan of defining in a short glossary below a few words from Ifugao and a few from other languages, most of which have a special, Philippine application. These words will be used without being italicized. In the writing of Ifugao words and names, the vowels have, approximately, their continental values and the consonants, English values. But â = the sound of *aw* in saw, and û = the sound of *u* in cup. The primary accent is on the penult unless otherwise indicated.

The photos were all made with a Leica camera of Soviet production; all except four photos were taken by myself. The Ifugaos were a much better looking people and a cleaner people during my former stay among them as teacher: neither sex then wore an upper garment (except as a protection from the sun in field work). Owing to lowland and missionary

[1] Professor B. Malinovski brilliantly discusses the problem of translating native words in his *Coral Gardens* (London, 1935), vol. ii, p. 11 et seq.

influence they now wear a shirt, and it is always an ill-fitting thing of Japanese production, which they wear till it falls to tatters and without washing very often, if at all.

Short Glossary

adat, a term applied to Malay and Indonesian custom-law.

agamang, house or hut where the unmarried sleep (see page 9).

apo, grandparent, ancestor of any generation preceding that of ego's parents; master, overlord; sir, a term of respect.

bolo, a Philippine term for the large knife used in work or war. Among the Ifugaos it is of two types: the *hangap*, which has a curved cutting edge, and the *hinalong*, which has two cutting edges and a point and has the shape of the Roman *spada*.

camote, the tropical sweet potato, a native of tropical America which was probably introduced into the Philippines by the Spaniards.

gibu, indemnity for offence against the marriage relation (including remarriage of the widowed). From the beginning of the engagement it grows larger with each ceremony, being known as *hudhud*, until the series of marriage rites is completed, after which it is known as gibu *luktap* or gibu *hokwit*, according to the flagrancy of the offence.

kadangyan, wealthy man, head of a sub-group (in the kinship group) of his nearer relatives. He must initiate himself to the rank by giving several very expensive public feasts.

málahín, the first marriage rites, at which omens are consulted. If these be favourable, the pair "go separate", that is, leave the agamang and live as spouses.

mommon, a gift (chicken, pig, duck) sent by the family of the man to the family of the woman as an engagement token.

peso, a Philippine monetary unit now worth half an American dollar. Abbreviation thus, P, P25. Its purchasing power was much higher in Spanish times.

pogpog, gift sent as token of the breaking of an engagement to marry.

"*tributary*", a primary tributary of a river. Ifugaos do not name their streams. The tributary so frequently mentioned hereafter is larger than a brook but hardly a small river; most of the regions of Central Ifugao lie in its basin.

PART II

NGÍDULU

Ngídulu, of Nunbalabag village (Bitu region), was the best of my informants. His name means "Laziness", and never did a name fit the individual better—and yet, this is true only in a physical sense, for I never ceased to wonder at the activity of his mind, at his intelligence, at his keen insight into motives and men, at his all-embracing knowledge of Ifugao lore generally, and of the remarkably intricate religion, folklore, and adat in particular. Most of all his memory, although it was probably only slightly above the Ifugao average, astounded me over and over. He would be telling about a visit thirty years ago to an agamang. "Who was in that agamang?" I would ask. Then he would enumerate. Rarely would he have to hesitate a moment before recalling the names of at least all the larger girls and boys, and this he could do for any agamang he had ever visited. Not only this, but he knew much of the genealogy and the complicated net of interrelationship of almost all the people in the whole reach of the valley from Ligauwe to Amganad.

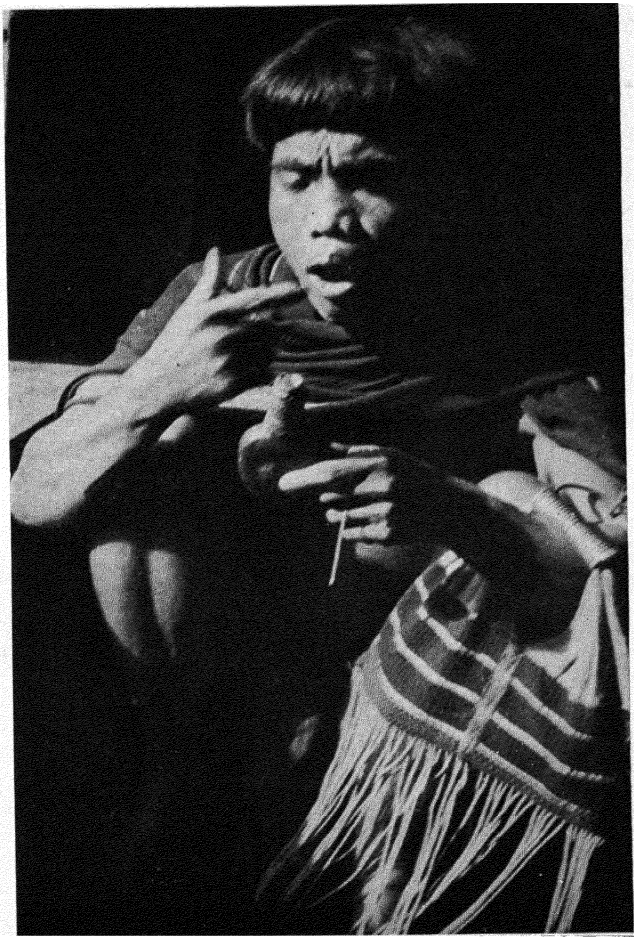
However plain I might make it that I wanted him to come on the morrow, he would always have to be called to my bungalow. His village was only about 150 yards away, at a higher level, on a jutting promontory set in the rice fields. He would appear

after a while, would mosey along the winding rice-field dykes, climb the stile at the entrance to our village, then the stairway, would enter without greetings or answering to greetings and slump, like a man utterly spent, into a chair or on my cot if no chair were handy. Soon he would be able to draw his feet up to the chair seat and would squat on it as he was accustomed to sit on house-floor or mat during his prolonged recitations of myths or invocations of the deities when officiating as priest.

His enunciation was indistinct and almost inaudible. A helper was doubly, even trebly necessary in working with him and even he, sitting bent forward with ears strained, often could not hear or understand Ngídulu's terse mumblings. But there was always matter in what he said and there were few things in Ifugao culture that Ngídulu did not know, though it was often like rock work to blast explanations out of him. It was not that he was indifferent—it was simply that he had only energy enough to keep his encyclopædic mind going and none left over for his vocal apparatus. His case was like that of the Mississippi steamboat whose boiler was so small that if the engine worked, the whistle wouldn't blow, and if the whistle blew, it took all the steam and the engine stopped. His lack of energy made him a good listener, and perhaps that is the reason he knew so much.

By Ifugao standards, Ngídulu is, though poor, thoroughly respectable. He has always kept out of, or managed to get out of, trouble and debt. He is decidedly averse to physical work and like many

PLATE 5



Ngídulu, perched on a chair in my " study ", interrupts his narrative in order to convey lime on his moistened forefinger to his betel quid. (Photo by F. Bugbug)

[*face p.* 22

priests evades every sort [note the roof of his house, Plate 6) except one—the spading of rice fields. But he was a very lively boy, rather a ruffian, indeed, and as a youth, a gay blade, though probably not much more of one than the average youth. Whether there may be any connection between the excesses of that period and his present physical laziness, I shall have to leave to someone more competent in physiology. There are intimations in his life story that his lethargy may be inherited.

Ngídulu had a very keen sense of humour which was always manifesting itself in digs at the ethnographer's expense. For example, in teaching the funeral ceremonies it was necessary for him to assume somebody to be dead and to send the soul away. To have used the soul of a deceased person might have stirred up trouble and to use the soul of a living person might have brought bad magical consequences to that person. I told him to use my soul, which he did. Later, in working with him on the deogeography of the Skyworld, he informed me that a certain region there was the abode of rich men, who spent their time in feasting, drinking, and singing the rich man's epic.

Inasmuch as the Ifugaos assume all Americans to be rich or at least to have rich man's status, I asked him why he had not given my soul the consideration due it, for he had sent it to the downstream region with the souls of the poor.

"I have noticed, Apo," he said, "that when you sit down, the rolls of fat on your belly hang out over your belt. We Ifugaos regard fatness as a calamity, so I sent you to the region of poor folk so that you

might become thinner on their camotes that they live on there and become able to climb the mountains without losing your wind as you do."

Questioning, however, brought out that all souls, rich or poor, are sent to the same region (the Downstream Region) in the funeral rites. It could not be explained how souls of rich men got from thence to their abode in the Skyworld. Here was a bit of evidence to add to other similar bits which go to show that two or more religious systems have been imperfectly united to compose the structure of the present Ifugao religion.

On another occasion I was about to photograph a youth who had a lot of nodules in his skin. The lad was posing himself in preparation.

"Never mind getting your face ready," Ngídulu told him. "It's your boulders he wants!"

Frequently Ngídulu would be unable to come to me because he had been called to perform rites for his kindred or co-villagers. He was the most famous priest in the region and in great demand. He would usually try to refuse these calls because he preferred his wage as informant to the chunk of meat he would receive as priest. Sometimes people would come when he was working with me and try to coax him away to perform sacrifices for them. "I am busy with the American," he would say. "And is the American your kinsman that you should teach and teach *him* and are *we* the ones who are non-kin?" they would ask with unanswerable logic. It made me feel guilty and I would sometimes let him go, for an Ifugao must not offend his kindred.

From certain events Ngídulu remembers at a definite stage of his growth, I reckon his age at 46 to 48 years. Now let him tell his story. He begins it with an explanation of what is, to the Ifugao, the most important phase of his life: his status with respect to inherited property.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NGÍDULU

My great-grandfather was a wealthy man (*kadang yan*) and gave my grandfather, his third child, a field [1] from the acquired property (*ginatang*). This field my father inherited.

My mother ought to have inherited three fields, but really received only two. For she was the eldest child and, having the right to choose between the inherited properties of her parents, which she would have, she chose those of her mother, since they were more valuable than her father's. But her mother married a second time and by her second husband bore a son whom she loved more than she loved her other children. This son, she insisted, should have her smallest field, and she urged him to plant it and hold it, if need be, by force. My mother was dominated by her mother and was afraid to resist her half-brother. My father kept out of the quarrel and gave her no encouragement to stand up for her rights.

Not only this, but my father sold his own field to raise the necessities of life, and finally my mother had to sell hers for the same purpose. [Informant reluctant

[1] "Field" to the Ifugao and throughout these narratives always means an irrigated rice field, tenure of which is permanent. The Ifugao does not regard the *babal* (which I translate as "hill-farm" or "clearing") as property, for his tenure is for only a year or two during which he plants tropical sweet potatoes (camotes), maize, cowpeas, or beans in it, after which it is abandoned and reverts to jungle.

to go into the details of this calamity. The father is said by our neighbours to have been plain "no 'count".] Consequently, though the eldest child, I inherited no fields, but have been able to buy one from my earnings as priest and from the proceeds of chicken-raising. Since I had no older brothers and sisters to carry me in the blanket-sling (*oban*) this was done by Ayuhip, a little girl, my "mother" on the father's side.[1]

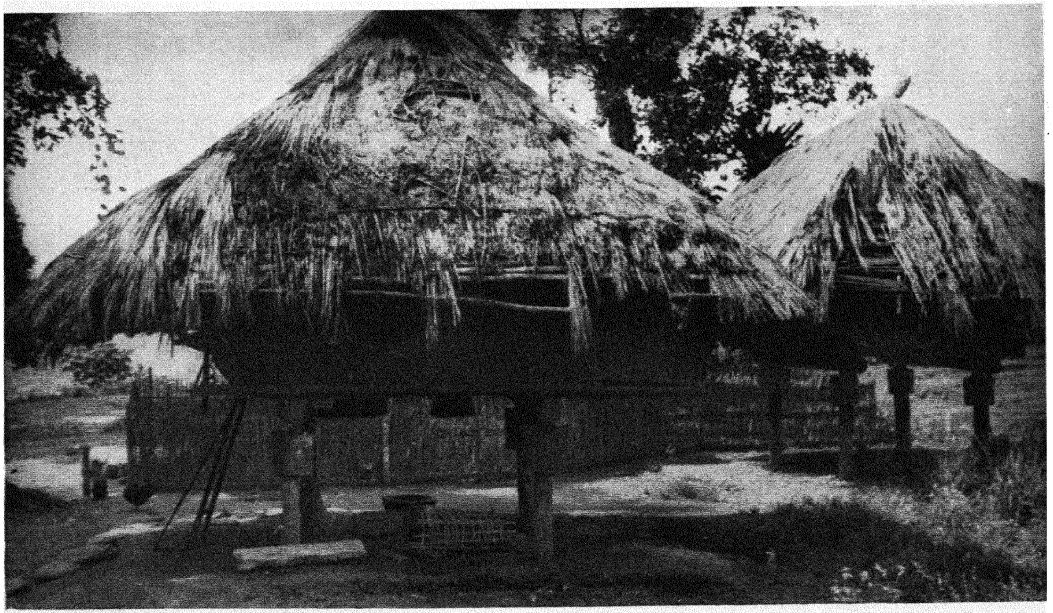
My earliest memories are of accompanying my parents to the fields when they went to catch fish and of playing and bathing in the fields on these trips. One day I followed my mother far to her hill-farm in Atugu—that place which [according to tradition] Kingi, the first settler in the Bitu region, bought from the Holnad people for a hunting ground. I fell somewhat behind her on the way, and near Atugu a man came round a bend in the trail carrying a load of runo tips for roofing. I had been hearing a lot of talk about kidnapping and was afraid this was a kidnapper, so I began to scream as loudly as I could. My mother rushed back in great alarm, for kidnapping was of almost weekly occurrence at that time in our own or a neighbouring region. I cried out that the man was trying to kidnap me.

"Why it's not a boy but runo tips that I have in my arms, and besides, you are my 'son'," said the man.

[1] Every Ifugao child is carried on the back in the blanket-sling of home-spun cotton, about ½ metre wide and 2½ metres long. Likewise the adult Ifugao is supposed to be carried in a spiritual blanket-sling by a certain class of deities, the maknongan, and by the ancestral souls, who are invoked when a perilous undertaking is in prospect to "tighten the knot of our blanket-slings".

Again the reader is reminded that when a relationship term appears in quotation marks it is used in its extended Ifugao sense.

PLATE 6



Ngidulu's house, the roof of which testifies to his aversion to toil ; granary in the background

[*face p.* 26

My mother began to laugh and Anaban (that was the man's name) and she chewed betels together (for he was a "brother" of my father [1]). They ridiculed me for my mistake and Anaban told me I must learn who my kindred were. Yes, Apo, I suppose that this incident must have made quite an impression on my child's mind, that it gave me my first idea of the kinship group (*himpangamud*).

Only a short while before this, my father and six of our kin from our own village and Ginauwa village, near by, had gone on a slave-catching expedition which was led by our kinsman Bantian. They had intended to go to Ubwag region, the other side of Mampolya. But passing through the farther part of Mampolya, they captured a woman who was working on her hill farm. On the way back through Mampolya, the woman screamed for help and many men rushed out against them [armed with spears and shield]. But they fought stubbornly and succeeded in bringing the woman back to our village of Nunbalábag. For six days the woman's kin stayed in the forests round about our villages, watching for a chance to rescue the woman or retaliate on some of us, but none of our folk were hurt except one man, who was slightly wounded in the foot. Our neighbours helped in the defence. When the enemy left on the sixth day, Bantian shouted after them, :

"You people of Mampolya! Do not try to retaliate on us kindred of these towns, for we stick

[1] Had he been a "brother" of Ngídulu's mother, he and she could not have chewed betels together on account of "brother"-"sister" avoidance.

together like one man. Retaliate on the in-laws of our relatives by marriage."

This was a very strange thing to say, and I have never been able to understand how he came to say it. [Bystanders are also puzzled.] It would seem that such an invitation would turn all the groups allied to ours by marriage against us. [Discussion by bystanders arrives at this conclusion: "Retaliation was certain. Of course, a man would like to see that retaliation visited on his kin by marriage rather than on his blood kin, but it was unwise to voice the wish. It was certainly a strange thing for an Ifugao to say." But later in the afternoon, in comes an old man from Mampolya. Ngídulu reminds him of the incident and he tells us that the captured woman was a relative of some of the relatives by marriage of the kidnapper's group, so that the point of Bantian's words was: "Retaliate on yourselves!" Ifugaos were far less careful to avoid kidnapping a relative of a relative by marriage than they were to avoid taking the head of such a one.]

Paduwauwon, kinsman of the captured woman, went to Maluyu village in the Anao region to retaliate and carried off a small boy, Ganu, one of our kindred, in a basket. The way he did this was as follows: he saw the boy playing alone in the outskirts of the village, spoke to him kindly, and told him there were kidnappers all around.

"You'd better get into this basket I have and let me carry you safely past them," he said.

The little fellow, about my age and in terror, no doubt, just as I was from hearing continual talk about

kidnappers, did as Paduwauwon suggested and never cried out once as Paduwauwon carried him over the ridge to Mampolya.

On the third day our people learned what had happened to the boy and some of our kindred together with some of the boy's kindred from Anao and Hingyón went over the mountain to Mampolya to rescue him. Tayaban of our village was wounded in the first skirmishing, however, and our people, believing they had mistaken their omens,[1] returned without the boy.

The woman that our kin captured was sold in the lowlands for six carabaos (water buffaloes), which were distributed as follows: one carabao to the *monkauwil* [the agent who took the woman to the lowlands and sold her]; one carabao to the kindred and neighbours of Dayakut village who helped us during the attack (*dolal*); four carabaos were distributed among the captors and used for the payment of debts and the purchase of rice fields.

The Mampolya people sold the little boy in the

[1] The Ifugao always consults the *idu*, a small bird of the flycatcher genus, *Rhipidura cyaniceps* Cassin, before any serious undertaking, whether it be a warlike expedition, a trading trip, selection of a site for a hill farm, or what not. The omen is given by the perch (live twig or dead, leafy or bare), by flight (direction, swooping, or steady), and by cry (interrupted, rapid, and continuous or "harsh"). Ifugaos who speak English call it "the red bird", although, as a matter of fact, blue predominates over red and yellow in its plumage. There is no native word for "blue" and the word which they translate as "red" (*mayingit*) probably means to them "highly coloured" or "flaming".

Besides the omens given by the "red" bird, there are omens of equal importance given by the bile-sac of sacrificed chickens. Thirteen different kinds of bile-sacs are recognized on the basis of colour, position with respect to the liver and entrails, and fullness. Professor Kroeber believes that both these forms of divination reached the Ifugaos from the same centre of dispersion from which they reached the ancient Romans. There are many less important forms of divination among the Ifugaos.

lowlands and nothing was ever heard of him thereafter.

Yes, those were turbulent times! I suppose I was about four years old at that time. The Spaniards were still in the country, but their soldiers were poorly armed [1] and they only about half-way established "order" in the regions immediately around their posts at Kiangan, Benauwe, Hapao, and Mayaoyao. Our region is far from any of these posts and the only time we felt the hand of the Spaniards was when our enemies were able to enlist their aid against us in retaliation for our head-hunting or slave-catching. Then a detachment of Spaniards, accompanied by warriors from the offended village or region, would come down on us suddenly and burn houses and catch pigs and perhaps kill a few people who were slow in taking to the forest. The Ifugaos accompanying the expedition would behead the slain and cut off their hands and feet as well. They never burned our villages in Bitu, but they burned villages in the neighbouring region of Hingyón, and our kin there took refuge with us till they could rebuild their houses.

When I must have been about eight or nine years old, the Spaniards left the country, being called to Manila to fight the Filipino insurrectos. Then the head-hunting and raiding and slave-catching became still more frequent. Trouble even broke out between Bitu and Anao districts.[2]

[1] As recently as about 1880, the Spanish garrison in Kiangan was armed with flint locks.

[2] These two districts are really one region, a geographical unit, comprising as they do about 3½ kilometres of the side of a mountain at the bottom of which runs the "tributary" (larger than a brook or creek, but hardly a river) that empties into the Bulâ River. The boundary between the two districts is purely arbitrary [it is very rare to find an arbitrary boundary in

It happened in this way. There was a first-harvest (*badang* [1]) in a field owned by some Anao people at Nunggauwa, across the tributary from Bitu. During the morning not much rice wine was taken to the harvesters lest they be too drunk to do their work; in the afternoon, much larger quantities were brought. It would have been better if either less or more rice wine had been supplied. As it was, the Anao people, hilariously drunk, started home by way of Kayapa, a village at the entrance to Bitu territory, which has ceased to exist by reason of the events I am about to relate.[2]

Ngipul, a very rich man, who then lived in Kayapa, offered them wine. They hesitated to go up into the village for the wine; some of the kindreds represented among them had formerly had trouble with the Bitu folk. Accordingly, Ngipul sent the wine down by Linumu, who, after giving it to them, returned and sat down on a large stone which was the *atul* of Kayapa village.[3] Ginoldang, an Anao man, went up

Ifugao]; the folk have intermarried greatly, speak the same language, have the same customs. The fact is, an Ifugao's local unity, or neighbourliness, does not extend more than a few hundred metres beyond his own village.

[1] *Badang*: the first harvesting of the fields of a couple who have married during the preceding year, accomplished by the help of their kindred and immediate neighbours. It brings together a large crowd of people. Great quantities of rice wine are supplied by the owners. The danger lies in the fact that many unrelated kinship groups are represented. Emboldened by the presence of his kin and exhilarated by the rice wine, somebody begins to act the bully or braggart; some hothead of another group calls his hand, and a fight starts which is joined in by the kin on each side.

[2] That is, on account of the calamity that occurred there; the site was considered unlucky and abandoned. Kitung, Ifugao ex-school-teacher from another region, was intending to build there the bungalow I lived in during my field trip, but was advised against the site by his wife's people.

[3] *Atul*: a place, sometimes a natural object as a large boulder or two or three adjacent boulders, sometimes a bench or paved area or an elevated stone platform built by the villagers, at which the folk sit, gossip, and look out over the valley below.

into the village and slashed at Linumu with his bolo, but was so drunk he did no great harm. Linumu sprang up, grappled with Ginoldang, threw him to the ground. Balungbung, Linumu's brother, grabbed away Ginoldang's shield, whereupon Linumu speared him through the belly and held him pinned to the ground. While Linumu was bearing down on his spear in this way, one of the Anao men threw a spear which struck him in the thigh. At the same time, the Anao crowd was rushing up to the village and Balunglung turned to flee, for they were many. Bungtiwan, of Anao, speared Balunglung in the back. He fell, and his mother rushed forward, covered him with her body, and brandished a bolo at the attackers. All the Kayapa people except this old woman and another of her sons, Ngitit, ran away. Ngitit danced about with his spear, facing them, looking for an opening. Him the Anao people speared.

All Bitu was aroused by the cries from Kayapa and folk went scurrying for their spears and shields. The Anao folk could not now pass through Bitu on their way home and recrossed the tributary in order to take the route through Duyukan. The Bitu folk rushed to attack them on their way. Buung, a cripple, hobbled along, too. Banawol, one of the Anao men, thinking him easy prey, approached him. Spears were exchanged and it was Banawol who was struck and fell, but he managed to get up and run away from the cripple back to his own crowd. Nobody else was hurt at this time.

Despite the fact that only one Anao man had been slain, while Bitu had lost two, there were no further



Village of Nunbalabag (taken from my " study " window) where Ngidulu and Bugan nak Manghe live. Note relative height of the woman to be seen walking along the edge of the high terrace at the left

fights for about a year and a half. The cooler heads in the two regions, especially those related in both districts, counselled peace and were beginning to think there would be no further consequences from the brawl. Biagon, a brother of the two Kayapa men who were slain, presuming on the truce our people usually extend to lovers, resumed his visits to his mistress in Maluyu, a village on the farther side of Anao.[1] Banawol, the same who had been wounded by Buung, the cripple, had suffered under ridicule on that account, and was anxious to prove his ferocity.[2] Meeting Biagon one morning returning from his mistress' agamang, he exchanged kindly greetings, for the two were "brothers" of the first degree [first cousins] and walked through the fields with him. He manœuvred so as to get Biagon ahead, then

[1] The Ifugao is inclined to be lenient toward young men of enemy regions who come to his own to court girls. Probably this is because if a foreigner settles among them the village gains a warrior and a connection with the foreign village, a go-between who can pass safely thither. But it is not a very reliable leniency to depend on if feelings run high, as the present instance shows.

[2] Bravery, is among all peoples, a complex of simpler conceptions. *Bungot*, which I have translated "ferocity" (but it is far from being an accurate translation) is the principal one of these in the Ifugao's conception of bravery. It includes an inclination to aggressiveness, to lord it over others, to initiate revenge of wrongs, and to incite others to a like attitude. The acclaim given these qualities is based on the conditions of Ifugao society. For in that society, with its utter absence of any superior authority, vengeance is the rule of life: for a group not to avenge is to court extermination.

But vengeance is an easy thing to put off. It is very dangerous to go forth, barefooted, armed with three or four spears, into a hostile region where one is likely to be ambushed and where all are enemies who will kill on sight. And the Ifugao is inclined to put it off, in the hope of a safer opportunity. And even if such a safer opportunity should present, it is still an easy thing to forgo, for availing of it would open up a long period of anxiety, fear, and the likelihood that the exacerbated feud or warfare would claim oneself or his near kin as the victims. Hence the highest quality, in the estimation of Ifugao society, is that combination of aggressiveness and initiative, of quickness to avenge that is implied by the word *bungot*.

speared him in the back.[1] He did not take the head, since Biagon was a kinsman and, besides, heads are taken only from distant regions.

The news was shouted to Bitu. The Bitu people went by a roundabout way and brought the body home.

Pugung, brother of Ginoldang, the Anao man slain in the brawl at Kayapa, procured a Mauser rifle from his kin in Buhne. With a companion he waited in hiding at a defecation place (baang) near one of the villages of Bitu district. Soon there came a man, Dumapi, for an act of nature. Pugung fired, then ran homeward for dear life. Dumapi fell over backward into his own excreta. He started to rise up and at the same time a pig, which had been waiting expectantly just behind him, woofed with fright and ran between his legs, so that he fell back into it again. Dumapi took careful reckoning of himself, found he was uninjured, ran for his spear and led the Bitu people to search for the foe, but could find no one. Then he went to the spring for a wash.

Pugung still had confidence in his gun and came a second time, this time to Dayukong. For in that village lived a priest, Dangunay, whom the Anao people were especially anxious to kill, since he was very powerful in sorcery and also knew their

[1] He killed Biagon as a member of a region with which his own was at war. This was nowise typical Ifugao behaviour as, indeed, the fight between the two adjacent districts was nowise typical. It is the only case I ever heard of in which one first cousin deliberately killed another. The incident illustrates how, in time of war, the local, the geographical, unit increases tremendously to an importance that may even dwarf the only unit of society of which the Ifugao is ordinarily conscious and consciously reckons with—the kinship group. It also illustrates one phase of the contradiction between the blood tie and that of propinquity.

ancestors—and the latter made him doubly dangerous to them.[1]

So Pugung lay in wait below the village one morning and when Dangunay came out to pound rice for his breakfast, he blazed away and missed again. Pugung and his companions were beyond spear range, so Dangunay and his co-villagers stood at the brink of the cliff at the edge of the village and threw rocks at them. Pugung's company retreated, Pugung firing his gun now and then. Dangunay held up his arms derisively and shouted: "Go ahead—shoot me! *Kaya palpalatog-mo*" [A plague on your guns].

Some time after that, Inuyay of this same village went with some of his kinsmen to Piwong, on the opposite side of the tributary, to see if they could secure the release of a kinswoman, Intanap of Namulditang, whom the Piwong people had kidnapped and were going to sell into slavery in the lowlands. They besought the Piwong people to release her, but to no avail, and the party was not strong enough to rescue the woman by force, and so recrossed the tributary and returned through the outskirts of the Anao region.

There they saw an Anao man, Balangat, carrying a rice wine jar, and immediately went into hiding. They saw him put the jar down, bend over and begin washing it. They advanced stealthily and when almost upon him, Balugat, the first in their file, rushed up and slashed out with his bolo, wounding Balangat

[1] The Ifugao believes that no man dies except with the consent of his ancestors. The ancestors may be bribed by deities or men who wish to encompass his death. Hence an enemy who knows one's ancestors is doubly dangerous.

in the hand. Balangat ran away. The rest of the party scolded Balugat for not having waited for them to come up and throw a volley of spears which would have made sure of their victim, since he could not have dodged all the spears. As for the jar, it was of the cheapest kind—to have carried it home as plunder would have made them ridiculous, so they left it in the field.

Balangat's cries brought out both Anao and Bitu people. When the two sides met, Bulanan of Bitu hit Nunhagud of Anao in the shoulder with a spear, but the wound was slight. Habiling of Puntaguan, a village in the edge of Bitu territory, fighting with the Anao folk because he was more closely related to them, wounded Binungan of Bitu in the leg. The two sides played hide-and-go-seek with each other for about an hour with no further casualties, then returned home.

Dangunay (another Dangunay—not the sorcerer) of Bitu and his son, Ginamay, a mere boy, went to Atugu to bring home camotes from their hill farm. Nunhagud saw them go and awaited their return, intending to avenge the wound he received in the fight just mentioned. He met them on their way back and, as he was passing, speared Dangunay in the back. The boy Ginamay stood his ground and denounced the deed. Nunhagud was holding his spear and shield in one hand, the spear-head projecting beyond the lower edge of the shield a very little. He struck the child in the forehead with the conjoined shield and spear, inflicting a shallow wound. He did not try to slay the child, as in fighting between adjacent

districts or regions, Ifugaos do not take the heads of those men whom they slay, nor do they kill women and children, though they may capture them and sell them into slavery. The Bitu people carried the body home and made the three days' *himong* rites over it.[1]

Ginapa, niece of Dangunay, married to an Anao man, came home for the vengeance rites and stayed at home for two or three months. Finally she went back to her husband (being, no doubt, sent back by her kindred). The husband was suspicious of her, watched her continually, and tried to give her no chance to stab. Before eating, he would blow the steam that arose from the food before him toward Bitu and invoke it:

"*Okulam longahon di latud ya laplap, ta okukulam da Dinayu ya da nak Apuya, ta humanúnghung-da longahon di hinamal ya lapne, intunung ya latud*" [Follow, steam of yams, cooked rice and cooked camotes, so that you follow and follow Dinayu (daughter of Dangunay, the slain, and "sister" of Ginapa) and the children of Apuyâ (son of Dangunay) so that they smell and smell the steam of the rice, camotes, and yams].[2] Even this daily invocation against her nearest

[1] The *himong* includes all the vengeance rites for the burial of a beheaded or murdered person. The purpose of these rites (which are among the most spectacular to be found among primitive peoples—see Barton, *The Half Way Sun*, part vi) is to bring about a change of disposition in the war gods (who are evidently ill-disposed toward the group) and, by means of sacrifices, magic, and invocations, to face them in the opposite direction—against the enemy. The *himong* is also performed in all cases of death from lightning, accident, drowning, or death in childbirth.

[2] This, which I suppose we may call the Ifugao's "grace" before eating, was magic directed against her kin. The Ifugao who partakes of an enemy's food or who even smells it, or who drinks his rice wine or chews his betels, will surely be afflicted by the *hidit* gods who give coughings, hæmorrhages from the lungs, short breath, pantings, and enlarged spleen.

kindred did not drive the woman to do what she ought to have done [i.e. stab her husband] so her kindred called her back to Bitu, and she divorced her husband.

There was a drinkfest at the village of Nahbingan, on the boundary between Bitu and Anao. The people of both regions attended. Banawol of Anao was dancing in a way that seemed to mimic his killing of Biagon. Linumu, the latter's brother, eyed him sternly, raised his spear, aimed at the axilla—and struck the bolo swinging in the scabbard at the waist![1] The spear, glancing, inflicted only a skin wound.

Linumu ran to Dayukong village where many of his kin were assembled from Bitu and Mampolya. They advanced and the Anao people ran away.

Shortly after this, the Americans came and estab-

[1] I will attempt to explain the atrocious markmanship of the Ifugaos in a fight (many instances of which occur in the pages that follow) and their frequent fumbling even of their bolos.

First of all the human target is alert and very agile in dodging. This explains a great many misses.

Second, the Ifugao depends principally on his religion: he thinks he hits or misses according to the will of his gods and the forces of magic. From the time he was a boy, he does not practise his spear-throwing, makes no effort even to keep in form. Almost all the practice he gets, his whole life long, is from the throwing of runo tips in boyhood, which at most extends over into youth. Especially when firing a gun he thinks he will hit or miss according to his omens, probably closes his eyes when he pulls the trigger, and flinches besides. There could be no better illustration of how religion, dependence on the supernatural, weakens a people. Ifugao culture offers scores of them.

Third, a good many misses are to be attributed to nervousness, to hesitations and half-inhibitions, and also to an obsession that the bones have left the arms. Last summer (1937) a Bitu man came running toward my house through the rice fields, pursued by a group of drunken Kababuyan folk returning from a co-operative harvest (*badang*, see fn. 1, p. 31). These folk had hurled a spear at him. He ran down the road the Kababuyan folk must pass on their way home and slipped into the grass (though I did not know this at the time), intending to ambush them. The Kababuyan folk passed by without incident. The Bitu man emerged from ambush trembling, came to Balogan, father-in-law of my landlord, a kinsman of his.

"I intended to spear one of them," he told Balogan, "but I felt for it and found the bone had gone from my arm—there was no bone in my arm!"

lished "olden" [order] and there was no more fighting between Bitu and Anao.

As a boy, I played only with my kin or with boys of the same village—mostly with my kin, and they were always the more dependable and the nearer playmates. But even when we were rather large, we still made mistakes through not knowing our kin. There was the time we made a "raid" on Dayakut village. Two of us boys had "guns" (*latiḳ*) and the rest were armed with runo shoots [about 40 cm. long] to be hurled like spears.[1] They plucked the blades short so as to steady the shoot in its flight [as do the feathers on an arrow]. We said we would make a head-hunting expedition against Dayakut village, that we were very "ferocious", and we didn't pound the ends of the runo shoots to prevent their inflicting a wound as we always would when we had a mock battle in our own village. We proceeded seven or eight strong to Dayakut [about half a kilometre distant, with one village intervening]. The older folk were all in the fields—there were only some girls and five or six boys there. They were easily cowed, especially after I shot one of them in the eye with my *latiḳ* gun. Another boy and I went up into a house and seized a cooking pot and the basket (*aiyud*) in which the family kept its wooden spoons and dipper. We

[1] Runo (*Miscanthus sinensis* Andr.): a cane-like grass which grows to a height of 5 metres and which covers the mountains wherever they are unforested. The plant is of great economic importance to the Ifugao, being used in constructing fences, in roofing houses, in making mats, on which religious ceremonies are performed, etc. Cut about 2 metres long and sharpened at the end, the canes may be used as spears—and quite deadly ones they are.

brought them home and put the pot on a banana stalk, calling it the head of a man whom we had speared. We made a " pig " out of fern leaves and rhythm sticks [*patang,* in Kiangan, *bangibang*: a hardwood stick about 60–70 cm. long, suspended from a rattan tied in the middle and beaten in war ceremonies]. We swung " spears " over the " pig " and made speeches to the " head " just as we had lately seen the priests do in actual war ceremonies and headfeasts.

At night the woman of the " raided " house came for her cooking pot and spoons. She was good-natured about it for she was a relative. She said, " Ai nakayah ! Do you make head-hunting expeditions against your own kin ? Nakayah, your ferocity !— how is your grandmother to cook the camotes without her pot ? "

The people in the village chaffed us about our going against our own relatives and said we were big enough to learn our ties of relationship. The mother of the boy that was shot in the eye made no fuss, since " it was only children's play ".

We boys of Nunbalabag helped each other against boys of other villages. We went almost every day to the tributary to swim. One day we found the boys from Nangligan village already there. We played in the water a while and then the two groups began to throw stones at each other, and I was struck in the temple. It began to bleed. I was very angry and ran after the boy, who fled. I threw a stone hitting him in the head. Then it was my turn to run away, the boy pursuing. But Tegnek, kinsman and best friend,

pursued the boy, who ran for his mother and right into her arms. It was well that the boy got to his mother, otherwise Tegnek would surely have slashed him with his bolo.

Another time, my kinsman Ganu and I made a plan to seize tops from the boys of Nahalantukan, adjacent to our village. We planned that we would stand around and watch a while so as to see which tops were most desirable, whereupon we would seize those and scurry home. Ganu didn't hold to the plan, however—he spun his top, and when we leapt in and seized the best tops, he waited to pick up his own as well, and this prevented our making a quick get-away. The Nahalantukan boys raised an outcry that brought people down from their houses. As I was running, a woman threw, hitting me in the back. It made me begin to cry. Ganu told me to go on home and he would stand them off. He threw rocks at them and shouted defiance at them for a while, then came home and told me that he had " killed " two of them for my vengeance (*awit*). That pleased me mightily.

One day I went to Ginauwa village to play with Bakwog, a distant relative of mine. He had a large ripe boil on his neck. We cut down a tree fern and made a " pig " out of it. When my back was turned, Bakwog crushed our " pig ".

" How did our pig get broken ? " I asked Bakwog.

" I don't know," answered Bakwog.

" How, I say, did our pig get broken ? " I asked again.

" I don't know, I say, how it got broken," he answered.

" How did our pig get broken," I screamed.

I kept asking and he kept denying all knowledge of how it got broken.

Finally, I gave up and said, " You have to make another one."

" I'll make one for you out of pig shit," he retorted, sticking his finger derisively into my nose and making it bleed.

I was thoroughly angry and Bakwog felt repentant when he saw the blood come. He set to work to make a new " pig ". I got a sharp splinter of bamboo and, as he was bending over his task, I jabbed his boil. The pus spurted forth, the boy howled, and his mother rushed down from the house. I ran headlong through their defecation place (baang) below the village. I slipped and fell and got all covered with offal. When Bakwog's mother saw what had happened to me, she began laughing and consoling her son.

" Never mind," she said. " Your boil needed to be opened and he has opened it for you. There ! Look what has happened to him."

Do you think your fall resulted because of your cruelty to the other boy ? [Before asking the question I searched my mind for a word for " punishment ", but could find none. I don't believe it exists in the language, though it might possibly be made up. The nearest word in the ordinary language would be, I think, *auwit,* " vengeance." Ngídulu's answer is evidence that there is no conception of retributive powers or forces.]

No, I fell because the place was slippery. I had jumped down from a high bank and my foot lit on a

slope, I caught hold of a bush, it gave way, and I slid on my back in a very dirty place.

We boys did a good deal of trapping and fishing. We could trap a goodly number of birds, especially when the first rains, at the end of the dry season, drove the drones of the white ant (liok) out of the ground. We would set our bird traps (*lingon*) near where the drones were coming up. Hither would come the birds to feed on the insects and would light first on our traps, set conveniently, and be caught. The first trap I made didn't work well, so Tobyagon, an older boy, made some changes in it, set it for me, and said :

" Now hide in the brush and you'll see it catch a bird for you."

It did, to my great delight, and I learned thus how to make bird traps.

One time four of us boys went to the forest in Nundotalan, expecting to stay two or three days, trapping birds. We had no doubt that we'd live mainly on the birds we'd trap and other wild things we'd gather by one means or another, so took pots and only a very little rice with us. It was late when we arrived. Only one trap, Tobyagon's, caught a bird that evening. During the night we built a fire and caught the beetles that flew to it. Also we took a torch and went looking for frogs. That night and next morning, we made and set traps. Before mid-afternoon I had caught eight birds with four traps, Dango had caught five birds with five traps, Tobyagon had caught eight birds from ten traps. Pogúun, the smallest boy—too little to wear a g-string [perhaps

five years old]—had two traps. He had set one trap in a tree and had climbed up and taken a bird out of it, when, coming down, he fell and dislocated his elbow. The bird got away. We saw that we'd have to take him back home, so passed through Balikoko village, where a woman invited us to eat.

" Here I have just cooked a lot of camotes ; they're hot and there are enough for all. Come and eat. I'm sure you boys are hungry," she said.

We certainly did eat. Poguun's arm had swollen big. We didn't joke or scold him. After eating we took him home and his mother went with him to Dinuwing, the bone-setter living in Nunggauwa village. After Dinuwing had pulled the arm, it got better.

An old man, Upang, taught us how to catch crabs in the fields.

" Look for their bubbles—then you can catch them with your hands," he said.

He also taught us how to make crab-traps (*gubu*), which we set in the tributary. The best bait to use is the malt left after making rice wine (*bubud*). We would set off in a body for the tributary, the larger boys carrying perhaps twelve or sixteen traps, the smaller half as many, and would set our traps in the deep pools. The first time we went, we had poor results, so we went back to Upang and asked him why. He came with us and told us we had set in too shallow water. He dived into a deep pool and set his own traps, putting a stone in each trap to anchor it. Then he set our traps for us and told us we would catch crabs. We did, and thereafter we knew how.

Upang also taught us to make fish-hooks out of a

piece of wire. We would take the wire, heat it red hot, lay it on a stone; we would hold a knife blade near the end, tap it with a stone, and thus cut out a barb. Then we would sharpen the end by rubbing it on a whetstone, after which we would bend the wire to the form of a hook. We would heat the other end and roughen it by cutting notches in it while hot, then tie on the line, which would not slip owing to these notches—and there we had fishing tackle. We would bait with a frog or grasshopper. Usually each boy would have several lines out.

Upang and a man named Balogan taught us to fish with *umlit,* or *lupa* [*Derris elliptica*?], the root of a kind of vine. This root is scarce in our country, so we would dam up the stream in the dry season and divert the current from a deep pool. Then we would pound the *umlit* on stones along a mere trickle of water running into the pool, letting the poison be carried thus into the pool. First the smaller fish would flop to the shore and turn belly-up. After one or two hours, the large fish would also turn belly-up. Next morning, we would go to the pool and likely as not find a large eel or two that had finally succumbed.

The principal task of us boys was to get firewood. In our region, all the forests are owned by rich men, but anyone may gather deadwood in them, and the rich man will not deny his kindred the right to fell trees that are valuable only for firewood. [In Kiangan, twenty-five years ago, there were forests open to all, but they have now, I believe, all been expropriated by the wealthy.] We would climb trees and break off dead limbs with a long pole having at its end a short

piece tied at a sharp downward angle. Sometimes our elder kinsmen would go with us to protect us if there had been a recent kidnapping of a child or a flare-up of a feud.

One time I had gathered several bundles of wood and had left two or three standing in the forest till I should go back for them. A boy, Pogúun, stole one of them. I suspected it was my wood when I saw him carrying it through the village and went to his house to see about it. He tried to close the door, but I grabbed the door bar and went up into the house. His eyes darted searching for something—a bolo, I thought. I hurled the cross-bar of the door at him; it missed and broke a piece out of the rim of a cooking pot. Then I ran away. Pogúun followed with the broken pot and threw it at me. His parents came to mine to complain. I told them that he had stolen two of my bundles of wood (in reality he had taken only one, but I magnified it a little—and, indeed, I have observed that people in general magnify a loss by theft). Nothing further ever came of the matter.

I also went with my father and mother to make clearings for the hill-farm where we planted camotes. We first chopped down the runo canes, leaving the roots to be dug out later. Then we pulled the cogon grass with our hands. At first the grass-blades cut my hands and I would have to quit work.

"Alas! the boy's hands are all cut up," my mother would say. "That's because you don't know how to pull the grass. You must hold it tight so that the blades don't slip through your hands. Then you will not be cut."

My father sent me to get a stake, which I sharpened, and with that I set to work to dig and pry up the thick, heavy clumps of runo roots. My hands soon got blistered and I quit digging. My father said, "Sit down and take it easy, for I'm afraid you are lazy."

No, that is not where I got my name, Ngídulu. It was given me for one of my "grandfathers" on my father's side. And I was not lazy—it was simply that my fingers were not strong enough yet, nor my hands toughened. Also I did not give up. I kept going with them to the clearing and worked whenever the condition of my hands allowed. The next year I was strong and could work all day.

When that next year came, a group of us boys decided to make a hill clearing all our own and to plant it. We went one day and divided the land off among ourselves. When we came back, our elders asked us:

"Did you listen for the omens?"

"Yes," we answered, "Tobyagon (the eldest boy) did, and he said they were good."

Upang was there and said, "Oh, it makes no difference with children; they don't need omens. The camotes they plant are good whether the omens are or not." [1]

[1] The omen is not merely a prediction, it is also a cause, a forerunner, the first in a series of events. The principal hill-farm omen is that of the *idu* bird. Another omen consists in pulling a pile of grass at the site and putting betel nuts on it. The man goes back, next day, and if the betels have been disturbed the site is abandoned, as it is thought the rats would eat the crop if it should be planted. Upang, the skilled hunter and fisher, having a habit of observation, seems to have been the only one who had noted that non-observance of the omens was fraught with no bad consequences in the case of boys. There was the nidus of materialism, atheism, and science in his remark. He could never have had a chance to test the validity of omens in the case of adults because all adults observe them.

The next day we did not go to our hill-farms, because that was a day of ceremonial idleness [called in this case, *amtauwan*] invariably observed after the first day's work at clearing. On the third day we began work again and continued until the end of the eighth day, when the work of clearing was finished. Tobyagon had the largest clearing.

We let the grass lie for a month, as harvest intervened. After harvest we went to burn off our fields. We planted our camote cuttings and after two or three months we found that they were well-rooted and beginning to produce tubers. We boasted of them in the village and Upang said:

"You see, it is true, as I said, 'Boys can have good crops without good omens.'" [1]

One day I went to Nahalantukan village to visit my kinsman Kimayong, a boy of about my own age. We knew that Dulnuwan, husband of Kimayong's "daughter", Oltagon, frequently went to visit a young woman who lived in a hut (*abong*) there. On this day he came to the hut and stood around as if waiting for us to go away. We pretended to go, but came back right away and peeped through the wall of the hut and saw the two having intercourse. Kimayong began to laugh, but I motioned to him to keep quiet. After a while we went back to our play.

We went next day to spy. This time, Dulnuwan and the girl went to the forest, for they had probably heard Kimayong's giggling the day before. We followed and found them lying in the tall ferns. Suddenly we

[1] Note that the gardening of this group of boys was purely an act of spontaneous impulse to join in the general pattern of adult activities.



(*a*) Ifugao boys at play, representing a *hagabi*, the wooden lounging bench that is the insignium of kadangyan rank—that is, of wealth and leadership



(*b*) Ngídulu, possessed by Moon Deity, drinks the blood of a pig just speared by the Sun Deity. Two men are dragging him away—else the god would keep him there, drinking, for ever

[*face p.* 48

parted the ferns above them. The man jumped up and ran away. The girl rose slowly, forced a laugh, and walked away as if she didn't care a bit. We shouted, " Here are people who have made a nest in the forest." We followed her to her house and found her lying down, feigning sleep. I went in and said to her :

" Why do you pretend to be asleep when your —— is all wet ? "

She continued to feign sleep until I raised her skirt, whereupon she kicked me.

That night Kimayong went to her house and threatened to tell his " daughter ", Oltagon, her lover's wife. Then she allowed him to have intercourse with her, on his promise not to tell. Nevertheless, he did tell his kinswoman, as was his duty.

Oltagon took her knife and started toward the hut of the girl, but taking second thought on the way thither, concluded she'd better go and consult her father before taking decisive and irrevocable action.

Oltagon's father said, " Why make trouble ? Men are men, and the girl's people are poor as dirt—there's no chance to collect an indemnity from them."

" But something has to be done. What shall I do ? " said Oltagon.

" My advice is that if you see him going toward that house again, you tell him simply, ' Go and marry her.' Just say that and nothing more."

A few days after, Oltagon saw her husband start toward that hut. She followed and when he was near, she called him ; he stopped, she went up to him and said, " Go and marry her," then turned on her heel

and went back home. Dulnuwan followed her, tried to talk to her, but for a long time she would say nothing. Finally, she told him :

" If you want *her*, go to her house and stay with her. For if you stay here, and keep going there, I shall be unable to contain myself and shall go and stab her—and that will cause a lot of trouble."

Dulnuwan quit going to the other woman.

Ngídulu, what you have just related reminds me that you've said nothing about how you got along with the girls.

Have patience, Apo, and soon you will hear of nothing else but girls. You have not heard of them so far because we had nothing except an occasional battle of words with them. We never played with them, not only because we didn't want to, but because we couldn't have found a group of girls in our vicinity which would not have been taboo to some of us on account of including " sisters ". [For " brother "-" sister " avoidance is one of the first lessons an Ifugao child learns.] Almost as soon as we were taught not to urinate or defecate in or under the house, we were taught not to do these things or to name the acts before our " sisters ", or to use any language or do any acts in the remotest degree suggestive of sex.[1]

[1] The avoidance applies only within the same generation and to kindred of opposite sex whom we should call brothers-sisters, first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, etc. But the Ifugao names these relationships, respectively (when he wants to be specific—for usually he lumps them all together as " brothers-sisters ") " brothers-sisters of the same navel string supply ", " brothers-sisters of the first degree," " brothers-sisters of the second degree," " brothers-sisters of the third degree." The kinship group (descendants of common great-great-grandparents) stops with " brothers-sisters of the third degree ", but the avoidance extends a little further for courtesy's sake.

Those whom we should call " first cousins once removed " or " second cousins once removed " are to the Ifugao, depending on their place in the family tree, " parents," " grandparents " (the more distant ones being

If we should use questionable language before them some older person would say, "I-i katóg! di e-yo kalion, te deya'n hinage-kayo. Adi-ta búmain?" [Alas! that you should talk about excretions, for you are "brother" and "sister". Have we [dual] no shame?"]

If, on the other hand, we should quarrel with a girl who was our kin, our elders would say, "Do not quarrel with her, do not hurt her feelings. When she grows up, she will gather snails from the rice fields, fish from the rice fields, beans and tubers from her hill-farm, and she will divide with you. Then you will remember your cross words and your mind will hurt that you ever said them."

Or if we should fight with a "brother", the older folk would say, "Do not fight, because you are "brothers". On the contrary, if anybody fights either of you, you should help each other; when you grow up—you will see!—each will stand by the other in all his controversies and enmities. Then you will be sorry that you ever quarrelled, even when boys."

What other advice [I had to use that word for "moral training"] *did your elders give?*

If a parent told a boy to get water, and the boy refused, the parent would shame him, saying, "See how different you are from your kinsman Dúlnuwan! He always goes for water (or pounds rice, or gathers

more strictly called *amaon*), "sons-daughters" or "grandchildren" (the more distant of the latter two categories being more strictly called *kamanakon*). The avoidance does not exist between these, even when they are of the same age, though marriage is forbidden between them; language, indeed, seems to be a little freer than with outsiders—though this would be impossible, come to think of it—I ought to say that the tendency to banter is greater between them.

pig feed, or goes for wood) when told, and often he himself just notices that these things need to be done, and goes and does them."

And again they would say, "When you grow up and have something especially good to eat or something extra [surplus], share it with your kindred; if you see your "brother" staggering under a heavy load, help him carry it so that he will not become exhausted; if his hill-farm does not produce well while you have a good crop, take some of the produce of your own to him. He will never forget it. If he is ill and cannot weed his fields, go with your wife and help his wife do the weeding."

It is usually the father who teaches the boy and his sister the family history. One day he will say, "There were your Grandfather So-and-so and your Grandmother So-and-so. They lost their heads to this and that people. When you grow up, my son, you must avenge them, because we cannot do it now. And when you, my daughter, grow up and marry, you must urge your husband to help your brother get the vengeance. Remember, my children, that your grandfather [1] was very kind to my father [or my grandfather]. He did his best to make our family rich; he bought fields. That's one of the fields he bought—the one we are farming in Dayukong—so you must remember him whenever you see it, his goodness to your grandfather and your father, and avenge him. But remember to be very careful in this matter—do not try to avenge when you think there

[1] The word for grandparent (*apo*) may mean a great-grandparent or any ancestor preceding the father, or the lateral kindred of such a one.

is danger of losing your own life, for that will but add to the debt we have to collect from our enemies. Do it when you think you can do it safely and return home. And if you reach old age without this having been possible, tell your children about it and tell them that if they cannot collect the debt, they must charge their own children as I am charging you.

" Now if you go into the region of those who killed your ' grandfather ', you must manifest friendliness and cordiality to them. They will be watching you closely. They will know who you are and no movement of yours will escape their eyes. Let them think we have forgotten! If you continually show them kindness and cordiality, they will finally be thrown off their guard—and that will be the time for you to spear them.

" Another thing : you must always manifest genuine love and kindness to your kin, both on your father's and on your mother's sides. If you should not, they will not help you some day when you are in great need of help. If they are in danger, share that danger however great. Strive never to have any trouble with them. Especially, do not slight or offend any of them however far away they live, however different their speech or customs. Then, some day, when you are in a strange place and get into trouble, a kinsman of that place will say to himself, " This is my kinsman Ngídulu, son of Gatauwa, whom I have heard of for his kindness and generosity to our kindred," and he will come forth and look out for you. He will not let the people of the place impose on you, capture or kill you. It is very bad to drop even one of your kinsfolk

from the kinship relations. Just see! I, your father, and the grandfathers before you have been able to go about in this country because our kinsmen are solidly behind us.

"But if you should demand an indemnity [*háliyú*] from one of your kindred, whatever he may have done, he will no longer intervene for you. Even if a stone should have fallen on you and lie across your back and he should pass by, he will not lift that stone.

"And also you have neighbours. If there should be a row between your child and a neighbour's, do not take the part of your own child, for that will cause your neighbour to hold a grudge against you and he will never help you after that. Quite the contrary. Never strike a neighbour's son unless you also strike your own. You may whip your own son first and then your neighbour's—but no harder!—and your neighbour will not say anything. Get along with your neighbours and with your distant kin [who are beyond the third degree of kinship, Ifugao reckoning—outside the kinship group]. If you have meat, give them part of it and they will reciprocate. Maintaining good relations with your neighbours, they will help you when your kindred are not present and they will reinforce your kindred if you be attacked. If a man from afar comes to collect a debt from your neighbour and finds him not at home and he from afar wants to seize your neighbour's pig or gong or carry away his child, die before you let the stranger do it! For if you permit such a thing, your neighbour will be very angry that you did not stand up for him, and he will never help

you after that. Instead, should you become involved in a controversy, he will talk against you.

"When you have married, if you should quarrel with your wife, do not slap or kick her. *Keep only to words.* [This teaching calls forth a murmur of approval from the bystanders.] In case you get some meat somewhere, or carry home something from the fields, don't cook it till she comes home from her hill-farm, lest she think you might have eaten more than your share. If her *tudung* basket leaks,[1] repair it or make her a new one. She will appreciate that. If her skirt is worn out, trade chickens and get her a new one. Otherwise she will say, 'I have no husband.'

"If you have no pigs or chickens, take some from the rich to feed on shares.[2] Keep your field clean. If it lacks water, try to improve its irrigation. Watch that nobody robs it of water, lest you suffer hardships. Do not depend on rice alone, but plan with other crops, many crops: yams, camotes, taro, vegetables, all kinds of beans and climbers. They are good for the children—will make them fat! If you don't follow my advice, your fields will bear ill, your hill-farm will not yield, you'll become thin, and so will your wife, your pigs and your children."

My father never gave me any advice about sexual relations with my wife because, when I married, I already knew as much as he about that phase of life. But if a boy is big enough to begin his sex life and

[1] *Tudung*: a woman's field basket. Worn inverted over head and back, it is a protection against rain. Reversed and filled with tubers and farm products, the woman carries it home from the fields on her head. Men do all the basketry.

[2] That is, to *panganón*, to feed for a share of the increase.

doesn't, his father will shame him. He will say, "Do not be bashful. If she runs away from you and goes where your "sisters" are sleeping they will know that you are following her and will leave the agamang so that you may come up." [1] And if a boy should be discouraged by a girl's rebuffs or running away, his father advises him: "Chase her down. Don't be fooled, otherwise she'll give it to somebody else. Follow her—it's well worth your while. Just look at So-and-so [another boy of the same age]. His wife is pregnant already. Do as he did. It is well to learn even while you are a boy. Have children while you are young. Let them slope evenly downward from you, through the first, second, third, and so on down to the baby.[2] My knees are hungry for grandchildren [including great-grandchildren]. Whom can you be taking after, that you are like this—afraid of the *tadil* [3] of a girl?"

When I was about the age of Buyagaowan [about twelve years old], one of my kinsmen lost his head. It came about in this way: A young man, Tugunin, of Mampolya, sold himself to Kabab, a rich man there, for a hog of *mahakdolan* size [i.e. large enough to have borne three or four litters of pigs—worth P20] with which he paid his debt to a kinsman, and for five hundred bundles of rice [worth P16.80] which he

[1] "Brother"-"sister" avoidance forbids a boy to enter or even approach an agamang where his sister is. If the boy is pursuing a girl who coquettishly take advantage of kinship avoidance in order to get away from him, his "sisters" ought to sense the situation and leave so as to give him a clear field. If they do not, he may request somebody not related to them to tell them to go elsewhere, but he may not himself ask them to do this.

[2] Almost the whole of this sentence is expressed by the word *mikanuba*: "Let them be *mikanuba* with you."

[3] *Tadil*: labia minora.

used for his own food. When the rice was used up, he presented himself to his purchaser, Kabab, but the latter was not ready yet to send him to the lowlands, so gave him some more rice to live on. Kabab was waiting for Gumku, another Mampolya man, to complete his negotiations for a slave girl in Ubwab region, so that the slave-selling party might be stronger.

When Gumku had bought the girl, Kabab arranged with Pingkihan, my kinsman, to act as his slave-seller; Gumku would take his own slave. The price received for able-bodied slaves in the lowlands, at that time, was usually five carabaos, one of which went to the agent.

The party started from Mampolya one afternoon, which was a silly time to start, as the omens ought to be observed early in the morning and the start ought to follow immediately. They went down through Holnad and slept that night in Buhne. Next day they followed the river bed to Ilap, where they slept in a cave. No, no, they didn't violate the slave girl; we people of this region are not like the Kudug people—we think it would be dangerous to have our semen carried down to the lowlands in the body of a slave—we believe we should die when we came back.

That night, the Ayangan people killed all of them, took their heads, arms, legs. Out of the skin of the arms and legs they would probably make containers for chicken feed (*pammotingan*).[1]

[1] The rice that is cracked in threshing (*moting*) is separated from the whole grains by a rolling motion of the winnowing tray, and is poured into a container, *pammotingan*, usually a bamboo joint. At nightfall, this cracked rice is dropped inside the chicken coops and in front of them, in order to lure the chickens into the coops, which are then raised with a pole and hung under the eaves for the night.

Our people heard of this tragedy three days later and went to bring the bodies back. I went to the *himong* of Pingkihan, my kinsman. It was impossible to recognize him except by the tattoos on his torso—for the trunk was nearly all that was left of him. It was taboo for me, yet a child, to dance in the procession or to attend the vengeance ceremonies on the hill, so I went with the women direct to the body and watched the various processions come in, halt, and shout their invocations for vengeance. The reason those people lost their heads was that they were careless about the omens, which would have warned them.

One day, a year or two later, when my voice had begun to change, my " mother " Malayu, who lived in Palao village in the Kudug region, came to our house on a visit. Her nose had been eaten away by an ulcer and she talked like this [informant mimics her]. She noted the fact that we didn't have enough camotes to eat—to say nothing of rice—and proposed that I come and live with her, for she said she had plenty.

She promised that when I was a bit older and knew how to hunt girls, she would furnish chickens for my marriage—in other words, she proposed an informal adoption. I agreed, and my parents made no objection.

There were already living with Malayu her own daughter and another from my kindred, Kagunu, a boy of my age, whom she had taken in the same way as she now took me. She said a house was merrier when it was full and that it was easier for people to get along when they helped each other.

Kagunu and I used to go together to get fuel, used to go with Malayu and her daughter to carry the

camotes home after they had dug them in the hill-farm, used to carry water, mend the roof, and so on. For a short while we slept in an agamang where there were only young boys, but after a while, Kagunu said we ought to find an agamang where there were girls, so we went to one in Tikdap village, but were diffident about entering it, as we saw no other boys there. We went then to the house of Ingulun, who was sleeping with Tabinok, her fiancé, asked them to admit us, as it was very late and we had no place to sleep. They did so, and we slept there for a few weeks.[1]

I had been in Kudug only about two months when the daughter of Bola, a neighbour of ours, died. A party of his kindred, including some from Piwong and other regions, was made up to go head-hunting, for it is our belief that right after a member of the family has died, our arms will be hot, our vision clear, and our foreheads cool, and that we will be sure to get a victim, so that then is the best of all times to go head-hunting.[2] The party went to spear our enemies of Humálapap, who are of the Ayangan people.

[1] The boys were apparently conscious of their diffidence and lack of experience and compromised with their original intention in order to muster their courage and pick up some further knowledge before making another attempt at initiating their sex life.

[2] This belief is probably a survival of, or at least has some connection with, the practice, widespread in Borneo, of hunting heads right after the death of chiefs. The practice seems to Hose and McDougall to be a sublimation of the sacrifice of slaves in order to send them to the other world to serve their master. It implies a higher social organization than the Ifugaos now have. Sir Richard Winstedt considers that the Indonesians had, at about the beginning of our era, a higher culture than they now have, and I find a number of indications, especially in Ifugao epics, which support the conjecture that the Ifugaos, basically Indonesian, had once a higher culture, or at least were strongly influenced by a higher culture. To them may be added this belief, if I have correctly interpreted its significance. [See Winstedt, R. O. "A History of Malaya" in *Jour.* Mal. Br. RAS, vol. XIII, p. i (1935), pp. 16–17.]

They had gone into ambush in the outskirts of a village there and saw a man, Ganu, approach. He seemed to sense the party's presence but had no idea where it was hidden, for he was crying out, excitedly, "*Taku* [the Ayangan pronunciation of the Ifugao word *tago*, "men"]! *taku*! *taku*! *taku*! There are people here! Where are you companions [of his own village]?"—all the time coming nearer the ambush. Our party were trembling lest there might be a large number of the enemy right behind him. Still he advanced, crying "Men! Men!" till he came abreast of them. They threw in a volley and one spear pierced his neck, another his buttock. He turned, dropped his spear and shield, and jumped over a precipice at the side of the trail. Our party watched his body hurtling over and over as it fell to the bottom. Meanwhile, the Humálapap people were rushing out in response to his cries, so they did not dare go to the bottom of the precipice to take the head and had to flee homeward without it. Thus, though successful, their success fell short of what we had hoped.

In a village near ours, there in Kudug, lived a girl, engaged to a man, Nabanalan. Her breasts seemed to me the most beautiful that ever grew on a woman and tempted me mightily. One day I told Kagunu that I was minded to court her.

"Don't try it," he cautioned. "She's engaged and straitlaced, besides."

However, I did not relinquish my purpose and, one day, went to their house and found her alone. We chewed betels together and I asked her for more betels.

She playfully denied having any more. I made a grab for the roll of her skirt in front (*ḳabuyan*) in which women carry their woven rattan pocket bag [or sometimes a pig bladder] where they keep their betels, tobacco, knife, needles, and so on. She did not protest, so I went on to touch her nipples, and from that on to intercourse with her right during the daytime [a rare thing among the Ifugaos and considered scandalous]. This was the first time I had ever had intercourse. No, I was not frightened at the orgasm. I stayed, playing with her and caressing her, until her people came back toward nightfall. That night and the next I went to her agamang and slept with her. On the third night, Nabanalan, her fiancé, came. The girl didn't want Nabanalan to sleep with her; "If you want me," she told him, "you must bring chickens [for the málahín, "going separate" (first marriage ceremony)] so that we can see whether the omens of their bile-sacs are right for us to be married."

He would not go away, so we all slept separately. Next night he did not come, and I slept with her and this went on for about half a month, during which time, Dinayu said, and truly, no doubt, that Nabanalan was sleeping with other girls. Then, one day, Dinayu said, "You must not come here any more at night, lest Nabanalan make me pay the *hudhud* indemnity [for simple adultery] and perhaps kill you besides." But we arranged a trysting place in a betel grove in Abnut and often met there during the day and had intercourse. My "mother" knew nothing about this at the time.

One day I started for the trysting place, but Kagunu

joined me. I tried to send him back and he pretended to go, but his curiosity was aroused and he followed from afar and threw a handful of dust on us as we were in each other's arms. The girl ran away, and I went to find out who threw the dust. I found Kagunu doubled up with laughter. No, I didn't get angry at his trick—he was my kinsman and I'd have done the same to him.

Kagunu told our " mother ", and she, not entirely believing him, tried to ascertain whether I really wanted the girl. She said that if I did, I must wait until her engagement with Nabanalan was ended.

" Otherwise, an indemnity is likely to be demanded, or, maybe, they will kill you," she said. " And if you don't really want to marry this girl, then find another."

I followed her advice and quit going to the betel grove.

Soon after that, Nabanalan brought three chickens [called *ḳinalubiḳob*, i.e. " carried in a *ḳalubiḳob*, a crude coop made for carrying fowl] for the málahín. I went to see how the outcome would be. The priests first invoked the ancestral spirits, then the messenger gods, the *matungulan* gods, and finally the gods of reproduction. Then they sacrificed the chickens [by cutting their throats], offering one to the ancestors, one to the *matungulan* gods, and the third to the gods of reproduction. They burned the feathers off the chickens—and now came the crucial moments, when we would know whether Nabanalan and Dinayu would marry! A priest slit the skin of the first chicken just above the wishbone, gouged his thumb through the yoke of the latter, tore the breast loose, bent it backward leaving it hanging by the skin of the abdomen

and laying the viscera bare and undisturbed. He looked at the bile-sac carefully, noting its condition and position, then passed it on to another priest for inspection. They all agreed that this omen was good. Then the priest opened another chicken, and they pronounced this omen also good.

I began to tease Dinayu because if it should happen that the bile of the third and last chicken was also good, she would be unable to get out of marrying Nabanalan. But the third proved to be bad.

The priests now ate, together with Dinayu's kindred [but not the two principals, who never eat the flesh of sacrifices at their own marriage feast]. When they had finished, the kindred called on Dinayu and Nabanalan to declare whether they wanted to repeat the sacrifices at some later date in the hope that the omens would then be good, or did they want to drop the projected marriage.

"Let us repeat," said Nabanalan.

"No," said Dinayu, "now that it was not good, I do not like—I am unwilling to repeat."

"If she doesn't like, then we will call it off," said Nabanalan.

I didn't go to Dinayu's agamang for two nights. Then I went every night for a while; at last, one night, Nabanalan came and sat down in the doorway.

"So this is why you don't want to repeat—because somebody is sleeping with you!" His voice and glaring eyes showed him to be so angry as to be almost unable to contain himself. I watched him closely.

"What can this mere boy know?" answered

Dinayu. "You see for yourself that he's only a child—he doesn't know anything! He comes here to sleep just as any boy goes to sleep in an agamang."

"Do you want me to cut him in two?" said Nabanalan, laying his hand on his bolo. I was afraid, for he was an adult, while I was a boy just past puberty. I jumped down out the back door and ran away. He tried to follow me, but Dinayu and the other girls in the agamang took his bolo away from him, scolded him till they'd driven him out of the house, threw his bolo out after him, and barred the door. He got a torch and found his bolo, screamed with rage, and slashed a boulder.

I was too frightened to go back that night. I told my "mother" Malayu what had happened. She sent her daughter, my "sister", away so that I could sleep at home that night. About third cockcrow,[1] Dinayu rapped at the door and was admitted. Malayu told us that if we really wanted each other, we must marry.

I went up to Dinayu's village next morning and found people gathered there talking about the nick in the boulder where Nabanalan had slashed it. They began to chaff me.

"There! You see what a trouble you have caused. You got the stone slashed."

Balog, a kinsman of mine living there, said, "What a gay blade is this 'son' of mine from Bitu region!" Then all the people laughed. It was easy to see that Balog was proud of me.

[1] According to the Ifugaos, the cocks crow four times during the night, and they measure the time from midnight to sunrise by these cockcrowings. Third cockcrow is at about 4 o'clock.

PLATE 9



"Ifugao Girl", painting by Fernando Amorsolo. (From reproduction in the *Philippine Magazine*, October, 1928)

[*face p.* 64

Shortly thereafter, my " mother " sent Buyukan as messenger (*mongauwe*) to propose marriage to Dinayu's kindred. I was accepted. I slept with her for a few weeks, and then it occurred to me that I ought to let my parents in Bitu know about the course events had taken. So I came to Bitu. My mother said, " No—and when I say *no*, I mean *no* ! "

" But," said I, " I have sent the messenger and it's all arranged. Even though you say *no*, I will go back to my " mother " in Kudug and she will furnish the chickens to send to them."

" Well," said my mother, " if it's your Kudug ' mother's ' doings, let her take all the responsibility."

I returned to Kudug and told Malayu what my mother had said.

" Your mother in Bitu is a fool," she exclaimed, " and a lazy woman as well. Just see how overgrown with grass their hill-farm is ! I want you to marry here so that we can all help each other."

Somebody overheard this conversation and reported it to Dinayu. When I went to her that night, she remarked, " I have heard that your mother in Bitu doesn't like me."

" You heard a lie," I told her, for I was afraid she would refuse to go ahead with the marriage. " On the contrary, she is quite willing I should marry you and will welcome you." But I could see she was in doubt still.

We sent them the mommon [engagement gift], and when Malayu killed a pig for her *apui* rites,[1]

[1] After harvest a certain amount of rice is left for the needs of the next few weeks and the rest stored in the granary or, as in the case of folk like Malayu who had no granary, in the attic of the house. When it becomes

we sent part of the meat to them. I provided them with firewood and often ate at their house.

I mentioned to Malayu that I ought to go to Bitu and tell my parents that we had sent the mommon and been accepted. Malayu said, "Wait three days till I have helped your wife clean her fields, so that you can tell them that, also." Three days later she reminded me of my intention and I came to Bitu. My mother was very angry, since she didn't want me to marry in Kudug. But my father asked her,

"What can you do about it? They have already sent the mommon. Let him go ahead."

"All right, all right!" said my mother. "Go ahead, but I tell you the bile will be bad. You just mind what I say: the bile will be bad—I'm sure of it!"[1]

A few days later, Buyukan and I took three chickens to the girl's house and their priests sacrificed them. The bile of the sacrifice to the *matungulan* gods was good and also that to the gods of reproduction. Finally that to the ancestral spirits (*amud*) was good—or so they said at the time. But a few days afterward, when Mongahid, a priest of Mongayan, came, they described the biles to him and he said we must not marry—that the bile of the chicken sacrificed to the ancestors had been bad. He also said that she and

necessary to draw on the stored rice, a ceremony called *apui* is performed, whose purpose is to make only a little rice satisfy hunger, to make the place whence the bundles are taken in granary or attic to magically fill up, to make the grains multiply and swell greatly in the cooking, and to make them "choke" the throat of the eater so that he will not eat much. The flesh of victims from this ceremony and from a number of other rice ceremonies ensuing throughout the year following an engagement is shared by the family of each spouse with that of the other.

[1] She is referring to the bile-sac of victims to be sacrificed at the marriage feast, the *mâlahin*. There is no consultation of the omens for an engagement.

I were distant kin, Dinayu being my "mother", and that that was the reason, probably that the bile had been bad—the ancestors, apparently, did not want us to marry. I didn't know, at the time, whether this was true or not, but have since learned that she really is my "mother" but very far removed and outside the kinship group.

Dinayu's parents said, "Never mind—you just stay with us for the time being and later you and she can go to Bitu and talk matters over with your parents."

I did not then know much about spading fields, although I had worked some with groups of our kindred, just for the fun of the thing the year before. When I got tired or when my hands became sore or blistered, I would quit work and go home and the next day I would rest. But now I thought it was up to me to help spade Dinayu's field, as I didn't want them to say, in case our marriage should come to an end on account of the bad omen, that I hadn't done a thing to help them in their field work. Accordingly, I joined a *makiubu* group [mutual help group, all working to-day on the fields of one member, to-morrow on the fields of another, and so on] which consisted of seven members, two of us being boys.

The men played pranks on each other and how much the more on us boys! They would throw spadefuls of mud so as to splash us [for the fields are flooded when spading them]. The soil in Kudug is heavier than that in Bitu and the work was very hard for us two boys. The men realized this, and when there was grass to pull or weeds to cut, they would put us

at that; we would also be sent for drinking water, or for stones to repair the terrace walls, or to the irrigation ditch to regulate the flow of water to the fields. We would pull the drag (*guyud*) loaded with clay dug up from the back of the field to the edge of the terrace, there to be used in building up the dykes. We would work this clay up to the right consistency, kneading it by tramping it with our feet and making it ready to use. Sometimes they would put us to pounding rice, cooking it, and carrying it to the field; sometimes they would send us for their raincoats, or we might be put to building an aqueduct out of split palm trumks, if it were necessary to repair a field on account of a slide. Some adults grumble at a boy who can't step right in and do his share of the hard work alongside themselves, but there are always others who reprove them, saying, "Were you ever a boy yourself, and if you were, did you learn to work without working with the grown-ups?" And it is generally recognized that every group of spaders needs a boy or two.

Well, I did my best with that group of Kudug men, not wishing them to have any complaint against me, a foreigner in their district. After we had worked six days we came to Dinayu's field and worked the seventh day on it, thus finishing one round of the co-operative spading. Next day, I told Dinayu that I wanted to go to Bitu to see my people.

"Wait till to-morrow and we'll go together," she said. "Then, when we come back, we can arrange our separation."

"All right," I said. "Let it be so."

We collected some coco-nuts and betels to take with us on the morrow. When we came to the village, some boys there with whom we shared betels asked me, in an aside, who the girl was. To avoid explanations, I answered hastily that she was my "sister". This was a very stupid lie, for they exclaimed, "Sister! How comes it then that you are walking with her?" [1] There was no answer I could make, so I just walked on.

We stayed one day in Bitu. My mother was not unkind to the girl, but she was not very cordial. About our marriage she said, "Good if it's good."

We returned on the morrow, and on the day after that, Malayu sent Buyuka to Dinayu's kin with the pogpog. The reason we sent this was that everybody was talking about the bad bile of the chicken and about our being "mother" and "son" and saying that evil would surely result if we continued the marriage.

For about half a month yet, I still went to sleep with the girl. After that, they sent word from Bitu that my mother was sick and that I must come home.[2] It took a long time for my mother to recover. As soon as she was well, I returned to Kudug, and that night, I went anxiously to Dinayu's agamang. She told me that I must stop coming to her, as I would keep other suitors away and she wanted to marry as soon as possible. She wouldn't allow me to have intercourse with her, though I kept her awake all night, caressing her and trying to persuade her to it. I told her, "If you were edible, I would eat you." But she was

[1] That is, breaking the "brother"-"sister" avoidance.

[2] It is taboo for a member of the household to go away or to remain away when another member is ill.

determined, and I stopped going there. Kudug now seemed a very lonesome place, so I went back to Bitu.[1]

A few days after I had returned home, my father told me there was a little girl, Imaya, about ten years old,[2] living in the village of Ginauwa, whom he thought it would be well I should marry. I was feeling out of sorts, it seemed to me that nothing mattered very much, so I said, "All right." He sent Binuluk, one of my "grandmothers", as messenger. When she returned to our house, she reported that they agreed. Next morning, my father sent a duck as engagement token. I was now *nithi* [engaged] to this little girl. Bugan, mother of my mother, became sick. Imaya's father, Gongob, came to our house and asked if we had any pig to sacrifice for her recovery. We had none. Gongob then went to Buhne district, to the house of Imabong, borrowed a pig from his kin there, and brought it to us. We sacrificed it, and Bugan recovered. People talked maliciously about how he had furnished the only pig sacrificed for my grandmother.

"You engaged your daughter to Ngídulu," they said, "and what do you get out of it? Only debts!"

A year later, Gongob got sick. Gatauwe, my father, borrowed a goat from Manguhan to sacrifice for his recovery.[3] This led to more talk and we were shamed.

When Gongob recovered, my father sent chickens

[1] Informant remembers that at about the time he went back to Bitu to live, Bahatan, Benauwe policeman, was killed in Namulditan. The murder occurred in 1906 or 1907. Assuming that Ngídulu was about 16 years old at the time, we can fix his age as being 46-7 years.

[2] Ifugaos have only the faintest conception of their ages. In this and in all other cases of ages given, the informant mentioned a contemporary child known to me, as being of approximately the same development.

[3] This is the only instance I ever heard of in which a goat was used for a sacrifice. Ngídulu says it can be used when nothing else is available. Certainly it was an unusual and inadequate return sure to set Ifugao tongues wagging.

for the malahin. Binuluk and I carried them to Imaya's family. The bile omen of one of the chickens, the one sacrificed to the gods of reproduction, was bad. Gongob wanted me to take *auwil* [a return gift to the boy's kin], but I was ashamed to on account of our having sent them a goat, and refused. That ended my second marriage. No, I didn't try to have intercourse with so small a girl.

And now, apo, you're going to hear about girls and girls and girls. My kinsman, Dogwe, and I were both unexperienced—I had as yet had only one girl, and was still bashful. We hunted in Hingyon first, but without success. We could not visit the agamang in Bitu, our home region, because we had "sisters" at all of them. True, we might have asked somebody to convey our request that they sleep elsewhere, but we were too bashful. Finally we saw two girls at a drinkfest in Anao, chewed betels with them, and afterward asked somebody where they slept. We were told that it was in an agamang at Maluyu village, on the further side of Anao region. We went thither and the girls, whose names were Dulimay and Bugan, received us cordially enough. I slept with Dulimay and Dogwe with Bugan and we had intercourse the first night. On the third night, we agreed beforehand that we would exchange girls. We did this four nights before they caught us. Each would have intercourse the first time with his own girl; later, one of us would wake up and nudge the other, whereupon we would change places. I would have intercourse with his girl and he with mine; then we would change back. On the sixth night, Dulimay suspected that it was

Dogwe and not I. She arose, blew up the fire, and made sure. She woke Bugan and the two of them began to bawl us out.

We decided not to go back. After two or three days, we saw the girls coming across the fields to our village in Bitu and ran away and hid. The girls went to the house of Dogwe and asked his father, " Why did they run away from us? Even if they don't want to continue sleeping with us, they might at least chew betels with us." Dogwe's father answered, " Don't know! It's their look out." I don't know just why we didn't go back. First of all, we didn't particularly like the girls, and secondly, they made us feel their sharp tongues.

Dogwe found an agamang near home, but there was no girl in it for me. One day I met my " father ", Higaan, only slightly older than I, and he told me he was going every night to an agamang in Mampolya where he had a girl. But he had, he said, heard of another agamang in that region where there were three girls, two of them available.

" If you like," he said, " I'll give up my present girl and we'll go together to this agamang I speak of."

That suited me, and I went with him. The three large girls (there were a number of smaller girls sleeping with them) were named Indulnu, Intanap, whose house was used as the agamang, and Inayao. Higaan wanted Indulnu, but she didn't like him and kicked him. Intanap was the girl I wanted, but she was engaged to Nanglihan, also of Mampolya, who had sent her the mommom [engagement gift] and also chickens for the málahín, but one of the bile omens

had been bad. She was occasionally sleeping with Nanglihan still, though he was not present that night. Inayao, the other girl, was engaged to a boy in Mampolya and, apparently, loyal to him.

In the middle of the night, Intanap arose, blew up the fire, and was warming herself. I awoke, chewed betels with her and began to coax her not to consent to repeat the málahín ceremony, telling her I would marry her myself. Her conversation revealed that she was not awfully fond of Nanglihan.

Mampolya is about two hours over the ridge behind Bitu. I went back next night, found that Nanglihan had not come, so I slept with her and we had intercourse. Higaan had no better success with Indulnu than before, and had to sleep apart from her. He woke up in the middle of the night, saw that I was sleeping between Indulnu and Intanap, and remarked: "Well, I thought I knew how to court girls, but you, my 'son', seem to have it all over me—I think you make them court you!" He quit going to that agamang and went back to his former girl.

On the morrow I induced Lubitan, another kinsman of mine, to go with me to Mampolya for I was afraid to go so far alone. Arrived under the floor [1] of the agamang, we ascertained that Nanglihan my rival was there, so we called down Indulnu and begged her to ask Intanap to send Nanglihan away. The two girls did their best, but he would not leave. Accordingly, they left and went to another agamang, and Lubitan and I followed shortly afterward. On the fourth night, we went back to the old agamang. We had

[1] The Ifugao house is raised nearly two metres on piles.

all gone to sleep. Nanglihan came up quietly, and was blowing up the fire: my eyes opened and I saw him. Frightened, I closed my hand on the hilt of my bolo. Lubitan had also awakened, and I saw fear for me in his eyes.

"Nakayah!" I said. "How you frightened me."

"I didn't mean to," he replied.

"Well, this is a house—didn't you know that? And good custom requires that a man rap outside or call his name before coming up into a house."

Nanglihan asked mildly for betels and we chewed together. Intanap woke up, and as soon as he noted the fact, he began to tell about a case that had just occurred in Mampolya, in which an indemnity, a very heavy one, had been collected for adultery. I could see what he was leading up to.

"I didn't send any pogpog," he said, turning to Intanap, "yet here you are, sleeping with somebody."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Wasn't the pogpog sent?"

"Can't you see this wood on the rack over the fireplace? Who got that wood, if not I?"

"Well, I asked the girl, and she said you two had separated," I said. "It is Intanap's fault." [1]

"What are you talking about a pogpog for?" Intanap asked Nanglihan, sharply. "The bile was bad,

[1] Gallantry, thy name is not Ngídulu! He knew full well that the pogpog had not been sent, else he would not have felt ill-at-ease, all the time, in Nanglihan's presence. However, his conduct was correct from the Ifugao standpoint. He owed no protection to the girl from the fact that he was merely sleeping with her, and in the absence of a real tie, such as her pregnancy by him or of a formal tie, such as having sent a messenger and having been formally accepted as fiancé, he was quite right in trying by any means to keep his family out of a controversy and prevent their having to pay an indemnity on his account. It is to be noted that Intanap was nowise surprised or peeved by his attitude.

and that was pogpog enough. As for the wood, you said you were going to leave the agamang but you'd get us some wood before you quit coming."

"You ought not to have done as you have—you ought to have waited a few days, at least."

"Did you hear what I said, or didn't you? *The bile was bad*: that was the pogpog. If you want pay for your wood, I will give it to you, but you'd better keep away, so that if anybody comes up to me, I can marry him. And I suppose you've been sleeping with the little boys the nights you didn't come?" [1]

Nanglihan did not go away. I lay down near Intanap, but I didn't sleep for fear he would cut my throat. I peeped out from under my blanket all night long, my hand on my bolo handle, and if I had seen any suspicious move on his part, I would have been ready.

On another occasion, Nanglihan came when we were sitting up late, playing the lovers' harp and telling stories.

"Why is it that you always come late," I asked him, angrily. "Is it that you hope to find us asleep, and to kill me?"

"Why, no," he returned, mildly. "How could I have such an intention as that?"

[1] Intanap's argument that the bad bile omen was all that was needed to end the engagement does not hold in Ifugao adat. She, or rather, for her, her new lover, ought to have sent Nanglihan the pogpog. On the other hand, her random, last shot, probably revealed to Nanglihan the weakness of his own case: he had probably been sleeping with other girls, so that she, if she learned the facts, could also demand an indemnity from him. However, the men feel that they have right to more latitude, sexually, than the women, and Nanglihan does feel some jealousy on account of his quick replacement in the caresses of a woman to whom he is formally still bound, and he would like to collect an indemnity if possible, or at least scare his successor away.

I noticed, however, that he was wearing a double-edged bolo (*hinalong*) [shaped like the Roman *spada*; much better than the ordinary bolo in fighting in close quarters because it can be used for stabbing as well as slashing].

"Well, what *do* you mean? What *is* your intention?"

The women began to try to pacify me.

"If you mean anything serious," I continued, "let's go outside and fight it out. And you, women—do not try to hold us."

But Nanglihan merely smiled and said, "Why, alas! should a man talk like that. I come here because I am accustomed to, having slept here for the last half year."

His mildness, more than anything else, convinced me that he really intended to kill me treacherously, but I was thoroughly aroused. I slept with his former wife and had intercourse with her, that night, holding my knife in my hand the while. It was not at all satisfactory.

Since I had no intention of marrying this girl, I quit going to that agamang,[1] as I was afraid of getting killed. Besides, when he was there, we could not play the lovers' harp comfortably, and there was no enjoyment, not knowing when he would appear. I didn't tell Intanap I was quitting her.

I went roaming about hunting a suitable agamang nearer home, but could not find one. Then I went back to Mampolya and sought information about other agamang there. Amongst others, I inquired of

[1] The truth, I suspect, is that his fear to go to the agamang was primary and that his lack of intention was secondary.

Humiding, an acquaintance who lived in that region. He told me of one in a hut (abong). I went thither as he had directed. The girls were already asleep; I tried to enter quietly, as it was in my mind to "steal" from them, but I couldn't raise the door-bar. I waited and waited outside. Finally, I saw that somebody was blowing up the fire. The door-bar was then withdrawn, a woman came out and disappeared in the bushes. I slipped in; one of the sleepers awoke and asked for betels. Binuluk, the woman who had gone outside, came back, but she wouldn't accept my betels, and I thought that strange. She accepted some betels from the other girls there and then remarked, "Well, I'll go to one of the houses up above to sleep; you stay here."

I sensed that something was wrong, and asked who she was. The girls told me that she was the wife of Dinamling, who had gone to another village to participate in sorcery rites against enemies; that this was their house; that since the ceremonies would probably last all night, the girls had come to keep the wife company in her husband's absence.

"Nakayah!" I thought. "Humiding must have wanted to get me killed: he pointed this place out as an agamang! Suppose Dinamling should come back and find me here."

To the girls in the house I said, "Well, you girls stay here and shut the door after me. If Dinamling comes back and should learn of my having come, tell him I was misinformed and came here thinking it was an agamang."

I went up to the house Dinamling's wife had entered

and listened to hear if she were talking. I was frightened when I heard her say to somebody, "Nakayah! I am so angry that I'm minded to go back and stab him," for I knew then that she would tell her husband. Then I went back to the agamang where I slept before and found that Intanap had become engaged again during my weeks of absence, but that her man had gone to Montabiong to sell betels. We talked a while, and I said to her:

"If the bile should be bad again, do not repeat the sacrifices in hope of a good omen, for I will marry you myself.

She smiled and said, "We'll see."

I slept with her and had intercourse with her several times.

Next morning I came back home, and that night I slept in the boys' agamang in my own village. Next day, some of the young men who had returned from a night in an agamang in Mampolya warned me that they had heard I had committed the offence of *buhut* [unbarring door and entering a dwelling without consent of the inmates—especially bad when a married woman is there and in the absence of her husband] and that Dinamling was threatening to kill me. I was scared and consulted my father and his "brothers". Then I did exactly as they told me. I went straight to Mampolya and looked up Humiding, the fellow who had directed me to the supposed agamang.

"Let's go to Dinamling," I said, abruptly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, you told me that Dinamling's hut was

an agamang. Why did you do it? Did you want to get me killed?"

"I thought it was an agamang," he answered. "I passed by there, saw a number of girls sitting out in front, chewed betels with them, and assumed that it must be one."

We went together to Dinamling's house. He was at home, but his wife had gone to the rice fields to gather snails [the Ifugao's most important item of animal food]. I had prepared my scabbard so that I could draw instantly without fumbling. I asked Dinamling for betels, and he replied that he had none. I told Humiding to produce betels. He did, I cracked one between my teeth, gave the half to Dinamling and chewed the other half myself.[1]

"Dinamling," I began, "it is true that I came here two nights ago, not knowing that this house was that of a married couple. It is true that I entered without

[1] This manœuvring with betels is highly significant; it is not the first instance of the sort we have seen, nor will it be the last. Remember that it was the fact that Dinamling's wife refused betels that warned Ngídulu in the first place. In the present instance, he learns that Dinamling is angry (for his statement that he has no betels is almost certainly untrue, since it is wellnigh unbelievable that an Ifugao should be without betels, either on his person or in his house). Ngídulu does not offer betels from his own hip-bag, however, since if Dinamling should refuse, the rebuff would set up a very tense situation from which immediate hostilities might easily begin. Instead, he gets betels from his companion, but they pass through his hands to Dinamling. Now if Dinamling should refuse, the rebuff would be somewhat mitigated—spread out over the two of them. Dinamling's acceptance shows that he will give Ngídulu a hearing at least. An Ifugao will not chew betels with an overt, declared enemy, though he will chew with another toward whom he feels the deepest enmity, provided that enmity has not been put on a formal basis. In any event, should Dinamling now attack Ngídulu, his treachery will be blacker than if he had refused and Ngídulu's kin the angrier at his death or wounding and the more likely to avenge him. Furthermore, the chewing of betels with another puts that other, both formally and actually, on a friendlier basis, presumably, than he would otherwise be.

Next to human speech, betel chewing is the Ifugao's most important means of expression.

invitation after your wife had left the house. I chewed betels with the other girls and offered betels to your wife, which she refused. When she did not accept my betels, I was frightened, and still more frightened when she left the house to sleep elsewhere. I inquired the reason from the other girls and they told me she was your wife. I left the house immediately. Back in my own village, I heard that it was your intention to kill me. But here is Humiding, who can attest the fact that I did not know it was your house when I entered." [1]

"If that is the truth," said Dinamling, "do not be afraid. My wife told me she had to run away when you came." [2]

Humiding then told told the truth about how I came to go to the hut.

"I can tell you that it's all right—there's no trouble between us," said Dinamling, when he had heard Humiding's story. He drew betels out of his hip-bag, handed them to us; we chewed and went home.

I was now thoroughly fed up with going to distant agamang and with the dangers it provoked, and resolved to carry out my future expeditions nearer home. I slept for a while in the boys' agamang in my own village. Then I began to visit the agamang near Bitu, but could find nobody unattached in any

[1] The Ifugao goes to extremes in hedging access to the woman he has taken from the agamang group and married by enforcing an exaggerated sanctity of his dwelling. That is to say, the super-freedom of the agamang entails a super-"sanctity" of the home of a pair. It is a good illustration of the unity of opposites.

[2] The woman in this case, as women frequently of all races, seems to have been motivated by a desire to enjoy the excitement of being the centre of a controversy and at the same time gain notoriety for her propriety and virtue. It was probably a good thing for Ngídulu that she was absent when this conversation took place.

of them. Dogwe, whom I have mentioned before, invited me to go to Hingyón region with him. We reached there about nightfall. The girls sleeping in the agamang there were Dulduli, Indudun, and Ginamay, young women, Hinayup, an old woman, two little girls, and a girl just budding. After the usual betel chewing, we went to sleep, the women folk near the back door, we two boys near the front door. As we lay down, Dogwe whispered to me, "If you wake up first, nudge me and we'll go and steal." [1]

[1] The fiction (or is it a fiction?) that intercourse may be had without waking a sleeping woman is very widespread—universal in the Philippines and perhaps in Oceania. It is even a matter of legal importance: I was informed of a case in the Philippine courts in which a man was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for it, which sentence was confirmed by the Insular Supreme Court, the woman in the case being an adult. It was called rape.

In our consideration of the genuineness of such sleeping, we have to take into consideration the fact that sleep is very profound in these regions. One sees Filipinos sleeping in all sorts of uncomfortable positions and on impossible beddings—on a pile of coco-nuts, on two round bamboos, or the like. I have elsewhere related how I once saw an old Ifugao woman hobbling along. I asked why she was lame and she told me that the rats, damn them, or words to that effect, had eaten her heel away as she slept. Not knowing what to believe, I asked her to show me. She did, and she had certainly spoken truly. There was a hole gnawed in her heel in which one could have buried a two-shilling or half-dollar coin. One must remember that the women work exceedingly hard in the fields and carry heavy burdens of tubers home from distances of 1 to 7 kilometres, or even further, sometimes, over very steep mountains. The men do not sleep so soundly, as a rule, because they do not work so hard, except during spading season and at occasional exhausting tasks, such as carrying heavy burdens. The men, too, are often able to sleep during the day, and sometimes they purposely sleep during the day in order to render themselves more potent at night.

We are probably safe in assuming that in the vast majority of cases of "stealing", the girl does wake up—in which case, she may pretend to continue asleep or she may participate in the act, or she may, and frequently does, whack the boy across the face with her heavy bracelets, act as if fearfully angry, and chase the boy with a bolo and torrent of words out of the house. In this case, everybody knows about the event and ridicules or upbraids the boy for it, so that he temporarily loses face in the community with the women, at least.

It would be dangerous, however, to assume that a girl does not sometimes remain asleep the whole time, since, in the case of boys or young men, especially under the conditions of fear and excitement attending such a procedure, ejaculation might well be almost immediate.

In the middle of the night, I sensed that Dogwe was crawling stealthily toward the girls. A strange feeling of jealousy possessed me and I crawled toward them too. I found, however, that he had secured the only one of them who was lying on her back—the rest of them were all on their sides, packed tight together, " spoon " fashion, so there was nothing for me to do but to crawl back to my sleeping place. I heard the girl cry out, "Anay, anay ! Have pity on me ! "

Next morning, as we were returning to Bitu, Dogwe showed me his member : it was all torn and bleeding.

" So that's what you got out of it ! " I said.

" People talk as if it were only the girl suffered when a virgin is deflowered," he remarked. " I can tell them that the man suffers just as much."

Two or three days later, Dogwe invited me to go to Hingyón with him again, but I refused since there was no girl for me there. Since he had no companion for the road thither, Dogwe never went back.

Some time after I had quit going to Mampolya, I was informed that Intanap had taken my talk with her the last time I saw her seriously, and that when Boboban, her fiancé had returned from his Montabiong trading trip, she had refused him. I was informed she was waiting for me. But I didn't go. Soon afterward, she took a lover, Amongao—again without the formality of the pogpog to end the engagement. But Boboban demanded—and collected—an indemnity of " six " from Amongao.[1]

[1] Indemnities are paid and collected in unit payments of " six " or of " ten " according to the seriousness of the offence and the class of tortfeasor and injured party. In the present instance, the first of the six units of payment

I congratulated myself that I had gotten out of a similar situation much better than Amongao.

I will add that eventually I married before Intanap and that I met her shortly after the event. She accused me of having kept her from marrying and then marrying before her. She pulled my ear and called me a deceiver. I answered, "*Gagangai te laláki-ta*" [in the nature of things because a man].

There was a gong-playing and dancing (*nabba*) in Piwong preparatory to a drinkfest [given to increase the prestige of the giver and his family] and Dogwe and I attended. We chewed betels with a group of girls who also attended. When the dancing was finished for the night, Dogwe called me to follow three of the girls to their agamang. They were the only girls in that agamang: a young man, Buyukan, stranger to us, was already there. After we had chewed betels, we went to sleep, the girls near the back door, we boys near the front door.

About midnight, I arose and went to the back door to urinate; while there, I felt the position of the girls with my hand and found that one of them was lying on her back. I proceeded to steal from her. At the stage of orgasm the girl woke up, and this gave me such a scare—for I was not experienced in stealing, this was my first time—that I bounded back to my sleeping place next to Buyukan and my ejaculation took place against him.

may probably have been a Chinese kettle-skillet worth P3, or possibly a woman's skirt worth P2; the second was perhaps a g-string worth P1; the third, a chicken worth Po.80; the fourth and fifth units may have been bolo blades worth Po.60; the sixth unit a rusty old spear-head, worth Po.25 or Po.40. The injured party receives the first unit the rest are divided among his kindred who backed him in his action to collect.

Soon Buyukan began to stir uneasily and to mutter sleepily, " What's the matter with me? What has happened? " Awakening a little more, he said, " Am I still a baby? What have I done—am I grown up or not? " He got up and blew up the fire and discovered the nature of what was annoying him, whereupon he flew into a rage and wanted to fight. Fully appreciating what cause he had for being irritated, I maintained a discreet silence and took no offence at his remarks, but the case was otherwise with Dogwe, who awoke with no knowledge of what had occurred. Dogwe felt insulted, rose and put on his g-string.

" What's the matter with this fellow," exclaimed Dogwe. " He is an offence against good custom with his causeless anger and his challenges to sleeping people to fight! Well, come on down, you—if you're so anxious to fight. You shall be accommodated."

He grabbed his spear and went down the ladder. I followed to try to get him away before real trouble started. Meanwhile the girls had awakened and they held Buyukan till I was able to lead Dogwe away. We had now to find a place to sleep.

We remembered that two of our " mothers " of about our age were sleeping in an agamang in Daligi, so we went thither and hammered on the door, told them who we were. They admitted us. I had kept still on the way about the reason for Buyukan's discomfiture, not wishing to add to Dogwe's anger. But inside the house, he asked me, " What did that fellow mean when he said, ' I'm not a rag that you should use me as such ' ? " and I had to tell the story.

I never saw any human beings laugh the way those girls did! We sat up all night and laughed about it and talked and told stories. It would not have been proper for us to go to sleep. We could joke with these girls and tell them what had happened and they could admit us to their agamang, but we could not go to sleep there, since people would have talked.[1]

About this time, my father's brother got into trouble and came to us in a dreadful hurry to seek our help in raising an indemnity he had to pay—and the quicker the better!—to Bagilat, also our kin, but more distant, and on the other side, who lived here in Balitang, right over there [informant points out of my window] where Kitung's granary now stands. Bulhe (that was my uncle's name) had noted late one night, that Bagilat was praying in some sorcery rites that were being made in the village of Dayakut. Bagilat had an attractive wife and Bulhe decided to steal from her, for he knew that the sorcery rites would keep Bagilat occupied nearly the whole night. He went to Bagilat's house and, before entering, removed his g-string [so that the woman might not

[1] Note that there were no taboos as to language, being together, chewing betels, and so on—no avoidances such as there would have been with "sisters" of even the remotest degree of kinship. The shalt-not between generations really begins at incest itself, and not-sleeping-together is mere discretion.

I believe we have here confirmation of Morgan's contention that incest prohibitions arose first between generations and later between kindred of the same generation. The former is unfortified by taboos or avoidances, the latter is strongly so fortified. The inference to be drawn is that either (1) the prohibition between generations arose before the race had invented taboos or avoidances, or else (2) so long ago that these have lost their force.

Ifugao materials which I hope to publish strongly sustain Tylor's theory of the rise of incest—namely that it arose as a means of conserving for the group the immense value of exogamous marriage as a means of alliance with other groups.

grab him by it if she awoke] and left it on the ratfender of a house-post. Then he went up into the house, had a smoke while the woman slept, laid down his pipe, and proceeded to steal from the woman, who thought it was her husband.

Bulhe left immediately, being in such a hurry to get out of danger that he forgot his pipe and even his g-string on the ratfender under the house. Perhaps the fact that the man did not come back soon after going down the ladder set the woman thinking. She remembered, too, that Bagilat usually stayed nearly the whole night at sorcery rites, while as yet it was not even first cockcrow. She also reflected that Bagilat was always too drunk to be potent when he came home from a religious function. She blew up the fire and saw by its light a stranger's pipe. She went down the ladder and saw a g-string on the ratfender.

Bulhe had not gone very far when he sensed the absence of his g-string and then he remembered his pipe, too, so he went back for them. The woman was sitting in the doorway.

"Here are your g-string and pipe," she said, handing them to him. "I thought you were Bagilat." Bulhe begged the woman not to tell her husband. But she answered, "Go."

Bulhe now bethought him how serious the case was. No, he made no mistake in going back for his g-string and pipe, for these articles would have identified him. Everybody knows every other person's articles of clothing and personal belongings.

Bulhe did the wise thing. He went right to his father and told the story.

Bagilat returned at third cockcrow and his wife told him.

"Why worry about a little thing like that?" said he soothingly. The woman knew from that that Bagilat intended to kill Bulhe and didn't want her to say anything that might reveal his intention to anybody.

Next morning, Bagilat took his spear, went to Dayakut, walked around a bit but didn't see Bulhe. Without saying a word to anybody, he went back home. My grandfather immediately sent a go-between to him to offer an indemnity consisting of one shroud, one pig, one kettle, one *hape*, and some chickens. The go-between begged Bagilat to accept. After keeping the family on its nerves a few days, Bagilat did accept. My father had to contribute the first unit of the indemnity.

One day I met Dulnuwan, one of my "fathers", and he related that he had a mistress in Mangmangan village, in Mampolya, and that there was a girl in the same agamang that was unattached. Although I had made up my mind not to go back to Mampolya, I now forgot my resolution and went with him. Dulnuwan and his girl, as well as a number of little girls, slept on the floor, but the other young woman, whose name was Intugay, slept on the inner house shelf.[1] This seemed ostentatious to me—I took it as a challenge, and resolved to humble her prudery.

[1] There are two house shelves: the *ladakan* or inner house-shelf is always on the right-hand side of the door and runs backward along the side of the house from two to three metres; the *patye*, which I translate "house shelf", runs the whole length of the house on all sides, occupying the space between the wall (which does not reach clear up to the roof) and the eaves. It overhangs the outdoors.

I went to sleep on the floor, but about midnight I woke up, went to the shelf, and had a talk with her. She said there would have to be a messenger sent before she would sleep with me. I made her all kinds of promises in the attempt to induce to her to descend from the shelf, but they availed me nothing, so I began to use force. After we had wrestled a while, the girl's head broke through the rotten woven-bamboo siding of the house, and she thought she was going to be precipitated to the ground some eight feet below.

"Wait, wait, I'll come down," she said.

I had intercourse with her. Then Bugan and Dulnuwan, who had been awake the whole time but had politely feigned otherwise, burst out in a fit of uncontrollable laughter. We continued going there for about half a month, then got tired of the girls and went hunting another agamang. We found one at Ibauwat, in a part of Mampolya region that was nearer home. Labanut, Binungay, Oltagon, a number of children, and an old woman slept there. I talked with Labanut and Dulnuwan with Oltagon, and they were as amiable as could be wished.

But we still went back to the girls we had left in Mangmangon village, and would sleep there alternate nights. This went on for several weeks. We would make excuses to the girls in each place, attributing our absences to early darkness, rain, a sore foot, and what not. But the father of Bugan, Dulnuwan's girl, learned of this unserious attitude of ours, came to the agamang while we were there, and scolded his daughter. We denied his imputations and declared

we wanted to marry the girls. The girls said nothing further about the matter and we slept there several nights for a while lest the old man come again and scold us. Nevertheless, he did come one evening and began to berate his daughter:

"See how long it takes them to send a go-between! That shows they are just playing and don't really want you." He was quite angry and began to throw his daughter violently against the fence surrounding the hut.

Dulnuwan and I were afraid and ran away to Ibauwat where our other girls were. They allowed us to enter and subjected us to an inquisition about our long absence. The reason we gave them was that we had gone to the lowlands to work for wages. They believed us and allowed us to sleep with them. We kept going there for several weeks.

But one day I saw a very beautiful girl, Indungdung, in Nahbingan village, in our own home region of Bitu. Her father and mother were dead, and she lived in her house alone. I went to see her there one evening, proposed marriage, and was accepted. Sometimes, however, I went elsewhere. Another man of Bitu, Bangal, noticing that I was sometimes absent, would go these nights and sleep with her. He never came when I was there until one night he came drunk and tried to pull me away from her, saying, "I'm going to be the one to sleep with her! I'm going to be the one to sleep with her!"

I clung tight to the girl and gave him a shove with my foot that tumbled him on the floor. He rose and again tried to pull me from her, so I gave him another push

and he tumbled down again. This went on time and again. The girl laughed at us; neighbours from the houses round about, hearing the commotion, inquired what was going on, and the girl shouted out the circumstances as they occurred. Finally Bangal didn't rise up and lay in a drunken stupor. He was still sleeping it off next morning when I went away.

Two days later, I went again and saw Bangal's spear stuck in the ground in front of her house. I gave a yell to let the girl know I had come, then turned to go back. But Bangal came out and invited me in, saying:

"You can sleep with her to-night—I did last night."

So I took my turn.

This kept on till I got sick. I had a pain in my body and after that left me, my legs swelled up big and developed ulcers. When these began to heal, the body pain returned. We performed several kinds of religious sacrifices and the attendant rites, but nothing did any good until we performed the *hagoho* rites (sorcery) against enemies. All these sacrifices required lots of animals which we borrowed from our kin. I was weak for a long time, so that my father had all the spading and work in the fields to do that year, and had to work at odd jobs here and there, such as repairing roofs, making rice mortars in which to pound out rice—anything that would bring in a chicken or a few bundles of rice, so that we could repay the kindred for the animals they had furnished us for sacrifice.

I lay many days inside the house, in the dark, on

my sleeping board. The nights seemed longer even than the days. About the only thing that cheered that dreary time was the recital by my friends of some events that came to light in the neighbouring district of Hingyón. Malayu, a poor girl, had married Búlintao, a rich man, but nearly deaf and rather stupid. One day as Malayu was going to her field, Buyagauwan, a well-to-do young fellow, met her. After they had exchanged betels, Buyagauwan remarked:

"Your husband doesn't notice anything unless one nudges him in the back. If you like, let us marry [or "have sexual relations"—the word used, *monahauwa* stands for both]."

Then he touched her nipples and she did not resent it. So they went into the forest and made a nest. This affair ran on for weeks, Búlintao suspecting nothing. But daytime was not enough—they wanted the night for their own, too. The girl would tie a string to her finger as she went to sleep alongside her husband each night and pass it out through a hole in the side of the house. Buyagauwan would come, jerk the string, and the girl would descend. Next morning, the man would come loitering by and the girl would follow him to the forest. People began to talk about Malayu's hill-farm, all grown up in weeds, and to remark that all she got weeded the whole season long was her crop of pubic hair. For all their talk, however, nobody ever told Buyagauwan or his kindred anything: everybody said, "It's none of my business to inform the kindred." [1]

[1] Typically an Ifugao attitude. It would be wrong to say there is no public opinion in an Ifugao community, but public opinion is weak in making itself felt except about matters of general concern, does not concern

One night the husband, Búlintao, was wakeful and noted that the girl stayed outside a long time. When she returned, he asked, "Where have you been so long?"

"Why I was outside only a minute," answered the girl. Búlintao believed her.

There was a drinkfest in the neighbouring village of Nabilaan. Husband and wife attended to watch the dancing. Buyagauwan came, coaxed Malayu from the crowd, and went off with her. Búlintao searched the crowd for her, then went home, found she wasn't there. He went to sleep. When she came, he asked, "Where have you been?"

"Just staying around the dancing place," answered the woman. Again he believed her.

Now came the dry season when the water in the irrigation ditches dwindles, and the fields have to be watched every night lest the water be stolen from them. Buyagauwan built a hut near the forest, knowing that Malayu could come each night to watch the fields. She came to the hut, but not to the fields. She merely passed the latter by each morning and made a pretence of regulating their water flow.

There was a drinkfest in Anao and the girl attended, going along with a party of other women from her home region. On the way the girl dropped out of the party and waited by the road. Other folk passing by asked her why she was waiting. Her only answer was, "Takonbo" [never mind, or all right]. A boy, kinsman of her husband, hid in the brush near by and watched. Soon Buyagauwan came along, and the

itself with the internal affairs of a group, nor even with quarrels between groups further than to favour a peaceable settlement of troubles. It is as weakly developed as local unity itself.

woman and he went on together. The boy said to himself, "Ah-ha-ah! That's why she waited." Next night he hid in Búlintao's yard, saw Buyagauwan come, pull the string, saw the girl come down—saw the rest of it. The boy cried out to the neighbours what was happening. Buyagauwan ran home and Malayu ran to the house of her father. The kin of Búlintao were very angry.

Next morning they scoured their spears and bade Búlintao come with them to the house of Buyagauwan. He didn't want to—said he didn't want any trouble—but his "brothers" were determined and dragged him along with them. Buyagauwan, however, ran away before they came, and took refuge with his kindred in Anao [about 6 kilometres away]. Despite the fact that the Americans had established *olden* ["order"], the kindred watched for a chance to kill him, but couldn't find any. Finally Takinan, an old man, proposed to them that they send himself as go-between to demand gibu [indemnity for wrong against the marital relation]. They replied that what they wanted was Buyagauwan's blood, that they would send no demands for gibu. However, Takinan went to Buyagauwan and advised him to offer them a nice large indemnity, saying he would try to persuade them to accept it. Buyagauwan had already been visiting his kin and collecting all he could from them so as to raise an indemnity. Finally he mortgaged a field.[1] He now had twenty-two death blankets and

[1] The Ifugao form of "mortgage," *pidon*, consists in delivering the field into the possession of the creditor, who tills it until the loan be returned. In the British Museum are tablets recording a similar kind of transaction in ancient Babylon.

called Takinan, the go-between, and requested him to notify the kindred that he was ready to pay gibu. Takinan went to Búlintao and his kindred. The kindred decided (for Búlintao was entirely passive in the matter) that they would settle the matter without gibu, and told him to return that answer [that is, they preferred to kill the culprit]. However, the mutual kin of both parties intervened and persuaded them to accept the payment; the go-between went back to Buyagauwan with this news.

On the next day, Buyagauwan's kin sacrificed to the *halupe* [suggesting and harassing deities], and consulted the omens to see whether they might safely carry the indemnity to Hingyón and meet the kindred of Búlintao. Omens and bile-sacs were good, so they met that kindred, paid over the gibu, and arranged a day for meeting again and sacrificing to the hidit gods [in order to make peace and remove the taboos against chewing each other's betels, drinking and eating together]. Búlintao received six of the blankets, the go-between one, and the rest were distributed among Búlintao's " brothers ".

The affair was not finished yet, for the kindred insisted that Búlintao divorce his wife and compel her to pay an indemnity. Takinan acted as go-between in this matter for the kindred, while Búlintao's wife was represented by Pagadut. Since she was poor, the indemnity she paid was six death blankets, plus one for her go-between and P10 for the go-between of her husband and his kindred. Of the six blankets she paid, two went to her husband and the rest to his kindred.

If Búlintao had not divorced his wife, she would not

have had to pay gibu. But if Buyagauwan had been married, she would have had to pay gibu to Buyagauwan's wife. In cases where there is no divorce, the general principle of the adat is, " Man to man and woman to woman." That is to say, if a married man commits adultery with a married woman and if the innocent spouses do not demand a divorce, then the man will pay gibu to the innocent husband and the woman to the innocent wife. But if there be divorce, as in the present instance, each offender must pay gibu to his own innocent spouse, also.

No, I never acted as go-between in any controversy. [Reason: he is a poor man and has little family backing. For the backing, the loyalty and subserviency of the remoter kin is dependent on economic power and prestige].

Yes, yes, I used to go on " revenge expeditions " (*balu*). I remember, one time, Dumangan, an Anao boy, came to Bitu, slept with the girls here, and boasted of his success. Two of us Bitu boys remarked that we ought to make a " revenge " expedition, so we went to an agamang in Anao. An old widower, Inuyay, opened the door for us.

" Just see ! " he told the girls, " these two boys have come to talk to you. They are rather bashful-appearing and tongue-tied besides, so tell them right away whether you like them or not, because they don't act as if they were very good talkers."

Then the old man went away. His introduction hadn't done us any good. We proposed marriage.

" Yes," the girls replied, " you may sleep here with us, but nothing more at this time. If you really

are minded to marry us, send a messenger—we shall not run away, we shall stay here waiting for you."

We went several nights, but without success. The girls seemed to have sensed that it was a revenge expedition, made by us just to have something to talk about.

Inuyay took us to another agamang where there were two little girls, but we didn't want them—they were too small. Then he took us to the agamang where he regularly slept, but we had no chance there, because Inuyay monopolized the conversation. I never saw such a talker! We said to each other next morning, "No use to go back there—we could do nothing more than only listen to Inuyay's talk." So we went back to the first agamang, but had no better success. We were compelled to confess our "revenge" expedition a failure. Meeting Inuyay next morning and telling him we were not coming back to Anao, we had some good advice from him, which was, "If Dumangan boasts of his success, do you boast just as loudly. Say you were successful even if you weren't. Everybody will believe you."

On another occasion, Mikano, from Nunggauwa, came to Bitu and was successful—unless he lied as we did on the occasion just related. Lubiton and I resolved to include his sister, Aginaya, in our "vengeance". We went to Nungauwa, where this sister, another girl, and some little children were sleeping. They admitted us, we played the lovers' harp till Lubiton fell asleep, leaning against the side of the house. Finally the girls lay down to sleep, I woke up Lubiton, and we

took our places on the floor at some distance from the girls. When the fire had died down, I went to talk to Aginaya, proposing marriage to her, but she clung spoon fashion to the other girl. I lay on top of the two girls until the other girl, from the discomfort, moved over, then I lay between them. I tried to use force, but Aginaya scolded me, saying that I was courting her just "like catching a pig". I excused myself on the grounds of my overwhelming desire for her. The night's efforts were spent in vain.

One time Dilmihu, of Luhadan, came to Bitu and slept with Maguay. With Nadulut, my kinsman, I went to an agamang in Luhadan where there were two girls, Imbuok and Imbangad, to avenge. The girls gave equivocal answers. We played the lovers' harp a while, then lay down to sleep. When the fire had burned down, we went to them and lay beside them. We promised we would formally marry them. They still said nothing definite. I had intercourse with Imbangad five times that night. Next morning, the girls suggested that we send a messenger. On the third day, we went again. Next morning, the girls invited us to their houses to get a supply of betels. Arrived there, they invited us to eat. We did, but we thought it a strange procedure, since we had sent no messenger.[1] When the girls returned from climbing the trees to get us betels, we returned home. After a night at home, we went again. There were several young men as well as other young women in the

[1] It is worth while repeating again—intercourse creates no tie, bond, or obligation. Eating together implies some sort of intimate relation. Hence, it was strange to the boys that they should be invited to eat.

agamang that night. We slept with our girls at the back door, the young men slept at the front door, and the other girls slept on the inner house shelf.

I suggested to Nadulut that we run a race, and we did! The girls on the shelf giggled the while. Soon we were both in the act again, and the girls on the shelf exclaimed, "Ah nakayah! These Bitu boys."

I began to chaff the Luhadan boys about being slow. Imbuok reached over and pinched me. The Luhadan boys arose, blew up the fire, and this showed me in a very private situation. But I didn't care: "You have made a fine light," I remarked, as I continued. The girl was embarrassed and said, "I want to get up," but I wouldn't let her. Early in the morning, when about to start home, I told the Luhadan boys, "Do not smoke our cigar stubs [do not use our girls] or there'll be trouble!" I stole some betel leaves there in their village to carry back to them next time we went. Two nights afterward, we went back with them. We joked the Luhadan boys, asking them if they had partaken of our "crusts" during our absence.

One evening a heavy rain overtook us. When we reached the agamang, we took off everything we wore—g-strings, hip-bags, blankets—wrung them out and hung them up near the fire. The girls got us two skirts to wear till our things should dry out and bantered us about our amazing ardour for them, since we had come through such a rain to get to them.

Nayahan, one of our co-villagers who had married in Luhadan, came past the agamang next morning. He remarked that when he first started coming to

Luhadan he had been unable to sleep the whole night owing to the amazing attractiveness of the Luhadan girls. " How is it with you ? " he asked. " Just the same," we answered. The girls laughed and Nayahan invited us to his house to drink wine ; he gave us some betels to take back with us.

We talked matters over and made a plan : so as to have a large supply of semen, we would not go back for five days, and the day before we went back, we would sleep the whole day so as to be able to keep awake all night. We did as we had planned, and had intercourse eight times that night. Nayahan chewed areca nut without betel leaves or lime the whole while.[1] I asked him next morning, " Who ate sugar cane all last night ? " The girls marvelled at our potency. We decided not to go back lest we let our reputations down.

When I would sleep in the agamang for boys in my own village, my father would say, " Why aren't you out looking for a girl ? " But when I would go far to a girl every night, and come home in the middle of the forenoon, he would say, " There's no use in *halud-halud*[2] every day ; better go separate with a wife."

A boy is ashamed to attempt sexual intercourse before puberty, because he fears that when the girl discovers his organ to be small, she will ridicule him

[1] As an aphrodysiac.

[2] *Halud-halud* : *halud* is a tree whose gum is used for blackening the teeth, or rather used to be used for that purpose, for tooth-blackening is no longer practised. The boys used to take the *halud* to the girls' dormitory and the tooth-blackening was done there. *Makihalud* (participate in *halud*, *halud* together) came to have a figurative meaning, " visit the girls' agamang," and is the most used word for this, to-day.

or scold him. On the other hand, if a girl is being courted by an unwelcome suitor, she may be glad to have an immature boy sleep with her: when the unwelcome one comes around and tries to get her to leave the side of the immature boy, she can answer, "*Málamok! Bokun lalaki dumduma?*" [What's the matter? Isn't this a male, also?]

We usually had intercourse three to five times a night. But now at [the age of 46–8] even if I see a woman bathing, I do not get an erection. There's no advantage in the eight or ten times a night that some men boast of. There is Kawitan, of Nunggauwa village, reputed to be capable of ten times a night until he got gonorrhœa, and now, they say, only eight times. He is in great demand by widows. But even if this be true, you are just as likely, or probably more likely, to beget a child with once a day, or even once a week, as with ten times a night.

These truths had already begun to dawn on me,[1] when, one day, my father called my attention to the fact that Imaya, the little girl of only a few years ago, had now grown up. I had not noticed the fact. I went to Ginauwa, chewed betels with her, and proposed marriage. She would give no answer. I said, "If I were Kanayan, maybe you would answer me." I went to her house again and found her alone.

"I would like to marry you if only you would not allow Kanayan to stay with you," I said. "If the biles of his chickens [that he will bring for your marriage

[1] He had become a rake, even by Ifugao standards, and had reached the limit of excesses—now he is ready to marry and turn his attention to other phases of life.

rites] should be bad, do not repeat, for I will marry you myself."

Sure enough, the biles of the chickens Kanayan brought were bad. I sent the mommon right away—without sending Kanayan a pogpog. This got me into trouble. Kanayan's kin demanded an indemnity of "six"—in this case, three woven fabrics, each counting as two units. I refused. They complained to Tom[linson].[1]

Kulde [government policeman] took me to Pinalahan where Tawm was stopping at the rest house [in Kababuyan region], but Tawm was getting ready to take the trail and said he would settle the case in Kayapa [at the junction of the Lohot trail with the old Benauwe trail]. Arrived there, Tawm decided that the indemnity ought to be paid, so my kin on both sides raised it for me. We had also to put up a peso [as likewise the Kanayan's] for the peace-making ceremony.[2] One of these pesos went to the go-between in the case, the other to the priest (who was of my family) who performed the *hidit* rites.

Eight days later, the priests performed the málahín sacrifices for Imaya and me, for I was anxious to take up married life in earnest. I was tired of running around and wanted a household of my own. The omen of the bile-sac was good in all three cases, so my

[1] Lieutenant-Governor O. A. Tomlinson, whom the Ifugaos called "Tawm". He was acting Lieutenant-Governor in 1911 and received a permanent appointment in 1913 or 1914. It is impossible to ascertain in which of these periods the complaint was made against Ngídulu. If during the first, Ngídulu was about 20 years old when he settled down to marriage.

[2] That is, for the *hidit* rites. When two groups are involved in formal controversy—that is, after a go-between has been sent—they are governed by the taboos that hold between enemies. When the quarrel is settled, they perform the *hidit* rites, so that they may chew betels with each other, drink each other's wine, and eat together at feasts.

parents moved out of our house into a poorer one that we owned that was vacant.[1]

I found married life more satisfactory than running around, snagging my feet on dangerous trails in the dark, going far and coming home tired in the morning. I could sleep on my own bed every night, instead of on a dirty, dusty floor (for one can hardly carry his sleeping board with him on nightly excursions to distant agamang, not knowing how long he will stay there, or even whether he will want to stay or be admitted).

I suppose you have always been true to your wife? [He hesitates an instant, then answers] Yes—because, as regards unmarried girls, I have been afraid of relations with them on account of my wife's kin, while as regards married women, I have been even more afraid of relations with them on account of their husbands. Besides, it was not difficult to settle to one woman, for I soon became a priest and the quantities of rice wine I drank in performance of my religious duties weakened me sexually.[2]

Even as a boy, I had been fascinated by the drone of the priests' invocations, had been especially entranced by the unusual, high, and figurative words they used. I would sit near one of them to listen and

[1] It is usual for Ifugao parents to give their house to children beginning married life and move into a poorer house or construct an *abong* (hut built on or only slightly above the ground) for themselves. This custom is founded on the principle that reproduction is the most important function of the kinship group and that the generation of reproductional age must take precedence over others.

[2] Despite the fact that his religious duties require, as he says, a lot of drinking, Ngídulu is not a drunkard, as is the Ifugao priest usually. He does not particularly care for liquor, though he will never refuse a drink —perhaps lest he form a bad habit

he would turn his mouth to my ear that I might hear distinctly [1] just as they do for you, Apo. I already knew most of the gods and most of the ceremonies. Now that I was married, I decided to become a priest right away. Partly, I think, it was because I wanted to hear my own voice and to be heard by others; partly, I wanted to carry the meat of sacrifices home to my family and to have some to divide with my kindred. So now I began to exhort as well as to listen in. I would fill a priest's wine cup for him and when the deity possessed the priest [let us say, at a harvest feast] I would shout:

"*Umat hina, bagól-mi 'd Lagod, ta angbayom di binadayan | ta tinupyakom de gidigid, te hidyii dayaowon-yo!* | *An daumúli-kayo 'y kitay an agamídon-mi page, ta humanan di ginulpe.* | *Agagamídon-mi natdungan an lumatap hi natdungan ya humpkal | te gatugatud di uhaulan-yo!*" [That's the way, deities of ours from the Downstream Region, and drink thou the rice wine | and pour an oblation on the victim [pig soon to be sacrificed] because that is what thou rejoicest in! | And increase a little the rice we are harvesting so that the bundles be many. | We will keep gathering it under the granary, it will pile up to the floor above and become much. | Because it is harvest rites that you are coming upstream to.]

Meanwhile, the priest would be possessed by a deity from the Downstream Region and would sing out: "*Ta-ay-ay-ay!* Comes upstream Lukbuban, of Binuyuk, a-a-ah! This is my custom, year by year,

[1] There is a special term for this sitting near a priest so as to distinguish what he is saying from the general mumble of the many: it is called *bipingon di monbaki.*

a-a-ah! I partake of your rice wine and pour an oblation on the victim, for this is what I delight in, a-a-ah! We increase and multiply and we'll increase your rice so that you'll harvest and harvest and the pile will reach the floor above, a-a-ah! For such is our nature and it is harvest rites that you are performing, a-a-ah! Ta-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!"

This exhorting helps a priest a great deal, because when his mind becomes muddled from drink the young exhorter, who takes a sip only occasionally and so keeps a clear head, reminds him what to say, what comes next.

The priests said I had a good voice and several of them offered to teach me what I yet lacked in knowledge. Bagiduldul, my "father" on my mother's side, was the one whom I finally chose to be my teacher. He brewed rice wine, and as soon as it was strong, I brought a chicken to sacrifice and we sat up the whole night. First he taught me my ancestral souls (amud), next the messenger spirits [*bagol a monkontad*, called in Kiangan *bagol a makalun*], then the *páhiu* on my mother's side.[1] He could not teach me the *páhiu* on my father's side, because it is taboo for a person to name the *páhiu* of another family. These *páhiu* came from my distant ancestor, Luktu,[2] who is said to have recived them from his mother,

[1] This is a class of gods that I here heard of for the first time after more than eight years' acquaintance with the Ifugao religion. Informant's manner, when he had mentioned them, indicated that he would like to take his words back, that he regretted having opened the subject. *Páhiu*, by derivation, might mean "causing hatred", from *hiu*, hatred, and *pa*, the causative prefix.

[2] The word in this case probably means a variety of yams, though it is also the word for the tropical sweet potato in some regions of Ifugao. Professor H. O. Beyer has drawn my attention to the fact that when the Ifugaos received the sweet potato (introduced into the Philippines by the

Imbayung, of Pagong, said to have been a village in the Kudug region. They are: Panduyuhon [Used-as-a-Dish ?] ad Kawayan [of or at Kawayan, name of a place]; Dulyunan [Jerked (as an earthquake jerks)] ad Hinalipan; Monangit [Challenger to duels] ad Hulungan; Tayaban ad Impauwol [the tayaban are flying demons which are invisible while they are flying, but which "turn on" their flames when they settle and perch; there is some reason for thinking that they are derived from the appearance of swarms of the tropical firefly, which often look like globes of fire]; Pinhiwan [Insulted] ad Bangbang; Mondana [Remover-of-Prohibitions-against-eating Tabooed Foods] and Mondalungdung [Setter-of *Huga*-Sticks-on-Rice-Dykes (done to protect them when soft)]; the huga are sharp bamboo sticks, set slantingly so as to inflict a wound just above the ankle of him who walks into them. If the *páhiu* become angry, they kill a person.

In this region there are the following groups of people on a basis of their *páhiu*: the Udan's, whose ancestor came from Hapao [*udan* means rain]; the Luktu's [*luktu*—yam] who came from Kudug; the Kahingman's [Kahingman—usually a feminine personal name] and the Hodom's [can't translate] who came from Bulâ. A few of the people are

Spaniards) they did not accept the Spanish name, camote (itself borrowed from an American Indian tongue) but called it by a name already applied to some one or another variety of yam which the particular variety of sweet potato first introduced in a particular region, no doubt, reminded them of. And so, in various regions the camote is known as *luktu*, in others, *gatok*, in others, *lapne*, all names of yam varieties, which, however, the sweet potato greatly exceeds in importance, to-day. It is interesting to note that English-speaking people did nearly the same thing as the Ifugao—they called this tuber a sweet potato, though it is not a potato at all.

Binuliwan's [Made-like-buliwan-fruit, or, Resembling-a-buliwan-fruit] who also came from Bulâ and the Kayapa's who came from Kudug. A person's *páhiu* come to him from his grandfather on each side: thus, my *páhiu* came from my father's father and from my mother's father. My father's *páhiu* go back to his distant ancestor, Udan, who received them from his mother, a woman who lived in Hapao; my mother's father's *páhiu* came from Luktu, who also got them from his mother.[1]

The story about the Udan *páhiu* is as follows: Ulban, of the Ahín region [in the extreme western part of Ifugaoland] had a very powerful attracting-

[1] Any social anthropologist will perceive the significance of this class of deities from an historical standpoint. It was with keen regret that I had to leave the field without having completed my investigation of this group of deities.

Soon after I went to Bitu, I learned that some of the folk there were known as "Sons of Hodom" and that they had a rare and strange ceremony of invoking eels at a certain pool below the Bulâ Gap. I made inquiries repeatedly about the "Sons of Hodom" and could learn nothing further than that they were most numerous in the Bulâ region. About the ceremony I could learn only that the eel invoked was of the larger species and that if it appeared, it was beheaded immediately and eaten by the party. The younger Ifugaos, especially the educated ones, knew absolutely nothing about the subject, and the priests professed to know nothing further.

The priests, indeed, would always profess ignorance about any phase of their religion, until I showed them I already knew something about it. (For that religion is under attack from missions and schools, from an influential part of the younger generation, and from the very nature of widespread and essential changes in the structure of Ifugao society, and for these reasons the priests have become reticent.) But in this case I had nothing to begin with, nothing to show them!

Ngídulu mentioned the *páhiu* gods for the first time on the third day before I left the field. On the next day he could not come, and I finished Bugan's autobiography. On the last day, I got from Ngídulu most of what is here set forth. No one realizes better than I that data have to be checked and rechecked with a number of informants before one can say, "This is established." For future investigators of Ifugao culture, I suggest the following working hypothesis: The *páhiu* are the peculiar and (probably) secret gods of patrilineal clans (for they descend in the patrilineal lines). But each line, so far as we know, came originally from a female ancestor; hence they are probably ultimately descended from matrilineal clans.

charm (*hagayup*, used in hunting and in courtship). High up in the mountains, above his village, he had built an outdoor bench (*bantag*) on which he would sit and would wave his charm. The wild pigs would be attracted in a drove, he would spear the biggest and fattest, whereupon he would wave his charm and the rest of the pigs would run away. He would then lift the slain pig to his *bantag* bench, remove the entrails and put them in his backbasket, and carry home his game. One day when Ulban was not at home, one of his sons entered his house, took his father's hip-bag containing the charm and his father's spear and went to the mountains to his father's *bantag* bench. He waved the charm and the wild pigs came. He speared the biggest of them, but neglected to wave the charm to drive the others away. Then the speared pig, together with its companions, attacked the boy and ate him up, together with the charm.

When Ulban came home and found his hip-bag and spear missing, he hurried to his mountain bench where he discovered what had happened. He saw bits of his hip-bag lying on the bloody ground. Then Ulban set out to avenge his son. He followed the trail of the big, wounded pig, followed it on and on till it passed through Hapao. Being weak from want of food, he could go no further, so he planted a hill-farm, meanwhile living on wild foods collected in the forest. He got thinner and thinner. Baa, a woman of the place, gave him food and invited him home with her. He married her. The first child was a son, Udan.

When Udan was grown to young manhood, he

told his kindred, "Let's go head-hunting. They agreed and performed the *ginlot* rites [preliminary to a head-hunting expedition]. The bile omen was good. Next day, they climbed up the mountain to Uha, and thence crossed over to Amganad. From Amganad they went on to Kababuyan. In the mountains above that place, they saw a young woman pulling grass to clear a hill-farm. Udan's companions wanted to take her head; he, however, bade them stay in hiding while he went to ascertain who she was.

When Udan approached, the girl began to run away, but he told her not to be afraid, that he wanted merely to chew betels with her and that he would throw down his bolo and spear. She halted and he went to her. She said her name was Indungdung and pointed out her village in Kababuyan valley. Udan told her that he and his party were head-hunters. "But," said he, "I pity and love you (*homkon daka*) and my eyes are attracted by your beauty. If you like, let us marry, even though I live far away."

"My mind is the same as yours," answered the girl. "Let us marry."

"I will come again after eight nights," said Udan. "But build a fire near your house on the eighth night so that I may know which it is."

Udan went back and lied to his companions. "She is related to us," he told them, "so we cannot kill her. We had better turn back, else she will mention our presence to her neighbours and they will rush out against us."

During the next seven days, Indungdung gathered

dumme,[1] and on the eighth night she built a large fire outside her house and sat beside it, spinning the *dumme*. The neighbours asked her why she had built the fire.

" For what other reason than to give light by which to spin my *dumme*," she answered. Then the neighbours praised her for her zeal and industry.

Udan came over the mountains, saw the fire gleaming far down in the valley, and made straight for it. He stayed there in the village for five days, hiding in a granary and fed by the girl, who slept with him at night. Then he went home, saying that he would come again, with his kindred, after eight days.

They came with shrouds, which they exchanged for pigs. They sacrificed chickens for the marriage rites and the bile omens were good. Udan's kin returned, but Udan stayed. After three months, the spouses went to Hapao, to Udan's kindred and remained there three months. Then they returned to Kababuyan, bringing Udan's belongings with them, including his *pdhiu*[2] which he received from his mother, Baa. Udan and Indungdung had four sons, Buminaang, Gipidon, Pugung, and Buyukan. They also had two

[1] *Dumme*: a bush from whose fibres the Ifugaos, before the introduction of cotton, used to weave blankets and garments. Only a few years ago, many blankets were still being produced from it in the Kambulu region and possibly some still are. It was spun by being rolled on the thigh.

[2] The names of these *pdhiu* are: Ambalitian, Tayaban nak Ambalitian, Bugan nak Kinawatan (female), Bugan nak Hakókoan (female), Gadang, Indung (female), Banaang, Timbingan, Kawatig, Baknayan, Tulauwon, Lingayu (female ?), Ingaan hi Dimale, Bugan in'Ingaan hi Dimale (female), Tayaban hi nak Ingaan hi Dimale, Mondilag Laungan, Ganagan, Ongalan ad Himalit, Bugan in'Ongalan ad Himalit (female), Dutdutan ad Tolgayan, Bugan in'Dutdutan ad Tolgayan (female), Ubub ad Timbakan, Bugan in'Ubub ad Timbakan (female), Dua 'n oonga'n hi nak Ongalan ad Himalit.

I am nearly sure that the last-named, " The two children of the Enlarged One at Himalit " are the subject of a myth that is used ceremonially.

daughters, Bugan and Inhabian. Bugan married Bayuhuibi ad Daiya [Rainy Weather of the Upstream Region]; Inhabian married Puok ad Daiya [Windgod of the Upstream Region]. The family in Kababuyan lost all connection with these daughters, since they lived far away.

But when Udan died, there was a mighty wind and Inhabian came to her father's funeral. Her Kababuyan kindred asked her why the other daughter, Bugan, had not also come.

"She did not come because she cannot walk," was the answer. "We are not human, as we used to be. But I, who have become a wind, can come far and quickly, travelling through the tree tops."

Then the Kababuyan kindred asked her the names of her children. She enumerated them as follows: Dinamligan [Dust-Lifted-under-the-House]; Dinaple [Trees-Twisted-off]; Bakiwa [Splintered-Trees-Twisted-by-the-Wind]; Ginitog [Rocked-by-the-Wind]; Mamugipog [Blower-off of Branches]; Namungbunge [Was Breaker-off (that is, "Breaker" in the past tense—"Breaker-ed") of Branches (but so that they still hang by splinters)]; Banghiilan [Rocked by the Wind]; Poki 'd Ambatu [this wind god lifts the house-eaves thatch]; Indumulao [Was Made like a Dyer Dyeing Yellow].

Indungdung said that she had no grandchildren yet. Her kindred asked her to stay longer with them, but she answered, "I'm not human, now." She raised her arms and the winds came out of her armpits and the rice in the fields bowed its head.

"During harvest rites," she said, "and also during

all welfare rites, invite us and sacrifice to us, otherwise your rice-wine jars will be broken." Then she went back to the Upstream Region.[1]

After teaching me the *páhiu*, Bagiduldul taught the *nunbinaglan*, that is, the various granary (?) deities (*bulol*) invoked in the various households of the region, then the other groups of deities such as the Manahaut's (war gods), the *matungulan*, and so on, and finally the place spirits (*pinading*) of this and surrounding localities. [There are many hundred named gods in the Ifugao pantheon] I already knew most of these. I went home when the sun was in the half-way position (about 8.30) next morning feeling that I had a headfull.

At the succeeding harvest I was initiated at a *linyak* ceremony. This is added to the harvest rites when a young man wishes to become a priest. I sat between two priests and a newly-initiated priest stood behind me holding up a lock of my hair. Finally the lock of hair stood up all alone and unsupported, and that showed that I was a priest. It is bad with us if a messenger god possesses the initiate at this time, but I have heard that it is good with the Kiangan people. With us, the initiate may be possessed at the *tuldag* rites which follow the harvest rites after a few days.

Though now a priest, I was not satisfied with my voice: it was too boyish, too high pitched. I used to go down to the tributary and would train it there

[1] This myth, beginning with matrilocal residence and finishing with patrilocal residence and the alienation of daughters from the group, seems to cover the period of transition from matrilineal to patrilineal clan and also to support our hypothesis about the origin of the *páhiu* gods.

—all by myself. There, too, I practised different styles of recitation or enunciation, because it is a great relief to a priest during a five- or six-hour series of invocations and myth-recitations to be able to change his style of chanting—it rests his voice. The older priests advised me to train so.

My father's advice to me at this time was: "Now that you are a priest, see that you treat your wife's kindred as you treat your own. If they ask you to ceremonialize at their houses, take along a chicken to add to their victims, if you have one. Share the meat that you bring home with your wife's kindred just as with your own: let the two be one kindred with you. If you are kindly and helpful to them, they will help you in sickness or other need. Don't ever demand an indemnity from them, even if they wrong you—they will hate you forever! If they are in straits and want to borrow a pig, lend it to them if you have one.

"Go willingly whenever called to religious functions by a kinsman or in-law. Do not speak depreciatingly of the ceremonies of another priest or of his manner of performing them even if you think him inferior in performance to yourself. It is well that you have learned to be a priest, for now you will be able to eat the pig meat and chicken meat of others and can bring meat home to your own household and to your kindred and to your wife's kindred."

Formerly a priest was seldom or never called to officiate for non-related persons, but now that the Americans have established "order" it is becoming more frequent to invite priests from outside the



(*a*) Priests calling to the " red bird " for an omen, preparatory to the setting forth of a mock head-hunting expedition



(*b*) Priests reciting myths. Note little boy listening; training for the priesthood begins early and unconsciously, when the mind is most retentive, otherwise no man, probably, could master the astounding riches of the Ifugao religion

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kinship group. I have been so invited many times, for people realize that I am not malevolent and they trust me. In this region such a priest gets no more pay than the related priests. Usually all the priest gets is a liberal-sized piece of meat—or rather, several pieces of meat from different parts of the carcass spitted on a stick : a piece of liver, section of intestines, a joint and a piece of shoulder, sirloin, or rump. At my house we are almost never without meat, for it is rarely that more than three or four days pass without my services being required. During harvest, however, one gets no meat to take home : one eats at the harvest feast and so does one's wife if, as is usually the case, she is working as a harvester.

But there are a number of ceremonies when a priest is paid something else than meat, as, for example, the *umaladang* ceremonies to cure belly ache, for one has to do with a very dangerous group of deities in these. The priest receives a live chicken, a small knife (representing the cutting of the chicken's throat), and a new *hukop* basket. The same is true for another sickness ceremonial, the *hinolde* : the priest receives a whole pig (except for a little meat for the sick man—his kindred may not eat of the victim at all) a bolo, and grown hen. In fact there are eight or ten ceremonials for which the priest gets substantial pay in addition to meat. It is true that after these ceremonials, the priest has to remain continent for a varying period of time; I never found this any especial hardship, though I admit I never acted as the chief priest for making a granary god. This

priest has to remain continent for about three months. Well, they always select an old man.

Another occupation that I now began was the going on trading trips with rich kinsmen. My first trip was with Inuyay, my "brother" on my mother's side. He had to take a carabao to his trading partner (*biyo*) in the Ayangan region and summoned three of his kinsmen to accompany him. We invited Humiwat, of Mampolya, to go with us, since he had relatives in the region we were going to. Arrived at Montabiong, on the way thither, we invited Gumiho of that place to come with us, since he also had relatives there.[1] We passed through Puhol, Impagada and thence along the river to Pulaan, thence to Luta, where our journey, six days in all, ended at the house of Bahwing, Inuyay's trading partner. Bahwing was intending to use the carabao next day for the second burial of the bones of one of his ancestors. This feast and the sacrifice of the carabao in a free-for-all scramble[2] would draw a great crowd of meat-hungry Ayanganites from all the surrounding regions, and anybody who knows the nature of that sort of people knows that the event would be attended by not a little danger. To see whether the carabao might be sacrificed on the morrow—that is, to see whether the day would be a peaceable one, unmarred by brawling, fighting, breaking of rice-wine jars and the like, Bahwing sacrificed a chicken. The bile was bad —the day would not be propitious. Bahwing killed

[1] The presence in the party of kinsmen of the Ayangan people made for its safety.

[2] Such a free-for-all is described in Kumiha's autobiography, p. 222–3.

a pig to feed our party that night and repeated the sacrifice of the chicken next day. Still the bile was not right. And next day, another chicken and another bad bile. We of our party said to each other, " Never mind! Let the bile be bad so long as they feed us." The bile was bad for the following five days, by which time we were getting homesick. An old man of the place said, " What can we do? We can't kill the carabao in the face of a bad omen." Every day people would come with baskets to carry meat home and would be informed that the carabao would not be killed that day.

Inuyay suggested to Bahwing that we return home without waiting for the second funeral, but Bahwing begged us to wait a little longer. But next day, the omen was still bad. We told each other, " There will never be a day when this kind of people could drink a little wine and yet remain peaceful." Bahwing killed a pig to appease the disappointed people and another pig to feed our party and said he had decided to postpone the second burial to a later time. His return payments to Inuyay, his trading partner, were :

I. The Trading Partner's exchange payment (*tungul*):

1 pig, *mahakdolan* size [Mahakdolan means a pig so large as to require two men to kill it, as the Ifugao kills pigs : one man holds it on its back while another jabs a stick into its chest until it bleeds to death. Smaller sizes of pigs can be held and killed by one man].

3 *bogha* pigs [medium-sized].

1 *maonom* pig [worth six *dalan* of rice, that is, six 25's, or 150 bundles].

1 *mahinbonglayan* pig [worth one *bongale* of rice; that is, 125 bundles].

II. Pay of the followers who accompanied the trading partner (*lagbu*):

3 *pughol* (suckling pigs).
14 chickens.
1 adze.
P1.00 [that is, Po.20 cash money for each of the followers].

Nor did we have to carry these pigs home. Bahwing's people carried them nearly the whole way for us—to Holnad. We carried them on to Mampolya and left them at Humiwat's place till the third day, when Inuyay sent some of us to get them. He kept the 125-bundle sized pig to fatten and sold the others, except the suckling pigs (which were, together with the chickens and adze, divided among us followers), for P105. He hadn't paid for the carabao yet, so he paid its price, P50, keeping P55 plus 1 pig as his profit.

Ginamay, one of our kinsmen living in Buhne, went to Ambinwan, an Ayangan speaking region,[1] to attend a feast at the house of Paday. Both host and guest got drunk. Their babble turned to trading partnerships.

"Let's become trading partners," suggested Paday.

"I can't," answered Ginamay. "Myself, I am a

[1] These are a dry-farming people raising almost exclusively camotes and mountain rice, though it appears that Paday had a small irrigated field. I believe that they have a lighter skin and a higher nose than the westerly Ifugaos. Their ornamentation and colour preferences are also somewhat different. The language is essentially the same, but both consonantal and vowel shifts make it sound very different. Ngidulu kept the bystanders roaring by mimicking them during this part of his narrative.

poor man. But when I go back home, I'll find a suitable trading partner for you."

"All right, do so," agreed Paday.

When he returned, Ginamay came on to Bitu and proposed to Bagilat, one of my kinsmen, that he become Paday's trading partner. Bagilat sent Ginamay back to Ambinwan to act as go-between in making arrangements. He told Paday all about Bagilat and made a tentative agreement with him.

"And now that it is agreed, when shall we come?" he asked Paday.

"After ten days—that will give me time to brew rice wine," answered Paday.

At the end of nine days, Bagilat, his wife Bugan, and six followers, of whom I was one, started for Ambinwan, taking with us 1 carabao, 1 shroud (gamong), 10 pesos, 3 g-strings, and 4 bolos. We stopped that night at the house of Ginamay, in Buhne, and next morning, together with him, proceeded on to Ambinwan which we reached about mid-afternoon.

Paday welcomed us and presented Bugan with a *hape* blanket; he said he had no rich man's blanket (*bayaong*) and would a small pig be accepted instead? Bagilat was glad to take the pig because he already had a rich man's blanket.

That night we performed the rites for making the trading (*biyo*) pact and for consulting the omens about it. The bile was *nahibihib*—that is, had a white tip barely projecting out from under the liver. The Ayangan priest interpreted this as indicating that the trading relationship would be profitable while

it lasted and without loss of life but would not endure for long. The Ayangam people got drunk and nakayah! their boasting and talk of whom they had speared. It made us all afraid.

Next morning a neighbour of Paday was celebrating certain religious rites and we went to watch. What a strange series of rites (*baki*) we observed! Each of the priests would throw a spear into the ground there in the yard, then pull it up, raise the spearhead to his mouth and eat any grass that might have been caught on its barbs. One of the priests went around the yard and found the dung of a pig and ate it. Another priest rushed up and tried to take the dung out of his mouth. That made us visitors laugh.

What kind of ceremonial was this, Ngídulu?

It was a general welfare feast (*honga*).

Honga *of what? To increase the rice?*

Rice? Do those people have rice? Camotes are their food. [Ngídulu says this with the boundless contempt of the wet-rice Ifugao for those who live exclusively from hill-farms.]

When the possessing deity (*nihiklung*) had released the dung-eater, the latter went to wash out his mouth. An old priest was possessed by the Sun and asked for a backbasket. They brought him a new basket, but he said, "That one will not do—it has never been used for head-hunting." So they brought him an old, soot-covered one and he pounced on it and licked it all over with his tongue. Then he danced to the pig and speared it just as we do [in war ceremonies]. We asked about the reason for his licking that basket.

They told us that it was the basket they had often put heads in when they went head-hunting.

After that they killed two more pigs: the fattest one they lay on the rice mortar and killed by running a stick into its throat, catching in a wooden bowl the blood that fell. When they opened it, they took a section of the intestines, stripped out the contents, filled it with blood, boiled it, and cut it into portions. They distributed these portions to the bystanders to eat with soup (but without rice). When they had cooked the meat, they cut it into small pieces, put these on spits and passed them out to the crowd. The people who came to the feast brought their own camotes, but there was rice for us trading partners. They were ashamed to have us eat below, entirely surrounded by people eating camotes, so they took us up into the house. The meat which they hadn't cooked, they distributed, to us trading partners and to the people. We took our portion back to Paday's house and ate it that evening.

Next morning, Paday killed a chicken for us. At noon, Paday sacrificed a pig and gave us the meat. It had previously been agreed that we should stay eight days. On the eighth day, Paday gathered his kinsmen and they selected Linghin, living in Kaba, situated between Buhne and Ambinwan, to act as their spokesman (*mangihapit*) or go-between, just as Ginamay, living at Buhne, between Bitu and Kaba, was ours. They gave us 1 *pikat*-size pig plus 40 pesos as *tungul*[1] of the carabao; 1 pig as *tungul* of the

[1] The *tungul* goes to the trading partner, the *lagbu* to his followers. From this word *tungul* comes the designation *matungulan* (" must be given tungul payments "), the designation of a large and important class of deities

10 pesos, 1 wild deer as *tungul* of the shroud. The lagbu was 1 peso, 1 pig, and 2 bundles of tobacco for each of us followers, together with a supply of betels and *kulde* beans. They also gave us a narra tree which we chopped down and carried back home to work up into scabbards and other articles. We saw a crocodile head and remarked on it, whereupon they offered it to us. We brought it home and presented it to a kinsman in Mampolya to use in his sorcery box [1] (*pungamngan*).

The Ayangan people carried our pigs and other burdens for us as far as Kaba. Ten days after we arrived home, Bagilat sent Ginamay to Linghin with the message for Paday, that they should come after three days. They didn't come on the third day, however, as Ginamay, our spokesman, constrained them to accept his hospitality over night at his house in Buhne. He sent a messenger that night to Bagilat to inform us what the Ayangan folk were bringing with them, which was: 4 pigs, P30, and a deer.

Bagilat considered killing just the same for them that they had killed for us, but I advised him against this course, as it would look too much like merely paying them back, and he followed my advice. Bagilat offered Paday a shroud (*gamong*) for his blanket. You are right, Apo—that would appear to

inhabiting the Skyworld, the Upstream region, and the Underworld, to whom the hero ancestors of the Ifugaos in former times made trading trips. They received pigs, chickens, iron, and various charms and rites from them, and the gods have now to be paid back in sacrifices.

[1] Ifugaos frequently bring back crocodile heads from Isabela Province, where the reptiles abound in the Magat and Cagayan Rivers. They pay P1 or P1.50 for them. The crocodile is not, I think, a deity among the Ifugaos, but rather a materialization or concretization of strong magical force. The *pungamngan* is a war chest or sorcery box in which a number of charms are kept, including a crocodile head.

you or me to be a peculiar sort of ceremonial present to offer a man to wear as a blanket! But that is a peculiar sort of people that Bagilat was dealing with: the shroud is, among them, the rich man's blanket. Well, what can you expect from a camote-eating people like that?

Paday refused the shroud, saying that he was not a rich man and not entitled to wear it. He wanted an *inladang* blanket [which, by the way, is what the Buhne people used as shrouds until fairly recently], but Bagilat had no *inladang*, so he accepted a *bayaong* blanket, which is what rich people wear here or anywhere else that they know good customs. Paday's wife was given a *binugia* (a kind of small shroud) which she accepted as her blanket. Paday also received a g-string and his wife a skirt and girdle. The two of them were presented a *gamong* shroud as *bayo* (" good feeling "). I will not detail the animals we killed for them. I will only say that our hospitality was not a thing to be ashamed of. As exchange of what they brought, Bagilat gave them one carabao and P10. He also gave them P65 as *auwil*—that is to say, as a sum to be used by Paday and traded with until Bagilat should next visit him, then to be returned in goods. Gifts to the nine followers who came with Paday were: 1 peso each, 8 bolos, 6 g-strings, 4 *hinogwat* g-strings (a plain, white sort which that folk like), 5 hand-woven skirts, 4 ducks. These things Bagilat gave to Paday with the request that he allot what was necessary among his followers.[1]

[1] The exchange for the four pigs, P30, and one deer, was a little weak, so Bagilat leaves it to his trading partner to keep what he likes from the things given as " hire " of the followers. A carabao was worth from P50 to P100 in those days.

We led the carabao and carried the other things for them to Bulâ.

About two months later, Ginamay came to us and informed Bagilat that Paday's daughter was ill. Bagilat gave Ginamay 20 pesos as *dinunga* (help extended by one trading partner to another in time of sickness) to be expended on sacrifices and bade him convey it to Paday and also to say that if the girl should recover in time so that Paday could get away and be able to attend Bagilat's harvest, he should let us know through Linghin, their go-between.[1]

Harvest in Ambinwan comes before harvest in Bitu, so Paday sent Linghin to Ginamay, who carried the message on to Bagilat that Paday would harvest after three days. On the following day, Bagilat called his companions and started, stopping at Buhne with Ginamay that night and continuing on to Ambinwan next day. Bagilat took P15 instead of a pig, for, said he, "We'll just take the money and it will be up to them. They have lots of pigs: let them choose what size of pig they will sacrifice."

They fed us rice, while they themselves ate camotes—they use rice only for visitors and to make rice wine. They performed their ceremonies at night—drank all night long. Next morning they were still drunk—drunker than ever, in fact: it was terrifying the way they boasted and babbled. One of them cast some sort of slur or made a threat against Bagilat. Linghin seized the fellow and shoved his head through a reed fence and held him till a kinsman of Paday ran up

[1] Trading partners attend each other's harvest rites and furnish each other with the pig that is sacrificed at that time. But on no account may an Ifugao go away from home when a member of his family is sick.

with a big *balabog* spear, then let him loose. As the man extricated his head from the fence, Paday's kinsman held the spear to his back and threatened him with instant death should he make a move toward their trading partner, Bagilat, or any of his party. He added:

" Man chumchuma babahom choy viyao an immolicha chun baloy-mi 'n hinage, on cha-mi 'n hinage—ya achim chongalon!—mu ken cha-mi umina ot nunhogla ahan chagwa, te on tulang-mi imoy 'd Luta ya 'd Talfok ya Tungud, ya imoy 'd Kafa ya 'd Alimit." [If you'd touch one of these people who came to the house of us kindred, we kindred would—don't you know it!—that we can do more fighting than anybody else because our kin are scattered throughout Luta and at Talbok and Tungud and even in Kaba and Alimit. . . . This Ayangan dialect sounds much like English spoken by a fuzzy-tongued Irishman and the bystanders roar at Ngídulu's imitation.]

The drunk man's kin rushed up and hustled him away, enjoining him to take the reproof of Paday's " brother " to heart and behave himself. Paday himself came to us and told us not to be uneasy. " We ' grandsons ' of Atunge," he added, " are scattered through all these hills," meaning that if anything should happen to us, we should not go unavenged.

Next morning, Bagilat gave Paday the P15 he had brought, but Paday said it was more than enough, and would accept only P5 of it.

" I'm not like you Bitu folk who need fifty women to harvest your fields," he said. " Three are enough

for my fields, and I need only a small pig for sacrifice." We saw that his fields were, indeed, not much more than puddles and that only five women were harvesting them.

As exchange (*tungul*) of the P65 that Bagilat had advanced him, Paday gave us three large pigs, twenty chickens, and a small pig as *alaag* (which is what they call the *bayo*, or "goodwill" gift). As hire of the followers he gave two chickens and one bolo for each one of us. Paday sent his people to carry the pigs for us to Ginamay's house, where we got them later on.

I could understand hardly a word of their ritual—all I could understand was the names of places. Their ritual was not nearly so long as ours.

About two months later, Bagilat sent Ginamay to Lighin to notify of his harvest. They came, bringing a medium-sized pig. That night we all drank wine. Three of the visitors got beastly drunk and vomited all over the place. One danced and made a speech telling how brave and rich he was in his village of Lukatan. We finally got him to go to sleep. On the next day, the same man got drunk again and invited Bagilat to bring a carabao to his village of Lukatan. We answered that he must consult Paday about that.[1] When he sobered up, this man, whose name was Lumahu, renewed his invitation and Paday said it would be all right to trade with him. We thought, however, that Paday might have consented merely out of politeness and made no promises.

But after about a month, Linghin came to Ginamay

[1] That is, they would have no dealings with him without Paday's consent.

and repeated the invitation. Bagilat had no carabao at that time, so he went to Ambabag and bought one for P60. Next day, six of us went to Ginamay's house in Buhne and, taking him with us, continued on to Paday's on the morrow. On the next day, we went on to Lukatan, arriving about noon. Lumahu performed a ceremonial and gave us the chicken he sacrificed in it. On the morrow Lumahu said he could not sacrifice our carabao right away, as he had to attend a second burial in his wife's family. We demurred at the delay, but he assured us that we would be able to return after only four days. We went along with him to the village of his wife's kinsman. It consisted of only three houses, but a whole host of Ayanganites had assembled. They had a basket of camotes on the outdoor platform (*bantag*) which they offered to the souls of their ancestors instead of rice. [The bystanders laugh contemptuously at the idea of offering camotes to souls, and Ngídulu remarks, "Well, why not? Did they ever have anything else while they lived?"] They sacrificed three pigs and a wild boar they had caught alive.[1]

Here, also, they gave us rice to eat, while they themselves and their visitors from their own region had only camotes. They gave us meat to take home

[1] A very large part of the mythology of the Ifugaos relates to a time when they lived exclusively or almost exclusively by hunting and collecting. The quarry is with very few exceptions the wild pig. That the domestic Philippine pig is derived from the wild is shown by the general similarity of the two varieties and by the fact that the young are often born with the typical markings of the wild pig. Possibly one of the motives for domestication is revealed in this instance of keeping a wild boar some days for use as a sacrifice. At any rate, the pig as an animal meet for sacrifice goes away back into the hunting stage of Ifugao society, for hunters always, then as now, gave part of the animal to the gods, whose property the game was believed to be.

with us (*pahing*). On the morrow, Lumahu sacrificed a chicken to see whether he might sacrifice the carabao we brought for his own bones [that is, the bones of one of his ancestors, now to undergo second burial], but the bile was bad. We wondered if the omens would be consistently bad as on one of our former trips. On the next day, Paday came and told us we had better come to his village to wait till after the free-for-all scrimmage.[1] We waited there for two days; on the third day, they brought us carabao meat as our *pahing*, as they had finally obtained a good omen and had sacrified the carabao. The messenger who brought us the meat informed us that we would have to wait two days longer, as Lumahu had gone to Bunwitan to raise the exchange payment (*tungul*) for the carabao. We waited the two days, but nobody came; on the next day we went back to Lukatan. Lumahu arrived about noon. He brought a bundle of bolos and chickens. Next day they brought pigs and gave us what Paday said was what they ought to give, namely:

EXCHANGE PAYMENT FOR THE CARABAO (*TUNGUL*).

Six pigs. But Lumahu had only 5 pigs, so he gave P10 instead of one.

ADDITIONAL PAYMENTS (*KANGUNU*).

Name of Payment.	Meaning.	Amount.
(1) *Lanad*	Share of kinsmen (?)	P2.00
(2) *Inagun*	A little meat from each part of a carcass	P2.00
(3) *Libut*	A wrapper, such as a leaf, etc.	P2.00
(4) *Alaag*	"Goodwill" gift	A small pig
(5) *Mangdad*	Cooked meat and rice	A small pig
(6) *Napnap*	Mat made of runo reeds	A small pig

[1] Paday was responsible for the party's safety while they were in his territory and probably thought the carabao scrimmage might be unsafe for them. The reader will understand Paday's anxiety after he has read Kumiha's account of a carabao scrimmage.

(7) *Gogod*	Cut	A small pig
(8) *Witing*	Pieces of meat on a spit	4 chickens
(9) *Tibik*	The spit	4 chickens
(10) *Tampik*	Slap on the rump	4 chickens
(11) *Tayun*	Rope for leading an animal away	2 chickens
(12) *Hodol*	Staff to use on road	1 spear
(13) *Inbida* [1]	Used as an extra dish (" entrée ")	2 bundles of " irons "

We had not expected so many additional payments, as we have only about half as many in our region.[2] Paday told Lumahu to send these things to Ambinwan for us. We went on to Ambinwan, slept there, and next morning the things were carried to Kaba for us

[1] As the reader will already have surmised, these payments are names of the incidents of primitive exchange, of an exchange at an earlier stage of Ifugao society, possibly at a time when they lived in clans. We may assume that the order may be changed from that given by the informant. The following seems to me, perhaps, the most plausible of several rearrangements that might be made to show the incidents of the exchange; the numbers in parentheses refer to the names of the incidents above.

(1) What is received in exchange (that is, the *tungul*) is divided among the clansmen (or kindred). (4) The other side is given an additional " good-will " gift. (7) A carcass (game or domestic animal) is cut up. (8) Different sorts of meat (a bit of liver, muscle, heart, of intestines, of belly fat, etc.) are put on (9) spits, some of which are stuck up near the fire to broil, while (3) others are wrapped up in a banana leaf (just as to-day) and given (2) to each member of the other party. (6) The two parties sit down on a mat and (5) eat cooked meat and rice. After the meal is finished, the purchasers of the animal are given a rope with which to lead it away just as in present times) and (12) are provided, or provide themselves with staffs for the return trip. (13) The leavings from the meal are wrapped up and given them for a lunch on the way back, or else, some dainty, such as snails or beans, is so wrapped and given them. Finally, (10) the purchasers give the animal a slap on the rump and start off home.

" (5) " probably signified the passage of ownership, as it does to-day in rice field sales and probably all others. In Kiangan, the purchaser and his kin try to take advantage of the other side's drunkenness and, before making all these little payments, suggest, " Ah nakayah! It's already late—let's eat." If the other side do eat with them, they cannot demand the other payments [see Barton, *Ifugao Law*, p. 48]. Ownership has passed! And it is a joke on the other side which they take in good part.

[2] Many such indications as this one lead Professor Beyer and the author to believe that the Ayangan people conserve the more primitive phases of Ifugao culture to a considerably greater extent than the Western Ifugaos.

Trading partners, in their dealings with each other, do not have to make these additional payments—which is probably one reason for entering into the relationship. Nor do " brothers " in their dealings with each other. All through Borneo, trading partners enter into a blood pact with each other, and it may have been so formerly, with the Ifugaos. In " Original Indonesian " and several Philippine languages, cognates of the Ifugao word *biyo* mean " brother-in-law ".

by the kindred of Paday, our trading partner. There Linghin sent his kindred to take them on to Buhne, while we came on home, ahead of them. Next day, Bagilat sent us to bring them from Buhne to Bitu.

When it came time for next year's planting, Bagilat led us to take a pig for Paday's *kulpe* rites. One of our kinsmen joined us in order to get bamboo for a *palipal*,[1] for the home bamboo cannot be used for these clappers—we have to go three or four days downstream for that. It rained hard and we slept in a cave in the bank of the river. During the night, a lot of spears were thrown at the mouth of the cave—we found nine next morning. We gathered them up and went on to Kaba, where we showed them to Linghin and asked him :

"Why is it that spears are hurled at us in the territory of Paday, our best friend ? "

Linghin said, " We will look into the matter and will let you know."

Not long afterward, they sent Bagilat a gong and a pig as *tokom* [payment to remove bad magical effects of an act ? See footnote, p. 159], together with a

[1] A ceremonial clapper used by the wet-rice people in all rice rites. All the dry-rice growers, so far as I know, thoughout the Philippines, including even the civilized Bicols that plant dry rice, as well as the Dusuns of British North Borneo, use a clapper set on the top of their digging sticks when planting. This clapper, no doubt, lightens the labour by giving it a rhythm, keeps everybody working in order to keep in time, secures better spacing in the planting.

The fact that the clapper is a ceremonial object among the wet-rice Ifugaos may indicate that they once planted upland rice, and that they conserve the former working tool of that sort of cultivation in their ideology. Or it may (and this seems to me the safer hypothesis) indicate that a considerable part of the elements that went into the formation of the Ifugao tribe came from the downstream region—to which the wet-rice Ifugaos return for the bamboo out of which to make their ceremonial clappers. A future fieldworker ought to ascertain whether this clapper is universally used by the wet-rice Ifugaos, or whether it is used only in several regions.

Chinese kettle-skillet (*palyuk*) as *tokom* for our go-between, Ginamay. But they told us nothing about who had thrown the spears at us, wherefore we suspected that it might have been the act of some of their kin who were tired of having to carry pigs to Kaba for us [and likewise saddled with other burdens of the alliance, the benefits of which were reaped by their kinsman, Paday?] We also remembered the threat of the drunk man on one of our previous visits.

A month or two later, they brought a pig and a chicken for Bagilat's planting rites (*kulpe*). Later, Bagilat's wife became sick, so he sent Paday a share of the meat of the victims sacrificed for her recovery. After harvest, Paday made a *baibaiya* [feast of social prestige and drinkfest] which Bagilat attended (bearing in mind the spears thrown at our cave-mouth) with a party of eleven of us. We took a carabao and also Uyami took a carabao calf.

The drinkfest (*gotad*) passed without incident. On the next day, the *punhidan*,[1] Bagilat was given the hind leg of a carabao and of a pig, and each of us was given meat to take home (*pahing*). The exchange (*tungul*) of the carabao was five pigs, but they had only four. The exchange of Uyami's calf was three pigs, but only one was given at this time. Paday sent the pigs as usual by his kin to Kaba. At Kaba there

[1] *Punhidan*: the day on which the animals—perhaps four or five carabaos and a somewhat greater number of pigs—are sacrificed and the meat distributed among the kindred of husband and wife who give the feast. While the *gotad* or drinkfast is attended by non-relatives from far and near, the punhidan is attended only by kindred within the groups—that is, the descendants of the eight pairs of great-great-grandparents of husband and wife. If the animals are not sufficient to divide among so many, then only the descendants of the four great-grandparents on each side receive meat. There are always quarrels between the various lines during this division, and sometimes fighting breaks out.

was nobody to carry the pigs further, so Paday gave each of us companions 50 centavos for carrying them. He also gave us the usual " hire " (*lagbu*), consisting of chickens and " irons " [spearheads, bolo blades, axes].

A year later Bagilat performed second burial rites (*binogwa*) and sent Ginamay to dun the Ayanganites for the three pigs still owed, but they paid only one. Uyami sent Ginamay again to ask for the remaining pigs, but, after a long time, only one was brought. One pig we never got. The trading partnership fell into disuse and died out.

So the omen was right: the trading relation (*biyo*) was profitable while it lasted, and safe, but it lasted only about two years. The omens are always right, Apo, if we read them aright. But this requires profound knowledge. A good priest deserves all the meat and fees that he gets—and more!

Was one trading partner always loyal to another—was there never treachery?

Treachery was by no means unknown, Apo. There was the case of Tulu, of Kudug, who had a trading pact with Linumtuk, of Ayangan. His spokesman (go-between) was Kahdingan of Namulditan. What happened shows how important it is to be guided by the omens.

The first time Tulu went to Ayangan, he took shrouds to exchange. This was back in Spanish times. His trading partner conducted a raid in the lowlands to get a carabao as the exchange of the shrouds. The second time he contemplated going to his trading partner, Tulu went to the Maggok and called six kinsmen as his companions, taking along Kahdingan,

his go-between, and two women from Namulditan. They carried shrouds again to exchange. On the way, the omens of the birds were bad. Kahdingan warned the party that they had better return, but Tulu said, "Why, we've gone more than half-way—we can't turn back now!"

Kahdingan, however, was wise and did return. The rest of them continued and every one of them was slaughtered in the village of the trading partner. It is believed the reason for killing them was that one of the women who went along aroused the envy of the Ayangan folk by a remark. A typhoon came up and the woman said, "Alas, what a storm! We shan't get home in time for my son's *uyauwe* ceremonies." The *uyauwe* is a feast given only by very wealthy people and it is thought that the Ayangan people hated them because of their great wealth.

Their kindred never recovered the bodies. For the vengeance ceremonies (*himong*) in place of [and to represent] the beheaded bodies, they used the *butit* baskets in which locusts are kept alive until they can be eaten or preserved.

There was another case nearer home. Seven Hapao men came to Mampolya with shrouds to exchange. They went to the house of Wiwik. Wiwik proposed a trading pact with their leader, and they accepted. This proposal Wiwik made with treacherous intent in order to throw the Hapao folk off their guard. He secretly sent one of his kinsmen to summon his kindred from Hingyón, Mampolya, and Bitu and to bid them assemble in Luhadan—the same Luhadan, Apo, where I went courting girls shortly before I

married—and to wait there until he came with the Hapao men. Meanwhile Wiwik sacrificed a chicken and told the Hapao folk that the bile was good. Then he proposed that they accompany him to Luhadan to look at a jar which he suggested in exchange for their shrouds. They agreed, and as the party approached Luhadan, Wiwik's kin attacked from ambush and killed five of the Hapao folk. Two escaped to the forest between Bitu and Mampolya. Balungbung, a man of our own region, who was not related to the Wiwik kindred, killed one of them, beheaded him and brought the head home. Mayumu, another Bitu man, found the other—an old man—and brought him alive to his house. Next day, Mayumu gave the old man a bundle of tobacco and told him to go boldly through Hingyón, Kababyuan, and Amganad regions and if anybody raised any questions to answer that he came from Mayumu of Bitu. "Nobody will kill you, hearing that, and you will arrive home safely." When the old man arrived home, he could not sufficiently praise his luck at having found a kind-hearted man who had spared his life, given him tobacco, and sent him home.

The Hapao kin of the slain were in a quandary about how to conduct the vengeance-funeral ceremonies, not having the bodies. Accordingly they got together a great number of bolos, axes, spears, brass wristlets, shrouds, and what not, and came to this region in a force of forty-three men. At Amganad, they paid hire (*lagbu*) to three Amganad men to come along with them. Passing on to Kababuyan, they hired another man [related in Mampolya, like the three from

Amganad], and came to the house of Mayumu the man who had been kind to the sole survivor of the massacre. They gave Mayumu a shroud as a fee (*laghu*) and sent him to Mampolya to say they would give *halat* [1] for the bodies of their slain kindred. The Wiwik kindred agreed. Mayumu conducted the Hapao party to Bulubulu, the site of the massacre, and they were shown the bodies without heads or hands. They tied them on poles and started home, dumping the articles under a house in payment. The kindred of Wiwik engaged in a free-for-all scramble over the articles just as if they were cutting up a carabao. In this scramble Wiwik got nothing! He was terribly put out, and to his dying day never ceased to remind his kin of their ingratitude—after he had planned and arranged the whole thing. The Hapao people tried to trade Balungbung two shrouds for the head of the man he had killed, but he would not accept, and that was all they had left to offer him.

I have never had to borrow many pigs, and have always been able to borrow them from my kindred, so I have never had to pay interest (*bunga*).[2] For example, last year I had to sacrifice a pig when my child was sick, so I went to Balogan, a rich man, who is my "brother" in the third degree, and said, "I am

[1] *Halat*, a payment due to one who returns a corpse to the kindred. It is due, for example, to one who finds the body of one dead from accident or drowned, as well as to one who finds the body of a slain person. It is also due to a non-related person in whose house a man dies.

[2] *Bunga*: interest paid in advance on a loan. It ought not to be charged to a member of one's kinship group, though the tendency is growing to charge it since the coming of the Americans, because the wealthy are emancipated, under conditions of "order" from dependence on their kinship groups for protection and for backing in their controversies.

poverty-stricken, as you know, but my child is sick, so let me take a pig and I'll change it soon." I paid it back promptly.

Usually, I have sacrificed only chickens. One can borrow a chicken from a kinsman or even a neighbour, without paying interest. I have never had to pay any indemnities or *hal'yu* (indemnities for lesser injuries) except that hudhud of " six " when I sent the mommon to my wife without having sent Kanayan, her former fiancé the pogpog, as I have told you.

When my father died, I killed a carabao as an offering to his soul [*dangale*]. On that occasion, which was three years ago [1934], I went to Tumiging, who is my " brother " in the fourth degree and whose wife is my " sister " in the third degree, both of them rich, and they loaned me a carabao on my promise to repay it before harvest.

I had been raising and selling chickens and already had more than enough money laid by to buy a carabao in the lowlands, so I sold enough more chickens to have the price of two carabaos. Tegnek and Balogan, both my kinsmen, were also intending to go for carabaos, so we agreed to go together. We went to the tributary every day for about a week to listen to the omen birds, but the omens they gave were invariably bad. Finally Tegnek said he heard a good omen. Neither Balogan nor I heard it, but, on his say, we started. We passed the first night at Nayon, where the plains begin, and went on to Bayombong the next day. There we bought a chicken to sacrifice to the suggesting deities [*halupe*] so that they would put it into the minds of the lowlanders to sell their

carabaos cheap. The bile was of the kind we call *nihumwit*—a good one for our purpose. We kept inquiring for carabaos but they were all too dear, so we went next day to Bambang, where we stayed two days. Balogan bought two carabaos there, for P15 and P16,[1] and Tegnek bought one for P16. On the next day we returned to Bayombong, bought two chickens, and sacrificed them. The bile of one was good, but that of the other foretold some kind of bad luck or an accident. Next morning, we went looking for carabaos again. We stayed three days. Balogan bought another carabao—for P23—and I bought one for P17. On the fourth day we bought a small pig and sacrificed it in order to overcome the bad bile of that chicken.

We slept out under the trees all this time except one night in Bambang, when it rained; that we spent in an empty house. It was not that the cristianos did not invite us into their houses—it was because we could not mix the meat from our sacrifices with their legumes and other foods: it would have been taboo. We knew they would insist on our eating some of their food and would take a refusal in bad part, so we preferred to sleep outside, even though we got cold and wet from the heavy dew.

On the next day, Balogan bought a carabao for P20, I bought one for P23, and Tegnek bought one for P20. On the morrow we set out for home. We took a short cut which Tegnek said he knew, from Solano to Paniki; it rained hard that night and we lost our

[1] Since the colonial government has finally succeeded in stamping out rhinderpest, carabaos and other cattle have multiplied tremendously, and their price has fallen to about one-fifth what it was twenty years ago.

way through the empty rice fields. Finally we came to a house, tied our carabaos, and shouted to the family inside.

"Who is there?" asked the *cristiano.*

"We."

"Maybe you want to kill us?" said the *cristiano* [and in the old days, the query would have been quite in order!]

"No, no!" we answered. "We have lost our way in the rain."

The *cristiano* told us we were far from our road to Paniki. Then Balogan was very angry at Tegnek, who had led us into this mess. It took us all night to get back to the road and Balogan was crabbing the whole while at Tegnek.

"You heard the 'good' omen and you led us on the 'good' road," he kept telling him. "Which is the better, your knowledge of roads or your knowledge of omens?"

On the next day we reached Paniki, but had to wait in the shade during the heat of the day, because carabaos cannot travel when it is very hot. That afternoon, we started again and reached Lamot. Next day, Tegnek's carabao lay down continually and balked. We met some Ayangan folk who were on their way to buy carabaos and offered them the one that was always balking for P40, but they refused. We reached Bunog that afternoon. Tegnek's carabao wouldn't eat. Balogan made a knot of runo leaves and put the knot inside the carabao's mouth with the stalk sticking out.

"He won't eat, but he'll smoke a cigarette," said Balogan.

Next morning we reached Nayon, but Tegnek's carabao would go no further. Tegnek told us to butcher it while he looked up some Ayangan people to buy the meat by the piece (*hibal*). He brought some Ayangan people to the carcass, but they didn't want to spend any money for it, though they were willing to carry it away as a gift. Some Kiangan people came along and offered P2.50 for each hind leg, but Tegnek demanded P4 and they refused. We cooked a lot of meat and gave them all they could eat for nothing. When night came, Balogan and I started on, leaving Tegnek to dry and smoke his meat over a fire. Balogan's carabaos walked much faster than mine and he got far ahead. Next morning he came back to see whether somebody had slain me on the way. He found me sitting in front of a road foreman's shack beside my carabaos, one of which had also gotten sore feet. Balogan said he'd better go on home and send some of our kindred back to help and with rice, for our supply was running short. I sat by the carabaos for three days; then some Kiangan folk came past and told me they'd heard that my kin had started on the way to my assistance. I went back to see about Tegnek and found him with much more meat than he could carry. I took a sackful; it stank; the flies clustered over us in dense clouds and I told Tegnek I doubted the road foreman would allow us to stay near his house, but Tegnek said, "We can't throw away this meat."

The road foreman, indeed, did request us not to stay near his house—at least not to keep the meat with us if we did. By this time the meat was all we

had to eat, as our rice had given out. Next day, four of my kin and two of Tegnek's came to help us and to bring us rice. Tegnek and his kin took his carabao that could walk and the meat and my kin took my carabao that could walk, and they went on ahead, while I stayed with my lame carabao. The carabao's feet got well very slowly.

On the eighth night after they left, I had a bad dream—dreamed that somebody killed me on the way. Accordingly, I bought a chicken from some chicken importers and sacrificed it. On the morrow, which was the tenth day, I managed to get the carabao as far as Balakak. I thought to myself, "If I hadn't sacrificed that chicken, the carabao would not have walked." For, you see, it was the place spirit (*pinading*) of that locality who had kept it from walking.

While I was eating there, an Ayangan man came along, carrying a large fish.

"Don't come near me—don't come near!" I told him.

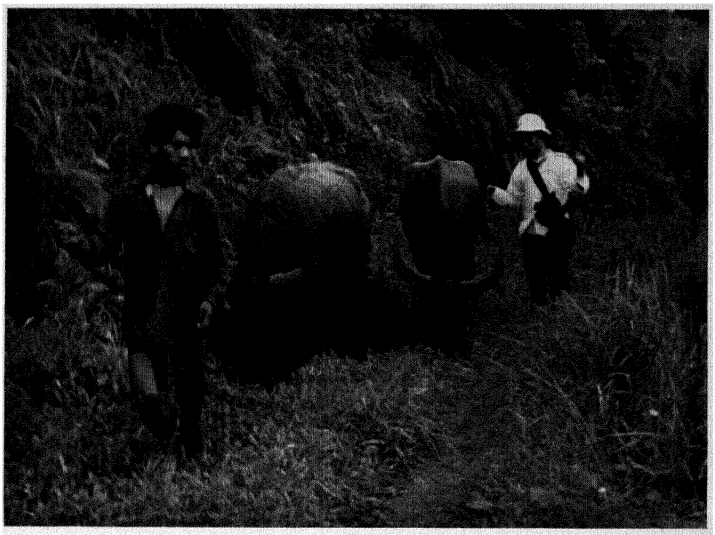
"Do you think I want to kill you?" said he in his ridiculous speech.

"I don't know," I answered. "I have no money; I'm here with this carabao I bought."

The Ayangan man answered that he wanted to buy a carabao. He offered me P15 plus a smallish pig.

"All right, go sell your fish to the road foreman and bring your pig and the money."

He never came back. Next day I got the carabao to Kudug, late at night. My kin there told me that strangers had been seen in the forest along the trail and advised me to wait till morning, but the carabao



(*a*) "It is easier to bring up carabaos from the lowlands . . .



(*b*) . . . than to bring up pigs"

[*face p.* 138

was now walking and I wanted to get home, so I said I'd take the chance, especially as I had seen no bad omens that day. I reached the pass at Auwa next morning and performed the rites for the deities and forces that turn aside spears, centipedes, poisonous snakes, landslides, evil spirits, and so forth [the *ḳiwil*], so as to turn aside any evil spirits (anito) that might have followed me or the carabao up from the lowlands or attached themselves to us on the way. Two or three hours later, I reached home, where I found that my kin had gone again to meet and help me. But having taken the short cut through Buhne, they missed me and went clear back to the road foreman's shack where they had left me the first time, before they found I was on the way.

Tumiging didn't want to accept the carabao in payment at once for fear it would die. I was afraid it would, myself. After ten days he accepted it.

I was gone thirty-seven days to buy and bring back two carabaos. I paid Tumiging one, and the other (the one I paid P17 for) I sold for P30. It is easier to bring carabaos up from the lowlands than to bring pigs.

I kept this money for use in buying chickens or for the event of sickness. I spent P9 of it to repay the pig I had borrowed from Balogan. I didn't gamble any of it, as my head still hurt from the P60 I lost gambling, one time.

How did you get that P60?

Oh! That is something I ought to have told you before, Apo. I went to work on the Balite Road [about 1920]. There were hundreds of Ifugaos who

went: we Bitu folk had a camp with the Piwong folk. The Ambabag [Kiangan] folk had another camp and the Buhne, Ligauwe, and Banao people had another. Our wages were 50 cents a day. Dysentery attacked us and then smallpox.[1] They vaccinated us, and I had a very bad arm from the vaccination, so had to go to the hospital. A new disease, which we called the *pehte* [Spanish, *peste*] had just struck the roadworkers. The hospital was crowded. They gave each of us a blanket, and we all slept on the floor in a big room. Every morning, some men would not get up; we would go around and lift their heads so as to see if they were dead, and every morning we found dead ones. At night it would be the same way. I was scared and ran away back to our camp, but not before I had stolen some of the salve I saw the doctor using, in case I should ever have *gulid* [a severe skin eruption, so serious as sometimes indirectly (or perhaps directly) to cause death]. It was the same salve that he used on my arm, but I knew it was good for *gulid* because I saw him using it on gulid patients also.

At the camp people were dying almost as fast, when I returned, as in the hospital. We bought chickens and sacrificed them, but a Kiangan Ifugao told us that sacrifices were of no use against this *pehte*,[2] and our experience soon taught us that he was right, so we quit sacrificing. The *pehte* was worst in the camp of

[1] For a few years the Bureau of Health had been lax about its vaccination campaigns and there was a serious epidemic of smallpox all over the Archipelago at this time.

[2] The pest was the influenza, which struck the Philippines about two years after it broke out in Europe. Thousands upon thousands of Ifugaos died from it. Several camps of road workers along this road were burned along with their dead.

the Mampolya people—so bad that the government burned the camp with the bodies of dead Ifugaos in it.

The Ambabag Ifugaos went home in a body, and we left our camp and transferred to theirs. One night we heard a noise as of somebody nibbling, and thought it must be a ghoul spirit. Next night Kingo saw a black object enter the room. He ran away, without saying anything—didn't stop going until he reached Bayombong. Some nights after that, Inuyay saw a ghost pulling at Ulat, the man who slept next to me. The ghost shouldered Ulat and carried him away [carried his soul away].

We asked for our time and followed the example of the Ambabag folk—came home in a body. We said nothing to Inuyay about having seen him carried away; he was no kin of ours, and we didn't want to tell him bad news. Inuyay died five days after we came home.

That, Apo, is where the P60 came from. It was the most money I ever had in my life at one time—and I gambled it away!

PART III

BUGAN NAK MANGHE

Bugan appears to be about 65 years old. She lives in the household of her grandson, Ganu, a young priest who was occasionally one of my informants. When able, she works with Ganu's wife in the camote fields or at her loom, but she is frequently laid up for two or three days at a time by pains in her stomach. I gave her some medicine but it was ineffective and earned me no gratitude.

Everybody agreed that Bugan had had a more eventful life than any other woman living in our stream valley. That, however, was not the reason I chose to record her story; I soon found that none of the other old women would tell their life stories until Bugan had broken the ice. It was only after protracted negotiations that Bugan consented. I first sent my "cook", a son of her brother Adunglay, whom she mentions frequently in her story, to broach the subject to her. He reported that Bugan demanded much money for telling her story. She thought, as the Ifugaos generally did, that the apo must be getting a lot of money for the material he was gathering and she was determined to have her cut of it. To make matters worse, I soon had trouble with the boy. He had recently begun his sex life—and with the usual intensity of the Ifugao youth. One evening when I worked late, he omitted the formality of warming up tinned stuff for my dinner rather than

delay the setting out of a " revenge " expedition in which he had planned to participate. I used forcible language and he quit me.

After a week or so, I sent Carmen, an Ifugao girl, graduate of Trinidad Farm School, to reopen negotiations. After a time we agreed on terms of payment, but Bugan insisted that the work be done in her house. I sent Carmen to make a beginning of the story, but the results were not satisfactory. Before it came convenient for me to go myself, Bugan's greed for her day's pay when she worked with Carmen began to get the better of her and she sent somebody to dun me. I wanted her to come herself, and let her worry a few days. After sending again two or three times, she did come. I was working with Kumíha and Ngídulu and there were the usual bystanders. We went on with our work, Bugan became interested and began to dispute a point in custom law with Kumíha. After about an hour we finished for the day. I handed Bugan her pay and presented her with some leaves of tobacco and an empty tobacco humidor-tin, telling her to keep her tobacco leaves in it so that they would not wilt. This pleased her mightily and she agreed to come to my house to work.

Rather more than half-deaf, and toothless besides, she was very hard to understand and harder still to make to understand, even with the help of Pedro Kitung, who helped me in getting her story. No doubt the old lady's memory was once as good as any Ifugao's—that is to say immeasurably better than that of any person who reads and writes—but it is

now slipping. She could never twice give the same order for her numerous husbands and there is doubt even about the name of the first one, to whom she was never completely married. I have had largely to guess at the chronology of the events she relates. Questioning would have greatly enriched many of the incidents, but questioning was wellnigh impossible in her case and my time was very limited, besides, I was never more exhausted than after a day's work with her.

Bugan declared that if the apo wanted her picture to go with her story he would have to pay her a peso to pose. Here, however, the score was with the apo. I turned my camera on her when she was not looking, then called her name. I under-estimated a little the speed with which she would charge down on me, so that the picture is slightly out of focus, but it is thoroughly characteristic of the nak Manghe and better than any posed one-peso picture.

Bugan's strength, tenacity, and aggressiveness are sufficiently revealed in her autobiography, but not her vivacity and vitality, which were expressed largely in gestures, pantomime, inflexions of the voice, and in hearty and often cynical guffaws.

"How are you making out with the old woman?" asked her grandson, Ganu, one day as we passed each other on a rice-field dyke.

"I still have hopes," I replied.

"She's a hard one," he answered, sympathetically, but also proudly.

Yes, hard. She lived hard, after the ideals of her culture, she worked hard, she abounded in life and



Bugan nak Manghe sprang into action the moment she saw my camera turned on her

[*face p.* 144

still does. I think the greatest boon any of us may ask of Life is to live to the last of it without being beaten by it, and this, however long she lives, Bugan will surely do. Life has not been too strong for her. Hers is not a story typical for the Ifugao woman, partly because of her protracted childlessness and its reaction on her life and character, partly because by nature she is more aggressive and vital than all but a very few men or women of any race.

Autobiography of Bugan nak Manghe.[1]

I was born in the Hingyón region, in the village of Binalyu, the second child of Manghe and Indudun. My parents were rich and rather proud. Everybody predicted that I would be a boy, since my mother's stomach became exceedingly large. But when it was a girl that came, my parents were pleased, as they had said that they hoped it would be a girl, since they already had a son, my Adunglay.

I was an aggressive child and a tomboy, who loved to play at tops, just like a boy, and even with the boys. People used to tell me it was very naughty in me to love spinning tops. I would always have my way in playing, and if other children crossed me, I would stone them, whip them, or bring my heel down on their toes.

Nearly every day, we children used to go to bathe

[1] Inasmuch as "Bugan" is the most frequent of feminine personal names, informant was known in the community as "Bugan, child of Manghe" or more frequently, now that she is the only one of Manghe's children living in the district, as "child of Manghe". She claims that her parents were rich [kadangyan] as an Ifugao always does if there be the faintest support for it, but they were really only fairly well-to-do. Her father was the head of a sub-group of their kinship group.

in the tributary; we used to stay down there all day long, bathing, playing, and engaging in battles of stone-throwing. In those days, boys and girls did not keep so strictly apart as now [1]—boys and girls would bathe together, and even "brothers" and "sisters" would bathe on opposite sides of the same pool. When we came out of the water, we girls would play a game of catching each other's ankles and throwing each other down. After that we would fill the roll of our skirt, in front, above the girdle [*kabuyag*—used by the women as a pocket] with stones and engage in stone-throwing. Meanwhile, the boys would have made themselves "shields" of the leaf-sheaths of the betel or coco-nut palms and would have begun a battle with runo tips [see p. 215] as "spears"; this battle would sooner or later turn into one of throwing stones. Sometimes the girls' battle and the boys' might become in some degree mixed: a girl, seeing her "brother" attacked, might intervene to protect him (as I always did). I will not say that the boys never threw stones at a girl in such a case, but usually they didn't because then, if the girl cried, all her kin and perhaps the boys who were related to neither party would attack the offender, while his own kin would not support him wholeheartedly. But what usually happened was that the girls would take sides among themselves, just as their

[1] The old people are a unit in this statement. They say there was less work for children in their day and that even large boys and girls would play all day long in the tributary; that there was always a degree of "brother"-"sister" avoidance, but that it, as well as boy-girl avoidance, has become intensified beginning from a period just preceding the coming of the Americans. It is very puzzling, if true, for there is no apparent cause for a change. Possibly the old people's memories are playing tricks with them.

brothers did, and the girls' stone battle would stop and a hair-pulling, scratching, and biting would begin, for girls can fight better that way.

When our parents saw us fighting with a playmate, they would bump our heads together and tell us not to fight with children of the same village.

One time a boy, Bukbukalon, ran away with my skirt while I was in the water. He refused to bring it back. I became more and more angry and finally ran him down and bit his cheek. He cried loudly and ran home. My companions and I were afraid of the vengeance of his father and hid ourselves. I found my skirt, finally, between the stones of a rice-field wall. Bukbukalon's kin among the boys lied and declared the wind had blown it there!

When Bukbukalon's father saw the boy's swollen cheek, he was very angry and went to my father to complain. At evening we girls could no longer put off going home. Next morning, Bukbukalon's kin gathered at our house in a very ugly humour, but our kin gathered, too, and I defended myself stoutly, saying I had had good reason for biting the boy's cheek. There was a lot of talk and finally everybody went home.

My best chums were my own kin. You could never tell about a playmate who was unrelated. For example, there was Inuyao, unrelated, who was my chum for a while. One day she wanted to take sugar cane from our cane thicket and I refused her, saying, " Why don't you plant sugar-cane yourselves ? " Then she refused to let me pound rice in their mortar, and I struck her with the pestle.

I did not like to carry my younger brothers and sisters, for it interfered with my play. I was often disobedient, especially about keeping the baby's head in the strong sunshine too long, while playing, and my mother would punish me by not letting me eat.

Just before my pubic hair emerged, my father moved to Holhol village, where he had acquired a larger and better house. I began to learn to weave, and was soon very proficient. We had not only the cotton we grew ourselves at that time, but also used the fibre of *lai* and *dûmme* a great deal, especially for blankets, as the Kambulu people still do. A skirt and a hip-bag [present value—3 pesos] made of cotton were worth a 10-peso pig. Imported cloth which we called *ḳandon* [because it was imported from Candon, a port in Ilocos Sur] was what we used for shrouds.

But a few years before this, a rich family had bought, for a very large pig, a shroud (*gamong*) woven in Gonhadan [a village in the Commandancia Politico-Militar de Kayan, about three days' journey away] which had been brought to Hingyón by Hapao traders, and had used it to wrap one of their family who had died. Now it was time to take the bones out for their second burial. The sepulchre was a very dry one, so that the shroud was very well preserved. I knew what a large pig they had exchanged for the shroud, and when I saw it, I thought, " If I could only weave such shrouds, how many pigs I could earn! " So I went to my " sister " Imbangad, who was the best weaver in the region, and asked her if she could set up a loom to weave the pattern of this shroud. She

thought she could if the people would let us cut out a piece with the pattern on it. They did permit this, and Imbangad was successful; I was her helper in stringing up the loom, so soon I was weaving shrouds. My father was very proud of me, for I wove ten shrouds which, at various times, he took to his trading partner in Mayaoyao. He said, "See how many pigs the girl earns! That's the kind of girl that helps a family to acquire."

And now, just see how many *gamong* shrouds are woven. Every poor man is entombed in at least one, and the rich have five or six. It all started with Imbangad and me.

Bukbukalon's partner in stealing my skirt that time was Balingao; I never forgave him. One time, when I was quite a large girl, I was bathing in the tributary. He came to the bank and shouted, "Bugan an monamu ya tinibuk di pulong-na ya mangitit!" [Bugan who is bathing—I saw her arse and it is very black.] And he didn't, because I kept it under water the whole time! I ran after him and bit his arm, but no trouble followed, because he was ashamed to report it.

I had another "sister", Imbangad, who lived in Mampolya. One day she went to her hill-farm; a group of men from Gilut were waiting in ambush and rushed out, speared her, cut off her head, breasts, hands, and legs. Some women on a distant hill-farm saw what happened and screamed the news to the villages; the men rushed out, pursued, but could not overtake the head-takers. They brought back the body and set it up under the house-eaves. I went with

the other female kin from Hingyón to shout invocations to her soul. It was pitiful that she had no hands to hold a spear and knife as the corpse of a beheaded person ought, during the vengeance ceremonies. [The old lady is seemingly more touched by the loss of the hands than by the loss of the head]. I shouted with the other women and brandished a loomstick over the body. We shouted such invocations as the following:

"Whoo-ooo-oooo-OOO-ooo! Imbangad! Do not stay in the remote depths of the Skyworld. Go to Nagauwa [where the war gods live]. Incite Bugan, wife of the Deceiver [principal war god—and well named!] to come with you. Descend on Gilut; find him who did this to you, him who wears the head-hunters' ornaments. Carry him off to the Skyworld to serve as your vengeance, because you are to be pitied!"

And at other times, we would shout:

"If he eats, eat with him; if he goes to get water, go with him; if he goes on a journey, push him off the steep. If he goes for wood, turn the axe into his own body. If he sleeps, ram a spear into his chest in the middle of the night. We owed them no debt. You were not killed in a brawl. Turn the war gods to our side, so that they start him on some journey, and our young men will meet him in the middle of the road. He will be all heart. His hands will be clumsy. He will suffer quick death where he stands. That whole kindred will die off. Their houses will be deserted, overgrown with wild raspberry vines; their irrigation ditches [i.e. of the family, in a figura-

tive sense] will be dried up, their [family] roots uprooted. There will be nobody left of them!"

These and many similar invocations to Imbangad's soul we shouted all day except at noon, relieved by other "sisters" when our voices gave out, shouted far into the night and began again early in the morning, and on and on for three days. Then they put her in the sepulchre.

Poor baby of hers! It cried all day and all night. Bándao, the husband, said, "Alas, my child! Have you any food here? They have taken your food from you." After the interment, he took the baby to his mother.

"Where are you going?" said his mother.

"I have somewhere to go," he answered.

Next day he did not come, nor on the second day, nor the third nor the fourth. He was lying all alone in the outskirts of Gilut; his rice ran out. At night he would crawl cautiously to water. In the daytime he waited and waited. On the fifth day, he came back, shouting very weakly the cries of the returning head-hunter. The day before, he had risked leaving the ambush and going to a lone house, and had there killed a woman and her baby. He had not taken the heads because he feared they would weigh him down, weakened as he was.[1] All the people praised him and many a girl would have liked to be his next wife.

That year, the locusts came. Tuklib and others went to the mountains at night to gather them, where they had settled on the brush and runo reeds. Tuklib was shaking the locusts off into a [wide-mouthed]

[1] The Ifugaos believe that a fresh-taken head is abnormally heavy.

locust basket held by a woman, when he felt a pain in his side and cried out "Anay!"

"Did you snag your foot?" asked the woman.

"No, I'm speared," he answered, trying to pull the spear out of his side.

The men of the party tried to find the attackers, but could not because it was dark. The spear was a many-barbed one, and they enlarged the wound by cutting in order to get it out. He died before morning.[1]

One time a group of our women were on the way to their hill-farms. They stopped to gather edible woodstools. One of them, Dulduli, went on ahead. Soon the women heard a cry and looked up, saw Dulduli with a spear in her back and a man cutting her head off. The women raised an outcry and the Hingyón people rushed out in pursuit, but found no one. A year or so later, about thirty of her kindred and neighbours, from Hingyón, Kababuyan, and Mampolya went to avenge. They waited in a forest near Humálapap. A man, Dumapi, came alone to gather fuel. He climbed a tree to hook down the dead branches. Our party waited till he came down, then cut him up as if he had been a carabao. The Mampolya people kept the head, the Hingyón people took an arm, and the Kababuyan people one of the legs.

About a month later, we all attended a drinkfest in Piwong. Our father, while drunk, was wounded in the leg by some unknown person. My sister, Dukmin, and I covered him with our bodies, fearing the assailant might return and finish what he had

[1] Informant Kumíha gives a better account of this incident. See p. 219.

begun. They carried him under a house and Dukmin and I sat near him. Finally, when the drinkfest was over, they carried him home.

Why didn't you take him home right away?

Because the Hingyón people were so interested in the dancing. I myself was watching the dancing,[1] when I heard my father wake up and moan, " Somebody speared me."

I went to another drinkfest in Bantinon. Two men from Lingay were killed there. The trouble arose over who should beat the gongs. A Bangtinon man was playing, and a Lingay man came up and tried to take the gong away from him.

At a drinkfest in Montabiong, a drunken brawl broke out in which five men were killed, one of them a kinsman. My sister Dukmin and I carried him away, already dead, for all the men were engaged in fighting.

At another drinkfest in Montabiong, I was the object of an attack, myself. I was dancing and a man threw a spear at me, but I was lucky, for the spear passed between my arm and my body. I picked up the spear and darted through the circle of onlookers, but could see nobody to throw it at—the man had run away. My kin ascertained that he was a man from Ontong. The reason he threw the spear was that when I was about to enter the circle of dancers, somebody had said to me, " Wait, the Ontong people are dancing."

[1] It would be wrong to infer callousness from this, though it illustrates the obsessing interest which attaches to drinkfests and gatherings of this sort in a land where the daily life is extremely monotonous. A wounded man may not, on account of a taboo, be taken up into his house on the day he is wounded; he must sleep under it the first night. Therefore he might as well, especially when drunk, be left a while longer at the drinkfest.

"What do I care for the Ontongs—the evil-eyed Ontongs!" I had exclaimed, and leapt into the circle.

Everybody said they were evil-eyed, and the Ontongs were sensitive on the point.

My kindred in Montabiong would not permit me to go home that day and kept me there for three days, while they made a vigorous demand for a *pahang* indemnity.[1] They collected five chickens, one small pig, and a small jar from the Ontongs. They gave me the pig and three chickens as my share, and kept the rest. On the way home, we met Manghe and Adunglay, who had heard of the trouble and were coming to bring me home. The pig died on the way and we sacrificed the chickens when we got home.

I was beginning to think of marriage; I wanted children and my own house; I wanted to acquire. So when, one night, a boy proposed marriage to me,

[1] The *pahang* rites consist of sacrifices to the *pahang* group of dieties. They are performed on almost any occasion of danger, as when wounded or after an attempt on the life, when about to take a slave to the lowlands or go on a long journey, before head-hunting, etc.

The *pahang* deities are an especially interesting group, in that the male deities live in one place, the females in another. The males go to visit the latter every night and the male group are husbands of the whole female group.

Both groups live in the Skyworld, the males at Holdangan, the females at Duulan. Their names are very hard to translate. The males are: Dúlnuwan [probably from *dulnu*, dew: "the Bedewed One"]; Kidayan [Eyebrowed]; Aliguyun [a kind of tree (?)]; Daulayan ?? Buyagauwan ?? Kalingayan [*nunlinge* means "one who died"]; Tagtagen [from *tagtag*, "run" ?]; Atdon [Given ?]; Pambungbungan [Source of, or Place of, large trees]; Binantiao ?? [10 in number].

The female gods are: Indulduli [like a Cicada (or Made a Cicada)]; Aginaya ?? Bugan ??; Indungdung [like the statuette worn on the head by woman during *uyauwe* feast]; Intaliktik [according to the priest, "like Rattan," but *talíktik* means a kind of cane-like grass and also a variety of sugar cane]; Inginutma [like a Crack]; Magapay [Bread ?]; Magabulung [*bulung*, toadstool or mushroom, *maga* is probably the prefix *maka*, great] Inhayak [said to be from *ayak*, sorcery rites]; Malayu [Descent]. [10 in number].

I accepted, but I told him he must send a messenger to my father first. He sent his uncle with a small pig as the mommon. We slept together for some months and then I told him he must send the málahín. He sent chickens, but he was unfortunate: the bile of one of the chickens was bad. I said I didn't care—I could always get another man. I was not sorry at parting from him, since, when the bile was bad, that showed that he was not the man for me, and prevented me from wasting time.

No sooner was I free, than there came another man, Batad, from Piwong. But I refused him and drove him from the agamang because he manifested selfishness by not sharing his betels with us girls when I knew he had betels. After him came another man, Nangligan, from Ubwag region, whom I accepted, but I told him he must send a messenger. My parents agreed and he sent a small pig as mommon. Soon afterward, he sent chickens for the málahín and the priests said the omens were good, so we "went separate". But the priests must have made a mistake in reading the bile omens, for I never became pregnant by him, though we lived together for six years. I was very anxious to have a child to "change my body" and to make *honga* [general welfare and recovery-from-sickness rites] when I should be old and to give offerings to my soul (*dángale*) when I should die.

My father's advice to me when I married was: "If you sacrifice a pig, share it with the kindred on both sides [your own and your husband's]. Work hard in your hill-farm and if any of your kin or your

husband's kin are without food, take them some camotes and yams—they will appreciate it. When you harvest your rice field, call your kin to help and if any of them want to borrow a few bundles, let them take of your harvest, for we of Hingyón harvest before neighbouring districts; so that they will pay it back, soon. If your kin are sick and cannot work, weed their fields for them or, if they have not planted fields, plant for them so that they will have something to eat. Visit them when they are sick and help them with pigs and chickens for their recovery rites.

"Do not scold your husband too much—it is a bad way—and treat your husband's kin kindly.

"If your husband goes running after another woman, do not lose your head and stab the woman, but come to me, and I will advise you what to do."

That year the Gilut people [of the Ayangan group of Ifugaos] came to Mampolya and Hingyón and stole, or pulled up, all our camotes in the hill-farms at Palao, a place where many of us had made farms. The two offended regions agreed to make an expedition. Both men and women went, the men preceding.[1] The Gilut people fled to the mountains. Our men burned their houses and took everything they could carry back. A family of the enemy was somewhat slow in fleeing to the mountains: the husband, carrying a child, was quite a way ahead of his wife. Butali, of Hingyón, caught the woman and brought her home. The Mampolya people wanted to kill her, but we did not permit it. We put her in a house

[1] The women went part way, later in the day, to watch, from Mount Ulu 'n Bugan [Mt. Head of Bugan] how the expedition was succeeding.

while we performed our returning-from-an-expedition ceremonies (*ditak*). After that, the men called Abol of Ligauwe to perform the *pahang* and take the woman to the lowlands and sell her.[1]

The bile omens were good, so Abol set forth with

[1] The *pahang* is only one of several rites to ascertain whether a slave or captive may be taken to the lowlands for sale. Besides the omens of the bile-sac and the augurs given by the *idu* birds, there is a consultation of a live cock. The priest strokes the cock's body several times, then lets it stand free before him, his arms on each side of, but not touching it, and addresses it as follows :—

Thou, Chicken, here! The god Lidum dropped thee from the Skyworld. Fallen unto the Underworld, thou wast cast upward by the god, Shaker. Thou wast received and multiplied by Tadona of Kiangan [hero ancestor]. Having scattered throughout the foreign towns, thou hast come home to our village of Balitang, where thou scratchest under our rooted house posts and in our yards.

Do not be stupid, Chicken, here, about what I am telling thee, because [it concerns] the life of us who take the captive to sell; so that if thou, Chicken, seest that his kindred will ambush us and seize the captive, or if our kindred will talk and talk [that is, if it will be a source of family dissension], or if not that, if our enemies of Ayangan will ambush us or if we shall be slain and beheaded and our hands cut off, or if evil spirits and *those that feel the way* will afflict us with sickness, or if there would not be a safe delivery of the slave, then turn around and peck me, so that I may change my mind.

But, Chicken, here, if it be good, so that we shall deliver the slave we are taking down and arrive safely in the lowlands, there, and if the cristianos will crowd around and keep making offers of their carabaos and shrouds, so that we will return to our village in Bitu after delivering the slave, and our kindred on both sides will approve, then stiffen thy body, Chicken, here, for I am consulting thee because thou art from the Skyworld.

TEXT.

Hea 'n Manók 'atú! Inggá daka Lidum ad Kabunian, mondaga-ka'd Dalum, paltuan daka Yogyog ad Dalum, dakwaton daka Tadona 'd Kiangan ot highigayon daka, Nipong-ka himpangili, anamutam tun dolá-mi d Balitang, pangihugidom di nunliyangan di tukud ya olhadon-mi.

Adi-ka montámua tun manok hi ibagak ke hea, te hai katáguan-mi 'n mangikauwil hi himbut, ta igidom tun manók ta kon dákami bolhaton hi tulang-na ta pulhon-da tun binalud, ta humapihapit-da y tulang-mi, ya bokunke ya hai buhol hi i-Ayangan hina ta kon dákami bolhaton, ta kon dákami punpate, ta punputulan dákami, ta punngomngomon dakami, ya lohon dakami hi ananitu ya mondapudap, ta maid umanong hi dumatong hi hubut ya monligu-ka, ta hobaton-ak ta mababaluka-ak.

Mapúd-ke, tun Manók, ta mondiwadiwa di himbut an ikauwil-mi, ta dumatong ad Baliwan hidi, ta hayamhaman di Klityano ta dumanadauwaton-da nuáng-da ya gamong-da, numbalukig-kami 'n numbangad an mondiwadiwa hubut, ta dumatong tun dolá-mi 'd Balitang, ta pumeman di tulang-mi nundomang, ya gimhom di adól-mo tun manok, te hea nangibagá-ak, te iKabunyan-ka ino.

the woman. We told him not to exchange for carabaos, but to sell for money which could be distributed to all the people of Hingyón and Mampolya whose gardens had been destroyed by the Gilut people. We were so anxious about the outcome that we, or some of us, even went to Ligauwe to await his return. He came and the money was distributed. We didn't know how much he received, but he gave us P50, of which I received P1. Amganad people [traders] brought salt, and most of us changed our money for salt. Pigs brought back from the raid were killed, and what with pig meat and the chickens they had "whipped" [1] on the raid, and salt, we lived well for a while. We planted our camotes again, but suffered from hunger later on and had to go to neighbouring towns to trade and ask help from our kindred.

I went on such a trip to Montabiong with a woman named Kiyul, to whom, however, I was not related. Arrived at Holnad, we stopped at the house of my kin to eat. But my companion would not eat, saying she was not hungry, and sat outside. I saw a man named Buyagauwan approach and seize the woman and start dragging her away. I ran down the ladder, pursued and grabbed hold of the woman. But Buyagauwan was very strong and jerked her away. I then seized him around the waist, grabbed his g-string and swung him around, throwing both him and the woman down. But he still held to her, and nobody would come to my assistance.

[1] Whose necks were broken with a stick. Informant Kumíha, describing the same raid, gives another account, from which it appears that the Gilut people carried their fowls and animals with them when they fled to the mountains.

"What business is it of yours? The woman is no kin of ours," shouted my relatives.

Buyagauwan, being a strong man, got up and began dragging Kiyul away. My kin persuaded me to come back to the house with them.

"That family [Buyagauwan's] is very strong," said my kindred. "Look out that they don't take you also and sell you." Kiyul had no kin in Holnad to take her part, so she was carried to the lowlands and sold.

I, however, did demand *tokom* [1] and was given a small pig and four chickens. My kin in Mampolya heard a rumour that I, myself, had been seized and started to rescue me, but met me on the way.

[1] *Tokom*: In *Ifugao Law*, p. 83, I defined the tokom as a fine for having put another in such a light that he might be regarded as having committed a crime. Further investigation has shown that, aside from being censurable for its use of the words "fine", "crime", and "accomplice", which belong to far more advanced societies, the definition is too restricted. I list a number of cases I have collected in which the *tokom* was actually paid and one in which I was told it would be due:—

(1) To travelling companion for seizure of companion as slave [the case above].

(2) To trading partner for death of, or assault on the other trading partner [*Ifugao Law*, p. 89].

(3) To third person who is present when a theft or seizure in absence of the owner is committed.

(4) To trading partner and his spokesman [go-between] for attack on them in the territory of the other trading partner. [See p. 128.]

(5) To offended person who was captured as slave through mistake in identity, but freed immediately.

(6) To person who had loaned another person who was taken as slave a basket, which basket was taken along with the enslaved.

(7) To person whose rice crop was trampled when a slave was captured.

(8) To owner of hill-farm in which woman was captured.

(9) To person who last talked with a person who was slain.

(10) When Nagakaran head-hunters wounded the American teacher, W. A. Wooden, I was told by the Hon. Rafael Bulayungan, from whom he rented his house, that *tokom* was due him (Bulayungan).

Is it possible to formulate a definition that will include all these cases? Of what can the *tokom* have originated historically? The origin may have been multiple, of course. On present data, I am inclined to look to magic as the main, or at least one of the main, roots. It is apparent that the magic effect of these acts would be bad.

By no means all the persons sold in the lowlands were captives. Poor and lazy people frequently sold themselves. A distant kinswoman of ours did. She was Balíngo [about thirty years old?], divorced, a very lazy woman. She went to Mampolya to the house of a rich man, Búlintao, went up into his house, and said, "Let's eat."

"All right," they said, and set out food. They saw from the way in which she ate that she had not had rice for a long time.

When she had eaten, she asked Búlintao to lend her ten bundles of rice.

"How are you going to repay that rice?"

"I will work for it." He let her have the rice.

Another time she came and asked the loan of a chicken. Búlintao let her have it. He suspected that the woman was going to sell herself.

She brought the chicken to Hingyón and asked my brother, Adunglay, to sacrifice it for her. She said that she was ashamed that she had not, in the past, made any sacrifices and that she had, therefore, borrowed the chicken from Búlintao. Adunglay could see that the woman was intending to sell herself, for Búlintao was known as a slave-buyer. Adunglay was ashamed that a kinswoman should be selling herself as a slave [1] but he sacrificed the chicken as she requested.

[1] He, as the head of a large family, had no responsibility toward this woman, for she was of the fourth degree of kinship. His responsibility extended no farther than the third degree.

The sacrifice of animals and the giving of feasts is the principal outlet for the Ifugao's pride and self-assertiveness, which, when frustrated, sometimes gives rise to a psychopathic complex. It is possible, even probable, that this poor woman sold herself in order to be able to assert herself by means of two or three pitiful sacrifices and so become the centre of the family's attention for a little while, through "sharing meat".

After a time, she went back to the rich man and asked for twenty-five bundles of rice. He told her he would have no further dealings with her except through a go-between and on condition that she sell herself as a slave, and suggested Adunglay as the go-between. To this the woman agreed and asked that he let her have a fat pig and support her with rice for a year, after which she would surrender herself to be sold. The agreement was concluded on this basis. She took twenty-five bundles of rice and the pig was sent to Adunglay, who sacrificed it. She shared the meat with her kindred, including Adunglay. She extracted the fat from the entrails and belly, cooked the rest of the meat, left from sharing, and put it into one of Adunglay's jars. When it was cool enough not to melt the fat, she poured the rendered fat on top, thus sealing the jar and preserving the meat, which was now *hinanglag*. During the rest of the year she would occasionally come for meat, but she shared it with Adunglay as a return for his praying for her—especially since Adunglay so hated to do it and was so ashamed that a kinswoman was selling herself.

At harvest time, the woman came to Adunglay and asked him to go with her to get twenty-five bundles more of rice from Búlintao. Adunglay couldn't go, so I went with her. She would carry only five bundles and made me carry the rest. When I complained, she said, "You are going to be paid; why should I pay you and carry the rice myself?" [1] I was ashamed to go

[1] She means that Adunglay, Bugan's brother, is going to receive a fee for acting as go-between in the sale of herself. The reader will already have noticed how frequently, in the speech of the Ifugaos, the individual is

on such an errand, but Adunglay forced me to. Adunglay received 10 pesos and twenty-five bundles of rice as his fee (*lagbu*).

When the year was finished, Búlintao called her, made the *pahang*, and sent her to the lowlands. He got five carabaos for her.

My father sold seventeen slaves during his lifetime. I remember one of them, a boy, who was brought to our house while I was still a girl: he was kept tied a long time in our house while the omens were bad for taking him down to sell. I felt sorry for him and felt a longing to have him as a brother. No, I didn't want to marry him, I just wanted him for a brother, just to see him around—he was so handsome! It was plain to see that he was descended from rich people. I told my father (who hadn't bought him but was merely acting as agent in selling him), "I wish we were rich and could buy him."

"We have no use for a slave," said my father.

No, I never heard of anybody marrying a slave. Ifugaos never kept them longer than was necessary to arrange for sending them to the lowlands. Some of them were sold in Nueva Viscaya, but most of them in Isabela, where there was greater demand for them [to work on the tobacco plantations]. The kadangyan [rich men] were very haughty in those days and would enslave a poor man for theft, for

identified with his group or with another kinsman; in the present instance a payment to the brother is conceived as being also a payment to the sister. There is a good basis in present or in recently existing socio-economic relations for these identifications. They determine the Ifugao's world outlook and comprise, I think, the foundation for his sympathetic magic. [See (in Russian) Barton, R. F., "Ispolzovanie mifov kak magii u gornyh plemen Filippin," *Sovietskaya Etnografiya*, No. 3, 1935, pp. 77–95.]

accidentally spitting on them, for insulting them—would even enslave pregnant women.

[The old lady flies into a rage at a wrong she thinks Ngídulu and I have done her. She has learned that Ngídulu, in the course of a day's work as informant, told me of an incident in which she was the heroine and that I paid him for his time. She considers that I ought to have paid her something on that occasion. The incident was as follows] :

Tayaban and a number of his kindred, about eight men, from Mampolya, went on a slaving expedition to the Ubwag region. There they captured a woman, Dulduli, as she was working on her hill-farm, and started homeward through Hingyón. I was in a rice field, getting mud to use with wild indigo (*tayum*) for dyeing yarn. As they passed, I thought to myself, " I have a right to demand *tokom*." The woman knew me and called out, " You are Bugan nak Manghe, aren't you ? "

" Yes," I answered, and ran toward them shouting.

I grabbed the woman and jumped down a bank with her, but the slavers jumped down, too, and surrounded us. I was shouting all the time for my brother, " Adunglay ! Adunglay ! Where are you, Adunglay ? "

People who heard took up the cry and ran shouting, " Adunglay ! Where are you, for they have wounded your sister ! "

Adunglay came rushing forth with a number of our kindred. One of these, Buyukan shouted to the others as they ran, " If it be true that they have wounded Bugan, let us pay no attention to her until we have killed some of them."

As the party approached, they heard Tayaban yell, "Stun the woman with a club."

Soon the party came up and the shields were all resounding with parried blows. I did not recognize my brother at first. Tayaban stumbled and just as Adunglay was going to run him through with his spear, Buyukan shouted,

"Do not kill Tayaban, because Bugan is not wounded."

Adunglay desisted and did not kill Tayaban. I started running home with the woman, my kin forming a rearguard. We took her to Adunglay's house at Butige village and fed her, after which we set her free. She was anxious to get home to her kindred that same night, as the rites that would have to be performed would be less expensive than if a night intervened.

In this case we considered the captive herself to be the *tokom*. [Questioning brings out the fact that Bugan intervened not so much to rescue the woman as to secure a *tokom*, but when the slavers did not offer this or promise it or bargain with her, she took the woman away from them. She relates a much later incident which shows her attitude in such cases :]

It was when I was living in Nunbalabag [Bitu region], after my fifth husband died. A woman, Kuyapi, of Hingyón, ran trembling to my house, saying that some of my Bitu neighbours were pursuing her. I told her not to fear, that I would not give her up. Soon up came the slavers. I met them at the door and ordered them not to come up: "I'll stab you one by one if you try," I said.

They tried all sorts of thin arguments to make me relent: they only wanted to chew betels with us, Kuyapi was mistaken in thinking they were trying to catch her, and so forth! Finally they went away, murmuring against me. I kept Kuyapi with me next day for fear they might be hiding in the outskirts of the village to catch her. On the morning after that, I conducted her through the forest and set her on her way to Hingyón. When I returned, I shouted derisively to Ginauwa village where most of these men lived, "Now go and catch Kuyapi and become rich!" They answered back that I had acted in a very bad way and that my actions were due to jealousy.[1]

"Yes," I answered, "because you never share with me the money or the meat of the carabaos you get for the slaves you sell."

My brother Adunglay's wife died. He had no children, so he was soon courting another woman. But, as you know, Apo, our gibu payment [to the kin of the deceased spouse on remarrying] is very high and it is inviting certain death not to pay it. Accordingly, Adunglay wanted to catch a slave, which could be used for the gibu payment. But if he made up a slaving party, the proceeds from the slave would have to be divided and would not suffice. My sister Dukmin and I offered to help him: we said we would be as good as men on such a trip.

Accordingly, we three set out toward Ubwag and

[1] This incident, according to my reckoning, must have happened after the Americans had occupied Ifugaoland and established "order". It is generally admitted that the slave trade continued clandestinely for several years, under American rule, but it is rather surprising to find such an instance of attempted seizure in the heart of the country, right under the noses of the American officials.

there, above the village, we saw a boy, all alone, digging camotes in a hill-farm. Adunglay and Dukmin went down to capture the boy; I stayed in a camote patch up above, pretending to dig camotes, but in reality acting as look-out. Adunglay and Dukmin caught the boy and started dragging him up the hill, but he was very heavy and they were making slow progress. Besides, he was yelling at the top of his voice calling on the Ubwag people to rush out against us. So I ran down, caught the boy by the ears as if I were trying to pull them off. After that, he made his body very light [marched along like a good fellow]. The Ubwag people had to cross a deep canyon and climb a steep, high hill, so that we had time to get away from them.

Adunglay consoled the boy about his fate and gave him hope.

"I will deliver you to my former wife's kin," he said, "and then, while they are arranging for an agent, watching for good omens and making arrangements to take you to the lowlands, do you throw them off their guard by appearing to take your fate in good part. They will become careless about guarding you. Then you can run away and come back to me and I will send you home to Ubwag."

Adunglay delivered the slave to his wife's kin, along with a few shrouds and "irons" and the kin declared, "Now the gibu is finished." After that, the boy did as counselled and escaped. Adunglay treated him kindly, fed him, and let him go home. Adunglay's in-laws could do nothing, as they had said, "The gibu is finished."

The daughter of Humiwat, a man of our home region, died and some Hingyón people, believing that they would be sure to get a head, made the preliminary ceremonies for going head-hunting. The omens were good. Thirty-eight of our men, including my husband, Nangligan, set out, went to Auwanbayao, and built a shack for the night. Next day they proceeded on to Gilut. On this day, too, a number of us women went to watch, but couldn't see the men, so went on to Mount Head of Bugan [Ulu 'n Bugan]. Thence we saw our men surround a man who was repairing his rice field wall. Having surrounded the field without the man knowing anything of their presence, three or four of our men advanced and speared him. We women, seeing it, took off our skirts and waved them, shouting, " Be like a cluster of rattan berries. Get the head and come back like a full ' hand ' of bananas [none missing]." The Gilut people heard the cries and rushed out, but our men were already far away. That evening more people from Hingyón came to where we women were waiting. The head-hunters also arrived, and we counted them. There were only thirty-seven: one, Buyukan my kinsman, was missing. We slept at Auwanbayao. Next morning the men went back to look for Buyukan. A little after noon, Buyukan came in, not having encountered the party that went to look for him. He said he had fainted on the way back, that when he recovered consciousness he had climbed a large tree and had spent the night hidden in its foliage.

We shouted to our men that Buyukan had returned. We came home happy that we had got a head without

losing anybody. We women ran on ahead and got out our loom-sticks, ran back to meet the men, and beat the loom-sticks for them to jump over as they entered the village.

My husband, shortly after, joined another excursion against the Gilut people.[1] I did not want him to go, as we had killed our three pigs for the headfeast just accomplished and had none for another.

The taboos that we women observed while the men were away were the following: We must not eat any kind of shell fish or crabs, nor any kind of climbing things such as beans or climbing yams (but we could eat camotes). We might not weave, because that would tie the men's legs. We might not spin, for that would make the men dizzy, nor remove seeds from cotton, for that would make the men pull grass.[2] We might not carry a baby because that would make the men heavy-footed: we gave the babies to children to carry. We had to keep walking about all the time so that the men would be active: I was afraid even to sit down. It is permitted to lie down and sleep at night, but I couldn't sleep much. I was worried and got up and walked round and round in the house.

Two days passed without news; I took a chicken to his mother and asked her to take it to Luhadon, where they had made their shack the first night they were away. His mother found the men held up by bad

[1] Typical: when the Ifugaos have made a successful expedition, they incline to make others soon, believing their star to be in the ascendancy. This fact shows how necessary it is for a group to retaliate, if it would avoid extinction.

[2] I was unable to ascertain what was meant by "pulling grass". The Ifugaos themselves seem not to know.

omens; she stayed while they sacrificed the chicken and it [the bile-sac omen] was good. But next morning, a spear fell while they were sitting and the bird omens were also bad. The fifth day the bird omens were bad again. On the sixth day, I went to the shack and found that they had left—the omens were good at last. On the seventh day, they attacked some people who were working in their fields. They speared a man in the thigh, but he was able to run sidewise, dragging the spear, and got away. The avengers rushed out and our party ran away.

When my husband came back, I said, "Now, you went and you didn't get any head—just wounded him. We killed a chicken for your *pahang* and now we have to mortgage a field to get pigs for your return-ceremonies (*ditak*)." But he got along with one pig that my brother Adunglay contributed [there really ought to be three pigs for the *ditak* rites made after returning from a war expedition], so we didn't have to mortgage the field. He didn't go head-hunting again.

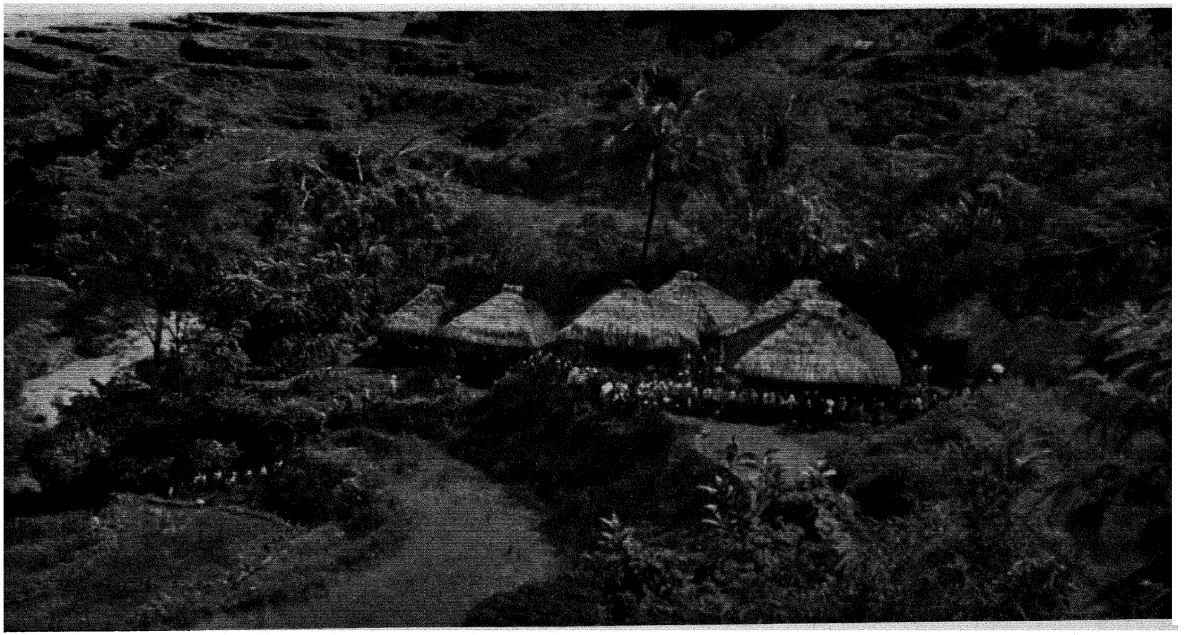
Now I will tell about some more drinkfests that I attended. One of the first was in Ubwag. Fighting broke out—what started it nobody ever learned. Twenty men were killed from various regions: two of them, and five wounded, being from our own region of Hingyón. My brother Adunglay kept out of it. We women ran into the house and the men who were not involved ran into the forest. How we women were packed in those houses! And how the women screamed! We were afraid to go home and stayed all night in the houses; there was no room to

lie down, we could only sit with our knees drawn up. Next day, our father, Manghe, much worried, came with a party, many of whom came for their dead or wounded relatives, and accompanied us home.

The next drinkfest was in Banao. On the way there, I kept my eyes open for *pia*, the root of a small tree, very juicy and sweet, rare in our parts but rather plentiful there. However, I found none. But a woman of Banao told me where it could be found. I got a load and carried it back, but as I entered the village, fighting broke out. I ran to a house, but the women pushed me away from the ladder, so I ran to another and, so as to fight my way up the ladder, threw down my load of roots to be trampled under foot. I was the last one to climb up, for the ladder was thrown aside by Banao men rushing to the fight with their spears and shields. This house was one having wooden sides and so was safe against spears. I cowered in a corner and saw nothing of the fighting. Five men from Banao, two from Buhne, three from Ligauwe, and some from other towns were killed. Again I had to stay over night because I was afraid to go home. I went to Buhne next morning with people carrying home the bodies of their slain, thence to Ligauwe and on to Kudug, where there was another drinkfest in progress.

My father was attending that drinkfest and we met. A man had his belly slashed open ; his intestines came out and he tried and tried to put them back in, slashing meanwhile at everything around him with his bolo. We all ran away to a hill. A woman ran up to the man and asked, " Aren't you my uncle (*ulitáo*) ?

PLATE 13



General view of drink-feast, with guests arriving

[*face p.* 170

Aren't you my uncle?" He stabbed her, killing her, then ran around like a mad dog, till finally he slowed down, clung to a post, and sank slowly, weak and helpless.

My next drinkfest was at Holnad. It was a good drinkfest—no trouble. We Hingyón women started home in a body. One of our number, Dulduli, wife of Kakleon, a big woman, was very drunk, staggered, fell and lay. We went a little farther and, noting her absence, halted to wait for her. We saw a man, Buyukan, come up, remove her skirt and have intercourse with her. We came on home and never told it, but people coming behind saw it and told the husband. Kakleon strove for weeks to find a chance to kill Buyukan, but the latter was very cunning and kept himself safe. Since he could not kill Buyukan, Kakleon killed Buyukan's brother, Niwada. Niwada's kin on his mother's side then speared Bobod, Kakleon's brother, at his house, in broad daylight, but he did not die. The kindred of Niwada's wife went to avenge for her *nunbaluwan*[1] and speared Buyagauwan, a "brother" in the second degree of Kakleon—speared him in the back, killing him as he was passing by them with a load of wood. His kin did not seek vengeance.

"It is the same [even] on both sides, now," they said. "Enough dead."

Kakleon divorced Dulduli. "Go home, I don't want you," he told her. "Go to another drinkfest and let somebody mount you."

[1] "For her *nunbaluan*": "For the time she was a widow." *Nunbaluan* is the name of the vengeance taken by the kin of a widowed person on the slayers of his or her spouse.

Kakleon did not demand a gibu indemnity from her because he had had three children by her whom she would have to rear, and he intended to be rid of the responsibility for them and to marry again.

I had now been married to Nangligan about five years. He was a good husband, but we had no child and I was hungry for one.

"Since we are childless," I told him one day, "we had better divorce, and if you can have children with another woman, so much the better for you; and if I can have children by another man, so much the better for me."

"No," he said. "If you insist on a divorce, I'll take the pig."

"No," I answered, "when I fed the pig, I was your wife and not your servant. If you demand the pig as the price of divorce, we will not divorce."

I could see that that pleased him—that he didn't want a divorce, that he was not just trying to get the pig. But I did want one. The first thing to do was to get rid of that pig—I saw that. So after a day or two, I suggested to him that he pound some red rice (*dayakut*) [1] for rice wine and that we make a welfare feast (*honga*). He refused, so I called my "brothers" Adunglay and Daluyan to pound it [thresh it in a mortar] as it was too much for me to pound alone. I showed him the threshed rice when he came back and suggested that he roast it. He refused, saying that he had to go after wood. I roasted half of it,

[1] A variety of rice which ferments readily and which is grown for making rice wine.

and when he came back, I told him that I was using too much wood, might use up all our dry wood, while that he had just brought was yet green—and hadn't he better roast the rest of it? [1] He did, and when the rice wine was strong, I said I'd call our kindreds.

"Do you want our pig to be used up?" he objected.

"It has to be used for our welfare rites, because we can't continue living together without children. Let the pig be eaten by our two kindreds."

The kindreds gathered and discussed whether the pig had better be killed or not.

"Not only this pig, but we'd better send for our other pig that we put out to be fed in Mampolya [2] and kill it, too, for there's no use in doing things by halves."

Nangligan objected, saying that that pig should be his. But I said that it was half mine and that I wanted my kindred to eat part of it. My kindred helped me out by offering to add a third pig, if we should kill these two. Nangligan couldn't object to that. So we killed the pigs and shared the meat with the two kindreds. The surplus we conserved in a jar [*hinanglag*: for process of making, see p. 161].

About two months later, when we had consumed this preserved meat, I again brought up the matter of

[1] Roasting the rice, the first step in making rice wine, is men's work, as, indeed, is the whole process of making rice wine, except that sometimes women sprinkle on the yeast.

[2] This pig was being fed by some pigless household in Mampolya for a share in the next litter. The pigs, a few fowls and some rice are the only community property the couple has. Bugan's tactics are to get these consumed, because the man is using them as an obstacle to divorce. Her next strategy will be aimed towards getting him out of the house. She wants to do all this without offending him or his relatives, and she doesn't want to surrender her rights to half the community property; she wants her rights for their own sake rather than for the value of the property involved.

a divorce. He did not answer and went away. When he came back, I invited him to leave. He invited me to leave. I said I wouldn't because this house was mine, and invited him to go to his mother's house.

"Wait a while," he answered. "Let us see if the welfare rites didn't make it possible for us to have a child."

So we waited nearly a year. I knew that sometimes he went to the agamang during this time to hunt another wife. Well, he was a good husband, just the same! He never scolded, he would pound the rice—all I had to do was to strip the grain from the straw. And he would cook for me while I rested from weaving or field work. When we went to bathe, he would rub my back with a stone.

About his going to the agamang he told me, "I'm leaving you only gradually because I pity you. You will be lonesome, and you'd better do as I'm doing, and be looking for another husband."

"But how can another man come here when you are here? Will they not be afraid?"

"It's hard for me to go away," he said. "When I go to my mother's to eat, the things don't taste right, my stomach has no appetite, even the water is flat. But when I eat face to face with you, it's all right."

"But now I feel too lazy to go for shells," [1] I said.

And I quit going for them, but he would go to his mother's and get them there. When I couldn't drive him away, my mother came to talk to him.

"You, my son, why don't you leave your sister [*tulang*] so that she can marry again?"

[1] Rice field snails, the principal animal food in the Ifugao's ration.

"Oh, she'll be able to marry all right," answered Nangligan.

"But your sister can't send an engagement token to any man, while you *can* send an engagement token. I cannot scold both of you or either of you, because you are my son and she is my daughter. But the best thing would be for you to go away and for both of you to marry again. And if you and she should have children, let the children meet and marry. Then you will be *inapo*.[1]

"I can't leave her," said Nangligan. "I'm so used to her! She seems like a part of me—like my own kindred."

My mother turned to me and said, "You'd [plural, includes Nangligan] better go to his mother's and stay there a month."

"No, there's no room for her there, because the family is large already."

I picked up the spoon basket and went to his mother's.

"Why did you bring the spoon basket?" they said, when they saw me. "All right, if you [plural] want to stay here, we'll look for another house."[2]

I stayed there two days, expecting Nangligan to come.[3] When he didn't, I went back to our house on the third day. He was eating and invited me to eat.

[1] *Inapo* (in this instance) means the relationship between those whose children have married. What a paragon of tact is this Ifugao mother-in-law!

[2] Intimating that a change of house might relieve the childlessness of the couple. Bugan's intentions are different, however.

[3] The manœuvres that have just begun are designed to get Nangligan out of Bugan's house (for it was really hers) and to get his residence established elsewhere. Nangligan cannot openly oppose the divorce, for the cause is more than sufficient and the wonder is that the two lived together, childless, as long as they did. Nangligan's attitude is not at all typical, for the men usually long for children as much or more than the

"You'd better come home," I said, "so that we can sacrifice for our change-of-residence rites (*bunag*)."

"You can perform the rites without my being there," he said.

At last he agreed, however, and came with me. His parents said that if the bile should be good, they would leave the house to Nangligan and go to live in an *abong* hut.

But the bile was bad. Nangligan wanted me to go back to our house with him, but I said I would continue living with his parents. I told him we would repeat the sacrifice after a month and that, if the bile should be good, I would leave him at the house of his parents and would go to my own parents. But his kin took his side.

"You'd better go back to your own house and wait two months; then you can try the bile omen again," they said.

So I went back with him. One day my father came to see us.

"Time is passing," he said. "You two had better separate. It's not so bad for the man, but it's no good for the woman—no man will want her when she's old."

My father advised us to come to his house and

women. He seems to have been very uxorious, and besides a clinging-vine sort of man, shrinking from attempting new adjustments (though he knows they are inevitable) and from change. Furthermore, he had a very real affection for his wife, greatly exceeding the fairly harmonious but unemotional (certainly unromantic) relation implied in our definition of Ifugao marriage as "an agreement between kinship groups for the procreation of children by a man belonging to the one and a woman belonging to the other".

Each of the spouses has the support of his family, as Ifugaos always have. Neither side wants to break with the other, and the way in which the conflicting wills are reconciled illustrates the patience and tact which Ifugaos who are connected by a family relation nearly always try to manifest toward each other and also the fact that Ifugaos are consummate diplomats.

sacrifice, and proposed that if the bile was good, he and his household would move into an *abong* hut and we should live in the house. I said nothing.

Two months later, we sacrificed for our change of residence (*bunag*) at the house of Nangligan's parents. The bile was good and I was very happy. Nangligan and I moved in with them. I felt like going away that very day, but it would not have looked well and would have hurt their feelings, so I forced myself to stay a few days longer. I worked in their fields and one day I said to his mother, with whom I was working, " Well, I'll be going away soon."

She made no reply. I mentioned it again as we were eating that night. Nangligan's father did not answer for a while, then he said that they didn't want me to go, that they wanted me to continue living with their son. I told them how I envied other girls of my age who had children and how it hurt me to be called childless. Now that the bile was good, Nangligan could live with them and I was going to go.

I went to my parent's house, but Nangligan came soon after.

" How can you remarry unless you leave Bugan ? " asked my father.

" I am now convinced that it would be best for us to separate," answered Nangligan. " But when Bugan came here, she came alone and couldn't tell whether the omens were good or bad on the way.[1] I will stay with her, and when she goes to her house, I will accompany her to listen to the omens for her."

[1] Women usually know the omens : Nangligan seems to be clutching at the last straw : he wants to go with her, hoping that the bird omens will be bad and that there will be a pretext for a protraction of his life with her.

We stayed two days. On the third, I said, "Let's go, to-day." He said we'd go at noon. We went, and we heard no omens on the way (at which I was delighted!) and he returned to his parents' house, leaving me alone.

On the fourth day he came back. I told him that I didn't think of him as a husband any more and that he must forget me.

"I want to forget, but I cannot," he said.

"I will show you a good wife for you—I will even take you to her agamang."

I told him which agamang to come to; he agreed, and went home. That night I went to the agamang. The girls were surprised at seeing me and asked why I came.

"Oh, there's a taboo at our house," I told them at first.[1]

Shortly afterward, there was a rap at the door and Nangligan came in. Then the girls *were* surprised. We played the lovers' harp (*bikong*), talked a while, and it was time to sleep. I suggested that Nangligan sleep with a certain girl. At this all the girls laughed. I told them that we had divorced because we were childless. I recommended Nangligan as a husband, told about his thoughtfulness and his care of me.

Still, the girl refused to let Nangligan sleep with her. She wanted to know what Nangligan thought about the matter. Nangligan said he liked the girl, but that he had no chicken.

[1] When ritual continence is obligatory, one of the spouses sometimes goes to sleep in the agamang.

" Oh, there'll be no trouble about a chicken," I said. " Your father has chickens."

" But he won't give me one," said Nangligan.

" Then, of course, you can take one of the few left at our house, if you like. Or is it that you don't want to marry the girl I tell you to ? "

" Oh-h-h-h, yes, I do," he answered.

Next morning, before I left the agamang, I told the girl that I wanted her to accept Nangligan and to be a good wife to him. " That's why I came here—so that you would see that we are really divorced."

Nangligan and I left the agamang together, but at a fork of the road, I told him, " You go that way [toward his parents' house] and I go this way. But hereafter, it is the agamang you will come back to. And if your father won't give you a chicken, come and take one of ours."

We didn't make a ceremonial of formal divorce attended by division of the joint property (*buwa*) because if we did we couldn't eat the meat of use chickens and ducks,[1] and we thought it best to use the fowls for sacrifices at the house of his kin or my own. Nangligan could not at once send the mommon to the girl I chose for him because his sister became sick at this time.[2] I sent four ducks from our flock to them to sacrifice for her. When she recovered, he sent the mommon. He came to see me rather often for a while, then gradually ceased coming.

[1] It is taboo for divorced persons to eat of the rice, animals, or fowls, once their joint property, which have been divided between them by the *buwa* ceremonial.

[2] It is taboo for a family to pay anything out when a member of the household is ill. It is taboo for a creditor even to ask for a payment under such circumstances

Now a great load was off my mind. I turned to my loom as a means of acquiring, and made trips to neighbouring regions in order to sell the products of my work. Soon it was harvest and I took two skirts and went to Luhadan, where I traded them for a pig which I brought home to feed. But my backside got sore from many days of weaving all day, so I left the pig with my brother and went to Luhadan to work in the harvest, receiving payment in rice—two bundles a day. I stayed with my kin there for almost a month, working in the fields by day and sleeping in the agamang by night. In that agamang was a girl, Oltagon. Binyahan, husband of Kuyapi, came and slept with Oltagon. Kuyapi, his wife, came looking for him and found him there. She rushed at Oltagon with a dagger, but Binyahan seized her by the waist and dragged her outside the agamang. He kept urging her to come home and finally got her started away from the agamang. Oltagon shouted after Binyahan, "Why didn't you settle with your wife beforehand. You came and proposed marriage to me and have got me into a lot of trouble." Next morning Binyahan went to Oltagon's house and told her, "We must keep our affair under cover for a few days, while I arrange with my wife's kin." A few days later, he came to Oltagon's house and married her. He paid Kuyapi's kin a gibu of thirty units [worth about P300].

At this time, a kinswoman of mine, Intugay, who was also weaving a great deal, went to Banao to trade rice for raw cotton. On the road to Buhne, she met a man, Pihing, who tried to capture her. She resisted,



(*a*) Weaving



(*b*) Woman piling up mud and straw in rice field after harvest, forming mounds on which she will plant vegetables. She drops any snails she may find into the bamboo vessel at her waist so as to help out the household menu

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and in the struggle both fell over the cliff. Both were hurt—he more seriously than she. She was able to walk home, but had to abandon her load of unthreshed rice. Her parents sent a go-between to Pihing with their demand, and Pihing's kin agreed to pay—

For the Recovery Rites (*Pahang*):

18 chickens.

1 Chinese kettle-skillet, as pay of the priests who should officiate.

For the *Halibubut* (second series of rites, when wounds are healing):

2 pigs.

1 Chinese kettle-skillet, as pay of the priests.

As *Labod* [indemnity for injuries or death]:

1 shroud (*gamong*), as "her blanket" (*uloh-na*).

2 ceremonial g-strings, as "her bandages" (*batabat-na*).

1 gong (*paliha*), as "her dish" (*duyu-na*).

1 jar (*butine*, "for her to drink out of" (*puninuman-na*).

1 gold bead (*balitok*), as "her seat" (*ubunan-na*).

3 pigs, "for her welfare rites" (*honga*).

But Intugay's kin demanded also a small but valuable kind of jar (*guling*) as "her head", and Pihing's kin refused to pay it. Intugay's kin went at night and killed a carabao belonging to Kabot, a kinsman of Pihing who lived in the same village with him. Kabot heard a noise outside and descended from his house, whereupon they wounded him. They came home and for a long time made sorcery against Kabot till, finally, he died.

[I ask Bugan whether, if the girl had died, the *labod* indemnity would have been accepted. She says no, that it is never accepted for homicide, that to accept money for the life of a kinsman would be a disgrace that a kinship group could never live down.]

But if the killing were accidental?

Just the same: the killer must die. [Ngídulu and Bugbug, both of the same (Central Ifugao) region, agree that her statement is entirely correct, but Pedro Kitung, who was helping me with the old lady's story, believes, as I do, that in a clear case of blameless and accidental killing, the kin would usually accept compensation. Both Kitung and I are from Kiangan, however (for I lived there seven years), and the adat may there be more liberal in this matter. Then I put the following hypothetical question]:

Suppose that I am hunting wild pigs with your brother. A pig comes running past, I draw back my spear to throw and in so doing stab your brother in the neck with the iron-shod end of the spear-handle, killing him. I come to you, offer to give him a handsome funeral and to pay you kindred a suitable labod *indemnity. What would you do?*

What would I do? [The old lady glowers ferociously at me, rises, cavorts around and around me, closing nearer and nearer, and, finally, stabs her finger right in my neck.] That's what I'd do!

But it would be his fault! He has been cautioned from childhood up to look out for just such an accident. If hunters had to look behind them before they threw at wild pigs, there would never be any game brought home.

That's not the question at all! The question is, Should you live and my brother be dead?

Well, suppose I were a kinsman, not a foreigner. Then what?

Unless you were a brother, it would be just the same. We would not let you live when our brother was dead.

[Bugbug and Ngídulu say that the old lady has stated the adat correctly, but add that I would not be killed by my own kin, but by kin of the slain who were not related to me. That is, if I were a cousin on the father's side, the brothers of the slain (who would be relatives of mine) would keep out of it, but the mother's kin (except her children or grandchildren) would kill me. Or vice versa].

Is there nothing I can do, Bugbug? Do I have to die?

["Oh, no! They may kill your kinswoman or kinsman instead. They want only one life 'so that it will be even', as they say. You and your whole family will immediately take extraordinary precautions and prepare to defend yourselves." Then the old lady remembers the following incident which shows under what circumstances a man was once allowed to pay compensation]:

I have a kinswoman, Imbuok, in Humálapap. She came to me once to borrow rice when she had to pay an indemnity. She promised to repay the rice with a female pig. I went to collect the debt a few months later and she showed me a pig, but it was a male. I reminded her that our bargain called for a female pig. She said they would borrow one as soon as possible. Three months later I went again, but still they didn't have one. I went back a year later and still they had no pig.

" I'll just wait for it," I told her. " It's a long ways to be always coming."

I stayed there a month before they got me a pig I would accept. During that month the killing I speak of happened.

Dadlii and Ngániu were " brothers " of the first degree [first cousins]. Dadlii went hunting. He saw the tall grass swaying from something passing through it, ran up and hurled his spear, thinking it was a wild pig. He heard a human groan, " Oooooo-ungh ! " and found that he had killed Ngánui. He gathered him in his arms and carried him home.

Ngánui's wife interceded for Dadlii's life.

" If you kill him off, there will be nobody to come to us to perform the rites when the children get sick," she said. " Besides, he is my four children's ' father '."

They were all poor people. Dadlii was held for the following payments, which he and his kin managed to make :

3 pigs as " welfare rites for the dead " (*honga 'n di nate*).

3 shrouds as " wrappings for the corpse " (*gagaom*).

2 pigs, as " offerings to the soul " (*dangale 'n di nate*).

8 chickens as " welfare rites of the widow " (*honga 'n di nabalu*).

At about this time there was a great expedition of all the regions along our tributary against Benawol. My brother Adunglay went along. The expedition ended disastrously because the men disregarded bad omens on the way. About a hundred people were

killed by the Benawol folk. [According to better information, from thirty to fifty.]

After that the Spaniards came with the Benawol people and burned villages in Kababuyan, Mampolya, and Hingyón. They went first to Mampolya; the folk there fled to the mountains, but didn't have time to take nearly all their pigs and chickens with them. The Spaniards and their Benawol allies burned the villages, sparing only the one where they stayed over night. That night, Pangel and some companions slipped into the outskirts of this village and killed a Spaniard and took his head. Great was the wrath of the Spaniards! They took an old woman who had stayed in the village, being too feeble to flee, killed her, cut her into many pieces, and put her flesh into a big Chinese kettle-skillet. Then they killed pigs, cut them up and piled them on top, poured in water, fired the kettle-skillet, and departed.

The Mampolya people came back hungry to the village; they found this pot full of meat and soup, fell upon it greedily, and ate and spooned up the soup till they came to the old woman's head—then they stopped!

The Spaniards went back to Benauwol, but they came back and made a surprise attack on Hingyón. My women kin and I fled to Mampolya. My brother Adunglay and other Hingyón men killed two Benawol men. The Spaniards carried away many pigs, chickens, valuable gongs and jars, and burned many villages, but not ours.

Being now once more a single woman, I would close my house at night and go to sleep in the agamang.

It was a whole month before I had a suitor. Then Bantian came, a rich man, and proposed marriage, but I refused him because he was old. But he sent a messenger to my father, and my parents agreed and sent him word that they would give me good advice. They told him to send the mommon, and he did—a small pig. I wouldn't eat of it—and accused my parents of wanting the meat and caring nothing about me. I said I didn't care how rich he was, I would never marry him. Still they told him to send chickens for the málahín, which he did after about half a month. He brought it and the bile was good, so they sent me to his house. I just couldn't bring myself to sleep with him, on account of his grey hairs, and went every night to the agamang where his " sisters " slept. Bantian told the owner of the house they used for an agamang to tell the " sisters " to run away so that he could come, but I would always run away with them. Finally, my father told Bantian to send chickens for the *pidun* [third ceremony]; they said that if the bile should be good, they would call me home, they would go elsewhere, and Bantian should come and sleep with me. My father told me he would whip me if I didn't accept my husband.

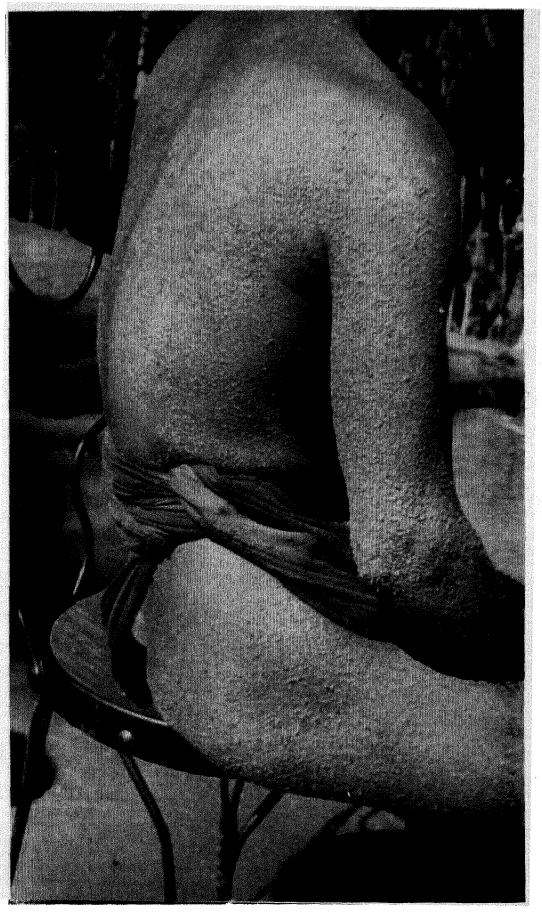
" Even though you whip, I never will," I told him.

The bile was bad, so that ended that.

Do you know of other cases of trying to force a girl into marriage?

Yes, I know of several. This same Bantian afterward saw a girl, Imaya, whom he wanted. Her father whipped her to make her like Bantian, but she could not on account of his grey hairs. When whipping did

PLATE 15



The girl objected to marrying a man with this kind of skin disease

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not avail, her father and mother called Bantian to the house and let him sleep with the girl. But that did no good, for the girl fought him off. Next morning they sacrificed a chicken. The bile was bad and Imaya was very happy.

The father kept thinking about Bantian's fields. He suggested that Imaya give up her field, which was very small, to Dagami, her younger sister, so that Bantian would take Dagami. But Imaya said, "You cannot give my field [which was hers by right of primogeniture] to Dagami. If you do, we'll fight—even though she is my sister."

Imaya kept her field, and Bantian took Dagami without the field—it was worthless anyhow! After seven years, being childless, they divorced and Dagami married Binwag, who was killed by head-hunters while cutting grass for roofing, late one day.

There was also the case of Intanap, daughter of Dumulao, a kinsman of mine living in Banao. The girl's field was very small, while the man was rich. She didn't like him because he was afflicted with a skin disease [*tinea imbricata*]. They tried for a whole year to force the girl to consent to the marriage. Finally they killed chickens and the omens were good. The man came to her house, but she ran away. He went to her agamang, and she ran away again. The man took up his residence in the father's house, and the girl did not come home—she went to the Buhne region and lived there with relatives.

Her mother went for her to Buhne and, on the way home, beat her with a stick, but the girl ran away again, to relatives in Banao. This time the father

went for her and pleaded, " They'll take everything we have if you don't accept him, because the bile of the chickens was good. We can make no excuses."

" All right, take my field and pay them," said the girl.

However, she came home with her father.

At night, the father told the mother that he would sleep elsewhere, leaving her, the daughter, and Poki, the man, to sleep in the house, and advised kindliness toward her.

" Let her sleep in the same house for a few nights with him without being bothered and she'll get used to him," he said.

For five nights the girl slept with her mother and Poki slept alone in a corner of the house. On the sixth night, the mother told Poki she would rise and awaken him, and that he should try to steal from the girl. The man tried, but the girl awoke and ran away. It was the same next night. On the eighth night, the mother told Poki that when the girl's sleep was soundest, she would remove the girl's skirt, awaken him, and that he should first bend the girl's arms under the sleeping board and hold them so. The man followed instructions, pinned the girl's arms under the sleeping board and . . . [the old lady cackles cynically]. Afterward, the girl cried a long time. This procedure was followed for four nights. On the fifth day, the father and mother moved out, leaving the couple to live in the house.

They had a child after a year. After the following harvest, they made an *uyauwe* [glorified social prestige

feast]. After that they had two more children. No, the man was never cured of his skin disease.

[I wanted to ask the old lady if she thought it was right for the parents to have forced the girl into this marriage, but neither Kitung nor I could think of a word in the Ifugao language corresponding to that sense of the word " right ". So we asked] :

Was it a good thing for the parents to force the girl into this marriage?

Was it a good thing? Of course it was! Didn't they have three children and make a glorified social prestige feast?

But there was another case among my kin where it was not good. My kinsman Bual had a daughter, Binighik, whom a man, Tolak, wanted to marry. Binighik didn't like him because his face was very ugly and he had a very poorly formed body. But her father cajoled her into it. He told her he was going to separate from her mother and what would the two women do without a man in the house to do the man's work? They killed a chicken and the bile was good. The father went to Mampolya and married there.

But the young people quarrelled continually. They separated after three years, having no children. Bual, the father, advised his daughter not to be the first to remarry.

" Let Tolak remarry first and then we'll collect a gibu from him, because he never made any arrangements when he left you—he just skipped. If you should remarry first we would not be able to collect this indemnity."

Soon Bual learned that Tolak had sent a mommon. He seized one of Tolak's pigs as indemnity.

"Never mind the pig—let him have it," said Tolak. "I want to marry."

There was another case, right here in Bitu—that of Manay, a grown woman. Her parents persuaded her, after much effort, to marry Ganu, a young boy. One day, a man, Dupahnay, chewed betels with Manay, touched her nipples and said, "There's no use in a small boy like that." He got her to promise to open the door after the boy had gone to sleep. This went on night after night, and finally it was noticed that Manay's stomach was getting large. Manay attributed the paternity to her husband, Ganu, but the boy said, "I've always gone to sleep right away and have done nothing else. Maybe you got it from a breeze!" and left the house, went home to his parents.

Manay stuck stoutly to her story. Ganu's parents were not sure yet, and talked to the boy, telling him to admit paternity if he were the one, because that was something to be proud of. The boy said it was impossible, and the parents were convinced that he was telling the truth.

One night the father couldn't sleep for thinking about this trouble. He arose and went to spy on the girl's house. He saw a man come to the house. He went to the house wall and put his ear against it. The man was urging the girl not to tell, to stick to her story. When the man came out, the father speared him and killed him. Then he stood his ground as Manay's outcries brought people running thither out of the houses.

"Did I not send the mommon?" he told the people. "Did I not send chickens in carrying coops for the málahín? If he wanted her, why did not Dupahnay marry her before I did these things? I killed him because of the great wrong he has done our family."

Dupahnay's family did not avenge. "Let it pass," they said, "because it came of his own wrong doing."

Where was I? Oh yes—back in the agamang after my marriage with Bantian. It was three months before anybody came to me. Did anybody ever steal from me? No, because I would sleep in the midst of the girls, all lying spoon-fashion, close together.

Pakinóngalan, of Ubwag, came and talked to me, but I had heard of his bad reputation as a deceiver of women, and told him so.

"Who told you that," he demanded.

"Other girls."

He denied that there was any ground for the accusation. I told him that in any case he would have to send a messenger if he wanted me. He sent the messenger next day and was accepted. But he didn't show up at the agamang for ten days. When he came he said his absence was due to the sickness of his father.

"Maybe that's a lie, as other people tell me you are a fearful liar," I told him.

I let him sleep alongside me, but that was all. Shortly after, he went to Gilut, bought a pig, killed it and sent the meat to my father's house [as mommon]. After that, I began to have sexual intercourse with him—usually about three times a night. I do not

believe these stories of ten times a night—four or five, yes, but not ten.

I slept with him in the agamang for about six months—till he sent the málahín. The omens were good, so he came to live with me in my house. His kin were very kind, especially those that lived in Hingyón. When I would come home late from the fields, I would often find that they had cooped the chickens for me, brought water, cooked the pig-feed, and pounded the rice. Contrary to the forebodings with which I entered this marriage, Pakinóngalan proved to be as good a husband as Nangligan had been. He helped just as well with the housework; he would go with me to bathe and would rub my back with a stone.

During the second year of our marriage, Pakinóngalan went slave-catching with a party of fifteen men to Dalikan, in the Ayangan district. They attacked eight women working in their hill-farms. They caught one, but couldn't bring her away as slave because the avengers were gaining on them rapidly. So they had to kill her. The head was very heavy [1]: they had to throw it several times before it became light.

The Ayangan people returned the vengeance by spearing Lagutao as he was working in his hill-farm at Palao. They speared him in the leg and he hobbled toward the other people, crying, "Daád-kayó?

[1] Believing a newly taken head to be abnormally heavy, the Ifugaos hurl it on the ground and address it, saying, "Harken, head! Do not weigh me down; weigh down your 'fathers' and 'brothers'." The supposed abnormal heaviness of the head is no doubt to be correlated with their deathly fear of the pursuing avengers; till they make their get-away, the head probably does seem abnormally heavy.

Daád-kayó 'n tago? [Where are you? Where are you people?]" [Informant demonstrates how he hobbled with the spear hanging in his leg.] The Ayangan people ran away. Lagutao recovered.

I went with three companions to Puyok, in Montabiong, to exchange rice for cow-peas. Just before arriving, we bathed in the river. There were two boys catching fish. We chewed betels with them and advised them to come along with us to the village, as it was nearly night. They said they'd have to set their fish-traps first. We went to the house of Nihala, who, being my kinsman, went to another house to sleep [" brother "-" sister " avoidance]. Soon after he left, there were cries that the boys had been killed and calls for avengers. Nihila and all the other men of the village rushed forth, but did not go very far because it was dark. In the morning they brought the bodies back. We were afraid to return at this time and stayed for the vengeance rites and the entombment.

After one or two days, Binumhong, with seven companions, went to the house of Wigan, one of the head-takers [in the Ayangan District]. Wigan was standing outside his house and ran up into it as soon as he saw the party, but as he was trying to close the door, Binumhong speared him in the belly, killing him. He could not, alas! take the head—it was right in the village and there wasn't time. The party returned safely.

At the end of three years, Pakinóngalan and I had no children, so I began to talk about divorcing. He was willing, but his mother was against a divorce

till we had lived together five years. When the five years had passed, Pakinóngalan went to Ubwag to consult his parents. When he came back, we separated. I told Pakinóngalan not to marry in his home town of Ubwag, that there were plenty of girls in Hingyón, and I wanted him to marry there, so we could be friends and neighbours. He followed my advice.

Now I went back to the agamang again; but it was a long time before a man came to me. After about a month, I went to a drinkfest in Kababuyan.[1] There was much drunkenness and the men, instead of arranging marriages and initiating trading partnerships, boasted of the heads they had taken of relatives of those present. A Kababuyan man became angry at something he overheard and began a quarrel with

[1] That these drinkfests are extremely dangerous occasions nowise discourages Bugan's or any other Ifugao's attendance of them. There is a protracted series of preparatory rites whose purpose is to tie up the stomachs of the guests so that a little wine will suffice to make them dead drunk and to tie up all possible weapons and their passions so that they will not fight. Amongst other charms used to these ends are ancient forms of weapons such as wooden spears and spears with wooden handles and bamboo heads—an interesting instance of the use in magic of antiquated, less effective forms of weapons to tranquillize and subdue the efficient modern ones that have displaced them.

The worried attitude of the host of the occasion is reflected in these preliminary rites with a naïveté that challenges parallel:—

"... so that, alas! the drinkfest guests will arrive and arrive, but the wine-jars will remain whole and the gongs unbroken and the bodies of the guests stay sound; so that the stones will remain in their places and fence stakes stand fixed [that is, not be pulled up and hurled as spears]; so that the guests will be gentle one to another and will pass the time with nudging each other [with invitations to have a drink] and with singing joking improvisations (*liuliwa*) and with arranging marriages and trading pacts (*biyo*). And their hands will be clenched tightly, unconscious of their spears and bolos, and they will have become dead drunk and be carried homeward lying face upward on their wives' backs or by two persons, one at either end, and be unconscious of their way [that is, not make a fuss and want to go back]; so that in the evening of the day, their women folk will have taken them home and we 'fathers' and 'sons' and 'brothers' will be left alone, who have accomplished the drinkfest. And there will be no bad talk and our kindred on both sides will say 'All right'; because you are being mythed the pacifier rites."

a man from Holnad. His relatives came up and they chased the Holnad man out of the village with spears. I ran into a house. The trouble blew over with nobody hurt.

A little later, Bango, my kinsman, was playing a gong. An enemy came up behind him and was on the point of thrusting a spear through him when I, standing near by, leaped forward, grabbed the spear and shouted, "There you are, happily playing the gong, and he is about to shove a spear through your back." The man ran away so fast that I had no chance to recognize him, but we afterward found out that he was Kablinan from Holnad. The reason he wanted to kill Bango was that Bango had married a kinswoman of his and had then committed adultery with the wife of Kabigat. The kin of Bango's wife had tried to collect the indemnity for adultery (gibu), but Bango had skipped out and gone to Hingyón to live.

This was not the only kinsman whose life I saved. At another drinkfest, Búlintao was in the dancing ring, dancing foolishly, making antics, and not paying attention to what was going on around him. A bystander raised his spear; I grabbed for it but could not hold it. Nevertheless, I deflected it so that it missed. Then I yelled for my brother, Adunglay. The man ran away. One of Búlintao's "fathers" had killed a relative of this man in Holnad. Búlintao was my "brother" in the third degree.

Would you have saved his life if he had not been a kinsman?

If he had been from my home region, yes—never mind the fact that he was not a relative. If he had

been a stranger, I would not have mixed into the matter.

I went to a drinkfest in Holnad, taking along some rice to exchange for cowpeas. The next day, when the various kinship groups assembled to kill the animals (*punhidan*: see fn., p. 129), I went with a man of Holnad, Naboye, to his hill-farm on which he had a crop of cowpeas (*mongo*: Phaseolus aureus?) I gathered cowpeas all that day with other women and carried them to a little hut where the men threshed them out with their feet. Naboye stayed that night with two other men to thresh out the peas, while I went back with the women to Holnad. On reaching there, we learned that Madlaying, kinsman of the giver of the drinkfest, had been wounded in the free-for-all scrimmage over a carabao carcass. Enraged, and not knowing who had cut him, he had slashed an entirely innocent person. They caught him and scolded him, saying, "If you're that kind of a person, better stay out of free-for-all's (*ginat*)." They also restrained the one on whom he took vengeance.

Next day I went to get the cowpeas the men had threshed out, and they were very heavy, alas! for me to carry back to Hingyón, for they were not yet dried out. On the day after that, I carried back more unthreshed rice to trade for more cowpeas. I worked gathering cowpeas and slept there that night. The men worked all night, threshing out the peas by tramping on them, for the peas are too dry to thresh during the day—the pods curl tightly around the peas in daytime and do not release them. Next morning, we women cleaned and winnowed the peas.

We were about to carry them home, but somebody said, " Let's cook first."

" We have too little rice," said another.

" Never mind that the rice is little," said another, " we have plenty of cowpeas."

So we cooked, but the cowpeas were so slow in cooking that it was late when we arrived in Holnad. My kin said, " Better stay overnight, because it's already mid-afternoon and nearly sure to rain and make the trail slippery, in which case you are likely to fall and scatter your cowpeas in the mud." I was convinced and stayed, and next morning, I got home a little after noon.

My pay for working in the cowpea harvest was the green, unripe pods, which I was allowed to pluck for myself and bring home.

[Kitung and I tell the old lady, " Child of Manghe, look: our eyes are heavy, sweat stands on our foreheads, our faces are pinched. That's because we are tired from hearing about killings at drinkfests and working in cowpeas. Let's hear something about what goes on in the agamang." The old lady cackles hilariously.]

What goes on in the agamang? [She jumps up suddenly, begins to jab us in the ribs and tickle us, a dynamo of energy, darting from one to the other, and before we realize what she is up to, she has driven us from the little room where we were working.]

That's what happens in the agamang—Ha ha! Ha ha! We girls would drive the boys out that way! [Kitung says it is a fact: that they romp and scuffle this way

in the agamang, tickling each other, wrestling and jabbing each other's sides, and that the girls, concentrating on one boy, often drive him out of the agamang and lock the door against him.]

Finally, we say we are tired. Then the boys lie down to sleep near the front door and we girls near the back door. The boys come and propose marriage and try to get on top of us, and we tickle them and they run away. Or, if they do not run away, we say, "All right. Lie down beside me and go to sleep." And the boy thinks we are yielding and does go to sleep. Then we wrap our legs around his waist and suddenly squeeze hard. "Anay, anay!" he cries, and runs away. It is unfair that they do not let us sleep, because we have to work during the daytime, when they, the boys, can sleep.

So we make a plan: some of us will stay on guard while others sleep. When a boy comes around a girl that is sleeping, the guard will pinch the girl to waken her, then both of them and any others that wake up will attack the boy and pinch him so hard he'll never forget it.

Now where was I with my story? Oh yes, back in the agamang after my divorce from Pakinóngalan. It was nearly a year before Lokahi came. He said he had heard that I was divorced from Pakinóngalan and that he wanted to marry me. I accepted him. I did not require him to send a messenger before having sexual intercourse with him because I liked the looks of him and the way he talked and acted. After he had slept with me three nights, he sent a messenger to my parents and was accepted. Five days after that

he sent the mommon. A few weeks later, he sent chickens for the málahín and the omens were good. He came to live in my house, but we lived together only about a year, because trouble arose between his mother and me.

His mother spoke ill of me, saying that when I went to help them clear their hill-farm, I cleaned only a small area—not nearly so much as she. And once when I went to visit them, she told me to go and pile weeds and soil on the boulders [in the rice field] making a place for them to plant tobacco. I wouldn't go.

I told Lokahi what his mother had said and that he'd better get a wife who could wave her arms like a wind goddess and the grass would be pulled up all over the hill-side. I told him I wouldn't go alone to pile weeds and grass on the boulders for tobacco planting because we women were accustomed to work together at that and I didn't like to work alone.

Lokahi didn't want a divorce. So I didn't go to help in their fields nor to get camotes from their fields. One day I told him to go home and eat the camotes from the hill-farm I helped his mother plant, as I wouldn't go, since I didn't have the right kind of feelings toward his mother. He didn't go.

However, his mother's mouth kept going like this [informant opens and closes her skinny fingers and thumb rapidly several times], so I finally told him he had to go. He said we must sacrifice a chicken for our divorce: the omen was good. We made a division of our property (*buwa*): four pigs, six chickens, and our unthreshed rice. One of Lokahi's

kinsmen acted as *mombuwa* [old man who divided the community property of divorcing spouses]. He took, as his fee, a *dalan* [twenty-five bundles] of rice from each of us. This was exorbitant; I didn't tell my kin as I wanted no further trouble. However, they heard about it and Adunglay went to Holnad and made the old man give back one *dalan*.

Again I went back to the agamang! After about a month, I went to a drinkfest in Holnad. In the afternoon, we girls from Hingyón were sitting in a group under a house, singing *liuliwa* [mostly improvised mutual criticism and jokes, conforming to a fixed style, sung alternately by a group of men and then of women]. Habiling, of Holnad, came and sat facing us and sang that he had important business that was going to bring him soon to Hingyón.

We sang back that yes, it would be an excellent thing for him to come and marry a Hingyón girl—if any would have him! He sang back that it would come true—that he would come and marry one of our number and take her back to Holnad. We answered that, as for the Holnad men, they were very handsome, but that we did not like to eat cowpeas and that the domicile had better be Hingyón, where there is plenty of rice to eat.

It came mid-afternoon and I called the girls to go home. The men tried to induce us to stay, but it is a bad thing for a woman to spend a night at a drinkfest, for the men get drunker and drunker and more and more disorderly. It is not only not safe, but is likely to lead to talk, so we went.

Three nights later, Habiling and several men came

on a "revenge expedition" to our agamang in Hingyón. They were too many to sleep with the few girls there, so we only chewed betels and played the lovers' harp that night. Next day they went to Ligauwe for betel leaves, and only three of them came back to our agamang. However, some boys came from Kababuyan, so that the agamang was again crowded. We played the lovers' harp till past midnight. Next night, Habiling came with one companion. He did not propose to me, but he sent a messenger to my parents on the morrow, who told my father, in my presence, that he came from Habiling to ask for me.

"Well, he never said anything to me about it," I said. "That's a funny way of doing!"

My parents took me aside and counselled me. "You have been married many times," they said, "and have been childless so far. We had better accept. Although he is from a place so far away as Holnad, perhaps he will be the one."

Next night he came to the agamang. We had intercourse five times. I told him he must send the mommon right away.

"My house is as empty as a deserted granary," he replied.

"If you want me, you must borrow a duck and send it," I said, for I didn't want people talking about me.

After about ten days, he sent the mommon. After that I hurried him up to send the chickens for the málahín, so that if the bile should be bad, I could send him away and get another man. Soon he brought the chickens; the bile was good.

He wanted me to go with him to Holnad to live, and I agreed for that is a good place for cowpeas. They would grow in Hingyón, too, probably, but our people object to the planting of them, as it is believed that they hurt the rice crop.[1] I do not like to eat camotes all the time, and since my field was small and produced not nearly enough rice for me, I wanted to have a more varied diet. I was glad to go to a region where there was no prejudice against cowpeas.

Habiling proved to be a good husband—in fact they were all good husbands, except possibly Bantian, about whom I do not know, as I did not live with him. But again I found my in-laws unendurable. During each cowpea harvest they would criticize my work.

"Ay kao! the daughter of the Hingyónites," they would say. "She shatters the cowpea pods as she gathers them."

"I'm not used to this kind of work," I told them. "I try to do just as you do."

"Better not eat cowpeas, then," they retorted.

"Why shouldn't I eat them?" I answered. "I plant them, weed them, and harvest them.

I should explain that the period for harvesting cowpeas is very short. If they are not gathered at exactly the right time, the pods curl and some of the peas fall out, while others are held tight by the curl of

[1] The Ifugaos who grow wet rice object also to the planting of mountain rice anywhere in their region on the ground that it blasts the wet-rice crop. The cultivation of various beans and peas and climbing yams, called collectively, "the climbers," is tolerated, but at several crucial stages of the rice cycle, the eating of them is tabooed.

the pod. For that reason it is necessary for the kindred to help each other harvest as their fields come ripe; for that reason, too, I could not harvest my own field alone and had to trade work.

As soon after harvest as possible, I told Habiling that I was going to Hingyón on a visit to my parents. He said he would come with me.

"Then carry a back-basket [*balyag*: woman's back-basket, with headstrap] of cowpeas," I said.

He wouldn't because he said he didn't know how to carry like a woman, so we put the cowpeas into a sack and he carried that, while I carried a backbasket full. In Hingyón I told my parents about the talk of his relatives.

"That is very bad," said my father. "But keep the matter quiet while you are here so as not to hurt Habiling's feelings or start people talking."

After a visit which lasted two days, Habiling and I went back to Holnad. Five days later, my father came. He had a talk with Habiling's father in which he related what I had told him.

"What mean things to say!" said Habiling's father.

"Of course," said my father, "Bugan is not so experienced a cowpea harvester as the women of Holnad, because we do not grow them in Hingyón. Perhaps a divorce would be the best way out." [1]

[1] I suspect that in this case and probably in the preceding one, the real reason for the divorce was the childlessness. Bugan probably didn't want too many divorces for this cause on the record, as each one made it more difficult for her to get another man and increased the talk about her childlessness. Indeed, she probably concealed the real reason from herself, so that it manifested itself in an extreme sensitiveness to the criticisms of her work and her ineptness as a harvester of cowpeas.

"No," said Habiling's father, "we do not wish such a thing. None of our *near* kin did the talking and none of us see any reason for divorce—although," he added, "it's a great pity, of course, that the children have given us no grandchildren."

My father, however, thought we had better divorce. So a chicken was sacrificed, but the bile was bad. Father, however, said that we should come to Hingyón after five days and that we would repeat the ceremony. Accordingly we went and, there, the bile was good. Next day we returned to Holnad, accompanied by my father, who came to participate in the division of the property and to help me carry back my share. We had ten chickens, two pigs, and some unthreshed rice. The fee (*lagbu*) of the *mombuwa* on each side—for we had two of them—was one dalan [twenty-five bundles] of rice. My father carried this to Hingyón and sent my kinsmen to bring the rest of my share. I traded my share of the rice for two pigs there in Holnad.

So now you were back in the agamang again?

Yes, yes! Back in the agamang again. Ha ha! ha ha! Back to catch another man! Ha ha! Hahaha Ha ha! We were five marriageable girls with plenty of men coming to try to deceive us, plenty of them saying "Let's marry", but none of them wanting to go separate with us.

The Americans had come and had built roads and the country was fairly safe. I went on a trip to Bontok with products of my loom and traded them for salt. There I visited my "son" Paduyao, who was attending the Bontok School. He came back with us because

he and his wife were to give a social-prestige feast in Benawol. I stayed for the feast. The drinkfest passed without trouble, but there was great trouble next day at the division of the meat between the various lines of kindred. Paduyao had married a girl of Ayangan. The Ayangan people quarrelled among themselves: one line of kindred claimed that another line was getting more than its share of the meat. Two Ayangan men were killed.

We girls and the boys who came to see us made quite a rough-house in the agamang and the owners refused one night to let us sleep there any longer. It being the dry season, we girls planned we would sleep on the outdoor bench (*binanghe*) [used by the villagers as a loafing place], but we didn't tell the boys where we were going. We agreed that we would remain absolutely quiet and pretend to sleep when the boys found us, but that we would tickle the first one who molested us. We wanted to teach them a lesson, for it was their fault we'd been driven out of our agamang. They were always bothering us so that we couldn't sleep and we had had to retaliate and the scuffling was what had caused damage.

The boys went to the agamang, didn't find us, and inquired of an old woman, who told them where we were. They came and called to us, but we didn't move or answer. They offered us betels and received no response. They hung their hipbags on the wall of a house and came up to us. One of them touched Imaya, whereupon we all jumped up and they ran away. We caught one of them, Bulingling, and began tickling him. He laughed loudly for a long time, then

suddenly ceased and went limp. We noticed that his eyes were rolled up and half open. Frightened, we carried him to the bench and laid him on it. He recovered consciousness pretty soon.

The other boys came back and we told them to see what had happened to Balingling; that they might sleep with us on the bench if they lay quietly, but that if any one of them touched us, we would tickle him—and, this time, to the very death. So we all slept on the bench, but a rain out of season fell and woke the boys, who ran to shelter but left us sleeping on the bench. When we awoke, we were soaking wet.

We wrung out our blankets and went to our agamang, angry that they had not awakened us. We reviled them and told them we would not let them sleep there any more: that this night would be their last. Next morning, Bokahon said, "But I'm going to send a messenger to Imaya's father, so I will come back."

We thought he did not mean it and spread our hands at him in derision. But he really did send a messenger, and was accepted by Imaya's parents. We other girls were jealous.

"She's getting married all right, but what about us?" we said.

The rest of the boys were offended at our language to them and never came back. But others came. A boy named Nanglihan came to Aginaya, proposed marriage, and was accepted. He sent a messenger and the parents agreed. He and Aginaya slept on the floor along with Bokahon and Imaya, and we three other girls slept on the inner house shelf (*ladakan*). Next,

Dumapi sent a messenger to Bugan's parents and was accepted. So Bugan went down from the shelf, which left two of us still there.

After about a month, Ganu came to me. The first night we only played on the lovers' harp, and it was so the next two nights. He wanted to sleep with me; I would not let him, so neither of us could sleep. Next day, Ganu went to my mother and told her he wanted to marry me.

" It's all up to you and her," said my mother.

He waited around till I came in from the fields. " Why, yes, I will accept," I told him. " Alas! I have been married many times and have no child, so there is nothing for me to do but to accept until I find the right one."

That night in the agamang, Ganu told me, " To-morrow I will send the messenger."

He went to borrow a chicken, but couldn't find one for five days. On the fifth night he came and said he had found a chicken. We had intercourse four times that night. After half a year, Ganu sent the chickens for the málahín. The omens were good and we went separate into my house. A short while afterward I found myself pregnant. I was happy beyond all measure. I knew I had found the man with whom I could produce children. Now I could feel the equal of any woman. Now I would not have to listen to advice from every woman about how to become pregnant, or to hear their words of consolation and pity.

I observed the pregnancy taboos carefully. These are: 1. Not to leave the home region. 2. Not to

eat sacrificial meat from offerings to souls at funerals (*dangale*), from rites of returning head-hunters (*ditak*), from rites for calling back a soul coaxed away by the Sun (*pahang di algo*), Moon, Deceiver, or the other gods of that kinship, or from sorcery rites (*hinagoho*). 3. Not to cross any stream of water until I had rubbed my legs with ginger [lest the scent of the fœtus be carried to the fœtus-devouring deities that live downstream]. To these are added, in the case of a woman's first conception when the belly is yet small, a prohibition against eating fruits or " climbers ". When we have nausea we just eat some rice and then we forget it.

The same taboos and food prohibitions are binding on the husband, together with other taboos: 1. He may not build a terrace wall nor peg anything fast nor tie anything permanently, though he can tie something that he will soon untie, as a bundle of faggots, for example. 2. He may not carry a stone on his head. 3. He may not roof a house or granary or set house posts or flooring or anything that is to be permanently fixed. 4. He may not cut anything or kill anything. Relatives have to cut the wood, but the husband may bundle it and carry it home. 5. He must not have intercourse with other women, but when his wife's belly is large, he often says he's " going to net bats to-night ", when as a matter of fact he goes to an agamang, and we know it, but we have pity on him because he is a man. We don't ask him why he brought no bats home! 6. He must not go far from home or climb trees.

It took me a long time to bear my first child. Ganu,

PLATE 16



women dancing at mock head-feast ; three of them have just returned from accompanying their husbands on a mock head-hunt which they are hoping has cured their childlessness

my husband, knelt on the floor and I hung behind him with my arms over his shoulders and my legs far apart. A woman stood behind me, stroking my abdomen and waiting for the child. My husband would get tired and the sweat poured from him. A woman would relieve him at times. Some men are afraid when their wives give birth and run away from it, in which case a woman has to take his place. Both my own and my husband's mothers were present, as well as two of my other " mothers ". We think it is bad when the husband's mother is not present at a birth, though of course, if there is some reason like sickness, she cannot be.

After the birth the mother may not leave the house for three days and the father may not leave it for five days. During this time, they may not eat the forbidden foods nor ask betels of anybody, do any work, or drink wine.

My child was born, and I can tell you I took good care of her. How I delighted to show her to those who had talked about me before, as if there were something the matter with me, as if I were not a complete or natural woman, as if some curse were attached to me! After three and a half years, I felt myself pregnant again. But before the child was born, Ganu died of smallpox. He was a good husband—they were all good, but he was the best. I cried for five days.

Now I had double work to do. My father and mother helped me. But when my stomach was big, my father died, and I had to go in debt for my offering to his soul (*dangale*).

I gave birth to a son, but I was sick for a long time

and recovered only after many sacrifices of animals, and with a heavy burden of debt on my shoulders. I had both man's and woman's work to do and two children to rear. My kindred helped me. My brother Adunglay raised the boy from the time he was big enough to leave me. It was the child's own choice—he wanted to be with Adunglay's children.

But do not think that because I could no longer go to the agamang I could not get another husband! Five years after Ganu died, Ahuday, a poor man (but was I not poor, too, and pressed down by debts?) having no field, came to my house and proposed marriage. I wanted him, so, although it meant the paying of a heavy gibu indemnity to the relatives of my dead husband, we married. We worked together to pay off the gibu. I was now happy because I had a helper. Ahuday was a timid man and did not talk much, but he was a good worker and very kind and faithful. I was sorry that I had no child by him.

After eight years he died, and I had many debts again because of the animals we had sacrificed during his sickness and after his death. But if another man were to come and propose marriage to-night . . . [informant makes expressive gestures; bystanders roar with approving laughter].

I made trading trips to Bontok, Mayaoyao, Nueva Viscaya, Baguio, Montabiong, Gilut, and many other places, trading loom products for salt, pigs, cowpeas, buying carabaos. The last trip I made [which may serve as a type of the rest] was to Mapauwi, to exchange skirts and g-strings I had woven. I went by way of Montabiong, where I had four kinsmen who were also

going. I wanted to give them the woven things to trade for me and not go myself, on account of the avoidances which are rather troublesome and embarrassing to a lone woman travelling with male kindred. But the men said I'd better come along: it was a short trip and they didn't like to take the responsibility of trading my things for me.

So I went. We arrived that night and my kin slept under the house, while I slept above, inside the house. Next day, I exchanged one skirt and one g-string for a pig; also one g-string for a large basket of cowpeas. I saw the Ayangan people eating "bihni" [beans introduced by the government schools], so I asked my kinsmen to trade for some for me. I have planted seed from those "bihni" every year since. My kinsmen carried the pig from Mapauwi to Montabiong for me. I paid ten bundles of rice to get it carried from there to Nunbalabag. I myself carried the cowpeas, but my kinsmen helped a lot till we came to Montabiong. From there I had to carry them myself, and they were a heavy load for a woman beginning to be old.

I sold the pig for P10. If I had sold my loom products here they would have brought P4. By carrying them into the Ayangan country, I got products worth about P14 for them.

Well, now that the Americans had stopped all that fighting that there used to be, didn't you find the Ayangan folk to be pretty good people after all?

Good people! [snorts the old lady]. What are you talking about? What kind of people is it that can give their guests only camotes to eat?

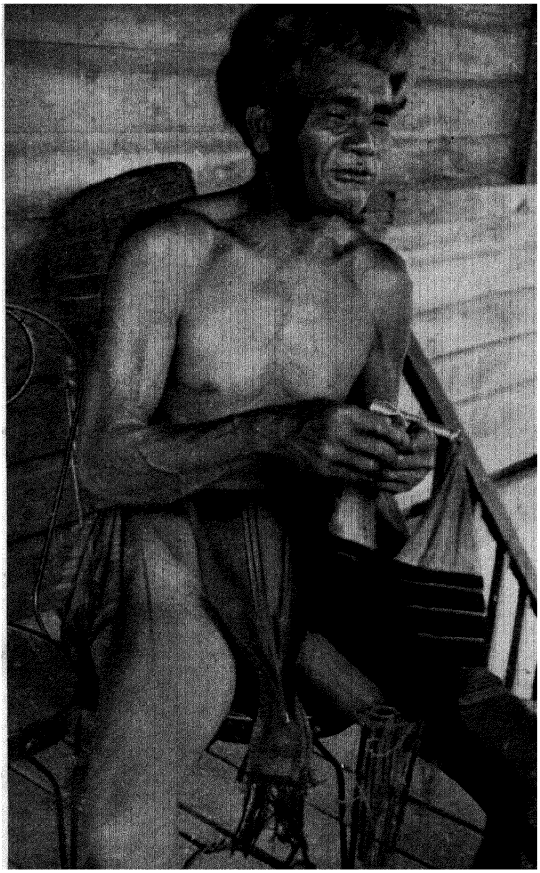
PART IV

KUMIHA

Kumíha is a handsome, rather large and imposing, well-knit and well-preserved figure of a man of about fifty-eight years, almost toothless, with iron grey hair, and quite different from Ngídulu in temperament. His knowledge of Ifugao lore is probably nearly equal to Ngídulu's and his myth versions are certainly better, his diction being more dramatic and richly figurative—at times profoundly effective, as, for example, " The rain descending folds of a hipbag-ed [fell in torrents, fell like the descending folds of a hip-bag] " or, " This kinship group will be an un-water-marked clump of giant bamboo with a profusion of thorny lower twigs, growing in a swamp [that is, impregnable and unassailable]." Furthermore he does not overburden his myth recitations with a tiresome jingle of reduplications as Ngídulu does.

Still, I could not use him very much as an informant because of his intellectual dishonesty and his temperamental laziness. For all his physical laziness, Ngídulu was far from being lazy mentally and had an interest in imparting things accurately.

Kumíha, on the other hand, would scamp his work if he felt like it, as he often did. When rebuked for this, he would go to the other extreme, and pad his myths with non-essentials. For example, when he



Kumíha, crunching betels. Soon he will begin spitting according to four different words

[*face p.* 212

came to betel-chewing in his myth, his version might run as follows: "They exchange betels, they throw the quid between their teeth, they crunch the betels, they spit out the first juice. They shake their lime-tubes twice, they convey lime to the quids in their mouths with their forefingers, they crunch and the spittle turns red, they turn it thick-red. They spit [in one way], they spit [in another way], they spit [in yet another way], they spit all around." Such details are, of course, valuable once—the three or four different words for spitting betel juice reflect the cultural importance of betel-chewing and illustrate how rich and specific the language is. The details of betel-chewing technique are also well worth having: they are, indeed, worth while recording two or three times, in order to see whether they are always the same. But considering the number of times betels are chewed in a myth and the number of myths there are, it can readily be understood that to write all this down repeatedly might get on one's nerves.

But even this was not the worst, for having thus lengthened the first part of a myth—to pay me in my own coin with a vengeance, as I always thought—he would get tired and want a nap or would feel the need of running down from the house and would abridge by leaving out the very essence of the myth—so that a lot of sweat over the typewriter would have dripped in vain. And in the teaching of the adat and the rites he was no more dependable.

Furthermore he had an inordinate appetite for strong liquor, which not only made him expensive but quickly incapacitated him for work. We found

each other difficult: he couldn't understand why and his feelings were often hurt, for I think he wanted to do what was right, but simply couldn't get the hang of the thing. He was affable, a "good fellow", a "man's man", but about as faithless as Ngídulu where women were concerned.

Kumíha shows at his best in narrating his autobiography, which is, however, incomplete for the reason that I had no more time to give it. I made the mistake of postponing this work till the last of my stay. Autobiographies cannot be secured during the first part of field work because one cannot choose his informants or get them to talk. This work ought to be done at the beginning of the last third of the period.

Autobiography of Kumíha

I am descended from poverty-stricken parents, neither of whom had a rice field. Our home was in the village of Holhol in the Hingyón region.

We boys played most of the time at the tributary. There we would catch each other, frolic, and tease the girls. We would dive under then and look upward; some times we would catch one of them and duck her, the other girls coming to her rescue and scolding and beating us. Our eyes would be red from diving so much. The avoidance was not so strong between boys and girls then as now.

On coming out of the water, we would lie a while in the sun to warm ourselves and, during this time, we would usually make some sneering or insulting remark that the boys of Tangadan village (who frequented

the same pool with us) would resent, or else they would make a remark that we resented. Thereupon, a stone-throwing battle would break out between the two groups. Sometimes we would provide ourselves with shields of betel palm leaf sheath or coco-nut leaf midrib, but the stones would soon smash these. We carried home many a bump on head or shin. I remember that once a stone hit me squarely on the chin and have often since wondered that my jaw was not broken.

In the village, after eating, we would make new shields and a battle with runo tips as the missiles would break out between ourselves as we assembled and went once again to the tributary. There we would find the Tangadan boys and repeat the morning's play. That was our regular daily routine. So far as I remember, no serious trouble between parents ever resulted from these battles and no boy was permanently injured.

Finally, my parents said to me, "You love swimming too much and you come home and eat and there's no use from your life. You're big enough to get fuel—it takes wood to cook your food." I began to go with other boys to get fuel, and, after that, would hurry to the tributary.

When I was a little bigger, my parents took me with them to pull grass. We would go to Palao in a body with other Hingyón people who were making fields in the same place so that we might protect each other from the Ayangan people, our enemies. At first the grass cut my hands, because my grip was not strong enough to keep the grass from slipping through my

palms and fingers. Then my father would advise me to gather wood in the forest near by. I would be too tired to carry the wood home, so he would carry it. After the plot of ground was cleared, my mother would get camote slips, the growing ends of the vines, and we would go to the hill-farm to plant them. My father and I would stand on the uphill side with heavy digging sticks, really poles [3–4 metres long] and would thrust them down heavily and loosen the soil about half a double arm's length below us [nearly a metre] and pry it out into little crescents on the hill-side. With her field knife (*balang ya*), my mother would pulverize the soil, then stick in the camote cuttings.

There would not be so much danger from enemies while clearing and planting as there would be later on, because our enemies would still be engaged in their harvesting and after-harvest rites. But when weeding time came, the men would stand guard while the women pulled weeds, for our enemies would then be active.

One time we tried to do otherwise: about ten of us men and boys went, without the women, to weed the fields. Each man went to his own plot—Bulinon had the most distant of these. After a short time there was a shout that he was speared. We all rushed to him, shouting the news down the valley; it was relayed to Hingyón and the men there grabbed their spears and shields and hurried toward us. But the Ayangan people escaped through the thick forest. We brought Bulinon home; he had been wounded in the leg, but we got the spear out and he could

walk, supported by a man on either side. After many sacrifices he recovered.

Three days after this happening, we had to go to bearing fields in the same vicinity to dig camotes for food, as we had run out of them. This time, we took the women along to dig while we men and boys stood watch. When the camotes had been dug, a man shouted to the women to get ready to go home in a body. The clearings of two of the women were rather far away, so that they did not hear the man's order, and did not obey it. We had already started home when we heard a shout, " They're killing Buligan." The men all dropped their burdens, rushed back and found Buligan with a spear in her back. She soon died. Again we couldn't find the Ayanganites. They had planted *huga* [1] and we had to be careful in our pursuit, sweeping the path before us with our shields, and this gave them time to get away. We made a runo reed stretcher (*ayud*) on which to carry Buligan back, picked up our camotes, and started homeward with two men at the rear without burdens as a guard. We were met by people from the village who had heard the news. Our fields were so far from the village that a man would have to set his burden down, on the way, three times in order to rest a bit.[2]

With the Ayangan people so dangerous at this time, there was no more sending of boys for fuel: men and boys went in a body. We went far in order to get oak and other heavy woods having a high fuel

[1] *Huga*: sharpened bamboo sticks set in the ground, slantingly, so as to inflict a vicious wound just above the ankle when walked into.

[2] The Ifugao's measure of a road—and a very good one. Distance is by no means the only factor in measuring a road in these mountains—the difficulty of the road itself, especially its steepness, is of at least equal importance.

value so that we would not have to go often. Five men would watch while the others chopped wood. The men wanted to lay in a supply during the idle season [between harvest and field-spading time].

Once enemies eluded the vigilance of the guards and Numpango, one of the woodcutters, was speared in the belly while working. The Ayangan people couldn't take the head because there were too many of us near, but neither could we overtake them. Again we made a runo reed stretcher and carried back a corpse, half of us acting as guards and half carrying double loads of wood. This death was afterward avenged by a kinsman of Numpango, who speared an Ayangan man. In general the Ubwag people were our allies against the Ayanganites—at least those of them were who made hill-farms in the same locality as we did.

A year later, the locusts came in great swarms to Palao and we all went there to gather them.[1] It rained and the locusts settled, their wings being wet, on the runo canes, trees, and bushes, so we went home, but returned in the evening and found folk coming from many other regions: Mampolya, Luhadan, Kababuyan, Ubwag. Somebody threw stones at the Luhadan people to drive them away.

[1] I saw such swarms only two years out of nine; weather conditions must be exceptional to permit the multiplication to abnormal numbers. In such years, the locusts fly in swarms that darken the sun; their droppings on the vegetation sound like rain. Settling on trees, they break off large branches. When they fly near the ground, they are gathered out of the air by a net which is whirled round and round by a man running. If they have settled on vegetation, they are shaken off into a wide-mouthed basket. Caught by either process, they are kept alive in a well-ventilated basket (*butit*) for a few days or until used. They are prepared for cooking by plucking off their wings and hind legs. They are cooked in a number of ways: fried, boiled, spitted, and those not consumed soon are preserved in a bamboo joint with chile pepper and lard.

A man and a woman would work together in gathering locusts, the man shaking the bushes, the woman holding the basket and scooping up those that fell on the ground. When the gathering basket (*kulub*) was full, the two of them would empty it into the ventilating basket (*butit*) where the locusts would tive for several days.

While thus occupied, I heard Tuklib, a man working near me, groan Um-m-mh-h-h-h! and knew that he was speared. He tried to reach his shield and I jumped for mine; women screamed and the news was shouted in all directions. We kindred of his, who were near by, told each other, "Wait! See if they come for his head."

We built fires on each side of him to warm him for he was still living and to give light while fifteen of us, ourselves hidden in the darkness, watched throughout the night, hoping they'd be tempted to come and try to take his head. But they didn't. He died during the night. We couldn't have carried him home during the night because the way was precipitous and, in the pitch dark, there would have been danger of falling over a cliff.

After the vengeance ceremonies and funeral, his brother, Pudong, was always trying to get started on an expedition to avenge him, but the omens of the bird were always against him, so he never accomplished anything. Finally the Americans came and established "order" and he was afraid to go.

One growing season of the rice (*tialgo*) we went to our hill-farms in Palao and found that our camotes had been stolen and the vines pulled up. We made

inquiries in Holnad and were told that the Gilut people had been seen going there at dusk and returning at daybreak with their baskets loaded with camotes. Not only we, but the Ubwag and Mampolya people who had gardens in the same place had been robbed. Pangel, of Mampolya, a kinsman of the slain Tuklib, who had a gun, made up a party of eight men from Mampolya, ten from Hingyón, and persuaded Habiling of Holnad, who also had a gun, to join it.

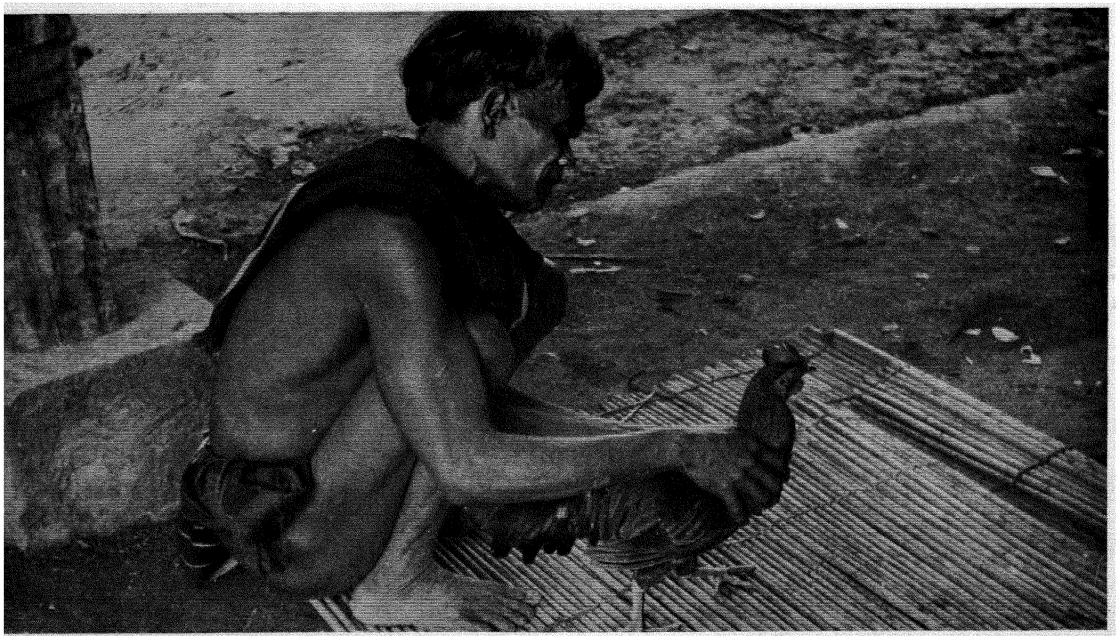
The party went to Gilut and saw a man and woman peeping out of the grass, thinking perhaps that they were unseen and safe, since our party was at a distance. Habiling aimed well with his gun and shot the man. We rushed up and captured the woman and beheaded the man. On the way home, Pangel harangued us and proposed as follows:

"You, my companions and kindred, let Ayuhip (the captured woman) be taken with the head of her husband to Mampolya so that she may look on it during the headfeast we shall make. After that we shall make a *pahang* ceremony, send her to be sold, and shall distribute the money among those who went on the expedition."

We accepted his proposal, and from the proceeds each spearsman was given P1.50 and the two who had guns were given P5 each.

The success of this exploit was much talked about and soon a much larger expedition was under way—one that embraced all the regions along the tributary, from Kababuyan to Buhne, and included from fifty to eighty people. On the way, some of the people from Mampolya declared that we must not attack

PLATE 18



Kumiha, before invoking a rooster, takes the precaution of calming its nerves by stroking so that it will not give a bad prognostication

Pugu village in Gilut because they had kin there, so we didn't, but we asked them, "If you have kin there, why did you come on the expedition?"

The Gilut people had got word of the intended expedition and had cleaned out their villages of all that could be carried away before we got there. In some villages they had removed the thatch and floors from their houses, leaving only the frame, so that it would be very difficult to burn the house. We found no jars or gongs or pigs, chickens, or any of the plunder we had hoped for, but we captured a woman who was sold as a slave and the purchase money was distributed among those who had lost their camotes. We were able to burn some houses in the villages of Alungi, Dotal, and Patu—the people of the last were those who had ruined our camote fields. We also destroyed their dykes so that their rice crop would be a failure that year; the rice was about half-grown (*pinungul*). The dykes were very hard to destroy, because they had pounded them with stones and pestles and made them very dense. We returned with minor plunder—baskets, especially locust baskets, and wooden bowls.

Three days after that, thirty of us Hingyón people went back with the purpose of carrying away the frames of houses that had been unroofed and so had escaped being burned. We went to Dugung village and took the more valuable timbers such as the *mondilig*, *kuling*, *gauwaan*, *bagat*, and *wanan*.[1]

[1] Ifugao houses are all made after the same pattern, and the timbers are all named. The lower timbers, such as those here named, are of hardwood which resists the ravages of white ants; they are the ones which have a value. The upper timbers are of soft wood, since the smoke from the fireplace protects them against insects.

There were not enough burdens to supply some of us, so we went on to Banui village where all the houses had been unroofed and supplied ourselves there. Carrying these timbers home was about the hardest task that most of us ever had in our whole lives, I suspect. They were very heavy, the way was long and steep, the sun intense, and we were hungry.[1] We exchanged the house parts for chickens.

That year I witnessed an eventful scrimmage over a carabao carcass (*ginat*), in which about a hundred men strove, each, to cut off as much meat as he could and to carry it to his helper, who stood in a ring at a distance of about six double-arms' lengths [10 metres] from the scrimmagers. The occasion was a second burial (*binogwat*) in the village of Duging, in our home region of Hingyón. People had assembled from far and near. My father participated in the scrimmage and I stood in the ring to hold any meat he might obtain. I heard a man, Ngipul, exclaim, " I am wounded," saw him retreat from the scrimmage and watched him intently. He rushed with his bolo and slashed another of the participants, Tuginay, who fell to the ground. Piklud, brother of Tuginay, saw what had happened and speared Buligon, brother of Ngipul. Buligon's meat fell to the ground, and some boys, standing like myself in the ring, ran and grabbed it and carried it away. Lukahi, another kinsman of Tuginay, threw a spear at another of Ngipul's kin, Naholga, but the latter dodged it. Naholga picked up the spear and threw at Lukahi, who dodged in turn. Nangligan, son of Naholga, threw a spear at

[1] No doubt many of these men carried more than their own weight.

Lukahi, but missed. Lukahi then ran away, seeing two against him. The majority of the scramblers for meat were so absorbed in what they were doing that they knew nothing of what was happening, despite the cries of the women and the shouts of the bystanders. One of them, Binyahan, became cognizant, somehow, of Buligon's death and of who had killed him. Being related to Buligon, he speared Piklud, the man who had speared Buligon—speared him in the back and ran away. Piklud stood a long time with the spear in his back, his eyes searching for the man who had done it, then, gradually, he sank down. By this time, most people had noticed what had occurred and had quit the scrimmage, but some twelve or fifteen men still continued, giving their entire attention to a hind leg. Buyukan, kinsman of Naholga, was offended by this and threw a spear, hitting one of them, Balogan, who was unrelated to anybody involved in the fight, in the foot.

What did you say was the reason he threw the spear?

He thought it was a bad way [indecorous] for them to continue the scrimmage when men were walking about with spears in their backs. He wanted to make them notice something besides that carabao leg.

Buligon was dead. Piklud died that night. Ngipul died during the vengeance ceremonies for Piklud and Tuginay during the vengeance ceremonies for Ngipul. There were no further consequences: people said, "Let it stop—there are two dead on each side."

When I was a boy I was very much afraid of ghosts and that kept me tied to an agamang that was near

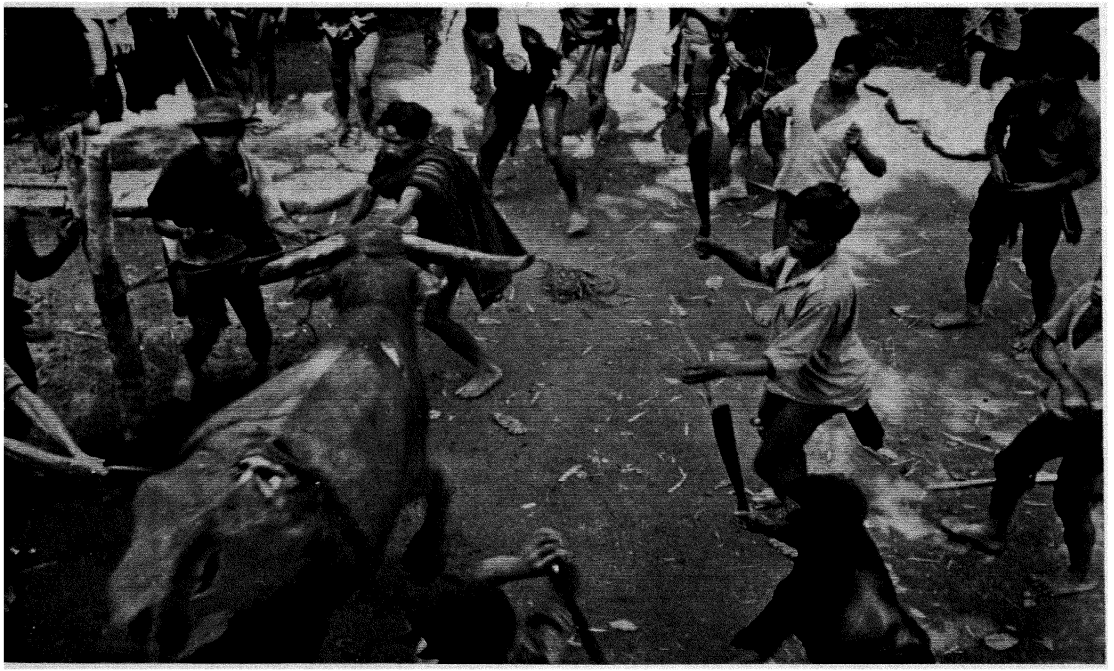
home. I was a pretty large boy, well past puberty, before I began to sleep in a girl's agamang and even then I was for a long time lacking in courage. One night a new girl came to the agamang. I woke up during the night and ascertained that she was sleeping with her legs spread. I reached over, touched her genitals, and then I felt twice as large, twice as strong, and twice as brave as I had ever felt before. I got on top of her, thinking all the time, "If she wakes up, she'll whack me in the mouth with those heavy brass fore-armlets she is wearing." She didn't wake up, however—at least she pretended to sleep on. Next night I had intercourse with her three times, the same way—while she was asleep. But on the third night she pushed me away. Another boy had come, had chewed betels with her, and was sleeping with her. I was not angry, as they had had relations before and I considered myself ahead of the game as it was.

Now I was not so afraid of ghosts as before. Soon after this, Balogan, one of our kinsmen who had married in Holnad and gone there to live, died. Our kindred brought the body back here to Hingyón for the funeral rites. Two girls, kin of Balogan's widow, accompanied the body along with others of her kindred. I was greatly attracted by the beauty of Kuyape and called my kinsman, Hiyadon, to come with me to chew betels with the two girls.

"You may expect to see me in Holnad, soon," I told Kuyape, "for I want to marry you."

"Yes, we might marry," she answered.

Hiyadon likewise proposed marriage to Malinay and was accepted. We agreed with them that Hiyadon



By all the rules, a carabao ought to be tied to a post, and killed by an axe stroke in the back of the neck, but in this case the guests were impatient. (Photo by H. D. Barton)

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and I would come to Holnad after the entombment. They told us where their agamang was.

On the day after the entombment, Hiyadon and I started for Holnad about mid-afternoon and arrived about dark. We rested a bit underneath the agamang, chewed betels, and then coughed.

" Who's there ? " asked the girls.

We told them who, were admitted, and chewed betels with them. After that, we played on the lovers' harp. What did we say on the lovers' harp ? It was one of the girls, who played first and she said :

" Harped these Williams ! [1] We went on a journey, went on a visit there to your village, there to your village at Up-and-Down, at Crooked, we went and kept seeing, kept noting, that there are many Marys there in your village, there in your village, like little landslides into your village, there in your village of Up-and-Down, at Crooked. You are, indeed, to be pitied, because you had become accustomed to them, had become gentled to them.

" Harped those Bugans at the Looking-Down-Place on (?) Ananayo, who tire these Williams, deceive these Williams in your village of Looking-Down-Place on (?) Ananayo. Harped also these Marys, these

[1] In these songs the boys are called " Ginnids ", Ginnid being a frequent masculine personal name ; I translate as " Williams ". The girls are called Bugans, Bugan being the most frequent woman's name, or Damayuns ; I translate " Marys " or " Jennys ".

The lovers' harp is a piece of bamboo, about 8 cm. long and somewhat less than a centimetre in width, having a thin, vibrating central tongue. The harp is held between the lips ; its tongue is vibrated by means of the hand as the breath is exhaled, the lips moving so as to half whisper the words of an improvised song. None but Ifugaos can distinguish the words and even they only because the vocabulary used is limited, and the songs conform to conventionalized patterns, so that, recognizing a key word, now and then, the listener knows what is being said. The language is highly figurative and the implications of the song are well, even almost delicately, concealed.

Jennys who are disliked by the Williams here, deceived by the Williams of this place. You came to look around, came to enter this village of ours, this village of yours at Looking-Down-Place on (?) Ananayo." [1]

Then I took the harp and sang:

"Your words have been harped, you Marys and Jennys. There *are* Marys in our village of Up-and-Down, at Crooked. These Williams, these young men, have become tired of them. We have come to take note, we came and saw, came on a journey, have travelled hither to your village, this your village at Looking-Down-Place on (?) the Shaded-Place, Ananayo.[2] We will give each other, will pass each other, the body of the lovers' harp. We came to your village and saw many Williams, like little landslides they are, in your village, in your village. You be the ones to talk, you the ones to convince, you the ones to make acquaintance, you the ones to comfort, you the ones to be village mates, you the ones to be co-villagers here at Looking-Down-Place on (?) the Shaded Place, Ananayo.

"Harped these Williams at Up-and-Down who are disliked by the Marys, fooled by the Marys there in our village of Up-and-Down, at Crooked."

Then I passed the harp to Hiyadan, who sang:

"Conversing and conversing with you Marys, we are going to give the harp to each other, pass along the

[1] Paraphrase: We went to your village and saw that there are many girls there, to whom doubtless you had become accustomed and with whom you had made love. But they have tired you or have deceived you. We girls are also disliked and deceived by the boys here. You have come to look around and have entered this village of ours, this village of yours.

[2] I was told that "Looking-Down-Place on (?) Ananayo is a veiled suggestion of the mons veneris and Shaded-Place Ananayo suggestive of the vulva.

harp to each other, so that we become acquainted, so that we be gentle with each other in this sleeping house of yours, sleeping house of you Marys, of you womankind, so that we may be complementary to each other [1]; we will be like two posts standing together; we will become accustomed to each other, here in your village, your village and its surroundings."

Hiyadon then gave the harp to Kuyape, who sang:

"Harped these Williams! You have come to the sleeping house of, agamang of, dormitory of us Marys, this snuggling place of ours. If you have no bad feelings [toward us?], if you are not doubtful about our bodies,[2] bodies of these Marys, this womankind, let us, if you like, give each other the body of the lovers' harp, pass it around to each other, so that, if not repelled, if not doubtful about the bodies of us womankind, let us talk, let us consult, let us sleep, let us snuggle here in this sleeping house, this snuggle-place of ours; let us become accustomed, let us be gentle with each other, so that you will come again, will continue in this sleeping house of ours, this agamang of ours."

We continued playing the lovers' harp in this strain for a while and then we went to sleep, the girls on the house-shelf, we boys on the floor. Hiyadan woke up and went to the house-shelf to talk with Malinay.

I forgot to say that this house was that of Malinay's father, Bumilat, a widower, and that he was sleeping there, also. When he heard Hiyadan coaxing, he told

[1] Takdul-tako, to be complementary—"just like betel nut and betel leaf."

[2] "About our bodies" = "about us." The word body (*adol*) is much used in these improvisations. The lovers' harp, for example, is called *adol di bikong* "body of the lovers' harp".

his daughter, "It would be all right! If he really wants to marry you, it's all right." The girl then permitted Hiyadan to climb up on the house-shelf with her.

I had been lying impatient, waiting for Hiyadan and Malinay to finish their talk, so when he climbed up, I went to Kuyape.

"Here I am; you must accept, for you promised, and because of that I came."

The girl acted coyly, and Malinay's father said, "You know that you accepted in Hingyón, and see how far these boys have come! If their feeling for you had not been strong, they would not have come so far."

It was close quarters for all of us on the house-shelf, but we all managed to lie there. We didn't sleep: we talked and caressed the girls, each couple waiting for the other to go to sleep. The girls were very modest; they suggested that we had left sweethearts behind in Hingyón, had come only for a change, and that we wouldn't come again.

"Let's just wait and see if you come!" they said.

At second cockcrow, we arose. "Why do you go so early?" asked the girls.

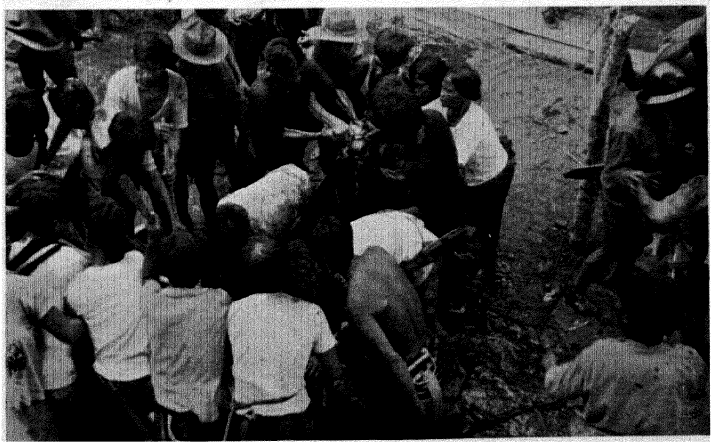
"Safest time for making the journey," we answered. "It's a long way to Hingyón and the danger from enemies is not small."

The girls preceded us down the ladder, carrying our spears for us, and we followed with our shields. We talked a while with them, chewed betels, agreed we'd come back on the third night, then started home.

On the appointed night we went back, coughed



(*a*) A small free-for-all over a carabao carcass. I have seen over 200 men engaged in such a scrimmage. (Photo by H. D. Barton)



(*b*) "Orderly" sharing of meat among kin—sometimes not much different from the free-for-all scrimmage. (Photo by F. Bugbug)

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under the door; when the girls opened the door, we jumped back into the darkness.

"Why, there's nobody here," they exclaimed.

"Here we are," I answered.

"Name of you men?" the girls inquired, formally, and then laughed, for they knew who was there.

The girls came down, sat on our shields with us below the house for a while; we chewed with them, then went up. There we chewed betels again, played the lovers' harp, and bantered each other. When we got sleepy, we widened the house-shelf with our shields so we would have more room than the night before, then climbed up to sleep. Hiyadan had intercourse with his girl right away and I tried to have with mine but the girl was very modest and wanted to wait till the other couple had gone to sleep.

But Hiyadan didn't go to sleep, and was soon repeating. After that he slept soundly, and my girl gave me. Hiyadan had intercourse three times that night and I only twice. At second cockcrow Bumilat built up the fire, which lighted the house up, and that prevented our having intercourse again. At third cockcrow we arose, the girls carried our spears down the ladder, and we followed with our shields.

"Wait a little," said the girls. "We got some betels for you yesterday and hid them." They took the betels from where they had hidden them in the brush and filled our hip-bags.

"When will you come again?" they asked.

We told them on the third day, but at home, we decided to go on the fourth; our parents advised us not to go too often and not to go regularly, since

an enemy might lie in wait for us. They also told us to go always at a different time of the day, so on the fourth day, we went later than usual. The girls were already asleep and there was no response when we coughed. We thumped on the floor above.

"Name of you who thump?" they asked, and let us in.

After chewing betels, we went to the house shelf. The girls nagged us about our having come ourselves but as yet having sent no messengers.

"We are our own messengers," I answered. "If we sent a messenger, what would he talk about but the very same things we talk about ourselves? And if my messenger came back to me and said, 'Send them a chicken,' I'd be in a pretty fix who have no chicken. I must acquire one before I think about sending a messenger."

Still the girl insisted that a messenger must be sent.

"But the messenger would tell your parents and they would tell you just exactly the same that I'm telling you. And if you had ever passed by my house, your own eyes would have seen that there was no chicken coop there. I tell you I must go and earn first."

"If you are in a hurry," I added, "and if there is someone who could send a messenger sooner than I—it's up to you. There's no chance for me at present to acquire one by working."

The girl answered, "Since you say that there is no chance for you to acquire one by working, why, I'm unlucky. But perhaps you could find chickens all right for another girl. It's up to you!"

Yes, I thought to myself, it's up to me and well, I'll just not come back.

Next morning, Kuyape invited us to her house to get some betels, but we refused, whereupon the girls said, "Wait then and we'll bring you some." But we couldn't wait, as it was already almost mid-forenoon. The girls overtook us on the way, however, and had brought betel and palm leaf sheaths of which they made a crude back-basket in which to carry the betels. We didn't go back there. First of all we didn't like the way they tried to hurry us into sending a messenger, and secondly, we didn't want to marry yet.

After several weeks, the girls came to Hingyón to exchange some *ḳulde* fruit. I saw them and went to ask for betels. I tried to pass over the delicate situation by laughing and joking, but Kuyape didn't laugh. She had exchanged her *ḳulde* fruit for ten bundles of rice. Malinay asked about Hiyadan. I told them he had left early in the morning, but soon I saw him walking along a dyke in Holhol and took the girls to his house. He came and invited us inside, but the girls wouldn't enter. Then he brought down food, but they wouldn't eat, saying they'd eaten on the road here. So Hiyadan put the rice back on the house-shelf and postponed eating, himself [as good manners required].

While we were sitting under the eaves, Kuyape, having first looked around to see if anybody was in hearing, remarked, "How deceitful you have been! Even if you did not like us, you ought to have let us know, somehow, that you were not coming back."

We talked over memories of our visits for a while. Finally Malinay rose to go and as she did so, pinched Hiyadan's ear, saying, "*Mih'tu-kayo, te ume-kami.*" [1] As they left, Kuyape grabbed my g-string and tore it a little. Then they gave us a large supply of betels.

"Here are betels," they said, "which we give you to chew with the girls that have taken our places."

We procured them a supply of betel leaves and told them, "We are ashamed, for, as you see, we have nothing."

"Yes, we have seen," they answered, "there is nothing."

Next harvest Hiyadan and I attended a first-harvest (*badang*: see fn. 1, p. 31). On returning home we took a by-path to Holnad to see the girls. We went to their agamang and listened under the floor; ascertained that a man was there. One of us coughed, they opened the door, and we went up. After some talk and betel-chewing, the girls climbed up on the house-shelf to sleep. We men slept on the floor. I suggested to the strange man that he climb up on the shelf with the girls.

"No, *I* can't," he answered, "because I can't marry them."

The girls were playing the lovers' harp and what they were saying made me think that the stranger had never had any relations with either of them. I told Hiyadan to lie quiet and I would try to find out whether anything was possible for either of us. I went to the house-shelf and asked them to move over and make a place for me.

[1] "Stay here, as we are going"—the Ifugao's phrase of taking leave.

"Why, yes," answered Malinay, "but maybe you will not sleep well on this house-shelf."

"This is the man," added Kuyape, "who didn't want to marry us. I haven't changed a bit since that time."

"I'll send a messenger before harvest," I promised.

"*O-o, takon man adí*! [Yes, we'll see again!]" she answered.

Hiyadan didn't then try to sleep with Malinay because he was afraid her father, Bumilat, would say something if he did.

I kept promising Kuyape I would send a messenger; I tried and tried, but could do nothing with the girl. I sweated and got thirsty. About midnight I suggested that we stop talking and go to sleep. When the girl's heavy breathing told me she was asleep, I began to steal from her. After an interval she woke up and jerked my ear, but it was too late for her then—I was through. I assured her I would send a messenger before harvest, then went back to sleep on the floor. Hiyadan knew what had occurred, rose, and asked Malinay to make room for him. She refused.

"You see," he said, "Kuyape and Kumíha are sleeping soundly."

"Well, why should they not sleep? Why do you come here?"

"I am very cold," he pleaded.

She let him up on the house-shelf, but he had no success. Bumilat rose, built up the fire to warm himself. I got up, too, and we chewed betels. I asked him where Hiyadan was. "Maybe sleeping with Malinay," he answered, unconcernedly.

At third cockcrow we went home, I ridiculing Hiyadan for having had such a bad night.

In the agamang where I next slept, in Hingyón, there was a fellow, Inyopan, who seemed never to sleep; he would be getting up all night and going over to stroke the bodies of the sleeping girls. Nearly every night a girl would wake up, scold him, and throw his bolo and shield out of the door. He would have to go for his belongings, of course, and as he went he would be muttering, "Why should I be the only one to be cast out of your agamang?"

"Yes, because you are the only one who keeps touching us girls in the night."

It was always happening so: he might stay away one night after his expulsion but would surely be back the next. He would come around asking for fire to light his cigar-roll. A girl whom he had recently offended would rush to the door and pull in the ladder, whereupon Inyopan would protest that he was being unjustly treated, and yet he'd be laughing within himself all the time. He would stay under the house and shout embarrassing remarks to the girls, telling their secrets that he had learned. Then he would go to some other agamang and get himself thrown out of it.

A girl of our region, Hinayup, was engaged to Bukbukalon of Kababuyan, but was receiving Buminaang when Bukbukalon did not come. One night, Bukbukalon came at midnight. Buminaang heard his brass leglets clanking under the front door. He pinched Hinayup to awaken her and informed her of the situation. She told him to get up on the outer

house-shelf (*patye*) and, when Bukbukalon was coming in, to drop between the shelf and the roof down to the ground. He did so and stayed under the house to overhear the conversation between the two above. Bukbukalon suspected something and kept saying, "Where is that man? Where is that man?"

"What man? What man?" Hinayup kept answering. "If there's a man in this house, show him to me!'

"I don't know where he went, but I know he was here."

Next morning, Bukbukalon told Hinayup, "Well, I'm going home. If any more men come around and you want them, take them, for I'm not coming back."

Buminaang was afraid to go back, so Hinayup left her house and came to our agamang to sleep. One night Dinamling, of Kababuyan, came; at midnight he touched Hinayup. She didn't move, so he stole from her; then he returned to his place with the rest of the men. After a while, he repeated, but after it was over, Hinayup woke up and reviled him and with her loud talk kept the whole agamang awake till morning. Next morning she kept his bolo and spear, so he couldn't go home. We couldn't make out just what her motive was.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said Imaya, one of the other girls. "It's impossible that he did anything to you without you knowing about it at the time. Why didn't you say something then?"

Hinayup gave him back his property—and you should have seen how he ran! Pohna, a neighbour, remarked:

" There goes a man who is drunk with the *pinahapa* [the first wine drawn off a batch of malt—considered the best] of Hinayup ! "

Finally, another Kababuyan man, Timango, came and married the girl. He sent a pogpog to Bukbukalon, but said that was all he could do ; he could send no mommon to Hinayup's kin. The girl agreed. After that he brought chickens for the málahín, but there was a debate about the bile of the chicken brought for the subsequent rites (*pinyu*), some saying it was good, some that it was bad.

" Well, let them go ahead and live together," said those who held that it was bad, " and we'll see who was right."

A year later, Timangon was killed in Pagayape. A force of Katipunan [Filipino revolutionaries led by Aguinaldo] who were fleeing across Ifugao came through Kababuyan, and Timangon rushed out with spear and shield toward a village where some of the Katipunan had stopped, not knowing they were there. They fired a volley at him, and he rolled down a precipice and landed in a pool of water. That showed who was right about the bile omen !

My father had come from the Piwong region and, since he had many relatives there, I thought it well I should go there to marry. Accordingly, I went hunting a girl and found one, Intanap, a very pretty woman, who had recently divorced from her husband on account of childlessness. We maintained marital relations in the agamang for about half a year, at which time the girl told me she was pregnant and that I'd better send a messenger. I did so, and later sent

chickens for the málahín. The omens were good. The child was born, but my wife died when he was about four years old.

When I married, my father advised me to clear a large hill-farm and have plenty of camotes, "for camotes," he said, "are the lot of the poor." When my wife died, he advised me, "Don't run after girls for a while.[1] Spend your time in the clearing at work: then your child will grow fast. Don't neglect your child. When you don't go to the hill-farm, try to earn chickens and *palay* [unthreshed rice]."

For a time I followed this advice. My father and mother took care of the boy more than I did, though he often stayed with me for a few days. I would work at spading time in a mutual-help gang (*bokla*): that is to say, a group of kinsmen, say six to twelve, who spade the fields now of one, next day of another, and so on till each member has received one day's work of the gang on his fields. When they have completed a circuit, they begin all over again, making three or four rounds of work during a season. Since I had no fields, the others would pay me in chickens and rice: that would be called my "*ubu*". That is to say, the *ubu* is the time when the group works on your fields or, if you have no fields, when they pay you off.

One year we had trouble in our mutual help gang. When it came Bubud's *ubu*, his uncle (*ulitao*), Balog, said he couldn't work that day, as he had no camotes

[1] Ifugaos believe that continence of the widowed reacts favourably on their children, incontinence unfavourably.

to eat at home and (having no wife) would have to go dig some. Bubud became furiously angry and abusive. Balog picked up his spear and shield and walked away but forgot his spade. Bubud grabbed his spear and ran after him, whereupon Balog began to run, and Bubud shouted after him that one of these days he would hammer Balog's head with a stone. The rest of us went to work Bubud's field. At noon, after eating, I told Bubud, "Why would you kill your uncle on account of an *ubu*? If he has no camotes, what would he eat when he came home tired from a hard day's work?"

"Why did he choose my *ubu* as the day he had to go get his camotes?" replied Bubud.

"I suppose because his camotes ran out on the day before that day," I answered. "And now you just suppose this: if he had been like you and hadn't run away from you, and if a fight had occurred, then what? Why, it would have been a great shame for our family."

After the day's work, I went to Balog's house and told him that he ought not to have talked back to Bubud, no matter what the latter said, since he was Bubud's "father" and an older man.

"I will not work in his field," said Balog, "nor pay his *ubu*."

"That will make him still angrier."

"After his threats and language, I'll do nothing for him."

"All right," I answered, "then I'll do your day's work for him, myself."

As we were talking, Bubud passed Balog's hut

(*abong*), overheard our voices, and hurled Balog's spade through the wall of the abong. Startled, I rushed out and saw Bubud running and thought that he was going for his spear. Balog came behind me with his spear and shield, but I pushed him back into his hut and told him to stay there. I told him how ashamed we should all be if he should hurt his " son " or his " son " should hurt him. I told him again that I would settle the *ubu*.

I went home, got a small chicken, brought it to Balog, showed it to him and told him I was taking it to Bubud to pay the *ubu*. Then I took it to Bubud and told him it was to pay Balog's time on his field. He accepted and I reproved him for throwing the spade through Balog's hut.

" Of course Balog was angry when you followed him with abusive words and threats to pound his head with a rock, and it was the worst thing I ever heard of for you to throw the spade through his hut this evening."

On a later day, our party had to divide, half going to work Bimoyah's field, half to work Ganu's. Bubud and Balog were told off to go with the party assigned to Ganu's field. Bubud, in a very offensive way, refused to work in the party with Balog.

Next day, after we had eaten (for I have observed that that is the best time to talk to a man) I told Bubud that he was entirely too ill-tempered and hard to get along with, and that if he could not learn a little patience and endurance, he ought not to work in a mutual-help gang.

When we had finished the first round of *ubu* and

were about to start on the second [called *itika*], Bubud told us, "I have to go to Ubwag; don't begin the second round until I get back."

He went, but we didn't wait for him, and he came back two days late for the second round.

"I wanted to see," he said with a sort of laugh, "whether the gang could get along without any trouble when it worked without me."

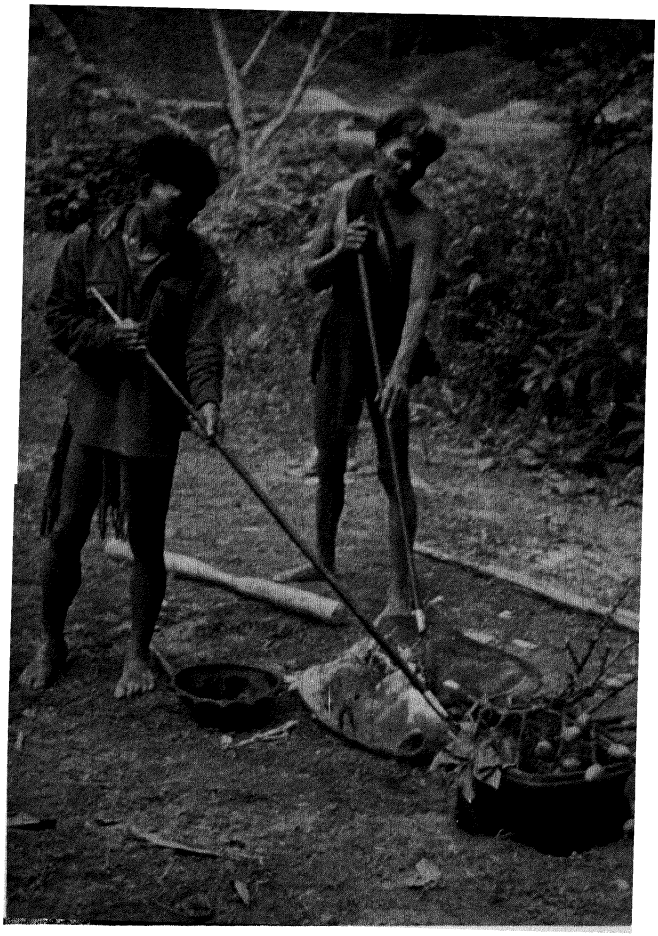
"You spoke truly, kinsman," I told him, "there was no trouble. If the whole bunch of us splashed mud on another, he went and washed it off and said nothing, whether he liked it or not."

When it came time for the third round (called *banong*), we all agreed that we could no longer work with him. He assembled with us to begin it, but Ganggangon, owner of the first field where we were to work, told him:

"You, 'brother,' do not come, because when it comes time to work on your field, you will want to kill us and will chase us with spears. Or if on another day you are splashed with mud, you will be angry and we shall have to eat together with bitter feelings—and that is very bad."

So Bubud went to a mutual-help gang of kindred on his mother's side, of Hingyón folk, and worked with it the rest of the season. I afterward met some of the kin on his mother's side from this group. They remarked, "Why, you people on his father's side regarded Bubud as hard to get along with? We didn't find him so."

"Well, I am very glad," I answered. "We did find him difficult, but it was probably only because it



Kumíha, shouting invocations over victims at mock head-feast

[*face p.* 240

was his first work in a gang of men and he hadn't learned how to get along with them."

These words of mine were probably reported to Bubud, for next year he joined our mutual-help gang, since it was more convenient for him, and worked very well with us.

My father told me always to speak plainly to a kinsman when he was in the wrong, but to choose the occasion and my words very carefully, so as to appease rather than increase his anger.

" If a kinsman gets angry with you," said he, " do not answer him—go away from him. When his anger has cooled, go to him and ask him if he is making trouble because he doesn't want you to come to his house any more.

" Don't ever stir up trouble between kin or neighbours, but on the other hand, try to allay troubles on every possible occasion, even though it costs you something. People will never forget it, they will help and protect you. They will say, ' That man never makes trouble, he is generous in shunting it aside; he always brings a chicken to help out in the sacrifices when there is sickness, if he has one. We will help and protect him, too.' "

My father taught me our ancestors and about the members of our kinship group who had been slain but remained unavenged. He said I must avenge them if possible, but to be very careful and not rush into danger and lose my own life. " And if," said he, " you should be unable to avenge them teach your son to do so.[1]

[1] In this connection it is well to mention that Kumíha's son is doing fifteen years in Palawan Penal Colony for complicity in a murder of which, according to the Ifugaos, he is entirely innocent. Another man did the

At about this time, my mother's sister, Boyad, living with her husband, Kumu, in Oong, had some trouble. Kumu, the husband, stole a pig in Kababuyan in broad daylight. The owner and his kin came to Kababuyan, found Kumu sitting in his yard, and speared him. Boyad, the wife, ran out of the house, pursued and speared one of the party in the leg. There was no further sequel. Kumu's kin said, "It was his own fault." Had they been rich people, they might have avenged.

Boyad then lived a while with us in Hingyón, after which she went to Kudug. The people there accused her of being a poisoner. One day when she went to get fuel, two men awaited her return along the path from the forest. One wounded her in one breast, the other in the other breast. Then they ran away. She tried to pursue, but couldn't as she was unable to withdraw the spear from one of her breasts. When she arrived at her hut (*abong*), some of the Kudug people wanted to kill her, but others protected her.

The report which first reached us was that she was killed, but it was soon corrected. But since she was in danger, her kindred in Piwong and some of us from Hingyón went and brought her to Piwong, removed the spear that was still in her breast, and helped her

murder, but the boy wanted a share in the glory of it and made a confession which was untrue. Likewise the people say that two of those arrested for killings and head-takings in Piwong last April (1937) confessed a share in the deed for a like motive, but are utterly guiltless. It seems not improbable. The glory of avenging a kinsman or ancestor is, to the Ifugao, the greatest one possible, and he thinks any price a cheap one to pay for it short of his own life. I believe that the Ifugaos know the truth in the instances mentioned above and can see no reason why they should misrepresent the facts.

until she could raise her own camotes, built a hut for her, and so on. We didn't avenge her; we said, "Well, what can we do? Maybe it's true, what they say about her."

When my boy was larger and growing well, I thought I might again begin going to the agamang. My "father", Dinamling, told me of an agamang in Mabulon, in Kababuyan, where there was a girl he thought I might like. I went, taking my kinsman, Ganu, with me. One of the girls at this agamang was Imbangad, whom I had never seen before. I proposed marriage and she accepted, but she refused intercourse that night.

"Well," I thought, many girls like to show their modesty by refusing the first night. I shall succeed to-morrow."

But I didn't. To my importunities she had only one answer: "Send a messenger; my sexual organs will not run away, they will stay here with me. After the messenger, please!"

But on the third night, I told her I was my own messenger and finally talked her into yielding. I went there nearly every night for a while. Some weeks later, at a drinkfest in Hingyón, I saw a very pretty girl, Dinayu, of Tubitub, Kababuyan region, who appealed to me mightily. I sat with her in a party singing joking songs. After a while, I touched her shoulder as a sign I wanted to talk privately with her and arranged a tryst at her agamang. That night I returned to my girl at Mabulon. Next night I went to the girl at Tubitub and proposed marriage, but she refused, saying she was engaged to another man.

I said that in that case I would return home. She, however, asked me to stay, saying that on the morrow the engagement would be formally broken. I stayed, but without success. On the next night, I went back to Mabulon to sleep, and on the night after that, went to Tubitub, again. The girl was unwilling.

" Then I had better go home," I said. " There's no use coming here just to sleep."

She persuaded me to stay, however, and finally I was successful. Next night I went back to Mabulon, where Imbangad nagged me again to send a messenger. I was tired of this girl, so I told her I would not send a messenger, that I was a widower, and that as soon as I should send a messenger, there would be lots of gibu to pay to my dead wife's kindred. The girl said that I had promised to send a messenger and that she would help me pay the gibu.

" But I haven't a single chicken in my house," I said.

" Since we agreed before that you would send a messenger, it must be my fault that you have nó chicken! Or, perhaps I prevent your working to earn one?"

There was nothing I could answer to this, so I decided to quit going to her.

The next night I went back to Dinayu and she began precisely the same line of talk as Imbangad had used the night before: about a messenger, would help with the gibu, did she prevent my earning a chicken, and so on. And so I decided not to go back there, either. I went to neither place for several nights, when there occurred a drinkfest in another village of the Kababuyan region. I attended the night before the

drinkfest and drank a great deal and still more at the drinkfest itself on the morrow. Dinayu came, carried my spear and shield, and helped me to her house to sleep it off. While I was sleeping, Imbangad, the other girl, came, I opened my eyes and saw her. She invited me to her house. I wanted to get distance between those two women as quickly as possible, as I felt uncomfortable in the presence of the two of them. Besides, I did not know—one never knows—when some little thing might start them quarrelling or fighting.

"All right, let's go," I said, in answer to her invitation.

"All right, go, you two," said Dinayu.

But while walking along with Imbangad, I noticed that I had forgotten my spear, so I told her I'd go back to Dinayu. Dinayu had cooked some rice and forced me to eat—even put the rice in my mouth. I spent the night there, but was too drunk to have intercourse. Next morning the girl tried to force me to eat, but I refused, as I was ashamed to eat her food, since I had no intention of marrying her. I don't know why I didn't want her for a wife—possibly because she had no field. When I started home, she kept my blanket and spear—I couldn't get them away from her. I started home without them, but Dinayu's mother called me back to chew betels, saying that after chewing, the girl would give me my things back. She did.

Next night, I went to Mabulon. Imbangad asked me, "Is Dinayu the girl you want?"

"Well, I talked with her, but I do not intend to

take her any chickens [for the málahín], I want to bring them here, when I get them." I slept with her that night, and next night went to Tubitub.

"Is Imbangad the girl you want?" asked Dinayu.

"It is true that I proposed to her, but I really want to bring the chickens to you when I get them," I answered.

I interchanged for about three months—one night with one girl, next night with the other—by which time they were tired of my not sending a messenger. I answered their importunities thus: "I do not have any chickens," and when they became too importunate, I quit going.

After I had quit visiting them, they came to my house; sometimes they would meet there, which made me very uneasy, as I was afraid to talk to them, lest a word start trouble. They treated each other politely, though.

Finally, when I had not gone back after a long period, Dinayu sent me word that she had put in a complaint against me to Gallman, in Benauwe.[1]

"If a policeman comes for me, I will have to go," I answered, "but when I get to Benauwe I will put in a complaint against Dinayu so that they will bring her, too, and then I shall have a girl to sleep with in the calaboose." I knew it was just a ruse to scare me.

She came to my house after about half a month, bringing a hip-bag for sale. I bought it and told her, "Now that you are in a hurry and I do not have any

[1] Lieutenant-Governor Jeff D. Gallman, who had judicial powers—as well as every other kind.

chicken, if anyone comes to you in the night, you may accept."

Lebbet, an old man, told me of a girl Dulduli, in Bitu region, whom he thought I would like. I went to her agamang, proposed marriage, and was accepted. But she would not give her body. The second night it was the same. When she refused again on the third night, I told her,

"I'm not a girl like you that we should sleep motionless, so if you aren't willing, I'd better go elsewhere. Remember, I am not a girl, I am a man."

She yielded then. I agreed to marry her, but I told her mother that I would not if she should ever be unfaithful. She came to my house to live.

One day Imbangad came while Dulduli was getting camotes from my hill-farm. When Dulduli came with the camotes, I told my sister, who was present, "Help your sister let the camote basket down [from her back]," as I wanted Imbangad to think Dulduli was also my sister. When this had been done, I told Dulduli to go and get betels, then I told Imbangad to go to another house and wait for me. When she had gone, I told my sister to put Dulduli to peeling the camotes when she had returned with the betels.

I went to the other girl, waiting at a neighbour's house. She pinched my ear and asked, "Is that the one you are going to marry?" As we were talking, Dulduli approached and I sent Imbangad home.

Dulduli lived with me for about two months, but I suspected the girl was unfaithful to me and told her mother I would not marry her. I tried to send her home.

"Now that you have 'lost' the lime-box (*tabayag*) I made for you, you had better go back to your house," I told her.

I accompanied her to her house in Bitu, but in the afternoon, she came back. I thought I might get rid of her by beginning to visit the agamang, so I went to Nunbalabag, to the house of Imaya, slept with her, but on reaching home in the morning, I found that Dulduli was still there. I did not go back to Imaya. Dulduli continued for a while living at my house. Finally, her mother came to talk things over. I told her Dulduli had given the lime-box I had made her to another man (which was true) and reminded her that I had given warning in the first place that I would not stand for unfaithfulness; consequently, I would not marry Dulduli. The mother took Dulduli home.

About four months after that, I found my present wife, Balingga, in Dayakut, Bitu region. I went to her house, which was being used as an agamang, proposed marriage, and was accepted. We had intercourse and I continued to go there. Dulduli heard of this and would sometimes come to spy on me. She would come at night and ask that the door be opened.

"He is not here," Balingga would answer.

"Open the door, just the same, and let's sleep together," Dulduli would request.

Balingga would refuse. Finally I brought my son to Balingga's house and simply stayed. Then, of course, the house ceased to be an agamang—the girls and children went elsewhere to sleep. My second wife and I have had no children.

Why did I choose this woman? I think it was because she was the first who did not nag about the sending of chickens. Even to this day I have never sent a messenger or provided any marriage ceremonies. The reason is that I have been afraid of having to pay gibu. Gibu is all very well for the rich—it is easy for them and they love to boast afterward how much they have paid. But for a poor man—! Besides, you never know when you are through with it. You want to know about gibu, Apo? Well, I'll relate a couple of cases and you'll understand why I want nothing to do with it.

There was Nangligan of Mampolya who married a woman of Luhadan. She died. He provided gibu for all her kin except a " brother " of the first degree [first cousin] who was not present when the shrouds, the kettle-skillets, bolos, and pigs were divided among the kindred. This " brother ", Ohûnda, put in a claim for *tokdang*. That is a payment [literally *tokdang* means the act of taking something down from its place on a peg or shelf] made after the gibu is finished to some kinsman who was overlooked. Ohûnda sent a go-between with his demand, but Nangligan refused.

" I have given them their gamong shrouds, their kettle-skillets, and their bolos. They've had all they're going to get out of me. Don't keep coming back to me with this demand," he told the go-between.

The go-between withdrew from the case. One day, Ohûnda was repairing his field. He saw Nangligan coming, far off, carrying a shield and two or three spears. He hid his own spear in the mud of the field and went calmly on with his work. When

Nangligan had passed, he picked up his spear and hurled it into Nangligan's back.

How much was the *tokdang* payment that was due? A laying hen—worth one peso. There was no revenge.

Here's another case. Liuliwa got tired of his wife, Baluog, by whom he had had a child. He left her. The " brother " demanded gibu.

" Her kin will be bald-headed and even then they won't have received any gibu," he told the go-between they sent to him.

The kindred sent a second go-between, a third, and even a fourth, with no better result. After that they made the *golat* rites [sorcery before going on a war-like expedition], and the bile was good. The kindred heard that Liuliwa was intending to make a trip to Montabiong. Three of them went into ambush on the way, at Panalpalan, in Mampolya. When Liuliwa came past, they speared him in the back. There was no returning of the vengeance. They were all poor folk.

In my own case, I have always been a good member of my dead wife's family and stand well with them. They don't especially want the little gibu they might get out of me, but if I were to perform a ceremony of second marriage, they would have to send a go-between and demand gibu. Otherwise people would throw slurs on them.

Yes, yes. I have always been faithful to my present wife since I married her. There was no use in all that running around that I did when a young man. I can't understand why I did it.

PART V

AN IFUGAO LIBERAL ?

Perhaps it is owing to associations attached to the place (for most of my schoolmastering was done in Ifugaoland)—at all events the urge is upon me to conduct an examination.

One of Ngídulu's memoirs follows. The material that precedes is, in its implications at least, sufficient to serve as a basis for analysing this story's motivations and for predicting its course. Our examination will permit the reader to test his ability to think, understand, and feel as an Ifugao, that is, to put it in a more general statement, his ability, on the basis of a certain primitive society, to imagine the attitudes, motivations, and behaviour of an individual born and bred in that society. I hasten to admit that *the* typical never exists, that no two individuals in Ifugao society or any other behave in the same way, that much depends on inherited traits. Still *a* typical does exist and this story falls well within the frame of it for Ifugao society: it contains none of the devices of the sophisticated story-teller whereby he conceals or postpones vital facts and tricks us into wrong conjectures about how it will come out in order to surprise us and produce the semblance of a lively story. At no stage of it is there any surprise—to an Ifugao.

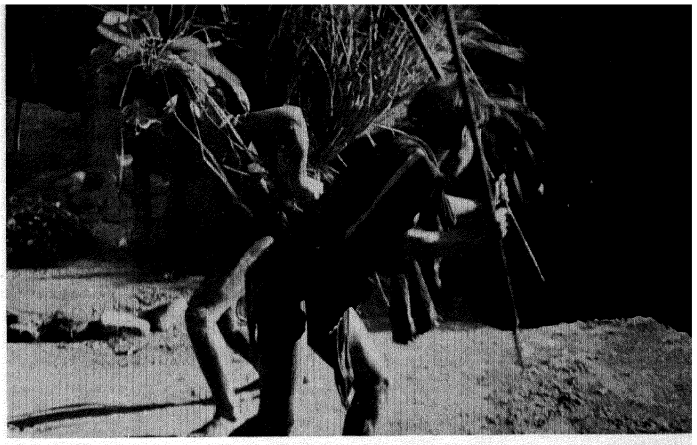
At the very least, our examination affords an

opportunity for testing ability to refrain from that worst of all things in ethnography—the reading of one's own culture into that of another folk. The title itself (which is my own, not Ngídulu's—Ngídulu knows nothing of titles) is a warning that the heroine (or villainess?) was of a liberal tendency. When it is added that she was as persistent in purpose as we incline to think women usually are, we have, I think, the set-up for a fair examination. I tested it on an Ifugao and he passed it perfectly without having to scratch his head once.

The reader may, if he likes, take pencil and paper and answer the questions I have inserted in italics in the course of the narrative. Where the answer to a question follows so closely after that the eyes might involuntarily stray ahead and take it in, I have taken a schoolmasterly precaution and have padded with extraneous matter within brackets in order to frustrate that tendency of eyes.

An Ifugao Liberal?

Binuhi, a married man of Lingay, who had three children, the eldest about half-grown, left his wife's sleeping board [board and bed are one and the same object among the Ifugaos] and came over the high mountain range to Namulditan on this side. In the agamang there he found a very pretty girl, Inuyao, and proposed marriage. He told her that he was unable to send a messenger right away because he had not arranged a formal divorce with his wife, but that he would clear matters up soon.



(*a*) Cockfight dance : Ngídulu in foreground with two spears, the " cock " just behind him



(*b*) A friendly service, safe to entrust only to a friend

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Binuhi was a good-looking fellow in his prime and, besides, probably carried a love charm in his hip-bag. Nobody knows, of course, about that, for a man does not tell such things: if talked about or shown, the charm loses its efficacy. My guess is that he had one, for the road over the range between Lingay and Namulditan is long and steep and a man coming so far would naturally want to insure in every possible way against making so arduous a trip in vain. At all events, the girl accepted him and took him to live in her house, for her father, having married a second time, had left the house to her.

About two weeks later, Manay, the abandoned wife, came on a visit, bringing some onions, *pai* root, and a supply of betel leaves. The new couple could do no less than ask her to eat and, since it was already late, let her stay over night with them. She slept on the floor by the fireplace, while her husband and his mistress slept on the outer house-shelf.

Manay's conversation was kindly and without rancour, but Inuyao did not trust her, kept at a distance from her, and gave her no chance to stab. Manay stayed over the next day and induced her husband to come home with her to get fuel for his Lingay family. But after he had gathered several bundles of faggots, he announced that he was leaving to go back to Namulditan. Manay told him that he must come again and must keep the household in fuel.

"If we had no children," she said, "I wouldn't ask it."

When Manay's kindred saw that her husband had gone back to Namulditan, they wanted to demand an

indemnity for his adultery and desertion, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"Do you want him to stop coming here to get fuel?" she asked them. "Have pity on us."

About a month and a half later, she went on another visit to Namulditan, taking with her some mustard greens and some ginger that she dug on the way. Again she stayed two or three days. Inuyao, the husband's mistress, began to lose fear of her, for she was uniformly kind, cordial, and helpful. On one of these days, when the husband was not present, Manay remarked:

"My head is itchy—I wonder if you would louse me?"

Inuyao performed this service for her and, while she was doing it, Manay talked to her very gently.

"I'll be like a mother to you," she said. "I feel that way toward Binuhi; he is just a boy and he wants a younger wife—men always do, alas! It's the fate of us women when we begin to get old. But we have children and I do not want him to lose interest in them. That's why I come, and I hope you will not think that I have any grudge against you."

When the lousing of her own head was finished, Manay told the girl, "Now I'll do the same for you."

A bit hesitantly, Inuyao turned her back to Manay and sat down in front of her with the feeling that she was now at the mercy of the woman she had wronged. Manay continued talking in the same strain as before, and when the lousing was finished, went to pound the rice for to-day's and to-morrow's consumption.

About a month later, Manay came again. She found nobody at home, for the couple had not come back from their hill-farm, which they had just begun to clear. So she cooped the chickens, fed the pig, pounded the rice, and had it almost cooked for them when they came back, tired, from the field.

"I came because I was always thinking of you," she said.

Next morning she told the girl, "My head is itching again and I wish you would louse me."

I. *What is the motive behind this lousing manœuvre?*

II. *Does she intend to kill the girl?*

III. *If so, will she do it now? Give reasons for answer.*

[The Dusuns [of Borneo] distinguish [these forms of lice] white old ones, young black ones, and eggs. The eggs are always eaten. The black ones are not eaten—these are squashed or given to the owner who bites them and spits them out. The old ones are always bitten and swallowed "for they have sucked my blood". It is, therefore, out of revenge that they eat them, not because they are appetizing, and thus the hunter hands them over to the "owner" and does not eat them herself.—J. Staal, *Anthropos*, xviii–xix, sec. 4, 5, 6, p. 970. The Ifugaos distinguish the same forms of the louse, but they do not swallow any of them.]

Inuyao loused Manay's head for her and was then loused herself. Manay stayed two days and went home. After another month she came, bringing the couple snails and beans. Again they were away

working and she busied herself, doing their chores. Ayopon, a neighbour woman, asked her if she had any betels.

"Yes, I have some," answered Manay. "Come and we'll chew together."

"What a lucky man your husband is!" remarked Ayopon, after they had crunched their betels. "I suppose he sleeps between you?"

"Don't talk that way," said Manay. "This is Anuyao's house. I come here because from the first she has treated me so kindly that I have begun to love [*homkon*] her. Never mind the fact that I leave my children alone: they're big enough to get camotes, cook them, take care of the chickens, and sleep alone."

These visits went on for over a year.

IV. *What is that woman up to?*

"How is it that Binuhi's wife comes again and again, bringing you snails, beans, and mustard," some of the neighbours asked Inuyao after one of these visits, "although Binuhi has brought you no chickens to sacrifice? That she pounds the rice for you, coops the chickens, and cooks for you while you are working in the field? Perhaps Binuhi sleeps in the middle? Are you not afraid, Inuyao?

"Well, what do your own eyes see? She comes, she helps in the house chores, at night she sleeps apart, in the morning she gets up and cooks for us. At first I did fear her, but now I have no fear and look upon her as a sister."

At harvest, Manay came again, and one day when

Inuyao had a headache, she took her place in a mutual-help group in the fields. Before she returned, she had a talk with Binuhe, telling him that he ought to come home and see how his children were getting on; besides, there was wood to get and they needed help in clearing their hill-farm. Three days later, Binuhi went to Lingay and helped with the work. When he had been there four days, Manay told him that now he'd better go back and pull the grass on his own hill-farm, "and when it's dry, I'll come and help Inuyao do the burning, help carry out the roots, and get it ready for planting."

After he had gone, her kindred were very angry. They came to her and told her:

"You, Manay, seem to want to be a second wife. That is very bad. It is a shame for our whole kindred. We do not like it. What we want is that we should collect an indemnity."

"Listen, 'brothers'! Even though we should get an indemnity from him, we should not live any the better for it. Of what use would be a few *gamong* shrouds, old rusty knives and spear-heads, or Chinese kettle-skillets?"

"We are determined. It has gone on long enough! It is a disgrace to the family, we tell you. People are talking —we will wait no longer, we will demand gibu—"

"Do not let people overhear you talking about gibu. He would not come to see his children, he would not get wood for us. Let it go! Do not even talk about it in the presence of neighbours lest word get carried to them and they should think I have a bad mind toward them."

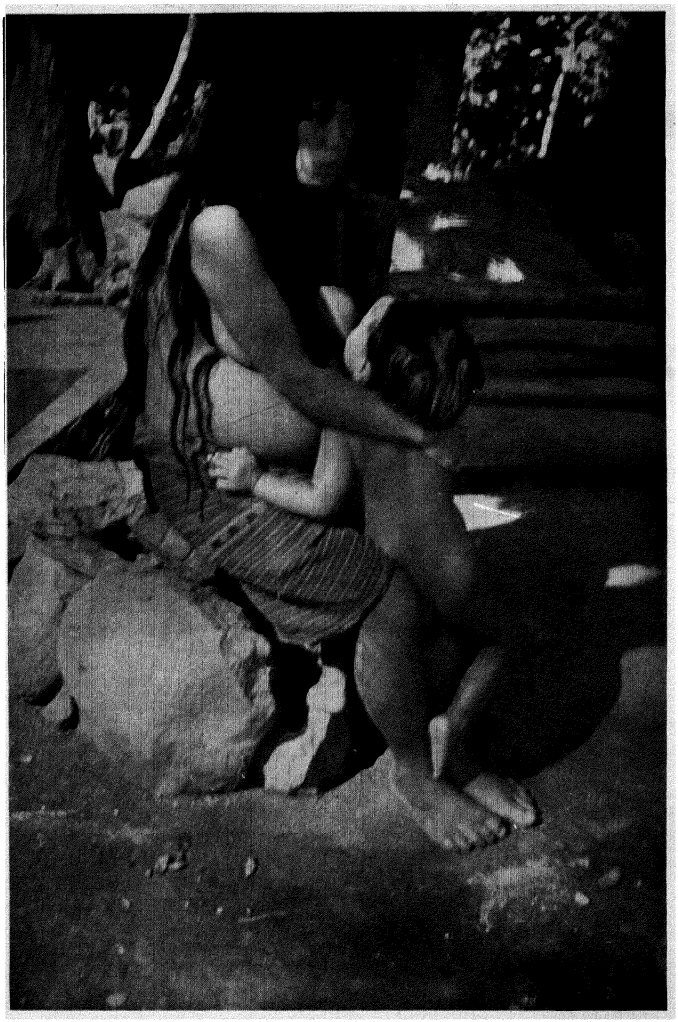
"Ay-y-y-y kao! sister, is that how you value the family— " and one of the kinsmen began kicking her.

She sobbed bitterly far into the night. The children were all in the agamang except the youngest, whom she kept with her for company, and he was sleeping soundly. She packed up betels, tobacco, and some shelled cowpeas, got everything ready, and then lay down to get a little sleep.

Next morning, she went to Namulditan, hoping the folk there hadn't heard anything of the talk of her kindred or that, if they had, they wouldn't take it to heart. She and Inuyao loused each other.

That night they slept as usual, Manay on the floor, alone, Binuhi and Inuyao on the house-shelf. Binuhi slept on the inside and Inuyao on the outside, under the eaves.

Next morning Manay went with them to their hill-farm and pulled grass all day. At night her husband and the girl slept on the house-shelf, the girl on the inside, the man on the outside, under the eaves. Manay slept on the floor near the fireplace. Some time after midnight, Manay arose, blew up the fire, warmed herself, wrapped up a few betels and the little basket in which she had brought cowpeas, and opened the door. Then she went with her knife to Inuyao's side. Deliberately, she studied where she had better strike—put the knife at first rather too high under the armpit, as she decided, then moved it lower. The girl moved in her sleep. Manay thought she was waking up and struck—a rib! The girl turned violently. Manay stabbed hastily at the abdomen, but as she raised the knife her hand hit the beam overhead that



Primitive motherhood. And besides all this, her husband drinks hard and runs after women

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supports the rafters, so that the stroke was deflected somewhat, but still it inflicted a wound. The girl began screaming.

Manay seized her pack, scurried down the ladder and out into the night.

Binuhi leaped from the house-shelf, grabbed his bolo and pursued.

V. *Will Binuhi kill Manay? Give reasons for answer.*

Inuyao's cries aroused the neighbours; they were grabbing their spears and shields and were crouching in doorways, shouting questions about what had happened. For quite excellent reasons, the Ifugao is chary about descending from his house after a trouble at night. At least he likes to get all possible information beforehand about the situation that awaits him outdoors.

It was moonlight. Manay, looking back over her shoulder, saw her husband running toward her, knife in hand. She stopped, waited. He approached, halted, and the two faced each other for a moment. Neither spoke a word. Binuhi turned and ran back to the house.

Manay hurried on along the road, with the shouts, now, of pursuing villagers in her ears. A cloud came over the moon and this was a good thing for her, for the Ifugao will not venture far, after a trouble, into the darkness. The pursuers returned without its even having been necessary for her to slip into a runo thicket for concealment. She arrived home just at fourth cockcrow, built a fire, and put on a pot of camotes.

She had just dished cooked camotes into a wooden bowl, when Binuhi came in. He had set out almost immediately after she had, had merely run back for his spear, but he had slipped into the runos in the outskirts of the village and had waited a while to listen and learn whether Inuyao died and what people were saying, and so on. Husband and wife ate the steaming camotes together.

About noon that day, a messenger from Inuyao's kindred came to inform Binuhi that Manay's wound was serious but that there was hope provided sufficient sacrifices were offered, and to ask him to bring chickens.

VI. *Will he go? Reasons.*

[The chicken is believed to have been first domesticated in Burma, not to be used as a source of subsistence but as a bird from whose thigh bone omens might be read. Its eggs were not eaten, just as they are not by the Ifugao to-day. Its use as food was secondary to its use in divining the future, and the same is true among the Ifugaos even now. But how could the Ifugao have received the chicken from Burma and with it, presumably, the practice of using it as a means of divination, without taking over the Burmese thigh-bone system of consulting the omens? (For as we have seen, the Ifugao consults the bile-sac.) And whence that spectacular address to the cock—that " chicken talk " as the Ifugao calls it?]

Inuyao's kin brought pigs and chickens and sacrificed them. She was dying, so they borrowed still more pigs and chickens and sacrificed till their winnowing baskets were running over with meat.

Then she recovered. Binuhi never brought nor sent them anything; he stayed with his wife.

The brother of Inuyao came to Lingay to court girls in one of the agamangs there. Mornings he would go into ambush along the road back home, waiting for Binuhi or some of his kindred to pass by. On two occasions he threw spears at one or another of them, but each time he missed. So he decided that fate was against him, and besides was afraid to make another trial.[1]

Binuhi did not again try to abandon his wife. . . . Well, I do not know whether he went philandering again, but probably he did because *kapiana te lalaki* [natural because a man].

* * * * *

I have told this story a number of times to persons of European culture, requiring my listeners to write their answers to the questions I have inserted above. Women seem to answer better than men, but even they go wrong if they try to explain. For example, they often answer the first question as follows:

[1] It should be understood that Lingay is the name of a region, not of a village. Inuyao's brother went to some one of a number of villages there. After the first attempt on the life of one of Binuhi's kinsmen, his going thither was attended by increased danger, but he could still continue to go because Binuhi's family could not be sure who had thrown the spear. Every family has a goodly number of enemies and could be only puzzled, though, of course, put on guard, by a spear thrown from ambush. In this instance, too, there had been no previous feud between the two families and Binuhi's kindred could not be sure that Inuyao's kindred intended to take vengeance, though they no doubt reckoned on a strong probability of that sort. Their suspicions would be greatly increased after the second attempt. Furthermore, they would be likely to receive some more or less positive information with the passage of time.

The geographical, or local unity of a region is too slight to close the region against the enemies of families living within it. Indeed, such a policy would soon close the region to the rest of the world. Here is revealed one of the contradictions between propinquity and kinship as principles of social organization.

"She is trying to get her husband back: she's going to make him realize what a good wife she is, how she looks after his comfort, so that sooner or later he'll get tired of the young girl and come back to her."

The first part of the answer is quite correct, but the explanation is mostly wrong Comfort among the Ifugaos is so simple, incipient, and withal so uniform, that it can hardly have degrees: at least the degrees must be so infinitesimal that to the Ifugao's blunt appreciation, comfort could not be a factor. Besides, the man is almost as responsible for the housekeeping as the woman, it is about as often that he sweeps and tidies up as she—provided this can be done (for it is often taboo). As for the furnishings, one sleeping board is as soft as another, and so is one pillow-chair (a wooden block). Cooking has the same uniformity and simplicity. Furthermore, while I will not go so far as to maintain that the Ifugao does not taste food as it goes down, I am pretty sure that his main satisfaction comes from a sense of repletion.

And so, much as every wife and mother in our own civilization likes to believe that she could, in a case of this sort, demonstrate her own superior comfortableness (but, unfortunately there are always hussies who know better!), I am afraid we must pronounce this explanation as a case of reading motivations from our society into Ifugao society. Perhaps not entirely, for although it is a custom to take along little "extras" when going on a visit, beans, onions, "shells," or something of the sort, Manay seems to have been more than ordinarily conscientious in this respect

and perhaps to have revealed a little of the attitude of her more advanced sisters.

On top of one of Manila's modern buildings is a little two-storied, tawny-coloured penthouse, surrounded by a roof garden of flowers and gay foliage plants. It is the editorial sanctum of the *Philippine Magazine*, at once sophisticated and naïve, cosmopolitan and local. Its editor, a psychologist by training, gave an explanation of Ngídulu's narrative that is based on the inherent human-nature doctrine.

Manay, he said, had had time to reflect after her husband's desertion and so did not kill the girl at the first opportunity, for people do not kill so, as a rule, except in the heat of anger or passion; if they kill in cold blood, they take time to plan carefully. Manay came to get her husband back and with a woman's persistence she kept trying until, on the last visit, something must have happened to arouse the girl's suspicion that the man was growing cold toward her and about ready to go back to his wife. For that reason, as they went to sleep on the night of the tragedy, the girl took the "protective" position, on the inside of the house-shelf. To the wife this position was symbolical of "possession" and of the wrong done by the girl in coming between herself and her husband, so that it aroused in her the rage to kill. Binuhi did not kill his wife because a man does not kill the mother of his children. He did not take chickens back to sacrifice for the girl's recovery because he was now cured of bigamy.

My own explanation is on a different basis—that of social determination with allowance for inherited

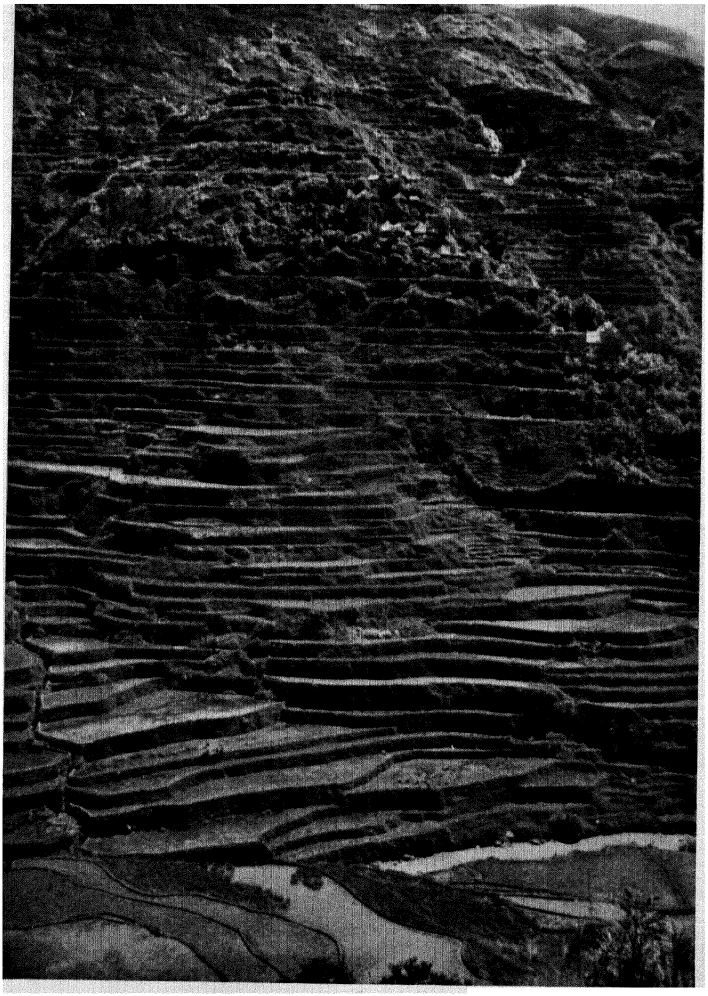
individual traits, which, however, do not affect the ultimate result further than to delay it or modify it a little.

The woman went to get her husband back and this purpose she clung to with that persistence which is the strength of the weak. She manœuvred to get him back home at least twice (probably oftener) and to keep him there a few days with his children, and this she very intelligently did without revealing her motive and without nagging him, but he always went back to the girl. She opposed collection of a gibu indemnity because that would definitely lose him. Besides it would have had to be divided with her kindred, would in any case have been small (for these were poor folk), and as she remarked, " We should not live any the better for it." There were but two solutions consistent with her purpose : either a change of heart on the part of the man, or the death or wounding of the girl.

My title, " An Ifugao Liberal ? " is justified because Manay, it would seem, saw all sides of the situation—could see the husband's side and even the girl's. She seems not to have wanted to kill the girl, and certainly she manifested the procrastination and reluctance to face an issue that are characteristic of the liberal. How much of her qualities of intelligence, analysis, and temperament were due to inheritance and how much to social environment, there is no way of knowing—but the channels in which they operated were certainly the channels marked out by Ifugao society.

She kept procrastinating . . . until . . . the family

PLATE 24



An Ifugao Valley

[*face p.* 264

gave an ultimatum. They had given Manay time (as in the case on p. 37), but when the family prestige began to suffer, they intervened. Family is the only word in the Ifugao's social lexicon: no tribal organization, no village or territorial organization—there is only the family. According as it is almost all he has of society—at least all he recognizes having—the Ifugao cherishes his family and his relations to it as the most precious things of life. Manay could postpone action no longer: her husband had not come back, she had now to kill the girl.

I do not believe she had ever engineered the lousing manœuvre with the idea of availing herself of the excellent position it put her in for killing the girl, though the idea may have been in the back of her head that she might use it as a last resort. She could hardly have escaped from the village with her life if she had stabbed the girl in the daytime, and the lousing had to be done in the daytime because Ifugao houses are not equipped with electric lights: she might have a good chance to get away if she manœuvred the lousing on the hill-farm, however. But in any case, it served the purpose of creating an intimacy that helped keep the girl off her guard.

The rest is simple. The husband did not kill his wife because she was his *wife*. Only in case an Ifugao's wife had killed one of his children or kinsmen would an Ifugao ever kill her.

Finally, the man did not carry sacrifices for his mistress' recovery because her kin would have killed him if he had. And this they would have done not so much because he was responsible for the situation

in the first place as because it was his *wife* who did the stabbing—though they would probably afterward have brought in the first charge as additional justification. He did not even *send* sacrifices back because there was no tie between him and his mistress on the basis of which he might go to his kindred and say, "Lend me chickens and pigs," no tie that an Ifugao could recognize (see fn., p. 74). On the other hand, if Manay had not been his wife, if she had been only, in the words of the Manila editor, "a woman who had borne him children, he might, quite possibly, have killed her—in which case, his mistress' kindred would have welcomed him with open arms as the avenger of their kinswoman.

It ought to be pointed out that the tendency of Ifugao women (which these narratives have several times revealed) to stab the other woman in a triangle arises not at all from their inherent nature but from the fact that it is the only way of regaining a husband who does not want to come back. Such a case is one either for gibu or for stabbing; these two are the only other roads in the culture. If she does not stab, the kindred will surely levy a gibu indemnity, and if they levy gibu, she loses the man.

Mr. Bugbug, Ifugao middle school graduate, had never heard this story. I related it to him, asking him the same question as above and at approximately the same points in the narrative. He answered as tersely and to the point as any schoolmaster could wish:

I. "She wants the girl to have no fear."

II. "She [the girl] has to die if the husband does not come back."

III. "No—daytime, and they will kill her."
IV. "She wants her husband back."
V. "He will not kill his *wife*" [because she is his wife].
VI. "They will kill him if he has gone back for what his wife had done."

THE END

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