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Eastern Jur warrior practising archery.

GARI-GARI

*The Call of
the African Wilderness*

By

Hugo Adolf Bernatzik

*Translated
from the German
by
VIVIAN OGILVIE*

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PREFACE

FROM youth up I had always had a special love for hunting and fishing. As I grew older I extended the range of my hunting ever wider. It was naturally a long time before I dared to advance from the bears and stags of Siebenbürgen to African big game. In 1925 I stood in amazement in a paradise of game on the Abyssinian border and for the first time faced hundreds of antelopes feeding peacefully side by side with giraffes and not far from buffaloes and crocodiles. The impossible happened: I lost my taste for shooting. Before long I was hardly using my gun at all and more and more rarely did I disturb the African idyll. I soon found a substitute in photographing and filming. How much harder it is to photograph than to shoot every layman will understand if he reflects for a moment. At least ten good chances of shooting have occurred before you succeed in taking one satisfactory picture, before distance, lighting, background and composition combine to produce it.

In Africa I made the acquaintance of splendid black men who, wherever the European has still spared them the blessings of civilisation, lead an unhurrying, happy, contented existence. It is a life already doomed, because there are too many precious metals and diamonds in Africa and the soil is too fertile. We Europeans have therefore to "protect" the natives! But this protection is more than most of them can survive. What is the use of Colonial officials' efforts, keenly though they often feel for the natives? All native cultures are condemned to decay, and in a few decades these noble tribes of the Sudan, so conscious of themselves to-day, will

have gone under or been enslaved by their European benefactors.

As my plan in 1927 to photograph game in the neighbourhood of Lake Rudolf had been knocked on the head, because that region was barred by the English on account of native disturbances, I decided to devote my carefully equipped expedition to the natives and, without an eye to the public that itches for sensation, to take photos, natural and unposed, of dying Africa and record on film and negative scenes from the life of primitive people who will only too probably be a mere memory in a few years' time. I was fortunate enough to visit eleven different peoples and bring back 30,000 feet of film and 1400 photos, among them the first ever taken of three peoples. I almost always managed to take the black folks without letting them see that they were being watched, and it is clear from their usually merry, laughing faces how much they were at their ease. I only took a few photos of animals, when time permitted, but among them are a number photographed for the first time; and I did very little hunting. A series of dangerous tropical diseases left me at times almost in despair of succeeding in my task.

Bedrich Machulka of Prag had undertaken to manage my expedition and carried out his difficult labours in exemplary fashion. Not having a cinematographer or a chauffeur with me, I had my hands full with filming, photographing, driving, sailing and writing up our experiences.

Finally, the success of my expedition was in no small degree due to the extraordinarily obliging way in which the English authorities helped me.

HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK

January 1930.

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12'

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Eastern Jur warrior practising archery. *Frontispiece.*

FIG.

1. Sudanese dancer from Omdurman with a strong vein of negroid blood.
2. Wood market at Omdurman. Wood is dear and in great demand; it is brought by special caravans of camels across the desert.
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FIG.

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FIG.

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FIG.

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FIG.

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FIG.

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FIG.

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112. Aulad Hamid dance.
113. Aulad Hamid Arab women making themselves up for the dance. They are not veiled like the Sudanese. The dresses are of heavy silk, the ornaments of precious metals, ivory and ostrich feathers.
114. Nuer and Dinka rub themselves with wood ash as a protection against gnat stings. The legs of the Dinka who has stepped into the water now look like black boots.
115. Northern Dinka. The warrior Shau Maik has taken the spear-head off the shaft and is using it as a knife.
116. The last Dinka warrior stands with his thin legs on a termite hill and gazes after our disappearing boat.

Map (Author's route) at end of book.

CHAPTER I

A "civilised" trip up the Nile—Khartoum—A busy market—The hustling European and Oriental tempo—The scorpion—Filming girls—I own a sailing-boat and motor-car—Departure.

"WHOEVER has drunk the water of the Nile returns," runs an old Arab proverb, and thus I find myself once again on the deck of a steamer, dreaming my way towards the bright sun of Egypt. It was winter when I left Vienna, and cold rain had turned the snow-covered streets into a sea of mud. Thick grey fog followed us far out into the Mediterranean. Now our spirits rise at last as we see the sunny white houses of Alexandria appear in the distance. At four in the afternoon the *Helouan* moors at the quay.

The special train which I, like most of the passengers, am hoping to catch will be leaving for Cairo in two hours' time. I cheerfully have my eleven hundredweight of luggage conveyed to the Customs to be expeditiously disposed of, as I fondly imagine. I had taken the precaution of bringing in my pocket a list of my outfit, checked by the Austrian Customs authorities. In addition, I have receipts for everything I have with me. It had been trouble enough to get them, as many of the things had been in my possession for years. Thus armed, I might hope to be passed quickly. But it turns out otherwise: the Customs office here has no use for lists by foreign authorities, so every article has to be unpacked and shown. They have not finished examining the first case, which weighs two and a half hundredweight, when, with a lively whistle, my train steams out of the station. The devil! But now there is plenty of time till noon next day,

so I pile up my valuables in leisurely fashion before the astonished effendis. The large room soon looks like a warehouse. The examination began at 4.30. At nine I am glad to see the two big boxes disposed of. The officials are so kind as to postpone examination of the seven boxes of films and five of photographic material till the next morning at eight.

When I enter the Custom-house next day at that hour, not a soul is about, and it is fully half an hour before the first effendi arrives. He greets me most cordially—quite like an old friend—takes me into his room, has some cups of Turkish coffee brought, and embarks on a long conversation. By dint of much diplomacy I succeed, after three-quarters of an hour, in getting down to the examination. All the boxes must be opened, despite the Austrian Customs authorities' seal. When that has been done, tins come to light. They will have to be cut open. I protest vigorously, and try to make the official understand that the tropical moisture later on in my expedition will ruin the films. He consoles me, says he understands and will have them opened in a dark room. It takes a good hour before he grasps that it is not a question of light, but of damp. He pulls a thoughtful face and sends me to his superior, who will have to decide the matter. The Bey, at his newspaper and cup of Turkish coffee, looks up sleepily, scarcely listens to me, and remarks that the proper thing to do is to make a written application to the Ministry. To my modest objection that I do not propose to spend half a year in Egypt, but want to leave at midday, he shrugs his shoulders and goes on reading. Without further ado I apply to the General Director. This man, after I have expounded my difficulties, has some consideration for me. His Solomon's judgment is, "One box of films, one of negatives and one of flashlight materials shall be opened." If the contents agree with my declaration, he will graciously wink at the rest. Three boxes are therefore opened and found correct, the remaining eight are allowed to pass. An unexpected sum-

mons comes from the Bey, who an hour before was so immersed in his newspaper. Rather reluctantly I follow the messenger, for the building is a long way from the Custom-house and the formalities are not yet all over.

The Bey offers me a chair and asks where I come from and what my plans are. To my counter-question, what he really wants, he answers smilingly that he only wanted to inquire about me. I inform him somewhat crossly that I am thinking of catching the midday train. "What a hurry these Europeans are always in!" he says in Arabic to his servant, sighs and orders some fresh coffee.

I run back to my boxes. Everything is being sealed up. A deposit must be left and the money will be handed back to me when I cross the Egyptian frontier at Wadi Halfa. By chance I ask another official about the Customs office at Halfa and am informed that there are indeed Customs guards there but no officials. In other words, I shall never get my deposit back.

After a lot of running to and fro, they decide to make a list of my boxes with the value of each. At the Sudan frontier there will then be duty to pay only on the opened boxes. But the effendi is nowhere to be found. They look for him everywhere and finally a servant brings the news that he is sitting in the canteen having his lunch. Crude, as we Europeans are apt to be, I disturb him in the middle of a philosophical discussion and actually get him to follow me.

Everything is now in order, the deposit paid, my boxes and trunks loaded on a trolley, and we make a dash for the train. There is no time to lose. I get the tickets quickly and hand in my luggage. Covered in perspiration I rush on to the platform, only to see the last carriage of my train disappearing! The next goes at 3 p.m. and does not arrive in Cairo till nearly 6.30. It will then be too late to obtain the visa for the Sudan. That means the loss of four days, since the steamer only sails to Wadi Halfa twice a week.

It is maddening! But after all one can spend these days

pleasantly in Egypt too. I reach Cairo that evening. The usual tumult reigns at the station. At dinner in the hotel I make the acquaintance of an Egyptian, formerly Professor of Philosophy at an Italian university. He speaks twelve languages, among them Swedish. In reply to my question, how he came to learn that language, he entertains me with the following story. When he was a student at Cairo he suffered extreme poverty. He happened upon an advertisement asking for someone who could speak and write Swedish enough to translate a book into it from Arabic. He made up his mind and applied, although he did not know a word of the language. He received some money on account and began really to learn it. According to his version of the story, he did the job to the satisfaction of his employer.

On the way to Trieste I had got a mild attack of influenza, which had become worse in the cold, damp weather at sea. As I cannot expect a rapid recovery in the dust of Cairo, I proceed at once to Assuan, whose climate is warm and free from dust. The train crosses fertile country. Everything is now green—it is the beginning of January—and the corn is standing a span high. What a rich land! I want to try out my cinematograph camera at Assuan and imagine that I shall have an opportunity; the old Baedeker mentions a Bedouin village as one of the sights of the place. The Bisharin, for those are the people in question, are industrious and intelligent and enjoy a world-wide reputation as camel-breeders. Racing camels are their speciality. I hire a donkey and go without delay to their camp, which lies outside the town. We are soon there. But what a disappointment! These are Baedeker-Bisharin, who do not work but simply live on the tourists. And how they live I am soon to discover. I try to take some photos. Children and old people crowd round me, but the girls, some of whom are very pretty, flee to their tents. Accustomed to meet with a distaste for photography among Mohammedans, I at first put down their flight to religious motives. But I am

wide of the mark. The old people come to bargain with me over the baksheesh! They have a special tariff. To photograph a pretty girl costs twenty piastres! I inquire if they also dance, as I had seen interesting dances among the Bisharin near Atbara when I was there. Oh yes, a dance costs £5 sterling! I can do without such expensive pleasures and try maliciously to get near to a family idyll. My victims had noticed that I always came up to six or ten paces from them. I now change my lens and screw in my largest long-distance one (55 cm. focal distance). I prowls round the tents, photograph the curious arrangement which enables drinking water to be kept fresh and then draw closer to the people, who are watching me intently. When I am thirty steps away, the camera clicks, and before they are aware of what is happening I have secured a series of pictures. I deny myself the pleasure of filming. I ride to the dam and take several photos of that gigantic feat of modern engineering. After sunset I return with a cool north wind. The drop in temperature is a very unpleasant surprise. By day the thermometer on January 12th stands at over 86° F., at 9 p.m. it is only 54° and at five in the morning not more than 43°. Yet the climate is wonderful, the air pure and sunny. My catarrh is cured.

I must now go on to Wadi Halfa. I appear at the station, as the time-table directs, at twelve o'clock. The effendi at the platform gates tells me, with a friendly smile, that the train is unfortunately a little late and will not be in for an hour and a half. I stroll to the Nile, take a bathe and at 1.30 reappear at the station, to learn that it may require another half-hour. At last, three and a half hours late, the little train comes panting and puffing along and in twenty minutes non-stop does the seven and a half miles of my journey. Happily the steamer has waited. My luggage is stowed away quickly and amid a great hullabaloo, and the steamer sails smoothly on its way. Night falls. The full moon is reflected in the shimmering water and floods the

edges of the desert with its mysterious light. The wind has dropped and everything is wrapped in a delicious calm.

We reach Wadi Halfa punctually next day and the train takes me according to schedule to Khartoum. At the station Bedrich Machulka is waiting for me with some other members of my former expedition and he leads me to our headquarters. On my instructions he has rented a house in the native quarter of Khartoum. Here we settle in with the equipment for the expedition in two apartments and their adjoining rooms. They are well furnished and look comfortable. Only there is no place for the kitchen. But Mohammed el Amin is easy to please, as the cooks here often are, and makes shift between two walls. The space is so small that many a European cook would fill it with her body alone, but Mohammed is slim, skilful and willing, and that counts for a lot. Half an hour later, when we have only just brought all the baggage under cover, it seems to me as though I had never left Khartoum. The proprietors now look in. The landlord is a Yugo-Slav, who immigrated many years ago and married a Copt. In the Mahdi's time he remained at Omdurman and fell, together with some other Europeans, into his hands. He adopted the clothing, habits and speech of his environment and is to-day indistinguishable from the native Sudanese. The oddest thing is that he has completely forgotten his mother tongue and can now only speak Arabic. His wife is also a curiosity. Born at Omdurman and to-day a stately matron—she weighs twenty-four stone—she has never been out of Khartoum. When the Mahdists, drunk with victory, took the town and Gordon Pasha was murdered, she was a young woman and had only been married seven weeks. All the men were killed, including her first husband, whom she saw slaughtered in the most literal sense of the word before her eyes. The young woman, a beauty in those days, was assigned as part of the booty to the harem of an Emir, and there she stayed for some time as a slave. Later on she was set free by the Emir, met her present hus-

band and married him. She is very proud of her birthplace. "Here I was born, here I have lived and here will I die," she announces, striking an attitude and looking defiantly at each of us. "Here is my world. What happens elsewhere doesn't concern me." And isn't she right? What good would knowledge of the other people's world do her?

After a meal we hold a council. As I had already heard, the interesting region between the Nile and Lake Rudolf is really closed. A second plan, to cross the southern country from Darfur and push on to the Bahr el Auk, is ruled out on account of the expense: I should require several motor-cars. Eventually we decide to sail up the Nile to the south as far as the Bahr el Zeraf and the Bahr el Ghazal in a sailing-boat, which will have to be refitted for this purpose. We want to join one of the negro tribes there, the Shilluk, Dinka or Nuer, and hunt with them. Naturally the camera is to have its share too.

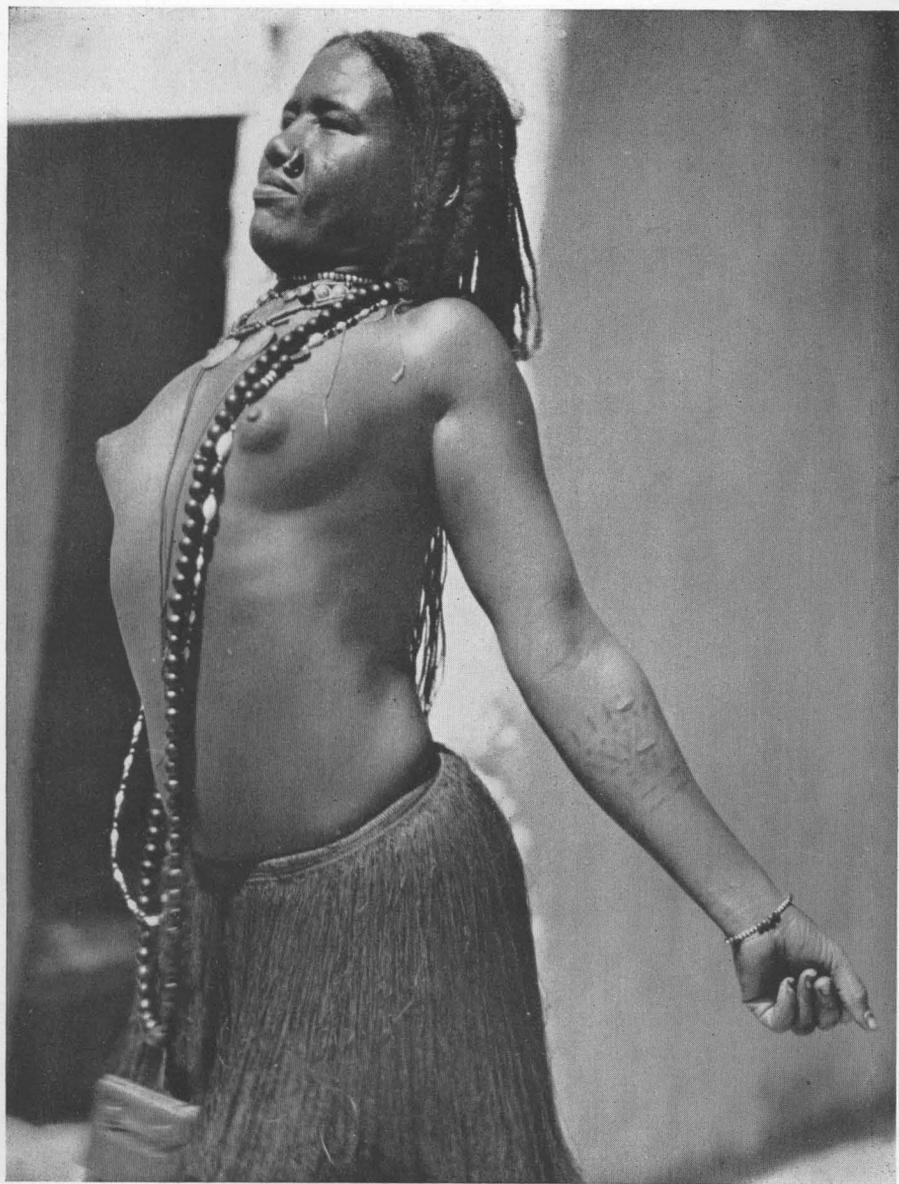
Once we have decided, we start looking for a boat. It must not be too big or we shall always be getting stuck, for we are told on every hand what a lark it is to be held up by a calm in the "South," that tangle of a million water-weeds and myriads of mosquitoes. In spite of all good advice to the contrary, I hire a sailing-boat. It is two years old and peculiarly built. It is fifteen yards long and six yards wide and has no ribs. The hull consists of short planks nailed together. Our shipbuilders would marvel if they set eyes on such a monstrosity. The wood used in building it was *sunt*, a tree which grows in the flood area of the Nile and whose roots must stand under water at least once a year if it is to flourish. Its wood is as hard as stone and proof against ants, hence its special value. The ropes are formed of palm fibre in an extremely primitive fashion. But the most remarkable feature is the sail. It is sewn together out of narrow strips of cotton manufactured by the natives, and is dirty and lavishly patched. There is still a good deal of repairing to be done before we start. The mast, also of *sunt*

wood, is put together out of several pieces and held fast on all sides by ropes. The gaff is enormously long; by way of compensation, there is no boom at all. Altogether the boat looks like a very much enlarged and heavily rigged nutshell. The crew—seven men, including the reis—make a trustworthy impression. If they can get on well with my people, we shall be able to do something.

Now we have to go to the joiner who is to undertake the rebuilding. He will have it ready in a week. God grant it! Meanwhile I turn my attention to photography and set off at once to Omdurman. Fortune favours me and a whole series of pictures are successful (Figs. 2-4), among them the extraordinary spectacle of an old man dancing to the music of drums, large and small. With his face turned up he imitates a young girl and the swaying of her hips. Here as elsewhere age is no protection against folly and the women standing by break out into loud laughter.

My negatives include types enough. What I have not got are female heads and nudes. In my book, *Typen und Tiere im Sudan*, I have described the obstacles to be overcome before one can photograph people in these parts. A nude photo is a scandal in the eyes of the natives. A girl will give herself to a stranger (and that is a rarity) ten times more readily than she will let him photograph her naked. And lectures on beauty and æsthetics cut no ice here. So I get hold of an old tippler and promise him princely baksheesh if he will help me by bringing girls before my camera. But no prostitutes. He turns up next day and advises me to try taking children for a start. If the older girls see good baksheesh earned so easily they will be certain to come along too. Very well. The attempt shall be made. He has my full authority.

The following day Machulka has an amusing experience. As soon as he has arranged terms with the reis, the landlady pays a call. She surveys the house in amazement. It is undoubtedly much transformed, as Machulka has carefully removed the ankle-deep dirt from the rooms and the sooty



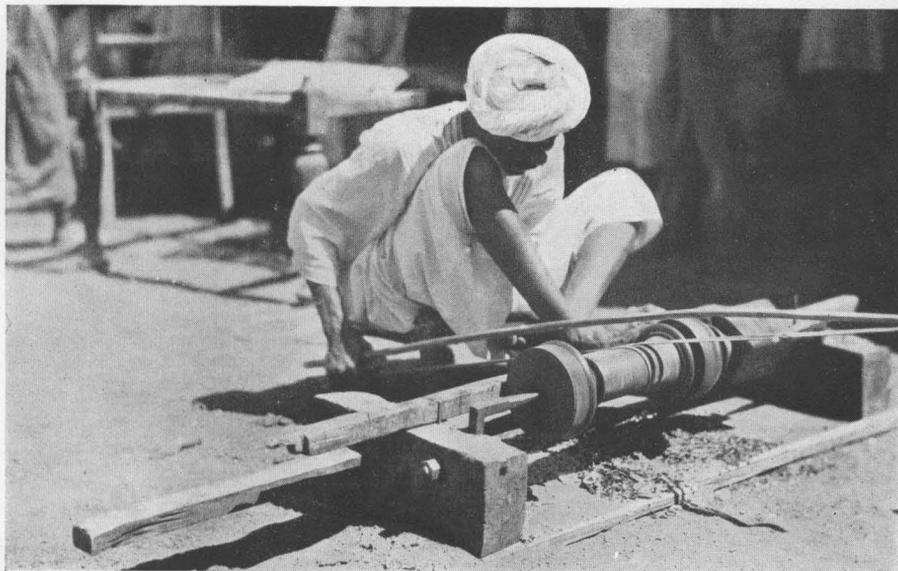
1. Sudanese dancer from Omdurman with a strong vein of negroid blood.



2. Wood market at Omdurman. Wood is dear and in great demand ; it is brought by special caravans of camels across the desert.



3. Fruit market at Omdurman. The fruit lies on the ground in front of the dealer's standing-place.



4. Turner at Omdurman. With the help of a bow his right hand sets the wood turning rapidly. The knife is pressed on the rotating material with the left hand and both feet.



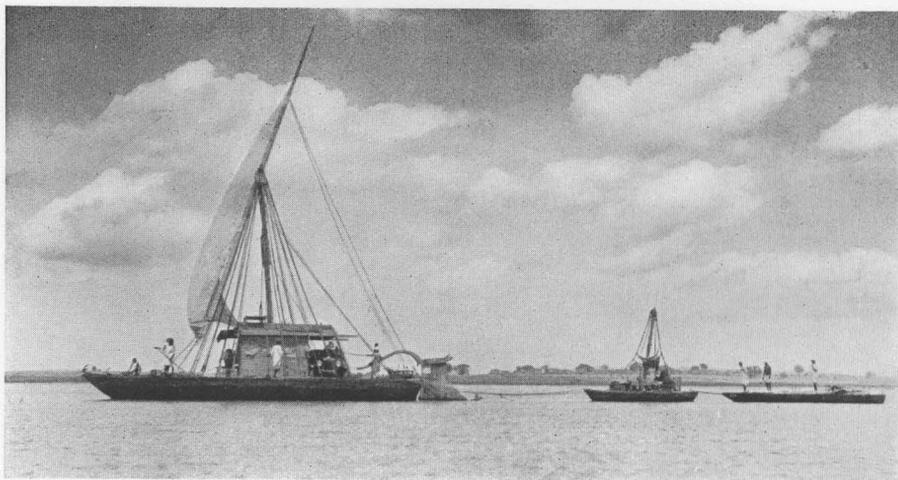
5. African cosmetics: the lips are stained blue. Pins fixed in a handle are dipped in a blue liquid and then stabbed into the lips.



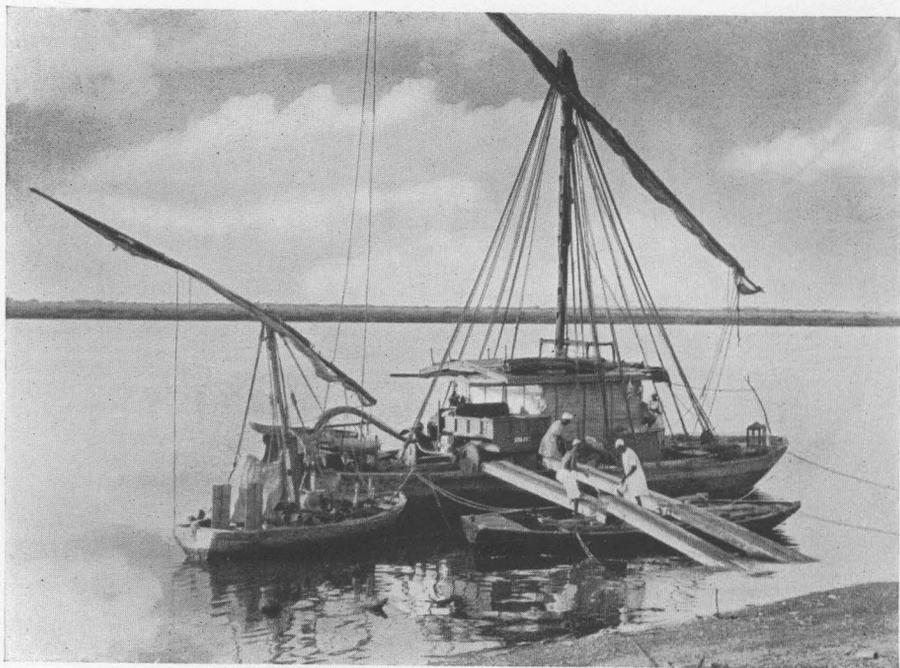
6. Sudanese girl in her house dress arranging her anklets of massive silver.



7. Sudanese *gawahzi* (dancer) performing the ancient stomach dance. Her body is wrapped in a *top* or street dress.



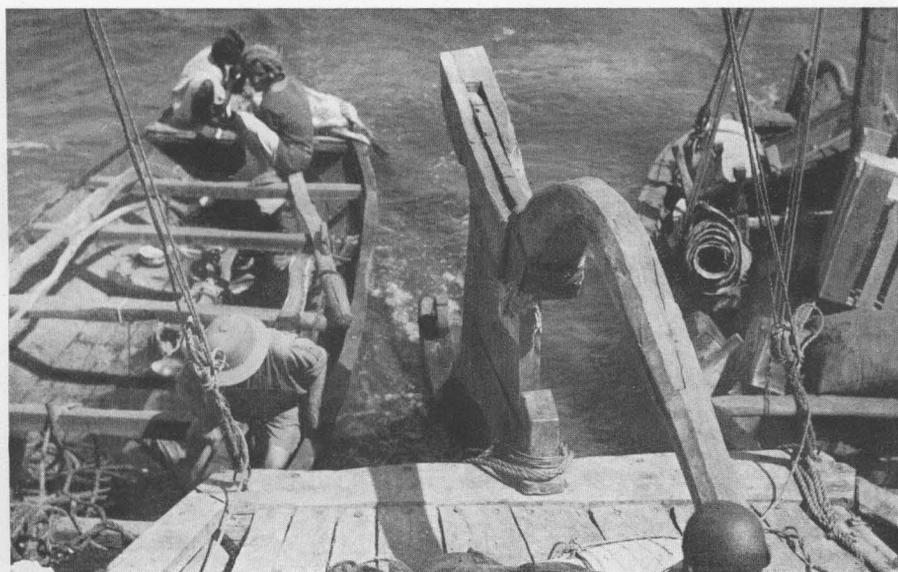
8. Departure from Khartoum. On board the sailing-boat is the cabin made of mats.



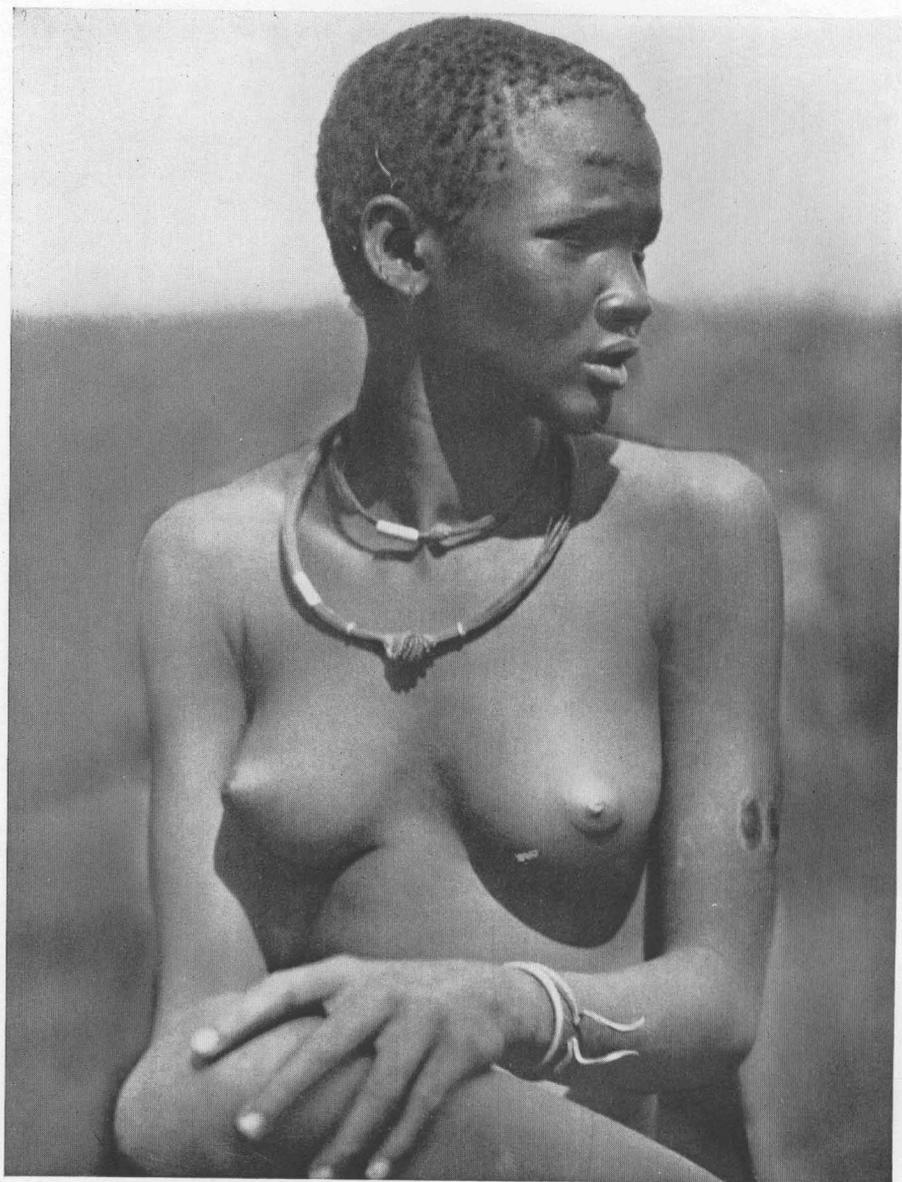
9. Loading the motor-car on to the sailing boat.



10. On the way : Gasmasid prepares the fishing tackle.



11. The two dinghies are towed.



12. Nuer girl with an iron arm-band ending in imitation of a cow's horn.

walls are now gleaming white. "Do you know," she says, quite enchanted, "you are a man in the prime of life and I have a pretty daughter. Marry her. I have always wanted such a husband as you for her." The logic is convincing and Machulka smiles obligingly. "You hesitate? Then we'll wait a bit till you know her better. Come to-morrow evening with the other *kawaga* and have a cup of coffee with us." Machulka accepts the invitation and I am delighted at an acquaintance which may perhaps lead to some good photos. Machulka, it is true, thinks it asking rather much of him to marry a girl so that I can photograph her. "She is really pretty," he says with an engaging smile, "marry her yourself."

The next day brings plenty of work on the rebuilding of the boat, so that I have to put off the visit to Machulka's "mother-in-law" to another opportunity. Instead I call on the Game Warden to ask permission to search out the Nuer people, who, I hope, are to be my future friends. The idea quite upsets him. Why do I want to leave the Nile? I shall find on its banks all the game that I can possibly covet. I explain to the Major that I am less concerned to shoot than to photograph. On the banks of the Nile, as in Europe, regular hunting has made the game purely nocturnal, so that at most one might catch them watering at twilight. This is good enough for the hunter with his long-range gun, but not for the photographer. In the interior game still appears by day. The animals go to water in the middle of the day and wander out over the wide, bare, dried-up spaces towards evening to be safe from sudden attacks by beasts of prey. The Major shakes his head, is terribly worried and tells me that the Nuer are unpleasant, ill-disposed people—you never know where you are with them—and advises me strongly against carrying out my plan. When he sees that his well-meant advice has no effect, he sighs and gives me permission to penetrate into the interior, but at most a day's journey from the banks of the Nile. It is really a piece of luck that there is no police cordon there!

Tired after this long palaver, I return home. The thermometer registers 97° F. in the shade and I need a change of clothes. I reach under the bed, pull out a shoe and suddenly feel a burning pain in my hand. I start back and discover an unusually large African scorpion which has made its home in my shoe. Just before I left Berlin, a well-known Mexican explorer had happened to tell me of an old Indian remedy for such cases, so I now apply it. To my surprise the pain actually does diminish after a few minutes. My hand swells up, but two days later there is no trace of the sting. I call to Abdullah, my suffragi, to bring a glass and the horrible creature is captured unhurt.

On the following morning the expected girls at last put in an appearance: first two, then four, then another two. The crowd grows so that I have to shut the door. I now try to film them, but the girls' movements are stiff and clumsy. As they will not be more natural, I have the scorpion quietly put down near them. All at once they see it and in no time they jump to safety with catlike agility. The first lifelike pictures are bagged!

I was thinking of buying a Ford lorry at the end of my Nile trip and visiting several interesting nomadic desert tribes and hunting steinbocks. Machulka now comes in very excited. "Why not take the lorry with us at once?" he says. "That's all very well, but where are we to house it and how are we to get it ashore?" I turn his idea over in my mind, however, and come to the conclusion that it is practicable. The cabin will indeed have to be rebuilt and a handy little erection alongside it will have to go, but that is quite feasible. Then it occurs to me that in that case my people would not have enough room to sleep in. There is only one solution: to hire a large rowing-boat and tow it. Several men could sleep in it at night along with the petrol.

Next morning I go to Ford's agents to buy a car. A native in the shop tells me that the manager is still at breakfast and I must wait a bit. I learn from the manager that he un-

fortunately has not a lorry in stock, but that the steamer with the cars is three weeks overdue. They are expecting it for certain in two or three days.

One day I have an experience which reveals the queer mentality of Europeans in the East. I visit a variety show, one of several that manage to maintain themselves in Khar-toum. Some new Greek dancing girls are advertised, so the place is full. A number of superior natives have come; the rest of the audience are white—Greeks, Levantines, Syrians, Englishmen, Italians—all mixed up together and looking forward to the rare pleasure of the evening. The dancers appear. They are old, ugly and worn-out. They are nevertheless received with tumultuous applause. Their performance is very fifth-rate and I expect to see them hissed. Not a bit of it. The onlookers not only clap and stamp, they bombard them with ten-piastre pieces. In my astonishment I look at my neighbours and recognise among them a lot of small tradespeople who for years have been saving every penny in order to return home one day. These people are now, as if hypnotised, literally throwing their money away by the pound without getting anything for it.

Next day more girls come to see me. They have brought the necessaries to paint their lips, a collection of pins fixed close together into a wooden handle. Lip painting is by no means the simple affair here that it is in Europe. The pins are dipped in a blue liquid and the lips pricked with them till they are sore (Fig. 5). An excellent dancer also arrives, one of the few *gawahzi*, a class who live by their art. This profession was formerly held in high esteem. People came from a distance to marvel at one of these artistes. She dances in a *rahat* (apron), with the upper part of her body naked (Fig. 1). Nowadays the art of the *gawahzi* is dying out. The *sharamit* (prostitutes) take pains to copy them, but a girl must be born a *gawahzi* and not a *sharmuta* (prostitute) if she is really to master the art. The *gawahzi* performs the aboriginal stomach dance, such as I had seen before. But

what a difference! While she is dancing and all her muscles are in motion she bends backwards nearly to the ground. Her long plaited hair sweeps the ground. Every muscle of the well-built, supple body is tense. In these strictly stylised and regulated movements the relics of ancient Egyptian dancing have been preserved to us.

Then there is a mother waiting for me with her child, who is due to be tattooed with the emblem of his tribe—an interesting process which I should like to photograph. Cuts are first of all made in the skin of the cheeks with a sharp knife, according to the practice of the child's tribe. Then an extract, composed of salt-petre, ashes, shatta and various herbs, is rubbed into the wounds. After a few days the cuts swell up and then heal slowly. Broad unerasable scars remain behind as a badge, those marks so strikingly characteristic of the Sudanese. The mother, by the way, is not bad-looking. Although poor she takes care of her appearance. Her hands even, though they tell of work, are adorned according to custom with orange-coloured patches. For this purpose henna leaves are dried, ground to powder, mixed with water and cooked to a thick paste. This is applied to the places to be stained, particularly the flat of the hand and the nails. The hand is then wrapped up and remains in bandages the whole night. Next morning it is ablaze with charming colours.

The Ford cars that had been announced actually arrive punctually. An extraordinary land this Africa! Everywhere unpunctuality, even among the Europeans. Yet here is a motor dealer who delivers the goods promptly. In Europe itself such a thing is unheard of! I am delighted and go to choose a lorry. Unfortunately the chassis of the lorries are too big for the sailing-boat, while the body of the cars would be useless for our mass of luggage. I ask the joiner, who has really rebuilt the sailing-boat very well, if he could possibly construct a wooden body for a car. He swears by the Prophet's beard that he can. He takes four days to produce

it and then delivers one which is solid and thoroughly well made for our purpose.

In the meantime we have got hold of a second small boat in which to stow the petrol. My flotilla now comprises one large sailing-boat, one small sailing-boat and a rowing-boat. My glance wanders to the motor lorry. With means of transport we are certainly well provided. We move in amid plenty of shouting and arrange ourselves as well as we can in our new quarters. There is not much space, but we do not need more. My apparatus is laid out in neat rows under my bed. In the corner, ready for use, is my cinema camera on its stand. The rifles hang on the wall, and near my bed is the chest containing my linen. Three men will sleep on the roof of the cabin, the others on deck and in the rowing-boat, packed together like herrings. Last of all, with tense excitement on all hands, the car is brought on board (Fig. 9) and placed alongside the cabin. Despite the gloomy prophecies of the reis this is also carried out successfully.

We set sail early in the best of spirits (Fig. 8). A stiff breeze is blowing from the north and carries the large, heavily-rigged nutshell gaily up-stream. We make excellent headway, almost eight miles an hour. Our primitive craft does more, it seems, than we had expected. The next day goes by with a good wind. The banks of the Nile are cultivated and everywhere the fields are irrigated. A beautiful night follows the brilliant sunset, but even so I do not allow the voyage to be interrupted. I want to reach Malakal as speedily as possible; only there can we decide which direction to choose. The natives come from a distance to market and we shall be able to find out all that is worth knowing about the position of game, water conditions and the like. We run aground several times and it takes a lot of very ticklish work in the overpowering heat to get the ship afloat again.

Once I take a dip, swim agreeably across the Nile from bank to bank and climb refreshed into the rowing-boat. The scenery changes gradually. Small islands of ambach

extend far out into the river, tongues of land are overgrown with papyrus and one comes upon the wonder plant, mimosa, everywhere.

Everyone who had travelled in these parts had told us of thousands of cranes which we should begin to meet two days' journey from Khartoum. I was looking forward to photographing these beautiful birds and had decided to devote two or three days to it at some favourable spot. But of these thousands of cranes there is not a trace; we only see a few dozen in the whole course of our trip. The sand-banks are deserted. What can have caused these birds to alter the direction of their flight? Change of climate? Storms in Europe? We do not know. On the islands that look as if they were made for a rich bird life, a few grey herons are fishing. A solitary egret is asleep among a mob of spoonbills and two brown glossy ibises are digging for insects in the mud of the river bank. A sea-eagle (Fig. 13) up a tree utters his ringing bell-like call. Now begins the Africa that I love, where every bush and animal breathes calm and a deep peace. Night falls, the raucous scream of two tardy cranes resounds from the sky above. Thousands of frogs and crickets fill the air with melodious noises. Here and there a puff of wind bears the smell of marsh and damp earth to us. We are sailing to the south.

CHAPTER II

Forward as wind or fate chooses—Negro stories—Malakal—Our interpreter—Bahr el Zeraf—The Nuer—Their habits and customs.

WE are advancing slowly, a bare kilometre in an hour. Eventually Kosti comes in sight, where we receive our mail.

A strong north wind now sets in and carries us swiftly forward with full sails. In a few hours we should reach the rapids of Abu Zeled. As it is getting dark and this stretch is only navigable by day, we have to anchor. The whole night long the wind blows steadily and before sunrise we are under way again. Three hours later we reach the rocks which the Arabs call *Gebelein*, that is, the two mountains, although there are in reality three. A few years ago this district was still full of game. One could meet with formidable wild boars, several kinds of gazelle and in a thicket not far off leopards. A game reserve was even established here. To-day that is a thing of the past; one cannot get a glimpse of a single gazelle and similarly the wart-hogs, leopards and lions have disappeared and the game reserve has been abolished. I hear the grunt of an isolated hippopotamus, but its knell will also be rung before long, for while I was at Khartoum, information came in to the Game Warden from an inspector that an English engineer on the Upper Nile had demonstrably murdered over two hundred of the defenceless monsters in a single year. He had sold the teeth and hide at a trivial price to native dealers.

We have long left the last irrigation plant behind us. We advance slowly up-stream and meet the first Shilluk

warriors, who have spread their nets as far as here. The banks of the river are densely overgrown with rushes; thickets of ambach stretch out into the water and kingfishers, the halcyons of the south, have settled on them. A number of *anhinga*, the African darters, are swimming after fish, while from time to time a sea-eagle flies ponderously away. In the evening after sundown I surprise single green-footed moor-hens, which with their long toes run over the water-lilies like spiders.

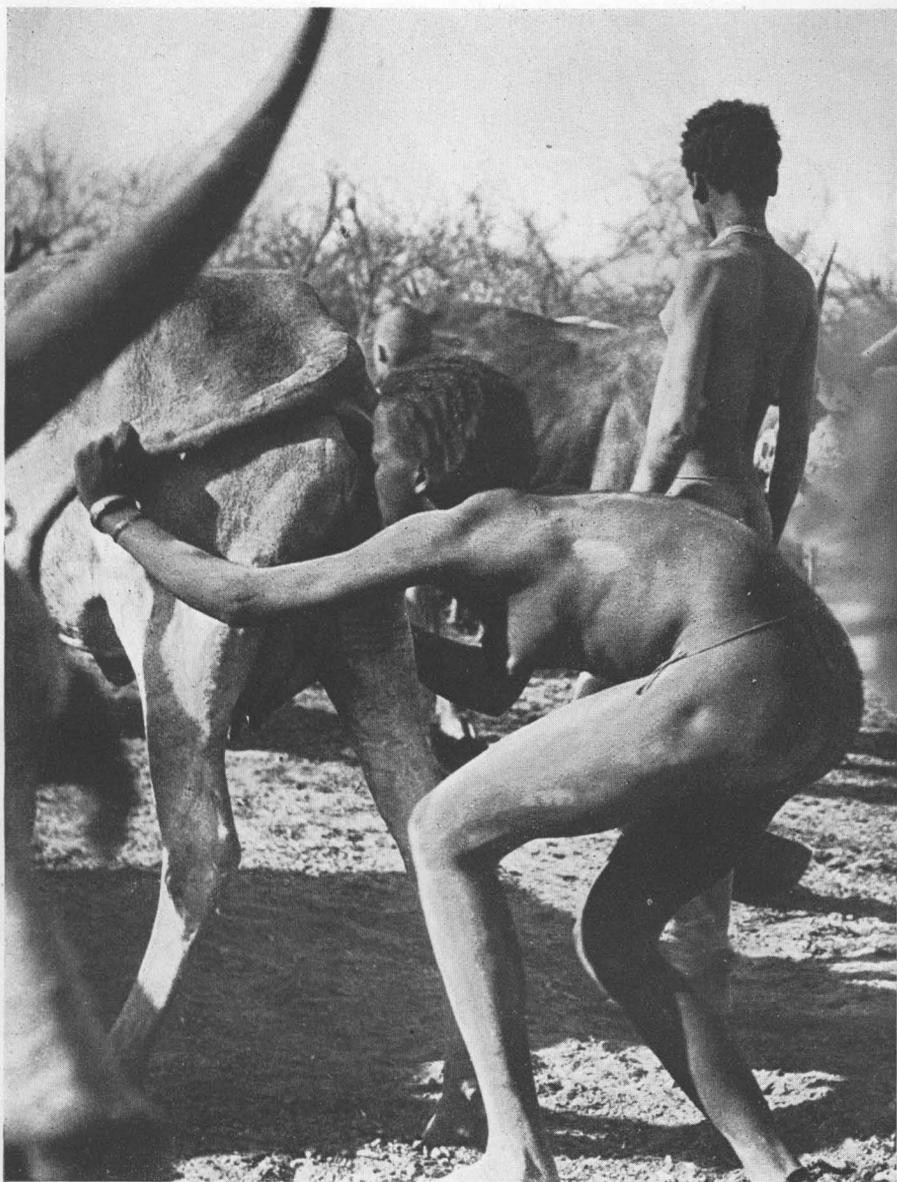
The sun has set five times since we left Khartoum and we have reached Renk. Renk is the seat of the Dinka administration. The villages of these negroes extend southwards along the east bank of the Nile, while on the west the Bagara tribes breed their cattle. It is here that the country of the Shilluk, Dinka and Nuer begins. These three peoples are easily accessible from the Nile and thus have long been known to Europeans. They have notwithstanding preserved themselves and their character unchanged; their language, their manner of life, their customs are as they were thousands of years ago. In the course of time they have suffered badly at the hands of the Arabs. The Caliph of the Mahdists alone carried away thousands to Omdurman. Most of them died on the way. In one single transport of slaves more than two thousand Shilluk, women and children, lost their lives. Those who survived the fall of the tyrant returned home almost without exception and to-day only a few old women are still to be found at Omdurman. As soon as they reached home they discarded everything Arab along with their clothes and became once more negroes pure and undefiled, and so they have remained. At first the English tried to force their administration upon them. This attempt, however, split on the rock of their totally different mentality. They were left in peace before things came to a clash and at the present time the natives get on famously with the white men, who content themselves with supervision and leave the negroes to be ruled quite inde-



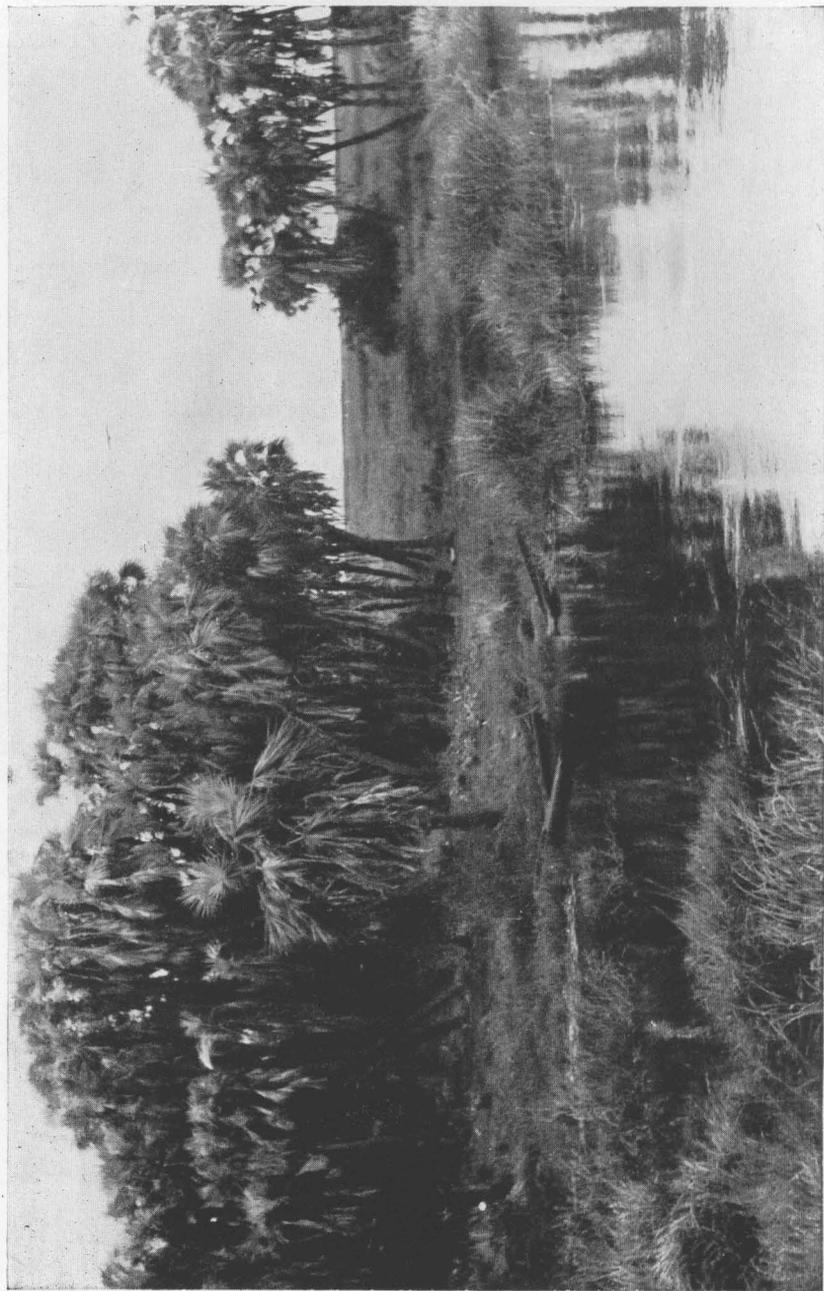
13. African sea-eagle rising. With its dark brown body and snow-white breast it is one of the most beautiful African birds of prey.



14. Many Nuer girls have almost European features. The short hair is straightened with cow's urine, wood ash and clay and dyed red.



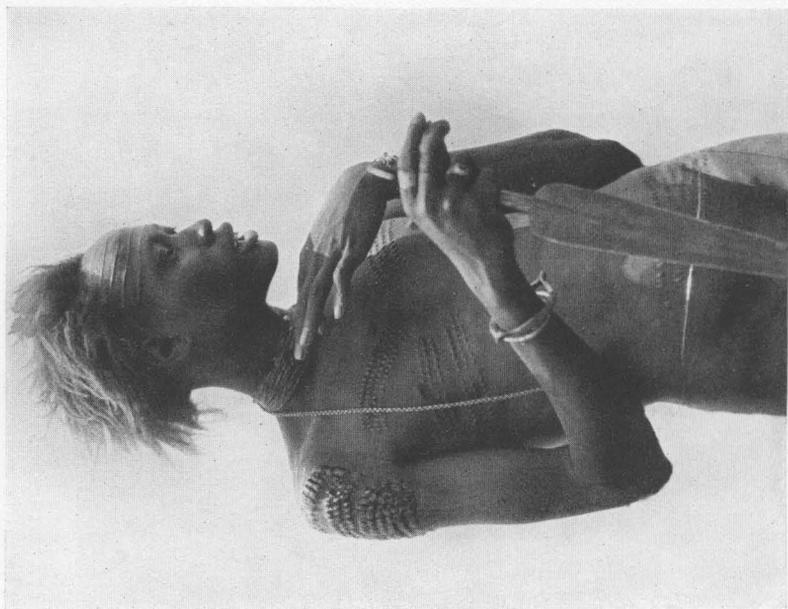
15. The Nuer blow into the anus and vagina of the cows to stimulate them to give milk.



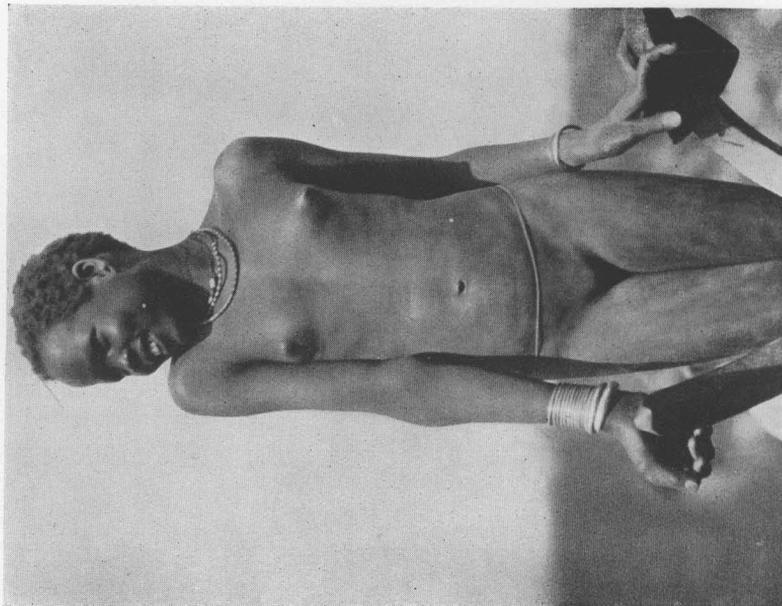
16. Nuer landing-place on the upper reaches of the Bahr el Zeraf. Palm groves extend far into the swamp.



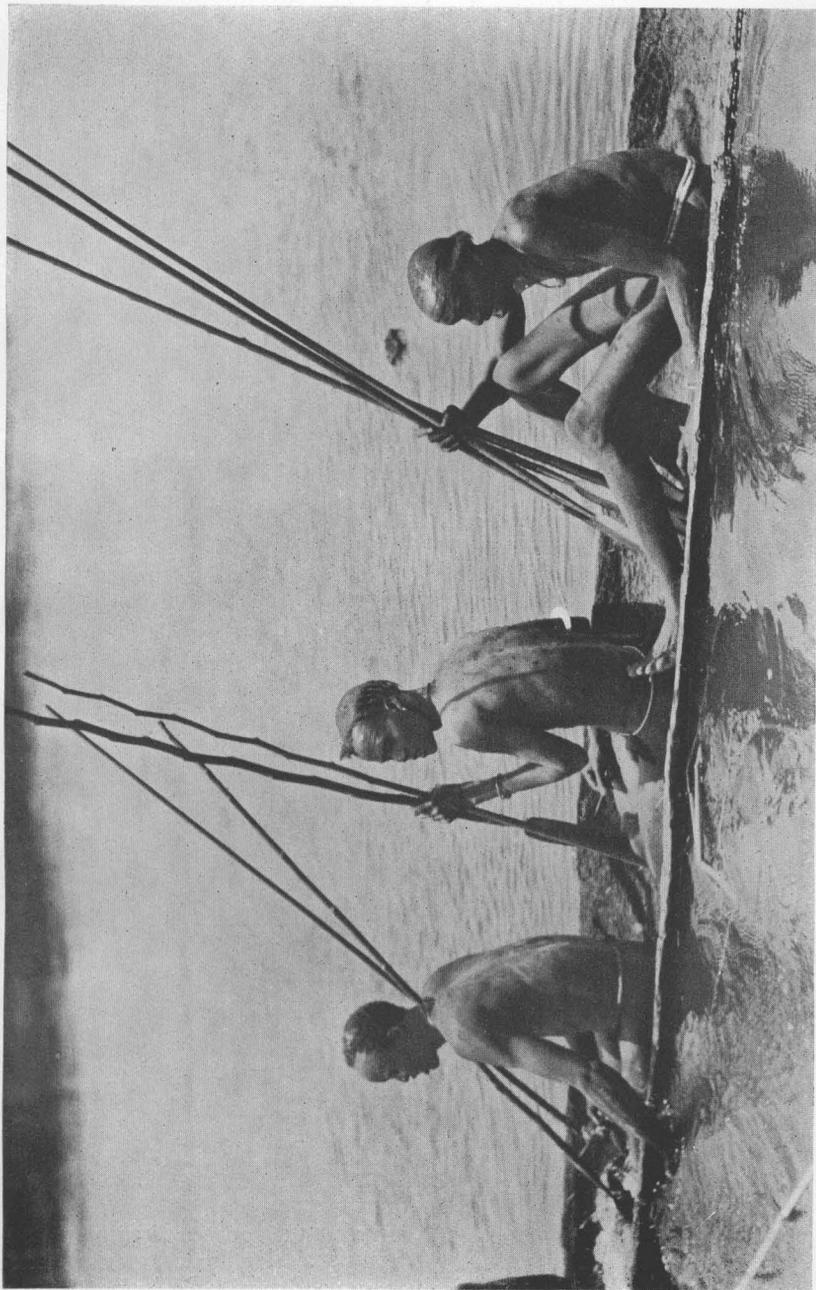
17. Cattle-pen among the Nuer. It is made of thick thorn bushes as a protection against lions and leopards. The cattle spend the night here; the smoke from fires of half-dry cow's dung keeps the numerous gnats away.



18. Nuer warrior with ornamental scars on the upper arm and chest, and clearly-cut tribal emblem on the forehead.



19. Nuer girl in the local costume.



20. Nuer warriors just off to hunt. Each one carries several spears and a club. Although multitudes of crocodiles make the water unsafe, such dug-outs are loaded till they sink up to the gunwale.



21. Nuer warriors in the swamp. They run over the roots of floating cotton-grass. The body is rubbed with wood ash as a protection against gnats; where the water has washed the ash away, the black skin comes to light.

pendently by kings and chiefs. One thing alone gives them but little pleasure and therein they entirely resemble Europeans: they have the utmost repugnance to paying taxes.

There are plenty of stories about the early endeavours of the English administration. It must first be understood that the Nuer, among whom the following episode took place, regard cattle-lifting as the most heinous of crimes. A certain man was accused of stealing several head of cattle. The witnesses declared against him and finally he admitted the theft. The official sentenced him to return the booty and to hand over two beasts in addition as a penalty. Thereupon great indignation among the Nuer. "You are an Englishman and want to be just, yet you condemn a man to two punishments for one crime. It is enough that he must return the stolen cattle and that all the trouble he took to steal them was in vain. To take away his own cattle as well is the height of injustice," said the chief.

A Catholic missionary had no better luck with the Shilluk. He was delivering a moving address and had gathered round him a large crowd of natives. He told them how delightful it was to live in Europe, how fertile the land was, how well watered, and a lot more about similar beauties. A young Shilluk warrior then stood up in full war-paint and said, "That isn't true or you white men would stay in that land instead of disturbing us here!" "We don't want to disturb you," said the preacher gently, "we only want to teach you." "Oh, then tell me what you can really do. Can you build a hut?" "No," said the missionary. "Or make a spear?" This was also an unfamiliar art to him. "Well then, can you at least mould pots?" He was forced to disclaim this too. "You see, amongst us even the women can do that and you fancy that you can teach us something!" The missionary defended himself: "Those are all trifles. Look at the steamers on the Nile—that's what we can do." "All right," said the Shilluk, "show us how to do that!"

On another occasion a mission station was awaiting an expedition of the King of Saxony. There was great excitement among the Fathers. They were anxious to have a mosaic floor for their church and hoped that the monarch would present them with one. It was customary for every expedition to give something, according to rank and means, and the station did well by them. Now the fame of this king's piety had preceded him and the missionaries built castles in the air right up to heaven. Meanwhile they made industrious preparations. Children were sent with presents to the Shilluk to induce them this once at least to visit the church. A whole mob of warriors intended to come, so the occasion was awaited with confidence. Some ingenious soul hit on the idea that it would be particularly impressive if innocent children also took part, their necks adorned with an image of the Virgin on a rosary. The plan met with general approval. At length the eagerly awaited day drew near. The guests arrived, were ceremoniously received and the king declared himself willing to attend mass in the church together with the Shilluk. That evening the Fathers distributed to the children pretty little brass crosses on dark chains and everyone went to rest. In the morning they all streamed to church. The children too came from all sides. But the dear little things in their innocence had hung the rosaries, not round their necks, but in negro fashion round their hips, so that the Virgin's image dangled between their legs at the spot which Adam and Eve veiled with fig-leaves.

A good wind is blowing and we must take advantage of it. One peculiarity of Africa strikes us. A fine piece of parkland in a sparsely populated area is often empty of game, while ten to twenty miles away at some place which seems quite unsuitable for them there is any amount. Without the guidance of someone who knows the country well there is not much hope of meeting rare game.

During the night we are wakened by a jolt that knocks the bottles off the shelves. At first I fear that we have run

against a rock. As the ship sails calmly on, I ask the steersman what the cause was. He tells me that a crocodile was surprised on the bank not far from the ship just as it was comfortably getting out to browse. When it saw us in the bright moonlight it took fright, plunged into the water, misjudged the speed of the sailing-boat and in coming up, to its dismay, bumped its head against the keel of the vessel.

We pass Kodok and on the tenth day arrive at Malakal. We make a little tour of the place. A hospital lies not far from the Nile. A few convalescent Dinka are strolling in the garden, and in hospital get-up with shaved heads they look truly extraordinary. In the market-place I meet some highly ornamented young women who are busy shopping. As soon as the first catches sight of me, she waves in unmistakable fashion and casts lascivious glances at me. Even as far as this the Europeans have brought prostitution! The negroes know no such thing. The young people marry early—the man several times if he can afford it—so that this civilised institution is foreign to them. And now we come to a field marked out in white and boasting two goals. On the crossbar of one goal a vulture is sunning himself. An African football field!

Our prime need at the moment is to procure good interpreters, for neither my people nor I understand a word of the local negro idioms. Arabs who assure us that they know the languages offer themselves in large numbers, but they are useless. They can at a pinch make themselves understood by the negroes on such subjects as hunting and trading, but they are quite unable to discuss abstract matters; and that is precisely the point to which I attach special importance, because I want to find out about the government, religion and history of the Nuer, who are difficult people to approach. After considerable search we find what we require, namely, a Nuer, a Dinka and a Shilluk, each of whom has a good knowledge of Arabic as well as his own tongue.

To celebrate our departure a *karama* (feast) has to be held. That means that I buy a sheep, which is then slaughtered according to ritual. The entrails are plaited into pigtails and cooked in that form, while the liver, heart and lights are chopped up, strongly seasoned and eaten raw as a delicacy. It is accompanied, of course, by the daily *kissra* (durra cake) which, eaten with a sharp sauce, is much relished. It is astonishing what quantities the people are able to put away on such occasions.

We resume our journey. Before long we catch sight of some *tukul*, and a number of ambach rafts indicate that Shilluk have settled here. I put in to the shore and try to buy a raft. The owner is away, but his young wife represents him in a very business-like manner. In the end we strike a bargain and I leave, well satisfied with this substitute for a collapsible boat which will come in very handy for fishing and hunting. Not far from the village some Shilluk warriors are gathered round a fire, roasting a gazelle they have killed with their spears. At a burnt-up spot on the bank a family of crowned cranes are looking for food. I am surprised to find young cranes on the 17th of February. It means that the last rainy season must have set in very late. Other observations confirm this assumption. The banks, which by this date should be yellow and largely burnt up, are this year still green and juicy. This offers a poor prospect of meeting elephants in the swamp. They often stand up to their bellies in water, so that there can be no thought of stalking them on foot in the swampy land. The thick elephant grass and the papyrus six yards high, on the other hand, make it impossible to approach in a boat.

A few days later we reach the point where the Bahr el Zeraf flows into the Bahr el Abiad (White Nile). So far the sky has always been heavily clouded by day, the vapour accumulating over the swamps, so that no photography was possible. But now we leave the swamp land, for the Bahr el Zeraf flows across the plain. An odd river! Not more

than thirty paces wide on the average, it is several yards deep. A powerful current prevents weeds from clogging up the surface. The banks are almost bare and afford a view for miles over the open country. One has the impression of sailing along an artificial canal cut through the plain. Game begins to be plentiful. We already see reedbucks and tiang antelopes, and the bones of a giraffe are bleaching in the sun. We also begin to pass Shilluk villages and our interpreter now comes into action. As we approach, the negroes hide in the grass. Boll—that is our Shilluk's name—shouts a few joking words across and good relations are at once established. The people bob up laughing and facetious remarks are bandied to and fro. Boll calls to a woman who is drawing water and a long talk goes on between them as we sail slowly by. It seems to me that Boll's tone has changed, so I ask him if he knows the woman. "How should I not?" he answers. "She's my brother's wife." Then he tells me that he knows this district very well, as he has often hunted hippopotamuses here with his companions. We learn further that Boll was formerly a soldier and served in a Sudan regiment of the Egyptian Army. In 1924, after the mutiny at Khartoum, the English disbanded those troops which seemed to them unreliable and he returned home with several fellow-tribesmen. He is a lively, useful fellow and we were lucky to get hold of him. Tudj, the Nuer, is also serviceable and intelligent. One of his fellow-tribesmen is standing near the river watching us. Completely naked, with long red hair waving wildly in the wind, his appearance has something savage and dangerous about it. Tudj exchanges a brief greeting with him, whereupon he hurries off to the Nuer village with long, prancing strides.

The Nuer are divided into numerous tribes, the most important of which are the Lak, Tiang, Gaweir, Lau and Jekaing. They occupy the land round the rivers Bahr el Zeraf, Sobat and Pibor, eastwards towards the Abyssinian frontier. Other tribes live on the Bahr el Jebel, in the

Bahr el Ghazal Province and north of Lake No. The inaccessibility of the country where these primitive folk live makes any census impossible, but the strength of the whole people is conservatively estimated at over 320,000 souls (70,000 warriors). The Nuer are accordingly one of the largest peoples of the Sudan, and as they are very warlike represent a power factor not to be lightly underrated. Their home is the boundless plain, the steppe, which is often surrounded and interrupted by swamps. The granite rocks that stand out abruptly on the Bahr el Zeraf are the only raised land in the Nuer country. During the rainy season, from June to October, the people live in the villages far away in the interior; during the dry period, from November to May, the warriors wander with their numerous cattle to the banks of the river and put up large thorn enclosures near the drinking-places to protect their herds (Fig. 17). The old folks stay behind in the village with the children. The Nuer cultivate durra, though far too little in proportion to their needs and the fertility of the soil. The small amount of grain is frequently used up in a short time in the form of *merissa* (millet beer), and for the greater part of the year the people depend on fishing, hunting and cattle-breeding. They fish in an extremely primitive way with spear and baskets. Hooks or nets are unknown. The negro throws his spear at random among the reeds and actually catches large fish in this way, so plentiful are they in these waters. Hunting is done by means of snares, traps, spears and also guns, with which the hunters often bag giraffes, hippos and even elephants, besides gazelles and antelopes. During the rainy season they sometimes manage in their boats to catch the sitatunga swamp antelopes which are so rarely caught by European sportsmen in the Sudan. Small dogs like greyhounds, which the negroes with their long legs are able to follow at an incredible pace, are used to chase the game. The man whose spear first wounds the animal keeps the booty and shares the meat with his family and friends. The

negroes often go short of food, but they are masters of the art of fasting. Not infrequently they eat nothing at all for two to four days on a journey without suffering any particular harm.

Unlike the Shilluk, the Nuer recognise no authority. The power of the Sheikhs is small and every warrior's highest law is the principle of *Might is Right*.

The Nuer can tell practically nothing about their origin. The little that is known to students comes from the traditions of the Shilluk and Dinka. According to them, the Nuer, Shilluk, Dinka and Anuak appear to have come originally from the same country. Every Nuer bears the marks of the starving inhabitant of swamp and steppe, exposed to the severest hardships in his fight with a relentless environment. His body is emaciated and covered with scars. Time and distance are nothing to him. He will gladly go 250 miles to steal a cow, trusting to the steppe to provide food for its child. The Nuer are wild and rough in character and opposed to innovation or progress of any kind. They love dances, but their festivities mostly degenerate into violent brawls and several dead are as a rule left on the field. Nowadays the Nuer are practically unapproachable for all strangers and it takes a long time to win their confidence. Formerly, sixty to eighty years ago, this was not the case. Unfortunately they suffered so much at the hands of the *gelaba* (petty Arab merchants) and slave hunters that their original openness and hospitality to strangers have utterly disappeared.

The men protect themselves against the plague of insects by rubbing their bodies with ashes. Women, on the other hand, are only allowed to do this for certain dances. Both sexes often use no water to wash with for weeks on end, especially during the winter months. But they are fond of washing their eyes with the warm urine of cows, which they regard as strengthening. The hair is carefully removed from the body (Fig. 18) and even the eyelashes are plucked

out "to prevent blindness." The ashes of cow-dung are used to clean the teeth. The hair of the head is dyed red. At the age of six or seven the children's lower incisors are knocked out, "to distinguish man from the beasts of prey," as they put it.

The chiefs, as has been mentioned, exercise little authority and are judges rather than leaders. When a Sheikh dies, his rank passes to his son or nearest relative. The medicine-men enjoy much more prestige than the Sheikhs. Their art also descends from father to son. The Nuer believe that the Great Spirit "Kot" has lent the medicine-man or priest (whichever one chooses to call him) his powers, which are of very different kinds. One has divine visions and interprets them to his believing fellow-tribesmen, another can make rain and cause or avert illness and death. The objects used for magic are certain roots, leaves, bits of bone and the like. Each of these medicine-men has an animal or inanimate object as totem.

The fundamental institution of this people is the family. The place round which family life for the most part centres is the *vidch* or cattle pen. Here the mothers suckle their infants, the children play with dry cow-dung, here the eternal fire burns and the great ash heap is piled up in which the people sleep, here they defend their animals with incredible courage and tenacity against attack. The *vidch* is the Nuer's sacred place; it surrounds the magic tree against which the men lay down their spears and which has to see to it that the cows do not miscarry but bring good female calves into the world. The *vidch* changes its appearance during the winter months. The cattle remain in the village and are housed in a huge *tukul* made of grass. The fire smokes in the centre, as in the summer *vidch*, and is fed with half-dried cakes of dung. A wooden platform is built over it to serve as a sleeping-place for the unmarried men, the smoke keeping insects away. The married people live in *ud* or *dwel*, which are small *tukul* of straw lying in the

middle of the few tobacco, durra and maize fields which these negroes cultivate.

The father presents his son with a bull, which from that moment is the child's guardian spirit and forms the foundation of his property. How the boy looks after it! He puts his arm round its neck, talks lovingly to it, decorates it with tassels and glass beads, sings to it and often consults it when he has an important decision to make. This bull cannot be sold and the boy would sooner die of hunger than even think of slaughtering it. The whole devotion of these primitive people is concentrated on their cattle. The bull, for its part, seems well aware of its function and of the great respect in which it is held, and looks about inquiringly with its great eyes as it slowly and majestically leaves the pen.

The cattle are not the only recipients of kindness. The goats and especially the jolly little dogs have nothing to complain of. One constantly sees the children playing with them in the most charming fashion.

Every Nuer makes for himself the things he needs. The only ones to follow any sort of trade are the smiths, who buy pig iron (European as a rule) from Sudanese traders and make spears and primitive ornaments and utensils of various kinds out of it. One quite often comes upon interesting old spear-heads of negro iron, but they have nearly always been acquired by barter from the Dinka of Bahr el Ghazal Province. The wood of which the shafts are made also comes from there.

The notion of tabu plays a great part among the Nuer. All feathered creatures and all reptiles are tabu and may not be eaten even during famine. The crocodile appears to be an exception, for I have often seen freshly-killed crocodiles skilfully cut up by the hunters, and the eggs of this reptile are a favourite dish. Among the Gaweir, on the other hand, the gentle waterbuck is tabu, on the ground that, as they believe, it eats snakes.

Although the Nuer are rich in cattle, they very seldom

slaughter them. Only at the greatest feasts, such as a marriage, will they eat an aged cow or bull. To celebrate other occasions goats and sheep have to do. In times of great need, however, the Nuer will drink the blood of living cattle which are bled for this purpose—a custom as normal as the use of milk among certain other peoples, the Masai and Somali for instance.

The men, women and children take their meals in separate groups. The boys and the warrior classes, called *rik* or *rek*, also eat alone. Unlike the Shilluk and Jur, who eat with their hands, the Nuer use small gourds or shells as spoons.

The warriors' weapons, besides the spears already mentioned and smuggled guns, include clubs and shields. These last are either large ones made of crocodile or hippopotamus skin or small parrying-shields of ambach wood. The ambach shields in particular are very much carried, as they are light. They are sometimes hollow and provided with a cover, so that useful objects, like tobacco and amulets, are kept in them.

In general the Nuer go naked and simply hang ornaments of glass, ivory, brass or iron about them, but those who come in contact with Arab traders are beginning to wear cheap cotton. Unmarried people are always completely nude. The women wear an apron of leather or plaited palm fibre after the birth of their first child. The most important feast is marriage. The bride's head is shaved, a cow or bull is slaughtered and the guests are generously entertained with *merissa*. The man presents his bride with all sorts of ornaments, but in the event of a subsequent divorce these gifts have to be returned. The bride-price (*mahr*) which the man has to raise may be up to fifty head of cattle for a virgin, but it is very small for a widow or a divorced woman. This price is shared out among the bride's relatives. The girl's father, mother and grandmother, the first uncle and the first aunt on both

sides, all receive their share. The cattle which these women receive pass into the possession of their husbands. Correspondingly a bridegroom's entire family helps him to raise the necessary gifts. Parents, uncles, aunts and friends support him to the best of their ability.

It is the family council that tries divorce cases. If it finds the wife guilty, the whole of the bride-price goes back to the man. Cattle which have died need not be replaced, as among the Shilluk, but this rule does not apply to any that have been slaughtered. If the husband is the guilty party, the price is also returned to him minus two cows. One compensates the woman for the hair that was shaved off at marriage, the other for her lost virginity. Adultery does not necessarily lead to divorce. In general the adulterer is compelled to pay the husband from two to six cows, but if the wife is with child by him the price is considerably higher. On the other hand, if a husband is unable to beget children, he lets his wife have connection with another man and, should she actually become pregnant, pays him a cow with a calf. The child is then regarded as legitimate. If a married man dies his brother takes over the widow. In the absence of a brother the woman can choose a man who shall provide for her. He has no bride-price to pay. The children of this union bear the dead man's name and have the same rights as those whom the dead man begot.

A virgin enjoys a high value. If a girl has given herself to a man otherwise than in marriage, she may send a deputation of friends to her lover to demand that he marry her. Should he refuse, he must pay from ten to twenty cattle as expiation, or a blood feud will break out between the two families. Marriage between blood relations is prohibited. I could find no trace of the immorality and dissoluteness which certain missionaries in particular have reported.

The law of the family is based essentially on inheritance. The heir is always the first-born son, and when there is no

son, the dead man's eldest brother. There is a strong sense of *meum and tuum*. Naturally anything acquired in war or tribal quarrels is not reckoned as stolen. In other cases a man who has been robbed has the right not only to get back his property from the thief, but also to receive something along with it. For the most part exact penalties are fixed for every sort of theft. For stealing any quantity of *durra* a cow has to be paid as compensation to the wronged party. A dug-out canoe is valued at two cows. If anyone has stolen a cow and killed and eaten it, the penalty is five cows. But if the stolen beast is still alive, he has only to restore it. If a man lifts his neighbour's decorated family bull, the foundation of Nuer property, he is fined ten cows, whereas the killing of any other bull is punished by the mere payment of one female calf. A stolen gun is valued at three cows, a spear at from two to five. The punishments for bodily injuries are sharp. If a thrashing is not followed by serious consequences, the victim receives no compensation. But if, for example, his foot or hand should be broken, the damage must be made good with ten and six cows respectively. If the man is totally blinded, he gets from ten to thirty cows; if he loses one eye, it is only from two to ten. If a girl has a tooth knocked out, she is awarded a cow with a calf.

As a rule it is the medicine-man who acts as judge, but here and there the Sheikh. The parties, on the principle that greased wheels turn best, try to influence him as far as their means allow and often with success. The litigants form a half-circle round the judge and squat on the ground. A small trench is dug in front of the judge. Each witness as he is heard gets up, advances and dips the point of his spear into the trench. Whoever tells a lie in giving evidence will be overtaken by death, so the negroes maintain, and the trench is there to remind the speaker of his grave. In important cases the judge takes council with the oldest men and only then does he deliver his judgment, from which

there is no appeal. If a Nuer kills a fellow-tribesman he must at once take refuge in the medicine-man's house and stay there till the penalty, in the shape of from ten to forty head of cattle, has been paid. Otherwise a blood-feud will break out between the families. The medicine-man's house serves as prison and the ill-doer is not allowed to see anyone, even a member of his own family. It is often several months before the murder is atoned by the transfer of cattle to the victim's family, accompanied as it is by troublesome and complicated ceremonies.

When a warrior dies he is buried by his friends, never by his relatives. Adults are interred under the entrance of the dwelling *tukul*, children inside the hut. The friends who have performed the last service of love to the dead man are presented with a bull by his family. Without this payment there is no burial, and should a Nuer find a dead man in the bush he will calmly leave him to the vultures and hyenas.

As soon as young Nuer have reached the age of manhood the ceremonies of initiation begin. On a fixed day someone of position, often the medicine-man, appears in the circle of lads. A hole the size of a skull is dug before each of them, then a cut is made in the skin of the forehead from ear to ear with a sharp piece of metal. A last-born son of his mother receives six parallel cuts in this way. The blood is caught in the hole and the gaping wound is rubbed with cow-dung ash. After this proceeding the youth remains shut up in a *tukul* for a short time and only his mother or an old man supplies him with food. Strict care is taken that no girl shall come within sight of him. The initiation is then celebrated with dancing, a feast and *merissa*, and as a rule the festivities end with a free fight.

Whereas the Shilluk warriors milk their cows and women may scarcely touch them, among the Nuer the opposite is the custom. Only women and children milk, and as soon as a youth is declared mature he leaves that work to the

other sex. If he should milk after becoming a man he will die, so the Nuer believe. He must even give up that caressing and scratching that he was so fond of. If he were to transgress this law, he would risk the loss of his right hand or paralysis of both arms, so it is believed.

The youths who have been declared men are divided by the medicine-man into groups which are called *rik* or *rek*. Each group is given a name reminiscent of important events that have taken place at the time of the initiation. The medicine-man often gives them the name of his own totem. The members of these groups are now blood-brothers. Blood-feud can never break out between them. They go out to battle together and no warrior will ever leave his rik-comrade in the lurch. Together their way leads them to victory or to death.

Nuer men and women are great tobacco-smokers and, like most negroes, love alcohol more than is good for them. Fortunately for them the English prohibit the import of liquor. Their weak durra beer causes more than enough damage as it is. They are unacquainted with salt. Like the Jur, they add other seasoning and the ashes of certain kinds of wood to their dishes.

Superstitious fancies are widespread among these children of nature and make themselves unpleasantly felt in their daily life. For instance, a woman may not drink milk during menstruation or for a month after the birth of a child, otherwise the cow from which it came will die. During menstruation women are altogether baneful for cows. If a pregnant woman sees a sea-eagle fishing, she and her husband must abstain from fish, or the child will come into the world with the face of a sea-eagle. If anyone eats or drinks out of a vessel that has come in contact with a snake, death will overtake him.

The Nuer worship a great spirit "Guak" and a power called "Kot." The great spirit is lord of good and evil. He created the sun and the other phenomena of nature.

According to their tradition, the Nuer received a sacred spear from Kot, which is kept in a village on the Pibor and watched over by its own special guards.

The Nuer only know two points of the compass, west and east, but not north and south. The year is reckoned from the beginning of the rainy season. Many of them bear the names of particularly decisive events, such as famine, epidemics, cattle pests and the like.

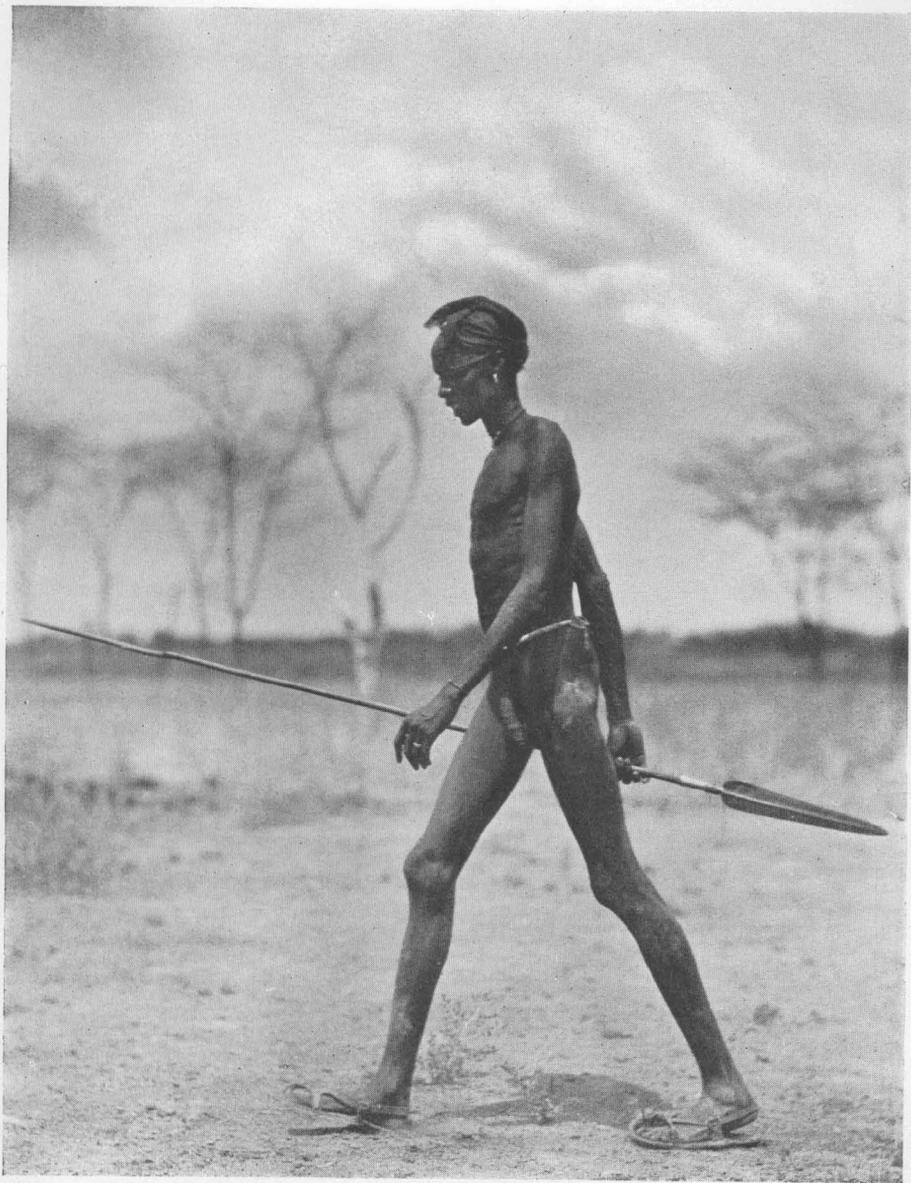
Cannibalism is unknown to the Nuer. They are strictly forbidden to eat the flesh of their totem animals. Human sacrifice, which to this day is a custom among the Shilluk, is also unknown among them. On the other hand, bulls and barren animals are sacrificed on the most various occasions. The sacrifice at a marriage is designed to ensure the fertility of the young woman. On the appearance of a comet, which is generally reputed to usher in epidemics for man and beast, an attempt is made to ward off the evil by means of sacrifices. The individual also tries to find healing from illness by making an offering to the god. In the same way they try to influence fate in their favour, as when a woman after a year of marriage has not borne a child or when the fertilising rain stays away. They believe that they can induce heavy storms to abate by throwing tobacco in the air.

The totems, communal and individual, play a great rôle in the life of this people. The former include all kinds of birds, perhaps because they can fly up into the sky to the great Kot. Individual totems are chosen from a miscellaneous collection of inanimate objects and living creatures. Certain trees or stars, various sorts of snake, the varanus lizard, crocodiles, separate kinds of fish, sometimes the waterbuck—all are tabu. Woe betide the stranger who dares to eat or kill totem animals in the presence of Nuer! He will have unwittingly turned the village to bitter enemies. Special importance attaches to the totem symbols of marriage. For example, suppose a Nuer whose totem is a crocodile

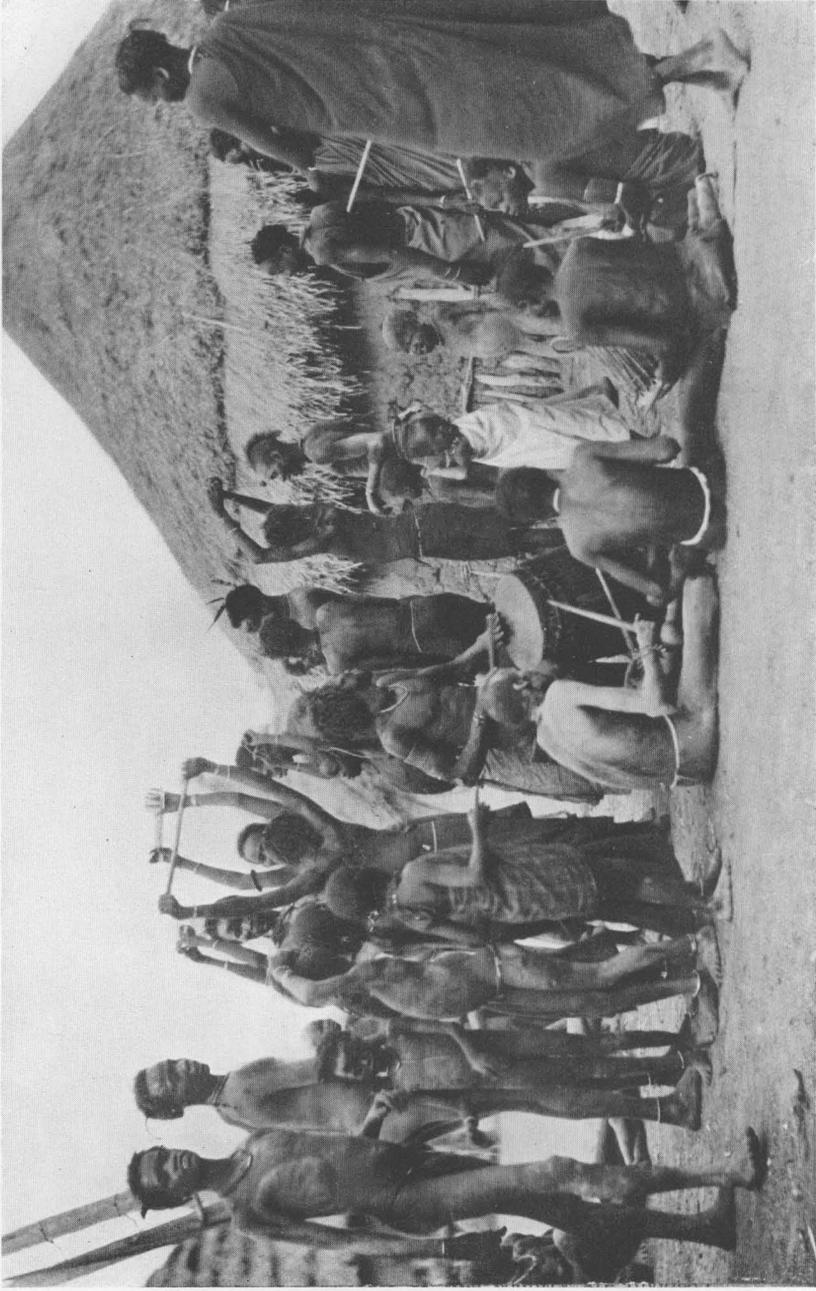
chooses to marry a girl with a snake totem. After the wedding not only any children they may have but the married couple themselves acknowledge both the crocodile and the snake as totem.

Interesting as this people is, little is known of them. Yet outside influence is already making itself perceptible. Arab traders are beginning to import cheap linen and cotton. Missionaries are exerting themselves to abolish ancient customs and the "indecent" nudity, while glass beads from Gablonz are ousting the round discs of mollusc or ostrich egg shell out of which the natives contrive to make such curious ornaments. Spear-heads of horn and ebony have become exceedingly rare. Already one meets imported domestic cats here and there in the villages. How long will it be before civilisation makes its entry, complete with cheap spirits and prostitution?

Our sailing-boat is now out in the middle of the steppe. We take a rest and Tadj passes the time fishing with an Arab casting-net. In the evening grass fires light up the horizon. Before long we make a closer acquaintance with the fire. As I have already mentioned, the river here is not broad. We are now compelled to pass a particularly narrow spot where the grass fire is raging on the banks. A horribly beautiful picture unrolls before our eyes. The wind drives the blaze before it, from every bush tongues of flame wave high in the air. Birds of prey circle overhead in the expectation of enjoying the roasted creeping things. Vultures, falcons, kites and hawks share in the feast. We do not feel very happy; the wind carries sparks and burning tufts of grass on to our sailing-boat and we have our hands full to avert a catastrophe. Everything on board is as dry as tinder, to say nothing of the petrol. But at last we leave the danger spot behind us and I sit down, dead tired, in my cabin. There I overhear a conversation between Boll and the ugly negress who cooks for the crew. This negress,



22. Natives of the Dinka enclave. They are extraordinarily tall. This man, over six feet six inches, has a stride of more than a yard.



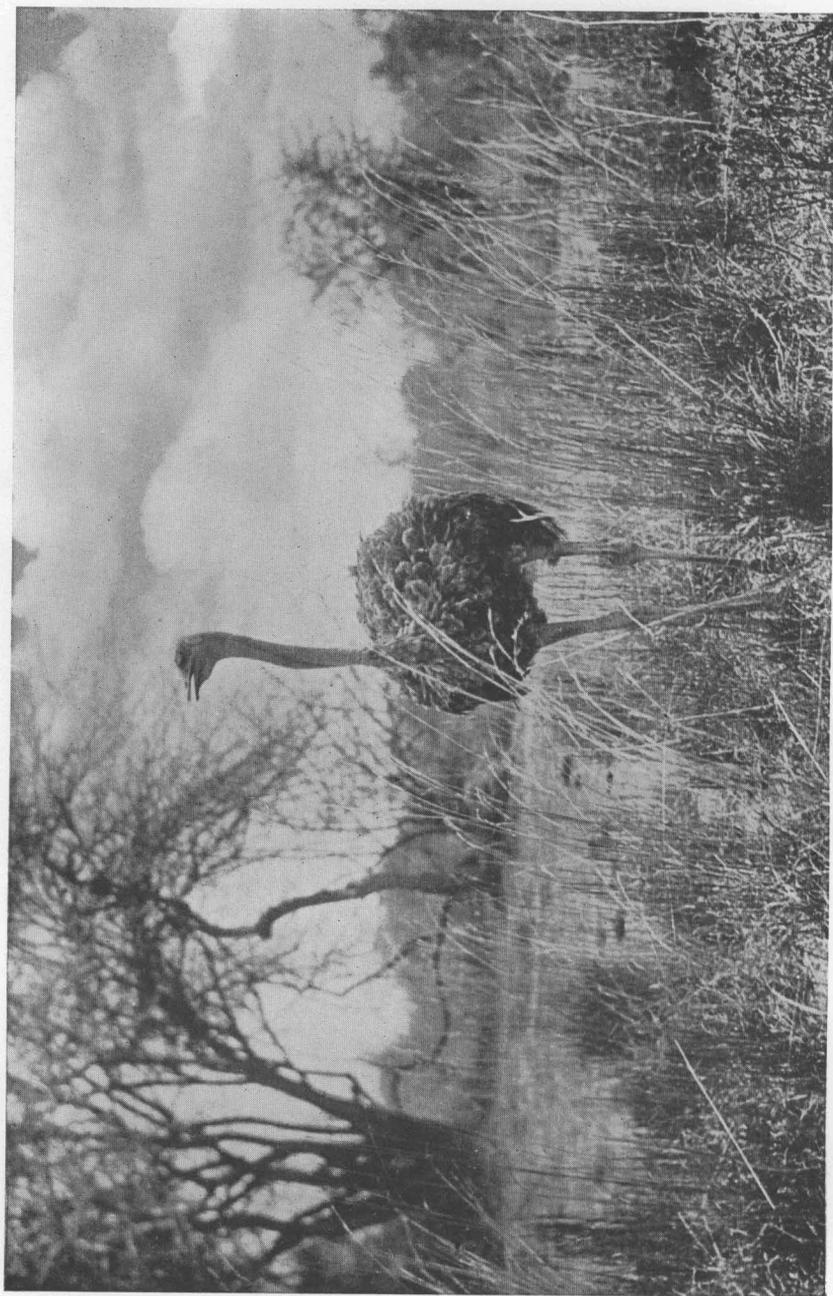
23. "Cow-dance" in the Dinka enclave. The natives dance in pairs face to face but without touching each other.



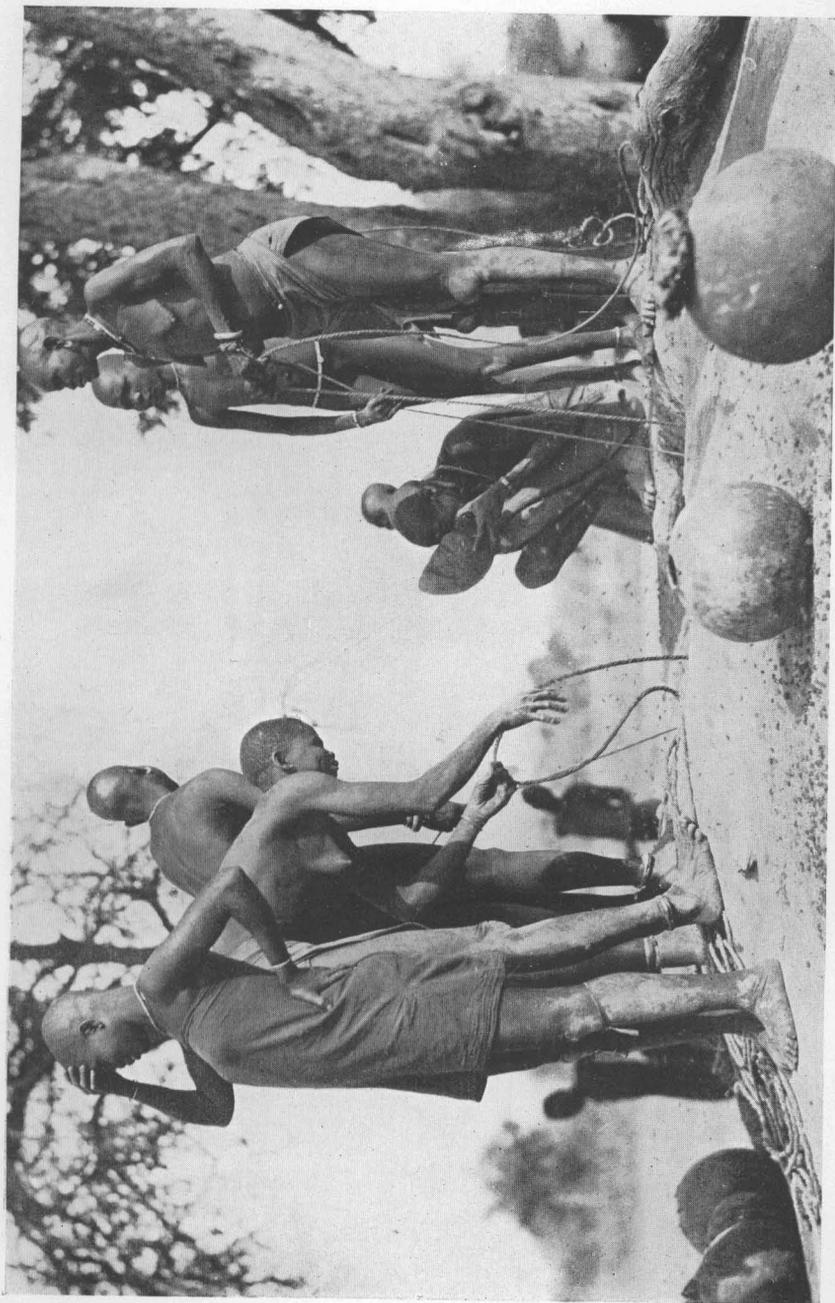
24. The Dinka enclave in Nuerland. The Dinka here have given up their own characteristics and adopted Nuer customs.



25. A Dinka in Nuer costume smoking a mixture of tobacco and cow-dung.



26. African ostrich west of Shambe in typical African park landscape.



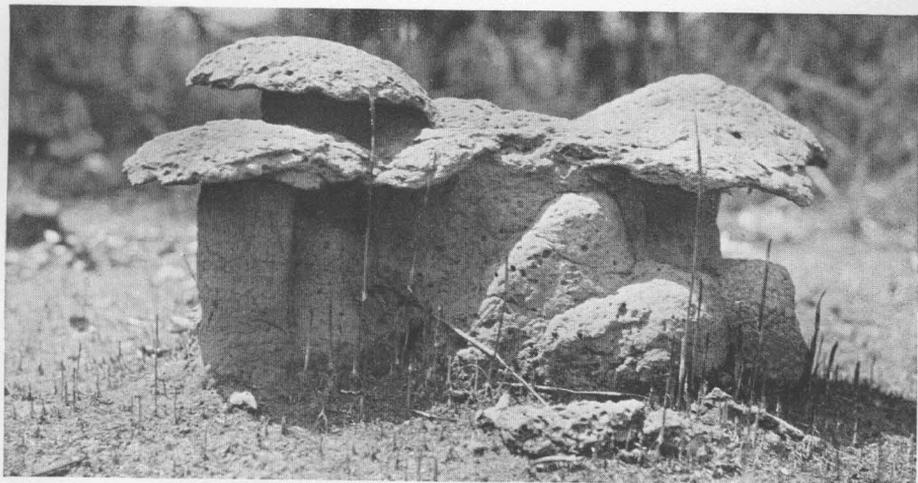
27. In the thirsty land of the Southern Dinka, gourds on cords of palm fibre serve to draw water.



28. Tuj, our interpreter, fishing with an Arab casting-line.



29. Dinka three-stringed instrument something like a guitar (Dinka enclave).



30. Strange termite hills in mushroom form.



31. Drops of dew like pearls on the leaves announce the approach of the rainy season.



32. My people at a meal. They eat with their fingers out of a common dish like Arabs.



33. My people make friends with the Nuer girls who visit us on board.

who is no longer young, has taken a fancy to Boll and has long talks with him. "I was once married," she tells him, "and had a nice husband. What things he used to bring me! Durra, ornaments, oil for my hair and even henna leaves! I could actually count on having meat twice a week!" Boll listens respectfully. "Look here," she begins again, "wouldn't you like to marry me? There isn't a woman in Omdurman who can bake such delicious *abri* (dry durra cake) as I can—as thin as a leaf!" Now at last Boll bestirs himself. "Bah!" he drawls, "I'm not going to marry *you*! I want a young wife." "How are you going to get a young wife?" says the ardent one. "You haven't got any cows to buy her with." "If I can't get a young one, I'm certainly not going to take an old one," Boll explains firmly, and his partner turns away with a sigh to her work.

In the evening the dark room is again put up. We are rather short of space on board and so the torture-chamber, as the tent is called, has to be erected over the kitchen. It shuts almost air-tight and is very small. If I have to work in it for long, the air gets used up and the temperature rises to an unbearable degree. To-day the smell of burnt fat has penetrated and I am in danger of asphyxiation. But I must stick to it because I am just at work on a rare picture. Photography in these lands is no simple matter.

Before sundown we sight a huge crocodile. For a long time the large head of the beast with its two bony projections at the back are visible above the water. Heglig trees, the elephants' favourite food, grow on the banks and small copses of blossoming Cook acacias stretch along the river. That bees are plentiful here is obvious from the well-filled honeycombs that some Nuer are eating on the bank.

While I am going to sleep I hear that my skinner (taxidermist) has found in Tudj a victim for his anecdotes. Abd el Kader, for such is his name, is a queer fellow. Seldom have I met a man with an itch like his for button-holing

people and forcing on them his long-winded stories which ramble away down every side track. "I was once in Omdurman buying meat," I hear in my half sleep. "You know, there's a butcher at the corner of the women's market, who has very good meat. By the way, did you ever see the women's market? No? You can buy almost anything there. Caps—beauties!—embroidered with yellow silk! I had one, left me by my father. It was a lovely piece of work . . ." But by that time I am asleep and I imagine that Tudj cannot be very wide awake.

The following evening we reach the telegraph station. It is small and run by a negro who, although he was formerly a slave, feels himself vastly superior to the Dinka living here. He wears Arab costume and entertains us to coffee. This Arab coffee plays a great part among all the Sudanese. No business, no serious greeting can be thought of without the inevitable bowls. The devotion with which it is prepared is a thing to be seen! The beans are put into a wooden bowl with glowing wood embers and in this way roasted. Each bean when it is well roasted is taken out with wooden pincers. Then they are all carefully examined. The coffee is now ground in a wooden mortar with an iron pestle, the powder mixed with water in an open metal basin and brought to the boil, and then the brew is poured into an oddly-shaped earthenware jug. This proceeding is repeated several times till the coffee, at last ready, is left in the jug, from which it is served into the drinking bowls. The preparation takes a long time but the product is beyond all praise. How indispensable their coffee has become to these people I had an opportunity of observing two years before on the Dinder. A honey-seeker who directed my caravan on its way had run out of coffee. He fell ill and complained of all conceivable ailments. At last I had pity on him and gave him a little from my small supply. His joy had to be seen to be believed! When he set eyes on the beans, his features lighted up. His hands trembled as he

stretched out both arms to take the precious stuff. Without a word he hurried to the nearest fire and an hour later came back rejuvenated to pour out his thanks at great length.

The head of the station informs us that he is not well up in the condition of the game, but that there are Dinka living here. As a matter of fact, we have come to a Dinka enclave which extends for some distance between Nuer villages. The people are beginning to resemble their neighbours. They go naked like the Nuer and wear Nuer ornaments (Figs. 22, 24 and 25). Their hair-dress too is like that of their neighbours. The women wear cheap cotton things knotted over their shoulders.

During the night the Dinka Sheikh comes and, after ceremonial greetings, tells us that four lions have torn a giraffe to pieces four hours from the village. He went there with his people to secure it. As the men had not finished cutting it up they were staying the night on the spot to dispute the booty with the lions.

There was plenty of game and the animals came to a small pool not far from this place to water. Two days' march away was a resort of elephants. While we are in the middle of the conversation four Shilluk arrive in their dug-outs and tell us that they are on their way to the next khor, where a large number of their tribe have already gathered to harpoon hippopotamuses. To watch the natives at this sport would be an unhoped-for piece of luck, as nowadays few Europeans have any further opportunity of witnessing this kind of hunting. The Shilluk also report that two days before lions had torn some sheep to pieces on the other bank of the river in the presence of their shepherds, who, though armed with spears, had not been able to rob the lions of their prey. With so many good reports I have the best prospects of realising one or other of my hopes. We decide, therefore, to camp on the spot and explore the neighbourhood next day with the motor-car. This trip will at the same time be the Ford's test, as it has so far had no chance

of proving its worth in the pathless steppe and in high grass.

I am up before sunrise. The car is landed without any special difficulty. At that moment the Dinka return from the giraffe, heavily laden with meat, and tell us that they were kept awake the whole night by the incessant roaring of the four lions which closely encircled the spot where they were. I ask if any meat has been left behind. They say No, and add that they have even brought the bones with them. As a protection against the furious animals they had set fire to the steppe round about them. So there is no further question of the lions. Had meat been left behind, we should have had a chance of photographing the beasts during the next night. Well, first of all we must go with the car to the pond where the animals water. One Dinka takes his seat in the car. The other runs ahead to show the way. At the start all goes well across the burnt-up steppe. Then we come to country which is flooded during the rainy season and therefore overrun with swamp grasses. Innumerable deep ruts make the going difficult. In addition the ground often gives way when we drive over countless burrows which animals have made here. In the end I manage to maintain a speed of six or seven miles an hour. Our guide's powers of endurance are amazing. The man has had no sleep and has already carried heavy loads for hours, yet without a rest he runs ahead of the car with elastic step like a machine. Thus we proceed to the *fulla* (pool), which is the centre of a swamp in the rainy season. Old cattle marks show that the natives brought their herds here when there was more water. There are only a few game tracks. The newly-made footprint of an ostrich catches my eye. But the main point is this: there have been no lions here. According to the guides, they quench their thirst at a distant khor. Without catching sight of any interesting game I return to the landing-place, where I inform the disappointed Sheikh that we think of continuing

our journey next morning. He asks if he may stage some dances in our honour. I gladly approve the idea and the drums are soon brought out. Decorated women appear with men in their festal paint. I see that we have here really poor devils, although the Dinka on the whole are a prosperous tribe. Hardly a man possesses a shield and the spears are primitive and unornamented. Still, a series of highly interesting dances now begins. Each of them has its particular meaning. The rhythm of the drums is often quite complicated and changes with every dance. The women open with the "cow-dance." Holding their arms above their heads they imitate rhythmically the movements of cattle (Fig. 23). Little by little the young men join in and a "peace-dance" starts. An old man leads up a long chain of warriors. The men take hands and leap round the dancing women. At the same time they sing in chorus: "Do you like me? I like you. Then follow me. I'll follow you." And so on. Now comes a war-dance, in which the men mime the attack and parry of a fight with an enemy. The conclusion is very remarkable. The people dance in pairs! But it has not the meaning that dancing in pairs otherwise has among the negroes. A feast, that is to say, usually closes with such a dance, every warrior holding his own wife in his arms and often disappearing with her into the bushes in the middle of the dance. Here quite old men dance with young girls and the dancers constantly change ladies. It is charming to see how gently the savage-looking warriors clasp the girls. Everyone is in good spirits and both dancers and onlookers give vent to their feelings in high, long-drawn, vibrating cries. Not till late do the festivities draw to an end and the people now come aboard to fetch their reward. Each one may choose what he will have: white, red or blue stuff for clothing, or else glass beads for his sweetheart. A nasty, suppurating wound on the wrist of one young warrior catches my attention. He is wearing spirals of thick brass wire just above the inflamed

spot. The wire was fitted when he was still a boy and is preventing the bone from growing. The hand is just beginning to mortify. I tell him he must have the rings cut if he does not want to lose his hand. He replies that he would rather have the hand removed.

Everyone who comes on board receives a costume, measured and solemnly tied on by my headman in the presence of all the onlookers. The whole village has assembled by degrees; little children are sitting on the floor, old men on their haunches smoking negro tobacco in huge clay pipes with gourd mouthpieces. The fragrant weed is an odd product. The tobacco is, in fact, mixed with cow-dung and ashes, which are supposed to improve the flavour considerably. A musical instrument with five strings attracts my notice. Unfortunately it has a European enamel bowl in a plaited cover as its body, so that I cannot make up my mind to buy it. (Fig. 29.)

With a buzzing head from all the noise and tumult we at last go to bed.

Next day, as the Shilluk have left the khor, which is here completely overgrown, and gone far up-stream so that there is no hope of photographing a hippo hunt, I decide to move on to the next khor and visit the police station near by at Fangak.

CHAPTER III

No elephants and no lions—Heavy going and a welcome lift—A swampy region—Shambe—Bahr el Ghazal Province—Its history—Rumbek—Giant elands—The Eastern Jur, their religion, customs and laws—Prairie fire—A dance before the camera—On board again.

SOME decades ago the banks of the Bahr el Zeraf were densely populated by Dinka. But these were literally exterminated by the perpetual attacks of the warlike Nuer. The Nuer, however, did not settle in the vacant territory because they feared the vengeance of the Northern Dinka. The land was left to animals. For a long time the English were powerless against the doings of the Nuer, who always retreated after a raid into their inaccessible swamps. When the Upper Nile Province was gradually opened up the Government could dare to proceed more severely. Before that, they had contented themselves with trying to restrain the Sheikhs of the larger places from plundering by means of remonstrances, but in vain. Then in 1914 a thorough punitive expedition was undertaken. The troops advanced from two sides, burnt many villages and took thousands of cattle. The captured warriors were drafted as recruits into the Sudanese Army, while the younger women had to clean the streets of the bigger places. Some years later the prisoners were all dismissed again to their homes and the Nuer remained peaceful for a long time. At the end of 1927 a terrible rising broke out, which began with the assassination of the English District Officer and took a year and a half to quell. The banks of the Bahr el Zeraf were little by little occupied once more by the Dinka and the paradise of animals is now a thing of the past.

At Fangak I learn little that is new. The presence of elephants is confirmed. I decide first of all to explore the surroundings of the village and see if there are not perhaps some small pools at which animals drink. I am on the look-out for such places because they offer a fair chance of filming game. We tow the car ashore again.

Some Dinkas belonging to the enclave soon arrive. They are also wearing Nuer costume and look very picturesque. They are prepared to show us the drinking-places of the game. As it is too late in the day to go stalking in the car, I order the guides for the next morning. Meanwhile the people come to the boat and sit down on their curious shields and clubs to watch the funny Europeans at work. Several young men are among them. As they have reached manhood their four lower incisors have been knocked out—a custom that is common to practically all Nilotic negro tribes. I have mentioned before that the Dinka here dye their hair red. One young man is in the middle of the treatment; he is still carrying the caked paste on his head. This paste is kneaded out of cow-dung, ashes, earth and cow's urine. It is smeared over the man's head, where it remains for about ten days, being frequently wetted again with urine. The hard mass is then broken off, the hair is carefully dusted and thoroughly greased with fat, usually mutton fat. With this coiffure a man seems to have an irresistible effect on women.

The next morning brings a surprise. The three natives who had promised to guide us do not appear, and when I send to look for them it turns out that they have fled to the other bank. No one knows why. But other men are promised us at the police station. We are told that a fortnight ago an English inspector tried unsuccessfully to hunt elephants from here, although it is well known that splendid bulls are to be found standing by the heglig trees. This year an unusual quantity of water has remained in the swamps so that they are drinking quite irregularly at one or other of the *fullas* instead of being compelled to come to the Bahr el Zeraf as in

other years. In any case they would have left the drinking-places long before sunrise. These circumstances render a hunt extraordinarily difficult, because it is a matter of luck if the hunter finds fresh footprints at a pool. If he does, he then has to follow them up till he finds the elephants, and that may be a matter of days. The weather is also against us. Whereas the sky here does not as a rule become overcast before the end of March, it has already clouded over these last few days and this morning it even began to rain. When I tell the N.C.O. at the police station that we intend to come back and hunt in about four weeks' time, after the water has fallen, he points at the sky and remarks calmly, "Do you see those clouds? In four weeks' time we shall—Inshallah—have more water than now!" To my question whether it is possible to reach by car the places where elephants resort, he replies, "It can't be done from here because a khor full of water lies between. They are not to be reached from the other side either because there are trees in the way." When I object that one could avoid the trees, he says, "Yes, you are quite right." It seems evident that he has never seen a car and has no conception of what such a vehicle can do.

All this is not very informative. However, I decide to have a shot at it. I had already heard a lot about the great speed of the negroes. I am now convinced that the statements are no exaggeration. These men, standing 6 feet 6 inches and over, with enormous long legs, have an average stride of more than a yard (Fig. 22). On the parched and cracked soil of the steppe these giants swing along at a speed of nearly five miles an hour. Only because I am in good training can I keep up with them, and then it is a considerable strain. The weather is unbearably sultry and the sun burns down on the high grass. After a run of two and a half hours we arrive at the *fulla* where the game are said to water. The whole region is marshy and the banks are overgrown. The animals have every opportunity of drinking in the middle of the swamp grass. There is no

hope of photographing. Near by stands an unused *murrah* or cattle pen. A Dinka who has stayed behind as guard tells us that two elephants were here yesterday. Their tracks deeply trodden into the soft mud confirm his statement. There are no lions about, he says. This also agrees with what my guides have told me. In these circumstances I give up following the elephants. If we succeed in going up the Bahr el Zeraf to its source in the sailing-boat, we ought to find better places. If we fail and have to turn back, we can always try to hunt elephants here. So we return with all speed to the landing-place. On the way we pass some *tukul*. It is already dark and the people have made everything ready for the night. Not far from the huts a fire is lighted. Near it the natives have buried themselves up to the neck in ashes. Only their heads are visible. In this very practical way the Nilotic negroes protect themselves against the mosquitoes. In the morning one meets them powdered white, as the wood ash sticks to the whole body, and the eyes, which alone have remained free from ash, appear doubly large in their black cavities.

A police officer is waiting for me on the bank. My men have told him that I go bathing in the river every evening and he has come expressly to warn me against doing so. He says that a man-eater is indulging his appetite hereabouts and eight natives have recently fallen his victims. The people at the station are so frightened that nobody dares to draw water from the river in the evening. I do without my bathe this time. As it is oppressively muggy even after sunset I remain sitting on the bank longer than usual. The night is dark, the moon rises late. The Southern Cross stands aslant in the sky, the Pole Star is low down on the horizon. Suddenly I hear a loud splash and vaguely in the darkness I make out a large object nearing the bank. From time to time it disappears but always rises again. It seems to be really an enormous crocodile waiting here for prey.

Sailing further we come to a bend in the river where the

boat has once more to be towed. A broad belt of *um suf* (mother of wool) hinders our landing. We have to try to make the shore in a more primitive manner. The felucca (small boat) goes fifty yards ahead and is tied up to the rushes. With united strength the crew now haul the sailing-boat up to this point. The felucca goes on another fifty yards and the hauling is repeated. Again and again we do it till we have mastered the swampy patch. In this way we advance a mere two hundred yards in an hour. All at once a steamer is announced. It approaches rapidly and turns out to be a hunting expedition of Baron Louis Rothschild on its way up the Bahr el Zeraf towards Mongalla. When it comes alongside of us, the steamer stops and the Baron kindly offers to tow us for a time. I am only too happy to accept. I shall hunt along the river on our way back and try first to photograph the natives at Shambe, especially the Southern Dinka.

These Dinka are a peculiar case. Their origin is unknown. At some time or other they immigrated from the south-west. But while the Shilluk, for example, advanced in close formation, the much more numerous Dinka split up. In all probability they moved at first towards the north-east till the immense swamps of the southern region stopped their advance. One division now went east and settled along the swamp where they lived in uninterrupted feud with the Nuer. These are the tribes who to-day still inhabit the region from the southern edge of the swamp to the Sobat and, north of that river, the White Nile as far as Renk. The main stream turned westwards and put up their dwellings on the west brink of the swamp, over the Bahr el Ghazal and into Southern Kordofan. Here again the Nuer set a limit to the Dinka's advance. In course of time other peoples followed and many portions lost all connection with the parent tribe. Such isolated tribes developed differently in language, habits and costume, so that the population to-day offers the photographer a rare variety of material. Whereas the Shilluk are hunters and fishermen by preference and take to cattle-

breeding more incidentally, the Dinka are primarily cattle-breeders and farmers. They have prospered by it. Not indeed as wealthy as the Nuer, whose bride-price for a wife runs as high as forty head of cattle, they are yet decidedly richer than, for example, the Shilluk, among whom women are to be had for ten. A Dinka youth when he wants to marry must spend from twenty to thirty head of cattle. When one considers that these people have excellent opportunities of selling their beasts (a bull costs about £6 sterling and a cow considerably more), and that some of them own many hundreds, it is obvious that they are much better off than our peasants. Besides that, they produce all their necessities and are thus absolutely independent of merchants. One never meets a beggar. They are a people who do not know what social misery means. The English let them go on as they have been accustomed to do for thousands of years and so they have been spared the "blessings" of civilisation. Happy people!

The following morning we sail into the Bahr el Jebel, the upper river. In the last third of the Bahr el Zeraf the vegetation had changed. We are now getting near the centre of the swampy region. The papyrus is higher and thicker and is rarely interrupted by the various kinds of dark-coloured reeds and elephant grass. At first sight the vegetation strikes one as monotonous, but this impression vanishes with closer observation. One seems to have been transported to a fairy-land. The tall papyrus with its delicate long leaves forms the background of the pictures that spread out before me. The white, blue and yellow flowers of small water-lilies and floating plants cover the surface, with the fine, fragile, bizarre shapes of various swamp grasses in striking contrast. A moor-hen runs noiselessly over the leaves of the lilies. Swaying on its long, delicate pink feet, it searches the plants for insects. Its white breast and russet brown plumage harmonise charmingly with these surroundings. All this splendour is crammed into a space of some two square

yards! The tourists who sail up the Nile by steamer have usually not the slightest notion of this fairy world. The time spent amongst the monotonous papyrus does not pass quickly enough for them.

Next morning we wake near Shambe. I drive to the District Commissioner. I have resigned myself to seeing no game from the car and meet with a most agreeable surprise. Ostriches (Fig. 26), giraffes and gazelles are not in the least disturbed by us and we pass within a hundred steps of them. By a happy chance the District Commissioner, Captain K., is there and I spend a whole day in the company of this kind and hospitable man. I also have an opportunity of visiting his official seat at Yirrol. He has made things very comfortable there and entertains me most lavishly.

The Bahr el Ghazal Province of the Sudan is undoubtedly one of the most interesting parts of Africa. Not every mortal is allowed to visit it and I am very much tempted to explore it. All too many different peoples live here side by side and their perpetual quarrels and battles necessitate the intervention from time to time of English police troops. Peace then prevails again for some months. As there are tribes here who are masters in the use of poisoned arrows, the English Government is afraid of the unpleasantness that might result if what has happened to many an English inspector should also happen to a European hunter. Hardly another part of the Sudan has had such a checkered past as these southern provinces. About the middle of last century Ibrahim Pasha under Mohammed Ali conquered the north of the Sudan, which was preponderantly inhabited by Mohammedans. The south was slowly opened up by traders. Europeans did the pioneer work and Arab wholesale merchants followed. When the news of fabulous wealth in slaves and ivory spread to the north, wholesale merchants equipped armed expeditions and subdued the country. Fortified places, so-called *zeriba*, were put up everywhere and "administered" by the Vakil with the help of *besinger*

(negro soldiers). The wholesale merchants preyed unscrupulously on the country, forced the natives to hand over their large stocks of ivory, raided more distant parts, burnt down villages, stole women and children. In this way each trader " managed " a tract of land, without competition from other firms in his claim. If one wanted to visit the Sudan at that time one was obliged, as Schweinfurth was, to entrust oneself to the protection of one of these merchants. He would then make out a letter of safe-conduct to the Vakils and the explorer could visit the country in comparative safety. One thing the merchants were particularly careful about, and that was not to alienate the Nilotic negroes. On the contrary, they did all they could to keep on good terms with the powerful and warlike tribes of the Shilluk and Dinka, and even to-day one can see plainly that these negroes have never bowed to a yoke. Such ideal conditions for the merchants lasted up to the 'seventies. Then the fight in Europe against slavery began and Egypt was forced to prohibit these activities by law. But even then things were rosy for the wholesale traders. Governors were bribed and the traffic in slaves and ivory flourished as before. The small dealers, however, who were not in a position to bribe and whose existence was threatened, pestered the Government until at last Egypt decided to take over the administration of these territories. An army under Sir Samuel Baker was equipped, which penetrated to the Upper Nile and founded the Province of Chat el Estiva, in the southernmost Sudan. Through Baker's successors, Gordon Pasha and Emin Pasha, the land became famous. Gradually Egypt occupied Bahr el Ghazal Province as well and compelled the merchants to disband their troops and discharge the *besinger*. In consequence of these measures discontent increased enormously and the *besinger* together with the small traders engineered a rising which Egypt, through Gessi Pasha, put down with great bloodshed. Some sort of peace reigned till the great Mahdist insurrection broke out. Southern Sudan joined the north in going over

to the fanatical dervishes. But these did not know what to do with the country. They contented themselves with occupying Rejaf and Bor, which they turned into slave-trading centres. As a place of banishment the region gained a certain notoriety. Whoever fell into disfavour with the Caliph (the Mahdi's successor) was banished here to live out his days as best he might in the unhealthy climate. Not till the 'nineties did this state of affairs change. Then from the south the Belgians advanced and snatched the greater part of the Bahr el Ghazal Province from the Mahdists; in the west the French attacked; and finally the English, coming from the north and from Uganda, conquered the rest of the country.

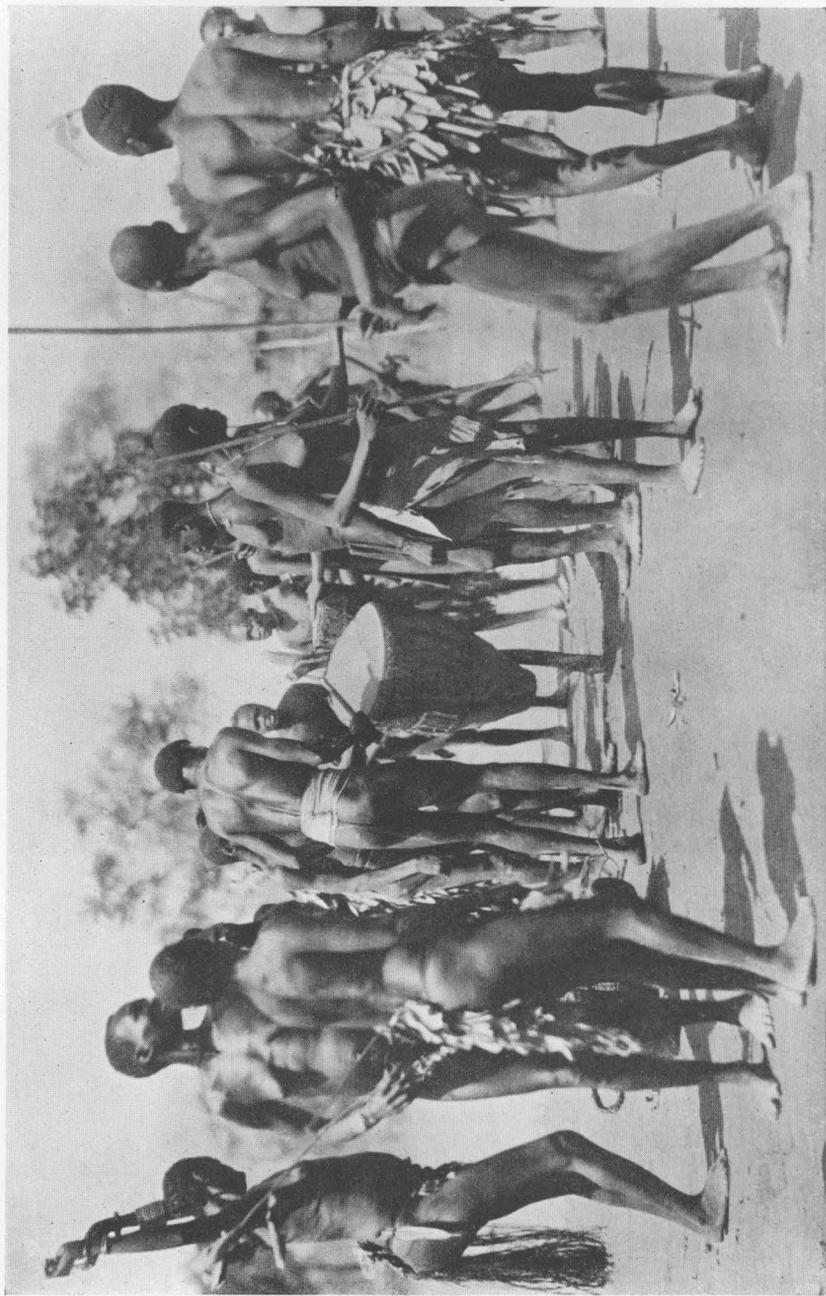
Nowadays it does not entice travellers. The climate is bad and feverish and there is very little game. Other reasons attract me. I am eager to preserve in pictures whatever has not yet been lost in this locked-up corner of the world. Already it is necessary to travel hundreds of miles inland to come across archers. The poisoning of arrows is forbidden by the Government, and without poison this weapon, despite its terrible head, is little more than a toy. Costumes and habits are dying out and nearly everywhere the Sheikhs strut about in European clothes, supplied by the Government. Mission stations are also zealously at work destroying the natives' characteristics. For me this land has another special attraction, in that it shelters two animals of which only very few specimens are left in Africa—the white rhinoceros and the giant eland. The former is under protection and the existence of relatively numerous examples of this combative animal leaves at the moment little fear of its dying out from degeneration, as in South Africa. The giant eland is less frequently found than the white rhinoceros and is slowly dying out in spite of all efforts to save it. Is it insight into the inevitable that has led the English to let it loose, although hitherto it has also been protected? In any case it is only granted to every mortal once in his life

to kill a giant eland and the inaccessibility of their abode is a better protection than any hunting laws.

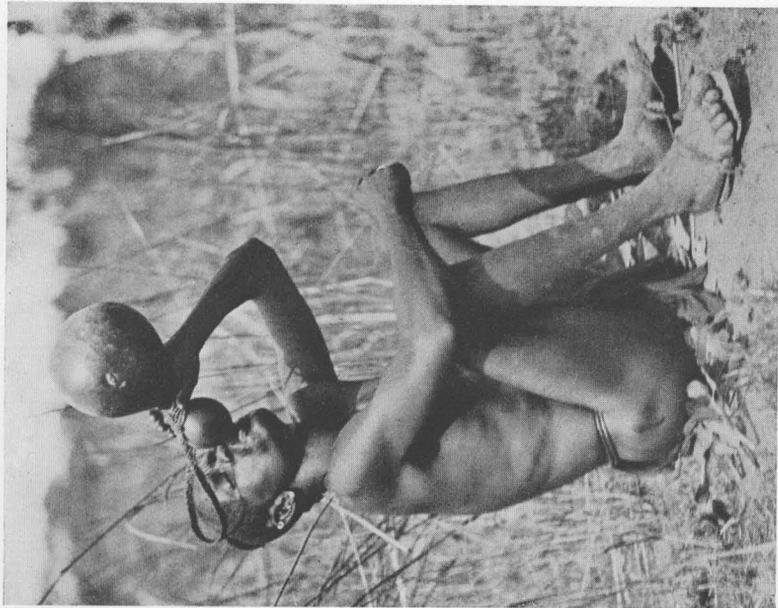
I get into the Ford with my gun and cameras. We have a great deal of trouble stowing these delicate things away in the car. I tie ropes across and hang the bags on them. They swing up and down and so their precious contents are spared any violent knocks. All that makes life in Africa agreeable has to be left behind—tent, table, chairs and many other things. Our provisions consist solely of *abri*, rice and a few tinned foods. I observe with apprehension how the springs of the chassis are weighed down. It looks doubtful whether the car can bear the load of over thirteen hundredweight of reserve petrol, oil, water, mosquito outfit for Machulka and myself, on top of the cooking apparatus. But a breakdown sixty or a hundred miles from Shambe, without food, water and game, would be no joke. The engine is cranked up and our hazardous journey starts. Shambe lies on a peninsula surrounded by swamps. A raised road of dry mud, as hard as stone, leads through the swampy region. It is uneven and we have only gone a couple of hundred yards when a suspicious sound makes us stop. The overloaded wooden body is scraping the tyres at every bump in the road and an iron support has already worn deep grooves in the rubber. We remove the iron, saw off a piece of wooden support and then proceed. The sawing has to be repeated and soon very little is left of the support. Then it goes all right at a pinch. The road is not bad and we advance at the rate of about ten miles an hour. We reach the first rest-house. I ask the guard if there is any game and learn that in the early morning a lion had squatted down in the middle of the road. A little further we come upon giraffes, tiang and an ostrich family. They let the car come quite close and gaze after it in surprise; none of them makes any move to run away. On we go without a stop as we must try to put a hundred miles behind us to-day. What in Europe would be a trifle is here a difficult enterprise. The road provides us with perpetual surprises.



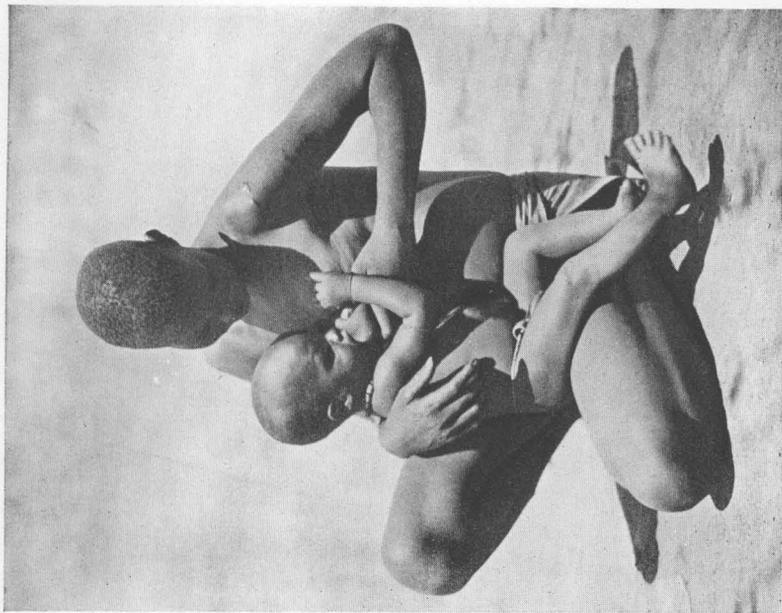
34. Individual dancing among the Eastern Jur.



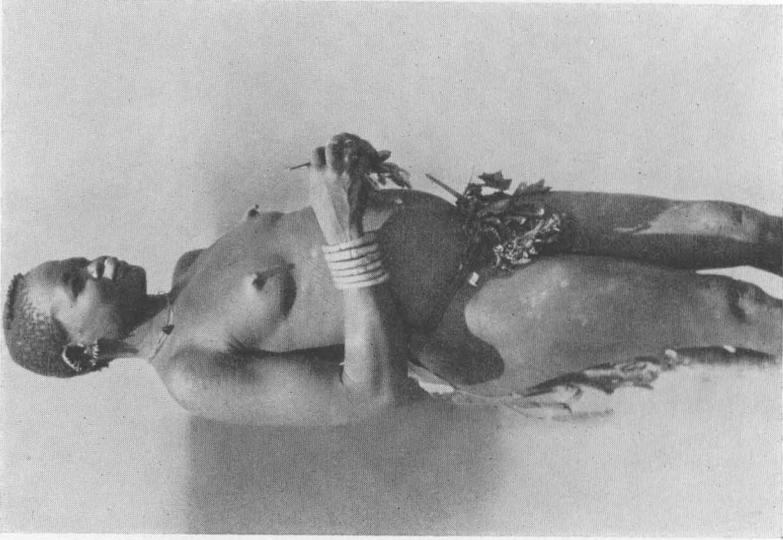
35. Dinka dances among the Eastern Jur to the music of drums and rattles.



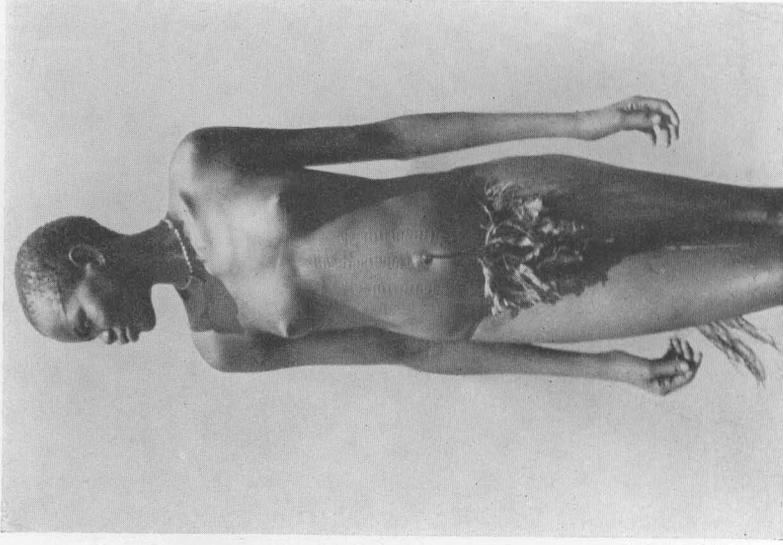
36. An Eastern Jur drinking water out of a gourd-bottle.



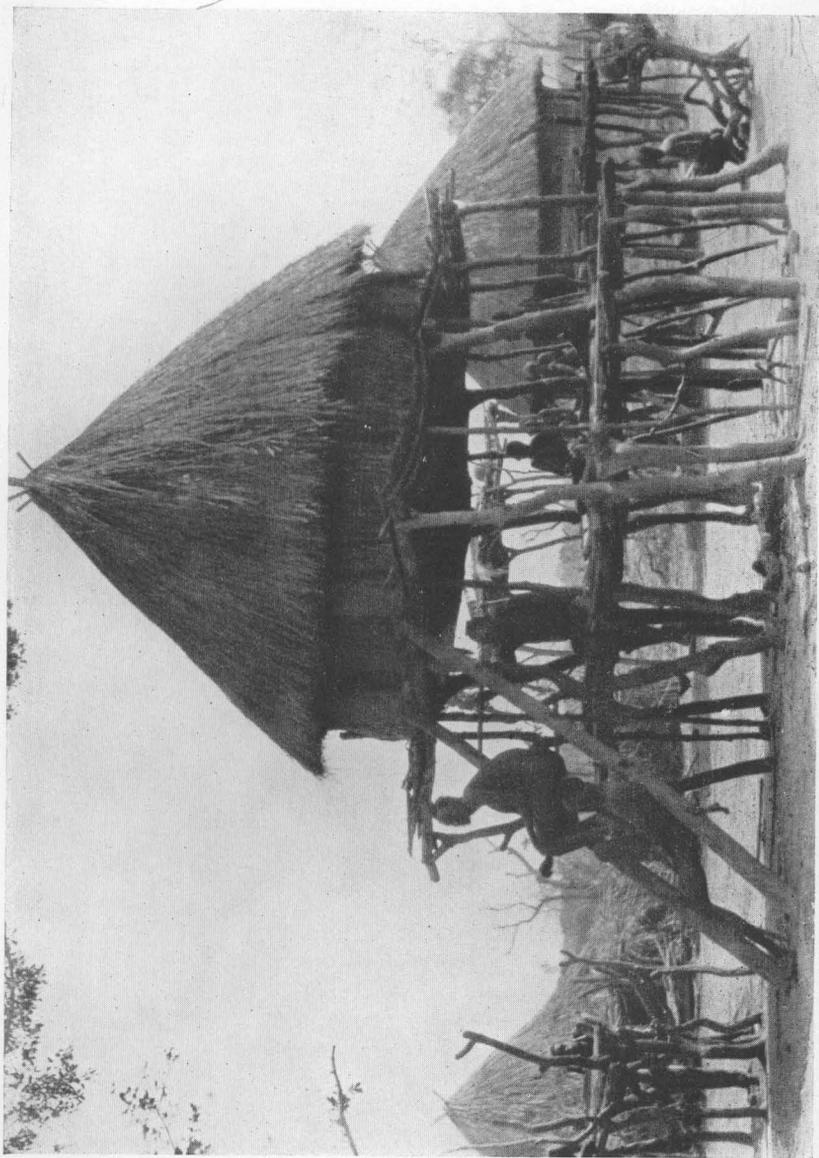
37. The wife of an Eastern Jur suckling her three-year-old child. The goatskin apron shows that she is a Dinka.



38. Typical Eastern Jur woman.



39. A Dinka among the Jur women.



40. Dwelling *tukul* of the Eastern Jur. By day the natives sit on the platform, at night they withdraw into the closed house.



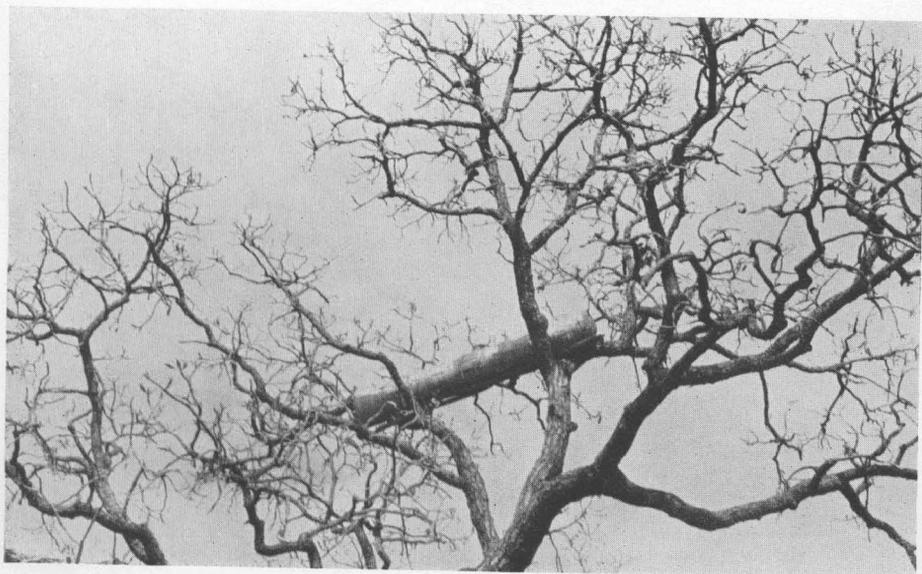
41. Gasmasid shaving the head of the captain of my ship.



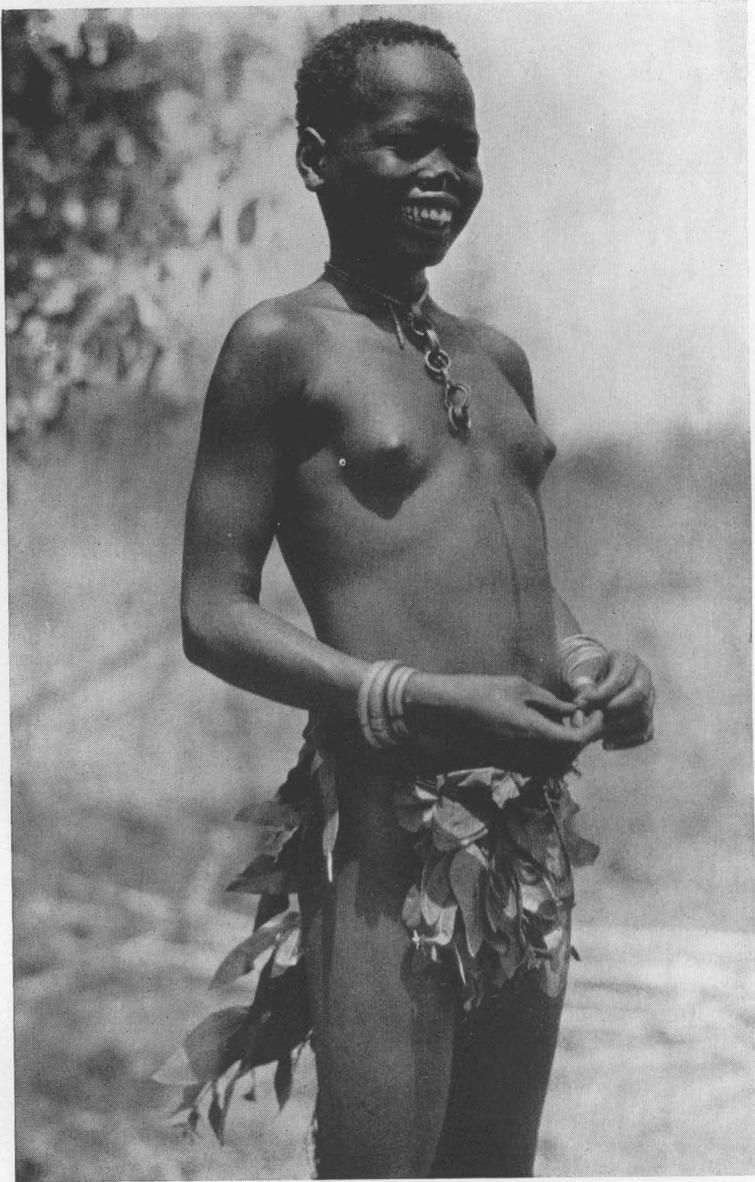
42. A break-down at 130° F. in the shade.



43. Building a hut on the top of a termite hill to observe game.



44. Eastern Jur bee-hive.



45. The Jur girls hang fresh leaves from the *hido* tree round themselves.

At many a sharp bend a stout tree bars the way. We often have to cross the queerest bridges whose substructures inspire very little confidence. Twice we have to drive through two feet of water, throwing up waves as though we were in a motor-boat. But the good old Ford is equal to everything. It climbs the steepest slopes as easily as it crosses sandy and muddy patches. Only we have to fill the radiator with water every hour. We pass through a village. The inhabitants are all Dinka. Women, dressed in nothing but an apron of goatskin, are fetching water. The well is deep and gourds hung on ropes of palm fibre serve as buckets (Fig. 27). At Lau, the largest village through which our way leads us, we see the natives gathered under the great "holy" trees, much as the villagers in Germany met under the limes. The Sheikh is holding court. He alone is dressed in khaki trousers and shirt, and a strange figure he cuts sitting there on his folding-chair of antelope skin. The parties sit on the ground before him, encircled by a crowd of inquisitive people. The debate is extremely lively and the onlookers also butt in. Unfortunately we cannot find out what it is all about, as we must go on. Several caravans of porters come towards us. The men are from the south. From their nut-brown colour and compact build it is evident that they belong to other tribes than the Nilotic negroes. Late in the evening we arrive at Rumbek, from which the habitat of the giant elands is said to be easily reached on foot.

We set off very early next morning. The police officer has given us a guide, named Makoj, of the Jur tribe, because we shall come to the country of the Eastern Jur. Armed with quiver, bow and arrow, he presents a very different picture from the spear-bearing Dinka. He only speaks a poor Arabic, which makes it pretty difficult for us to understand each other. Soon after the start he wants me at all costs to drive the car between two trees, where I should infallibly have stuck. At first the road is quite good and takes us through magnificent parkland with ancient trees overgrown

by rampant climbing plants. Then the steppe begins and finally the road dwindles away. This means jogging on carefully through the bush. Strange termite hills cover the plain in great numbers (Fig. 30). They bear a striking resemblance to mushrooms but are as hard as stone. Remarkable tubes are hanging high up in a large tree (Fig. 44). They are beehives belonging to the Jur, who probably have a village near. They keep bees in rather a special manner. These tubes are about two yards long and have threefold plaited walls. The hollow is divided by a partition wall, so that two swarms find a home in each tube. The hives are stopped with clay. The Jur tie them at random in the tops of old trees and they are soon occupied by one of the numerous wild swarms. For two or three years they are left in peace till the hive is well filled with honey. Then one evening a smoky fire is lighted and the hive taken off the tree. The smoke is led through the open tube so that the bees suffocate. The honey is collected in earthenware pots and forms an important article of food for the natives.

At last, after a drive of four and a half hours, we arrive at our destination, some old rest-houses. While we are stowing our baggage away in one of them the other collapses with a loud crash. The first one also shows serious cracks in the beams. These must be supported before my cameras can be brought in. Meanwhile the Sheikh, Nekor Djok, calls on us. As a symbol of his rank he wears an old sun helmet with a tuft of feathers. Very obligingly he gets an old woman to bring us water and wood and promises us guides for the following day.

Half an hour before dawn they actually appear, two of them, Galo and Amot. They have left their bows and arrows at home and instead each of them carries the inevitable spear on his shoulder. Galo's hair is done up in horns and he looks like a regular Mephistopheles. I load one of them with the camera and water and the other with the lenses and guns. We set out at the rapid pace of the natives. After

about two hours we reach the spot where the elands like to graze. They often drink only once in four days and they frequently change their watering-place. Now is the most unfavourable time, because everything is dry. At three little pools which are far apart the natives' cattle drink, the men bathe, the women draw the brownish-yellow water that smells of ammonia for drinking, and at night the elands come there. For about an hour we roam through the bush in all directions before we hit upon the tracks of two animals. Unfortunately they are two days old. Half-eaten leaves are lying about. Suddenly we light on the fresh tracks of a herd of about seven which have crossed the old marks. The guides now forge ahead. Bent forward, with glistening eyes, they follow the trail like hounds. From time to time they communicate by a click of the tongue or one of them points with his spear, then on they go. After three hundred yards the tracks show that the animals have taken flight. They had been standing under the wind browsing. Everywhere broken branches, as thick as an arm, lie scattered about, while the juicy young grass is untouched. They had observed our coming and fled. We follow without a word. But whereas other game turns as soon as possible into the wind, the elands always escape with it. That makes it impossible to come near them and I am already losing hope of sighting them, when all at once the footprints begin to turn against the wind in a wide curve. Till now they have been close together but they separate; the gallop has changed to a walk. It is not easy to stick to the marks, leading as they do through rocky country and high grass, and I have every reason to admire my guides. Though I have practised the following of tracks from my childhood and can hold my own with our European mountain hunters, here I am soon compelled to confess myself beaten. On we go through thick and thin, and it is only occasionally that a faint mark on the dry, stony soil shows us that the animals are still ahead of us. Hour after hour passes. The sun has slowly risen. It beats down

on us, but the elands have not stopped yet. The nature of the country is all against us. The wood never gives us a view of more than eighty steps. The hard ground carries the sound of our feet many hundred yards around. Large dry leaves crackle under our tread. Anyone who has stalked chamois in Europe on frozen ground and can imagine crackling foliage added to the trouble will be able to picture our situation. Suddenly the shikari start and for one moment I catch a vague glimpse in the bush of our longed-for quarry. Then on again for hour upon hour. My clothes are sticking to my skin. Five times I have caught sight of the animals. A herd of buffaloes cross our path; later an old, morose solitary bobs up, but he is just as little interesting to me as the horse antelopes and tiang that we met earlier. It is 1 p.m. The hunt has lasted from six till now without a pause and always at the same pace. We have to rest. But there is no peace for us in the shade of a tree, for little flying bugs creep into nose, eyes and ears, bee-like pests with stings make their way into sleeves and trouser legs. Every second is torture, so we have no choice but to go on without rest or repose. Again hour after hour. Eventually about four o'clock we have to give it up. In the course of the day the animals have described a large half-circle and we are not far from our camp. We must in any case make haste if we are to reach the rest-house in daylight at all. We turn at right angles and make for the camp. We have walked for half an hour when, lo and behold! there are the elands before us! They too had turned aside. The herd is moving slowly. As the wood is here a little less dense, I run for all I am worth to cut them off. It is no use. These giants, though they weigh up to a ton, are good runners. With a racing pulse and thumping heart I realise that all my efforts to get nearer are in vain. I am too far away to photograph them. I hurry to a tree to rest my rifle. A running shot is out of the question. A narrow gap some five yards wide affords me a view. They will have to pass it. My aim is as steady as if I were at a

shooting range. A few seconds elapse, then the first animal appears. It is impossible to distinguish a bull from a cow. Shoot a milking cow? No. I had rather try again tomorrow.

Again early in the morning they fetch me to go to the grazing place. At the first trees the guides arrange a "charm." They pick leaves and branches and make a bunch of them. One of them holds my gun, while the other waves the bunch to and fro over it and says several sentences in his soft, guttural language. The leaves are laid on the path, the magician treads with his right foot on them and then the others follow his example.

At last we find droppings from to-day; they look like green olives, hardly bigger. But hour after hour goes by without our being able to get near the animals. The tracks lead eventually into thick scrub. There is a noise and fifty yards before us the giants stand up. Without a word we drop to the ground. I, clad only in helmet, bathing drawers and sandals, lie down on an ant-hill whose inhabitants pitch into me valiantly. There can be no thought of moving. The elands are undecided whether there is danger. Straight in front of me stands an old cow looking towards us. The rest are hidden by the bushes. Crawling like a snake I change my place to get a view of the others. It is an unforgettable experience to watch this rare and timid creature at fifty yards. I can make out four of them with two calves. The first cow is apparently on guard. While the others stretch and scratch themselves at their ease, she stands motionless at her post; only the long ears and the tail twitch to drive away the flies. The animals begin slowly to graze. I am so near that I can distinguish every hair through my field glasses. Now and again they tear off bunches of leaves. One of them is rubbing its zebu-like hump against a tree and breaks off a branch as thick as one's arm. It eats a few leaves and lets the rest lie on the ground. I observe them closely, but there is not a bull among them. One of the

calves pushes up against its mother and sucks. Sometimes a cow utters a deep sound and its companions answer as if to express their opinions too. The mane and the long hair between the spiral horns flutter in the wind. The grey-brown hide with its white stripes has a silvery sheen in the sunlight, and as they stand there together, browsing and chewing the cud, these innocent giants are a picture of rare contentment. There is no sign of that nervous tenseness that strikes one in other animals. For an instant the wind drops, then there is a breath from behind me. At once all the elands stand as though transfixed; for a second they sniff, then turn and thunder away in a cloud of dust.

We march back for hours on end through dry grass four yards high. Nothing more wearisome can be imagined than this stumbling on without a view, while the scorching sun takes one's breath away. Dizzily I stagger back into the village.

There are great goings-on here. I have ordered a hundred quarts of *merissa* for the next day and there is going to be dancing. Everybody is singing and chattering and gossiping. I manage to take some photos of the shy women. Their lips are deformed. The upper lip is pierced and a disc inserted so that the mouth takes on the shape of a duck's beak. Businesslike Europeans have turned this to account and deliver lip-plates of glass to the Jur. I am asked if I have not brought any from Shambe, where they have only recently appeared for sale. Beautiful they are not with this ornament and it is obvious that kissing is a custom unknown to the negroes. But the women are very clean and perform their toilet every day with great care. Round their hips they wear a strip of leather tanned like chamois with a tail hanging down behind and a similar strip drawn between the legs. They also hang fresh green leaves from the *hido* tree in front and behind (Fig. 45). Every morning the woman goes to the wood to fetch herself a new "dress" and the old one is thrown away. Well-formed rings of copper and brass

which, in contra-distinction to other tribes, are not closed adorn their arms. The hairs of their head are carefully plucked out one by one. When a boy or girl attains the age of four or five, the four lower incisors are knocked out—a custom which the Eastern Jur have probably acquired from the Nilotic negroes. The men, well-built and handsome, try to improve their looks by remarkable hair-dress. All of the men wear a short apron and they never go naked like their neighbours. The apron is often of European stuff, but the ancient costume may still be seen. The genitals are enclosed in a cod-piece of chamois leather, while a short apron of buckskin with the feet and hoofs on it hangs round the middle, back and front. The ears of both sexes are pierced and adorned with rings of brass and copper. It is seldom that one sees strings of coloured beads—a sign that so far very few European goods have been dumped here. The men carry beautiful knives in their belts, but they have mostly been imported from the north and are the work of the Niam-Niam. Particularly small, delicate ones, used for tattooing, come from Meridi. Both sexes are marked, like the Dinka and Nuer, with tribal badges, namely, deep horizontal lines running across the forehead and far into the hair. The Jur assert that they sprinkle nothing whatever in the cuts, as the Sudanese, for example, do; the cuts are simply unusually deep. The men have their own style of greeting. They raise the right hand to the left side of the forehead and withdraw it downwards while they scrape the ground with the right foot like a fowl. The Eastern Jur seem to mingle freely with their neighbours: several Dinka women who have married Jur men confirm this impression. It is a mystery to me how such poor devils as the Jur, who own no cattle and very few goats, can buy themselves Dinka wives, but it seems to be a fact. The long-legged, handsome, very thin figures are unmistakable among the small, tubby Jur women (Figs. 38 and 39). Many women still wear the goatskin Dinka apron (Fig. 37). Both sexes are tattooed, but often on one side

only and not nearly so carefully as the Bari, who have punctiliously accurate, symmetrical figures and drawings cut into the skin.

The settlements hardly deserve the name of villages; the dwellings lie scattered apart and are frequently built on a wooden platform in the manner of our pile-houses. Machulka and I attempt to find out more about the tribe from the Sheikh and some old men. In particular we ask why they do not build nearer together. "That would be the last straw," says the Sheikh; "our women would then be at each other's hair the whole blessed day." I could not discover if the women here are specially pugnacious by nature, but perhaps the duck's beak is meant to be evidence of it.

A remarkable scene takes place not far from us. A mother has, by means of vigorous massage, induced her little one to pass motion and is now catching the excrement in large green leaves, which have to be changed several times on account of the quantity produced.

We learn some interesting facts about marriage among the Eastern Jur. Young men and girls get to know each other before marriage. If their acquaintance has demonstrably gone too far, the man has to pay twenty *melota* as a fine. If there are further consequences it costs sixty *melota* (an iron instrument for working the soil) and two goats. The exact punishment is fixed by the Sheikh, who fills the office of judge, in consultation with the council of elders. In spite of the punishments the young people's morals are not too certain. If the lovers decide to marry, the bridegroom's most eminent relatives visit the bride's people. If the girl is not willing, then she is not, as among the Shilluk, for instance, compelled, however rich the suitor may be. Up to a hundred *melota*, ten goats, a hundred arrows and twenty spears may be demanded as the bride-price for a young and pretty girl, not to mention the brass which the bridegroom must raise for the wedding present. If the woman is old and ugly, the price drops to as little as six *melota*. The Sheikh

actually asserts that cows are also sometimes paid. But as it is impossible on account of certain flies to keep any domestic animals in the neighbourhood besides the goats, the Jur, according to him, have sent their cattle to graze with the Dinka cows. This sounds so improbable that one can only suppose he was talking big.

As soon as the bride-price is paid, the girl joins the man and the thing is finished. He has no obligation to make good any animal that dies, as is the case with the Shilluk. The wedding day is festively celebrated. A bull is bought from the Dinka and slaughtered along with two goats. That the guests are not stinted in *merissa* goes without saying. And there is naturally some free fighting. If the bridegroom has a *tukul* ready, the young woman stays with him; otherwise she returns to her parents until the man has finished building one. Should a woman have no children, it is no ground of divorce as it is among most negro tribes. The Shilluk, for example, drives the woman with abuse and curses back to her parents once the medicine-man has "tested" whether the blame for her barrenness does not rest with her husband. When the young wife is pregnant, the relatives help her in the house until four weeks after the birth. A midwife delivers her. The married couple abstain from sexual intercourse for some time before the happy event and are not allowed to resume cohabitation till the child is able to speak. That means two years as a rule. A man who is so lucky as to possess several wives lives a week with each in turn in her own *tukul*.

Divorce is not uncommon and there are plenty of grounds. A conclusive ground is, of course, adultery; but "incompatibility of temperament" suffices. After a divorce the woman, whether guilty or innocent, returns to her family. If the wife is the guilty party the man claims the bride-price back. Supposing her relatives cannot raise it, then in the case of subsequent marriage they must hand over the bride-price paid by the new suitor to the former husband. Children in all circumstances remain with the father.

When a Jur is ill, no medicine is used to cure him, so the Sheikh maintains. The only remedy is hot water and "diet," which consists of a thin gruel of durra. If the patient dies, he is immediately buried. A man killed fighting, whether against animals or other men, is buried in a sitting posture with his hands before his face. A man who dies in his bed is buried lying down, as are also children. Once the grave is closed, the women bewail the dead man for four days, while the men try to hunt down a head of game. The game and two goats are roasted and the relatives indulge in a wake with plenty of *merissa*. The eldest brother is the heir, and only failing him the first-born son. The widow may not marry again for two years. During this period she is supported by the members of both families. Then she may choose whether she will go to some near relative of her husband, who in this case has no bride-price to pay, or will belong to another. The dead man's belongings are heaped up on his grave. We pass a child's grave. A cradle and the child's sleeping mat are tied to a peg and a ball is also lying there composed of body-hair from the nearest relatives. The grave is fenced with canna and will be tended until the termites have eaten it all up. Then it will be forgotten together with the little mortal whom it concealed.

The Eastern Jur, like many poor negro tribes, have only one proper meal in the day, and that is in the evening. But everyone gobbles up whatever comes his way. Almost anything that crawls or flies is eaten: insects, creeping things and rats count as dainties.

We ask Galo, the Sheikh, how many children he has. Only five, is the answer. "Why so few?" we ask with sympathy. "I am still young and shall have more. I have just taken a third young wife," he tells us. "How many do you want?" we ask indiscreetly. He puts the fingers of his right hand together and smacks the palm of his left. "Lots and lots and lots!" he cries enthusiastically. As he is in such a good humour, we hazard a little advance and inquire into his

religious conceptions. He becomes silent and gives the same answer that I have so often heard among negro tribes. "I know nothing about it. We have no religion. You should have known my father. He was old and knew everything and could have told you exactly, but unfortunately he is dead."

During the night I am suddenly awakened. The word *hariga* sends me flying out of bed. The rest-house is surrounded by dry grass and we had already seen a grass fire in the distance that afternoon, though in the soft wind it was only spreading slowly. Now we are faced by a sea of flames. The fire is near and we hear the crackling of the tall flames. The whole neighbourhood is lit up and painted purple. In the background is a dark wood which only seems to be lit up at a few places. Everywhere little whirlwinds are sweeping tufts of burning grass into the air and fresh flames are breaking out fifty or sixty yards further on. We have our hands full to put out these flying torches. They are our sole but not inconsiderable danger, since we had cleared our immediate surroundings of grass, for which we are now very thankful. It is a long time, however, before the unspeakably beautiful spectacle is at an end.

The dance is to take place in the morning and I hope to photograph it by sunlight. In the early hours it is rather cold and a large fire has been lighted in the open place. Melanj, an eight-year-old boy, armed like a grown-up with bow and arrow, has caught a big brown rat, roasts it at the blaze and at once eats it with obvious enjoyment. The first guests arrive towards ten. They have brought drums and a large carved trumpet which has been acquired from the Niam-Niam, their cannibal neighbours. The men have shaved their heads, all but their remarkable coiffure, and the women appear in fresh leaf ornaments. Some Dinka have also joined them. Women carry great jugs of *merissa* about and gradually the musicians get to work. The booming of the big drums can be heard afar and brings crowds of tardy

guests hurrying in from all sides, till the whole place is swarming with men, women and children. First of all some beautiful Dinka dances are performed, in which guests belonging to that tribe take part (Fig. 35). The orchestra consists of one big drum, one small one and a multitude of rattles. The orchestra is then doubled and the Jur dances begin with a strict and everchanging rhythm. One is particularly striking: the women, drawn up in a row, turn their backs to the guest of honour (in this instance myself) and, in time with the syncopated music, execute violent bouncing movements with their hind-quarters.

Everybody gives vent to his high spirits, the *merissa* has had its effect and the good-humour of the women expresses itself in squeaks that remind one of piglets. The men add their voices and all of a sudden the whole mob encircle me, to the great danger of my cinema camera. They whirl round and round with ear-splitting din so that I can neither see nor hear a thing, until the good Sheikh rescues me. I try to film, but the difficulties are great. The people will not dance in the sun, and when at last I have prevailed upon them, a hideous old witch, as dry as a stick, insists on jumping about the whole time in front of the camera. I have to run around with the heavy apparatus in the heat and catch what I can. And it is precisely these dances that are so unusually interesting! The great tribes of the Shilluk or Dinka perform group dances in which the individual is absorbed in the whole. Here, on the other hand, each one dances the artistic figures by himself (Fig. 34). Whether they are the women painted red with ochre or the men, each has his individual dance motive.

During a pause the men practise their archery. The opportunity is favourable for loosening their tongues a little more. I had hitherto supposed that the arrows were poisoned with a kind of curare and had to be kept very carefully in cotton wool when not in use. The men here tell me that they use a poison composed of various plant juices.

The milky sap of euphorbias plays a part in it. The Sheikh himself has turned talkative and shows that not only his father "knew everything," but that he too knows pretty well about religious matters. He tells me that the Jur worship a Higher Being called "Mataro," and that this god manifests himself in two forms, a good one, "Lebadch," and a bad one, "Nibadch." He lives at a certain place in the desert. A few old men and women know the place and mediate between the god and men. The knowledge of his abode seems to be hereditary. If very weighty juridical decisions are to be taken or if the rain stays away, an old man is induced by means of presents to ask the god for advice. He takes a goat and *merissa* and sacrifices them in the desert. The poor Jur thereby offer the most valuable of their possessions. How the sacrifice is performed and at what moment the deity appears, the Sheikh does not know. He appears to the man who has conjured him up in one of his two forms. If the priest transmits disastrous commands, he says on his return, "Nibadch spoke," otherwise he reveals the will of "Lebadch." The Sheikh avers that the Jur have no sorcerers, every member of the tribe knows how to "do magic" himself. Actually all sorts of charms hang in every courtyard, mostly on a withered tree. They comprise sticks, gourds smeared with fat, pieces of rope, bass fibre, bits of bone and the like. The withered tree is called *makao* and is carefully protected. During the rainy season it is set up in the hut for the objects to get coloured by smoke. If a man wishes to injure an enemy he fills an earthenware bowl with water, millet and the seeds of certain magic plants and boils them over the fire. The enemy now appears to him. Whatever he commands the apparition to do, takes place promptly. If he demands that his enemy's goats shall die, or the death of the man himself, it happens. There is another form of spell, but it is not without danger. The spell-maker must go with a pot of *merissa* to his enemy's *tukul* while he is asleep, quietly open the mat that covers the entrance and stand with his back towards the interior in the

doorway. He must then fill his mouth with beer, bend forwards and spit it out between his legs into the enemy's hut. Whatever he wishes during this proceeding will be realised. The entrance must then be carefully closed again with the mat. If his enemy catches him at it, he must pay a fine. "The fine is very heavy, enough to buy a pretty girl," the Sheikh remarks.

The lively exercise of dancing makes one hungry and the midday heat thirsty, so there is a pause and everybody falls upon the steaming dishes. Young mothers suckle their children, after unpacking them from bags made of gazelle skin. One has gripped her baby's stomach with her fist and is rubbing it this way and that with all her might, while the child yells as though it were on a roasting-spit. In surprise I ask the reason for this treatment and learn that the mother's milk is bad and the child consequently suffering from constipation. It is being "massaged." I am sure that if it survives this treatment it will be healthy.

The car is started up and I drive in a circle round the festal assembly. As most of them have never seen a car, they are afraid, but the next moment the whole crowd surge in front of me bawling, laughing, screaming, and only when the car is back at its place, without having run over any of the guests, does the natives' delight gradually die down.

Late in the afternoon the guests begin to take their leave and then trouble breaks out. The Sheikh tries to pacify them, but is soon involved in the scuffle himself, for somebody has been rude to Matalo, his favourite wife. The disputants are with difficulty parted. Then one of them dashes off to fetch his weapons. I arrange that three men shall waylay him and tie him up till he has slept off his drunkenness.

The next few days I have reserved for photographing family life among the Eastern Jur. With my camera I set out to visit separate establishments. The characteristic style of building is most striking. A high wooden platform carries the hut, which is carefully plaited out of straw and branches.

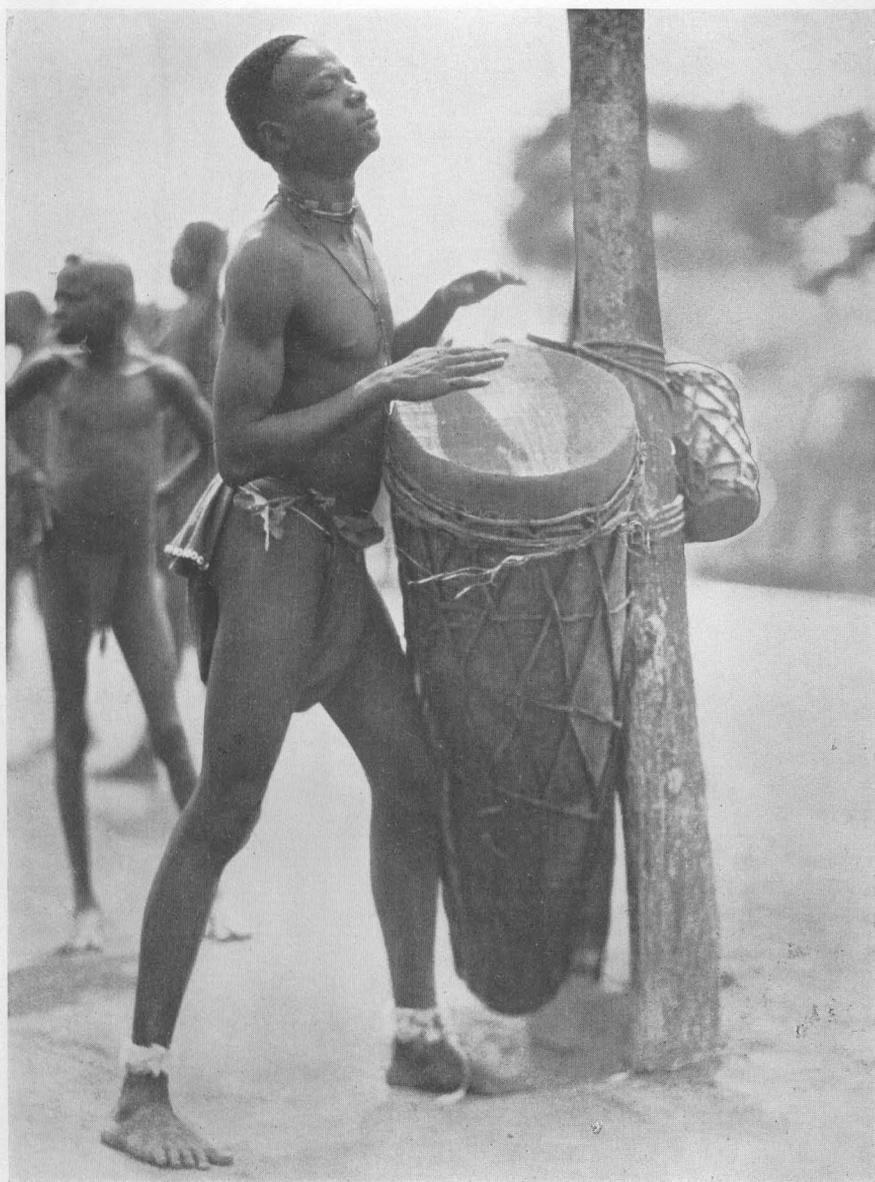
The entrance looks as if it were cemented with concrete and is closed with a plaited door (Fig. 40). Every grown-up person has his own *tukul*. There are four huts for my host's four wives and each lives in one with her children. The walls of the dwelling *tukul* are covered with clay, those of the provision stores woven out of canna. There is also a *tukul* on the level of the ground where the millstone for grinding millet is kept and the *merissa* is brewed. The drink is made ready in another yard and every guest may drink as much as he likes. In the middle of the yard a high, two-storied *tukul* is built over an eternal fire. Four smoothed pieces of wood stand out on the peak of the roof facing the four points of the compass. The floor of the first story is woven out of canna; here the youths spend the evening telling stories, while the smoke from the fire keeps insects away. Several spotted dogs, something like greyhounds with broad foreheads, inhabit the courtyard. Practically every house has to be rebuilt every three years, because that period suffices for the termites to finish their work of destruction. A quantity of unthreshed cobs of durra hang in the yard—the best way to preserve the corn free of insects. Not everybody among the Jur is as wealthy as our host. One meets some families who only have two huts. The smith, for example, has set up his miserable forge under a simple straw roof. The goats are also housed in a *tukul* level with the earth and only the numerous fowls climb up a ladder to their abode like human beings. But they have to scrounge for themselves. In the court there are three graves, one of them just underneath the owner's sleeping *tukul*, the others alongside. One is provided with a plaited fence and another decorated with buffalo horns. The Jur tells us proudly that he killed the mighty beast himself, armed merely with a spear.

Everything is meticulously clean. The women are busy at all kinds of housework. Two are fetching water in large round earthenware pots, another is preparing the food. The proprietor is sitting in front of the reception *tukul*, which is

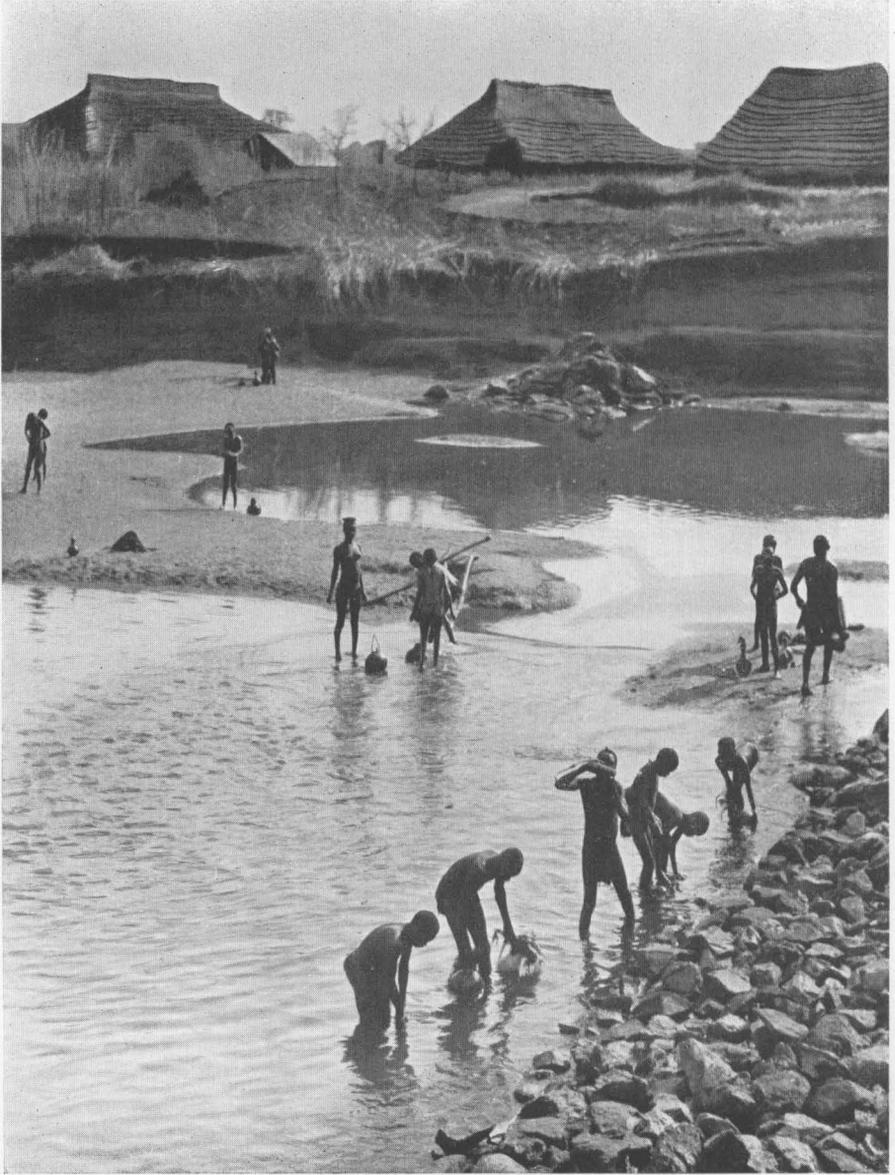
divided into two rooms and is especially well-built, and offers us honey. I get someone to show me how the Jur light fire. They use two sticks about a yard long. In one are several semicircular holes in which a little sand is sprinkled; the other stick is fitted in and twirled. As soon as the glowing wood dust begins to smoke it is shaken on to a piece of hide and there a flame is produced with the help of dry grass. A laborious operation.

There is little cattle but a great deal of agriculture. The Eastern Jur cultivate several sorts of durra, one of which grows to ten yards high and forms whole thickets. Millet is ground and eaten as a porridge with simsin oil and fat. Meat is always reserved for festal occasions, although even in this tribe there are people well enough off to afford *kisra* (millet cake with a meat sauce) like the Arabs. Paprika is the principal seasoning, while the place of salt is taken by certain kinds of wood ashes thoroughly cleansed.

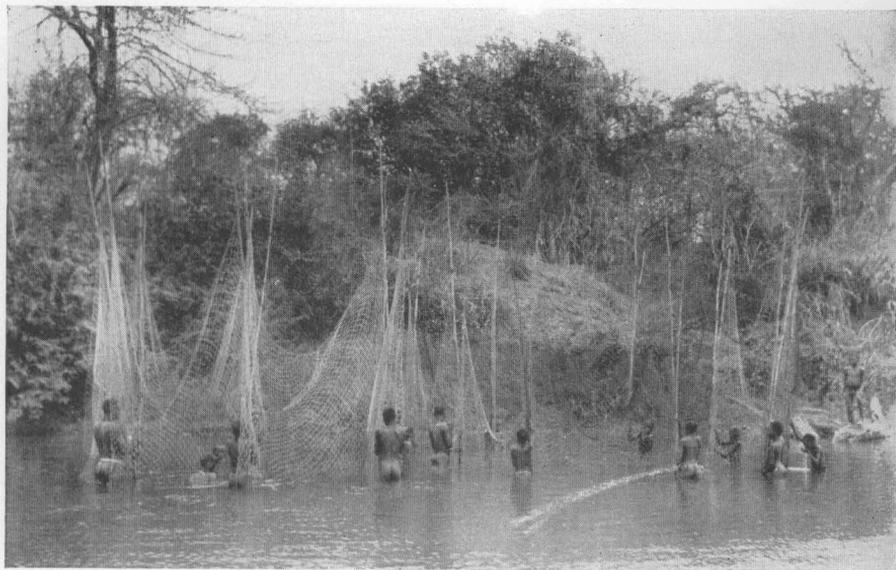
I have the greatest difficulty when I try to film the women when they are dressing. As I have already mentioned, the women wear as apron a bundle of green leaves. The Sheikh, to whom I explain my wish, is not willing to fulfil it because his women could not possibly dress and undress before a stranger. So I go to the next establishment. The owner expresses himself as quite willing, only his women are just busy with something else. Although I have seen two in a hut, I pretend to believe him and hope that the women will be inquisitive enough to appear in time. My supposition proves correct. I have scarcely turned round when the man rushes up to the huts and scolds. I ask innocently what is the matter and he tells me he has just rebuked the children. I make myself at home, put the cameras in the shade of a tree and start a long conversation with him. He answers my questions with a torrent of words, in which two Arab expressions are always followed by ten in the Jur language, but I nod my head as though I understood. It is not long



46. Moru drumming. The skin drum is vigorously beaten with both hands.



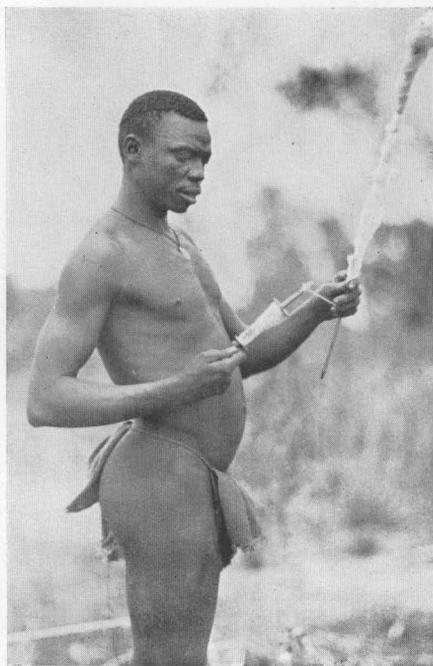
47. View into the river valley from the bridge near Amadi.



48. The Moru surround the fish with nets, then duck into the water after them and fetch them out on an iron hook, a kind of gaff.



49. The Moru catch antelopes with strong nets into which they drive them, and when they are entangled they kill them with spears.



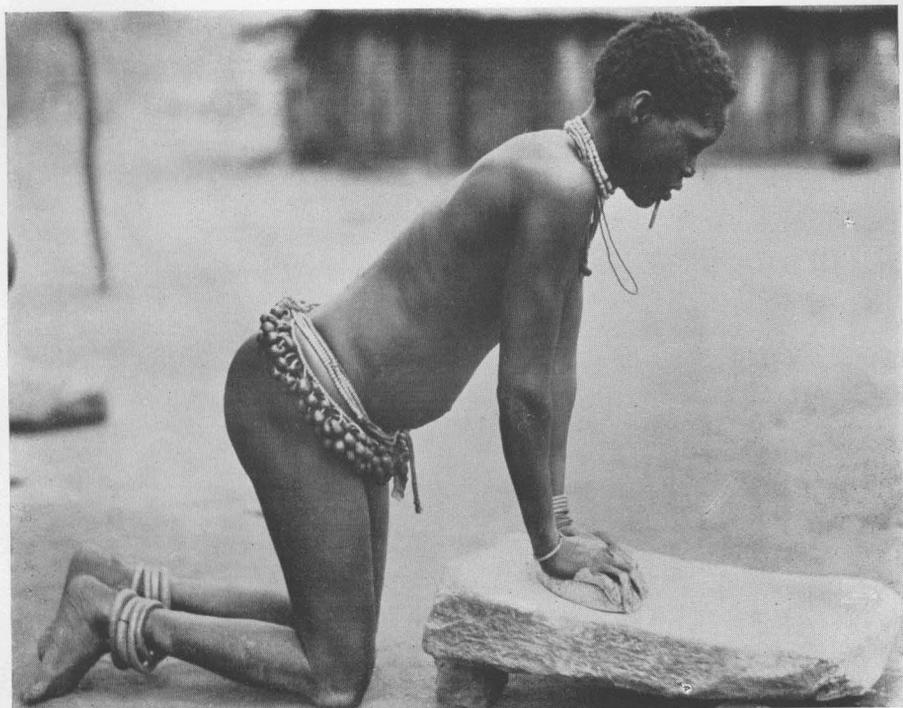
50. Among the Moru cotton-spinning is men's work.



51. Moru woman, smeared with ochre and powdered with white seed for the feast.



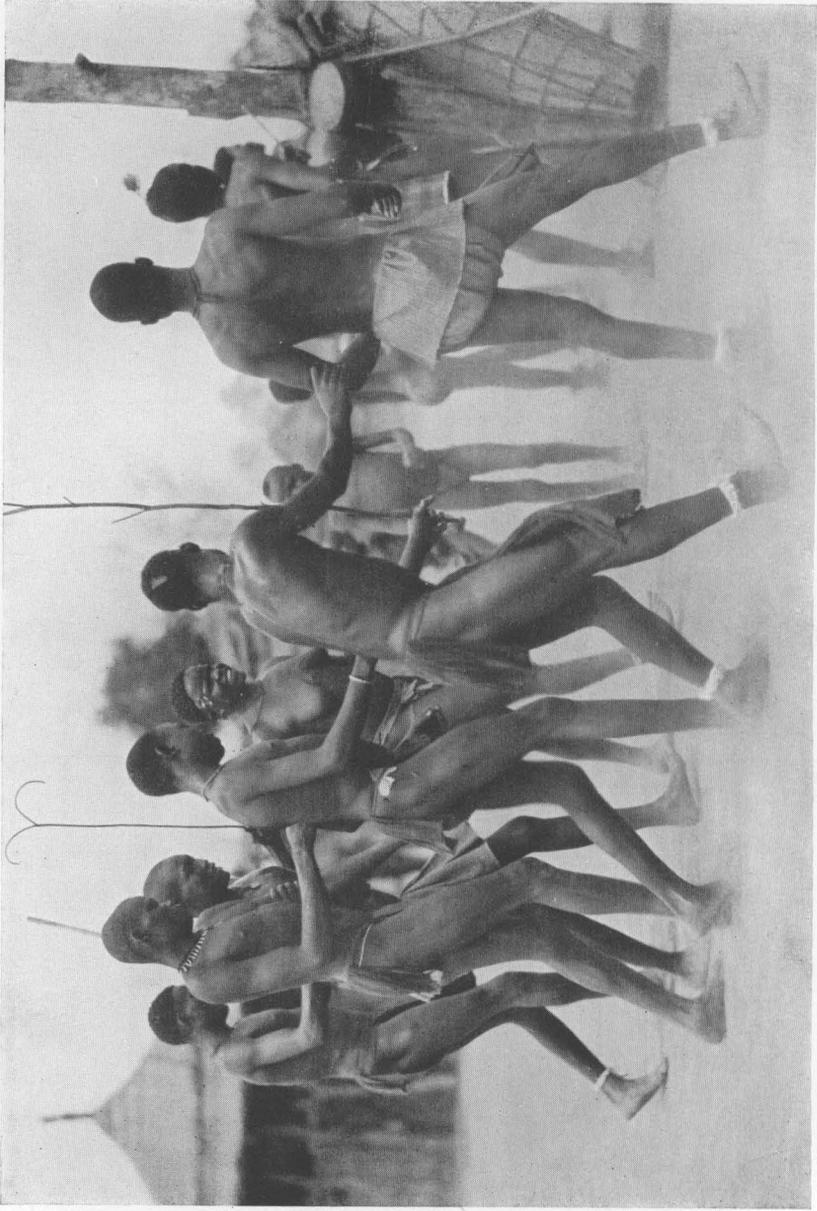
52. Moru storehouse with a chief's grave, in the form of a stone pyramid with buffalo horns on the top.



53. Moru woman grinding millet.



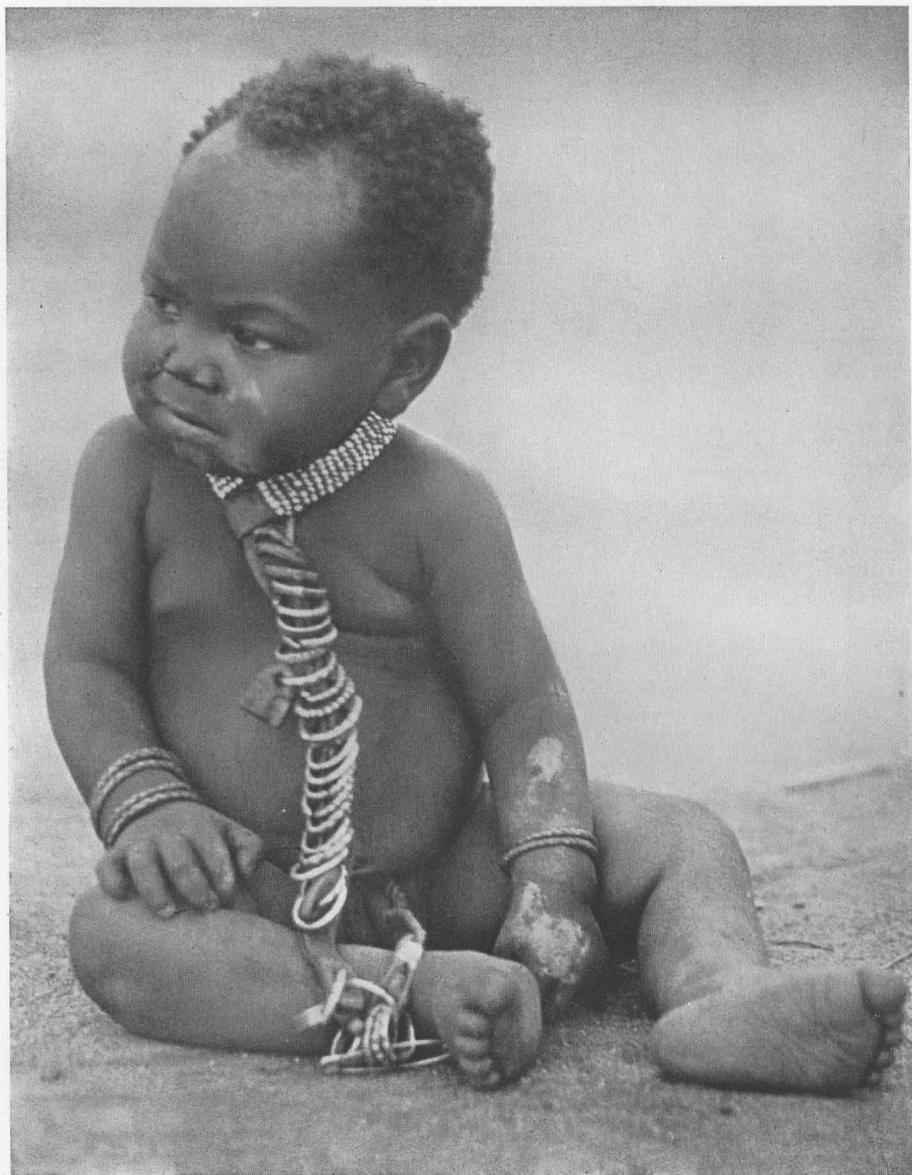
54. Moru women making pots. They work without a potter's wheel.



55. Moru dance. To the beat of a skin-drum orchestra each girl leads a group of men who dance round her.



56. African game that takes the place of chess and draughts.



57. Moru child of a wealthy family with precious neck ornaments made of heavy wrought rings of copper and iron.

before two women appear, Mansa and Atiank, bringing water-pots on their heads from the khor. I now thank the man for his kind permission to film the women and go with them to the nearest tree. The photo is quickly taken. The man's face looks as if he had bitten into a sour lemon, but he decides to make the best of a bad job and accompanies me as far as the next group of dwellings.

A judicial sitting is in progress. The Sheikh, who is at the same time judge, has taken his place under a tree with a man and a woman at ten yards' distance under another. The case is one of adultery. The parties cover each other with abuse. The Sheikh lets them get it off their chests and then begins to examine them. A very involved affair, he tells me later, that will take him a fortnight to disentangle.

A girl of about twelve steps out of one of the huts. We learn that she is due to be married soon. I ask the father what price he is demanding. He answers, "A hundred *melota*, eight goats and two hundred arrows." I am astonished that it is so high and observe that it is a heavy burden for the bridegroom to bear. "He can easily bear it," the father explains proudly and goes on to expatiate on the girl's merits. I have nothing against it. I agree with all he says and as a reward am allowed to photograph the beauty.

Next morning we go through the wood. The dew glistens like pearls on the evergreen leaves (Fig. 31). In the middle of the wood we come to an unusually well-adorned grave under an ancient tree. I ask Galo if he knows who is buried here. "Naturally," he answers, "here lies my father." Astonished, I ask why he buried him in the middle of the wood instead of beside his *tukul*. "My father was a famous man and when he died I buried him in the wood. Everybody should know his grave, for while he lived he was as mighty as the tree under which he lies."

At noon we go back to Shambe by way of Rumbek and I discover that I have been staying with a tribe that had

remained unknown to students till that day. Although the Eastern Jur, unlike the other Jur, do not belong to the Nilotes, I have called them Jur because that is the name they themselves use. I have added the epithet “ Eastern ” to emphasise the distinction between them and the already familiar Nilotic Jur.

CHAPTER IV

Fishing—Search for a *fulla*—A leopard gets away—Africa's other face—
Driving with flames at our heels—Tali—Amadi—In the Lado basin—
Modern slavery—Mud instead of water—Tindilti—The Niambara—
Amadi again—The Niamusa and their smith—Hunting with a net—
An old African—I give the Moru a feast.

WE are again on board. It is five o'clock. An hour later the sun goes down and shoals of large fish begin to feed quite close to the boat. I put out the lines and in a very short time catch a quantity of catfish up to fifteen pounds in weight and two fish similar to burbot.

Next morning we are wakened by an ear-splitting din. It sounds as if people were beating large tin plates. Mingled with it is a lively hubbub of voices. I jump out of bed and witness an extraordinary spectacle. Some hundred yards from the sailing-boat lies a rest-house with a corrugated iron roof. An inspector who is passing through with his numerous servants is staying there. The servants are now busy under his direction hunting bats with long sticks and a great hullabaloo. The creatures had taken up their abode under the roof without permission from the Government and are being routed out by the warlike official. Kites hurry up from all sides and snap up the bats in mid-air as they escape from the men's sticks. Among the soldiers, who are obviously afraid of the little things, some superstition or other is at work. In this connection one sometimes meets with the queerest beliefs. The Sudanese, for example, think that the gecko, a harmless lizard in the south, shoots the tip of its tail at people and whoever is struck by it goes blind. They have, therefore, a profound respect for this nice little reptile.

The post steamer has just moored at Shambe. Several passengers have made a trip to Rejaf. They have been bored stiff on board, as the fourteen days' voyage from Khartoum to Rejaf is monotonous and it happened to be night when they passed the one spot where hundreds of elephants were to be seen in the papyrus. At this moment a Dinka comes and offers crocodiles' eggs for sale. They look like ducks' eggs but have thinner shells. The mother crocodile buries many hundreds of them in the sand every year and they are hatched out by the sun. As the eggs taste very much like hens' eggs, they are highly relished and eagerly collected by the negroes. This is something for the tourists' appetite for sensation. They crowd round the man and outbid each other to buy the dainty. The Dinka, a born business man like almost all negroes, knows how to make the most of his advantage and smiling contentedly he sells the eggs at four times their proper price. Next day we travel to rest-house number one, to examine more closely the chances of filming. The Dinka who undertakes to guide us is an intelligent-looking man and, as we soon discover, lives up to his appearance. Machulka follows me with two porters. The guide had described a large open sheet of water at some two hours' distance from the rest-house. We march for three hours in the midday heat and all we see is a channel of water a yard wide. I ask about that large open sheet. "Here it is," he says, "it stretches away for four hours to the Nile. The animals all drink from it." My hopes vanish once again. We examine the khor casually. The grass has been trodden down everywhere by buffaloes, elephants, rhinoceroses and antelopes. An ideal hunting ground. But what is the use of sitting by the water at night with flashlight apparatus when the animals spread out over such a long stretch to drink? By day too it is impossible to film because one cannot advance silently through the high grass with a heavy camera on one's back, and in any case the dense bush spoils every view. Another of those occasions where the hunter is sure of a full

bag while the photographer goes away empty. We turn back thoroughly disgruntled. Suddenly the cry of baboons strikes our ears. I follow them some way into the bush and come to a pool where a quantity of birds are playing, among them Nesyts storks, ducks and geese. Vultures have perched on the trees and are greedily eyeing a certain spot among the bushes. I want to go back to get my gun, for it looks as if some member of the cat family is near and has just killed an animal. Then I observe my two porters fifty yards away. They have seen me and shout, with wild gesticulations, some unintelligible words in their language. I send one of them back for my gun and examine the ground. The head of a baboon that has just been torn to pieces is lying near the tracks of the ill-doer's flight. It was a splendid leopard that had been driven off by my two men. The second Dinka explains to me in broken Arabic that he saw a "lion." It was difficult to drive away and at last disappeared slowly in the grass. Angry, I turn back and learn that the man on the look-out had stupidly sent the two porters forward to chase the leopard away and get the meat of its victim. The leopard has escaped and no amount of cursing will bring it back! In a roaring temper I set out for home but can only hobble along. I had got a few trifling wounds in the feet which, after the hurried march in pursuit of the elands, are now beginning to fester and hurt badly. In addition I am much weakened through a slight attack of dysentery and fever. As the place I was to visit was, according to the guide's account, so near the rest-house I had taken neither food nor water with me. My thirst is by now unbearable in the muggy swamp atmosphere. My tongue lies like an insensible lump in my mouth, my lips are white and swollen. I shall not easily forget this trip. I get back to the rest-house after sunset half dead. Unable to think, I fling myself on the ground. Machulka has not fared much better. But he brings a quart bottle of brandy which he always has with him as a medicine. We are neither of us

drinkers, but this time the bottle is welcome and we empty it together in ten minutes. Any normal man in Europe would be laid out by such a quantity, but it only has the effect of pulling me together and I drive the car on to Shambe. I fall into bed tired out. But sleep will not come. The minutes drag past as heavy as lead. I hear every sound of the swamp; the slow waking of Nature, otherwise so enchanting, seems endless. How different Africa looks now! I am making the acquaintance of its other face; I begin to understand the complaints of many a European living here. The silver moonlight is grey and colourless to him, the gloriously shining sun mere heat. It is no longer the healer, the creator of food, it is a blaze that kills. The grunt of the hippopotamus bores into his marrow, the merry voices of the birds embitter his sleep and the hum of myriads of mosquitoes drives him crazy. Wide awake, bathed in sweat, he tosses this way and that on his bed the whole night long. If the attack of fever is bad, so much the better, for his fancy conjured up all kinds of delightful pictures. He sees his homeland and his family and, like an opium-smoker, all the questions that oppress him seem easy and soluble. But how painful the reaction! Weak and condemned to the unintelligent nursing of the natives—how heavily his loneliness weighs on him! That is Africa's other face, the face of pitiless Nature. The country looks quite different from the deck of the steamer, when jolly, laughing natives offer their queer utensils for sale and the swamp sails past the moving ship.

After a while I recover on board the *nuger* and am visited by several inspectors from the district. All of them tell me as the latest achievement that the Government has just built a road between Terrakekka and Rejaf, so that one can drive from Amadi to Rejaf by car. It is another direction, however, that attracts me: I want to go towards the Azande on the Congo border. Powerful Sultans with courts of their own rule in the district of Meridi and Yambio; the Niam-Niam

who live there are cannibals of high culture and their fine wrought work and wood-carving are famous throughout the Sudan. I should like to see them.

The car is carefully loaded. Over three and a half hundredweight of petrol must be taken, as the distance is long and the roads bad. Water too, for we shall often have to cross waterless stretches several hundred miles wide. Everything is at last packed, two men sit on the baggage, Machulka is beside me and I am at the wheel. The springs are so heavily pressed down that the body has less than an inch of play. Again and again the wood scrapes the tyres. However carefully I drive, this rubbing is not to be avoided. Suddenly a bang! One of the tyres has burst. A pretty outlook for the trip! With a sinking heart I change the wheel. We spend the night at Gnop and then proceed towards Tali. Now begins a dose of purgatory. The roads grow worse and worse, the bridges are tumbledown affairs and two of them collapse behind us. On a third we come to a standstill. The car breaks through (Fig. 42). In despair we try with our united strength to lift it out, but the wheels only bury themselves deeper. We have to unload and raise the car with the jack. After sweating for two hours in the midday heat we have got so far that we can load up and jog along again. Now all at once the road stops and we have to drive cautiously through the high grass. The next thing, we sniff burning. It is a grass fire and we are obliged to pass very close to it. The heat is almost unendurable and the wind carries tufts of burning grass on to the car. I accelerate and drive as fast as the uneven ground permits, for it is beginning to burn immediately behind us. The air is hot, and when I think of our stack of petrol tins and the boxes of films I get hotter still. We reach the river. The water comes up to the engine so that I am anxious about the engine-block. On the opposite side a hundred yards of fine river sand are waiting for us and of course we stick. Fortunately there are some natives near by fetching water. They

lend us a hand and we get over the place. The dried-up acacias have now disappeared and sapful evergreens give the landscape a different stamp. Palms are common here too. One of them is so overgrown by a parasite that it almost vanishes in the embrace of its huge guest. Enormous trees with a great array of aerial roots invite us to rest. But we are no novices in Africa and know that scorpions, poisonous spiders and snakes live in the hollows of the trees and would be sure to pay us a visit.

At last we arrive at Tali. This is the Mongalla Province of the Sudan. All the officials had told us that to reach Rejaf we must take the route by way of Amadi. Here we see to our surprise that a new road had been opened a year before leading direct to Terrakekka. We go all the same to Amadi, to proceed from there to Yambio, because villages of another people, the Moru, lie to right and left of that road. They are quite different from the Nilotes. Their skin is brown, they are small, broadly built and short-legged. Always good-humoured and jolly, they greet the car everywhere with loud cries. The girls in particular distinguish themselves, squealing and laughing with sheer *joie de vivre*. The women wear a curious apron of fruits and pieces of bone tied round their hips. Strings of coloured beads adorn their necks and heavy brass or iron rings their ankles. Yet we also see many sick people among them. It is clear that we are in one of the most unhealthy parts of Africa. Numerous cases of elephantiasis, a disease that produces a grotesque swelling of single parts of the body, abundant signs of tertiary syphilis, and here and there a face hideously eaten away by leprosy, enlist our sympathy. We learn later that sleeping sickness, malaria, blackwater fever and especially dysentery decimate the population here every year. It is rarely that one finds a region in Africa where all these diseases are to be met with at the same time.

Eventually we arrive at Amadi, formerly the administrative centre of the Lado enclave. This land has an

interesting past. A year before Lord Kitchener took Omdurman, it was occupied by the Congo Free State. The Congo at that time was a private undertaking under Belgian protection and an extraordinary rabble of European adventurers and scoundrels collected and enriched themselves in the conquered territory by exporting ivory in quantities. King Leopold II of Belgium being the principal shareholder in the company, the officials were able to allow themselves liberties to which the Government would otherwise have put a stop. After the fall of Omdurman, international treaties were signed, according to which all districts up to the watershed of the Nile were assigned to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. An exception was made of this enclave, which was to remain subject to the Congo till King Leopold's death and only then fall to the Sudan. The Belgians, knowing that the enclave would be lost to them, exploited the land with every refinement of ingenuity and avoided spending anything on roads or such improvements. During this period the enclave was a paradise for a host of shady characters. Elephant hunters in particular had an easy time of it. They hunted to their hearts' content in the Sudan and then escaped from the English police patrols into Belgian territory. Elephants were slaughtered by the hundred so that this area, once so rich in them, is to-day practically empty. When King Leopold died in 1909, the Belgians cleared out without waiting for the English troops. Consequently a reign of terror broke out. The chiefs whom the Belgians had set up were murdered and the tribes began to make war on each other. The stations, deserted by the Europeans, were attacked and looted. The English Governor of Mongalla, Owen Pasha, sent a handful of police which he had at his disposal to Lado, Rejaf and Kerro, but in the absence of roads he could not suppress the disorder in the south and the interior. It was only after a whole year's effort that this was achieved. The Lado enclave was then joined to the Mongalla Province and so it has remained to this day.

Bad news is in store for us at Amadi. Meridi is barred off as being a centre of sleeping sickness. Nobody is allowed to break through the barrier. While the Belgians take very few steps against the disease and so make no headway, the English have succeeded in stamping it out in some areas and very much reducing it almost everywhere. Unfortunately I am not allowed to push on further and we therefore resume our original plan of going on with the car to Torit by way of Rejaf to photograph animals in that neighbourhood.

First of all, though, I take a look round in this district. It is administered by a somewhat too energetic Commissioner. Everything is run on military lines. The people in the most out-of-the-way places jump to attention when you talk to them and salute stiffly in soldier fashion. The Sheikhs wear military uniform and have a metal plate on their arms with the name of their rank and nationality; for example, "Moru Chief No. 4" or "Niambara Under-chief." The natives wear tin discs hung round their necks suggestive of dogs' labels. The whole population is compelled to build roads. They have to leave their villages and settle along the roads. When one sees hundreds of workmen in villein-service building bridges one might imagine Ancient Egypt risen again. An immeasurable stream of people carry on their heads earth and stones that have been dug with primitive tools. Policemen go among them, driving on the slackers with whips. Every Sheikh is forced to take orders once a month at Amadi. As they often have a week's journey to reach their homes again, this means a fortnight's strenuous march every month for the Sheikhs. Those who are too old for such travelling are replaced by younger men.

At the mission stations the people are forbidden to dance and to drink *merissa*. The girls are "dressed" so successfully that the "immoral nakedness" is actually beginning to disappear and they go about in the most impossible costumes, as gaudy as parrots. Since the natives are compelled to frequent the market in the principal town, a very interesting

mixture of peoples is always gathered there. You can see Moru standing alongside Jur and Niambara to sell their durra, while Niamusa girls offer honey for sale. Arab servants pack the goods in empty petrol tins (Fig. 63).

At the rest-house in Amadi I meet a young Englishman, an ethnographer who is making studies in the Bahr el Ghazal Province. He is a charming fellow. He complains bitterly of the Commissioner and I can understand their relationship well. The one has his hands full to create the necessary respect for himself. The other, an idealist, puts himself on a level with the natives, who on that account make fun of him behind his back and think him cracked.

My hope of finding game in the neighbourhood of Amadi comes to nothing. The natives catch the animals with nets and all kinds of traps, and the meat hung up to dry outside many of their huts proves that their methods are successful. Fish is also caught in a very ingenious fashion. The men form two rows facing each other and drive the fish with nets into the intervening space. They then close the circle (Fig. 48), duck below the surface with hooks and spike the fish. If one is too big for the man to get out immediately, he detaches the hook from the wooden handle and leaves it hanging on a longish line wound round his hand.

In the evening I have an opportunity of watching a dance that is totally different from any that I have ever seen. The men form chains and execute very complicated figures before one or two girls. The girls, with rattles in their hands, chase the men backwards and forwards in an even rhythm (Fig. 55). Here as elsewhere they gradually give vent to their spirits. But whereas among the strictly moral Nilotic negroes every man withdraws with one of his own wives, these people are not so particular and the men mostly disappear with someone else's wife.

Next day we travel further. We pitch our camp near romantic cliffs in the neighbourhood of Tindilti. In other places the natives have brought water; here only an ugly

old witch comes along with a tiny bowl. The liquid in it is pitch black and smells like rotten eggs. I tell her off and she summons the Sheikh. He orders three women to go off with round earthenware pots on their heads and fetch water. Two hours elapse before they return and then the water is no cleaner than the old woman's. There is nothing for it but to make the best of the situation. Even I, though I have drunk all kinds of African "water," cannot touch this stinking mud porridge. The rest-house lies picturesquely in the hollow of a valley, shut in by groups of fantastic cliffs. The natives are Mandari, a tribe akin to the Dinka. Next morning we go on to Terrakekka. The road is, by way of an exception, excellent and we cover the distance almost as quickly as in Europe. Again the country changes. So far our way has led us through beautiful parkland with evergreen trees, but now the vegetation becomes as wretched as at Shambe. Withered, leafless acacias, dried-up grass and caked swamp without a living creature. The Nile must be somewhere near, we conclude. So it is: barely half an hour later we can make out in the distance the vast sea of rushes. We drive to the stopping-place for steamers, which is indicated by two flags, and ask the way. An effendi comes towards us. "That's the rest-house," he says, and points to a building surrounded by a green fence. "We don't want to stay. We want to go further," we answer. "Where to?" he asks, visibly astonished. "To Rejaf." "There's no steamer due." "We are going with the car by road." "Yes, but how? There is no road to Rejaf." Then it comes out that we have actually been misinformed everywhere. The road to Rejaf is only going to be built. This fact was unknown to all the inspectors, even those of the adjoining district. What should we do now? Go by steamer? But it only comes twice a month and we should run the risk of having our return cut off by the rainy season. Go to Yambio without permission? A very dangerous step, for on this point the English are not to be trifled with. I send a telegram

to the authorities at Khartoum asking for special permission to go to Yambio and saying that we shall then turn back. Until permission arrives, we can at least explore the neighbourhood of Amadi. Here too the peoples are little known and we may be able to take some really interesting photos. We halt before Tindilti and begin by visiting the Niambara. These people, tall and stately, remind one very much of the Nilotes. They are handsomely ornamented, have bows and arrows and some of them carry very pretty pipes on their backs (Fig. 60). A particularly fine one, cut from the horn of a water-buck, catches my eye. I enter into negotiations with the man and at last he is prepared to sell it. After paying the sum demanded I put my new possession in the car. Half an hour later, when we return from visiting the *tukul*, the man is there again and asks for his pipe back. He asserts that it did not belong to him, and the owner, who has just turned up, does not want to part with it. I ask what the owner wants for it. Double the price! I reply that I am sorry, but one does not go back on a sale and that one does not sell what belongs to someone else. But when the engine is started, the man jumps on to the car, snatches the pipe out of its hiding-place before I or my people can stop him and makes off with long bounding strides into the distance. Another lesson for me! Out of temper I travel on, a fooled European.

Here again water is scarce and narrow wells, up to ten yards deep, provide the natives of the district with a minimum of it. We watch how goats are watered with the help of gourds. There is many a pretty scene of family life to be seen at the wells. At one spot a girl is removing her mother's eyelashes with an enormous long dagger. How she does it without putting out the old lady's eyes is worth seeing, but unfortunately the performance is finished before I have my camera ready. But I take my stand near the well and manage to snap several interesting types. Among them is a man with advanced elephantiasis; the long arms and shapeless lower jaw make him look like an orang-outang.

In the evening we return to Tindilti, to the astonishment of the Sheikh. Foul water is brought us again, so next morning we take a look at the spring. A much-trodden path shows us the way. It is a good hour's walk there. Dirty women with water-pots sit waiting around it. I approach and soon understand their economy with the precious moisture. The springs—there are two of them—are cut deep in the rock and when they are drying up give hardly any liquid. You have to wait nearly half an hour for every gourdful of mud porridge, so long does it take to collect. Thousands of insects of all kinds whirl about in the air and cover the damp earth and the women, who scarcely attempt to keep them off. They aim especially at the mouth and eyes. Every gourdful teems with dead creatures. The women have enough to do the whole day long to collect sufficient water for cooking. What will happen to these people if the approaching rainy season does not set in soon?

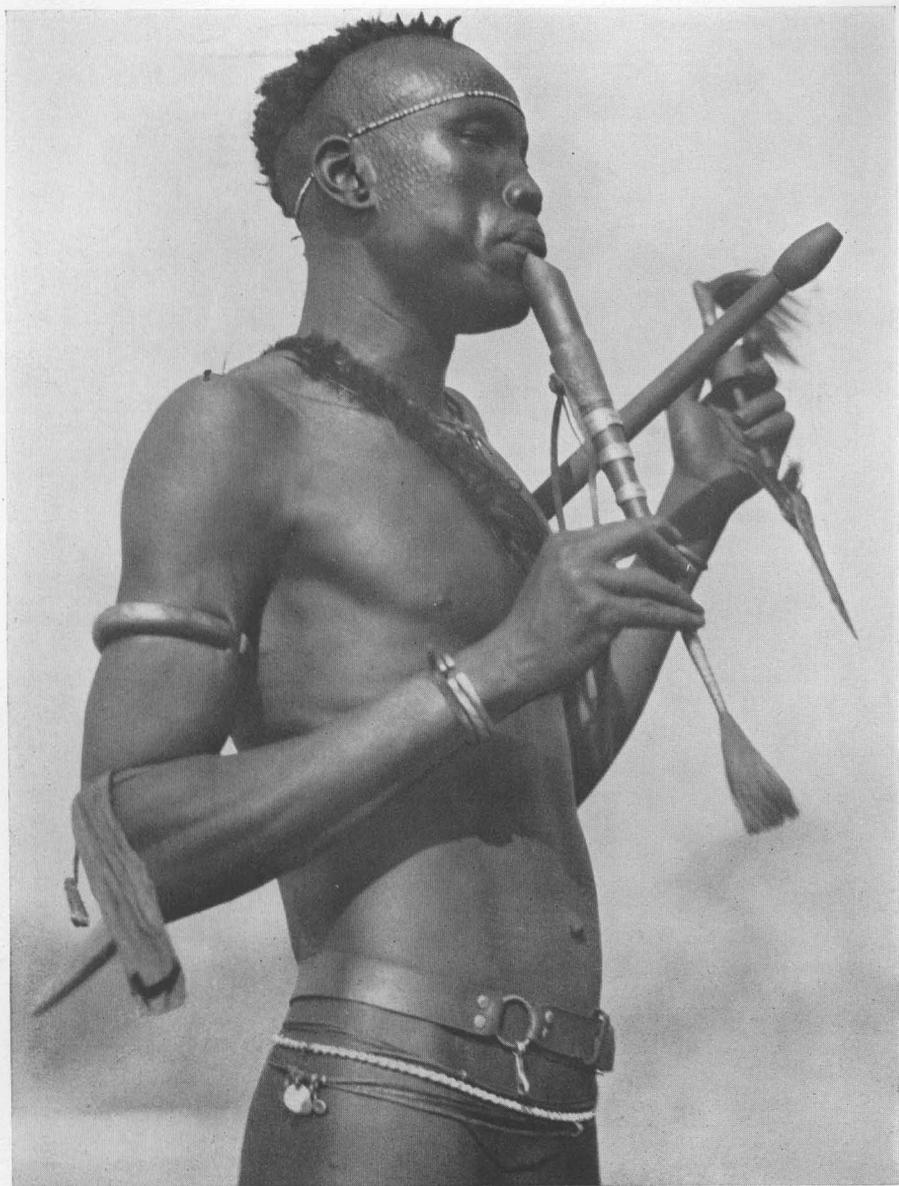
We reach a village. Only a few goats are about, the cows have all gone to the Nile. Naturally there is no game in this waterless district. We are fortunate enough to buy a man's war kit after bargaining for over an hour. Bargaining is, of course, a highly important affair among all native tribes. The fixing of a bride-price is especially worth seeing. The negotiations last for days, during which an enormous quantity of *merissa* is drunk. Innumerable reeds are heaped in groups on the ground before the parties. Each group denotes some object. A hundred reeds here represent a hundred arrow-heads, twenty-seven there stand for that number of goats, and so on. The number of cows, bulls, spears, arrows, goats and so forth is exactly and circumstantially settled. It is hard to be a bridegroom in these parts. In addition to the price paid to the father, the bridegroom must honour his bride with an ornament appropriate to her rank. The procuring of a suitable present may occupy weeks. First of all the young man must have the probable price ready; for instance, fifteen goats. With this "money" he goes to the

smith. Good smiths are rare and in great demand, so that he often has to travel for days on end with the price before reaching the place. Then follow lengthy negotiations about the metal, shape and price of the ornament and only when that is agreed upon does the smith get to work. This is no hasty business either, for the smith is naturally not going to neglect his own housework. It is exceedingly interesting to watch these smiths at their job. The metal (brass or copper) is melted in earthen crucibles, roughly shaped and finally cut in the most primitive manner with queer tools. Astonishingly fine ornaments are often produced in this way. But the happy bridegroom sits meanwhile, day in, day out, beside the master and watches the work progressing.

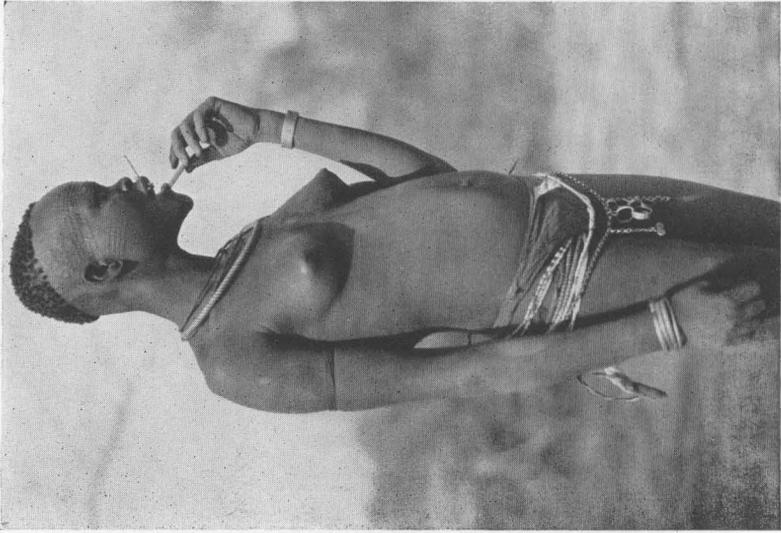
Once more our way leads through a wide, waterless tract of country. I learn that admission to the district west of Lake Rudolf, which we had previously proposed to visit, is now allowed again. My permission to go there had been withdrawn at Khartoum on account of disturbances which had broken out among the tribes. Three companies of soldiers had, as a matter of fact, been sent. Imagine their surprise when the supposedly rebellious population came out to meet them from all sides, offering eggs and poultry for sale! Two companies turned back, the third remained for a time in the district.

In any case we will visit the Niamusa. They have much in common with the Jur of the north; like them they are definitely a mixed people without uniform type, some of them being brown, others black. One comes across squat persons, similar to the Moru, side by side with long-legged ones of Nilotic stock. They are very skilful in laying traps, in which they catch all kinds of antelopes and even buffaloes, as is proved by the numerous horns with which they beautify their graves. Quantities of dried meat are hung up before each village. I come to a head Sheikh to whom the whole district had once been subject. The Government deposed him and gave his rank to his son, while they assigned to him

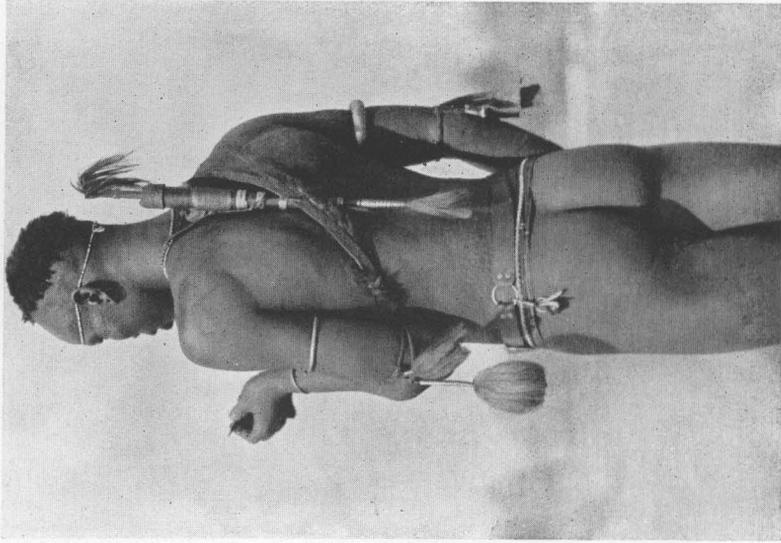
a bodyguard of several policemen for his "protection." I pass many Sheikhs' graves, each of them decorated with two rings in a round piece of wood. It is remarkable that every one of these Sheikhs should have killed precisely two enemies. I inquire of the old Sheikh if there is a smith here. "No, but on your return journey, a day's march from Amadi, you will find one." At every place through which we pass I ask after the *haddad*. But nobody knows anything about one, even in the village the Sheikh had indicated. I ask a man who is by chance standing near me to show me how a trap is set. One must admit that the device is extremely ingenious and practical: as soon as the animal treads on a round wooden dish, a drawn bow and a loop operate to tie a block of wood to its leg. I get into conversation with the man—he speaks some Arabic—and buy a few arrow-heads. He asks me why I am here and I tell him I am looking for a smith but cannot find one. "What do you want with a smith?" he asks. "He could have made a nice armband for my wife in Khartoum," I reply. "Ah, now you're talking," he says, "I'm the man." To banish my suspicions he offers to show me his smithy. The path leads towards a group of rocks near by, and suddenly we are facing a place which Wagner could not have improved on as scenery for Mime's dwelling. Overturned blocks of stone lie scattered around. Large slabs of rock, fantastically shaped, are thickly overrun with bushes and through the crown of evergreen trees shines the sunny prairie of the valley. It is really a romantic spot. A large slab forms the natural roof of the smithy (Fig. 64). Curious tools are lying about. A couple of burnt clay pots with skin drawn across their mouths serve as bellows. Two boys move these skins rapidly up and down to cause a draught, which reaches the fire through burnt earthenware pipes. Chisels of soft beaten iron and wooden tongs rest near lumps of iron that are used as hammers. He explains to me minutely that European iron is unsuitable because it is too hard and brittle. I ask about



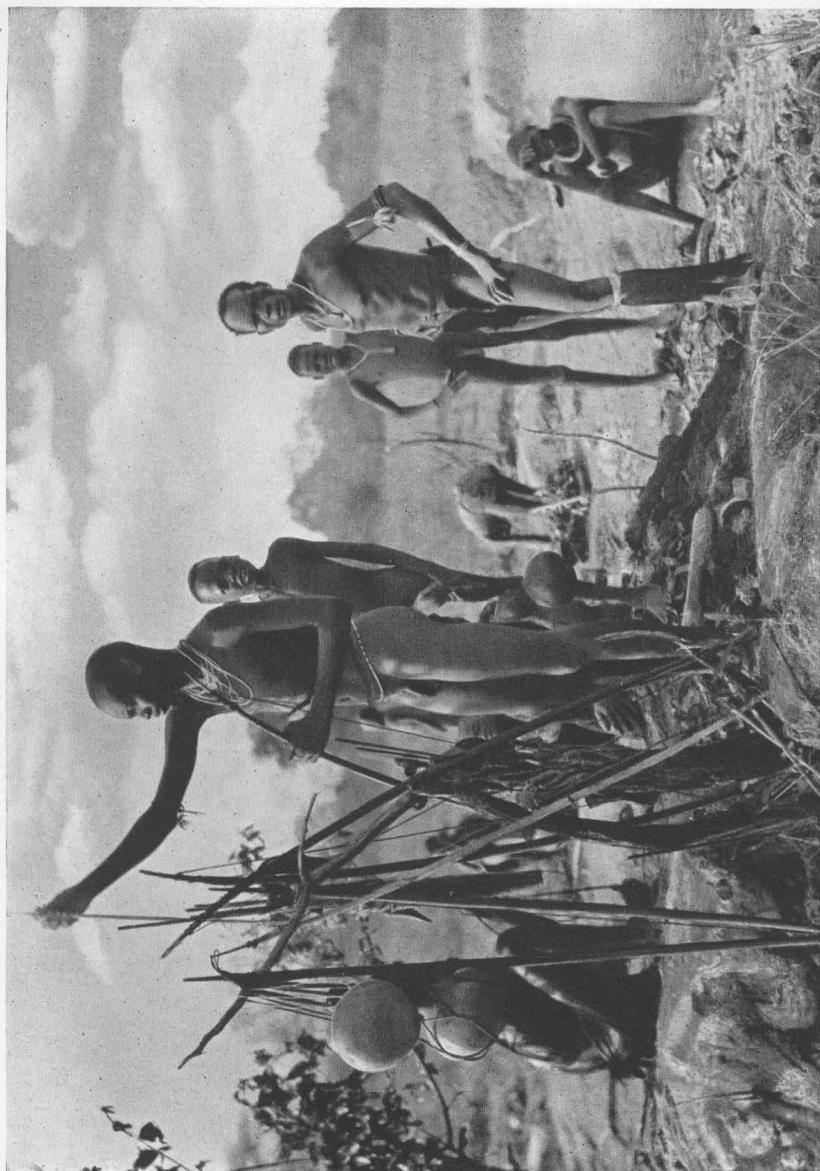
58. Niambara flute-player.



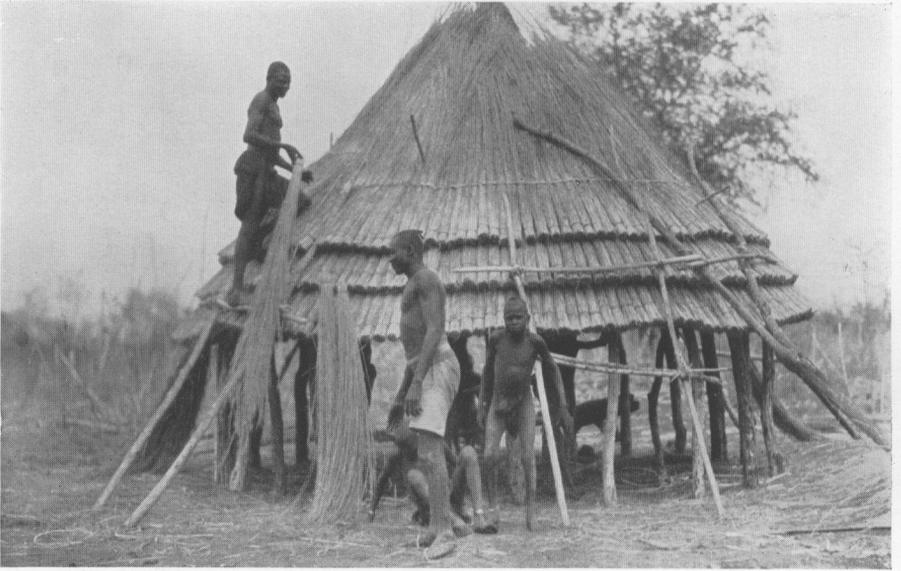
59. Mandari women with lip-pegs.



60. Niambara with flute.



61. Mandari resting at a well.



62. Niambara house.



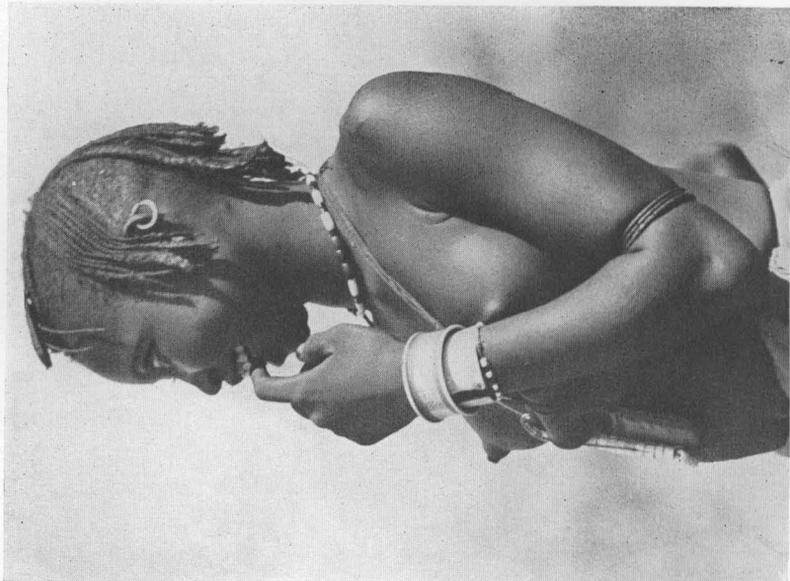
63. Honey, which the Arab traders buy from the natives, is poured into empty petrol tins to be carried away.



64. The Niamusa smith's workshop is under the slab of stone on the right.



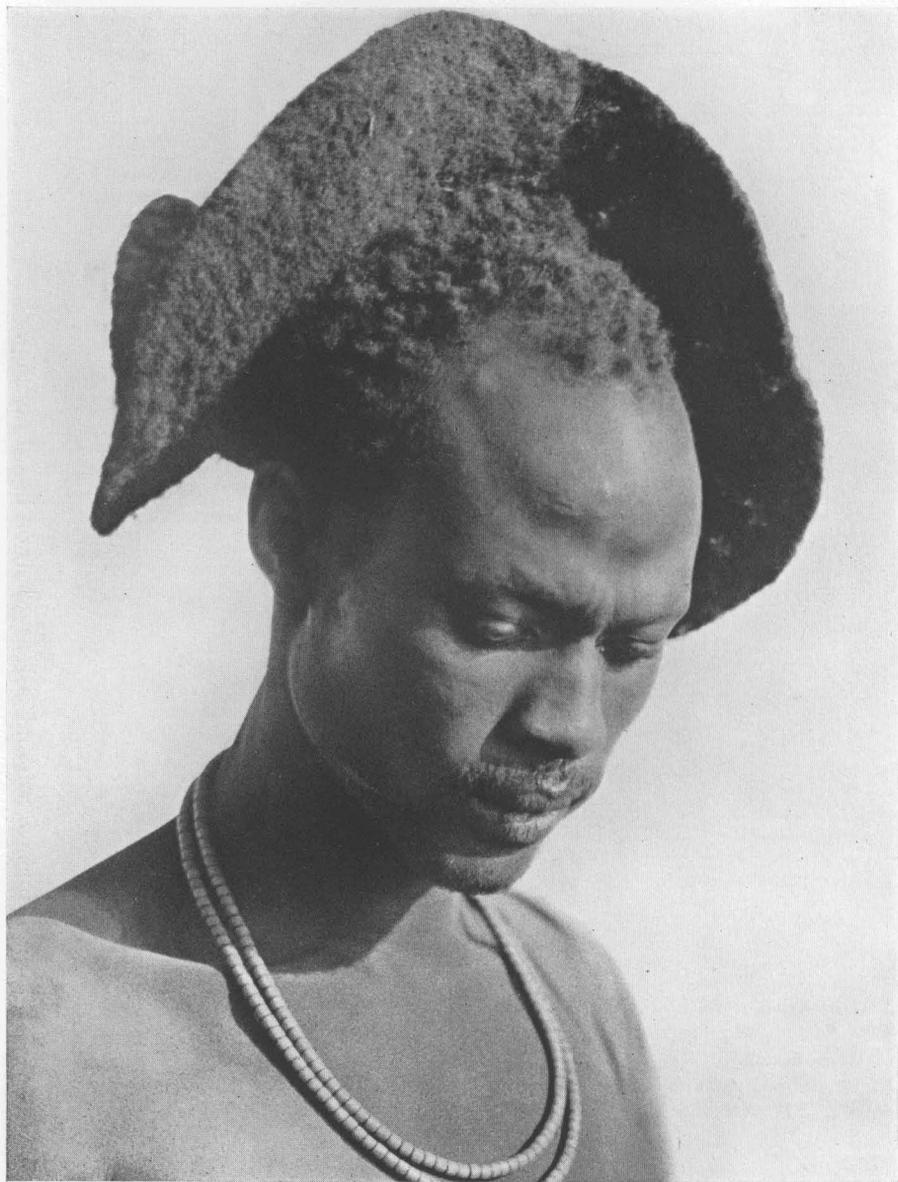
65. Making of a brass arm-band by the Niamusa smith.



66 and 67. Eiliri from the Darnuba Province. The men wear pigtails smeared thick with marrow ; the girls show every sign that these people are a mixture of Arab slaves and negro women.



68. Nuer women and girls as guests on board my ship.



69. The artistic coiffure of the Shilluk takes several years to grow. Only their own hair is used. In order not to damage the coiffure, they use a curiously-shaped wooden head-rest while they sleep.

his work and he tells me that he used to forge arrows and spear-heads, but now European products come cheaper. I profess to have heard in Khartoum that he was a great master in the fabrication of beautiful ornaments and to have come to him specially to order a ring. He swells visibly with pride and gratification. "You shall have it," he says in his broken Arabic, "and you won't easily find a more beautiful one. All the women come to me from far away. What shall the ring be made of, copper or brass?" I decide on brass. "Good," he says. "You get the material and when you bring it I'll start work." Well satisfied I turn home. The filming of the smithy would, I can see, be very difficult in the half-light that reigns in it, but I hope to get quite useful pictures by strong daylight even in this rocky niche with the help of strong lenses.

I had spoken to a Sultan who even to-day is comparatively powerful and influential about organising a net-hunt. This manner of catching animals will soon have died out. The Government, because the people are very successful at it, is at the moment preparing a law forbidding this type of hunting for the protection of game. The road, a good one, brings me nearly to Meridi. I am not allowed to enter Meridi, so I halt exactly before the prohibited area. The ethnographer and the Sheikh accompany me. The latter was at Amadi and is glad of a good opportunity for returning. When we arrive at the place indicated we find a rest-house with banana and papaya trees close by, while pine-apples have actually been planted here. The people are quickly drummed together for the hunt. The nets are made of a mixture of tree fibre and cotton, with meshes five inches square. They are over sixty feet long, five and a half feet high, and fastened to a pole at each end, on which they are rolled up to be carried. Ten of them are brought and boys and men hurry together from all sides. They carry heavy spears with double points, the one long and broad, the other shaped like a chisel. Some also carry clubs. In high spirits

the procession sets out. The Sheikh leads us in person, then come the boys with the nets followed by armed warriors, while the inspector and I bring up the rear. At the brisk pace of the native we forge ahead and reach our destination in about two hours. The boys lay down their burdens on the ground at suitable distances. The men unroll the nets and fasten them to trees and bushes in such a way that they will fall on any animal which runs against them (Fig. 49). They work swiftly and without a sound and soon all the nets are fixed ready to catch. The men hide behind bushes at equal intervals apart to kill the game with spears as soon as it is caught in the nets. The boys meanwhile have formed a wide half-circle, the wings of which point towards the ends of the net. The signal is now given on a negro trumpet. It is answered at once by the shouts and bawling of many voices, from which one gathers that each beater has taken up his position. First the wings advance slowly, then the centre moves towards the net. But already during the preparations the sky has begun to darken and now the wind is freshening. It is blowing from every direction and betraying the whereabouts of the hunters. Suddenly the shouting increases on one side of the chain of beaters in a deafening fashion. The negro next to me looks that way. I ask what has happened. "There are too few of us, sir, and the animals are breaking through at one place." So they are. The beaters slowly appear but the animals have escaped. A troop of Jackson antelopes were being driven but managed to break out in time. A hurricane now sets in and the rain clouds are already here. As I have no change of clothes I strip, put on my bathing drawers and roll my things together into a tight bundle. With this pack I make for home, followed by the porters, who have got the leather dark slides for my camera on their heads. An English inspector who lives in the rest-house opens his eyes wide when he sees me approaching in this get-up, but I am glad to be able to put on dry clothes.

Later, as the rain has knocked off, I ask the Sheikh if there

is a potter here, because I am interested in that work. An hour afterwards I am taken to a woman who makes pottery. It is surprising to see that she does not use a wheel, but forms the curves by hand with amazing skill. In a few minutes a pot is finished (Fig. 54).

In this village, as everywhere, "charms" are hung in front of the huts. One is particularly interesting: its purpose is to avert the wind so that it shall not betray the elephant hunters to their quarry. We also see some pretty musical instruments—a small wooden piano with eight little rods as strings and a plucking instrument distantly reminiscent of a guitar. The back is made of palm wood, the cover of buffalo hide, a shell serves as bridge and five fatted cotton cords are the strings. The instrument gives a pleasant tone. I am shown some handsome and very good knives, but they were not made here; they are said to have come from the Niam-Niam.

It is time to leave. We try to advance over the sodden roads. As I am driving close to a *tukul* in one village a loud cry rings out. Gasmasid had fastened a heavy, sharp-edged lance that I had bought crosswise to the back of the car. I had not noticed it and the keen blade has slit the thin woven side of the *tukul*. It might have been worse, for the lance could easily have cut somebody's head off. An empty petrol tin pacifies the owner of the *tukul* and without further mishap we get to Amadi.

In the night it rains again. In the morning a poisonous snake appears, driven by the water out of a hole in the rest-house which has been its home. The people refuse to kill it. "If we kill it, its brothers and sisters will come and bite us." Not being of those who fear a vendetta from the snake family, I do the killing myself. The reptile is thrown out into the court to be pounced on by the fowls and in a few minutes it has been entirely gobbled up.

Magic plays an important part among the natives, and the medicine-men, who are old persons of both sexes, are held in high honour. The people believe so firmly in their powers

that the most amazing things do happen through auto-suggestion. Some persons, convinced that they have been bewitched, give up eating and die. Another man limps and believes that he has been condemned by magic to do so, with the result that he gradually loses the use of his limbs. One man was robbed of some cattle and got a medicine-man to bewitch the thief. The thief heard of it, went to the medicine-man and at the price of handing over his possessions bought his release from the charm. On the other hand, it is often easy for European doctors with the help of a little magic to cure sick people. But it may be imagined how banefully this faith works. A European caught a leopard in a trap and told his servant to kill it. The man refused and explained that the animal was his totem and he would go blind if he saw it die. The white man shot it before the negro's eyes. The native was in despair and next day his eyes were completely swollen.

While we are at Amadi a caravan of porters arrives. A mining engineer who has been looking for ore is on his way back after finishing his task. We clear one part of the rest-house and observe the new-comer. He is at once recognisable as an old hand in Africa. He never raises his voice, his orders are given quietly but clearly in the language of his servants, most of them Moru; he has a whistle for each one and at these short signals the one required promptly runs to him. His baggage is dirty and the worse for long marches on the porters' heads. He gives forty porters their instructions almost without one's noticing it, and yet every man knows exactly what he has to do. His servants are a lot of boys of eleven to thirteen and they read every wish in his eyes. It is a well-known fact that negroes of this age make the best servants. When they begin to take an interest in girls, it is best to settle up with them and send them home, for one will not have much more satisfaction from them.

One day I visit the Moru (Biti) on the road to Tali. In order to film one of their original dances I had spoken to the

chief of these villages who, like all the Sheikhs, lives at Amadi and asked him to go on ahead and announce a dance. He explained that this was impossible as the head Sheikh would not allow him to go. I now sent to the latter and, as I had expected, he did not refuse the *kawaga's* request. Made wise by earlier experiences, I put the Sheikh at once into my car and take him towards his villages thirteen miles away. He thus has no chance of receiving contrary orders in secret, and I have every reason to expect that the preparations we have agreed on will really be made. On the day announced we appear in the villages. The chief himself lives in an establishment lying apart. The villages are scattered around. We see girls and men everywhere busy with their housework. There is evidently no prospect of a feast to-day. The Sheikh excuses himself: they have unfortunately not been able to prepare anything because the big drum is unusable and the neighbouring villages are unwilling to lend theirs. I invite him into the car and in no time we reach those alleged unfriendly villages, where it transpires that the Sheikh had refused to let their inhabitants join in the dance because he wanted to drink the quantities of *merissa* for which he had already received money from me with his own people alone. The big drum is now brought at once and transported in the car together with the smartest people of the villages. In the meantime the population proceeds in a long trail towards the place of pleasure. The big drum is hung up in a large open space with smaller ones beside it. The first sounds bring out the natives in masses. While this is going on I take a look at the huts. In front of them little holes have been dug in the earth in the form of a chess-board, with nuts as pieces for the game. Two negroes are completely absorbed in the complicated game (Fig. 56). Around them peewits have collected, whose twitching facial movements are as well worth seeing as the tense expression of the players. Near the village a leopard snare is set and baited with a living fowl. It is remarkable that a leopard should

allow itself to be caught in such a primitive wooden contraption, but the ethnographer assures me that he has seen a leopard in such a trap.

The dance now starts. The rhythmical swaying and turning of the chain of men in front of the girls who are dancing with rattles is already familiar to me. I watch them till noon, then I flee from the heat into my car. A long stream of people approach; in front six women with huge earthenware jugs on their heads, behind them warriors in full array and girls all agog for the dance. They have gathered round me. What a chattering and jostling, laughing and joking! It gives me a good opportunity of studying the various types. The girls wear a *rahat* made of goats' toe-bones or of nut-like brown fruits which are fastened on with iron or copper rings. Heavy rattles of the same material hang round their ankles. The neck and head are adorned with chains of beads, in which red prevails, though there are also blue chains. Some possess chains of finely-wrought iron, small brass rods or dogs' teeth. The body is thickly smeared with ochre and fat, the chest and face are sprinkled with small white seeds (Fig. 51). The men have strips of hide wound round their ankles, a cloth apron and armbands, and are armed with bows and arrows. Some dandies wear long feathers on their heads which wag skittishly from side to side with every movement. I try to buy some of the objects and succeed. I notice a pipe on one man's back of the kind we had tried in vain to get hold of among the Niambara. The man refuses to sell it. Everyone urges him to oblige us; at last he weakens and the pipe is stowed away in the car. But the man turns up again and demands his pipe back; it was not his, the owner has just returned and does not want to sell it. I have heard that one before. I get Gasmasid to start the engine and take my leave with some haste.

The next few days take us through hilly, stony country, also peopled by Moru. In and near the villages round stone pyramids stand out, some well over a man's height; on the

top of each a large stone slab is always fixed, sometimes pointing east, sometimes west. The natives explain that they are graves. The pyramid is piled up over the head of the corpse. If the stone slab points eastwards it is a man's grave, if the other way, a woman's. The explanation they give of this curious custom is the following. At sunrise the warrior gets up, goes to the door of his hut and looks eastward to see if the weather is suitable for hunting. But in the evening the woman, before her husband's return, looks at the sun so as to prepare their supper in good time. She therefore faces the west.

CHAPTER V

Filming handwork—Dance of death at the Sultan Hassan's—Flight from a disease-infested region—An anxious journey through swamp and morass—Gnop—Hurricane and cloud-burst—Trapped—Escape—Fever—Return journey—Nuer hunting elephants—Barter—Photographing game—African animal idyll—Nuer mentality—Downstream again.

ONE day when the bank of clouds at sunrise seems thinner than usual I hurry as quickly as I can to the smith, armed with all my apparatus. He is fortunately at his forge (Fig. 64). The fire is burning and he is pouring molten iron into a mould. After we have exchanged greetings he pulls out a finely prepared brass bar and proposes to forge the armband I had ordered. But I want to see how he manages to melt metal with his primitive little fire and I ask him to begin with smelting. He is evidently annoyed, so that I am afraid he will refuse to do the work altogether: even in Africa artists are temperamental. I therefore try to account for this wish. "I need a lucky ring for one of my favourite wives," I tell him. "I am going to put a spell into it which shall protract her youth for many years and also check her too lively tongue. But that I can only do if I can be present from the start. I shall then turn the spell with my machine while you are working." He clearly finds this quite understandable, and when I speak of the too lively tongue a smile of sympathy spreads over his features. With this excuse I have also happily introduced my camera. Finally, a cigarette seals the restored peace.

The smith now goes to the village to fetch fresh brass, his companions meanwhile get the long double crucible

ready. Clay and cow-dung are the ingredients out of which it is kneaded. The lid is provided with a hole in which a cork-shaped stone is fixed. The master returns with a brass rod and asks if the weight will do. I look at the lump, which weighs a pound, and declare myself satisfied. He asks for the size of my wife's wrist. I measure my own exactly, subtract the width of two fingers and mark the point on the brass measure. He takes it carefully and goes to work. In the meantime I have set up my camera and start turning. The master's original fear of the apparatus is quite gone and the work progresses. He heats the brass to a glow, then beats it to small pieces on a large stone which serves as anvil (Fig. 65). The fragments go into the crucible, the inside of which is powdered with charcoal dust. The lid is put on, the joints are carefully caulked up with clay and the stopper loosely fitted into the hole in the lid. The crucible now goes into the charcoal fire and the tiny bellows come into play. The sweat pours from the men's foreheads; they take turns and even the master lends a hand. Like a monkey he contrives to use both hands in turn and at the same time to scratch himself all over. Then he asks if I have any special wishes. I give him to understand that I leave him, as a great master, a free hand, only the ring is to be exceptionally beautiful. There will be no trouble about the price. The artist is pleased to hear this, he grows merrier and merrier and cracks jokes, but keeping his eye on the fire all the while. More than two hours pass before the glowing crucible is pulled out of the fire and the stopper removed from the lid. With a stick the master satisfies himself that the pieces of metal are thoroughly molten. Shortly before the crucible has cooled he throws the metal into water standing ready, tests the temperature with his hand and begins to work the mass with his little iron mallet. A few minutes later the brass is completely cold. Now for hours on end it is heated red, cooled and worked again and again till in this

laborious fashion the lump slowly turns into a flat-edged bar. By now it is evening.

As the sun does not appear next day I cannot, unfortunately, finish my "spell," that is, I cannot film any more. The smith's work is really worth seeing. He bends the rod by hammering it, when warm, round the curve of a piece of wood. With a chisel of soft iron he begins the ornamentation. He cuts deep parallel grooves and fills the spaces with decorative designs. The ring is then polished somewhat with bark so that the incised patterns stand out dark from the rest. The artist proudly hands me his work. It is astounding how much taste he has shown with such simple tools. I ask the price, which turns out to be very modest. Without haggling I tell Gasmasid, my factotum, to pay it. But that goes against the grain; he considers me *magnum* (crazy) and hands the smith less than half. I reproach him, so he asks if the master is not satisfied. Oh yes, he has no complaint to make and thanks me again for paying so generously. Gasmasid throws me a look, while I take a friendly leave of the artist.

Towards noon I take a turn along the river. The sound of drums and negro pipes greets my ear. Where can there be dancing in the middle of the day? "There is a feast at Sultan Hassan's," they tell me. Good. Into the car, pack the cameras and off to the Sultan! In a short time we are there. The road leads into the middle of the large village. When the car arrives, the dance is interrupted for a little while but I am soon witnessing a magnificent performance. Several hundred warriors from the neighbourhood have come with their young favourite wives. All are in full war kit, the girls are oiled for the festival as well as painted with ochre and powdered with seeds. Although the orchestra is augmented by one big drum and two small ones, their sound is overwhelmed by the pandemonium of a dozen negro trumpets and three score rattles. "The Sultan's brother died a year ago and the funeral feast is now begin-

ning," I am told. I set up my camera. No one pays any attention to me, for everything is well under way. There is no trace of the common round dance. Girls and warriors chase round the drums in a circle, taking curious high leaps into the air in time with the music. The smallest circle is that of the blowers, who, while jumping from one foot to the other, hold their trumpets with the right hand and beat their rattles on their heads with the left. All the dancers utter shrill cries. After a while the warriors suddenly swarm out and with wild yells the whole troop floods the village. They scamper round the huts, execute mock fights and mimic an attack. The girls continue to dance round the drums till at a mad pace the warriors return. This is repeated several times. I am in continual danger of being run over, for the supply of *merissa*, which stands in numerous jugs in every hut, has helped to lift the people into the seventh heaven. Louder and louder beat the drums, wilder and wilder grow the movements of the dancers, shriller and shriller their yells. All at once the warriors, instead of returning to the girls, make off to an enclosure with a *tukul* in the middle. The shouting increases and for some minutes they all dance round the straw hut. I run as quickly as I can to the entrance of the enclosure and set up my camera before it. The troop reappears, not irregularly as before but in a long procession, in the centre of which they are leading six masks. With tiang horns on their heads these masks look like our devils. The music takes on quite a new rhythm. As the procession draws near to the girls the hubbub rises to such a pitch that the drumming, the yelling, the blowing of negro trumpets are indistinguishable. At a given signal they all fall on the "demons" with upraised, threatening weapons and force them to the ground. The whole scene makes the impression of a wild witches' sabbath and is so striking that one is swept away against one's will by the excitement of the masses of people. The procession forms again and with

the masks in the middle advances to the drums and encircles them. Everyone now joins in the dance. Many Sheikhs from the neighbouring villages are present. They have laid aside their khaki clothes and are dressed like their fellow-tribesmen. One can even make out the Sultan himself in the tumult, accompanied by his three favourite wives. The individual figures vanish in the general ferment and only a tangle of shining limbs, weapons, heads stiff as though hypnotised, single lances, dark feet with white strips of hide on their ankles, goes whirling past the onlooker.

I am fagged out. It is oppressively close, every inch of earth seems to exude moisture. The endless running about with the heavy cinema camera and the strain of attention while filming called for all my strength and I must now think of the return. But first I should like to buy one of the pretty *rahat*, the sole article of clothing worn by the girls. Next time the Sultan appears near me I seize his arm and tell him what I want. He signs to a girl and translates my request to her. She naturally refuses, but when the Sultan presses her she decides to yield. Although the *rahat* is very short and conceals nothing, the girl's features express great perplexity. I understand what is the matter and hand her a piece of cloth, with which she hurries into a *tukul*, smiling gratefully. She is out again in a moment, the cloth tied round her waist, the *rahat* in her hand; she takes the payment and vanishes immediately in the mad rout.

We are anxious to travel further, but the condition of the roads gives us serious concern, for the rainy season has properly set in. Our fears are only too soon confirmed. The roads are completely waterlogged and just before Tali we come upon very bad patches, although this stretch is still being used by the Government's cars. At Gnop, however, the traffic stops. Our prospects are therefore pretty poor. For a while the way is still passable, then we reach sandy soil with a humus subsoil and the devil begins to

have his sport with us. The wheels sink in over the rims and only with the severest strain does the engine drag us along at a snail's pace. The water in the radiator is boiling, but I dare not stop for fear the car should utterly refuse to go on. Hour after hour passes, the ground gets worse and worse and finally we have to halt to fill the radiator. We have to use our last water, but it is not enough. We pour in the contents of our canteens as well and only then is the radiator filled. There is only one canteen of drinking water left for the whole lot of us. Gasmasid cranks up the engine but it will not fire. I try every conceivable trick, but it will not budge. I have the car unloaded. With our united strength we try to push it empty and the engine starts! The rattling of the machine is sweeter than music to our ears. On we go as before. How long will the petrol last? If we are to cover the whole distance at the first day's speed, we shall not even reach Gnop, still less Shambe. The last car that came this way passed through a fortnight ago, according to the natives at Tali. It belonged to an inspector who was going to Europe for a holiday. If our petrol gives out, we shall be forced to spend the rainy season here. When the roads are nice and dry again the inspector will perhaps be coming back from his leave.

At last we reach the first well. It is already late. Shall we stay the night here? It does not look like rain any more, but if it should rain unexpectedly during the night, then the journey is over and we are caught in a mouse-trap. We hope to find a better road on the other side of Gnop, where pure sandy soil predominates. That stretch is in use. So we go on. Shortly before the village we have to cross the river. The water rises to the step, but we get through all right. Dead tired we arrive at Gnop. The rest-house was last used by the inspector a fortnight ago and no car has come through since then. But to-morrow some motor lorries are due, bringing goods for the last time from Shambe. Our anxiety is allayed. Our supply of

petrol is very much reduced and we have long tracts of flooded country with stiff mud before us, but we hope that the lorries will be able to let us have some petrol. My bed is, as usual, set up under the open sky and I am soon sunk in deep sleep. About four in the morning we are wakened by a strange roaring. The sky is completely overcast and a storm is rolling up from all sides. The roaring grows louder and louder, drowns every other sound and swells to a hurricane. Trees are rooted up, branches, grass and lumps of earth fly through the air, and then a furious downpour sets in. The torrential rain abates into a steady drizzle over the whole land which lasts the entire day. The lorries whose arrival was announced do not appear and I see no chance of going further. Machulka says, "Herr Bernatzik, take a wife here and let us plant durra. When the second child is born we can proceed."

We hold a council of war. However we may rack our brains to find a way out, there is nothing for it but to wait for the rain to stop. If wind rises, we can try to go on in a day or two's time. If it rains again meanwhile, then we are simply caught. At last, towards evening, the rain stops. I go out to inspect the scene. At every step one sinks up to the ankle in the soft mud.

We have to spend the second night unfortunately in the rest-house, which is fouled by the droppings of countless birds. The rafters are entirely occupied by birds of all kinds. Their cheerful whistling, chirping and chattering fills the grey morning air. I recognise old friends like house-martins and swifts among them. In the morning the country reminds me of the Albanian swamps in autumn. Thick white ground-mists drift across innumerable ponds and pools that have formed in the soft morass. Instead of the wind we had hoped for a complete calm reigns and it is damp and stifling like a greenhouse. The sun remains hidden behind thick clouds, but slowly the pools dry up and I decide to risk it. At first the going is very bad, but

then the road improves and we can even cross a river again without hesitation. Later it is broken by boggy patches some forty yards wide, in whose stiff mud we are in danger of sticking fast. I try to get through the swamp at the highest speed I can even if it flings a wave of mud over us. My driving is put to a severe test. Still, we advance slowly and the petrol lasts out till we reach rest-house number two. The old policeman is there and tells us that now, after the first rain, plenty of game is about. *Abu Garn*, the white rhinoceros, is to be found at one of the pools, and two days before a large herd of elephants wandered across the road so that a caravan of porters did not dare to go on their way. The roar of lions is to be heard at night quite near and a troop of them actually tore a buffalo to pieces the preceding night. We had heard similar accounts at the first rest-house, and as there are elephant tracks everywhere and we meet natives laden with buffalo meat we can trust these reports. We plan therefore to put up here for some time in order especially to observe *Abu Garn*. Then we propose to visit the friendly inspector at Yirrol again and photograph the Southern Dinka, the finest natives in Africa, among whom the girls are particularly remarkable for a rare symmetry of limb and a splendid figure. I had already decided on my way up to devote several days to these handsome people. But first of all we must go to Shambe to replenish our stocks. We arrive there at last very exhausted.

I am thoroughly tired and knocked up. I pull myself together with difficulty to clean the guns, a job which even in the tropics I always do myself. Then I have to take another rest; it is more than I can do to put the cameras in order for the planned expedition. I have no appetite for supper and a leaden weariness possesses my limbs. At Amadi I had always gone about properly dressed (for reasons of prestige), but on the return journey I had again worn bathing drawers all day. The only conclusion I can draw

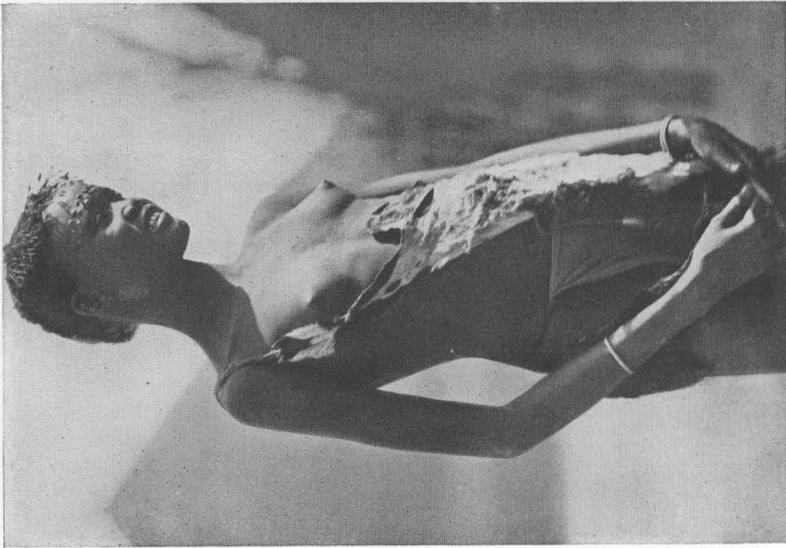
is that I have got a slight sunstroke, especially as I feel rather giddy. The plague of gnats is particularly bad to-day, so we light a fire in a tin pan beside the table to enable us to eat our supper. The draught spreads the smoke all over the place. The fire gradually brightens up and its warmth does me good. All the same I nearly collapse with fatigue and retire about seven o'clock. The floor begins to heave under my feet, icy cold sets my teeth chattering audibly, one frosty shiver after another goes through me. I take my temperature and find I have a high fever. I still believe that the exceptional exertions of these last days together with the often inadequate food have conduced to sunstroke. I take some aspirin and try to sleep. Only now does the fever reach its height. There is a roaring in my ears. I am at sea, I hear the great breakers of the North Sea and am hunting seals in a collapsible boat. The waves crash over it and threaten to tear the thin canvas to rags. The boat breaks in two, the frothy crest of a huge wave rises above me. It is going to swallow me up. But what is that dancing there? A large rat-trap! And did anyone ever see one like it? It has a face, it grins mockingly at me and finally slams its doors with a clash. Disaffected Dinka have taken me prisoner, fettered me and tied me to a tree. One of them is slowly driving a long, sharp wooden peg into my skull with a club, blow after blow. His companions sit round me grimacing—devilish faces with queer bulging eyes. Nearer and nearer they come. But they are not Dinka, they are Azande. They are going to roast and eat me and that is why they are hammering on my skull. Mists drift before my eyes, I recover consciousness for a moment and see what these blows mean. Gasmasid is preparing *kahwa* and is pounding the beans in a wooden mortar. Almost at once I sink into another world again. Days that have passed arise before my eyes. People I loved, now long dead, come and go. In their company I enjoy an improbably lovely and happy



70. Shilluk ambach raft.



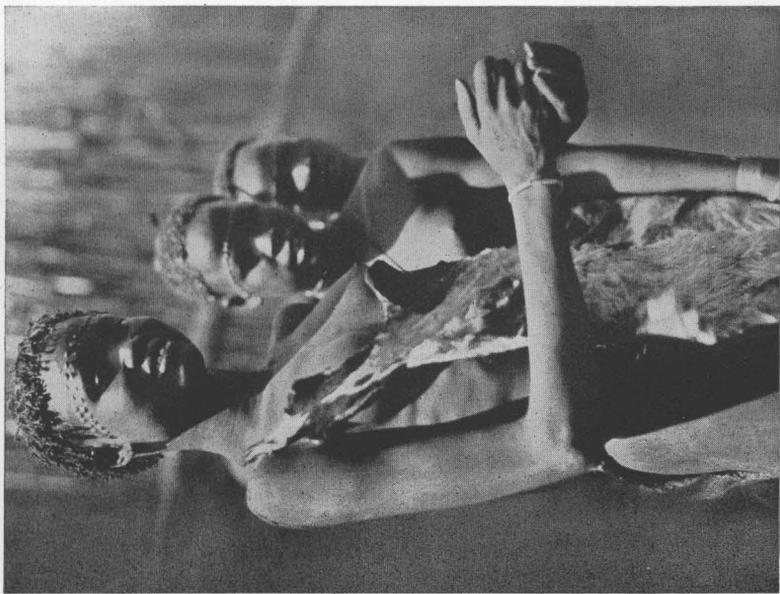
71. Shilluk village on the White Nile.



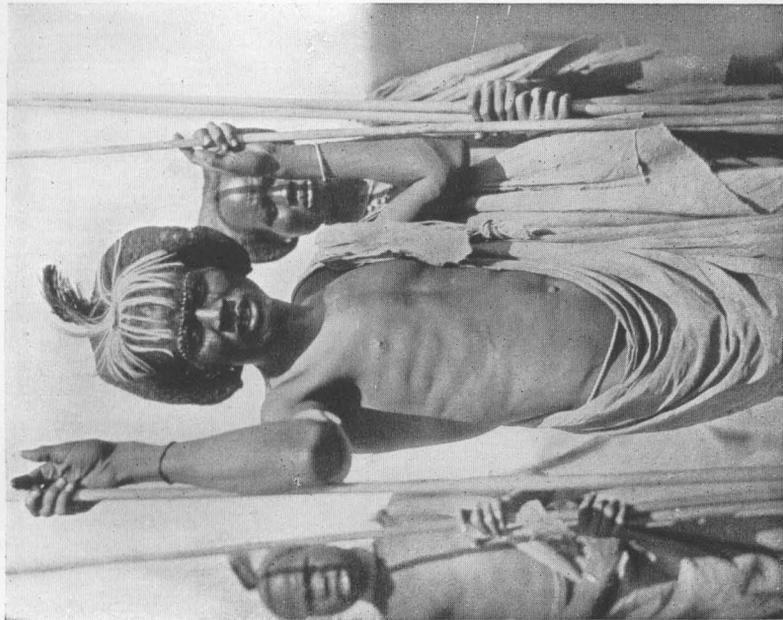
72. Young Shilluk girl from the White Nile in typical costume.



73. Like the Nuer, the Shilluk straighten and dye their hair with wood ash and cow's urine.



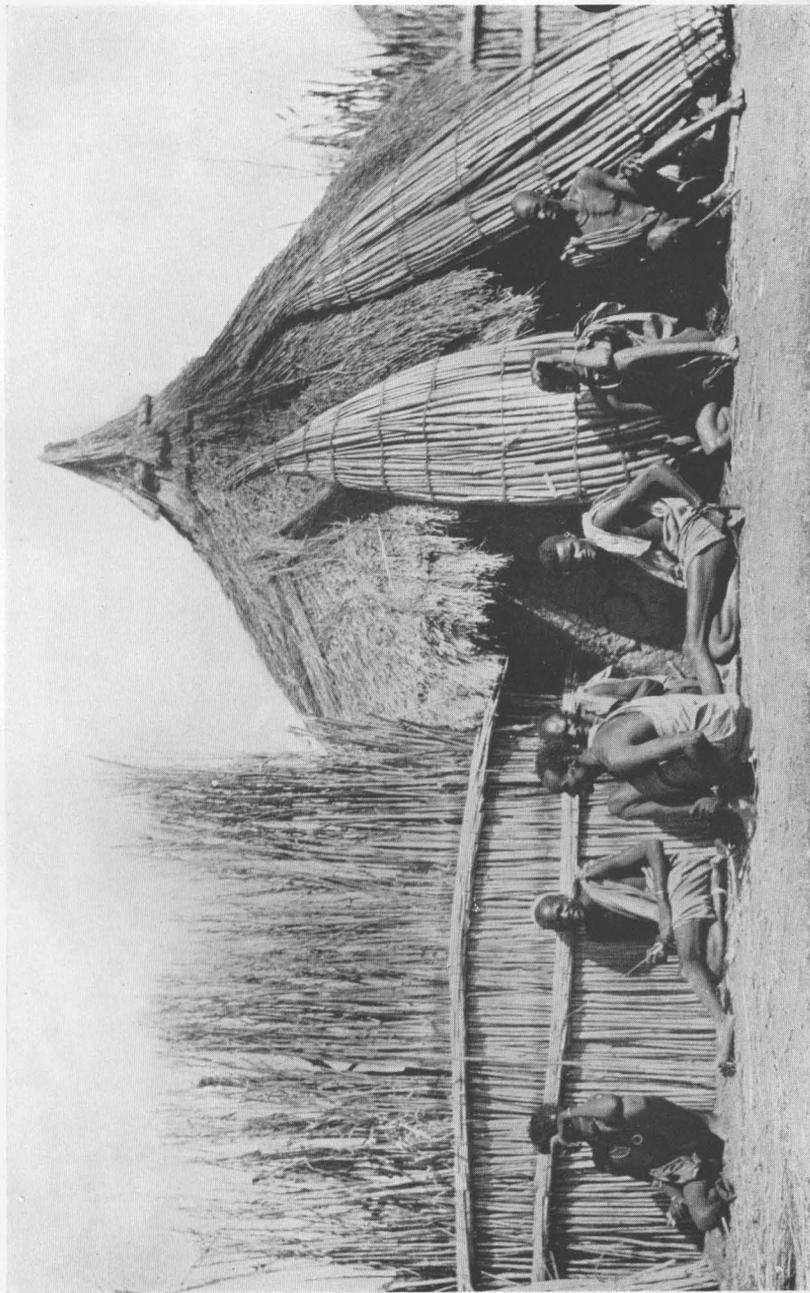
74. Girls with the characteristic tribal emblem, wart-like tattooing on the forehead.



75. A Shilluk warrior has plaited ostrich feathers into his hair.



76. Shilluk surgeon letting blood. The patient's head is shaved, the surgeon slits the skin of the head and lets the blood from the wound run into a little trench.



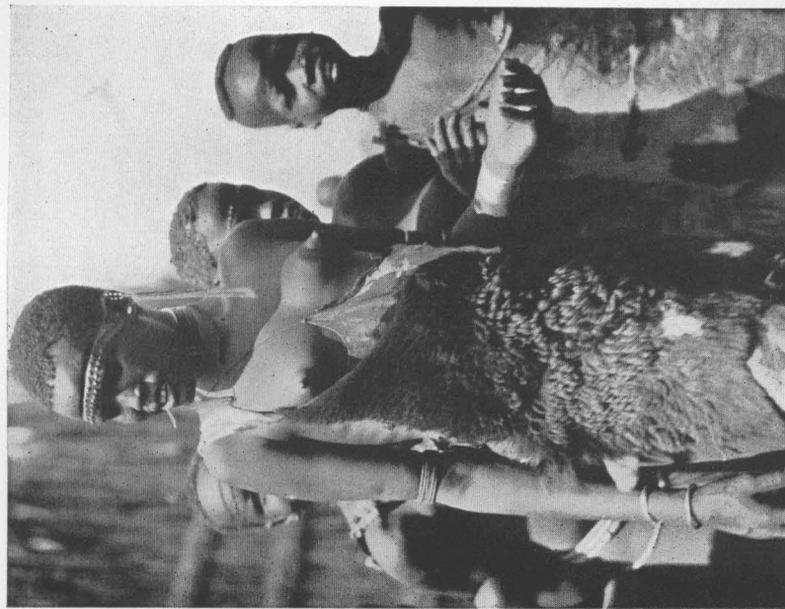
77. In a Shilluk village. Two ambach rafts have been put up against the house on the right to dry.



78. Hundreds of small dark pelicans nest in the top of a monkey-bread tree.



79. The Shilluk warrior storms the grave with half-closed eyes. (Funeral feast at Tonga).



80. Shilluk girls and women in their skin clothing.



81. The abdim storks begin nest-building when the rainy season sets in.
An eyrie in the top of an acacia.

time. Aroused again to consciousness I cannot grasp the reality and take enormous trouble to control the wanderings of my mind. At first I seem to succeed, but then lose command of my will again. I start to whirl round, quicker and quicker. Harsh flashes of lightning strike the earth with a loud whizzing sound; red, green and blue fumes coil upwards. I am suffocating. I am going to be quartered. It is a little town in Spain. People in ancient costume press upon me, the sun is scorching and I am parched. My ankles are hurting; they have been twisted. Hangmen approach in blood-red gowns, out of which only their eyes shine, like glowing coals. A church clock is striking. Boom! Boom! Boom! I count the strokes: twelve—thirteen—fourteen. The clock has gone mad too! Oxen are brought to tear me in pieces. But they are Nuer bulls with a hump and enormous horns and decorated with favours. Hands with long claws stretch out after me and all the time the church clock continues its heavy, sullen strokes. A giant's hand encloses my chest and crushes it slowly. I am dying. Then of a sudden I come to. Even now the church clock is not silent and every stroke vibrates through my whole body. It is my heart beating rapidly, loudly, hard, monotonously. My eyes are aching terribly and I feel unspeakably sick. I think sunrise cannot be far off and ask the time. A mere twenty minutes have passed since I last woke.

So the hours go by, day after day of tormenting illness. I have lost all count of time. I am getting to know Africa's other face only too thoroughly. Food tastes musty and squelchy and my gorge rises at it. The clear water of the Nile seems to me worse than that filthy liquid from the Jur's pool.

It can only be one illness, tropical malaria, which however it is quite possible to treat. Every day, in spite of fever and sickness, I swallow a gramme of quinine and with repugnance stuff food into myself. But as the thermometer

shows nearly 104° F. on the fourth day and the fever maintains the same level without fluctuating, I gradually begin to doubt my malaria diagnosis. It might be relapsing fever (*typhus recurrens*). Against that fever quinine is utterly useless and I have no arsenic preparation or salvarsan with me. I ought to try to get to a doctor as promptly as possible. Easier said than done! If we are not held up by a head wind we can make Malakal in three weeks. That would mean that I should just have finished the second attack of fever. The attacks mostly last a week and there is generally a week's interval between them. Whether my sadly reduced physique can stand these fourteen days is another question. In any case the expedition to Yirrol is ruled out. I am much too weak; in fact I can hardly sit upright. So, feeling pretty well beaten, I give the word to break up and move northwards. Good-bye, you elephants, buffaloes, rhinos and lions! And you pretty girls will have to wait for someone else to immortalise your charms!

While I lie in a high fever, the anchor is weighed and silently, almost imperceptibly, the return journey begins. The sun is blazing like a fire, there is absolute calm and the water of the Upper Nile carries us slowly northwards. My condition at first refuses to improve, although I have taken three grammes of quinine on the first two days and now swallow a gramme daily. At length, on the sixth day, the fever abates and I can slip in a three days' rest from quinine. Extremely weak though I am, I am consoled to know that I have only fallen a victim to tropical malaria. Everything is not yet lost.

Eventually we reach the first Nuer on the Zeraf. They are out on a hippopotamus hunt, using a special method of their own. Two men in a dug-out canoe stalk a sleeping hippo and harpoon it. A very tough rope, plaited out of hippo hide, is attached to the harpoon; at the other end is a brake on which a man sits to add his weight to its resistance in the grass. As the fleeing animal drags him through

sedge, one can imagine the state he is in after a successful hunt. As soon as the animal's powers flag, the Nuer deal it its death-blow with their long spears. From the number of teeth offered for sale it is evident that this sort of hunting pays. We ask the Nuer if there is anything they would like and they request a mosquito-net! Unfortunately we cannot give that up, so we invite them to have something to eat. They eye the three plates suspiciously and Tudj has to taste the food before their eyes because they are afraid it might contain onions, which they detest. Even then they are not convinced but offer us a piece of cooked crocodile meat, which we decline with thanks. I cannot work up any enthusiasm for milk in gourds either, knowing as I do that the Nuer wash out their milk vessels with urine. I should dearly have loved to photograph some aspects of these people's life, but I am still too weak to visit the villages which lie far from the river. Shortly afterwards we pass a troop of kob antelopes (*Adenota mariæ*) on a small island. Some of them advance with incredible skill on the floating plants with the help of their long toes. We sail slowly past the beautiful animals, which among the Shilluk are kept for the king. The Shilluk hunt them, it is true, but they only kill the black bucks. The skin is taken to the king, who adorns his numerous wives with it.

The oppressive heat continues although the sun rarely shows itself, and soon the rain begins again. Here too, apparently, the wet season is setting in four weeks too early. As the head wind makes progress difficult, I have the sailing-boat tied to a large swimming island which tows us slowly down-stream, like an extra and highly original barge-horse.

One evening another Nuer settlement comes in sight. Tudj calls out to his kinsfolk "Gari-Gari," the greeting of the desert. Firelight in the palm jungle and the weird shapes of these swamp-dwellers form a scene of elemental nature that compels admiration.

I have had two days free of fever. Time goes by. Life

on board rolls on before my eyes day after day. One evening rather a large crowd of Nuer attract our attention. As the villages here are far away in the interior, the appearance of so many natives is odd. They are approaching the bank. On the other side of the river a second troop is approaching and in the twilight we can make out a quantity of smaller parties streaming from all sides to the river. I call a halt and we spend the night on the spot. The Nuer have lighted a large camp fire not far from us. Before sunrise the black men collect on both sides of the Zeraf and try by shouting to make themselves understood. I tell Tudj to find out what it is all about, and he brings me the report that the negroes have killed an elephant and that it is lying hidden in the reeds somewhere near here. As the belt of sedge is not too wide we go slowly downstream on the look-out and soon come upon the dead animal. It is a bull with some thirty-five pounds of heavy tusks. According to the negroes, they had started it at a khor far away in the interior and then pursued it for days. On the previous evening it had tried to escape in the sedge, but the Nuer put out and attacked it with their long spears. The elephant defended itself, as the wide circle of trampled grass proves, but must have bled to death from its many spear wounds. First of all I get my people to take possession of the elephant and explain to the Nuer that they must have patience till the position of the ship enables us to watch the cutting up of the animal. This calls for a lot of explaining to the excited negroes, who have scented meat and are coming nearer and nearer in their hundreds with spears. In this critical situation I ask for the Sheikh. A negro as tall as a maypole and stark naked presents himself. I invite him on board, give him tea and promise him salt and generous baksheesh if he will do what we want. I do not really expect much from his intervention because the Nuer Sheikhs, unlike the Shilluk chiefs, are often very wealthy but seldom have much authority. I am astonished

therefore to see the Sheikh leap in among the wildly gesticulating negroes with a stick and lay about him right and left like Old Harry. In a short time he has reduced them to order and they now group themselves at a suitable distance round the elephant. With considerable difficulty we tug the heavy boat through the sedge till we are in a position to watch all that happens as from a stage. My people now release the elephant and the negroes fling themselves like a tidal wave on their prey. The thick hide is slit up into pieces in a jiffy by the broad spears, whose heads are now taken off to cut up the meat with. That apparently nobody gets hurt in this perilous rabble surprises me. But before long the Sheikh sends three people aboard to us to be bandaged up, which shows that the danger is more than a seeming one. As long as they are all busy carving up the meat, good-fellowship reigns. But then they begin to throw the pieces of meat backwards to the women, who have gathered with baskets and been eagerly waiting for this moment. Like vultures they all pounce together on the meat and soon a free fight is in progress. The men also join in. The next thing will be resort to spears. But fortunately it is not to go so far as that. Some of the girls throw wet grass over the fighters, others try to cool their ardent spirits with water, and soon everybody is laughing and splashing everybody else.

It is unbelievable with what ease these people are able to move in the swamp. Like the kob antelopes they run about on the floating water plants and *um suf* roots without breaking through or hurting themselves. Even the women and girls have attained an astounding agility at it. The Sheikh has meanwhile come on board, followed by a whole mob of warriors, and soon our gallant ship is transformed into a Nuer camp (Fig. 68). Thus by a happy chance we have made a closer acquaintance with these otherwise inaccessible people.

Our journey goes on without incident and with only

brief stops. Suddenly such a strong, steady north wind blows against us that we have no choice but to put in to a landing-place and wait for better weather. Before long two Nuer are standing by the boat as though they had shot out of the earth. They were at the slaughtering of the elephant a few days before and have recognised us. I had on that occasion bought several objects of ethnographical interest and they have now come to offer me various trifles. Later some more join them, including women, and some lively bartering starts between the little group and ourselves. A fine iron ring takes my fancy—old negro work, probably of African iron. But the woman who owns it will not part with it. “How shall I beat the other women when we have a row if I give away the iron ring?” she says to Tudj, who is admiring it. We have time and at last talk her over. There are also pretty strings of ostrich eggs and shells, cut with unspeakable trouble with the spear. The owners aver that they have only borrowed the strings and the real owners do not want to sell them. But I have heard this story often enough before and after a few hours the ornaments pass into my possession. All sorts of things are offered us. I cannot honestly feel much enthusiasm for cow-hide, even if a hide only costs five piastres (hardly a shilling), but I am glad to buy several very fine plaited *merissa* filters.

The bargaining drags on while the ship drifts slowly down-stream. At a bend of the river negroes from the neighbouring villages are waiting for us, also eager to do business. A Nuer with three pretty girls hails us, but unfortunately they have only brought inferior stuff. All the same we present the belles with a handful of glass beads each, for who could resist such lovely, longing eyes? The downcast faces brighten up and the whole party spring gaily ashore. Others are waiting, all agog to trade, but we have grown particular. A very handsome goatskin decorated with beads is not to be bought and our guests’

spears, all of them made in Omdurman from European iron, are exactly what we have brought ourselves to barter with. Finally, we are shown two interesting spears. They are not Nuer work but have come from their southern neighbours, the Aliab Dinka. They are good old negro work and very desirable, and we have to lie several hours at anchor before they pass into my hands.

We spend some days in a *zeriba* which Machulka has built and I feel much better and am only occasionally overcome by a slight attack of weakness. The *zeriba* stands out like a castle in the boundless prairie that is overgrown with termite hills and nothing else. A large number of birds, who take little exception to the building, are there and I can watch them drinking. Plenty of other animals also arrive in the evening and I am able to take a number of photos.

A troop of some forty kob antelopes approach. Then an ancient tiang. It watches suspiciously for a full hour without daring to come near. At length it mounts a termite hill to get a better view, and there it stands, its four feet drawn close together, looking like a chamois on a rock. When the tiang sees the other animals drinking, it comes down in a few jumps and joins them at the water. Some bustards arrive later. Next day in the early hours I try to spy on the drinking birds. Hardly are the cameras in place when a hawk eagle appears, then falcons and vultures fly down, and towards eleven several secretary birds strut gravely about and let me photograph them, although in general they are among the shyest of birds. Then there is a long pause, the wind drops, the sun beats down on my unsheltered hiding-place as though it had to heat a baker's oven. The time passes slowly and at last two kobs show themselves on the horizon. They are coming straight towards me, but turn aside before they get to the drinking-place. A queer pair now approach. A tiang buck, old and morose, has taken to himself a young female kob. It

is a touching picture, how the old fellow takes care of his lady, continually looks round to see if she is following, climbs the termite hill and makes sure that the air is clear.

Once I have the good fortune to see three eagles come down together quite near the water. Steppe eagle, hawk eagle and Numidian crane sit peaceably side by side. I have often tried in vain to come within a stone's throw of a hawk eagle or a Numidian crane. As there is no other game about I seize my small-calibre rifle. But at that moment the Numidian crane spreads its wings and suns itself with such an expression of enjoyment that I cannot prevail on myself to kill it here, unsuspecting at the water. The gun sinks slowly to the ground and for a long time I watch the three birds stretching themselves, scratching, drinking, resting. The Numidian crane in particular, with its brilliant red beak and brightly coloured wings, is a glorious picture.

On one occasion I have a long conversation with a Nuer, Tudj acting as interpreter. "Have you any cows?" he asks. "No," I answer. "I thought as much. The Europeans who have cows come in the steamer and have donkeys and lots of people with them. But you come like a trader in a sailing-boat." "Yes, but we have a motor-car," the interpreter says in our defence. "Oh, have you? Well, why don't you hunt the elephants with this machine?" asks the Nuer, who has seen a *mudir* with such a vehicle at Fangak. "That isn't possible. We can't go through the thick bush." "Then you haven't got a decent one. A good car can go anywhere." After a while he asks again suspiciously, "Are there any cows at all where you come from?" Glad to play a trump card I answer, "Are there cows! I should think there are, but not such mangy beasts as only give two quarts of milk a day, like the Nuer's cows. Our cows sometimes give eight of these full," and I take up a gourd holding about half a gallon. For a while there is silence, then comes the retort, "That isn't true. Some friends of

mine were in Khartoum and have told me that the cows there are so miserable and thin that no Nuer would look at such half-dead beasts." "Our master doesn't come from Khartoum, but from much further away, from another land." "Yes," I add, "and there even the goats give as much milk as the Nuer cows here." But the negro is not to be put out of countenance. "That can't be," he replies; "all Europeans come from Khartoum and your goats don't give any milk at all; they are only good for supplying you with skins for prayer-mats." And so it goes on. Say what one will, he does not believe a word.

Other Nuer come along and offer crocodile eggs for sale—they have collected five hundred. An odd people, excessively shy and suspicious and inhospitable even to their own kin. The Nuer always stay near their villages. They never make hunting expeditions that would lead them far from their accustomed paths, as do the Shilluk for example. They are intelligent, but very quarrelsome. Almost every feast at which there is much dancing ends up with manslaughter and murder. In dealing with them one has to be on one's guard and especially to avoid killing any totem animal. To kill a snake may bring upon one the deadly enmity of a whole village. The Nuer also have medicine-men, people with quite a remarkable gift of observation and unusually high intelligence, as are nearly all such sorcerers. An inspector was on very friendly terms with one of them, who knew how to make rain. The negro called on him one day in his office. "Well, you cunning old bird, how are you and what are you up to these days?" the Englishman asked. "I have just made rain," was the answer. "Have you just? And when have you ordered it for?" the *mufetish* twitted him, looking at the cloudless sky and settled north wind. "One hour before sunset there will be thunder and lightning and you will have water enough." The inspector laughed, but he had no inclination to laugh again when actually at the appointed hour a terrific storm

broke out with a pelting downpour that left everything under water. The natives, admirable observers of Nature, are able to foretell the coming of rain from the behaviour of insects, birds and the like. But they have never revealed anything of their art to a European. It is handed on from father to son.

At last, one evening after supper, we make ready to travel further. The large tent which was pitched on shore to protect the people from the sun is folded up and stowed away on board. Before sunrise the wind is bearing us down-stream.

CHAPTER VI

Nuer cattle kraal—The White Nile—The Shilluk—Cranes and kob antelopes—With camera and gun—Everyday life in a negro village—The rock-dwelling Nuba—Gay colours and athletic sports—Arab horsemen in chain armour—The Eliri.

TOWARDS evening Nuer with grazing cattle appear on the bank. We land near them. I send for the cameras and meanwhile observe the natives with their cattle and inspect the herdsmen's straw huts. Each animal is carefully tied to a peg and girls are milking them. As soon as they have drawn off a quart of milk into a gourd, they loose the calf, which at once begins to drink greedily. Children sit with the men beside the large mounds of ash in which they have slept and play with fresh cow-dung. A girl is carefully rinsing her gourd with cow's urine, washes her hands in the same liquid and goes back to her work. The boys collect dung. Half dried it is piled in heaps and in the evening they set fire to it. The smoke spreads and envelops man and beast in a blue cloud that keeps the mosquitoes away. Somewhat to one side stands a cow which, they say, is giving too little milk. Girls and boys go to it in turn, press their mouths against its anus and vagina and blow with all their might (Fig. 15). The cow does not seem to like this, so it has to be held. Everything is ready and I start to photograph some of these things. As we do not intend staying long, I get to work without introducing the Nuer to the camera, as I have invariably done elsewhere. At once the scene changes. The people preserve a hostile silence. The men sit on their clubs, with spears in their hands, and ill-humouredly puff dense clouds of smoke from

their long pipes. When a "family bull" maliciously rips up my shirt, scarcely a man bestirs himself to drive it away. One of the milking women suddenly stops work and declares that we have frightened the animal and it will not give any more milk. A cow urinates. A girl dashes up to it and washes her hands in the stream, but at once runs away when I try to photograph the scene. The few films I have put in are, all the same, soon turned. We return to the boat. Tudj and Boll remain behind to buy some milk. Hardly have we reached the boat when they rush up with empty bowls. When we had left the circle of natives, they drove my men away with their spears and blamed us for bewitching their cattle. If a cow should die in the course of the next few weeks, then I wish any Europeans luck who choose to visit these negroes.

It is late in the evening when we arrive at Fangak. We make a short halt, catch a large floating island and let it tow us the whole night. In the morning my people find a Nuer canoe drifting keel upwards. It was made with unspeakable labour out of a palm stem and seems pretty new. One rarely gets the chance of buying one of these dug-outs because the native is very loath to part with his boat. We fish it out and turn it over. A negro's ambach shield is floating inside it. What kind of tragedy has been enacted here? Perhaps the man came to grief on a hippopotamus hunt; many natives lose their lives that way. Or did he meet death in the jaws of one of the large crocodiles that inhabit the thick sedge everywhere in numbers?

After some miles our attention is caught by the circling of a lot of vultures above a certain spot near the bank. As the dense belt of reeds prevents our getting a view, I land with the rowing-boat not far from the spot and creep up slowly. With ponderously beating wings the gluttoned birds rise from their prey and I stand before another drama of the desert. A waterbuck had been seized by a crocodile and dragged head first under water. The crocodile had

lain in wait among the reeds, but could not pull the heavy antelope through the thick belt of *um susa* into the open water. So it ate slowly at the fore-part of its victim while the vultures greedily tore up the hinder quarters and gulped down the entrails.

Tonga, our next point, lies ten miles before the junction of the Zeraf with the White Nile. About two in the afternoon we reach the mouth of the river. But then the wind drops and the men, with a great deal of shouting, have to pull the boat from the bank against the current. Slowly we go up the White Nile to the south. At one place we see, not far from the bank, an enormous cobra coiling its way across the burnt-up grass. One can make out the white marks on the neck quite clearly when it raises itself from time to time to watch something that we cannot see from the ship.

Boll is lying near me, straining his eyes after one of the many Shilluk villages which stretch along the left bank of the Nile here. On the horizon, hardly visible, stand a few natives near a village. Of a sudden Boll makes a peculiar movement with his right arm. At once one of the Shilluk answers in the same way. Boll repeats the signal and the negro begins to run at top speed and arrives panting at the bank. The ship glides along with the feeble wind. There is a joyful exchange of greetings. It is Boll's home village and the decorated warrior armed with a spear is his brother, whom he recognised at that incredible distance. A breeze springs up, the Shilluk stays behind and Boll's wistful eyes watch the *tukul* with the doom palms disappear on the horizon.

During the night we arrive at Tonga, our first post station. In the morning a Shilluk comes and asks if we would not like to shoot a kob antelope. I have no objection and the following morning the good old Ford takes us inland. Before long we leave the road and make our way uphill and downhill, past Shilluk villages, towards an island where there

are said to be antelopes. The guide leads us to his home village, where his brother, a Shilluk warrior with spears and ivory rings, comes out to meet us. According to the custom of the Nilotic negroes, they raise the right arm as a greeting, to show the Europeans that they are unarmed. Then *merissa* is handed to us as a welcome. Unlike the Nuer, the Shilluk are exceedingly hospitable; the best they have is always ready for the stranger. Boll naturally does not let the opportunity slip and drinks till his eyes begin to glisten. I take the precaution of giving my gun to one of the others to carry. Then we go, three of my people, four Shilluk and myself, to a deep khor. The negroes bring along ambach rafts (Fig. 70) and dug-outs and so gun and camera are carried across dry. The Shilluk then wade through the khor, constantly jabbing into the water with their upraised spears to keep away the numerous crocodiles. A raft is brought for me, and to the amusement of the Shilluk I seize one of their broad spears and paddle across with it. Not far from the landing-place hundreds of cranes are looking for food. Pelicans and Egyptian geese are playing about behind. As soon as everybody is across we go on. Half an hour later the guides call a halt and point to dark spots in the distance. My companions stay behind and I stalk forward by myself. There is soon no cover and I have to creep on my stomach to get within shot. It is very hot and there is no wind; the way leads over sharp, newly-parched swamp stubble. I manage to go on well and watch the game. Some seventy antelopes are grazing, others are lying in the water, for just where they are is a swampy khor. An old buck is standing on a termite hill looking alertly about him. I fire and the picture changes as if by magic. The whole troop, wrapped in a cloud of dust, is in flight. The buck I had aimed at has given no indication of having been hit, but still I follow the animals. They are already far off when I see that one is dropping behind. I start running, feeling fairly sure that that is the

one. A tree on the horizon serves me as mark and enables me to keep my direction although the animal is out of sight. Suddenly the buck appears fifty yards in front of me and follows the troop with its nose to the ground. It had lain in a hollow, the soil of which shows that it had been hit. The country grows swampy and grasses prevent my giving a finishing shot to the antelope, which is still dragging itself along. All I can do is to wait till it is forced to lie down again. Half an hour later I start looking and find the dead buck three hundred yards from its first refuge. The bullet has gone home; it has not touched the heart, but wounded the lung and torn the liver. It is amazing how far the animal's strength had carried it with a fatal wound. Meanwhile my companions have followed me and in no time they have skinned the antelope and cut it up with their long, broad spears. Then a fire is lighted and the entrails are roasted on the shaft of a spear. The Shilluk squat in a circle on the ground, each of them holds the head of his spear firmly between his legs and cuts off strips of the meat on the rigid, sharp metal (Fig. 92). The pieces are half raw, half burnt, but they are devoured as delicacies. Then the bag is divided up. I take the loin piece, my guide a leg. The Mohammedans do not touch the meat because it has not been ritually slaughtered. The rest therefore falls to the five Shilluk, who are visibly pleased.

Next day we inquire if there is not a feast due to be celebrated some time in the near future. We are in the country of the Shilluk, that proud and warlike Nilotic tribe who, once upon a time, under their King Nykang (a figure wrapped in legend), migrated hither together with the Dinka. The land of their origin is not known with exactitude, but it is supposed to have been the region north of Lake Victoria. There at the present day live the Atjoli, whose language bears considerable resemblance to that of the Shilluk. The people split up in the Bahr el Ghazal Province. One section, the Jur and the Dembo, settled there; the remainder

trekked northwards and eventually occupied the district on the west bank of the Nile which is still inhabited by the Shilluk to-day. In their new home they engaged in uninterrupted feud with the Dinka, on whom they several times inflicted crushing defeats. On one of these raids over a thousand Dinka girls were distributed among Shilluk lads. Through this intermixture they have with time been assimilated to that tribe in height and figure. Originally light brown and short, as the Jur still are, they soon appeared long-legged and thin, almost like the swamp people, the Nuer. They were, by the way, defeated by them and the Nuer carried off rich booty in the shape of women and cattle. The Shilluk were in all probability originally armed with bows and arrows like the Jur, but the long spear was gradually introduced. In later times the tribe had much to suffer at the hands of the Arabs. At first the Shilluk made common cause with the Mahdi against Egypt, but they became embittered opponents of his successor, the Caliph. He sent troops out and carried thousands of men and women into captivity and slavery. Still worse did the Shilluk fare with the Selim Bagara. These warlike Arabs had settled on the border under their leader, a notorious slave-trader, and stole Shilluk women and children who were at work in the fields: they would throw a lasso from horseback over their defenceless victims and gallop away with them into the distance. Eventually the Shilluk dared not cultivate their fields any more and terrible shortage of food ensued. Parents often sold their children for thirty piastres to slave-dealers in order to buy a little corn.

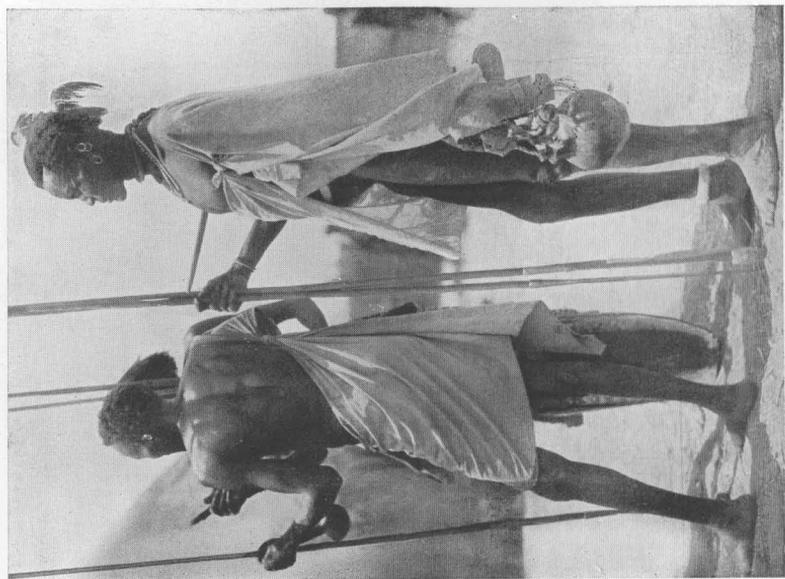
Famine and oppression, however, could not break this people's spirit. Beaten, half starved though they were, they never bowed their neck to a stranger's yoke. To-day as always they stick to the ways of their forefathers with incomparable tenacity and they have thereby preserved their own character intact. Let the slave peoples of the Bahr el Ghazal Province suffer from the itch to imitate, let every



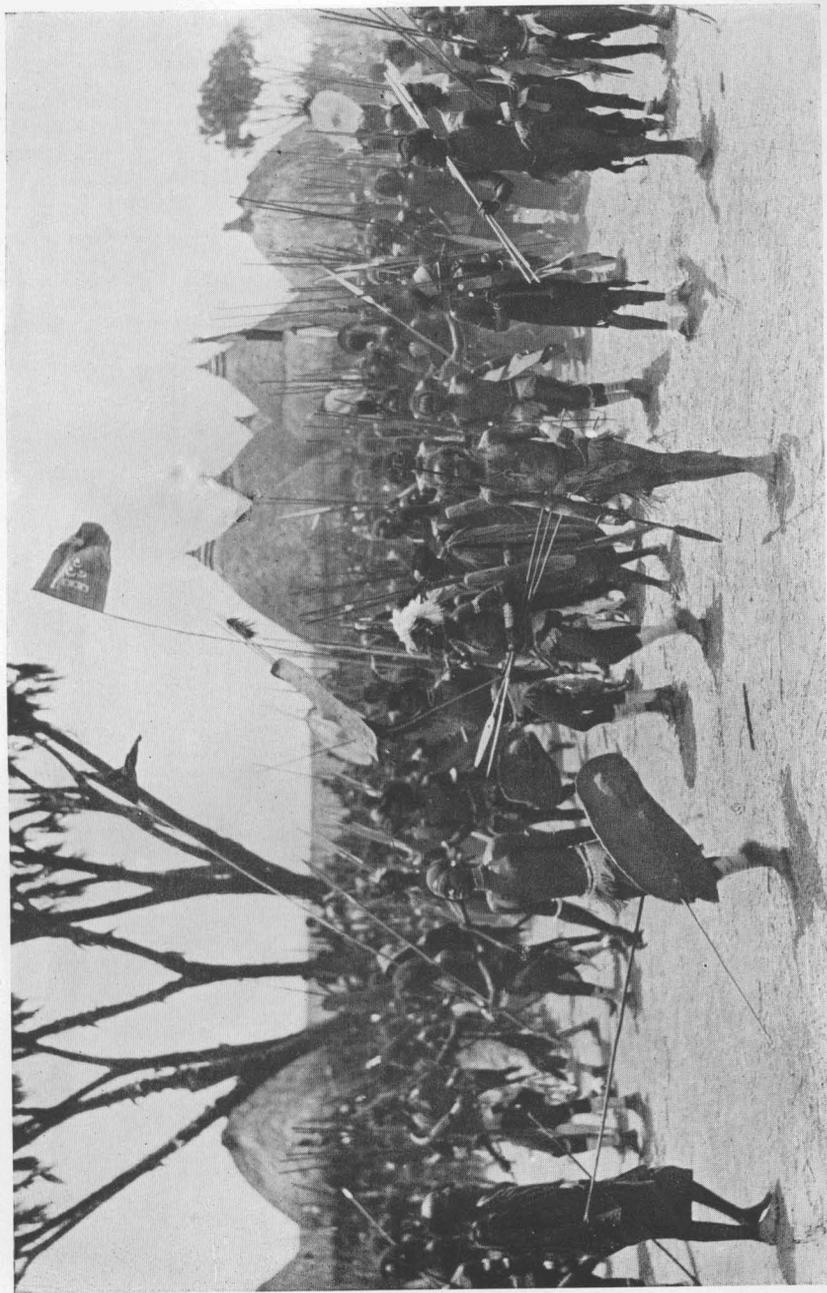
82. Funeral feast at Tonga. Shilluk warriors in festal array.



83. The head chief of Tonga gives the order to begin the funeral feast.



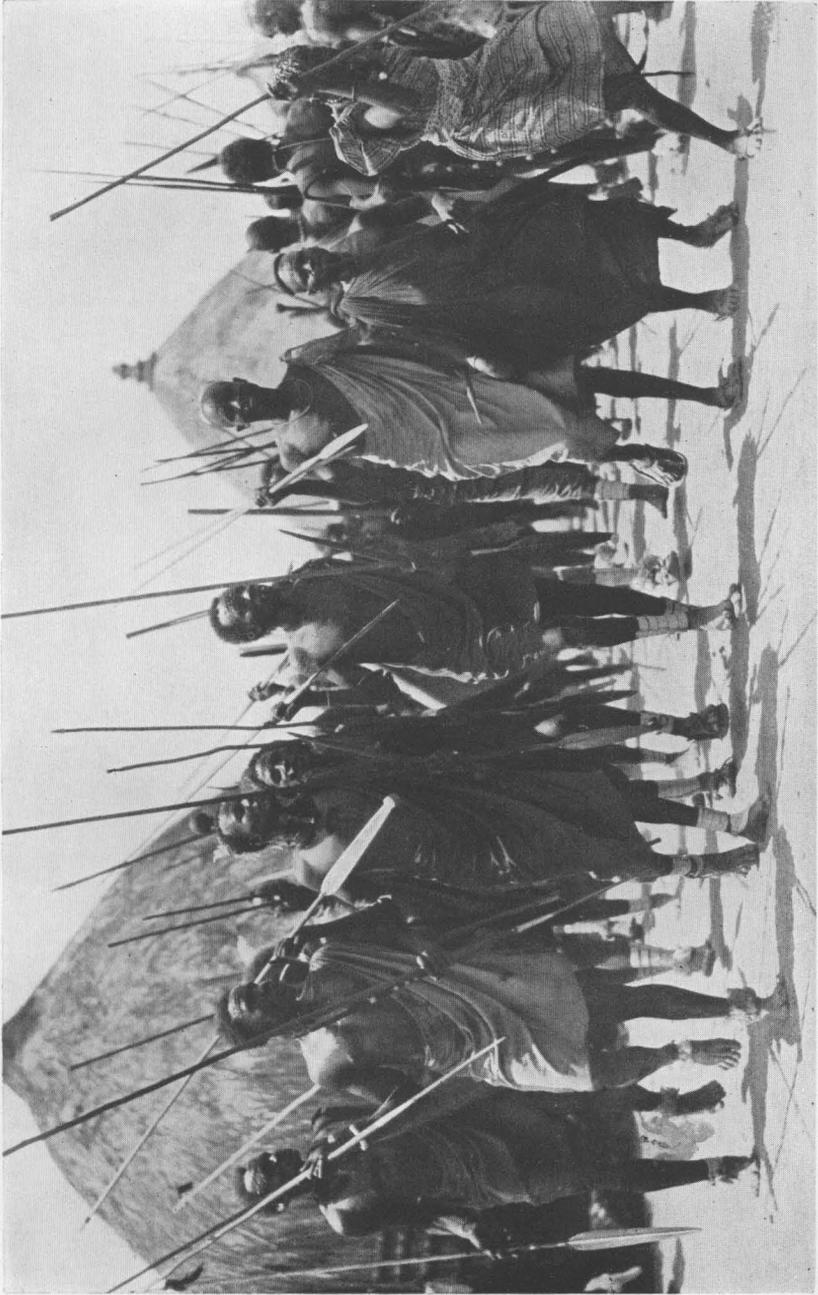
84. The guests arrived the day before.



85. The funeral feast at Tonga. Every village carries its own flag.



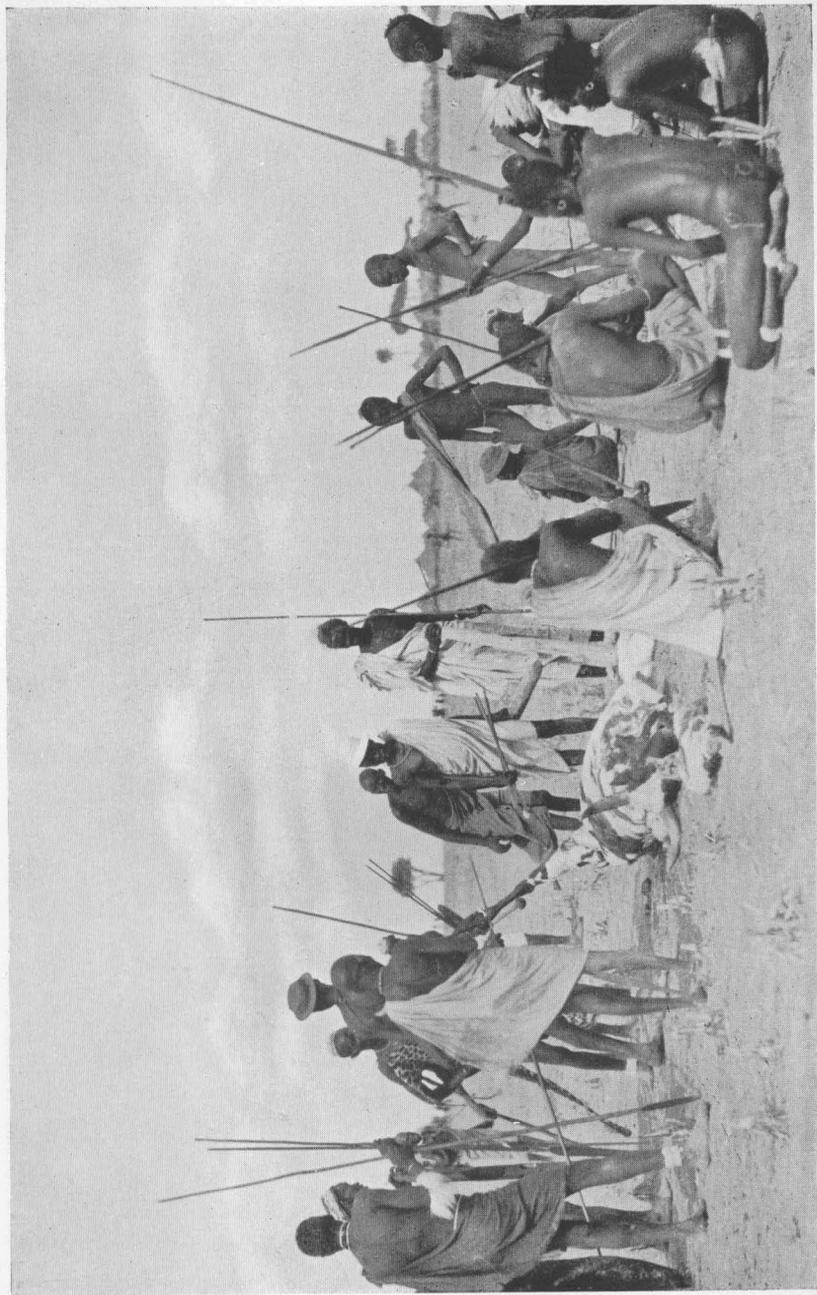
86. The funeral feast at Tonga. Groups of warriors from neighbouring villages arrive.



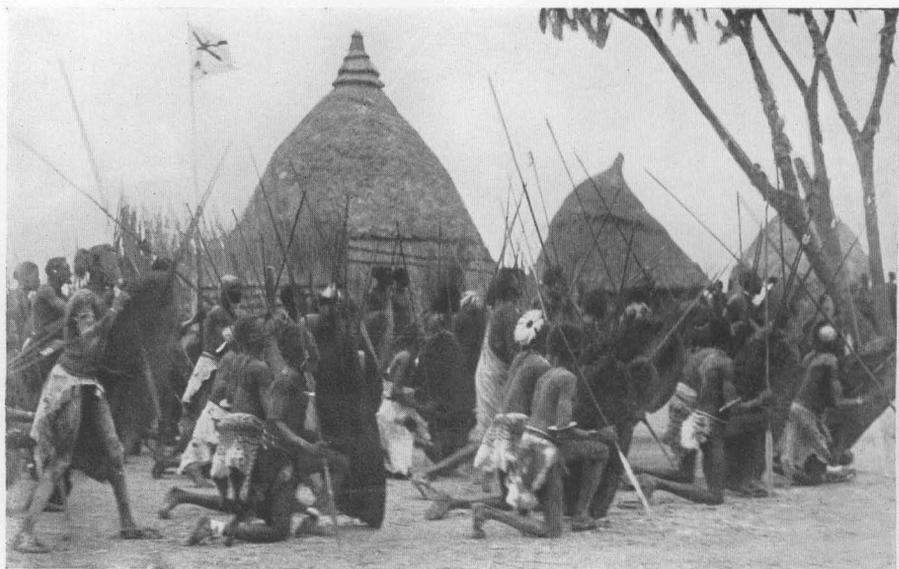
87. The funeral feast at Tonga. The warriors encircle the village, running.



88. The sacrificial oxen are let loose and the Shilluk warriors kill them with well-aimed spear thrusts.



89. The funeral feast. A sacrificial ox, struck down by the warriors' spears, falls to the ground. It is cut up and distributed on the spot without being first skinned.



90. The funeral feast at Tonga. The warriors on their knees do honour to the dead man.



91. The funeral feast at Tonga. Women lift the dead man's belongings, which have been piled up near the grave, on to their heads, to carry them among the rows of dancers and then break them to pieces.

Sheikh there plume himself on turning out in European costume, the Shilluk despise everything foreign from the bottom of their souls. Highly intelligent and capable, they have not taken long to discover the European's weak points and turn them to their own advantage.

The supreme chief is the *Mek*. He has lost part of his former power—the infliction of capital punishment has been taken out of his hands—but he still enjoys unlimited authority. He is freely elected by his people from among the King's sons. Despite his many wives and his great wealth (fines do find their way into his exchequer), he lives as simply as anyone else in the tribe, eats his durra porridge and sleeps on the ground. He cannot rejoice in the prospect of a very long life. If he gets ill or old, he is killed by the nobility. Even his own brothers lay hands on him as soon as he has been bound to a sick-bed for any length of time. These negroes hold the view that a king must not be allowed to suffer. Their religion is monotheistic, they worship "Djouk," the Creator of the Universe. In addition they reverence their ancestors as guardians and protectors. They build temples to them and sacrifice to them the best of their possessions and entreat their help in any danger.

As is the case with most negro tribes, marriage is a business deal. The bridegroom has to pay the girl's parents ten cows and make up the number if one of them should die from any cause whatsoever. This often means ruin for the poor young man, who cannot wrest wealth from the infected, unhealthy and infertile land. Labour is shared between the sexes. The women do the housework, the men hunt, fish and tend the cattle. This is a dangerous job on account of their Nuer neighbours, who are still great raiders. A Shilluk never beats his wife and very rarely a child. The boys must not learn to be afraid, they say. Some of their customs are extremely odd. Before her first confinement the young wife must confess what men she has had relations with prior to her marriage. If she refuses to give her lovers'

names, it is believed that the child will die and the mother herself incur danger. Each of the friends whom the woman names has to pay her husband an ox as compensation. If there have been more than ten to whom she has given herself, then the popular girl names no names but throws a handful of sand in the air, to signify, "My lovers were as numerous as the grains of sand." In this case they have nothing to pay, but general contempt falls on the parents who have brought up their daughter so badly. The girls on the whole are not light of love and a slip is, as a rule, expiated. If a girl becomes pregnant, the young fellow has to pay ten cows.

Shilluk society is divided into three classes: members of the kings' families (the highest nobility), the *Orror* and the common people. The *Orror* comprise those members of the kingly families who have been degraded by a later king for some reason or other. The influence of this caste is nevertheless very great indeed. It is usually the *Orror* who kill the king.

I set out one day to visit the head Sheikh of Tonga (Fig. 83). He comes out some way to meet us. We let our eyes rest on each other for a while before exchanging greetings. The Shilluk regard nothing as so impolite as excessive haste. On the other hand, leave-taking is always short—the reverse of European ways. We ask after each other's health and by way of an extensive chat I lead up to my request. No feasts are due at the moment. The rain dances are already over, the interpreter translates, but there might be a funeral feast. The head Sheikh does not yet know what day the dead man's relatives will choose. I have it explained to him that I should very much like to film the daily life of the Shilluk. I promise the Sheikh a handsome present if he will help us. In the end it is agreed that we shall return in two days' time. I spend these two days photographing antelopes.

From Tonga we go to Attigo to see if there is anything to

photograph there. We are in luck. At the entrance to the village we meet some smiths busy making long, broad spears and decorating them very artistically. Near by some tanners are preparing a hide with ashes. Elsewhere some boys are getting their sleeping-place ready. They rub their entire bodies with ashes, fetch their head-rests so as not to disturb their beautiful coiffure when they lie down (Fig. 69), and cover themselves over with ashes to keep vermin and insects away. Not far from them a Shilluk is being bled (Fig. 76). The surgeon is sitting beside him on the ground. A hole is dug in the sand in front of the patient. His head is first of all shaved, then the "doctor" tears a hole in the skin of the crown with a piece of iron. The blood flows slowly to the ground into the hollow, and from time to time the leech pours cold water over his victim. By poking a stick into the wound he keeps it bleeding. Finally he washes it out with cold water and the patient is allowed to go. At another spot a boy is freshening up a warrior's coiffure. He has a stick in his hand with which he beats the hair most thoroughly. Near by some warriors are trying out their spears. I should also like to see the preparation and consumption of food, but for that the Sheikh puts us off till to-morrow.

Next day the women are diligently cooking, but in the dark *tukul*. They absolutely refuse to come out into the open, so we have to go away empty. We have no better luck when we try to watch them eating. The Shilluk only take their meals in the open after sundown. It would be a scandal to eat in the open air by day. But I do manage to take a woman pounding durra with a long pestle in a hole dug in the earth and lined with clay as a mortar. In my efforts to photograph women I again meet with great difficulties. The daughters of Eve are quite as inquisitive here as anywhere else, but they believe that photography will bewitch their souls. At first they spy on us through crannies in the matted fences. At last we try a ruse. We distribute dates among the children. The scuffle over these dainties

produces the liveliest scenes. The head Sheikh himself joins in the fun. The shouting and excitement gradually entice the women out of the *tukul*. So as not to scare them, we leave the camera alone. Machulka gives one girl some coloured beads. That does the trick. Women hurry up from all sides to get some of the finery too. Each of them is to have two handfuls of the coloured stones. While Machulka is distributing the first handful I start the camera and by the time his hands are empty the picture is taken. No one has noticed what was happening and I have got a lovely set of photos. The Sheikh now asks if we want a dance arranged. As that is an expensive luxury among the Shilluk, we answer evasively. Shortly afterwards we learn from our interpreter that the funeral feast that had been spoken of will take place in the course of the next few days. The Sheikh seems suddenly eager to get the feast into my film, for he brings the matter up again twice. But we are told on the ship that the Sheikh wants to put off the dance to a later date. That would be disappointing. So we gather together the presents labelled "For big chiefs" and set out once more with cloths for the women and a fine red woollen shawl. As soon as the head Sheikh sets eyes on these splendours he communicates his decision to order his people to go ahead with the feast. Eventually we even succeed in photographing him, although he does not fancy this kind of magic. His predecessor as chief was his elder brother, who died a few years ago. A missionary showed the Sheikh a good photograph of his brother one day. The Sheikh turned away with every sign of horror and asked a policeman standing near him, "Is it really he?" In spite of the assurance that it was only a piece of paper and not the dead man's ghost, he could not be persuaded to look at the picture again.

The feast takes place two days later. At seven in the morning we are on the spot. I try to find a suitable place to bring up the car so that I can photograph from it. The

rising ground from which a *tukul* has been removed seems to be the best place, since it affords a good view over the whole space in the middle of the village. The cameras are soon set up. But our patience undergoes considerable strain. The drums had been brought into the village the preceding evening. They must "sleep" there, it is explained to us. The Sheikh's relatives, whose funeral feast is to be held, live far away from here in other villages. They also arrived the evening before (Fig. 84) and have spent the night here. Before sunset three oxen were slaughtered and all the *tukul* are full of guests from the neighbouring villages, who enjoy meat and *merissa* for a start. Towards ten the men begin to beat the drums. Three old women open the dance and are joined little by little by a large number of women. Meanwhile troops of warriors arrive from every quarter (Fig. 86)—all the friendly villages have sent some. In each case the flag of the village is carried in front (Fig. 85). The warriors are in full war kit (Fig. 82), the *lau* being left at home. In its place they wear the coloured skins of leopards, servals and cheetahs hung round their waists. Their bodies are powdered with red clay. Some have lavishly made up their faces with spirals. Many wear strips of hide round their ankles. The most marvellous sorts of hair-dress, decked out with ostrich feathers or other material, add to the colourful picture (Fig. 75). Each man is wearing all the ornaments that he possesses. Some have two or even four thick, heavy ivory rings on their arms, and broad ornaments of giraffe hair round their necks. The caparisoned warriors with shields and glittering spears march singing round the village and the dancing-place (Fig. 87). At the grave they sing loudly, beat their shields and greet the dead man by going down on their knees (Fig. 90). The grave lies in front of a *tukul*, rather to one side. It is covered with a skin, and beside it spears, a shield and earthen pots, the dead man's property, are now placed to be given to him in the grave. The place is

soon swarming with people. The old folks have sat down by their huts to watch the proceedings, the young ones are jostling together. A large group of warriors now approach and the real dance begins. The girls circle round the drums. The warriors remain in compact groups; one group dances round the girls several times, then withdraws into the prairie while another goes through the same game. The general hubbub, the singing, the Shilluk war-cry—that high treble trilling *li-li*—are drowned periodically by the booming of the shields when all the warriors at the same instant beat them with their spears. Thus it goes on for hours until suddenly the head Sheikh of Tonga, as representing the King, gives the command to sacrifice the oxen. At a little distance from the dancers three splendid fat oxen are tied up to trees. Several warriors run to them and loose them. Scared by a few sharp blows and the howling of the crowd they gallop away towards the steppe. The warriors give them a short start and then, shouting loud war-cries, they chase them with long, springing strides. They quickly catch up with the animals. The spears hurtle through the air and the oxen fall to the ground, mortally wounded (Fig. 89). A goat is also sacrificed in the same way. But the goats in these parts are as swift as gazelles and the creature tries to escape the spears by zigzagging. Several thrusts miss and short reeds block our view of the wild chase. Next the victims are left on the ground and everybody returns to the dance. Women now advance to the grave and with inimitable grace drop on to their knees. One of them throws herself full length on the ground and begins a long-drawn-out dirge. Men dig deep trenches beside the grave. The women form a long procession and carry the dead man's belongings through the rows of dancers (Fig. 91). They return and lay the objects down beside the freshly dug holes. A sheep is also brought and an old man holds it fast on a rope. Suddenly all the women utter a loud wail and sink forward on their knees with every sign

of pain. Some seize wooden clubs and smash the pots. The spears are broken and the old man kills the sheep with a stick. Everything is thrown into the trenches, last of all the sheep, which belonged to the dead man and is the sacrifice. The holes are filled in and the death rites are over. The slaughtered oxen are divided up with their hides and the pieces given to those present.

I have attended a number of funeral feasts among the negroes but none that equalled in impressiveness this magnificent one. Although the dead man had been buried three years before and consequently the first burning grief was past, the women at the grave expressed their sorrow so overwhelmingly that I could not help being deeply moved.

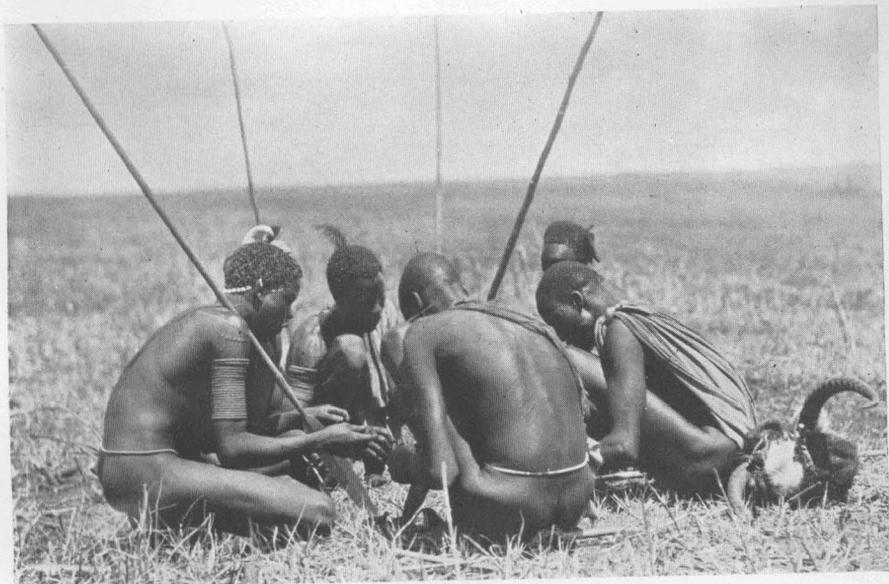
We proceed to Talodi, the chief town of Darnuba. This province too is closed to traffic, as the land is anything but quiet. The previous year the Government sent an expedition against the Nubians and it took several months to subdue the rebels. This land is also interesting, although it has not had to go through such hectic times as the Bahr el Ghazal Province. The nomad Arab tribes live with their herds on the plains. They have preserved strange customs. At the riding sports which take place here and there on ceremonial occasions the horsemen appear in ancient accoutrement. One sees chain armour from the time of the Crusades fairly frequently. Bulls are also very much ridden, saddled in a special way, and are surprisingly swift and untiring. One meets long caravans of such pack animals when the Arabs take crude gum to market. They collect the hardened sap of various kinds of acacia that grow on the plains and send it down the Nile as gum arabic. The long caravans are a curious sight, composed as they are of oxen both ridden and used as beasts of burden, especially when the riders are girls, unveiled and strikingly pretty, who drive the cumbrous animals with great skill.

The valleys among the hills are inhabited by the original people of the land, the Nubians, who migrated there before

the Arab persecution. Already in earlier times heated struggles broke out between them and the Arabs pressing hard upon them. To-day they are still very warlike, as their continual risings prove. The Government has no easy task with them, especially as they are armed with guns taken from the Arabs. And finally the Eliri, a mixture of negro and Arab, adhering to the Mohammedan faith, are not uninteresting. Full negro lips are often to be seen in the round, ape-like faces of these people, who have inherited little of the Arabs' good looks.

As soon as the baggage is loaded in the car we set out. We are not taking much with us and can make comparatively rapid progress on the really good roads. At the start we cross dry steppe. It is uninhabited and the dry, yellow grass is not burnt up. As far as the eye can see the plain extends without so much as a termite mound. It looks like a vast sea. We go through a wood of red acacia and slowly the mountains come into view in the distance. So far the soil has been humus, but here it is reddish-sandy earth containing iron. The vegetation also changes at once. Large trees and green plants which offer a pleasant shade take the place of acacias. Among them queer, pointed termite hills stand, up to four yards high. The sun pours down unbearably and the heat makes the air quiver around us. Driving the car is very tiring work and I take a deep breath of relief when we at last reach the Eliri mountains. As at Amadi, these are great cliffs of primeval rock rising sheer from the plain. The villages of the Eliri, right up against the cliffs, are very picturesque. As we are making for Talodi, we take a short rest and then go on.

We reach our destination in the afternoon. In answer to our inquiries after the rest-house, we are told, to our surprise, that there is not one. I doubt this and ask a policeman, who confirms it. We still cannot believe that there is no rest-house at a station of the importance of Talodi, where several Englishmen live who often receive official visits, so



92. Shilluk at a meal. The spears are fixed in the ground and the meat cut by rubbing it up and down on the blade.



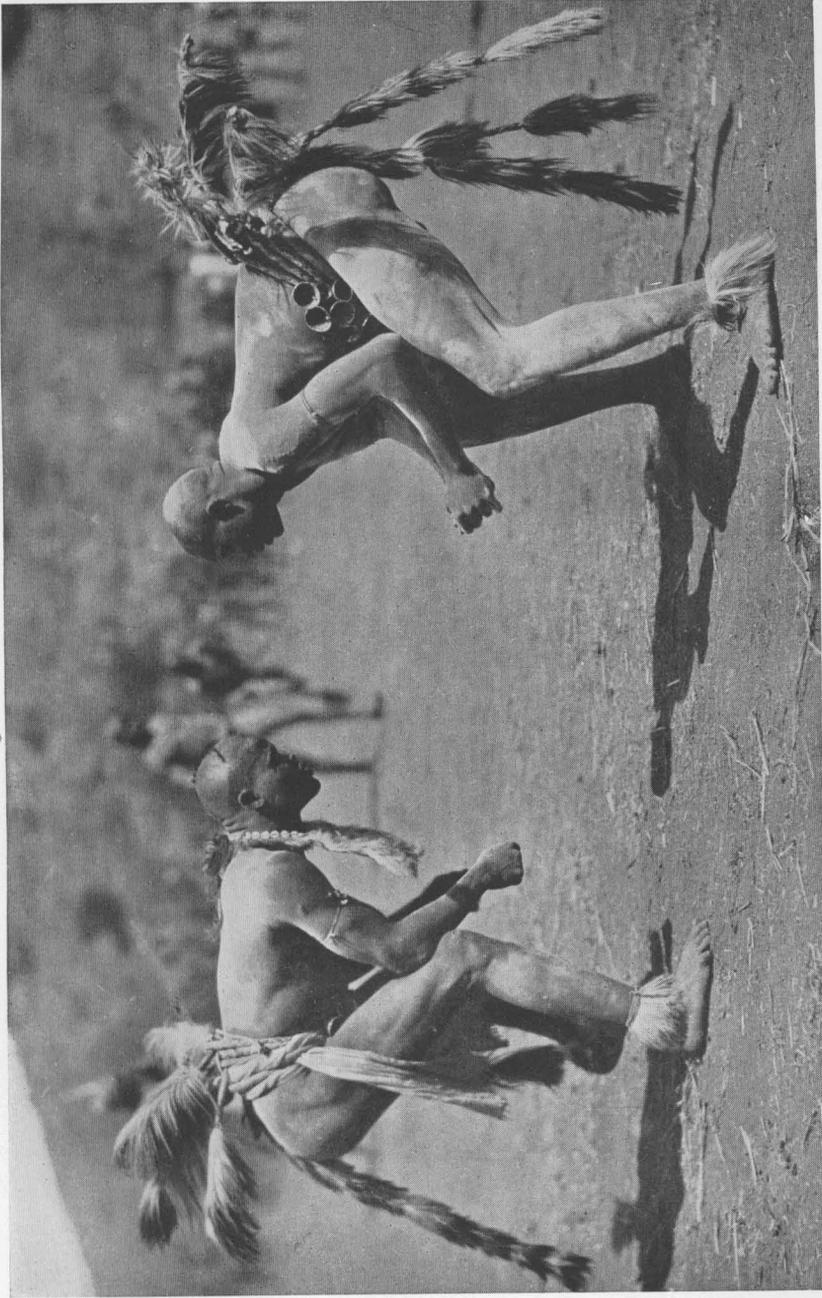
93. Shilluk tanning cattle hides. The hides are stretched and rubbed with wood ash.



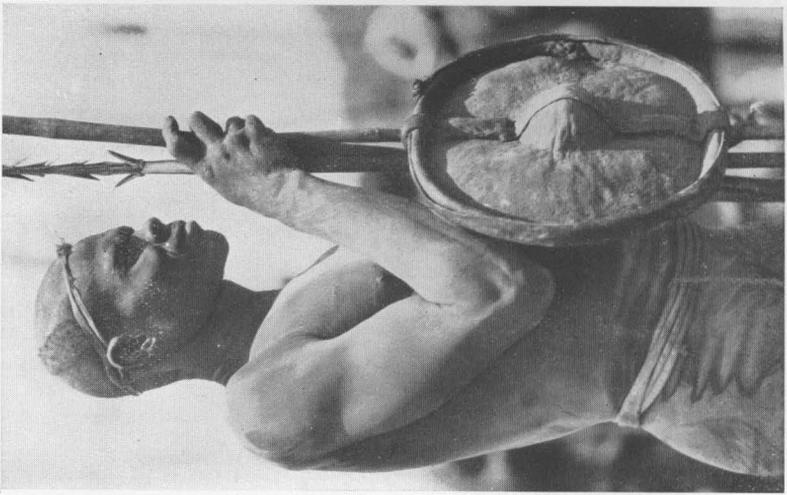
94. Shilluk warrior with flat club.



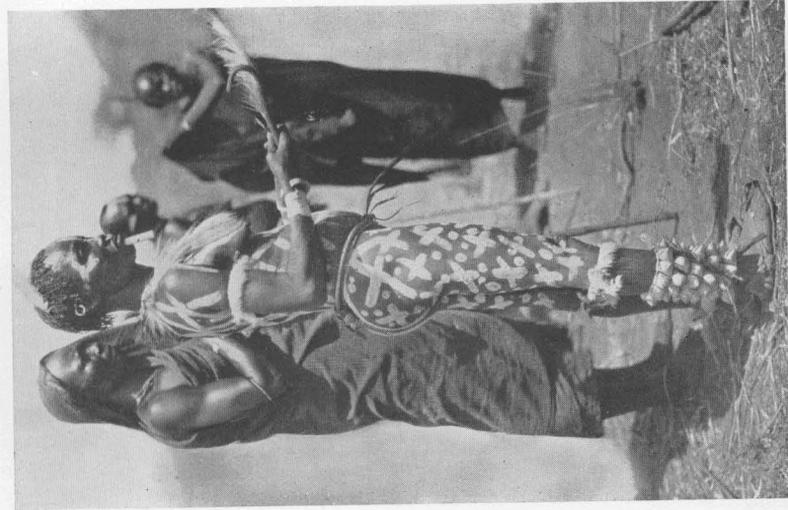
95. Young Shilluk woman trying to get a higher price for her wares.



96. Stance of Nuba wrestlers. Each contestant wears a belt of bells with feathers and looks like a fighting-cock.



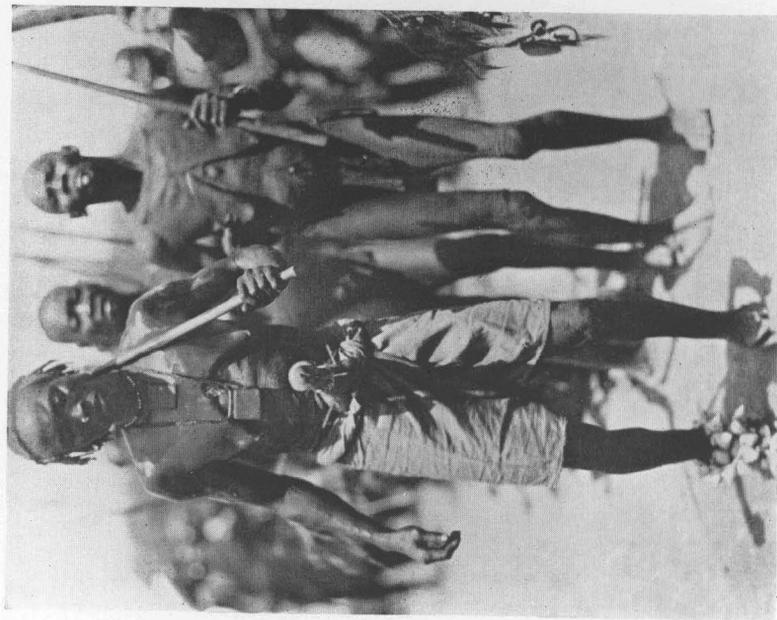
97 and 98. Nuba warriors at Talodi.



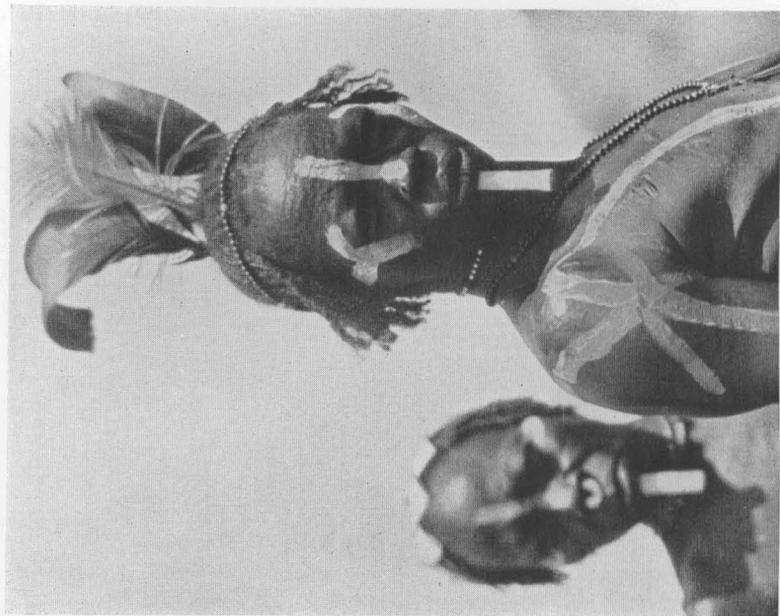
99. The Nuba women paint their bodies with weird chalk designs for the feast. They wear a peg in their pierced lips.



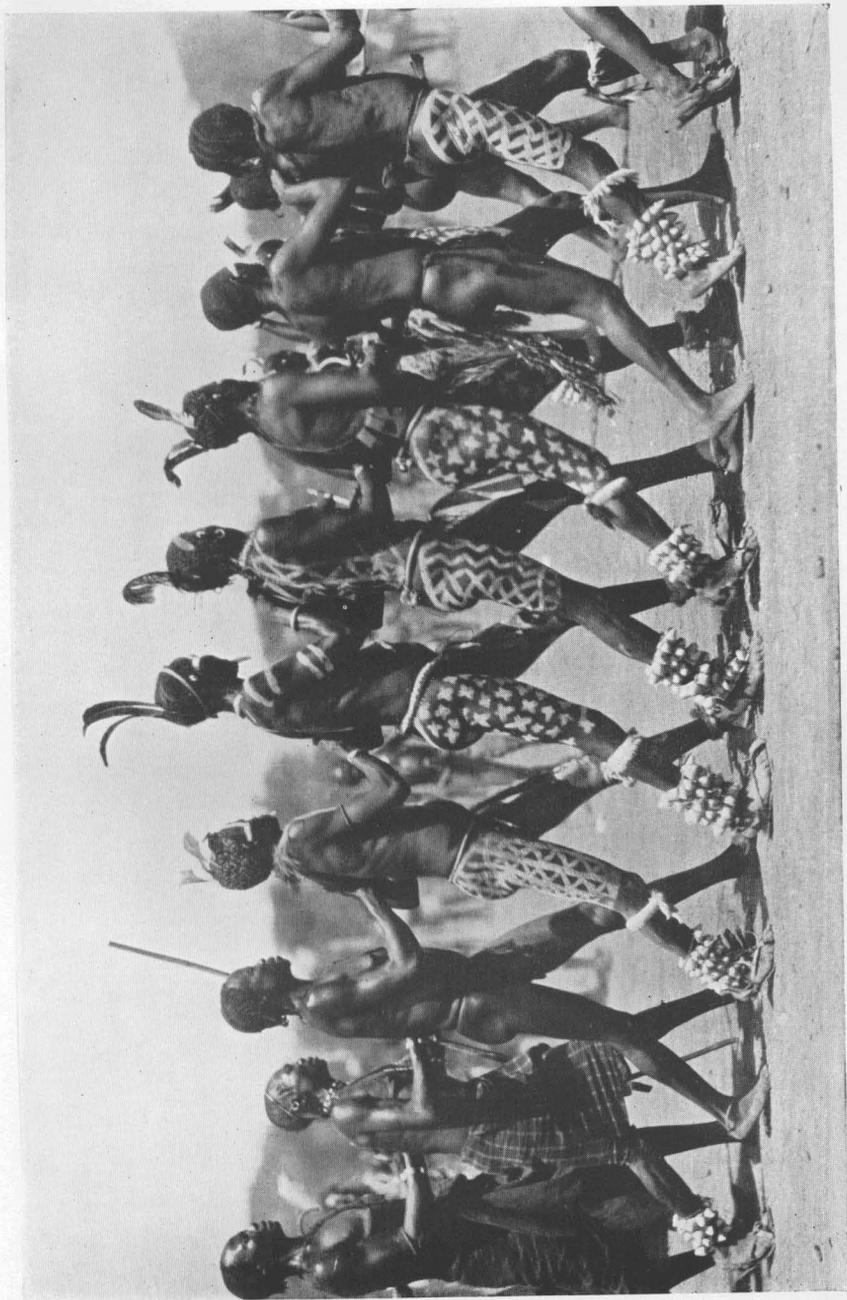
100. Rattle-dancer among the Nuba warriors, near Talodi in the Darnuba Province.



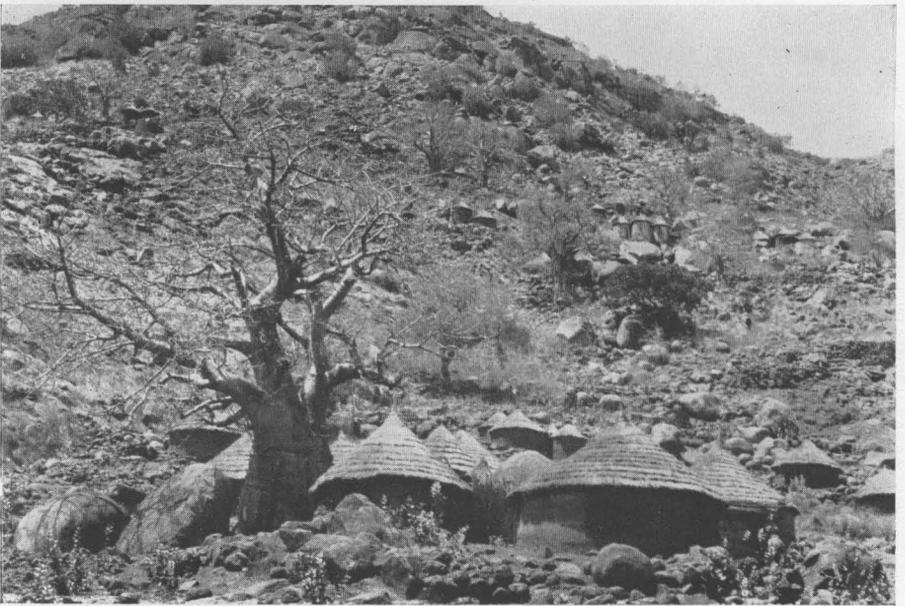
101. Leader of Nuba dance.



102. The impression is made that the Nuba women deliberately make their bodies and faces uglier with paint and ornaments.



103. Nuba women performing a rain-dance. Besides the curious ornaments, the plaited straw on the right leg is worth noticing.



104 and 105. The Nuba settlement stretches high up the hill at Talodi.

we ask for the Governor's house. On the way there we pass several buildings. Each time I ask what they are for. The first is said to be a hospital, then it is officials' residences, but at last we come to two large stone houses with corrugated iron roofs and tiled floors. "What is that?" I ask a servant passing by. "The rest-houses," he answers.

We have soon settled in and I try to visit the Governor. He receives me at tea and says I shall come to him at his office next day at nine. As that means a day's idleness for us, I attempt to get my business done there and then, but without success. There is nothing for it but to possess my soul in patience. We want to use the interval, so we set about discovering where the Arabs' camping places are to be found. We visit a market. The information is not very satisfactory. The Hauasma, Arab nomads, left a few weeks ago because feed for the animals began to get short in consequence of the drought. They wandered into the interior of Kordofan, say some; towards the White Nile, say others. It will be more practical for us to confine ourselves to the Eliri and Nuba here and then try to reach the Arabs from the White Nile.

At the appointed time the Governor receives me in the most cordial manner; he even supplies me with some petrol (we are running short again) and a letter of introduction to the District Officer. The Officer also obliges me in the most friendly fashion and gives us an N.C.O. as guide and interpreter. The soldier leads us to a place with a glorious view. On one side the steppe rolls away endlessly; in the distance rise some mountain ranges of Kordofan; and just before us stands a hill some thousand feet high whose rocks have the most extraordinary shapes. Perched in them like little castles are the *tukul* and out-houses of the Nuba (Figs. 104 and 105). This strange village stretches up to the highest summits of the cliffs. We eagerly start climbing and soon understand why the Arabs have never succeeded in taking the abodes of these bold people.

Even the English avoid storming these cliff ramparts. The Government contents itself when necessity arises with bombarding the eyries from the air. As the negroes withdraw into crevices in the rocks, the attackers achieve at most a moral victory. Of course it can be dangerous for these people if a hill is surrounded and they are starved, like robber barons in the Middle Ages. But there are hills whose inhabitants can hold out for a long time against a siege, as water is to be found in the cracks of the rocks and they have provisions enough for a considerable period.

An old man, naked, approaches me. He is obviously suffering from elephantiasis. He is the head Sheikh of whom the Governor had spoken. The soldier explains to him, briefly and to the point, that the *mufetish* has given orders for a feast to be arranged to-morrow and he is to see that everything necessary is done. The old man is not exactly enchanted at the command, but says he will do his best. We look round the village. The huts, which look extremely artistic from afar, are dirty inside; in this respect they differ from the negro dwellings that we have seen hitherto, which were remarkable for their painful cleanliness. But by way of compensation these people have a sense of colour. Some *tukul* are painted grey and red, and ornamented gourds with pleasant patterns are used everywhere as vessels. In one hut I notice a finely plaited lid. It is used to cover food and protect it from sorcery. But by all appearances it has come from the north. The pottery, on the other hand, is a home product and the women mould large round vessels very skilfully without a potter's wheel. The small spears too with their large barbs and the shields are worth seeing; they are quite differently shaped from those of the Nilotic negroes. The people are excessively ugly. Thick, bulging negro lips distort their large heads (Figs. 97 and 98). The neck is thick and short, the figure squat but athletic. Many of the men could almost be mistaken for gorillas. The women, with their hanging

breasts, are anything but attractive. As at Amadi, the number of cases of elephantiasis strikes one immediately. Out of twenty men who have gathered round us, five are suffering from this disease.

The feast is to be held next morning. I do not expect much from it, as the village is small and I know what people are like at such compulsory festivities. The negro is above all a creature of temperament and understands nothing less than to be "jolly" at the word of command, as is indeed the case with most people. But from the moment of arrival we are agreeably surprised. A great crowd is waiting for us. The Sheikh rules over other villages as well and he has mobilised the lot. The men are ceremonially decorated and powdered white, the women painted the same colour with weird designs (Fig. 99). The Sheikh, who has donned his gala dress—a present from the English—in honour of the day, comes to meet us. An undulating red caftan reaches down to his feet, his head is covered with a sun helmet and in his hand he carries an old sabre. He is evidently conscious of his importance. We move to a large open space where a lot of people have already assembled in a circle. Strange masks now appear. One man is grotesquely got up and wears an old dried-up marabou skull on his head (Fig. 106). He is an African jester, such as go about far and wide and are even to be found in Morocco. Rattle-dancers are performing not far away (Fig. 100). A murmur runs through the crowd and a small troop of giants enter the arena. The broad, muscular bodies are powdered white, and long, curved tails of feathers hang from their belts. These are the "Nubian wrestlers." They make the round with dancing steps, their legs wide apart, and then draw up in a row in front of us (Fig. 96). At a signal from the Sheikh the fight begins. Cries of enthusiasm go up from the spectators. From time to time men run to the fighters and sprinkle them with powder. When two particularly strong wrestlers enter the ring, the behaviour of

the audience shows at once that these are a couple of champions. There is absolute silence and everyone follows the course of the bout tensely. The onlookers divide into two camps and the betting runs high. Each of the contestants, egged on by the shouts of his supporters, makes the most tremendous exertions to throw his opponent. The excitement rises from minute to minute; shouts in a strange, hoarse language shrill through the air. One of the fighters has got hold of the other man's leg and is trying to bring him to a fall. But his antagonist clasps him and throws him over his head backwards to the ground. The crowd goes wild with delight. Everybody rushes into the arena, the Sheikh leading the way in his red cloak. They lead the winner in triumph before us, while a group of young men proclaim his victory at the top of their voices, hand him a palm and wallop the ground with a broad piece of cow-hide tied to a stick till the dust flies up in clouds.

Meanwhile the women have assembled at another spot to perform a sport dance. They are nude except for a narrow piece of cloth or bass drawn between the legs. Their hair is decked out with feathers and the whole body is painted with white patterns from head to foot (Figs. 102 and 103). One looks like a chess-board, others prefer spirals or crosses. They draw up not far from the arena. There are no drums, so the women sing a song instead as they march one behind the other and mark certain beats by stamping their feet. They now form a circle in the middle of which two women execute special figures with their arms raised. An obscene mask leads the dance. It is a woman dressed as a man, and she has an enormous wooden penis tied round her waist (Fig. 101) with which she makes indecent movements in time with the music. This dance ends the proceedings and we return home.

We should very much have liked to see the armoured Arab riders who are natives of Darfur but are also to be seen in Kordofan and Darnuba. They wear parti-coloured and

padded under-armour beneath their chain shirts and have steel greaves. Helmet, sword and lance form their weapons. Having heard that the Arabs had already left we were not expecting to meet these interesting figures. We are all the more agreeably surprised, therefore, when the friendly inspector informs us that he has arranged riding sports for the following day.

A large feasting ground lies near to Talodi. There the riders are waiting for us, so-called light-armed warriors dressed in chain shirts (Fig. 107). If one is expecting such a display of horsemanship as is cultivated by many Mongolian tribes, one is doomed to disappointment. The Arabs know nothing of sticking with the lance, standing on galloping horses, vaulting and similar tricks. They draw up facing us in a long line and charge forward. A few paces from us they suddenly check their horses. The animals, thus pulled up, slide several yards on their hind-quarters, churning up the sand.

In the afternoon we go further and by sundown reach Eliri. The deputy Sheikh very obligingly comes to meet us. The Sheikh himself died recently and his successor has not yet been appointed. We are generously supplied with eggs, milk and water. The wells, it is true, remind us of Tindilti, but bad water is better than none. Next morning several inquisitive persons appear at our camp and I photograph them (Figs. 66 and 67). One boy has just greased his beautifully plaited pigtails thick with butter and marrow to give his hair the right shape. We then drive into the villages. The Eliri mountains were originally uninhabited. Bit by bit runaway slaves from the most various tribes settled on the slopes and were successful in defending themselves among the rocks. This mixture of peoples fused with time into a unity, the Eliri—Mohammedans in faith, but not fanatics like the remaining Sudanese. Their *tukul* are typical. They have stone walls. One of these dwellings is in course of being built. There are no tools for wall-

building and hands have to suffice. The clay mortar is carried and carefully smeared by hand. A lad stands by and presses the horn of a tiang antelope into the soft mass to decorate the façade. The women produce every possible kind of handwork, of which we have already seen specimens at Omdurman, and offer us pretty coloured mats for sale.

CHAPTER VII

We leave the swampy region—Ants on board—Malakal—When will there be negro sanctuaries?—Northwards—Past Fashoda—Kaka—The Nazir of the Aulad Hamid—Cattle riders—A good buffalo hunt—A *karama*—The rainy season begins: sand-storms and thunder—Khartoum again—Farewell—Homewards—“*Que voulez-vous, c'est l'Europe*”—“*Gari-Gari.*”

THE White Nile bears us once more northwards. One clear evening we put the ambach raft into the water, I paddle far out and let myself drift down-stream along the bank. It is so calm that the voices of the birds ring out loudly across the water. Little sedge-dwellers come within arm's reach. I surprise a large crocodile asleep on the bank and glide silently by at a few yards' distance. All at once I am wakened from my reverie. The river has taken a bend and the bellow of a hippopotamus, incredibly loud in the silence, resounds quite close to me. I have drifted into the middle of a hippo family. The old bull comes roaring towards me so that, unarmed as I am, I have no choice but to disappear as quickly as possible among the reeds. During the night a troop of driver ants descend upon the sailing-boat and put the men to flight. These creatures are a veritable plague in Africa. They roam about at night in armies a yard wide that sometimes stretch out of sight. They march over every obstacle and kill every living thing that gets in their way. It even happens that large domestic animals, donkeys and horses, for instance, which are tied up and cannot escape, perish in a short time under the mass of insects. If you encounter one of these armies or are surprised by it at night, your only salvation is to take to your heels.

The boat is soon lying at anchorage in Malakal. I am very kindly received by the Governor. He is one of the old brigade and was an active colleague of Slatin Pasha. He knows the Arabs thoroughly, was for a long time head of the Intelligence Department at Khartoum and has only recently been transferred to Malakal as Governor. I hear the missionary bishop has given orders to aim at getting the Shilluk to abandon their original hair-dress and tribal marks. The Governor was requested to introduce compulsory schooling among the negroes and force them by means of ordinances to give up their picturesque cloak in favour of shirt and trousers. Fortunately for the negroes the Governor is an old African with a heart for his protégés. "Shall I make them wear clothes, so that these fellows who are now healthy and free from vermin, thanks to sleeping in wood ash, shall make the acquaintance of lice and bugs like the Sudanese? And all those diseases that are carried by vermin and so far seldom trouble the negroes?" But suppose his successor does not listen to him? For animals sanctuaries have already been established which are a model to all nations, but men are to be robbed of their special characteristics and their freedom! Are old things only to be preserved when there is nothing left to preserve? The Shilluk country would be the very place for a reserve, for this proud people's habits and costume can only be taken away by force.

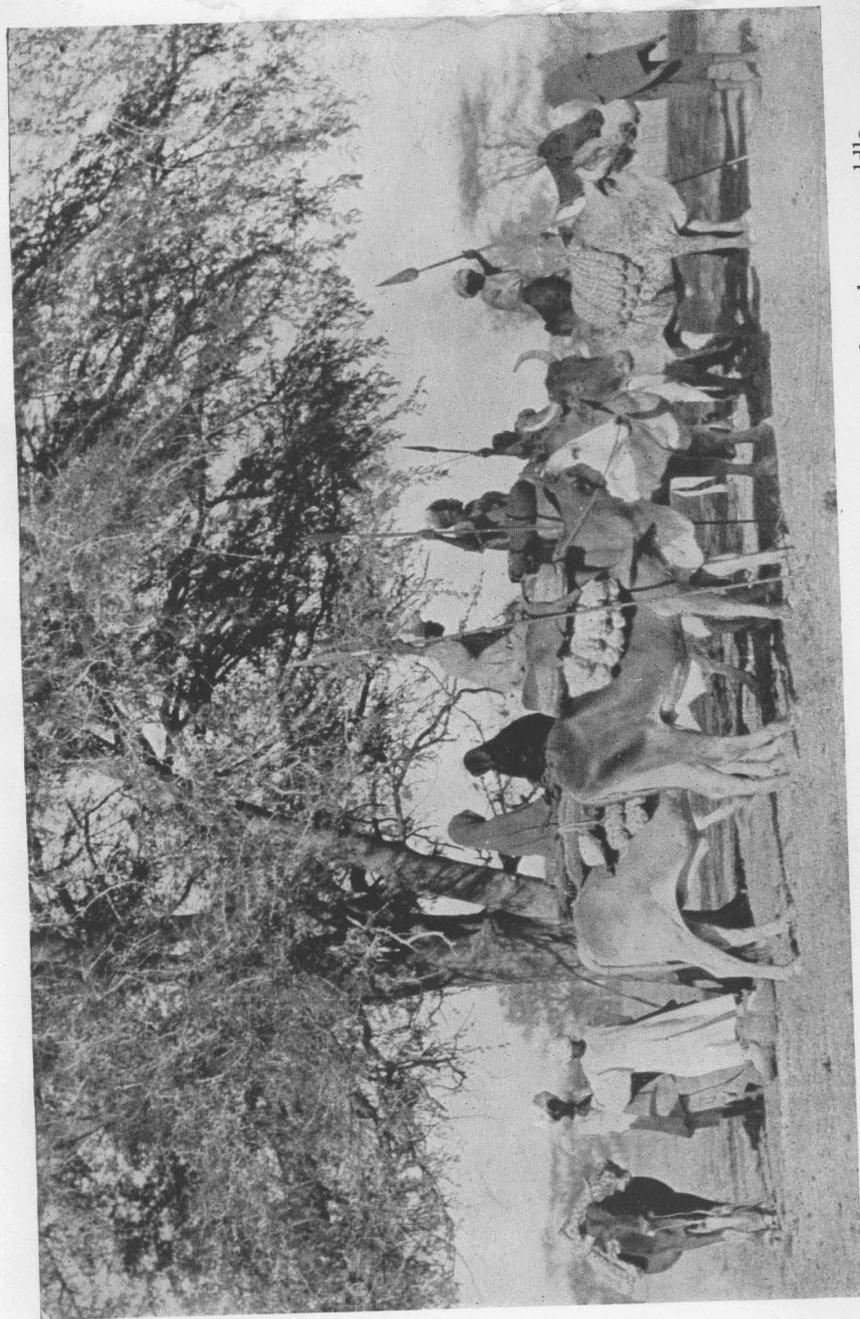
Another little story was told us which is typical of the present Governor. An Arab merchant had entered the Nuer country in a sailing-boat. He did all kinds of business and eventually sailed on secretly, but with a girl to whom he had taken a fancy, without paying any bride-price as the custom of the land demands. The natives brought an action against him at Malakal and the Governor compelled the merchant to submit to the jurisdiction of the Nuer and pay the fine, in the shape of several cows, which the Sheikh imposed upon him.



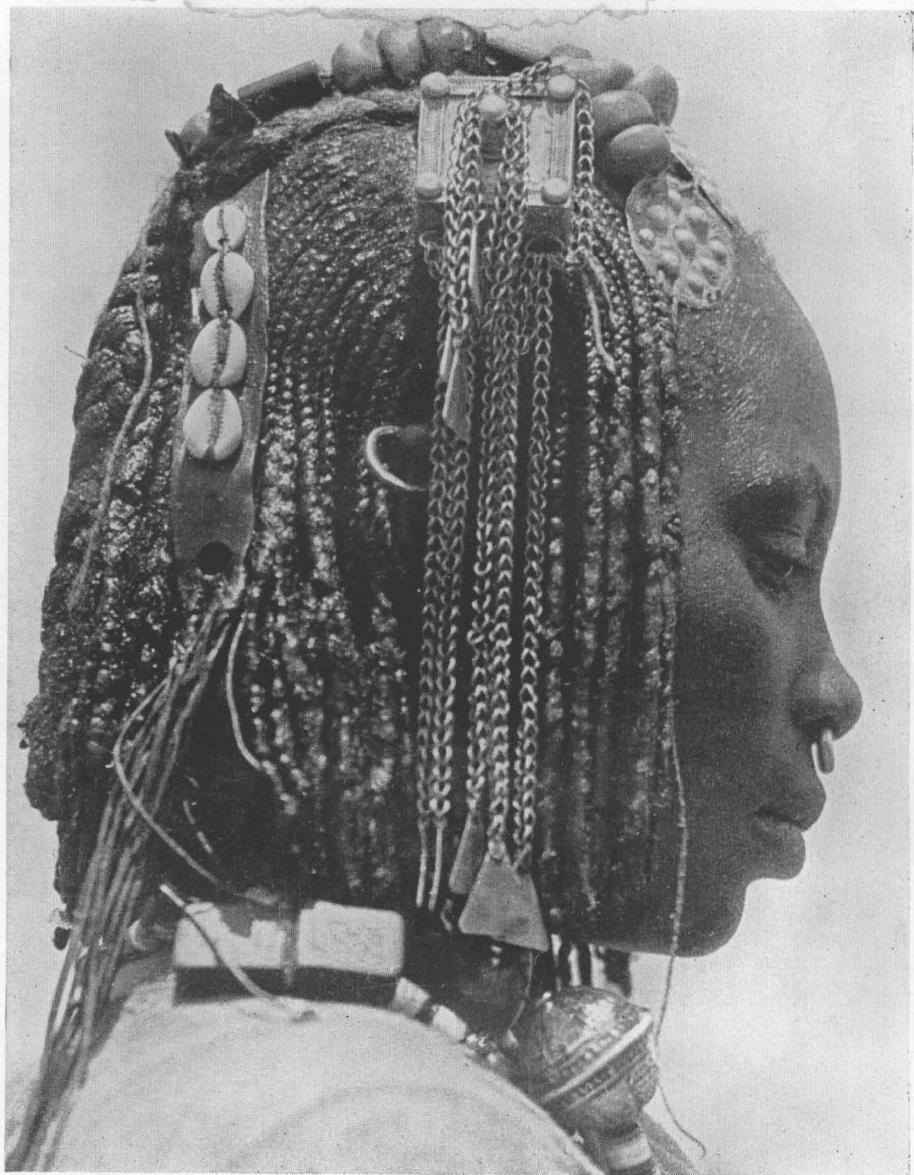
106. Nuba jester with a marabou skull on his head.



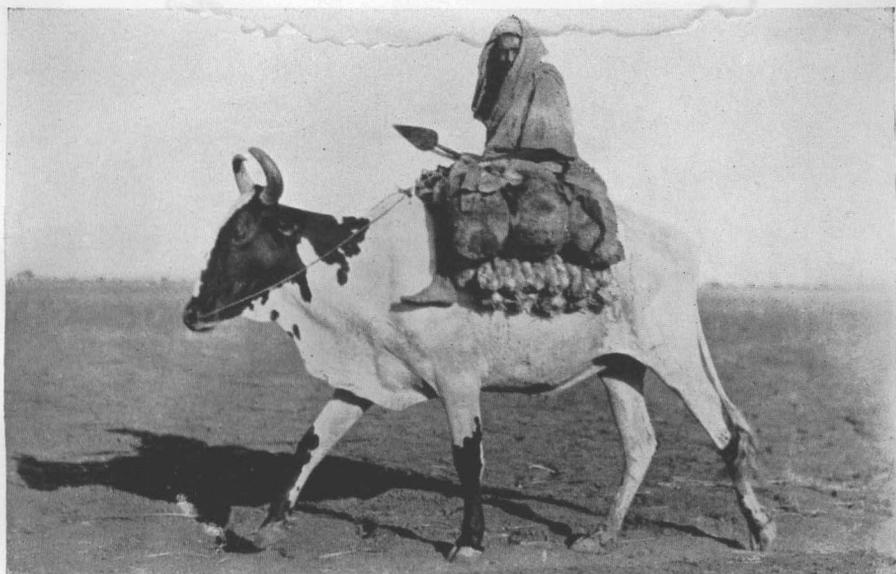
107. Arab riding sports near Talodi. The riders wear ancient wrought-chain shirts.



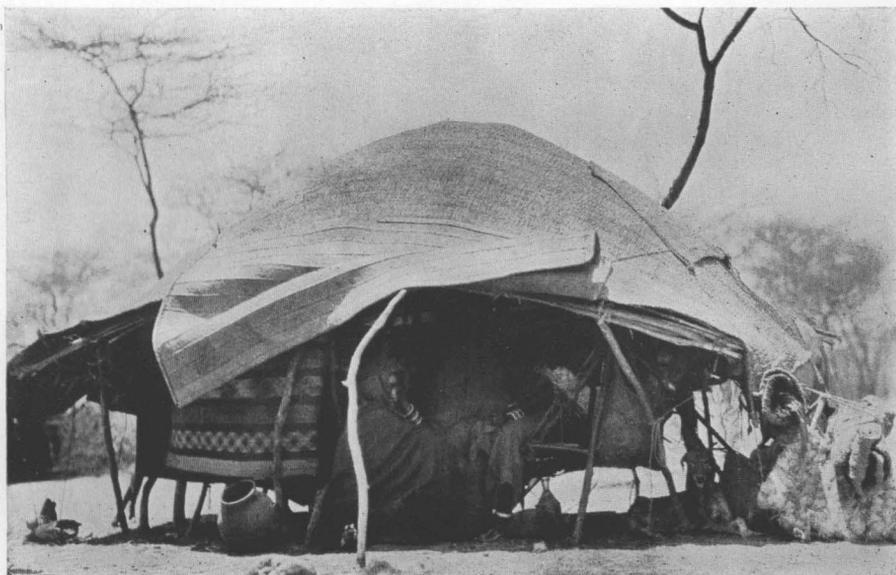
108. Aulad Hamid Arabs under an acacia. They ride cattle with a broad straw saddle.



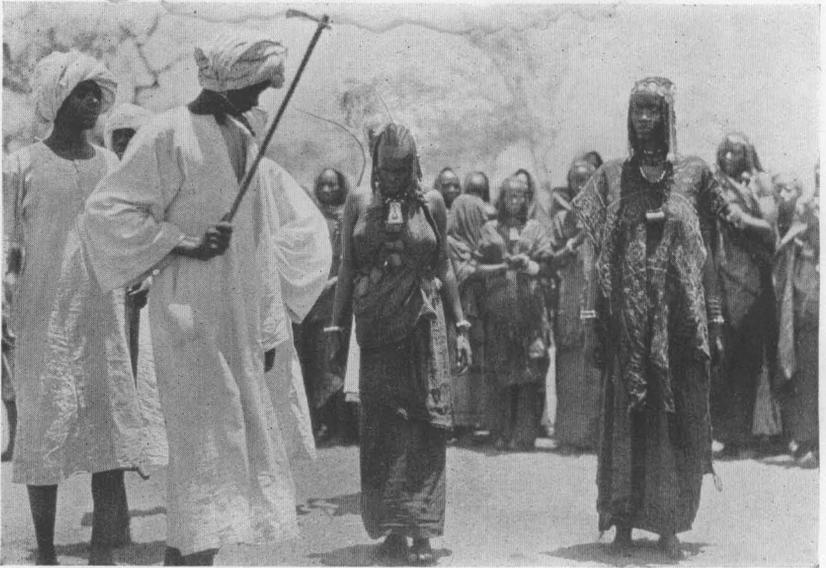
109. Aulad Hamid girl with valuable head ornaments of gold, silver, amber and cowrie shells.



110. An Aulad Hamid warrior on his steed.



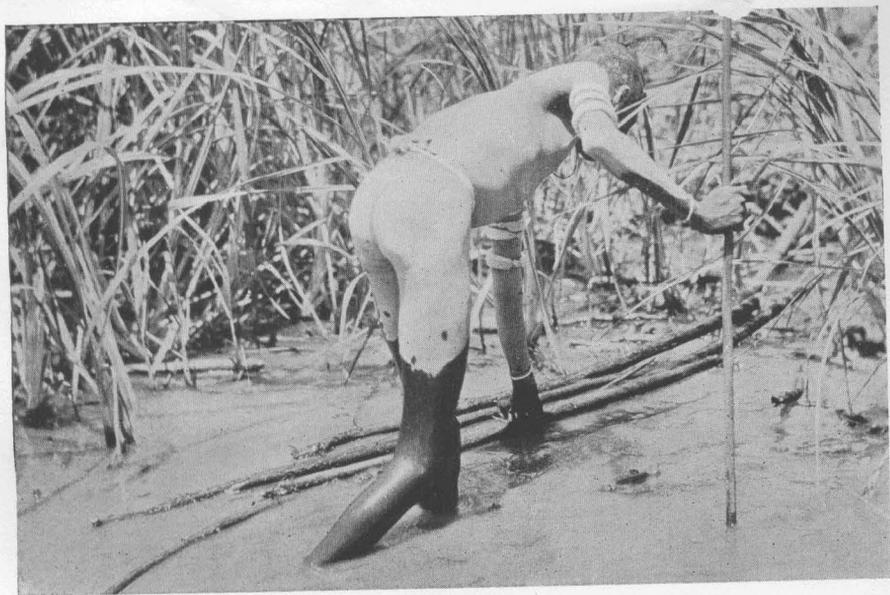
111. Tent of Aulad Hamid Arabs, consisting of a framework of poles with fine, woven palm-leaf mats stretched across them, some of them beautifully painted in various colours.



112. Aulad Hamid dance.



113. Aulad Hamid Arab women making themselves up for the dance. They are not veiled like the Sudanese. The dresses are of heavy silk, the ornaments of precious metals, ivory and ostrich feathers.



114. Nuer and Dinka rub themselves with wood ash as a protection against gnat stings. The legs of the Dinka who has stepped into the water now look like black boots.



115. Northern Dinka. The warrior Shau Maik has taken the spear-head off the shaft and is using it as a knife.



116. The last Dinka warrior stands with his thin legs on a termite hill and gazes after our disappearing boat.

We go on. The sun sets, blood red, and the silhouettes of the tall trees are mirrored black and gloomy in the water. In addition there is a *murrah* of the Shilluk! A large camp fire throws its gleam far and wide. Heaps of dried cowdung are smoking. The blue smoke creeps over the ground and envelops man and beast in an undulating mantle which contrasts strangely with the firmament. The outlines of heads and spears are alone visible. The first quarter of the waxing moon shines in the sky. Ahead of us stands the Pole Star. We are travelling northwards.

One night we hear crashing on the bank. "A hippo," says Machulka. "If not an elephant," I answer in fun. The noise increases. We take our glasses and clearly recognise some twenty large elephants which have come to the Nile to quench their thirst. The white ivory glistens in the moonlight. Some of the huge creatures have climbed the slope of the bank and are waving their mighty heads from side to side. Every minute one of them lifts his trunk and sniffs. Although everything is silent on board, they are soon aware of us; a barely noticeable breath of air is blowing towards the bank. All at once the crashing ceases and the herd quietly collects. The animals stand stock-still as if lost in thought. Then the leader begins to wander slowly towards the wood. Without a sound, though they are treading on dry, brittle grass, the herd follows in a long train. Looking like ghosts they disappear silently with swaying steps.

Another disappointment! The nomad Arabs have not stopped at Kaka but gone far into Northern Kordofan. We have given up hope of seeing cattle riders, the Arab *bagara*, when a merchant brings news that the Nazir of the Aulad Hamid happens to be a guest at a *ferik* (camp) of his tribe. The Aulad Hamid are a large tribe which once upon a time migrated from Arabia into the Sudan and were ruled by powerful Sultans. The leaders of the tribe still have great influence and the Government actually puts

policemen at their disposal. The present head Prince of the Aulad Hamid is El Rhadi Kambal Nazir el Aulad Hamid, and it is to him that the merchant is going to take us. The *ferik* lies about thirty miles from Kaka on the ancient caravan route to Rashad. There are several wells there. Wild boars are said to have shown people the water and the place was therefore named Id el Haluf (swine's ground water). All the caravans are obliged to make a halt there, and it is at such places that one has a chance of gaining some insight into the character of the people. Our way leads across wooded steppe and a number of guinea-fowl and gazelles cross our path. Once at the well, we find a caravan of cattle just about to go further (Fig. 108). Each animal carries a saddle with a thick straw covering to which the packs are buckled, and high on top the riders sit enthroned (Fig. 110). Several pretty, fair-skinned Arab girls are among them, with their hair richly ornamented (Fig. 109). The *ferik* lies not far from the well. As we arrive the women all disappear into the large, flat tents (Fig. 111). A fence of thorn surrounds the camp in a wide circle. The Nazir comes towards us with great dignity, accompanied by the elders of the *ferik*. Among his followers are pure Arab types. The next thing is to pull oneself together and try to return the overwhelming Arab politeness. First of all the Prince embraces our guide. They were friends in youth and belong to the same tribe. Then it is our turn. The hand is given several times, being laid on the breast between-whiles, and I reel off the five Arab formulas of greeting that I have painfully learnt. Then come the dignitaries. A full half-hour is spent exchanging the first courtesies. Meanwhile two seats have been brought. Carpets are spread upon them and Machulka and I take our places opposite the Nazir and the merchant. We proceed with the etiquette. At first we must conceal the purpose of our visit: custom and decency demand it. All group themselves unconstrainedly in three circles according to rank in

order to hear the conversation. The innermost circle is composed of the Nazir, his friend and ourselves, the two *kawaga*. Behind us some twenty persons of position squat on the ground, and outside them the poorer people and the slaves. The women are inquisitive and try to watch us from the tents. After we have inquired after the health of the Nazir and his tribe, I express a rather obvious interest in cattle-breeding and hope that the rain will come. The Nazir in return asks after the motor-car, our journey and so forth. It transpires that we are the first *kawaga*, apart from the English inspectors, whom he has met in his land. After a great deal of palaver we at last come to the point of our visit. The Nazir is most accommodating and promises that the girls shall dance the following day. We offer a sheep as a present. Next morning at eight we are to come again.

On our way there we overtake a caravan winding tortuously through a thorny acacia wood. At a turn of the road I halt, set up my camera and wait. Gasmasid runs busily to and fro with a long stick in his hand. We pretend to be a squad of surveyors! The trick works: the Arabs, who know nothing of filming, pass calmly and unsuspectingly on their way. We manage to use this dodge three times and then we visit the Nazir. Once again the greetings last an eternity. We learn that the girls were there at eight in the morning but have since gone home as we were delayed by photographing the caravan. We must wait. Twelve o'clock has passed when the belles appear with their partners and the drums. Most of the girls are very originally decorated (Fig. 113). It is evident that they have learnt a thing or two from the neighbouring negroes, but their dancing is poor in comparison. The remarkable rhythm in all the movements and the fine sense of tune which had compelled our admiration are utterly lacking in the Arab dancers (Fig. 112). Finally, the heat puts an end to the dance and we wander through the camp past the flat tents, which are made of closely woven mats with cloths hanging over the

entrance (Fig. 111). Women are peeping out everywhere. The Nazir leads us to some straw huts which he has erected for passing friends. Eggs and milk are brought; our host apologises for not being able to entertain us worthily as he is himself a guest here and his herds are grazing many days' journey away in the west. We enjoy a rest after the meal, then we return to the *ferik* and the leave-taking begins. My presents are brought—sugar, tea, coffee and the like. Whereas the negro Sheikhs always inspect the gifts at once and almost regularly try to get something more, the pride of the Arabs forbids any such procedure. The Nazir barely honours the presents with a glance, but expresses his thanks and assures us that had we visited his camp he would have been able to detain us for at least three weeks.

At Kaka the merchant informs us that a Dinka Sheikh and his son are prepared to show us a good buffalo ground. The two Dinka, Shau Maik and Gau Nyok, are very active and clever and set off at once to explore. They are soon back and report that both buffaloes and elephants are about.

Long before sunrise we are after the buffaloes. Two Dinka from an adjoining settlement have joined us. As our hunting ground is not famed for buffaloes, there has never been a hunting expedition here. The two negroes imagine, therefore, that they have to do with a *mufetish*. As the local Commissioner is exceptionally popular and has a complete command of the Dinka language, the people are very favourable to Europeans. In a quite exemplary manner they lead us towards the game. At first I am a little anxious because they do not follow the spoor but hurry through the wood so quickly that one can scarcely keep up. Suddenly our guides stop and point to some thick bushes. The buffaloes pass here, they say. There is no view over the country. The grass stands five feet high and is dotted with stout thorns. Dark shapes appear behind them. I have gone forward and sit motionless behind a bush. A gazelle, driven

off by the buffaloes, comes straight towards me but, catching sight of me at three yards' distance, springs away. For a moment the dusky mass in the background remains still, then crash and they are in full flight. We pursue them hour after hour. Suddenly the Dinka halt again: "The buffaloes will pass here, by this bush." Having never hunted with a European they lead me as though I were armed not with a gun, but with a spear. While I am crouching behind the bush and waiting for the buffaloes it occurs to me that they have gone with the wind the whole time. It would therefore have been useless to follow their tracks. I understand the Dinka. After a while I start up—the dark wall appears again on the other side of the bushes and moves slowly in my direction. My gun is cocked and aimed. I can distinguish the great heads with their menacing horns. Ahead of the others comes a fat old cow with horns exceptionally wide apart. The interval between us diminishes rapidly. The grass hides their flanks and I try in vain to find a bull among them. Thirty, twenty paces. The grass rustles and dry wood crackles under my weight. Twelve paces before me lies a small patch free of grass, which the leading cow now treads with upraised head. It sniffs. A noble sight, this formidable buffalo in the wilderness almost within arm's reach. A jump to one side and at once they all lift their heads and look at me. Although I do not so much as move an eyelash, they take to flight the next moment. Near as I was, I had not been able to pick out one bull; the front rank of cows had covered the animals behind them. Again the chase goes on for hours in the scorching heat. Tiang, horse antelopes and gazelles cross our path, but we hold our course undeterred with our eyes fixed on some trees on the horizon. Four hundred yards from them we pause. "Will the buffaloes come this way?" I ask. "No, they will probably want to sleep under the trees." It is quite true; barely ten minutes have passed before they show themselves in the direction indicated. We

wait a good hour and then I go forward. The ground is covered with dry grass; not a tree or a bush to screen me. At first I have to go on all-fours, then creep on my stomach over thorns and thistles, till after two hours I am fifty steps from the animals and crouching behind a tussock. Four cows are on the look-out, including my old acquaintance with the spreading horns; the others have settled down in the shade of the trees and are asleep. I lay my gun across my knee and take a rest. My heart, still weak from illness, is beating rapidly and irregularly. I wait for half an hour and then whistle. The animal has spotted me. Instantly they are all on their feet. A splendid bull stands up beside the leading cow. I raise my gun, but at the very moment when I fire, the cow turns round, covering the bull's shoulder for a fraction of a second, receives the bullet, and falls. The rest have fled a little way and are standing on a patch of dried-up grass. They gaze in surprise at the leader lying still on the ground. I have time for another shot. The bull, though hit, runs with the herd but soon drops behind and turns aside. The others stop and look at him. A second bull follows him, at first hesitatingly, then at a gallop, but the wounded one plods on slowly. The unhurt bull runs up close to him, scents in his direction and gallops back. Then the whole herd go after him, surround him and dash madly away with him in the middle of them. But the noble creatures can do nothing; their comrade is too badly injured. He is really finished. The herd wait once more, but then gallop away when they see me hurrying up. I manage to run up behind the wounded bull, which is still dragging himself along, till I am within a hundred yards of him. He notices me and stops. He turns round, raises his head and stamps with his right hoof. I advance cautiously with my gun in readiness. It is an unforgettable scene—the ferocious giant drawing himself up for battle. With bleeding eyes he attacks. But the distance is too

great and the bare ground a handicap. My bullet finishes him. He jumps once or twice, then collapses and a deep bellow announces the approach of death. It is all over. Genuine regret seizes me as I stand beside his carcass. How much rather would I have photographed him! Unfortunately in this country so overrun with grass it is out of the question. The buffalo is a capital specimen, quite old, with huge horns covered with resin like those of old deer at home. We now proceed to skin the animal. I return with one guide to the cattle pen to inform the Dinka, while the other three keep watch by the booty. We are fiercely punished for going without water-bottles. We have pushed on much further into the interior than we had intended and the water-bags are empty. This return journey over scorching, cracked ground in the terrible heat, without water, fagged out and scratched, is something I shall never forget. Even the Dinka drags one foot laboriously after the other. The hours go by with maddening slowness before we at last reach the village, quite done in and indifferent to everything. They bring us a *burma* (round vessel) holding some five quarts of bitter, foul-tasting water and we empty it greedily. Then we stumble painfully to the boat while the natives go off to fetch the heads, skins and meat of the booty. That night we rest from our exertions and in the morning visit the Dinka village. It consists of but one cattle pen and a few *tukul* for the herdsmen. The tribe live in the interior and the young men drive the cattle to the Nile during the dry season when the water evaporates in the khors. Although we are in the village by sunrise, the cattle are already away. The ropes are hanging on pegs and only sheep and goats are reposing in the enclosure. Whereas the Nuer and the Shilluk leave their cattle till eight o'clock in the pen and only drive them to graze after they have been milked, the Dinka do the opposite. The cattle are let out before sunrise. Only the calves remain

tied up, so that they shall not be able to drink the milk. Towards nine the herd comes back. The cows are now milked and later driven out again to graze. The Dinka, like the Nuer, blow for all they are worth into the anus and vagina of the cows which have no calves but are still expected to give milk. It is an odd sight.

The evening is drawing on when a small troop of Dinka warriors appear and deliver buffalo heads and skins. The meat is distributed. We then go on to Meshrah Zeraf. During the afternoon the sky blackens over in a threatening manner. Heavy storms are hanging in the north and west. Towards evening the wind freshens and veers to the east. During the night the storm breaks. Happily the water at the landing-place is deep enough for the boats to be tied fast to the bank, or the storm would have driven us on land. Suddenly the wind drops. In the bright light of the moon we see a black wall approaching. Sheet lightning flashes unceasingly from it. A thick white mist is bearing down upon us before the dark wall. All at once the storm rips this veil in shreds and scatters it. The glare of the lightning reveals a mass of white foam advancing. It is the waves of the Nile, whipped up by the hurricane and threatening to engulf us. We are in the grip of a typhoon, such as often occurs here at this time of year. Then farewell boats and equipment; we cannot hope to do more than escape with our bare lives. Now it is upon us. In the tumult of the elements not a word can be heard. The storm catches the boat broadside and lifts us on to the land. Although it struck the Nile laterally and the water is therefore not so furiously churned up as it might have been, one wave after another breaks over us. Foam and spray lash the roof of the wooden cabin. A cloud-burst opens its sluices. The cabin looks like being carried away. The heavy *nuger* is tossed about like a rowing-boat on the swell of the North Sea. Everyone hangs on to the beams, shivering with

cold. Clad in my bathing drawers I go to see after the two little boats. The tempest is still so violent that I have to clutch the rigging with all my strength. The rowing-boat has sunk, the little sailing-boat is full and the gaff broken. The petrol tins are just visible above the water. It is now or never. By straining every nerve we at last succeed in saving the boat with its precious cargo. The storm rages the whole night long. A dull morning dawns. Heavy rain-clouds are still hanging low. The wind is too wild for us to sail, and in any case we have our hands full to repair the damage. Although no one has had a wink of sleep we are all in good spirits after surviving the danger. The men sing and bandy jokes. Some Dinka have come to pay us a farewell visit. One has been hunting the crocodiles with his spear and, after quenching his thirst, busies himself in the water. His legs, washed clean of the white wood ash, look like black boots (Fig. 114). Before long the wind lessens and regretfully I watch the hunting ground with the tall figures of the Dinka disappearing on the horizon (Fig. 116).

The storm has ushered in the rainy season and a stiff south wind carries the boat before it at a great speed. Everywhere the abdim storks are beginning to build their nests (Fig. 81). We are still in the Bagara country. A small island in the middle of the Nile induces us to make a short halt. In an airy *zeriba* made of *um suf* I wait with my cameras for the birds which had thronged the island the evening before, and hardly is the sun up when numerous small ducks arrive together with spoonbills. Later on pelicans and several kinds of stork join them, then an Egyptian goose in company with an Egyptian ibis. Once again I am the happy observer of an unforgettable idyll on the mud bank. The birds hunt, preen themselves, look for food and seem to exchange news. From the other side come crocodiles. Slowly and carefully they approach, climb

out on the bank and sun themselves with their jaws wide open. Sandpipers and stork-stilts play around them. The little creatures are no more frightened of the terrifying jaws than are the Nessyt storks which look for their food in the mud shoulder to shoulder with the crocodiles. Some of these bold pygmies even run about on the giants as though they were logs. My time is unfortunately limited and I can hardly give more than two hours to the charming idyll. I come out of my hiding-place. The birds rise screaming and the crocodiles disappear. Here and there something black and narrow peeps out of the water: they have their eyes on the disturber of their peace.

After various adventures, such as cloud-bursts and sandstorms, we reach Khartoum. My expedition is over. The train conveys me rapidly towards the north. At my side sits a young Frenchman who tells me something of his life. He is returning prematurely from an expedition. Relatives hand in hand with "good business friends" have taken advantage of his absence to rob him of his good name and position in industrial concerns that he himself had founded. He is hurrying northwards to give and demand an account. "Can you imagine a negro capable of such shabbiness?" he asks emphatically. "Mais voyez, ça c'est l'Europe." I am forced to agree that I too often prefer all the unpleasantness and dangers of Africa to dealings with some civilised people. But what is the use of such reflections? The burdensome, acquisitive labours of a European will soon have drawn me back into their eddy.

I have spent many months far away from European culture in union with the vivacious members of those tribes whom we, over-civilised as we are, call primitive. The charm of such a life is great. I have hardly set foot in Egypt when I begin to feel homesick for my handsome, long, thin Nuer friends' cry of greeting: "Gari-Gari." It rings in my ear like the ancient cry of the wilderness.

The train thunders over a bridge. Far below me I see

for the last time the sluggish water of the Bahr el Azrak flowing slowly and irresistibly northwards. *Whoever has drunk the water of the Nile returns*, runs the age-old proverb. Shall I ever again see the Sudan, that land of peace whose broiling sun can kill indeed, but can also miraculously heal the mind and soul?

