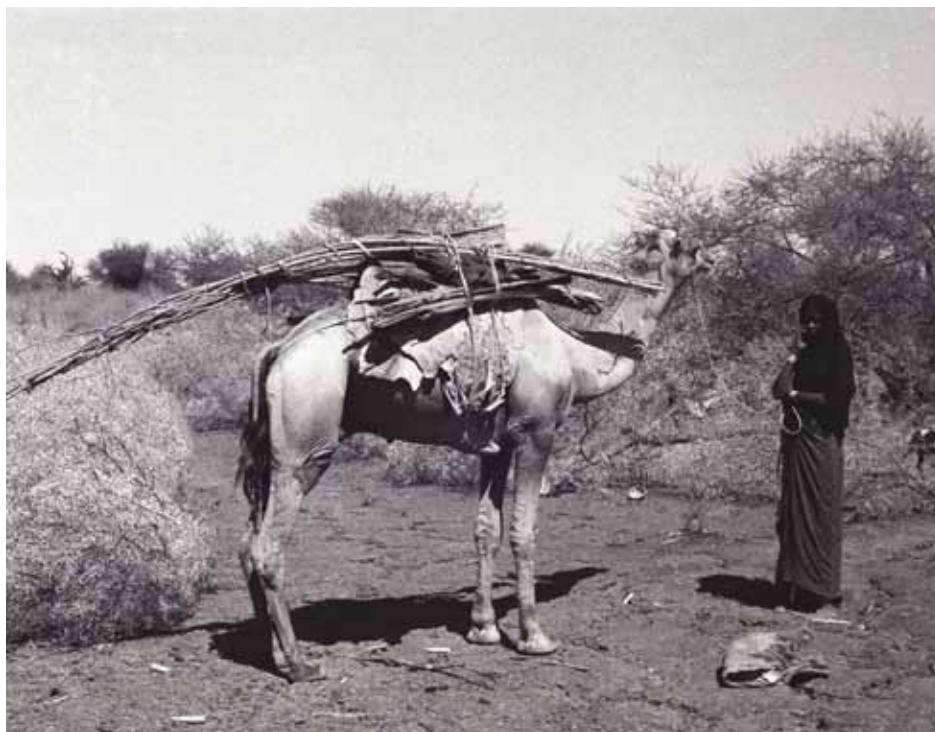


IN PURSUIT OF AFAR NOMADS

GLYNN FLOOD'S WORK JOURNAL AND LETTERS FROM THE FIELD, 1973–1975

[Edited by Maknun Ashami, Jean Lydall and Michèle Flood]



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MAX PLANCK INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY
DEPARTMENT 'INTEGRATION AND CONFLICT'
FIELD NOTES AND RESEARCH PROJECTS XXI

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SERIES EDITOR'S PREFACE

(GÜNTHER SCHLEE)

ABOUT THE SERIES

This series of *Field Notes and Research Projects* does not aim to compete with high-impact, peer-reviewed books and journal articles, which are the main ambition of scholars seeking to publish their research. Rather, contributions to this series complement such publications. They serve a number of different purposes.

In recent decades, anthropological publications have often been purely discursive – that is, they have consisted only of words. Often, pictures, tables, and maps have not found their way into them. In this series, we want to devote more space to visual aspects of our data.

Data are often referred to in publications without being presented systematically. Here, we want to make the paths we take in proceeding from data to conclusions more transparent by devoting sufficient space to the documentation of data.

In addition to facilitating critical evaluation of our work by members of the scholarly community, stimulating comparative research within the institute and beyond, and providing citable references for books and articles in which only a limited amount of data can be presented, these volumes serve an important function in retaining connections to field sites and in maintaining the involvement of the people living there in the research process. Those who have helped us to collect data and provided us with information can be given these books and booklets as small tokens of our gratitude and as tangible evidence of their cooperation with us. When the results of our research are sown in the field, new discussions and fresh perspectives might sprout.

Especially in their electronic form, these volumes can also be used in the production of power points for teaching; and, as they are open-access and free of charge, they can serve an important public outreach function by arousing interest in our research among members of a wider audience.

PREFACE

(MICHÈLE FLOOD)

Sometimes people have asked me: “Why are you still so hypersensitive about Glynn when, after all, you only shared five years of his life?”

How can I ever explain? When Glynn was so savagely killed time became vertical for me.

The few years we spent together in Ethiopia were a complete upheaval in my life. I arrived in Addis Ababa as the youngest teacher at the Lycée Guebre Mariam; I got married; had a child; experienced absolutely fulfilling emotions as regards the country, the people, and life altogether; and immediately this was followed by total chaos.

Glynn and I were introduced to the Afar at the same time:

- in Addis Ababa through Sultan Ali Mirah’s family, whose eldest son, Aydahis, entrusted me with first one and then another of his sons, young Ali Mirah aged 7 and Hanfare aged 4;
- in Asaita, where we were guests at the Sultan’s Bogaytu guesthouse, while exploring the area and visiting cotton farms.

Glynn eventually met Hummad, at whose camp he was finally able to do serious fieldwork. Conditions were hard: heat, drought, illnesses – tuberculosis, malaria, brucellosis – which he was not adequately equipped to combat. He got ill with malaria and brucellosis, nearly died of the latter, but was determined to carry on undeterred. He learnt the Afar language, which he began to turn into a written language, and developed a passion for his work and the people he was studying, and for whom he developed a deep feeling of responsibility.

My teacher’s salary, which was our only regular source of income, was far from being sufficient; Glynn’s grant was much too small, and by the time he had bought basic equipment – camera, tent, tape recorder – we had to live on Aydahis’ generosity.

When the Ethiopian revolution started in 1974, things became more confusing, although we hoped a new and better era was on its way. But when Col. Mengistu¹ came to power after the brutal execution of the appointed chairman of the Derg, Aman Andom, and 60 prisoners from the Ancien Régime in November 1974, it became quite impossible to stay. Glynn, however, insisted on first trying to recover his materials – equipment and, more importantly, field notes, photos and recordings, which were still in the field. But, it was already too late.

It took me about 40 years to learn how to survive it all. I fled across the world, and only many years after settling down in France, was I able to open

¹ Mengistu Haile Mariam became leader of a military junta, called the Derg, which overthrew the Imperial Regime of Haile Selassie.

the trunk which contained what Glynn had previously brought back home: field notes, work journal, letters, photos, dried plants ... The shock was so brutal that it made me ill, even though I was in the presence of my friends, Jean and Ivo Strecker, who had come to visit me. The idea was to pass all the documents on to the Max Planck Institute for Social Anthropology where Günther Schlee had agreed to receive them.

In September 2013, I wrote a letter to Günther letting him know that I was entrusting Jean Lydall-Strecker with Glynn's materials. I also insisted that Maknun Ashami be involved in deciding how to make best use of the documents. Jean and Maknun were close friends of Glynn in Ethiopia, and Jean as an anthropologist working in Ethiopia, and Maknun as an Afar with a doctorate on 'The Political Economy of the Afar Region of Ethiopia', seemed the most relevant and reliable persons for the job.

Jean and Maknun have now done a thorough job of classifying, selecting and organizing these precious documents, which remain relevant not only for students of Afar pastoralism, but also for the study of fieldwork conditions and methodology.

I would like to pay special tribute to Professor Günther Schlee and the Max Plank Institute for Social Anthropology in Halle (Saale), without whom this work would not have been possible.

INTRODUCTION

JEAN LYDALL

GLYNN FLOOD'S ESTATE

The origin of this volume can be traced back to a conversation I had with Günther Schlee in 2013 when travelling by car from Addis Ababa to Jinka in Ethiopia. We discussed whether large-scale irrigation schemes were more or less productive than the pastoralist economies they frequently displace. Günther mentioned recent research in the Awash Valley, undertaken by Behnke and Kerven, which suggested that pastoralism was at least as productive as cotton and sugar plantations (see Behnke and Kerven 2013). I pointed out that this echoed Glynn Flood's opinion as expressed in his article 'Nomadism & its Future: The 'Afar'', which he wrote as a doctoral student in November 1974 while doing research in the Lower Awash Valley (see Flood 1975). Günther, who had not seen Glynn's article, wanted to know more about his work. I explained that he lost his life when caught up in a conflict between the Afar and government forces in June 1975. We then wondered whether his widow, Michèle Flood, would consider coming to the Max Planck Institute for Social Anthropology to talk about Glynn's fieldwork. But when we asked her, Michèle declined, offering Glynn's ethnographic material instead, which she had taken care of for almost forty years. She wanted it to be archived and made available for scholars to use in their research.

So it came about that, in the Autumn of 2013, I set off with my husband and fellow anthropologist, Ivo Strecker, to visit our dear friend Michèle at her home near Toulouse in France, in order to pick up Glynn's ethnographic estate and bring it to the MPI in Halle. Michèle opened the trunk with Glynn's field notes, journals, photos, pressed plants, letters etc. and spread them out carefully on a large table. She explained that the many tape recordings Glynn had made were missing, as were the last field notes and journals he had hoped to fetch from Asaita in June 1975.

Once Ivo and I started to read the letters, journals and field notes, we couldn't stop – Glynn's presence was vivid, emanating from his handwritten texts and diagrams. Glynn had not used notebooks, but large loose leafed pages, which were either lined or checked. The journal entries were in one folder. The field notes, in two folders, were arranged under sections such as kinship, tribal structure, ecology etc. On the top left-hand side of each page he recorded the name(s) of the informant(s) and place of recording, in the middle the main theme of the note, and on the right-hand side the date of recording. For example:

°Ali, boqaytu THE WEANING OF CHILDREN 5.11.73

Finally, we packed everything into a large leather travelling bag, except the letters Glynn had written to Michèle, and the pressed plants, which were in a condition too delicate to be moved.

Michèle gave me the authority to do what I thought fit with Glynn's material, and insisted that Glynn's important Afar friend, Maknun Ashami, be involved in all decisions about how to archive the material.

When we brought Glynn's ethnographic estate to Günther Schlee, he quickly recognized it's worth, and invited Maknun and myself to Halle, not simply to archive Glynn's work, but more importantly to produce a volume for the *Field Notes and Research Projects* (Series) of his Department 'Integration and Conflict', which would allow scholars to follow Glynn's scrutiny of 'development' in the Afar case, as well being useful for teaching fieldwork methodology, and providing invaluable data for the analysis of Afar nomadism, an understanding of which would play a decisive role in Afar lands of the future.

GLYNN FLOOD'S ARCHIVE

The first job we faced was to scan and index the hand written and drawn documents, and the photographic slides and negatives. Armin Pippel of the IT department was very helpful in organizing the job of scanning, which was done by a student volunteer. As and when they were scanned, Maknun and I drew up indexes for the work journal and letters, field notes and writings, and photographs. Apart from the photographs, these indexes and PDF scans are accessible for reading both on-line and on the accompanying CD in two documents: GlynnFlood_Journal_Letters_1973to1975 (GFJL), and Glynn-Flood_Fieldnotes_Writings_1973to1975 (GFFNW). References to particular journal, letter or field note entries are indicated by their scan identification number(s), for example the letter Glynn wrote to Prof. Ioan Lewis is referred to as GFJL 262–277.

GLYNN FLOOD'S BOOK

Initially, Maknun and I thought of having one volume divided into two parts. The provisional title was: Ethnographic fieldwork in Afar, Ethiopia, in a time of land struggle, drought, and war, 1973–1975.

The first part was to consist of a historical contextualization based on the doctoral dissertation of Maknun Ashami (see Ashami 1985), and an account of Glynn's fieldwork experience derived from his journals and letters.

The second part was to consist of annotated samples of Glynn's field notes and photographs under the headings: The Sultanate; Tribal Structure; Kinship and Marriage; sa[°]al/ma[°]anda relationship (letters to Ioan Lewis and Dick Hayward); Ecology; a selection of photographs and hand-drawn maps.

When it came to selecting parts of the work journal, however, we found it impossible to decide what not to include. Everything was of interest, wheth-

er it had to do with Glynn's personal health, his progress in learning Afar language, the people and places he got to know, events he observed, etc. etc. It was clearly a valuable source for anthropologists studying Afar culture, or those interested in fieldwork experience and methodology, as well as social historians, ecologists and medics etc. So we decided we needed two volumes, one devoted to the entire work journal and letters from the field, the other to a selection of field notes and photos.

Because Glynn used very small, tightly written, handwriting, it was impossible to reproduce the original documents to fit the format of the Field Notes Series. Everything had to be typed up. I undertook the fascinating, if time consuming, task of typing up the work journal and letters, while Manuela Pusch (MPI) typed up a number of selected field notes. Manuela was also very helpful in checking the work journal when I had typed it up. Meanwhile, Maknun was busy writing the historical chapter.

When it came to the genealogical charts that Glynn had so carefully drawn, we found we could neither type them up, nor reproduce them in the given book format. What to do? The answer was simple, the second volume could be abandoned because all field notes would be accessible, along with the work journal and letters, in their original form on an accompanying CD (Glynn Flood's Archive), and a selection of photos could be included in the first, and now only, volume: 'In Pursuit of Afar Nomads: Glynn Flood Work Journal and Letters from the Field, 1973–1975'.

It took a long time to complete the book, with Maknun and me making several visits to work in Halle, and Michèle joining us there one time. Many people at the institute helped us on our way, especially Viktoria Giehler-Zeng and Viola Stanisch, and last but not least, Robert Dobslaw, who turned our documents into the orderly book you now see.

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ORTHOGRAPHIC NOTE

Amongst Glynn Flood's papers we came across the following undated notes on transcription. Glynn adopted the phonetic transcription used by Richard (Dick) Hayward, a linguist who later became professor at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London, and had done research on the Afar language in 1967 and 1971. Hayward shared his linguistic material with Glynn, who in return collected linguistic data for Dick when he reached Ethiopia in 1973.

NOTES ON THE TRANSCRIPTION. (AFTER DICK HAYWARD)

[GFFNW 185–186]

VOWELS.

a	low central unrounded vowel
e	mid front unrounded vowel
i	high front unrounded vowel
o	mid back rounded vowel
u	high back rounded vowel

CONSONANTS

b	as in english
k	as in english
d	voiced dental unaspirated stop
f	as in english
g	as in english
h	as in english
l	as in english
m	as in english
n	as in english
r	voiced alveolar flap
s	as in english
t	unvoiced dental aspirated stop
w	as in english
y	as in english
°	voiced pharyngeal fricative
H	unvoiced pharyngeal fricative
D	voiced alveo-palatal retroflex stop

D d r are interchangeable in some words, reflecting dialect differences.

e.g.	<i>ma[°]andá</i>	–	Aussa dialect
	<i>ma[°]andDá</i>	–	Thio dialect
son	<i>bára</i>	–	Aussa dialect
	<i>báDa</i>	–	Thio dialect

The diacritic ´ above a vowel signifies stress and/or high tone.

All consonants can geminate except for ° H according to Dick. Parker and Colby say that °° and HH do occur (Thio dialect).

EDITORS' TRANSCRIPTION, TRANSLATIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

When typing up Glynn's handwritten documents, we used exactly the same spelling he had used. The only exception was the voiced pharyngeal fricative, which Glynn wrote variously as ε, ° or ʿ. In most cases we used the symbol ° that is standard for the Field Notes Series.

It should be noted that Glynn used the following shorthand forms:

tho' for 'though'

thro' for 'through'

∴ for 'therefore'

c. for 'approximately'

+ for 'with' or 'and'

Glynn often changed his spelling of the same word, sometimes even within one entry, for example, the name Siraj which he wrote siraj, sira:j, or siraa:j. What was evident was that Glynn wrote the Afar words phonetically as he heard them being spoken, but sometimes the same term or name was pronounced differently by different people, or by the same persons in different contexts.

Because Hayward* used capital letters for the special sounds D and H, Glynn generally avoided using capital letters for proper names, other than those beginning with D or H, even when a name appeared at the beginning of a sentence, for example, 'baDa°o and his son °ali came this morning'.

We italicized all Afar and non-English words except the names of people and places. We decided to italicize the names of clans, sub-clans and kinship terms.

Maknun's English translations of Afar words and phrases are enclosed in square ochre brackets □, as are Jean's annotations. Brackets used in Glynn's original text are represented by rounded black brackets (), so as to distinguish them from the editors' annotations and translations.

* In fact, in Hayward's article 'The segmental phonemes of 'Afar' in the *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*, University of London, Vol. XXXVII, Part 2, 1974, a copy of which we found in Glynn's estate, Hayward used ḍ and ḥ rather than D and H.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LOWER AWASH VALLEY UP TO JUNE 1975

MAKNUN ASHAMI

The aim of this chapter is to provide a brief history of the Lower Awash Valley and, in particular, the Sultanate of Awsa, up to the time when Glynn Flood started to do ethnographic fieldwork, and for the period of his fieldwork from 1973 to June 1975. The following section draws upon my earlier work on the Awash, in particular my doctoral thesis, *The Political Economy of the Afar Region of Ethiopia: A Dynamic Periphery* (Ashami 1985), which examined the response of semi-nomadic Afar pastoralists and agro-pastoralists to the expansion of agricultural capitalism in the Awash Valley.

The Afar are known by different names. The Arabs call them ‘Danakil’ – derived from the name of the Dankali clan who live in Beyul, and who were known as traders in the Arab world. This name emerged in the writings of the Arab geographer Ibn Said in the 13th century (see Lewis 1969; Conti Rossini 1937; Franchetti 1930). ‘Danakil’ is used by Arabs and Ethiopians. The Amhara call them ‘Adal’. The Somali call them ‘Udali’. The people concerned call themselves ‘Afar’.

The Afar inhabit a very large area in the Horn of Africa known as the Afar Triangle. It lies in the Rift Valley and is bordered on the west by the eastern escarpment of the Abyssinian central highland/plateau. The Red Sea forms the north-eastern boundary of the triangle. The Buri peninsula defines the northern most border of Afar territory, while the Addis Ababa-Djibuti railway marks the southern-most fringe.

As a result of the colonial scramble for territories in the Horn of Africa, the Afar nation was divided and made part of three countries: Eritrea, Djibouti and Ethiopia. The Afar are mainly semi-nomadic pastoralists, and some practice fishing, trade and salt farming in the Red Sea region. In the lower Awash Valley, and particularly in the Awash Delta, some Afar have practiced agriculture for many generations.

At the time when Glynn undertook fieldwork from 1973–1975, there were no census data available for the Afar population, but he estimated there were ‘some 150,000 Afar pastoralists and their animals in the southern two-thirds of Afar territory’ (Flood 1975: 5). In the 2007 Ethiopian census the total population for the Afar Region was estimated at 1,390,273, of whom 409,123 were classified as pastoralists, that is ‘people who are wandering from place to place in search of grass and water for their animals’ (Central Statistical Agency 2010: 5).

Our main focus here is the Afar Sultanate of Awsa in the Lower Awash Valley. The average amount of annual rainfall for the lower basin is 710 mm. This rises to 1,000 mm in the upper valley, and falls to 215 mm in the lower plains. The average temperature at 1,500 feet in the lower plains is estimated at 29°C, and 10,000 feet on the plateau at 13.5°C. Thus, in the Awash basin, as elsewhere in Ethiopia, altitude is one of the major factors determining climate conditions. According to a survey (FAO-UNDP 1965) conducted between 1961 and 1964, the Valley can be divided into three parts:

1. The Upper Valley (the first 300 km of the river's course)
2. The Middle Valley (a length of 650 kms)
3. The Lower Plains/Valley (the last 250 kms)

Each of these parts differs in climate and vegetation, altitude being a very important factor affecting both temperature and rainfall (Mesfin 1964: 19).

THE LEGEND OF HARAL MAHIS

Mythology and legends are important features of Afar history. One of these legends is that of Haral Mahis (Chailley 1980: 15–17). The story of Haral Mahis (also written Hadal Mahis) goes back a very long time, and yet it is still remembered and widely accepted. The reasons for its persistence and importance are twofold. It attributes a common ancestor to the ruling lineages that comprise the five major Sultanates: the Sultanate of Awsa and the chiefdom of Badhu in the Middle Awash (Moodayto); the Sultanate of Biru/Griffo (Damoohoyta); the Sultanates of Tadjoura, Rahayta and Gobad (Adali). It also attributes Arab ancestry to those who claim descent from Haral Mahis. The story points out that a certain Arab sheikh, who became known as Haral Mahis, appeared one morning on a branch of a tree in a place known as Demaho near Tadjoura. He was found by Ali Ablis who belonged to the Hadarmo tribe of whom he later became an ancestor. Some stories suggest that the appearance was the work of Ali Ablis, who they say was interested in fomenting a revolt against Denkih Yakami, the king of Ankala, who had become king of Afar and oppressed his subjects. The king tried to get the sheikh to come down but the sheikh insisted that he would only do so if the king stopped oppressing his people. The king agreed, and Haral Mahis came down from the tree (Franchetti 1930: 233). The king gave him his daughter in marriage and they had a son who became known as Haral Mahis or Kutub le Omar. Omar is a proper name and Kutub le means 'he has books'. The attribution of a book is significant. Does this imply that this was the start of the Islamisation of the Afar? The young Haral Mahis is said to have destroyed the Ankala kingdom, and his descendants became the rulers of the Afar. The legend pointed to Haral Mahis as having three sons. These were Adali (said to be *sa'al*, the eldest and senior-most brother), Modaile Ibrahim and Sambolakuli (see genealogy of Haral Mahis below). Adali's descendants established the Sultanates of Tadjoura, Rahayta and Gobad; Modaile Ibrahim's

descendants established the Moodayto Sultanate of Awsa and the Chiefdom of Badho; Sambolakuli's descendants established the Damoohoyta Sultanate of Biru/Griffo. E. Chedeville adds to these groups, Ayrollaso, which constitutes the elder branch of Adali, Uluto, whose political power was eroded a long time ago (Ashami 1985: 32; Chedeville 1966: 178–179). Certainly the descendants of Haral Mahis, having defeated the Ankala and other autochthonous tribes, established their first dominion along the eastern sea board (Odorizzi 1907: 36–37, quoted in Lewis 1969: 156; Franchetti 1930: 233). One of the groups supposedly descended from Hadal Mahis moved south and conquered the area now known as the Lower and Middle Awash Valley, and under its influence arose the other Sultanates and chiefdoms, among which was the Damoohoyta Sultanate of Biru/Griffo in the north.

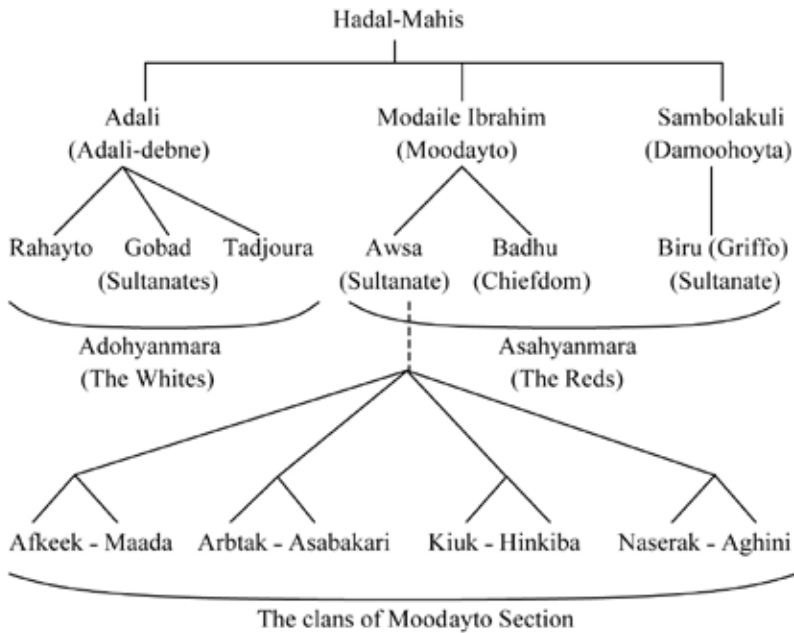


Figure 1: The Descendants of Hadal-Mahis (adapted from Ashami 1985: 34)

POLITICAL STRUCTURE AND INSTITUTIONS

There are many cleavages and divisions within Afar. One of the most important being that between the Asahyanmara, also spelled Asaimara (those who say they are Red) and Adohyanmara, also spelled Adoimara (those who say they are White). Lewis identifies these as nobles and commoners, but explains that this distinction is not one of caste (Lewis 1969: 155–156), pointing out that the division cuts across Afar society. He further notes that: ‘It is quite clear that much writing on the Afar is invalid through a failure to elucidate the nature of this distinction in particular tribal groups, and a

very thorough study of Afar social organization needs to be made before the nature of the Asaimara/Adoimara cleavage can be fully appreciated.’ (Lewis 1969: 156) Lewis was happy when Glynn Flood took up the challenge to do fieldwork in Afar.

I believe that the distinction, which appears on the surface to connote stratification, is an ideological result of the Afar conquest of the Awash (Ashami 1985: 36). Chedeville, who worked more than four decades as a French government commissioner in the district of Dekil in Djibouti, during which time he did considerable research, supported this view and suggested that the distinction did not exist prior to the Afar conquest of the Awash Valley (Chedeville 1966: 175–177). Chedeville suggested the conquest was a continuous process that took place between the 12th and 15th centuries (Chedeville 1966: 75–77). During this period there was a long and protracted struggle for control of the Awash Valley between the descendants of Haral Mahis, namely the Moodayto, and the original inhabitants. The process involved wars not only between Afar and others, but also among the Afar themselves, for the control of the Valley, in particular the Delta which had extensive grazing pastures, and was the only area in the Afar country that could be used for grain cultivation.

Glynn, of course, also investigated the Asahyanmara-Adohyanmara distinction. One of his informants, Hashim, told him: ‘There existed two economic centres in the old times. a) salt trade based on lake Assal. b) agriculture based in Aussa. Hashim believes ‘Afar have farmed there for 8–900 years. Between the two areas there was a war; whites = salt : reds = earth, agriculture. Reds won, and have retained superiority’ (GFFNW 108).

The Afkek-Maada, a pair of the eight clans (*Bahraka^cadan*) that constitute Moodayto proper (see genealogy of Hadal-Mahis above), seem to have gained the upper hand. This was prior to the emergence of the Aydahiso lineage which now provides the Sultans of Awsa as the uncontested leaders of all the Moodayto. In the Middle of the 17th century, under the leadership of Sultan Kadafo from the Aydahiso lineage of Afkeek-Sara, a branch of Afkeek-Maada, replaced the Muslim imamate of Awsa and established the Sultanate of Awsa under Moodayto’s rule.

THE SULTANATE OF AWSA

We have to make a distinction between Awsa and Kalo. Awsa refers to the Aysaita delta, the area between Abrobadi Faghe, one mile south of Aysaita, and Lake Gamari. More specifically it refers to the area historically cultivated by the Awsean peasantry, along the banks of the Awsa canal, in the central delta. Kalo (protected area) refers to the geographical zone between Abrobadi Faghe and Dubti, including Aysaita and Ditbahari, and is the home of pastoralists. Awsa is also used by outsiders to refer to the Afar Sultanate, but among the Afar, Kalo is the general name by which the whole delta is known.

Awsa was one of the three important Islamic centres, along with Harar and Zeila, under the kingdom of Adal. In 1577, Awsa replaced the other two centres as a seat of Muslim power in Eastern Abyssinia when the Muslim Imamate of Awsa was founded by Imam Muhammad Jasa. He was a member of the family of Imam Ahmed Ibn Ibrahim al Gazi, nicknamed Gran, (Trimingham 1976: 96–98), who was the leader of the Muslim conquest of Abyssinia in the 16th century. The seat of the Muslim Imamate, which had become a constant target of Oromo raids, was moved to Awsa from Harar in the hope that it would be more secure because Awsa was surrounded by desert. There is very little information about the Muslim Imamate of Awsa. The work of Enrico Cerulli and an article by Ewald Wagner shed some light on the early history of the Awsa delta, particularly prior to the middle of the 17th century (Cerulli 1931; Wagner 1979).

The movements of the Moodayto, and the other Islamised Afar mentioned earlier, must have been part of this general upsurge, for these groups reached the Valley much earlier than the middle of the 17th century when the first Afar sultanate in the Awash was established. In addition, the rebellion on the part of Moodayto and other Afar, against the kings of Ankala, seems to coincide with the general instability in the Muslim dynasty of Walashma (see Trimingham 1976).

Once they had consolidated their grip over the valley, the Moodayto who assumed the name Asahyanmara, sought new relations with other Afar who became known as Adohyanmara. The later were affiliated to Moodayto through marriages. All political and territorial rights remained vested in the Moodayto part. As a result, the senior-most Makaaban (clan head) was drawn from the Moodayto moiety. The Adoyanmara moiety retained its own internal organization.

The hegemony of the Asahyanmara originates from the conquest which they won, and consequently their control of juridical matters: Mad[°]a and Dento (Afar Customary Law). There are two types of contract the Afar enter into with each other. Mad[°]a is a set of rules, obligations and rights that are not negotiable, inherited, and apply to all Afar people. Dento is a contract between equals who inhabit a specific valley or region. In Afar society the elders have exclusive control of juridical affairs and therefore the interpretation of the Mad[°]a is the exclusive domain of the Asahyanmara elders. According to Sheikh Yassin, who was responsible for the codification of the Afar customary law, Borie[°]li Mad[°]a, derived its name from the tribe of Borie[°]li (The Sultanate of Biru/Griffo) which took the initiative. ‘With the passage of time, the unified code came to enjoy such widespread acceptance among the Afar people that Borie[°]li Mad[°]a became synonymous with universality and certainty’ (Ashami 1985: 242).

GROUPINGS IN THE LOWER AWASH VALLEY

The population of the Lower Awash Valley consists of the following groups (taken from Ashami 1985: 38):

1. Moodayto proper: Mainly made up of Afkeek-Maada branch of Moodayto. They inhabit the Delta and in the main they are agro-pastoralists.
2. Adayto: They are divided into four major groupings, and several sub-groups exist in the republic of Djibouti.
3. Adalik Ayriota: They are divided into eight major groupings and several subgroups. They occupy the buffer zone between the Afar and Issa Somalis.
4. Aderkalto: They are divided into four major groups and several sub groups.
5. The Awsean peasantry: They are settled agriculturalists who live in small settlements along both sides of the Awsa Canal in the delta.

Groups 2, 3, and 4 are mixed Adohyanmara and Asahyanmara.

THE *MALAK* ADMINISTRATIVE ORGANIZATION

When Kadafo established the Awsa Sultanate in 1557 he inherited an administration based on state functionaries (officials of the Sultanate known as Malokti). The latter has its origins in the Islamic Imamate. The role of the *malak* system includes: to organize and coordinate all the controlled flooding and irrigation of pasture areas; to control and limit entry of outsiders and to coordinate access for resident herds; to organize and coordinate the treatment of cattle diseases or to isolate infected animals (Ashami 1985: 60). In addition there is a special official known as Baari Malaak for the Awsean peasantry. Prior to the 19th century the Malokti were responsible for collection of taxes from the peasantry of the Awsa and the Moodayto agro-pastoralists in the north and central areas of the delta, and this system was later extended outside the delta to include management of forests and grazing areas, agriculture and livestock management. A large number of Malokti were recruited from non-Moodayto groups (Ashami 1985: 40). In the 1970s there were three regional management units for livestock under the *malak* system, in addition to a separate unit for timber. Of the three units, two were in the delta and one in Kalo. The degree of access varies. In the delta it is very restricted, but it is relaxed in the periphery.

In the past the Sultans depended on revenues from trade and from taxation imposed on salt extracted from Lake Assal. (Abir 1964; Pankhurst 1968; Harris 1844; Soleillet 1886). However the decline of the Red Sea trade and the establishment of colonial trading centres on the coast meant that the Sultanate turned inward and started to look for revenue from agriculture and livestock. In the Sultanate, livestock is owned by individual families as well as by the Sultanate. Tax was imposed on livestock at the turn of the 20th century. Non-resident pastoralists who utilise the grazing area during the dry season pay one cow per season called *kalo saga*. Those who tend the

livestock belonging to the sultanate have usufruct rights. In 1973 Cossins estimated the number of cattle belonging to the Sultanate at between 20,000 and 25,000. Camels, goats and sheep could be double the number of that. The Dembeela clan which inhabits the Bayahale area was estimated to own more than 20,000 heads of cattle. In January 1975, Moomina °alia gave Glynn a complete list of 26 camel herds belonging to the Sultanate, giving the name of each herd, the *gaali abba* (camel father), the clan who tends to the camels, and the corresponding grazing areas (see GFFNW 431). Moomina also said that there were 40 *lahi abba* (cattle fathers), but was only able to name nine of them. He identified the ‘cattle father’ of the meerin dermo herd as Ass Mohammad, who was in fact the most senior of the cattle fathers in the Sultanate (see GFFNW 432).

AGRO-INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE AWASH VALLEY

Under Haile Selassie’s rule, the region around Bayahale, Dubti and the Awash delta witnessed major agricultural change, which had its origins in 1960 when the British company Mitchell Cotts Group initiated the first ever cotton plantation in Ethiopia at Dubti and Ditbahari. J. K. Dick, chairman of the Mitchell Cotts Group, wrote about his first meeting with Alimirah, the Sultan of Awsa:

‘Subsequent T.V. pictures of the men on the moon would give a close idea of the sort of landscape we were confronted with. Our Land Rover driver had erected our table, and four chairs and Arthur Gaitskell and I, plus Alimirah, and Yayo, duly sat down. The purpose of this absolutely vital meeting was to establish whether or not we would be welcome in the Danakil Territory, whether people would work for us, whether an influx of casual labour at the height of the cotton-picking season would be acceptable, and whether or not we ought to model ourselves on the Gezira scheme or pay wages in cash. This last point was crucial... We got a very good reception from Alimirah who explained that in his view this could be an excellent development for his people, that they should be paid in cash and that he would support us in any way he could.’ (From J. K. Dick’s Biography quoted in Ashami 1985: 5)

The Mitchell Cotts Group, also known as the Tendaho Plantation Shares Company (TPSC), encouraged the Afar to start cotton farms as out-growers. The Sultanate of Awsa established a budget for education and a blocked account for drought emergency at the Addis Ababa Bank. The first time the education fund was used, was in 1964 when 25 Afar students were sent covertly by the Sultan to Egypt via Yemen. Others, like myself, were sent later to Egypt with the approval of the Ethiopian Imperial Palace and the Foreign Office to attend schools and universities. I studied economics at the univer-

sity of Cairo, and on my return was able to work for the Afar Farmers Cooperative (see below). Hundreds of Afar, including the Sultan of Awsa, and many highland Ethiopians, began to establish their own cotton plantations and joined the capitalist economy.

At the beginning of the 1960s, the Sultanate of Awsa, under Sultan Alimirah, was still an autonomous region without central government presence. Since the 1950s the Central Ethiopian Government had tried to undermine the Sultan's influence, but with no success. Formerly, Imperial Ethiopia had allowed the traditional authorities to run their regions and depended on local leaders to maintain peace. Alimirah's personal connections with the Royal Family made it difficult for the Central Government to have its way. Although the Awsa *Awraja* was nominally under the authority of the Wollo province, Wollo was also a royal province with the Crown Prince as its governor. Both the Crown Prince and his wife were very close friends of the Sultan. The Crown Prince owned more than 2000 hectares of farmland in Asaita known as the Barga farm, which was managed by the TPSC. In 1962 the government set up the Awash Valley Authority (AVA) with the explicit aim of administering the valley's resources and directing its development. The AVA was granted the right to encourage foreign investment, and land was handed out to foreign and non-Afar Ethiopian concessionaires. The government did not recognize the right of Afar people to own land, which meant they would be excluded from the development. Sultan Alimirah, however, rejected the AVA's authority, as he subsequently explained:

'We are loyal to our government, and we paid Giber (Tax) for generations. We fought for the land as we fought for the country because the land is ours, just as the country is ours. No man with official paper from Addis Ababa is going to take that right away from us'. (Interview with Sultan Alimirah in Asmaron Legesse et al. 1974: 37)

The Sultan and the Afar farmers refused to comply to the AVA, and continued to cultivate their cotton plantations. To this end, they established the Afar Farmers Cooperative (AFC) with responsibility for the production of cotton. The running of commercial farms required access to monetary loans, but the AVA blocked the AFC from accessing long-term loans with low interest rates, which were available to non-Afar farmers from the Agro-industrial Development Bank. Thus the Afar farmers were obliged to borrow money from commercial banks, which meant that they had to pay back the loans at the end of every season.

The involvement of the Sultan and hundreds of Afar farmers in commercial cotton farming led to the rise of a new commercial elite. In response to these changes, the Sultan reorganized the Sultanate by appointing members of the new elite to positions of authority. The governorship of the district, which had been held by *Fitawari* Hamadi Yayo, the first minister of the Sul-

tanate and a close ally of Emperor Haile Selassie, passed to Hanfare Alimirah, one of the Sultan's sons. Likewise Alwan Yayo, who was the senior Malak (sultanate functionary) responsible for the agricultural section, was removed from office. This was done as part of the reorganisation of the Afar Farmers Cooperative.

DISCORD BETWEEN THE AFAR AND THE GOVERNMENT

In the early 1970s, the tensions between the Central Ethiopian Government and the Awsa Sultanate intensified. The Sultanate's economic power, generated by cotton and the Sultan's close political relations with the Middle East, in particular with Egypt where an Afar language radio program was opened, worried Prime Minister Aklilo Habte Wolde. The Sultan visited Mecca every year where he met other Muslim leaders. His visits were always cleared by the office of the Emperor. The new cotton wealth enabled the Sultan to cultivate friendships among high-ranking officials and foreign embassies, particularly those of Britain and the USA. The Sultan made several visits to foreign countries: to the Gaira plantation in Sudan sponsored by MCG; to the USA sponsored by the State Department, followed by a private visit to the United Kingdom, and others among them West Germany and Kenya.

In 1971, a bomb was planted in a busy market in Asaita, the capital of Awsa, killing several people and injuring many others. The Sultan's security force immediately responded in a very heavy way, reflecting the growing lack of trust. The Sultan's officials thought the bomb was planted as a deliberate attempt to pull them into military confrontation, which would justify the sending of the army into the area. The Sultan having contacted his friends in Addis Ababa decided to hand over those involved in the incident, including his nephew who was the head of security. The direct conflict created a great deal of tension between the Afar pastoralists, and hundreds of thousands of migrant workers from the highlands who worked on the cotton plantations. In fact the local Afar blamed the Highlanders for the incident. Seventeen of the Sultan's soldiers were arrested and sent to jail in Dessie, the capital of Wollo. A year later they were set free.

In 1972, under pressure from AVA and the irrigation scheme farmers, the amount of water released from the reservoir between March and October was modified to allow for an additional cultivation of 25,000 hectares of land (Flood 1975; Gamaledin 1987: 335). This resulted in a dramatic reduction of crucial dry season grazing areas for the nomadic Afar.

On top of this, in 1973 the rains failed and a disastrous famine hit the Afar region, as well as the province of Wollo. Glynn's first year among the Afar, proved to be the worst in recent Afar history, when almost 30,000 people perished and many thousand heads of livestock too. In a letter written in August 1973, to his friend Barrie, Glynn describes the appalling situation in Asaita:

‘It rained too, so there’s plenty of grass, and Ol Man Awash burst its banks on August 3 and there’s mud all over the desert, green, and the °afar are putting their houses on stilts. Grass is plentiful. It’s a pity that most of the animals are dead. Still, can’t have everything. Mother Nature is doing her bit again, with typhoid knocking off the wise guys who stuck out the cholera. Between 1 & 2000 people died in Asaita (popⁿ probably around 5000 before.) But the number of people in town hasn’t changed much, because the hungry ones are still flocking in. The faces change. There have been mass burials. No burials. The jackals & hyenas are looking good.’ (GFJL 246–247)

Again, in January 1974, Glynn expressed his concern for the Afar plight in a letter to Dick Hayward:

‘The plight of the °afar is terrible, tho’ they themselves are probably spared the long-term vision which outsiders (and perhaps the Sultan) must have. It will be a miracle if there are any °afar nomads left after 15 years. All the arguments about development or no development, whether the °afar want it or not are so narrow and short-sighted in their scope. The simple truth is that a whole culture is being eradicated by people that are making money from the deal. It’s not a pretty sight.’ (GFJL 292–301)

In an informal report to the FAO, H. E. Voelkner, a consultant to the AVA, blamed irrigated farming for the devastating effects of the 1973 drought:

‘Before the intrusion of irrigated farming in the area, the Afar way of life seemed to have been well balanced, with forage resources of the area provided by the rainfall and flooding of the river and necessitating only minimal amount of irrigation. This balance supported an even greater amount of livestock population, but any upset in this balance would naturally have the immediate effect (within 1 or 2 years) of reducing both. The effect of the latest drought (1972–73) may not have been as devastating had the river been allowed to flood as in its unregulated past, and had the normally flooded area been available as grazing area to the Afar pastoralists.’ (Voelkner 1974: 335).

In November 1974, Glynn wrote an essay from the field entitled ‘Nomadism and its Future: The Afar’, which critically considered the implications for the Afar pastoralists of large-scale capitalist agriculture in the Awash Valley (Flood 1975).

‘The Famine of 1973 was caused in great part by development allowed and encouraged by a Government elite working in corrupt liaison with international capitalists. If the present development continues unchecked, the full utilization of the 200,000 irrigable hectares in the Awash Valley will leave millions of hectares of desert and semi-desert under-utilized – for the only people or culture capable of exploiting such land will no longer exist.’ (Flood 1975: 8)

REVOLUTION, THE SULTAN’S EXODUS AND GLYNN’S DEATH

The devastating famine of 1973 was not the direct cause of the Ethiopian revolution, but it was certainly used as fuel for political arguments against the old regime. In the introduction to his Ph.D on ‘The Ethiopian Revolution (1974–1984)’, Andargachew Tiruneh summarized the events leading up to the change of power in the following way: ‘In the first half of 1974 the Ethiopian urban centres were engulfed by a spontaneous uprising. In September, this led to the seizure of power by a collective body of junior officers, NCOs and privates called the Derg.’ (Tiruneh 1990: 8)

‘The armed forces and the police created the Derg mainly for the purpose of bringing to justice the officials of the ancien régime who were supposed to be responsible for the backwardness of the country on account of being corrupt and inept and also answerable for the deaths of about one hundred thousand people because of the 1973–4 drought, the realities of which they were supposed to have covered up.’ (op. cit. 123–4)

Before the Derg was formed on the 28th of June 1974, Glynn returned to England, very ill with what was finally diagnosed as Brucellosis. By the time he returned to Ethiopia in October 1974, the Derg had deposed Haile Selassie and set up a new Provisional Military Government. In a letter to Dick Hayward, Glynn was optimistic about the revolution vis-à-vis the Afar:

‘For reasons of international politics and internal economics, the Afar with their cotton plantation are getting a fair deal from the new government. Land reform is to come soon and a mixture of traditional *rist* systems + more egalitarian distribution is likely. The Afar co-operative will be slightly reorganised. Of course, in a revolution anything can happen, but with the students soon to leave for the countryside, the present government has every chance of holding Ethiopia stable for some time. There are economic problems of course, but with good will and perhaps some help from the oily arabs they can rebuild Ethiopia. The street boys now sell T-shirts with ETHIOPIA TIKDEM printed on them. Truly an Ethiopian revolution, at only \$4 each.’ (GFJL 304–305)

Under the chairmanship of Lt. General Aman Andom, an Eritrean, it looked like a gentleman's revolution, with the possibility of Eritrea being granted a high degree of autonomy, or even independence. However, the Derg was not happy with the direction Aman was taking, and on the 23rd November 1974, they executed him and sixty other members from the ancien régime. This event led to a rapid deterioration in relations between Sultan Ali Mirah and the Derg.

In the following months the Derg repeatedly summoned Sultan Ali Mirah to Addis Ababa, but he always refused to go. Finally, in May 1975, Ali Mirah sent a delegation of Afar leaders to Addis Ababa in his stead. But, the Afar leaders were told they could not stand in for the Sultan – they wanted to talk to him about national security matters. The Derg then sent one delegation after another to Asaita, to escort the Sultan to the capital – all to no avail. As Sultan Ali Mirah later explained in an ALF appeal to the Islamic world, which was broadcast from Jeddah, Saudi Arabia:

On 28 May 1975, the Military Junta sent another delegation requesting a meeting between ourselves and a government delegation. I received them in my residence on 1 June 1975. The delegation was composed of fifteen members, including three members of the Ruling Council. They requested that I assemble the Country's chiefs and notables, and having done this we all met in a large space in front of my residence. Suddenly, we were surrounded by two hundred soldiers who were pointing their guns at myself and the notables from all sides. Major Wandered, of the Ethiopian delegation spoke in an offending manner which gave the impression of extremism. The idea of gathering us in one place was meant to kill us all, but they were surprised that they too were soon surrounded from all sides by the Afar defence force in turn pointing their weapons at the soldiers. They then realised their failure, and demanded from me to disperse the Afar defence force. I told them that their actions contradict the understanding between us. That this was proof of a pre-meditated conspiracy, we knew about it. You should now leave in peace until we meet again. The Ethiopians left the meeting with their heads down. They soon became engaged in an immoral act (operation) as is their custom, by attacking unarmed civilians without any warning (Ashami 1985: 224).

A few hours after the government delegation had departed, violent fighting broke out between the Sultan's militia and highland labourers, whom the Afar claimed were disguised members of the Armed Forces. That same evening the Sultan and his entourage decided to leave the country in secrecy, to flee via Djibouti to Saudi Arabia. Meanwhile, the government dispatched tanks in the direction of Awsa, which were later reinforced with jet aircraft. On the morning of June 3rd, the Sultan's men blew up the main Doobi bridge

along the Assab-Addis Ababa highway, some 160 km west of Assab, thereby cutting off oil supplies to the Ethiopian capital.

Back in Awsa violent fighting between the government forces and the Afar led to hundreds of people being killed.

Glynn Flood was in Asaita throughout this critical time, having left Addis Ababa on 25th of May in order to retrieve his notebooks, recordings and field equipment. He never returned. Afar witnesses later affirmed that Glynn was arrested and killed by the military.

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WORK JOURNAL AND LETTERS FROM THE FIELD

GLYNN FLOOD

(NOTES & TRANSLATION BY JEAN LYDALL & MAKNUN ASHAMI)

PRELIMINARIES TO FIELDWORK

[Glynn's interest in anthropology crystallized while he was studying history at Oxford (1968–1971). He was inspired to study anthropology in particular by Barrie Machin, a friend who, among other things, was already engaged in anthropology and ethnographic film. On completion of his degree Glynn was accepted for a PhD in Social Anthropology at the London School of Economics (LSE). His supervisor, Prof. Ioan Lewis, a great scholar of Somali nomads and author of *A Pastoral Democracy*, encouraged Glynn to undertake similar research among the Afar pastoral nomads in the Danakil region of Ethiopia. Lewis wrote, in retrospect, that “Glynn was one of the most outstandingly gifted young anthropologists I have ever had the privilege of supervising.” (Lewis, Ioan. 1975. ‘Obituary’, *RAIN* 11: 6) Fellow students also found Glynn very special, “When Glynn, straight from studying history at Oxford, first walked into our graduate teaching seminar at the LSE, he had the air of a blond somewhat anachronistically dressed Charles I. It was quickly clear that we had someone unusual in our midst.” (Heiberg, Marianne, Gill Shepherd, Michael McGhee, Connie Gore, Stella Goldman, Katie Platt, and Jean Strecker. 1975. ‘Obituary’, *RAIN* 11: 6–7) In preparation for fieldwork, Glynn got in touch with Dick Hayward, a linguist who had already collected material on Afar language in 1967 and early 1972. In his last year at Oxford, Glynn met his wife-to-be, Michèle Julien, from Toulouse in France, at the wedding of their respective friends David and Henriette. Michèle was in England getting teaching experience in English schools as part of her teaching degree. While Glynn was still attending preliminary courses at LSE, Michèle went ahead in the autumn of 1972 to take up a teaching job at the Lycée Guebre-Mariam in Addis Ababa. At the LSE, Glynn met Ivo Strecker, Jean Lydall and their Hamar friend, Aike Berinas, when they gave a talk at the Friday morning seminar. Ivo gave Glynn the names of Afar friends in Addis Ababa. Eager to get to Ethiopia for an initial visit, Glynn borrowed money from Michèle for his flight. After delays, he arrived in January 1973. Glynn was keen to start doing fieldwork, and Michèle agreed to support him with her small income until he could get a research grant.]

ADDIS ABABA, JANUARY – FEBRUARY 1973

[Upon arrival in Addis Ababa, Glynn befriended, among others: Aydahis Al-imirah, the eldest son of the Awsa Sultan; Hassan Abdalla, the Sultan's farm manager; and Maknun Ashami, a brother-in-law of the Sultan. All were educated Afar working for the Afar Farmers Cooperative (see history chapter above). Aydahis was very friendly, doing everything in his power to facilitate Glynn's research, Maknun provided intellectual stimulation and information about Afar history, and Hassan was to become Glynn's host in Asaita.

In Addis, Glynn worked on Afar language with Abdalla Awado Ali and his friend Rashiid, both from Thio on the Red Sea Coast (see GFFNW 307). In a note to Dick Hayward, to whom he sent some Afar sentences, Glynn wrote: 'Well... the other news is that I am probably staying here. I hope to work up in the region to the north-west of Tendaho. If there is anything you want me to do, just send me the questions. I can't guarantee any great quality, but am willing to provide quantity if that is any help!' (GFJL 278–279)]

GLYNN'S FIRST CONTACT WITH AFAR NOMADS 4.3.1973

[On 4.3.1973 Glynn visited the Awash Station together with Alawi Hashi, a Somali. Here he had his first encounter with Afar nomads, an experience about which he wrote in his field notes.]

4.3.

Meeting with Afar at Awash Station

Very 'shy'. But movement from 'shyness' → 'aggression' readily possible. Complimentarity of 'timidity' and 'aggressiveness'.

Myself and °Alewi Hashi. Me in white T-shirt, blue jeans, clogs. Alewi in orange shirt, dark trousers, desert boots. We are both very dirty, dusty.

We approach a group of five °Afar. Alewi, obviously Somali, opens the conversation by asking whether they are Somali (Issa) or Afar. They reply, without evident emotion, "Afar". Alewi tells them that I am Afar. I fall in with the 'joke' which seems potentially dangerous to me. The question of skin colour is not raised at all*. One of the Afar questions me, "Ku miga° iyyay" I tell them my name is gilin °ali. Where do I come from? "Ku ba:Do?" "yi ba: Do addis ababa."

Then they ask me what is my father's father's father's name. I do not understand. (°Alawi has told them I am the result of a marriage with white mother and Afar father.) I can give no answer, not wishing to lie. The questioner asks me which country I am going to. I say Aussa. They all nod their heads.

The response to my statement °afaraf bartam fara was an outburst of laughter. One of the men standing repeats – "afaraf barittam faDDa!": re-

* Not so alewi later tells me that skin colour was raised. "He is white, he cannot be Afar."

response is ?‘shy’/‘surprised’? Difficult to give a name to their emotive response. Unlike other °afar, these do not seem surprised to see a white face speaking °afaraf: but then °Alewi had told them I was °afar.

Conclusion is silence, a smile and a wave of the hand, goodbye.

°Alewi then tries his ‘joke’ on a single afar. The afar stands on one leg, silent for a while, looks me up and down, does not respond to my smile. “*afar hinna*” (he is not afar). No more said.

Reading faces is particularly difficult. The guy who grilled me first held a ‘nasty’ smile on his face throughout, tho’ this may just have been the result of the piece of wood he held between his teeth. In general, in terms of the total range of activity my appearance before these 5 people produced, they are remarkably dead-pan, uncommunicative. Apart from a series of very pertinent questions and a wave goodbye my presence stimulated them hardly at all. Probably I am blind to their code: but body movements were few and far between on their side. I felt like a puppet moving in still-life. Economy of movement on their part? or perhaps avoidance of any movement which might = aggression? [GFFNW 308–309]

GLYNN’S FIRST VISIT TO ASAITA 27.4.–2.5.1973

[At the end of April, Glynn, together with Michèle, was able to visit Asaita (capital of the Afar Sultanate) for the first time. They travelled with Hassan Abdalla, manager of the Awsa Cotton Plantation, and several other people. If Glynn kept a journal during this 8-day visit, it has gone missing. Fortunately, Michèle’s journal is still extant (see GFJL 235–243), and she has kindly translated it for us from French into English. We reproduce it here.]

Friday morning: Departure from Addis. Hassan’s driver + us both in a Toyota. Outside town waiting for the others: Abdoukader, Hassan, Fatouma, Ali Mirah, Jim, the driver Idriss. Assab road/Meal/Jim invites us to some food; the others sit together around another table.

Jim: etymologist, does not seem very close to the others although he tells us he is Aydahis’ friend, Hanfare etc. His mission: see the sultan about the distribution of insecticide products. Tells us about the money wasted by the heads and leaders and their incomes. Seems to want to shock us with the heads’ excesses.

The trip goes on. Stops for drinks. Will spend the night at in Kombolcha/Ras. Jim and Glynn go to Dessie. I stay at the hotel to rest + shower. Talk with Ali and Fatouma in their rooms. Go for lunch at the hotel/Hassan, Abdoukader and Sultan’s brother. Talk about myself and Glynn, answering their questions as they ask them.

Glynn comes back late, drunk. They have had heated up discussions with a chap in Dessie. Idriss seems to have made it more difficult by calling the police.

Saturday morning: Departure 7 a.m. Winding road; Fatouma’s sick; lots of dead cows and goats along the road. Stop in Dubti. Radical change of at-

27.4.



Photo 1: Sultan Alimira's guesthouse in Boqayto

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

titude in the group. Hassan remains the same. Assab road until we cut across to the desert. Race between the 2 Toyotas until the oasis: Asaita: arab town very calm and hot. First stop in Hassan's house. We are then taken to the guesthouse outside the village, surrounded by green pasture, near the Awash. Watchmen keep the house.

29.4.

Sunday: Hassan takes me to visit the cotton plantation, Abdoukader's property, about 8 kms of track from Asaita, at the foot of mountains. Old palace of King Y. who reigned only 2 or 3 years between Ménélik and Princess Zaouditou. Very rough track. The village, built near the farm is protected from all invaders by a ditch surrounding it along with thorn bushes. A guard lifts the entrance barrier. To the left, huts enclosing stacked cotton, tractors, a mountain of cotton; from the top, overview of the plain. Back to the supervisor's hut. Houses are made of branches tied by leather straps, held by tree trunks. In the first room, 2 or 3 wooden beds with mattresses where we are offered to rest. At the back, a large room used for meals and to rest; on a slight higher part made of clay, animal skins/bed. First we drink Fanta flavoured water then an Afar brings a large bowl of camel milk: very rich, creamy, also very pure.

People from the village gather to receive orders and advice from Abdoukader: fields need to be cleaned of stocks from the harvest. 1) Burn the fields 2) plough 3) irrigate and sow 4) irrigate again 5) gather the crop 6) let the soil rest, herds can then go to it.

The workers are Gallas and Afars, paid 5 cents per kilo of cotton flower; they are at the disposal of the farmer owner in case of war or fight.

Sultan owns the land + land supervisors/land + farmer + heads of village + little heads of workgroups + peasants.

Workers are paid every two weeks.

We leave the village to visit nomads who are celebrating the death of one of the heads.

One of the huts has several men who are discussing while eating meat: camel hump, cow, liver... One animal is sacrificed every evening for one week. All tents in the neighbourhood are invited. We drink camel milk again.

Marabous come for carcasses that are thrown to them + eagles, hawks etc.

Back to Asaita, stop often on the way to pick up peasants who walk. An afar stops us to give us a baby goat which Hassan offers me. We are back to his house around midday. The maid has prepared us a piece of camel meat offered by nomads. Very tender and delicate meat. Back to guesthouse. We meet Idriss on the way who tells us that Glynn and Jim have spent the morning in a coffee house.

We did not visit Ali Mirah's mother.

Feeling suspicious about Idriss who talks too much and makes plans for the day, giving interpretations and contradictory translations. Hassan offers to take him back to his house. (My baby goat does not stop bleating; feels lost)

Sunday night: After this morning trip, prefer to stay at the guest house and rest. Glynn and Jim go to record some Afar music and see Hanfare. Around 5 Hassan comes; we stay there, chatting, playing chess, drafts. 8.30; 9; still no one. Idriss comes with the car and 2 or 3 other persons to report to Hassan; about Glynn and Jim. Laughter. They go back. Hassan offers me to go with him. It's too late, I prefer to stay; he goes.

Past midnight Glynn and Jim are back with the sultan's nephew. Glynn is furious. He realizes he's being manipulated. Idriss the driver takes more and more importance. They are always dependent on him. It looks like Glynn is more or less forced to drink. The sultan's nephew insists that he should record afar music to put it on the radio. The situation gets out of hand, they are all drunk; Glynn has to shout to make himself understood. They finally drive him back to the guesthouse. I had spent the evening waiting, not knowing what was happening, had made up my mind to go back to Addis. It's too hot, the guards with their rifles annoy me, I have to go to bed when they tell me to do so, they locked the house, there are too many insects, it's too much.

Discussion between Glynn, Idriss and Jim. Jim apologizes obviously; I tell him off; he doesn't like it. We make him understand that he's not helping us at all if he continues to decide organizing the program for each day; follow Glynn as an interpreter everywhere. He has to leave us alone and do his specific job. We can do without him. Ambitious guy who is using us to become important in the area and the sultan's family (During Hanfare's interview he was taking notes, asking questions as a journalist). Hassan tells us he is here to check irrigation canals as an engineer and not as an etymologist as he told us. He is half-cast, Afar/Amhara. His afar is not so good. He usually sleeps at Hassan's house when around. Now we have to share the same bedroom at the guest house. Idriss the driver makes fun of him. They don't seem to get on. After our discussion he goes to bed.

30.4.

Monday morning: Glynn is more authoritarian. At 8 they have a meeting with the sultan's nephew who was with them last night. Glynn goes determined to come back if he's not there. They must then come back for me to visit other plantations. Jim is very nice with me during breakfast, sends Idriss to buy me cigarettes. They leave.

This morning, it's better. It feels better in the morning. Bamba does the cleaning, she's Tigrain but speaks afar, teaches me it. I give her a bottle of Kool. The 2 afars who ask Glynn to cure them are lying on the grass. People come, look at me and go. It's difficult to wash, hardly any water out of the shower, it's pumped from the Awash, it's muddy. I don't like to go in the bathroom with big toads, lizards, and big spiders that come to drink. But it feels good to be cooler. The heat is so strong. I think I might be pregnant?

Monday evening – arrival of a German woman, Hella Vladentish and an afar from Assab, Abdallahi.

Lunch with Hanfare where we are invited with the governor and his children. The governor speaks little. Conversation mostly between Hanfare and Glynn. Meal followed by coffee then we have to wait the whole afternoon sitting while Hanfare has a talk with the governor and others on the terrace. Very strict rules of politeness, a protocol needs to be respected, makes me tired. We leave. I visit an orchard with Hella and Abdoukader + little wood. A sandstorm bursts out just when Hanfare gets to the guesthouse. We take shelter indoors but there's sand everywhere. A few groups are formed and everyone chats. Everyone's happy as it is the first rain in 2 years. At nightfall, everyone goes back. Hassan, Ghandi, Abdallah, Hella, Jim; Glynn plays chess with? We sit on the well and chat Hassan, Ghandi, Abdallah, Hella and I. Have a meal then evening in a bar in the village, telling jokes. Big gap between my jokes and theirs. Theirs are about cheated husbands, men fucking animals. Jim talks nonsense, feels left out of the group.

1.5.

Tuesday: Market day in Asaita. Wake up suddenly with Jim making a loud noise in the room. Abdallah and Hella have slept on the terrace, they leave early. Glynn and I wait for a car to pick us up. Am invited to drink coffee with some women; they drink several cups of coffee chatting, burn incense on embers; they talk about prices, their children, their problems, me. They give me pins to hold my hair. Glynn and I then go for a walk along the Awash. A car comes for us; to the market on the central square of the village. We meet Hanfare, Hassan and all at their office in town; farmers wait for weeks to be received by them. Abebe joins us to visit the square. Jim is still sulking. I explain to Abebe what happened. Abebe is very friendly. Back to the house with Hassan who eats with us.

Midday – very hot and difficult. Around 4, Hassan goes back, promises to be back at 6. Glynn and Jim go to Hanfare; they are supposed to visit plantations afterwards.

5.30 Sandstorm that lasts half an hour. No electricity, sand everywhere.

6.30 Hassan is back; we play chess until 8. Rains hard. Tells me that Glynn has been invited for dinner at Hanfare, will not be back. He would have taken me there but it's now too late, he says. I prefer to stay here. After the meal, he takes me to his house saying that Glynn and Jim will meet us there, or that we will go and meet them there, then changes his mind and says he will bring me back. Makes a long detour with the car to drive me to his place. We stop on the way to drink in a bar, and smoke. Back in the car I recognize where we are and have to turn the wheel in the direction of his house. In the car he tells me about his dream: a house like the guesthouse, a wife and kids, a quiet life. Regrets to have so much responsibility that prevent him from enjoying his youth. Tells me he enjoyed the evening last night with Hella and me. Says he does not drink, does not smoke, likes girls. We reach his house, all his friends finish their meal, sitting at the back of the house Gandhi, Abdoul and others. We sit and drink tea? Hassan tells me that they are going to chew tchat and he will drive me back later. A moment later Glynn comes in to my great relief. Still problems between the driver Idriss and Jim. They say they couldn't go to the plantation because of the sandstorm; they went to the same bar where they met this Omar (the sultan's nephew made them drink again).

So on their way back, stones were thrown on their car; according to Jim's translation an insult to the government, according to others, an insult to Glynn, a white man. The guy was arrested and taken to the police. Glynn had him released. Idriss draws attention telling jokes, mostly about us to the limit of being insolent. They drive us back to the guesthouse. Omar was waiting in the car; weird character, gives the impression of not being normal.

Back: argument with Jim who does not want me to move our bed under the ventilator in the sitting room. I put him back right and make him and Glynn carry the bed there, under the ventilator. All those petty things get on my nerves. I tell Glynn, get angry, I have had enough of it all. Don't want to come back here in the summer.

Wednesday morning: Feels better after the rain. Glynn records Ali. Jim behaves better this morning, maybe the sleeping tablets that Glynn gave him last night calmed him down. They go to Hanfare and to visit the plantation they could not do yesterday. I stay behind to avoid the rough track. Jim says he has arranged for Hassan to come and pick me up to go and meet Aydahis on the plane. I don't believe him but I don't mind. I can feel he does not want me to go with them. He gets so much on my nerves that I don't feel like it either. We are supposed to meet for lunch... we'll see.

This evening – 7.30: no one; they never came back. I slept all morning till 2, Hahmed and Ali woke me up to eat. They tell me I don't eat enough; tea, coffee + an afar lesson. I show them how to use the camera. I take a photo of someone making an Ethiopian bed with leather straps, along the Awash, where they cut trees and clear the lianas, 2 crocodiles, thousands of birds. Hahmed and Ali try to shoot the crocodiles, fail. Back home I teach Ali how to write his name.

2.5.

7.30: Glynn back/Abebe, Alem. Bad mood, say they have wasted their day, waiting here and there, visited only one farm. They have come to take me for a meal at Hanfare's. Before leaving they eat a little here as the meal was ready. Jim is drunk; he takes us to Hassan's first who is already eating with his friends. Jim sits and eats again and ignores us. After a while, I get out of my mind and ask him in front of everyone what the hell is the matter with him. We argue. I am fed up. Finally, Hassan, Abdoul, Ghandi go back to town by car. Jim departs without defending himself. I stop liking it completely, always stuck at the guesthouse, or visiting plantations or waiting at one house or another.

Morning: Glynn and Jim have already left to visit a plantation. I don't know when they'll be back. I want to go back to Addis as soon as possible.

A white plane flies over the house. What is it? Maybe Aydahis?

[During this first visit to Asaita Glynn wrote field notes. He made character sketches of certain people: Idriss the driver, Hassan Abdalla, Hanfare Ali Mirah 'the most powerful man in the village in the absence of his father the Sultan', 'ali yayyo 'a kind man, proud and with dignity', and Mohammed a guard at the guesthouse (GFFNW 283). He also wrote about a funeral he attended (GFFNW 52), made notes on warfare, recording that a battle broke out between the Ijjo and Boran Galla (Oromo) on May 4th, the day Aydahis came by plane to take Michèle and Glynn out from Asaita (GFFNW 295), and he collected details about languages used in Asaita (GFFNW 284). When he returned to Addis Ababa, Glynn wrote to Dick Hayward.]

LETTER TO DICK HAYWARD, MAY 1973 (GFJL 280–285)

In-between chasing 'afar around Addis Ababa night-clubs, I have chased Michèle. Both activities have proved fruitful – I am getting married as soon as all the formalities are completed (and believe me, when an Englishman wants to marry a Frenchwoman they are considerable) – and my alliance with the family of the Sultan of Aussa has led to free flights to Asaita, an air-conditioned house with shower etc. and a great deal of help in all ways. I shall probably spend about three months in Asaita making my 'afaraf [Afar language] intelligible and more functional. From there I'll wander off one lonely day with guide and camel, hopefully in the direction of te:ru – N.W. of Asaita, on the Wallo/Tigre border, near the old Italian army post marked on the map as Sifani.

It is now remarkably hot in Asaita, in fact throughout afarland, but, surprisingly, I find it o.k.. The air-conditioning helps of course. But even my (limited) forays into the surrounding countryside – on foot – are not too difficult.

I hope all is well with you and your family, and with work. How is your thesis progressing? The 'afar are thrilled and flattered when I tell them I know someone in London who is writing a thesis on their language.

RETURN TO ASAITA 23.5.–20.6.1973 (GFJL 1–15)

[Returning to Asaita, Glynn began keeping a journal.]

Left Addis by Piper Aztec c. 1 p.m. after meeting Sultan at Ras [Hotel]. No lunch. Arrived Asaita c. 3 p.m.. Flew into wind all the way. The sudden change in climate flattened me: this time I spent 4 hours in bed. Ate c. 8.30 when Hassan came back, and slept outside – beautiful.

The heat is definitely worse this time, but I hope I can support it. Feel o.k., especially now I wear my *saro* [sarong]. Hassan tells me that a room is being prepared for me and an informant is ready. Met Abdu RaHman – speaks French & beat me at chess. Did some work on the language with Sira:j, and read a little of Parker’s notes on Afar. Slept outside again.



Photo 2: Glynn wearing *saro* in Asaita (G. FLOOD, 1974)

In the morning I walked to boqaytu with Ahmed (the boy) and with the servile Galla boy/worm who follows me from time to time. Went there via the bridge, came back via fa:ge – oil drums & wooden lattice on top. Played cards + Sira:j in afternoon, ate with Sira:j & Hassan. Hassan began to give me some very interesting material on tribe → clan → *°adohyammara/°asahyammara* distinction, but we were unfortunately interrupted. Moved over to *amoyti buDa* [Sultan’s Palace, see Photo 3] to sleep. Night was stiflingly hot. Missed *°Ali* & Ahamed at boqaytu – they had come to Hassan’s to find me!

Took a shower and cleaned up at palace, then over to Hassan *buDa* [house] for breakfast, with mu:sa the amoyta’s [Sultan’s] domestic manager. Felt absolutely unable to do anything between 10.30 a.m. & 5.30 p.m. – too hot. Took photos from c. 5 p.m. – 6 p.m. – in main square there was minor bother from too many people & from *boli:s* [police]. Later took some pictures at Hassan’s place. Before leaving *amoyti buDa* for Hassan *buDa* and food, had to give mu:sa 70 cents for *bus*! Slept at Hassan’s place as Hassan not there and plenty of room. Hassan has gone to Kombolcha or Dessie or Addis.

Still very hot. I began to feel ill today, and also to notice that there is a large no. of people with *bagi biak* [diarrhoea] – Ahmed, Siraj, Musa Salini. Perhaps dysentery or something like it. Did some work on kinship with Mohammed *°Ali* – quite useful. Stayed too long playing cards at Hassan’s. Heard shooting in the village later in the evening: speculation is that Galla [Oromo] were at it again. Only 3 shots. Went to bed feeling quite ill, at Hassan’s.

23.5.

24.5.

25.5.

26.5.

27.5.



Photo 3: Sultan's Palace

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

28.5. Awoke feeling ill. Ate no breakfast, just drank tea. Started taking entero-vioform last night. Spent morning at *amoyti buDa* after being driven there. No water in the house today. Feeling shitty in many ways! Just sleeping & waiting for it to finish. At least there is wind today, from the N/NW. Ate a little in the evening. Hassan back from Dessie. Telephoned Michèle c 7 p.m. – all well. Good to talk to Michèle.

29.5. Market day. Feeling better but still have diarrhoea. Should be fully recovered by tomorrow. Ate a little breakfast at Hassan's, and stayed for lunch. For 2–3 days now Siraj has been at work (office). Spent some of the afternoon at Hassan's then back to *amoyti buDa*, via the 'Ras Hotel' – ambo and coca-cola as usual. Find that I'm spending about \$2 per day on liquids. Trying to work on kinship with °Ali but all that has emerged is that he doesn't know much about his extended family. He is more interested in learning to write and to identify things European. Stiflingly hot today even tho' this morning was heavily overcast and windy. The wind burns. Sent off letter and film via Toyota to Addis. Moved over to Hassan's, feeling tired and not too good, tho' still happy to be here. Ate at Hassan's, then back to *amoyti buDa*. About ten shots fired c. 11.30 p.m. °Osman continues to be elusive. It now seems hardly worthwhile using his help. Took daraprim today.

LETTER FROM GLYNN TO MICHÈLE, ASAITA 24. – 29.5.1973

Dear Michèle

Arrived safely after a fantastic flight – ½ of it across Afar land; following the Awash. Asaita looks great from the air. It's hotter than last time and the shock of changing so rapidly left me flattened for the rest of the day. I just arrived and went to bed at Hassan's place. For the last 2 nights I have stayed at Hassan's, sleeping out under the stars – it's fantastic. But they have their own idea of what a European needs, so I am to be given a room in the Sultan's palace + informant who speaks English and will track down any information I need. Obvious drawbacks, but it should work out.

I saw the Sultan at Ras Hotel before leaving Addis. He is a nice enough guy. Probably he had all this on for me.

Everyone asks after you. I told them you are pregnant and they are all happy – the woman at Boqaytu looked at me with big big eyes and said, pointing to her tummy, “*allé*”? Then she burst into a fit of laughing. Ali and Ahmed have been over. Ali still knows how to write his name and also how to write numbers. They are a great pair. I am making other friends too. Haven't seen Hanfare yet? In particular, there is a kid here, Ahmed, a relative of Ali, aged about 9 who is fantastic. He has a gift for teaching as they say. Wants me to take him to Addis Ababa. He is a little genius. How do you feel about starting a BIG family??

Is Ali OK? How are you getting on with him? And Maknun? I've been thinking about the general predicament and have decided that if you want me to I will come back to Addis whenever you want. That doesn't mean that I have decided to give up my studies – you know it's very important to me, maybe even to both of us – but if you find that the experience of being 'with child' is too much to put up without me around, don't hesitate to call me back; I won't hesitate to come and I won't grumble...

And I want you so much to come back here, to do your own work here. You can do it, the heat is not unbearable, the food is edible. And the people are so good...

Wednesday: Awoke feeling really ill, began to entertain ideas of going back. But after fasting for the day, even drinking less, I find that I feel better. I plan to eat very little for a few days. Don't think I need to go back at all. What is certain is that I have some kind of intestinal infection or parasite or whatever. Even when the diarrhoea stops I feel blown up. I asked Musa to get me some ambo water & coke this morning and he went to Hassan for money. He returned with others and gave me \$8. Hassan's hospitality is fantastic. Let's hope the nomads are like him! Stopped taking entero-vioform today, feeling that it acts as a purge. Felt better all day. Spoke with Hassan about N.E.R.D.P. Many people came to see him for help. People have begun to say *nagasse:nih*, *maHisse:nih* to me, tho' not all who might be expected to.

30.5.

31.5.

Thursday: Feeling much better today, tho' tired still. Suspect salt deficiency and am . taking more. Very tired in the evening. Sent a short note to Michèle via Assab (road) → Addis (air). In the evening the woman next door to Hassan's place got an *amha:ri ginni* [jinn] and ran wailing into the night. Everyone very worried about her. Hassan busy up until late at night, didn't come back to eat. Siraj walked me back to the palace and I slept soundly despite the all night prayer session next door. Men chanting periodically, repeating the same thing again and again. I produced my first trilled 'r' today. By accident.

1.6.

Friday: Woke early to see the sun coming over the hill. °Osman stuck his shiny face into the room last night & this morning – perhaps he is beginning to get around to the idea of helping me. I realised this morning that I am beginning to lose track of the days. Last night I began writing to Inger and finished the letter this morning. Then I wrote to mum & dad about Michèle being pregnant & her father's marriage. Read a spy thriller today.

Have been getting minor pain in knee and ankle joints from time to time over the last week. Read thriller – spy story – at Hassan's.

Violent heavy rain wind & dust c. 4 p.m.. Roofing blown off. Cool afterwards. And clear. Roof quickly repaired.

Prominent people gave a 'feast' for Hanfare to celebrate his governorship position (He has now been governor for c. 2 months). Two speeches in amharic to which Hanfare impromptu, replied in amharic. Sheep and bread & coca cola & fanta & beer. I sat at high table. About 200 people present. 8 at high table.

2.6.

Saturday: Up at dawn, it was fresh and I felt good. Showered and went to drink ambo & coke. Met Ahamed (the boy) & gave him a drink. Gave \$2.20 to three women and two small children. They were scornful of the amount, but it was more than ½ of what I have! Went early to H^s. Read Lem Uris, Topaz; a little rain in the afternoon.

Hassan & Siraj did not come back. They say Hassan has gone to Dubti. Ate *Kat* [Catha edulis] in the afternoon + aHamad and °Ali.

Rumours that the Sultan is coming have been going round since I got here. Still the word is *be:ra* or *be:Ha* (later).

Evening cool, windy, cloudy, lightning. Took a few photos (failed) of lightning – my first attempt. Very heavy rain of long duration after dark.

Posted letters to parents and to Inger in the afternoon.

All evening, after dark, heavy rain, very powerful wind and dust storm mixed.

When I walked back to the palace with Siraj, fearing to find my room full of water, we had trouble gaining admission to the compound – the *asga:da* [guards] were asleep. My room was o.k., Musa had shut the windows. Hassan left (for Kombolcha?)

3.6.

Woke later than usual, showered, drank, went for breakfast to Hassan's. Lunch at Hassan's. House hit by margin of a twister at 3 p.m. – dust & heavy

rain followed. Roof damaged. Quickly repaired. Group of 6–7 of us ate Kat in afternoon, right thro' till after dark. During the day I got to know 'Ali, a guy who speaks good English and who had been with Balikci for four months. If he doesn't go to the States for his pilot's license he'll do the same for me. If he goes he has a friend... I'll have to pay. Apparently Balikci paid \$300 for 4 months. He had a landrover too. My walking idea doesn't attract.

Went out for a coke & ambo with 'Ali and then back to Hassan's. Slept outside. It was very damp and humid last night.

Woke late feeling tired. Worked + 'Ali on kinship this morning, went for a walk in town, met Gidé at café. He seems to resent the power of the *ayda-Hisso* and is full of spurious information about them. e. g. *amoyti ma'anda* [Sultan's sister], medina. Her child medina Hanfare will perhaps be a source of trouble later to the Sultan (he says) ∴ Sultan keeps him down.

Still I am treated with great deference. Will it never end? They give me an extra large cup of tea each time, in marked contrast to their own little cups: Siraj's idea; he knows English people like a lot of tea!

Money nearly gone and still no news of stuff Michèle sent me. Frittered away the afternoon doing little, or so it seems. Some of the afar spoken around me must be going in, but at times I feel hopeless. Spoke a little with Ahamed and 'Ali, about going to Te:ru.

I've learnt quite a lot about Balikci's work. Later in the afternoon I explained to Mu:sa about the things I don't like at the palace – shower, dirt, gate locked at night etc.. Slept at Hassan's again. Began writing to Michèle last night.

Perhaps *amoyti* will come *be:ra!!*

Market day. Awoke tired. Went to market, wandered around, spoke with a few people. At palace I found that Mu:sa has tidied things up. Much better. Did nothing in particular all day – this was perhaps the hottest so far. And at night it just did not get cooler. I have the shits again and felt quite ill in the evening. Started taking a course of antibiotics this afternoon. (Two Flagyl today).

Posted letter to Michèle in the morning. Missing her.

Hashim came briefly, after we had eaten, and promptly returned to Dubti. He stayed long enough to let me know that some stuff from Addis was arriving tomorrow. Let's hope the money is there!

Slept at Hassan's.

4.6.

5.6.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, ASAITA 4.6.1973

I'm sitting here at Hassan's place, writing by the light of the hurricane lamp in the garden. Hassan is in Kombolcha or somewhere doing business. I hope he's meeting someone from the center (Addis) who has some things for me sent by you. It's now over one week since you said you had sent things to me and so far I have nothing – but then no one has come down from Addis since.

Time passes and I seem to learn so slowly. I hesitate between the 2 possible courses of study. I could take the opportunity to find out as much as possible about Asaita itself, make myself a nuisance there and then leave for the nomads or should I concentrate on just learning the language?

That itself is a problem – the task of achieving a working knowledge of Afar is a huge one. Sometimes I despair of just learning enough...

We've just been for a coke (me, Siraj Ghandi and Ali). Just sat there near Hassan's place and watched the cotton lorries crawl off into the desert. They're almost like ships floating across that emptiness, not following any fixed road, just winding slowly as if playing with each other. About 10 of them left. Perhaps one day I'll take a ride on one of them.

We've been getting some amazing weather lately. Really hot and dry in the morning when I get up – I see the sun rise quite often now – and then later in the day the violence starts – first the dust comes spiraling in, weaving a crazy path across the desert, dark and reaching up to the clouds, then the rain and wind hit us.

I went to bed for a lay down at 2.55 p.m two days ago, just after lunch. At 3 I opened my eyes and it was dark; we were hit by the edge of a tornado; dust and wind, wind stronger than anything I ever saw. Hassan's gate was just snapped, bits of the roof came off, lumps of stuff everywhere, the 50 gallons oil drum that stands on top of the toilets and acts as a water container was blown off. It was over half full at the time. One gallon of water weighs 10 lbs!

There has been heavy rain lasting for 15 – 30 minutes every day for 4 days now. Last night was really humid.

Next day – I'll finish quickly now so I can post this today (Tuesday). I am going to market today to check the prices of things and perhaps buy a water bottle (goatskin)...

6.6.

During the night Zewde & Idaltu shuffling about and arranging things. I awake to find that it was still dark, very hot, with small spots of rain falling. Much cloud this morning tho' the big rain did not materialise during the night.

Awoke & showered at Hassan's, still have shits. Hassan will perhaps be back today. Still no sure date for the coming of the lord.

Since Hassan left we have eaten more vegetables (cabbage once, tomatoes), lemons, *bakal* [kid goat]. Siraj is doing us well.

At 8.30 a.m. ¹⁰/₁₀ cloud cover. Cool, dull.

Later in the day cloud cover ↓ to $\frac{4}{10}$ and it was hot as usual.

Received Balikci papers and a letter from Barrie. Good to get something from the outside world. Wrote to Barrie.

Keep trying to work but the heat is just too much. Was very pleased to read in Balikci that average temperatures are 29°C! It is about 43°C here at the moment.

Cloud cover returned later in the day. Spoke to Siraj about farming and his hopes to go to Europe.

°Ali (Balikci's ex-informant/translator) went to Dubti today.

Felt really ill as the evening wore on. Returned to Hassan's house to find Siraj and several others eating Kat. I ate nothing. Slept.

Earlier, c. 5 p.m. Siraj willingly lent me \$5. Everyone is saying that His Excellency and Hassan are coming back today so probably I'll get the money Michèle sent and can pay it back soon.

Took daraprim today. Hassan did not return.

Slept well tho' I had to get up in the night for the toilet. Extremely hot again last night until c. 5 a.m. when the cloud cover lifted and it became cooler. Zaude is ill, probably with the same thing I have. She lay moaning most of the night.

This continual diarrhoea is weakening me: by 7.30 p.m. at night I feel shattered, ready for bed. But what a good way of losing weight! I just can not eat – it makes my stomach turn and gurgle so violently. Drinking is o.k.. Perhaps I'll go onto a milk diet.

Have been thinking about the value of collecting notes in a more or less random fashion. Rather than impose categories like economic religious etc. maybe I'll just wait, taking notes fairly randomly until the categories emerge. My own boxes can come later.

Today I was talking with a couple of *asga:de* [Sultan's militia], making their hair beautiful, when a large, ugly spider crawled onto the foot of one of them. About 2 feet from me. To my surprise I did not panic, was not even frightened, till afterwards. I must be suffering from culture shock! The guy just shook it off and only killed it for me.

Telephoned Michèle and had enjoyable long conversation (I reversed charges as money low) tho' we were cut off before we had finished. It's good to know she is o.k.. Perhaps in sympathy, I too felt much better this evening. Great news about Jill & Peter Loizos.

Improvement in my health after 2½ days of taking antibiotics. I'll continue for a full 5 days: the enter-vioform that I took produced an improvement, but I didn't take it for long enough (2½ days). Also I began to feel better when I was taking salt pellets, but for some unknown reason I've stopped doing it. Note that I get an improvement in my health each time I speak to Michèle... Beware the anthropologists' escape clause!

Slept at Hassan's, outside. Cooler tonight. No cloud.

8.6.

Since Hassan left, food has been more varied. I have managed to get lemons most days and drink lemon juice! Great!

Still feeling better, tho' not ready to eat. The food is mainly carbohydrates – much rice or pasta, spaghetti, afa' butter, meat and bread. In my delicate condition I just can not face it, which is proving embarrassing as there are signs that my refusal to eat is a rejection of hospitality. However, the policy is beginning to pay off – my insides show a tendency to solidify today! A tendency ...

Am beginning to see the truth of what people told me about fieldwork. Surely there must be more difficult places than here, but reflection on the possibility doesn't interest me. Loneliness, isolation, difficulties with climate and food, language problem, difficulty of getting 'afar to talk about their culture in worthwhile terms for longer than 5 minutes: all this is very frustrating. Add to it the fact that I am not in the best of health and miss Michèle, English beer and all the 'worst' aspects of English life – cricket, drinks, parties, wasteful intellectual discussion etc. and you have a rather dismal picture ... But I'll get it done!

Siraj lent me another \$5 today. Still no sign of the \$50 Michèle sent me over a week ago (so she says last night).

Tonight a funny thing happened to me on the way to the palace. Met Galla policeman, nice guy who always talks to me, tho' I suspect he has ulterior motives (coca cola). After a short conversation (he speaks slightly less 'afar than me) he asked me where I was going. I told him I was thirsty and was going for a drink (having decided to buy him a coke). At the same time I didn't exactly ask him if he wanted one – he just followed me into the bar, and sat down. So I ordered a coke and ambo water, two glasses appeared and we drank. Then I ordered a pack of 10 Rothmans. Then I remembered I wanted to get a wash before dark and told the man I was leaving, rose, shook hands and left. He said nothing, I only realised later, at the palace, that I had left him to pay. I rushed back to the café and looked. He had gone. I asked the waitress. He had paid for the coke and ambo (\$1) but not the cigarettes. I paid for these and left. Presumably there will be a sequel ...

Slept at Hassan's after eating a little. Hakim, the medical officer, was at the house before dinner, playing cards. He says my problem is probably dietary (like I've been eating too many germs??)

9.6.

As usual woke with flies buzzing in my ears, attempted to sleep for another few minutes with no success. Got up, milk for breakfast.

Found the policeman of yesterday and gave him \$1. He pretended not to want it but would obviously have been upset if I had accepted his refusal.

Read 50 pages of the Koran in the morning. Milk for lunch. After lunch read bits from Churchill's "If they had listened to me I could have stopped it, but they didn't so I won it for them".

Then did some work on kinship with Mohammad Ali & friend. Now that I have shown them how weird my own kinship system is they are less reluctant

to teach me good kinship ways! Got some interesting information, but as usual nothing complete. Details, details.

Quite 'hard' information to the effect that Hassan & *amoyta* [Sultan] are coming tomorrow: Siraj telephoned Addis.

Tried to telephone Michèle, she was not in.

Slept at Hassan's. Feeling better. No longer need covers at night. Siraj lent me another \$2 today.

better

amoyta ke Hassana yeme:te:nih Siraj

Hassan ke amoyta yeme:te:nih

Apart from the fact of their coming, note the grammar! Requires investigation.

With their return Asaita suddenly sprang alive with poor people who need help. Hassan refused today, telling people to leave him in peace and to see him at the office tomorrow.

I received many letters and much news from Michèle today. Great. Spoke to her on telephone in the morning.

Solidarity in my bowels increasing!

Feeling tired as usual in the evening, but found it good to talk with Hassan and Siraj. Ate a little. Hassan not feeling too good – sudden change Addis/Asaita upsets him too.

I was encouraged by my speaking with °Omar today.

Weather still overcast at night & day .: becoming cooler. Slept at Hassan's.

Woke early after a restless nights sleep. Dreaming menacing dreams. Could not understand a word of afar this morning.

Went to the palace with Hassan when he went to work. Washed, read from the Koran, returned to the house and began to read Valachi Papers. Finished c. 3 p.m..

My stomach is passing a liminal phase somewhere between uncomfortable and unbearable. Hope the progress continues. Fortunately the heat is not too bad just lately: cloud cover.

Since Hassan returned Siraj has resumed his more regular visits to the office. Perhaps the Kat parties will stop too??

Siraj refused to accept the money that I offered to repay him this morning; in all \$12! Siraj helped me with modifying forms in the evening. Slept at Hassan's, after eating well. Feeling better.

better

Awoke 7.30 a.m. Market day. Decided to get some pictures of the market. Went up there, bought *afihta* (\$3), took some pictures. Returned to Hassan's when I saw a plane arrive, so as to be able to finish letter to Michèle & send off a film for processing.

Problem in photography with too many people following me around. Also I think I was overcharged \$1 for the *afihta* [woven pot].

10.6.

11.6.

12.6.

Hassan left c. 2 p.m. – 3 p.m., taking a b/w film & letter to Michèle.

Later I tried to get pictures at market again, but everyone was leaving. Read a lot of Ruark's *Uhuru* – seems like a C.I.A. ghost-writer did a reasonable job, tho' the style is lousy.

Slept at Hassan's. Today I took no antibiotics, feeling better and don't want to use too much.

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, ASAITA 11.6.1973

It's nice to know Lewis is pleased. But I am not too pleased with my own progress. I sit in Addis for 3 ½ months with a set of notes on the *afar* language. Before that I was in England for 4 months with the same notes. I am now here with them, and with other more detailed notes. But I never get round to reading them. I am surrounded by Afar people? By now I should be able to speak better than I can. My *afar* is limited to simple sentences, my understanding is minimal.

I tell people that I want to learn *afaraf* and *afar* customs. But how can I learn about *afar* society before I can speak? Asaita is not much use: it is not very representative of the nomadic way of life – tho' it is interesting in its own way. The people who can communicate with me (English speaking) are unable or unwilling to sit down with me and explain what it is all about. All my work is concerned with collecting details, details. Nothing begins to form a pattern yet. I am not even sure if it would be right to work with English speakers, as this would make me dependent upon them and necessitate my employing a translator at a later date.

Anything I can tell them about the language is just inconsequential, meaningless details of which I can not be sure because my ears do not hear clearly. It is crucially important for *afar* grammar that I understand and hear the difference, exactly, between *yi abbah ma'andah bara'* and *yi abba ma'andab bara'*. One of them is the correct way of saying "my father's sister's daughter". But I think I hear both of them in use (which is impossible).

Don't think I am depressed or unhappy. It is a tremendous challenge to me as a person, in all ways. For the first time, perhaps, I am forced to accept that my intellectual and personal capabilities are not without limits. It's a hard lesson, but I can take it. But it's so frustrating to go so slowly, to be so stupid.

I'll master that! No matter how long it takes, I am going to learn to speak their language, I am going to learn about their society.

13.6.

Woke at 8 a.m. after good sleep. Breakfast of eggs. Finished reading *Uhuru*. Gidé is meant to be coming to take me out to a farm this morning. But he won't come.

In the afternoon I began to write to Dick Hayward. The letter got out of control. Good stuff on *ma'anda/sa'ala* and just what it means, I'll have to tidy up the letter today before sending it. Perhaps send most of it to Ioan.

My stomach is now better. If anything I seem to be tending towards constipation. Pendulum movement!

In the morning I went for quite a long walk into the wilds. Found a camp of about 6–7 *ari* [tents]. On the way I took pictures, and I asked the men in the camp if I could take pictures of their camp. They refused quite firmly. In Asaita it's o.k., they say, but here in camp, out of the question.

They asked me if I wanted water. Feeling that it might be shitty I said “no”, to which they responded immediately *salam*, dismissing me with a wave of the hand. I got quite sunburnt.

Now that I have money again I am again drinking about \$2 a day. Of the \$50 Michèle sent, only \$37.25 remain; even allowing that Siraj refused the \$12 I owe him. I think, tho' can't be sure, that I came with \$40. That would make an expenditure of \$72.75 in 22 days (of which \$20 was given to me), at a rate of about \$3.30 per day. I estimate \$2 p. day on liquids. Where does the rest go? I've bought a *le: kodda* (\$3) and two rolls of shit paper, some soap (1bar), and some envelopes (at 2 for 5 cents). A few days ago a reel of sticky tape cost me 60 cents. I suppose I've posted about \$2.50 of letters and then there is the \$2.50 telephone call. Also I've given away about \$5. And I should count an average of 25 cents per day for drinks I buy others. Ah ... cigarettes. I smoke about 25 per day which is \$1.5. But Siraj often buys them for me so I estimate \$2.0 every 3 days.

Woke early with blocked nose & sore throat. I smoked far too much yesterday. Also forgot to take daraprim. Today, as yesterday, I awoke to a clear sky. Again I risk getting burnt!

Noticed last night that my feet are beginning to rot: large flakes of dead skin are flaking off my heels. People say it is these rubber flip-flops.

Telephoned Michèle about nothing in particular. Feeling lonely for her. Felt depressed after the call, don't know why. Miss her.

Continued writing stuff on *sa'al/ma'anda*. It gets long. Met yet another drunken amhara in a café.

Forget to pick up daraprim at palace yet again. Bought a packet of biscuits (60 cents) – dying to eat something sweet.

Ate & slept at Hassan's.

Woke latish when the sun began to burn my forehead. For some reason the flies left me to sleep this morning. Took a shower – beat Siraj to it & it was beautifully cool. Hassan expected back today, tho' Siraj received a call from Aydahis yesterday saying that he might not in fact come. Later learn that he is due on Sunday.

asa:ku amoyti fo:k yeme:te. usuk salata abem fare. mango mari yenih.

Spent all day writing two long letters to Ioan and Dick – *ma'anda/sa'ala* and modifying nouns. Also wrote a letter to Michèle. Not used to writing so much and ended up with writer's cramp.

13.6.

15.6.

Changed my footwear from flip-flops to tennis shoes, because my heels are beginning to rot. Large cracks in my heels. Doesn't hurt so far. Just a little sore.

Forgot my daraprim yet again. This business of living in two places at once – amoyti bura and Hassan bura, is most annoying and inconvenient in some ways.

An older man from beylu:l came to the house today and told me some interesting things. His speech is clearly not the same as either Siraj or Hassan, °Ali or Ahamad. He said he'll come again. Spent an interesting ½ hour at the Galla smithy this morning; *gile* [afar knife] makers.

Smoked a hell of a lot – c. 35.

Weather again clear and bright, very hot in the day but temperatures falling considerably at night. Since 3.6.73 I've been sleeping at Hassan's. H. himself has been away most of the time, and apart from the nice European type toilet there is no advantage in staying at amoyti bura. And usually I feel so tired at night that I just want to collapse onto a bed after dinner ...

[These letters (GFJL 262–277, 286–291), which are quite remarkable, considering the short time Glynn had been doing research, are reproduced in this volume under the heading 'Letters to Hayward and Lewis'.]

16.6.

Well... the days pass. I guess that I'm fully acclimatized now, since I worked all day yesterday – even during the no-man's-land of 11:30 a.m. – 3 p.m.. Note that yesterday I began conducting my conversation in °*afaraf*: marked increase in my talking.

Last night, as night fell, a huge herd of afar cattle came streaming in along the Dubti road. Many nomads in town today. Looking hungry and desperate. It's not for nothing that I learnt yesterday that this year has been named *da:ran mali* or *baguk makata*. Poor bastards.

Went to the palace in the morning to find that the fat slob I gave the keys to the shithouse to, claims he has lost them. He is probably lying. He says he left them on my bed and that someone must have taken them – after all the time I have left things valuable and small without anyone touching them.

Recorded Abdu counting to 40 in Galla today. Then got °afar up to 20. I brought the tape-recorder and one or two other things down to Hassan's. Today was the last straw. I may as well move into Hassan's officially: I'm already there *de facto*.

Took two daraprim this morning. Suppose it's already too late if I've actually been bitten by a malaria carrying insect ...

Hashim came at nightfall, ate and slept at Hassan's, so I found myself back at the palace on the day when I had finally decided to move out! Still, I slept well enough. Only problem there is a lack of shit-house. Had a good crap at Hassan's before walking back, hand in hand with Mu:sa, to the Palace. Beneath a full moon.

Sky very clear during early evening. I saw two satellites (or flying saucers) and one beautiful shooting star.

Spoke with Hashim about *ma^ˆanda/sa^ˆala* and tribal hierarchies, *ˆasahyammara* and *ˆadohyammara* etc.. He came out with some interesting ‘historical’ material not heard before revolving around aussa (Awash Delta) and assal (Lake Assal) [see GFFNW 107–108]. Hashim has interesting friend. Speaks ˆafar well and has Tigre *mesho* (ancestors). Hashim told me he would take me out today to gala^ˆlu and other areas on the farming frontier to the east.

Up before the sun, cool and becoming light. Took a liter of cold milk on walk to Hassan’s house, met Hashim, Siraj etc. with Toyota at petrol station, therefore don’t get a chance for a morning piss. We go off to *boqayto* to join the Sultan & gradually I realise what a big affair we are on. Of course we had to wait 50 minutes or so for His Excellency.

When we eventually left (c. 6:50 a.m.) we were four land-rovers or Toyotas, about 30 men. Soon joined by two more cars making I guess c. 50 men for the journey. Of these, possibly 25–30 *askara* with rifles, (making total of about 750–900 rounds of ammunition at c. 30 rounds per *askara*), c. 20 general hangers on – like me, Siraj and perhaps only 4–8 people seriously interested in looking at the land. Needless to say that guards quite unnecessary in practical (defence) terms. Every suggestion that the itinerary had been planned – people were expecting ˆAli Mirah. On the return he doled out money to villages we passed. Couldn’t see how much!

We looked at land on the margins (to the east) of presently cultivated area. Apparently this may yet be the best! land one day (‘fossilized’ palm at depths of c. 3 feet), then became swamp for much of year, now drained.

Saw some ˆafar working in the fields. Hashim says there are about 3,100 ˆafar now settled – people coming in in desperation sometimes, with no cattle left. Own from ½ –10 hectares.

One river ‘Hubul’ – the mad one – drained now. Many villages along its banks. Where will they get water now? So you cut off the water and dole out the dollars...

Scenery down at sa:re kale very impressive: land very flat, with volcanoes and mountains rising on three sides. Marshland nearby.

Checked my pulse at about 12.30 p.m. – c. 64. This is unusually low for me – normally it’s around 84. Feeling good. Maybe my heart is taking a rest!

Did very little during afternoon. Collected a little material on tribe (*kedo*) & (*afa*) clan but very little. Tired after bouncing around in the back of the Toyota all morning, cramped and uncomfortable. Ate at Hassan’s. Hashim’s friend went back to Assab. He is a nice guy. Second biggest admin official in Assab. He left on his 7 hour journey c. 9 p.m.. Cool but dark journey ahead of him.

Slept at Hassan’s.

18.6.

Woke late (7.45) and felt tired all day. Hot, clear sky, burning sun. As usual. It's amazing how you are capable of rising each day and deluding yourself that "today will be cooler, I'll feel active and full of work". Illusions always shattered by 10 a.m. when the sun begins to flex its muscles.

A plane passed over c. 11 a.m. and we thought it was Hassan Abdulla. Turned out not to be. Hopes that Asaita is to be penetrated by outsiders always create good feelings. After all, it means news, letters, talk of the big city.

Did little or nothing all day. Finished C. L-S's 'totemism' which I began yesterday. Read a little of Parker and Colby on the Afar language.

Abdu Rahman came round during the late afternoon and I thrashed him at chess – which shows that my head is beginning to function a little. Everyone says Hassan will come tomorrow and Hashim will leave soon after. But this is not true according to Abdu – he thinks there is a conspiracy to keep the big man away from him & ∴. Hassan will stay in Addis longer. Whilst not subscribing to the same paranoia I accept the conclusion... Hashim will probably stay until Hassan gets back, so they can talk. Or else he will go down to Addis & Hassan will wait for him there. (Siraj told me when he came back, that he had had a phone call and "did not think that Hassan was coming back" for 3 days.)

Ate little and slept at Hassan's. No call from Michèle today, tho' I'm expecting one about now – re- wedding date etc.

19.6.

Market day. Up early, showered and decided to get some photos from the roof-tops. It will be difficult but I'll try – with abdu's help. Got some reasonable pictures before lunch. Returned to Hassan's. Found that Hashim etc. planning to go to Addis.



Photo 4: Market of Asaita with camels

(G. FLOOD, 1973)



Photo 5: Market of Asaita with Mosque

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

Michèle called c. 4 p.m. telling me to get back to Addis. Hashim agreed to take me. Packed. Everything ready except no car! In the end Hashim accepted Salim's offer and we left about 12.30 a.m. (20.6.1973) across the desert. With fat punk (*amoyti bára*) coming too.

Slept 2 hours at Bati. Fat punk impossible to wake – had to break window to his room. Long stop at Kombolcha whilst we waited for some people who had left Asaita c. 5 a.m. (Hashim received telephone calls at Ras Hotel Kombolcha). Bank business.

Drove on with stops occasionally for piss or drink. Seven of us + five large cases in small jeep. Fortunately the diarrhoea seems to have cured itself: or at least is less compulsive!

Arrived home c. 11 p.m.. Slept at apartment.

IN ADDIS ABABA 21.6.–18.8.1973 (GFJL 15–21)

Stopped writing journal. The following was rewritten on 9.7.1973. Arrived home to find plans for Ivo and Jean to leave and us to look after Rosie & Theo. [Ivo and Jean were to go to Hamar in Gamu Gofa where Jean would stay 3 months doing fieldwork, and Ivo would return to Addis to look after their children.]

°Ali [the 8-year-old son of Aydahis] came to stay for w/e.

°Ali taken by Aydahis. Michèle & I ate at Kokab.

Ivo & Jean & Balambaras [Aike Berinas, their Hamar friend] left for Hamar. We move into their house and adopt kids. We moved a few things from the apartment to the Streckers'. Lost the spare tyres in the process. Went to see "Cleopatra" with °Ali. Walked out at interval.

20.6.

21.6.

22.6.

23.6.

24.6.

- 21.6. Dinner with Sandfords. Bryan & Bryany Harttey present. Questions and answers.
- 27.6. Aydahis, Maknun & Hassan came to dinner.
- 28.6. Dinner with Sandfords & Harttey and Br at Villa Verde. Busy with wedding arrangements.
- 29.6. Michèle finished school year. °Ali come to stay. He has been excluded from next year. [Michèle had began to look after and teach °ali, the 8-year-old son of Aydahis, who had just started attending the Lycée, but who was having great difficulties fitting in and learning French.]
- 30.6. Wedding & Wedding Party at Aydahis's. We slept at Aydahis's. (Ali away for the night). Partial solar eclipse.
- 1.7. Ali brought back in afternoon by Aydahis. In the evening Judith & Abru-bake came + their kids and bed-spread wedding present.
- 2.7. Report for H.
- 3.7. Report. Ate at Nat. Foods. + °Ali. Met Maknun, Hassan, Hashim (with woman in Range Rover).
- 4.7. Hassan to Asaita + Hashim.
- [While in Addis Glynn wrote up field notes such as a description of Hassan Abdalla's household and daily routine (GFFNW 218–223). See below in this volume under the heading 'Hassan Abdalla's Household'.]
- 7.7. 'In search of Gregory' with Hassans °Ali. Ticket arrangements complete.
- 8.7. Saw °Alawi at lunch and in the evening. Got water as water not coming thro' in Aware. Collected my 'Pastoralist Democracy' [the monograph by Ioan Lewis on Somali nomads]. Ate at Buffet de la Gare.
- 9.7. Theo's accident. Woken c. 8.30 a.m. by crying and Abraham coming to tell us that "Theo malade". Got him to hospital immediately and changed 500D. Had to hold him down whilst he was stitched. He slept all morning but back to his normal self by afternoon.
- 10.7. Took some papers to Kennedy [University library] for photo-copying. Went to see landlord at new house. Cinema to see 'The Thief' with Ali & Michèle.
- 14.7. Cocktail party at French Embassy. Met Pankhursts. Dinner with Pierre Schneider at Ras. Bumped into Aydahis & Mak. Back to Nounou's place. Nice girlfriend.
- 16.7. Finally got photocopy material – Balikci's notes [Asen Balikci had done some anthropological research in Afar in 1969] & Dick's °afar notes [Dick Hayward had done linguistic research in Afar in 1967 and 1972].
- 17.7. Aydahis lent me \$500: a really kind and much needed act. Lunch with Pankhursts. That dog!
- 18.7. Letter telling us Michèle can go to France: her family have bought her a ticket. Ticket arrangements fall thro'.

Dinner with Michèle at Kokab. These last two days spent rushing around getting visas & inoculation certificates for Mi.

Michèle left for Paris – Toulouse. Delay for 3½ hours at airport. Met Peter Railley at Awsa Imp-Exp. this morning. Mi will send me some money when she arrives.

Ivo & Baka [Ivo's twin brother who had accompanied him and Jean to Hamar] return. [GFJL 19]

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE. ? .8.1973

We owe 1600\$, I am going to spend another 1000\$ when/if I get it. That makes a total of 2600\$, spent in about one month. We have to pay back 1100\$ to Ivo within one year and I must pay back the 500\$ to Aydahis soon. So, when you arrive in Addis there will be debts of at least 1100\$ with probably only 222\$ on your account, nothing in mine. Sorry but it is the only way to do it. If we are really hard up we can always live in the tent (I am buying a big one) and take photos with my nice new camera.

Life in Addis is not too boring. I have been seeing Nounours [Bernard Cousin] and Josielle [Josiane Guilpain] a few times, we went to lunch with Aydahis. Josielle will probably teach Ali next year for 280\$/month. Maybe, if and when their Jeep is repaired I will go with them to Asaita. But the desert is now said to be a swamp! and the road is unpassable – it is raining in Asaita like it hasn't rained for 5 years, so they say. Maybe Aydahis will fly me down. Maybe.

VISIT TO ASAITA WITH BERNARD AND JOSIELLE, 19.– 28.8.1973 (GFJL 21–35)

[No journal entries until the 19th of August. Glynn had the opportunity to return to Asaita, this time with a French couple, Bernard Cousin and his girlfriend Josielle Guilpain, both of them teachers at the Lycée.]

Left Addis with Bernard & Josielle Guilpain for Asaita. With my new tent, camera, table, chair, ice-box etc. Day after Salim's wedding. Woke at 10 a.m., got over to J & B's place by 11 a.m. We left at c. 1.30. Arrived Kombolcha towards midnight & slept there. [GFJL 21]

Met Ali Yayyo at Kombolcha, outside Ras Hotel. He told me he was going to Dessie, then went to Mille, as I later found out. Left Kombolcha mid-morning and 20 miles outside the wheel came off. Passing people stopped and offered help & advice. Including Ali Yayyo etc.. Bernard fixed the wheel – me and Habasha helping for heavy stuff. We found the pieces, most of them, that had dropped out, and, with no brakes, returned to Kombolcha. Brakes fixed in Kombolcha & we again set out. Reached Tendaho by night, passing via Bati. Met a family of nomads on the road just Asaita side of Bati. They came out to see us & get food and allowed me to take pictures. Slept

19.8.

20.8.

Asaita side of Tendaho, on the road. I tried to sleep outside but mosquitos disturbed me. Slept in tent + Bernard & Josielle. We were woken c. 1 a.m. by noisy entry of ‘nomads’ into tent area. I left the tent & talked with them a while, let one of them sleep on the camp bed, the other two were on the ground. Woke early in the morning and gave tea to the ‘nomads’, chatted with them. They were town-dwelling ‘afar from Loggia on the way to Bati. They explained to me that the nomads had moved out as there was grass. This is likely. There is grass and yellow flowers everywhere. It only begins to look like a desert when you get to the Tendaho area. Saw a large ‘*aro* [Afar tent-like house] at the camp site. Millions of small mosquitos too. [GFJL21–22])

21.8.

Left the camp site c. 9.30 a.m. and reached Loggia quickly. Began to look for a car to lead us across the desert, but couldn’t find one. Left for Dubti across the sand just following the general direction. Got stuck in mud c. 5 kilometers from Loggia (Kalla). Afar soon started appearing & bargaining for a price at which they would agree to push us. I said (I think!) one dollar between you (five of them). They said afterwards that I had said one dollar each. We settled on around 50 cents each. One of the Afar was beautified with scar marks on his stomach and trunk. We talked with them and offered water from a pipe leading to the jerry-can in the Jeep, but they refused – didn’t like the pipe, I think. We took the one with the scars back to Loggia and left him. I asked him to find us someone who wanted to go to Dubti but no-one appeared. This guy claimed to have killed four Issa.

At bar at Loggia found someone from T.P.S.C. going to Dubti & he offered to show us the road through. Great troubles starting the car but eventually left, following him. Then, once on the cinder track leading to Dubti, strange noises started arising from the rear off-side wheel. So we limped into the plantation very slowly and once inside stopped. Car refused to start again. So we had to push it to the garage again. Working hours there 6.30 a.m. – 12.30 p.m. 3.30 p.m. – 5.30 p.m. They did a little unsuccessful work and I arranged for someone to come and work next day, a public holiday, double time. [GFJL 22]

22.8.

We managed eventually to infiltrate the club system and got a swim late in the evening. Still the car was not fixed. Met a guy from Gibls – not very talkative. As the night before, we slept at Awash Hotel, outside. [GFJL 22]

23.8.

Car fixed as well as possible this morning. New key for the off-side rear wheel, so we have four wheel drive again instead of 3. But starting problem still there. Do we have to roll across all that desert with the fear of stalling? We decide to wait for another vehicle going across, so we can follow: but despite several promises that people are leaving “immediately” we only eventually get one when Abdukader Bargat turns up unexpectedly – he too had been stuck in the mud, having taken the short-cut not the road. So, following him with full power, we came to Asaita, and sleep at Hassan’s after a welcome shower. Noticed on the way that there is grass in the middle of

the desert, which is now criss-crossed by tiny 3"-4" deep streams – dry of course, but obviously water courses not long ago. Also I note with pleasure that there are plenty of cattle about – not thousands, but hundreds. [GFJL 23]

Up early and find Gide in the morning, ask him to come and fix the starting system, perhaps also to take us around. This he does. We decide to go to Aussa in the afternoon at 3 p.m.. I spend the morning with Gide, after he has finished the starting of the car, talking about his life and the last few years in particular. He told me some interesting things about Bilin traditional society.

Had lunch when I got back, c. 1.30 p.m. – earlier than usual I think. I had given Zewdi \$10 earlier for food.

About 2:30 p.m. Gide arrived and by 3 p.m. we had set off. Problems with finding the road, for as I saw yesterday the whole area is flooded extensively (I learnt in Dubti that on August 3rd the Awash flooded, and indeed at Dubti there are large areas of flooded land. They told me that 1,200 ha were damaged by flooding).

Eventually we got to Aussa canal, now widened – 10 years ago – with date palms either side, winding swiftly away to the N.E.^{??}. Crossing a bridge we got stuck. There were three or four dead cows in the water, blocking the stream almost, under the bridge. It stank. The engines started racing and our problems began. She over-heated, Abdu broke the torch just as it became really dark. Gide played with the spring retaining the accelerator cable, played with the distributor. And slowly we moved off. But we got nowhere, lost the road, overheated and stopped. Lit a fire after a while and waited for the car to cool down. Gide touched a few things, we moved on and found a nomad camp where people could show us the way, but again she overheated, we lost power and had to stop. We waited, Gide fixed it and we moved off. Arrived at Asaita after a frustrating and tiring journey at about 10.45 p.m..

When leaving Asaita we had passed Sira:j and Abdukader the engineer (Gide's 'nephew') coming back in. On arrival we found all the beds were taken. Bernard & Josielle slept in Sira:j's big bed and I slept on my camp bed. The cotton is planted in many fields, and others are being or have been irrigated. [GFJL 23-24]

Talking with Siraaj & Abdukadar this morning and it is clear that the nomads have gone out with the coming of the grass. In terms of the road most of them are now in the Dubti, Loggia, even Bati, areas.

Gide came early and has taken the car away to fix it.

Note that last night Sira:j & Abdukadar were sleeping under improvised mosquito nets – sheets hung over the beds with wooden stick attached to each corner of the bed – mosquitos in their thousands now – *Ken^ci*.

The other great change is that an almost finished *tchikka beit* [mud walled house] now stands in the compound. Apparently Hassan is having it built because the house is too hot. Now is the time to build it of course – there is mud about anyway.

24.8.

25.8.

Gide drove around a bit, tinkered with the car and brought it to us when we met him in town. His answer now is that there must be an element in the battery that is broken – just like the guy said in Dubti. Gide is obviously good, but I doubt if Josielle & Bernard believe it: he broke a screwdriver, put a spring on the accelerator link that hardly allows the accelerator to move. And on top of this he asked for \$40. I had already given him \$10 yesterday and therefore said only \$10 more. Bernard gave it to him when he left the house after dark. I said I would see about giving another ten today, but will not give it.

Last night, at dusk, we saw the rain & dust out towards Dubti. Gradually at first, then suddenly, the dust came upon us, and we spent 1 hour in the house waiting for it to pass. There were one or two drops of rain after but no real rainfall. [GFJL 24–25]

26.8.

Woke late, having slept indoors to get (minimal) protection from *Ken^oi*. Tried to go for a drive and found that even when pushed the car would not start – no movement in the accelerator. So we walked into town, up to a café, planning to walk out to the mountains later. But first we had to buy a water bottle and all the shops are shut this morning (Sunday). Talked with some people in the bar and they all told me that the nomads are now at *doka^a*, west of Dubti region.

We tried to get in to have a look at the palace but no-one would let us, or no-one came. Talked for a while with the *aska:da* [guards] and they were most interested in my relationship with Bernard & Josielle – as are many people. Finally, when they found that I have no real kin relationship with them they told me I am *mareytas mareytas* which I believe means ‘lover’ or ‘one who steals the wife’.

Whilst at the palace Bernard asked a woman he saw coming from behind the palace to fix Josielle’s *saro* (they both wear *saro* now, having bought them for \$7 each yesterday). She turned out to be a very powerful figure, ordering Bernard to buy Josielle a head/shoulder scarf or else the sun would eat her, he would lose her to someone else (me??). We walked to the gate with her. Then she decided to ask us something and did so. She has a girl at her house who gave birth 3½ days ago, after 8 months. The child is dead, the afterbirth has gone, there was no bleeding from the vagina and no stomach pain. They said that she had pain on the side of her rib cage, beneath the breasts, and head-ache. I checked her pulse, and it was high. She appeared to have no fever, if anything was rather cool. She lactated when the breast was squeezed. She appeared very unhappy, tho’ I am not sure that she has great pain. They say that everything she eats, she brings up.

I said I would come back this afternoon. At least I can give some pain killers.

Went to see Ato Hayle at Hospital to ask his advice, but he gave me none except get her to Dubti. So, taking Abdu this time we went back to the *‘ari*

[tent/house] to see the woman. I gave her a Librium and painkillers and we left. Her temperature was normal, pulse fast but regular, breathing fast. The two old women seemed more concerned with looking after Josielle than with looking after the girl – perhaps because Josielle nearly fainted this morning.

As we were leaving their house we met Gide and recuperated the Jeep – we had met him earlier on his way to Hassan’s house as we were leaving for the sick woman. We went for a drink and then decided to go down to the Adventist Mission for a check to see if, as Hakin had said, there was a nurse there. Whilst at the *‘ari* this afternoon I found that the child had been dead in the womb, thus giving good grounds for confirming Josielle’s fears of a decomposed womb. The nurse at Adventist Mission came immediately and gave the girl two shots of antibiotics and one shot to prevent vomiting. But she says the girl should go to Dubti. We decided to take the husband to see Ali Mirah tomorrow, since money is needed for Dubti.

Gide again started bitching about money and I told him to piss off – but gave him five dollars. One ‘friend’ gone. We came back to find Sira:j at the house, feeling not too good after having walked ½ way from boqaytu – he plans to buy a motorcycle now. He is a little ill and had been to have a blood test at Adventist Clinic by tomorrow morning. [GFJL 25–26]

We woke later than I expected and went rather slowly to see the ‘sick people’. The woman had a pulse slower and much more feeble than yesterday. We took her husband to Boqaytu where he “saw the Sultan” who refused to give money but offered to give a paper for the Adventist Clinic when the *sado mari* made overtures via his aides.

The woman at the Adventist Clinic refused point blank to accept the sick woman, saying that she would die even if she helped, that she had to be taken to Dubti. We took a letter she wrote back to the Sultan, leaving the woman’s husband at the Clinic. Again the Sultan refused. The letter said clearly “if you want this woman to live she must be given money and taken to Dubti”.

So we took a coca cola and ambo, brought by Ali Mohammed the guard, and left. At Boqaytu I found a much thinner version of little Ahamad. He is happy enough, talked to me about the sickness and deaths, what had happened to him (as I had been told in Addis by Hassan he had been taken back to Dubti, back to his family, and had been very ill). He was happy to see me, obviously, and I was very happy to see him alive, having believed him dead. From about four separate sources now I have heard that maybe 1–2000 people died in the cholera epidemic. Perhaps in the midst of death people become hard. The Sultan certainly was hard. I had hoped that with white people in the background he would be obliged to give. Perhaps he doesn’t care what white people think – he is strong in his own country.

We took the husband of the dying woman back to his home and left him. He appeared unmoved by the Sultan’s decision – he had expected it perhaps. In fact all these people in the face of death are incredibly hard.

27.8.

It's so hot here that when you burn yourself on something it takes a considerably longer time for the feeling to come thro' – for me at least. Maybe with death so high here people don't notice it so much.

We ate and drank our tea, all feeling absolutely useless, hopeless. Then we went into the town for a coca and ambo, and finally decided to go for a drive out to the north and west of Asaita.

Eventually, on a track leading west, we found a flat area flooded not long ago, but obviously very dry now. There was a large extent of water which finally stopped us. Whilst Bernard & Josielle went to look at the water, the nomads' children came down from the volcanic hills and looked. I offered a sweet to one of them but she would not come and take it – she asked me to throw it, which I did.

Then a grown man – labHaytu – came down and asked me to take a sick woman into town. Behind him, coming down from the hill I could see a man helping a woman to walk. The man – his sister was the woman coming down – said she had *bagi biak* for about one month. We took him and his sister into the Highlander Hospital. The girl had obviously never been in a car before, and apart from being extremely ill was very frightened.

Anyway, I think it made us feel better to have helped someone after our experience of yesterday and this morning. We went for a drink in town, met an °afar.

Abdu brought me a mosquito net today for \$7, made in town from cheap cotton cloth, so I hope to sleep better. This I did, but I awoke in the morning to find at least a dozen tiny mosquitos inside the net! I had been bitten again [GFJL 27–28]

28.8.

Market day. We decide to get some pictures. Sira:j said it would be difficult as the police would stop us, so I decided to go underground. On entering the market we shot into a bar and only left when there were no followers – not that we had picked up any. From the café, my camera round my neck, I entered the thickest bit of the market and sat down on one side of a pile of sacks of *daro* (grain), again checking that I was more or less alone. I told Bernard and Josielle to split up, so they lured most of the followers away, and I proceeded to shoot my pictures. I got plenty of good shots, and assuming that my judgement of the light is o.k. they will be valuable. As I moved around I collected an °afar farmer/nomad from dabalaytu, who with his wife was shopping at the market for grain. He left his wife to do most of the running around whilst I bought him a coke at a bar. He was very keen on taking me with him to dabalaytu, offered to teach me °afar °a:da [Afar customs] and the lot, but later things turned out not so good – there is no road to dabalaytu because of flooding, he had no camel with him so I could not get my stuff there; and his plan was that I should work with him on his land.

We also collected today the °afar from dok°a who said last night that he wanted to go to Dubti. All afternoon he hesitated and it appears clear he



Photo 6: Market in Asaita

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

doesn't really want to go – what he wants is to be with me so I can look after him a little. He says that his *ramad* [relatives] is dead, all of them. He has no animals. Some of his *kedo* [clan] are left around dok^ca, but he is not too confident in his ability to get help and sustenance there – *buDa mayyu* [no house], he says. Maybe he is lying. At any rate he is not as thin as many of the poor nomads around town. Still, I give him a little money for food. I could so obviously give everything I have to people here without substantially altering the situation that I despair. Anyway, the guy stays here with me.

We went out for a drive in the afternoon to the west of Asaita, branching off along the Dubti road on both sides. I finished off my film of this morning and so can send back three films to Addis for development – altogether about 80 pictures. Let's hope they're not heat damaged this time.

Before Bernard & Josielle left for Addis with Ibrahim we went into town again to buy *maDow* (fan/flag thing) which are made by the peasants and nomads in the outlying regions. They bought two small rather plain ones for 50 cents each, and then found the larger ones with the better patterns on the way home, and bought one for \$1. They gave, as intended, one of the smaller ones to abba mu:sa, a figure that they liked very much.

Abba mu:sa has been ill today with a bad tummy, so I gave him some Ercefuryl which seems to have done the job. After four caps he is much better and very grateful.

Bernard & Josielle left with Ibrahim about 1½ hours before sun-down, which should get them to Bati for the night barring breakdown. Ibrahim, who knows Aydahis well, will help them plenty. I think they were pleased with their stay in Asaita. [GFJL 28–30]

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 28.8.1973

Here I am again in Asaita. It's still hot, but not so hot. Everyone says it's cold. The desert is full of grass and yellow flowers; it's beautiful. But the nomads have gone. They left the Aussa region about a month ago when it rained and are now scattered all over the place. So I am going to try to get myself into a camp where only the children and old men are – women too. This will be difficult but I think it can be arranged.

The journey here with Bernard and Josielle was full of adventures – but they can tell you better than I...

A good idea occurred to me; we spent about 3 days in Dubti because of the breakdown of the car – there are swimming pools and air conditioned rooms and guest houses. We could perhaps use it sometime as a meeting place. I hope so; it's really good there – if you can forget that they robbed the nomads to make it...

My work is going to be very difficult and I must ask you to be patient, do not ask too much of me even though I ask much of you. But I will be back between now and Christmas – possibly end of October, though for a very short time.

Bernard and Josielle are going back today. It's market day and they wanted to see that before going. They have spent about 4 days here and I think they enjoyed it. Bernard has started learning Afar!! The weather is good. The only problem is that there are absolutely millions of mosquitoes. I am covered in bites.

We have moved around a little outside Asaita – there are some interesting things to see. My job would be so much easier if I had a land rover...

I imagine that I'll be in Asaita for a while now. I have no money and no transport and Hassan is in Addis so I have no help either. Siraj is around in Asaita but spends much of his time out on his farm...

I still owe Aydahis 500\$, he refused to take 200 that I offered him. Try to repay him please. I owe Josielle and Bernard 70\$. I am giving them a cheque here but if it bounces (if my money is not yet through) you must arrange to pay them. Forget entirely about Ivo's money. And try to send some please to my account here in Asaita. SEND AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE; DON'T FORGET THAT I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH...

IN ASAITA, AND MOVE TO DAT BAHARI, 29.8.–3.9.1973

29.8.

Still no sign of a breakthrough in getting into the nomads. I have arrived here too late after the rain – everyone is gone already. My plan now is to get into one of the permanent camps around Asaita and to wait there. But with Hassan, Hanfare etc. absent and virtually no money, my chances of getting out are nil. Money money money. Read *Catcher in the Rye*.

The loss of power that comes with Bernard & Josielle's leaving is too much. I felt quite depressed all day, stayed at Hassan's eating biscuits. Went

out in the evening and drank an ambo, a coca-cola. Met two *aska:da* and they asked me to take their photo. One of them was beautiful so I brought them home and took pictures.

As the sun went down I worked a little on language notes. Nothing much.

Weather is very nice now. It is still a bit too hot between 11.30 a.m. and 3.45 p.m., but not so much so as before. If I sit in the open sun it is really heavy but then who sits in the open sun? The light/shade distribution of a given environment delimits most of the movements people make here. Evenings are cool and beautiful. It's a pity I feel tired by 9 p.m.. [GFJL 30–31]

Woke early, at dawn when Sira:j went off. Went back to sleep for a while and got up c. 7.45 a.m.. Took a shower, ate, and decided to go off to buy myself a water canteen, which I now regard as necessary for walking. Bought one for \$6 and went for a drink at Ras Hotel. Gidé came in and seemed to have forgotten my rebuttal of the other night, tho' he didn't stay long. He went out of his way even to give me some matches. Presently he is working on a Byelam tractor (Russian).

Returned to the house and potted around, nothing to do, waiting for lunch. Two guys turned up for lunch, the usual rice & stew, with Sira:j. Farmers I guess. One of them carried his gun.

I ate little and filled my canteen, took the camera and walked out west of Asaita. My feet took me to the flooded area of the Awash Plain. Grass is pushing up thro' the water, very tall and green. Took a few landscape shots, then heard a lot of noise coming from out in the middle of the swamp and saw a huge hippo splashing thro' the grass, I think eating it too. Water looks deep out there. Walked home – altogether a walk of about one hour, but interesting. No effects from the sun which is not burning today – weather is *‘ubul* [cloudy].

Drank on my return, sat and read an old Time magazine from Hassan's library of old Time magazines, then read a little of Parker's language notes. Spoke no afar all day.

Have noticed, now that Ahamed is gone, that Abdu has become more *‘afar*: before, he was described to me by others as Galla, by himself as not knowing. Now he speaks of an *‘afar* father and Galla mother. Father is dead. Zewdi too has 'changed' – Sira:j told me that she is Habasha, aged about 18, divorced, "Habasha people marry very young" and has had about 3 husbands.

Went for a drink & saw Gidé fraternising with police and amhara of all kinds. On the way into town I met 30 or so *‘afar* ex-nomads outside Mohammad Ibrahim's house – waiting for work on the farm. Most of them from Dok[‘]a. Same old tale – cattle dead, *kedo* dead, a few camels still alive, but not enough to live on. Now there is grass but no cattle. The irony is terrible.

Sira:j came home late after a long day at Boqayto waiting to see the Sultan. We talked about what I should do and it was suggested that I go to Dit Bahari and work there. This is where the grass is. With only \$31 left I resolved to plunge in immediately – there is no choice any more.

This night it rained steadily and heavily for about one hour. Coming from the west. [GFJL 31–32]

31.8.

Up early, packed, Abdu fixed up a place on the taxi for Dubti, and I left Asaita. \$6 from Asaita to Dubti – my luggage is what cost the money, passenger fare Asaita–Dubti \$2, Dubti–Dat Bahari \$1 – in a Russian made van, a really good vehicle. Altogether 22 people crammed in and it gave a smooth ride.

Saw at least 20 ostriches between Asaita & Dubti. Also, many more nomads than when I came in. Note of interest is that some of the *ari* were on legs – obviously (doubtful) to protect them from the flood – but in the middle of the nastiest-looking desert imaginable!!

Wasted most of the day in Dubti. Talked with a few semi-nomadic *ari* who explained that the grass was not yet enough, but would grow.

Realised in Dubti that I had left my two *saro* and my mosquito-net on the taxi, now left for Loggia. Got someone to phone Loggia, and on the way back they brought them for me.

Paid \$3. The taxi for Dat Bahari (*dat baHa:ri*) finally left after several false starts to encourage people to get on. Big scene in *dat baHa:ri* when I arrived – some people succeeded in getting my stuff off the taxi – against my will – and then demanded money. Big crowd. I gave two of them 25 cents each in the end. How easy it would all be if I had a Landrover!

Ma:He and Hammadu, both of whom were suggested to me as contacts by Sira:j, are absent. Looks like a problematic night. Hammadu in Kombolcha, Ma:He in Addis.

Slept with a friendly bar-keeping family who gave me food and put me in the back yard with the animals. [GFJL 33]

1.9.

Found someone from T.P.S.C. to give me a lift out to Hammadu's camp where I eventually found Hammadu. T.P.S.C. people also helped me bring my stuff out from town. Ethiopians both times, kind people.

Spent the day at the camp talking with people. Good because no-one speaks English. Also the people are very nice.

Later, since I had no money, I decided to go back to Addis. I had \$16 in my pocket and felt absolutely dejected. After much hesitation Hammadu used me as an excuse to take Ma:He's small lorry & we set out for Kombolcha. Very kind of him in fact. In *Dit Bahari* he gave me a shirt to put on, and later gave me \$20 and paid for my first night & food (c. \$8) in Kombolcha. Also bribed the customs idiot at *Batie* \$8 to let us thro'. I was ill on the journey up. [GFJL 33]

2.9.

Hammadu went to see his sick son in hospital & slept in a cheap hotel himself whilst I went into the *Ras*, paid for by himself. Should have got the bus this morning but did not wake up and the attendant I asked to wake me did not do so. Slept all day with high fever sweating and shivering alternately. Malaria?? Can't be sure. I have diarrhoea too. [GFJL 34]

3.9.

Caught the bus for Addis. Met the Swiss missionary M^{rs} Cunningham? Reached Addis c. 3.30 p.m. [GFJL 34]

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 5.9.1973

I left Addis on the 19.8.1973 and returned on 3.9.1973. Very short trip ... I'll be leaving for the field again tomorrow or the next day.

What happened was that I got sick of Asaita – Hassan has been in Addis all Summer and so cannot help me; Siraj is always sick; he is a hypochondriac and I get cholera every time I look at him. Maybe I am a hypochondriac. So, anyway I just grabbed all my stuff – huge tent, table, chair, 3 bags, cameras and tape recorder – and took a taxi to Dubti and then to Dat Bahari, where I hoped to find some Afar. So, I found Aydahis' farm in Dat Bahari and his farm managers and left all my stuff with them, and then I realized I only had 15\$. So I came home to get some money. Magic!! I arrived on the 3rd and 100\$ arrived from England on the 4th. So I have money.

I have stayed a bit longer to get some slides developed, and maybe I'll write about them.

Anyway, my plans now are that I'll stay down there till mid-October or just a little later. Then I'll come back to see you, my love ...

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO BARRIE 5.9.1973 (GFJL 244–256)

(...) I just got back yesterday from 'the field' tho' I've only been away 2 weeks I got everything I need now – borrowed about £350 and bought an Asahi Pentax, 135 mm lens + 50 mm lens, big tent, table, chair, etc. etc.. Managed to get it into the right part of Ethiopia and left it with friends of friends on a cotton plantation somewhere. Then I ran out of money and realised everyone was still quite busy dying, got slightly ill and came back to Addis Ababa. I'm still ill a bit but don't think its anything. It's just that if you get the shits – non specific shits – in a temperature of 35°C in the shade and clouds of mosquitoes blocking out the moon at night, you don't feel too good. Anyway, I need a camel – my big-shot °afar mafia friends are o.k. but they are stifling me and I am going to try to break their hold by disappearing. I speak o.k. now and the °afar are great people.

It's about 10°C cooler there than last time, and with any luck my imitation of field research will be perfected in the next two months. It rained too, so there's plenty of grass, and Ol Man Awash burst its banks on August 3 and there's mud all over the desert, green, and the °afar are putting their houses on stilts. Grass is plentiful. It's a pity that most of the animals are dead. Still, can't have everything. Mother Nature is doing her bit again, with typhoid knocking off the wise guys who stuck out the cholera. Between 1 & 2000 people died in Asaita (popⁿ probably around 5000 before.) But the number of people in town hasn't changed much, because the hungry ones are still flocking in. The faces change. There have been mass burials. No burials. The jackals & hyenas are looking good ...

So ... I came to Asaita about 2½ weeks ago and found that all the people who could walk were back about 70 kilometres west. Asaita is a do-gooders'

paradise, full of the crippled and the poor with no legs to take them to the pastures or no animals to put on the pastures, or just plain apathetic. The °afar are the noblest and proudest people I have ever seen. Can you imagine what has happened to make them just sit down and die. Many of them are in a state of nth degree shock. It's horrible. Somehow it's worse now that there is pasture again. Lots of the young guys – about my age, the ones who should be out with the herds, drunk on camel milk, dancing singing and fighting and doing their hair – they are just like ghosts. At the best of times the °afar are what western psychiatrists would call psychopathic – they show no emotion and are capable of doing anything you care to imagine – but now (I mean I've seen the change since 2½ months ago) they are like zen buddhists and more. I've seen hungry people refuse food. There is something very strong in their culture against begging – it's to do with gift exchange relationships where giver is above receiver, and a great desire to stay separate and independent. But, before, they would come and walk themselves into your line of vision and say quite simply "I'm hungry" and it didn't even need to be said because anyone could see they were hungry. If that's begging, then there are still °afar beggars. But there are these new ones who just stand and sit and walk a little and die and take nothing you offer. You need something to be able to beg. These people are absolutely empty...

I am applying for money to Wenner-Gren, to start from September '74, when the S.S.R.C. dries up. Somehow I am going to get the material I want, but it's going to take time and money. It's perhaps too much to expect Michèle to support me much longer, but I take failure very personally and so it's best for both of us if I succeed. No?? By September '74 I will be in a position to go native anyway, so I'll be able to give my grant money to Mi, or some of it, and live down with the °afar. Hopefully. Ideally I'd like to move to Dubti down in afar land, get Michèle to stop work altogether and work as a family. Dubti is a big English-run cotton plantation with showers, hospital and swimming pools. I could possibly get a job there with the company but it's not a nice thing to have to do.

Still, the point is that I am not planning on coming back before Xmas '74 at the very earliest. Summer '75 is what I want to do.

RETURN TO ASAITA, 11. – 21.9.1973

11.–14.9.

Left Addis c. 8 a.m. Ivo came back and took me to the bus station for 6.45 but the bus left later than expected. Arrived Kombolcha c. 4 p.m. after a long and tiring journey. Ate & drank and then met Ali Abdalla who said he was leaving for Asaita next day. (We actually left on Sat. 15th) I lent Ali first \$50 to buy a watch, then another \$50 for car repairs, then he returned \$50 and when we reached Dubti he borrowed another \$50 for repairs to the car. So altogether \$100. [GFJL 35]

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 12.9.1973

I am in Kombolcha, it's about 2.45 in the afternoon and I am in the Ras Hotel. Afar all over the place with their cars, waiting for money, going to Addis, going to Asaita, gone to Dessie, promising to take me to Asaita but not looking likely at the moment. Hassan is at last in Asaita again, I have money, diarrhea and my note books, so I'll try to do something this time. The game that Asaita plays is clear now – either it's too hot or it's full of mosquitoes, or you can't get there because the desert is full of mud...

Left Kombolcha for Asaita c. 11.30 a.m. but the gear stick sheared off about six kilometres from Kombolcha. Repaired and returned to the car, left around 4 p.m.. Arrived Dubti at night after coming through very heavy rain and flooding. Loggia-Dubti M-Cotts road washed out in three places. Abdu Samad decided to sleep in Loggia – he had \$5000 on him, collected from Kombolcha and told me he feared that Ali Abdalla (*dum^cayda* [long tradition]) would steal it – but later came to Dubti anyway because his fear of being cut off in Loggia was greater.

Spent the day in Dubti, the waters in the streets receded rapidly, watched a game of football in the afternoon (Dubti 2; Dessie 6), and then as dark fell I learned that Abdu Samad had left for Asaita and persuaded *dum^cayda* to take me. He didn't need too much persuasion and we arrived at Hassan's place 8.30 p.m. (lots of mud in the 'desert').

Siraj out on his farm, Hassan in Assab as we had learnt yesterday in Loggia – he has gone with Hamid.

Ali Abdalla returned to Dubti promising to come back here tomorrow. We'll see! I sent Abdu out to buy biscuits and a tin of pineapple and sat down to my evening meal. Gave three chloroquine tabs to Zaude who is complaining of pains everywhere. She is probably a little ill. But Abdu's remarks are possibly pertinent too – he says that she is only sick when there are big people around, that when she is left without Siraj or Hassan she is fine. Siraj on the other hand thinks she is genuinely not well, and refers to the fact that at her last period she lost very much blood. So he is able to get such information... [GFJL 36–37]

Abdu says Hassan will come back tomorrow. Siraj returned this morning despite my notes about him yesterday. I slept well and have felt good all day. The weather is cooler than last time I was here – quite pleasant in fact.

Rain fell in the mid-afternoon – only a little for about 5 minutes. But over to the east we could see a big storm. Still the air is very dry. Wet hands dry quickly even out of the sun.

I did a tour of the town, three bars and drank too much. Met Gidé again – he is now sober and talking more clearly. Gave me plenty of info' on the mad woman at the Ethiopian bar [see GFFNW 325].

Met Haji Mohammed Afar and talked a little. In the afternoon he came to the house and for \$2 gave me information re- Har al Mahis's line. Worked for about 45 minutes only, but he gave me plenty of stuff [see GFFNW 254–255].

11.–14.9.

16.9.

17.9.

Went to the bank in the morning and inquired about the money Michèle has sent. From her letter I know it was sent, and from the letter sent by the Addis Ababa Bank to her in Addis I know it was sent. But the Bank seems to know nothing of it. Ethiopia!!

Did nothing during the late afternoon and evening – except read Sira:j's copy of 'How to win friends and influence people'. Advice to anthropologists?? Ate very little – Zaude's cooking and her general behaviour are shitty. And she seems to have as great a personal dislike for me as I have for her – refused to put up my mosquito net at all until practically forced to. Sira:j says she will lose her job soon. Abdu too – they say he lies all the time!! Good coming from them. [GFJL 37–38]

18.9.

Market day. Decided to collect different foodstuffs on sale and to get their names. Did this. Wanted to buy *ko:noyákke* [cognac] but the Habasha salesman wants \$17 and I told him to stick it someplace. No sticks for sale today either. Nor *Kabella* [sandals]. Saw two camels with riding saddle – see notes. [GFFNW 330] People say these are typical of aussa. Bought some lemons, 12 for 20 cents – seemed expensive to me, Abdu said it is the price.

Abba mu:sa bought 1½ balls of tobacco from the market for 70 cents.

Sira:j v Zaude dispute grows: Hassan left S. with instructions to fire Zaude whilst he was away. The plan is for Hassan to hire a new woman (someone who never worked for him before) whilst Sira:j takes Zaude out to his farm where she will not want to be & will eventually go away. Clearly there is no great barrier between them in our terms: they seem slightly afraid to tell Z. to go. When S. became angry this afternoon – we were eating Kat (I suspect he needed it to build up courage) – he told her to go and to take her pay. But she simply refused so he, feeling perhaps that he had done what H. had asked, left it at that. Z. is working 10x better now. It will last no more than 2 days. There is perhaps some sexual jealousy involved: Z. is a fine figure of a woman but has no sex-relations with anyone in the house. They suspect, probably correctly, that Z goes & wastes much time fucking her own people, the Galla. When I queried S about exactly who are her own people, he said that she says she is Habasha but she is muslim ∴ she can not be amhara ∴ she must be galla (S. says there are muslim galla in the region to the west (beyond Bati).

S. also angry this afternoon about Kadir, “that cattle, that Blackman, that negro”, who he had charged to buy beds and bedding for use on his farm. Kadir is a ‘drunkard’ so when he did not come this afternoon S. suspected that he was drinking away his money – although two beds had already been delivered to Hassan's house this morning. (Abdu now tells me that Kadir was drunk when he found him.)

S. sent the two beds out to his farm on a passing tractor/trailer. Kadir arrived shortly after & S. tried hard to be angry but he is such a gentle person & Kadir is so big that he could not be. He & Kadir went to town: the Kat was finished anyway.

Spent the evening doing nothing – as usual. Talked a little with Sira:j but the Kat was keeping us both quiet. Certainly I felt good, more confident about prospects etc. Sira:j promised to take me to his farm tomorrow.

Had difficulty sleeping. Despite the wind there were mosquitos, and several managed to get inside my net. [GFJL 38–41]

Se:k Mohammed Afar seems to have decided no money no work. Cossins was obviously buying his information expensively. Went for a walk in town in the morning but could not find Se:k Mohammed. Translator guy is waiting around for me to find him work. Crazy.



Photo 7: AydaHis
(G. FLOOD, 1973)

In the afternoon, because Sira:j has been unable to find a car, we could not go for a ride to his farm. Met °Ali from the Red Sea Coast – argued about religion.

Went for a walk down to the flooded area & met AydaHis, a small boy who was looking for food *diDibi* in the flood waters. Took plenty of photos.

Met a guy from Shell Chemicals who is here but can not work as no car is provided. Friend of mezgeber??

In the morning met a deaf and dumb °afar man – he had a voice but could not speak. Siraj tells me that he is in charge of 40 men with °Ato Han-



Photo 8: Flooded landscape

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

fare. *du:da* is the name they give him – dumb. Speaks with his hands & is well understood by his friends – and me!! [GFJL 41–42]

20.9.

Siraj & Andom up early to go look at Siraj's farm. I got up later – about 7.15 and had a good breakfast of milk and tea & pancake stuff. Played cards & lost to Andom. S. went to the office and Andom & I went up to town. Andom drank beer, Abdu refused to drink it. Abdu wanted to sell me his *gile* [afar knife] for \$20 by instalments but I don't have the money – down to \$30 now and no hope of getting the other \$100 till Hassan comes back.

Andom felt that he had wasted his day because they had not repaired a car to take him around the farm. Habih later attacked him saying – “you are just a salesman anyway so what advice can you give me or anyone else that is unbiased?”

So Andom decided to go home. I too decided to go. Why?? Michèle I guess. Also a lack of money, Hassan not there, general lack of progress again.

They found a lorry later and we got a ride to Dubti via Loggia!! And then the guy wanted \$2 each. I only gave \$1 – Andom gave \$2. We got rooms in the Guest House and Andom is off to the Senior Staff Club. I hope my remarks earlier about Dubti were not too ill-judged!! He seems to have friends in the place. [GFJL 42–43]

21.9.

Left for Addis. Slept at Kombolcha. Met the pilot & engineer of the spraying thing who told me some interesting things about the size of Awsa plantation.

22.9.

Reached Addis c. 3.30 p.m. [GFJL 43]

RETURN TO ASAITA WITH CHARLES, 4.–15.10.1973

[Glynn spent 12 days in Addis, without keeping a journal. While in Addis he met Charles, a French adventurer, and they decided to travel together to Afar.]

4.10.

Thursday: Picked up Charles this morning and went to the bus station. Bus left c. 8 a.m. Stopped for lunch at Debre Sinai, arrived Kombolcha c. 5 p.m. Bus fare \$7.50, bed \$5, food & drink \$2. (Left Addis with \$102) No Afar seen on the road.

5.10.

Up early and got the big bus to Asa[˘]ita. Fare \$5.50. Arrived Asa[˘]ita c 2 p.m., went to Siraj's and ate. In the evening we went for a coke in town and someone gave me a stick – after all this time I have been trying to get one. People are asking whether Charles is a *labuumu* [male] or *saynumu/saynumu* (equal alternatives) [female] – with reference to his hair at the back, but not to his beard!

Then we got arrested and the police boss demanded our papers. I did not have mine, having left them in Dit Bahari months ago. Charles had his at Hassan's so he was o.k., but I have to go to Dit Bahari tomorrow to find my papers. I wanted to go anyway, but to stay – now I must come back.

Very few *amoyti askaara* around. Have they all gone out to their countries now that the grass has come??

Siraaj signed for me at the police post, at the bottom of a long (ridiculous no doubt) scrawl by the senior officer. When the cop saw that I had good friends in town he began to back down. But I almost caused a real mess by calling him a stupid bastard – he tried to force me to stand up and I nearly smashed him in the beer-gut. The cop wanted us to sleep at the police post at first, but Siraaj saved us from that. Slept at Hassan's.

This afternoon Charles & I walked out to the flooded area. He talked about Masai. I found a good beetle for Guy. We found Siraaj, Ali etc. eating Kat when we returned to the house: the regular life-style with Hassan absent is in operation.

Crop spraying. [GFJL 44]

Up at dawn and off to Dubti with a police guard, whose transport I have to pay there and back to Dit Bahari. Dubti–Asa[°]ita grass has grown towards the river and in one or two places there are large concentrations (20–35 huts) on raised ground. Many goats and cows – more of the latter than I expected.

At each stop increasing embarrassment for the policeman: he is moving in strange territory. He and his 8 workers rarely leave Asa[°]ita, and here everyone knows me. So I am permanently surrounded with people asking about me, friends, [°]afar etc., whilst he vainly tries to 'guard' me.

When we arrived at Dit Bahari I walked him half-way across the plantation and tired him out. His gun (he has no bullets!) was getting heavy by the end of the day! I took pity and bought him some food in Dit Bahari whilst we waited to return.

Dubti–Dit Bahari, also many [°]afar camps. Wooden kraals built in the absence of stone. Roughly the same size as the others.

Charles stayed in Asa[°]ita, picked up his passport this morning and had a look around. I arrived this evening in time to eat. The police chief was rather overwhelmed by my passport, I.D. Card, and University I.D. Card. As usual he was lurking in a bar somewhere, bull-whip under his arm, ½ drunk.

\$15 spent today.

Crop spraying. [GFJL 44–45]

Sunday: Charles and I slept in Ras Hotel. I am beginning to sense that my presence with guests is unwelcome here in Asa[°]ita. Last night, on consideration of the time we had together we decided to go to Dit Bahari today, so we were up early and away.

Charles took all of his stuff, expecting to leave eventually from Dit Bahari for Addis on Wednesday.

We missed connexions and had to spend a lot of time waiting around in Dubti so we took a brief look at the plantation buildings, swimming pool, guest house etc..

6.10.

7.10.

The police in Dubti are noticeably more friendly to me now – yesterday they had seen me with the tall guy and had heard the news I guess.

We reached the X roads at Dit Bahari & walked into *Hammadi gaso* [Hammadu's compound] where we found many people complaining of various sicknesses lying under a shade building. Sores and diarrhoea. Mostly galla. The beautiful boy with the crippled hip was there too. I tried to give advice where possible but most of them either need a good doctor or nothing at all.

At first, on entering the camp, we came to the galla labourer's house and were given meat. I did not like it much. Joke played on me with pilaw, which burnt my mouth considerably. Galla obviously not fasting, but tho' the °afar are, there are many irregularities.

Prayer called at sunset by one man (*seek?*) who led prayers with 13 others, all °afar, behind him. Chanting and praying and more or less co-ordinated periodic prostration/bowing. People faced N.N.E.

When we found the °afar bosses of the camp in Hammadu's absence we were received warmly and offered tea, milk, cigarettes. At bed-time we were given one bed – they refused to let Charles sleep on the ground, tho' he said he wanted to – and we had my camp bed. Charles slept on that and I fixed the big bed for myself with my *zanzeriya* [mosquito net].

I slept well, waking late. Heard people chanting all night at intervals but too tired to rise to observe. We had walked twice from the town to the camp after a long day. The second time was unnecessary – only my lack of faith in our °afar hosts who drove us into town in the evening led to my decision to walk back: they arrived just after us, merry and laughing.

Whilst in town in the evening we went into a *tej beit* [mead house] where the occupants were all drunk and having a good time. Music on the national instrument, one string diamond shaped sound box. We were both struck by the great display of aggression from all those in the bar. Compared with the °afar these Habasha are very aggressive – yet in a fight I knew whose side I would like to be on!!

Crop spraying. [GFJL 45–47]

8.10.

Got up late, c. 8 a.m. after a good sleep. Decided rather vaguely to walk out to *am^casa baado*, maybe to spend the night, maybe not to. Just as we were leaving the camp we said goodbye to the guys who had looked after us. Yayyo gave me a pack of cigarettes and a box with a few matches in it, when all I asked for was one cigarette – typical °afar hospitality.

So we left, refusing lifts to the edge of the plantation, which we eventually left in the eastern/north eastern edge. We were immediately on good grazing land with many large herds of cattle. The camels all seem to be up in doka^a, or nearly all. Many goats down here too.

We stopped at one camp and talked with the people before buying a large bowl of delicious yoghurt – like cow's milk – 20 cents. They gave us a small

amount of savoury porage [porridge] too, which I found not so nice but I suspect to be wholesome food.

All along the way we met people who told us that we could not get thro' to Asa[°]ita because of the water – *Kadda bada*, *Kadda Hawasa*, *Kadda wer[°]aytu* [Big Land. Big Awash. Big River]. We decided to keep going until stopped.

The route people indicated passes well to the east of Asa[°]ita towards high land. I accepted this as likely to be true since I knew that there was plenty of water between Dat Bahari and Asa[°]ita in a straight line. We could easily see where the big waters were by the dense tree vegetation.

Eventually we came to a small river about 15 feet across, where two young [°]afar men were watering about 60 cattle – mostly cows but a few bulls (time c. mid-day).

The water was not deep. About 100 yards beyond we could see another river. In both the water was moving quickly in the centre. Both were wad-able, but the [°]afar told me that further on there was a big big Awash to cross, and beyond that a large lake.

Against my better judgement I let Charles persuade me to cross. In my thoughts were considerations of my need to get into this country, and of the advantages of at least doing this first trip with a white friend. Besides, at the first water crossing Charles showed that he was a good swimmer and we talked about the possibilities of getting me across a big river. He said he could, and that he could even get his camera across without danger of getting it wet.

And it was real good to take a bath in the Awash, to be able to put on a damp and cool T-shirt afterwards. So we crossed the first two streams, wading. Problems for people who need shoes are that you have to take them off first, then dry your feet & get the mud off before going on – all of which wastes time.

Also, in the deep mud at the water's edge and in the water there are usually many thorns.

We waded four streams following animal and human tracks for about 1½ hours. At last we came to what was obviously the big Awash, tree lined and deep, tho' it had evidently been deeper not long before – in fact the whole area we were crossing had obviously been heavily flooded about three weeks or even less before.

We checked with a couple of goat-herds who were with their herds in the bank-side vegetation and they showed us the best place to ford. This was at a point where the Awash merged again after probably dividing around a large densely forested island. The fording point was 40 yards across and the river was obviously deep in the centre with a very strong current.

Charles & I talked about going back until I asserted (not too surely) that this was the last big water between us and Asa[°]ita. He tested the water, current and depth, and I asked the people on either side of the river if there were

crocodiles. They said no. So we checked ourselves up and down the bank. Nothing. Charles waded into the mud and swam to the other side. The current took him a fair way down-stream, so on the return leg he checked whether he could possibly walk it. No luck, even tho' he is 6ft. 6" tall.

He made 3 crossings carrying stuff, and got none of it wet. Then he came back for me. I emptied the water bottle – we had been drinking Awash water for some time now anyway – and used it as a float whilst he took me across on our backs with no trouble at all.

There were about 6–7 people on the other side by now – women cleaning their woven baskets, men and boys just watching.

We got ourselves invited back to the home of one of the young men, and drank milk, separated into curds and whey. I gave the camp a pack of cigarettes, tho' the guy wanted bread mainly, or so he said. He insisted on looking in my bag even tho' I denied having bread – was he checking my wealth??

At his camp we met his *tobokoyta* [older brother], a bigger healthier looking guy compared with the first guy we met who was, and said he was, ill. Still the weakling did most of the talking.

He said he was going to Asa^ˆita market (the next day) so my expectations were vindicated – there was a way thro' to Asaita. At first he said he was leaving now & would take us (it was c. 4.30 p.m.). Then it became clear that he was stalling and wanted us to stay the night. When I said that I wanted to go now the *tobokoyta* said to him, expecting that I could not understand, and in a rather sinister way, “tell them that you are sick and will go in the morning.”

I suspected (falsely it turned out) their motives for wanting to keep us. So we continued despite warnings that the people would kill us, and that



Photo 9: Hummad, the older brother (*tobokoyta*)

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

yangoula [hyena] were attacking people in the area (which I falsely disbelieved). [GFJL 49]

Shortly after leaving their camp we came to another watercourse, flowing swiftly but wadeable. Walking along the bank to find a suitable crossing point we surprised two crocodiles in the shallow water at the bank side. One about 12 feet long, the other about 9 feet.

They left pretty quickly & noisily when we arrived, but it didn't make us feel too good about crossing. But then we had known about crocodiles being in the rivers all along, and actually seeing some made no practical difference.

We moved upstream, Charles tested the water took the stuff across and then I went over as usual with Charles downstream of me.

After this there were no more big streams – and no more people. But between us and the volcanic massif ½ mile ahead we crossed several small dry/muddy streams. We reached the massif at what appeared to be its centre, tho' it turned out later to be the left hand end. I decided to move as if we could go in a straight line to Asa^oita; but when we got to the top of the hill, with the sun beginning to set to our left behind us, we saw Asa^oita o.k. but between us and the town at least ⅓ of the distance was water, with trees and forest growing out of it.

The flooded area ran all around to the west, beyond the end of the massif on which we stood, and a little behind us. The land directly behind us was criss-crossed with streams but not flooded. The massif ran from where we stood several miles East. As far as we could see the base of the hill gave way to a large flooded area, a linear lake about 2½ km across and 8 km long. The only choice was to go East and hope for a way around by following the highland. The sun went down rapidly, and with it our hopes of finding any people with whom to spend the night. The last people were on the other side of the crocodile river. So we had to choose between the high ground (where we were seeing hyena and finding ?leopard? tracks or big cat tracks anyway) and the low ground where the mosquitos were in their millions. There was no wood for a fire on the high ground.

We searched frantically for people but found none despite the fact that I had seen two small girls herding goats across the hill on which we were.

We needed water too, so we went down to a narrow gap between the hills where the flood water was pouring thro', and filled the bottle.

Then I had the idea of building a thorn stockade for protection – as the ^oafar do for their goats!!

We only had 3 matches left but succeeded in starting a fire with the first – plenty of dry wood about and after building our stockade we felt much better, tiny as it was.

We were hungry and tired and increasingly thirsty – perhaps salt deficiency, perhaps the mud in the water. But we were unable to sleep at all because of the mosquitos and the hard ground (cracked mud). The mosquitos bit fero-

ciously all night. As the light came up I almost slept but it was of course time to move.

During the night I smoked 5 gauloises and between us we drank all the water in our container. [GFJL 47–51]

Made a false start in the morning, moving around the foot of the massif, to the east but on the wrong side of the outflow of floodwaters. So we returned and went over at the small cataract where we had taken water yesterday evening. We moved along the Asa^ˆita side of the highland, walking away from Asa^ˆita however, feeling weak from hunger, not knowing whether we would find a way thro' or not. The country was desolate on top of the volcanic highland – plenty of stone cattle kraals, but little indication that it had been occupied for a long, long time.

Still, I suspected that we would find a way around – the movement of flood-waters is to the West (23.11.1973 N.W.), indicating that it should be dry to the east (23.11.1973 S.E.).

After 1½–2 hours of difficult walking, on large boulders with no path, I saw people in the distance, walking to market. I caught them up, going ahead, and we all walked together along the right path, to the plantation and Asaita.

One guy was carrying a small lamb for sale, \$2, having walked 3 hours.

We crossed just one small irrigation canal and were on the plantation. Watermelons for sale! Charles & I devoured one – the ^ˆafar with us refused, saying that he had *soom* [fasting] to keep – yet he later ate when he arrived in Asa^ˆita. 50 cents for one water melon. The best I'll ever eat.

Took a bath in the Awash by the bridge, and Hummad, the big brother from the last camp we left yesterday, came along with us to boqayto. He turns out to be a good guy, known by Ali & Ahamed at boqayto as *amoyti askaara!*

Hummad began to say that only God brought us through, that hyenas would have eaten us, that we should have guns and a guard with us. Ali & Ahamed agreed.

When we got back to the house Siraaj was astounded, as were the others. Then later, after I had slept and taken a much-needed foot bath, Siraaj said that Ali had telephoned and said that Issa had tracked us.

This story seems like one made up afterwards but I do have reports of Issa on either side of the area in which we were, and the highland we used as a routeway does stretch away to the South and West, providing a possible routeway.

Anyway, I arranged with Hummad that he should come back the day after tomorrow to pick me up with his camel, whilst I go tomorrow to collect some stuff. He says I can stay with him about two months. His wife is 7 months pregnant, and sick. Only one river, the crocodile river, to cross.

Charles & I ate in town, a little goat meat bread water and an orange. Then we went around the market with Hummad, taking a good look ourselves.

Charles took no pictures; indeed he has sensed the dangers involved throughout and has taken none.

We ate at Hassan's in the evening. Again, as usual when Hassan is absent, Siraaj is living the up-at-9-a.m.-have-the-friends-round-and-eat-plenty-of-Kat-way-of-life.

Ya:sin now seems to do most of the work in the house – Abdu goes out independently more often. Zaude still does as little as possible.

Fat Ali* -with-the-german-girlfriend (from Ussab) was here, and other people I don't know. But the beds were full and Siraaj was not slow to allow us to sleep at the Ras Hotel. Slept easily and long.

Spent c. \$2.50 today.

Crop spraying. [GFJL 51 – 53]

Wednesday: Up just after dawn. Charles got the big blue bus to Kombolcha; I had to wait whilst they fixed the taxi, and then left for Dit Bahari, planning to return today with my stuff – the essentials – for my meeting with Hummada.

Got to Dubti late & missed the connexion. Drank coke, smoked, wrote my notes, met a couple of men from Wimpeys (new dam) who thought Somalia was Saudi Arabia or vice versa. They bought me a coke, understood less about my work than the °afar nomads do.

Dum°ayda found me and also managed to get me a lift to D.B. in a big lorry.

Walked from X-roads to camp.

The °afar are mainly sleeping, tho' Yayyo at least is no longer fasting. He awoke, found me, gave me water, let me into the room where my stuff is locked "to prevent the galla from stealing it". Brought me tea, lentils & injerra, and got me a lift into town with tractor and trailer.

The taxi was waiting: šertu sa°ida's taxi. But he was not going today; tomorrow morning – so I must spend the night here. The waste of time is annoying, but this evening is very cool and pleasant.

I seem to have forgotten to add weather notes. Weather now quite bearable, tho' today and yesterday, being clear days, were hot around 1 p.m. – 3 p.m.. I am suffering from sunburn and mosquito bites, but as the weather gets cooler I am sure to enjoy myself better: and the mosquitos are due to go soon – tho' where I am going is full of water.

There has been no rain since 5.10.1973 when I arrived this time.

Today I saw two examples of conflict between °afar and non-°afar:

- (1) man from Hammadi *gaso*, speaks °afar, mixed galla/Habasha parents, drove me into Dit Bahari with tractor trailer & several people 'accrochés'. But on the way he refused to allow a trio of °afar nomads to get on the back. He took on a Habasha woman who was sick + her followers, and later re-

* abdalla

fused a galla labourer. But his refusal of the °afar was more pointed – they had already succeeded in getting on and he stopped to throw them off – and it was explained to me by an °afar from Hammadi *gaso* [compound] who was also riding mudguard like me that this man does not like °afar.

▫ (2) man living in a bar in Dit Bahari v small local °afar who works as a guard for the company. Unable to understand cause or arguments. Nearly fought, stopped by two large °afar intervening on both sides – calmed the issue.

Met °afar today who said there were no °Issa in am°asa country, but there are in the hills just south of Dit Bahari.

Also got a clear statement from a couple of waadima °afar that °afar will not drink from a cup or bowl drunk from already by another man – me or °afar.

\$1.50 for bed. c. \$2.50 for other things.

Crop spraying. [GFJL 53–55]

Slept well tho' could not get off at first. Woke at dawn, breakfast of biscuits and coke, took taxi to Dubti, where, on getting down from the vehicle, I dropped my cigarette packet containing \$14.40. When I turned around after 5 paces it was gone ...

Luckily Salim came along and saved me. I had already sat down in a bar and taken a coke and a pack of cigarettes, when I saw Salim's Mercedes pull past the doorway. He eventually sent me the \$5 I asked him for and I paid the driver of the taxi the \$1.50 that he had paid for my hotel bed last night.

Caught the taxi at last and came to Asaita feeling on top of the world. People had told me in Dubti that before going to *am°asa baado* [Am°asa country] I should see *am°asa abba* [Am°asa leader] and get his support, but I think I can do without this.

Then, on arriving in Asaita, I found Siraaj planning to stop me going, saying that the normal way to go into a country or community is via the chief, and I should/must do this. He is right, but the *am°asa* boss man is in Dit Bahari, whence I have just brought ½ my stuff, and I hate the idea of going back there again.

Siraaj also says that even tho' Hummad is 'known' he will not be 'responsible' for me and .∴ it is dangerous for me to go with him

This morning, in Dubti, I had an interesting chat with a guy from Bayya-Hale who asked about what I was doing etc. Then, "What do you have in that box?" I told him that there was medicine. So he told me that if I was going to *am°asa ba:do* I had better treat my penis with some medicine or I would be getting shot.

atu am°asa baaro geddeki, buDDe daylisey ... the rest is indicated by a gesture.

On both legs of this journey from Dit Bahari to Asa°ita I travelled by taxi without paying any extra for my 3 bags. Just the regular fare.

I waited in Asaita expecting Hummad to arrive – he has left his gun here after all – but by 3.30 p.m. no sign of him.

Much talk over the last few days about the Israeli/Arab conflict. People want to push me into a pro-Israel position. They tend to believe the Arab propaganda rather than the Israeli propaganda, though in this household at least they are listening to both. The Arabs are bombing only military targets, the Israelis are bombing civilians.

I get the impression that Syria and Egypt are winning easily.

In the evening I met a new customs officer whilst out walking buying a few things for my trip out. He is nice enough, wants to learn English.

I bought 12 boxes of matches \$1.20 (the customs officer says that in Djibouti these would be 60 cents) tea sugar fishhooks and line for about \$4. That way there is no danger of me not getting protein – fish & milk everyday!

This money, which I spent in the late afternoon, came from the Bank – I withdrew \$60 of the money which Mi had sent from France and which arrived so late.

Paid an *amoyti askaara* [Sultan's guard] \$18 for a *gile* [Afar knife] today too.



Photo 10: Glynn wearing a *gile* (sword/knife)

(M. FLOOD, 1973)

Then, later when I was at home, Ali came over from *boqayto*. In the discussion which ensued I managed to push my point of view that Hummad, in his description of the dangers involved in our journey, was exaggerating not because he wanted me not to go, but because he wanted to make sure that I took him as my guard.

Abdukadal supported me and Siraaj now seems quieted and will object less to my going to stay with Hummad if he comes tomorrow.

Much of the trouble is that if I get killed there will be a big mess in the area and bad publicity for the Afar. The government would use it as an excuse

for all sorts of trouble making, and people would feel bad and awkward for a long time.

In the talk about just who was “tracking” me and Charles before, the people ‘*ad°al aroyta* were mentioned as being 50/50 ‘*afar*/Somali. [GFJL 55–57]

12.10.

Woke early and went fishing. The customs guy did not show up but I had a pleasant morning catching 2 quite large catfish in the Awash, using bread as bait. Awash is now very full, about 2 feet below bankful.

The passing ‘*afar* were slightly disgusted with me because of my fish-eating habits (I had begun to cook one but did not eat it). I gave both fish to the Galla.

Came back to the house feeling good and ate a big lunch. Spent the most of the afternoon arranging my things and packing, preparing for my departure ?tomorrow? or whenever Hummad comes to get his gun.

Later went out and began photographing behind Hanfare’s house. A guy from Kadda buDa came up and guarded me without my asking, and said he would come to Hasssan’s for me tomorrow to help me work.

As I walked into town, little Ahmad found me and we went for a walk and a coke. He refused pointedly to drink from a bottle shared by another small boy, telling me afterwards, with no substantiation, that the boy (a small ex-nomad) was ill.

We looked without success for the guy who sold me his *gile* and walked off saying he would bring it *away* [immediately]. I am sure he is not a thief, but where the hell is he??

Tomorrow, Abdu Kadal, who has been here at Hassans since 7.10.73 at least, is off to Addis – maybe. I’ll get a letter off to Michèle and send a few things back too – things which I just don’t need here.

Another discussion in the evening about the Israeli/arab conflict with the fat pig ‘*osman* aggressively pushing the line that all the world’s problems are the fault of England.

Since I have arrived this time (5.10.73) I have seen crops being sprayed on all 3 plantations in the area. The cotton is about 2 feet high on average, I 1 foot. [GFJL 57–58]

13.10.

Slept well and spent the morning getting things ready for Abdu Kadal, writing up my diary from a small notebook which I then destroyed.

Realised that the light meter is not working effectively in the camera... have asked Michèle to send me more batteries

Late morning I went with Ahamad to collect plants and their names. He is fantastic – as an ex goat-herd[er] he knows a great deal about the business.

Abdul Kadal left, taking my things & a couple of letters to Michèle & some beetles.

Spent the afternoon writing up notes and later went down by the river to collect more plants with Ahamad. Took one soil sample too.

Siraaj etc. eating Kat – the circle is widening. Salim was over this morning & went back to Addis today (up to Kombolcha I suspect where he will take the same plane Abdu Kadal will take tomorrow).

Looked around for the guy who sold me the *gile* – no sign...

Only \$18.50 left from the \$60 I withdrew 11.10.1973. Can only account directly for

<i>gile</i>	\$18.00
equipment	\$ 5.00
cigs cokes	\$ 8.00
given	<u>\$ 3.00</u>
	\$34.00

Learnt today that *amoyta* [Sultan] went to Mecca yesterday. Discussions at night + Habib Mohammed Yayyo and Faagir re- spraying priorities. School has 8 teachers. Two of them (Ethiopians) have land here. °Osman controls list of priorities. [GFJL 58–59]

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 13.10.1973

I send this with Abdu Kadal because I can at least be sure that way it will arrive. He is a nice reliable guy.

I expect Charles has been around and told you the adventures of our stay together. We took a long and difficult walk and I proved to myself that I am capable, now that it is cooler, of travelling by foot. Look on the map. We went from Dat Bahari to Asaita by foot across about 6 rivers and around a huge flooded area.

The results are good. We met people who want me to go back – one guy, a friend of Ali and Ahmed at Boqaytu, wants to have me live with him and his group for a couple of months. He has gone back to his country to get his camel to carry my stuff. True, he said he will be back two days ago and has not returned; but he left his rifle with me so there is not much danger that he will not come. Probably, he will come next market day.

My language is improving now. I have a couple of major barriers to go through and then it's just a question of vocabulary.

Oh... Hummad, the guy who is coming to fetch me lives just 3 hours walk and one small river away from Asaita. He has a wife who is 7 months pregnant. So maybe I can work off my anxiety about you and our baby by helping her – if I get there. She is ill now though I don't know what she has.

Sunday: Noticed last Sunday but forgot to record, that the shops are shut on Sundays.

Charles noticed whilst he was here that there is a muezzin call at the mosque, but extremely quiet, it is...

Woke c. 7.45 and wrote up my notes to date.

14.10.

As arranged yesterday Ahamad came this morning and we went out onto the dry area behind Hanfare's to collect plants and their names. Got a few, took two soil samples and went into town. (Find that AHamad can track superbly, animals and people.) Unnecessarily drank too much – milk, coke, milk. Ate some biscuits too. This kind of thing seems to come from my lack of self-determination, poor organisation. Gradually I feel that I am beginning to assert myself as I gain confidence in my ability to do so without making great blunders.

But I guess I did make a blunder this afternoon after lunch. Great argument blew up over my collection of data re- colours. With °Osman mainly, whose aggressive manner has long annoyed me. When he “accused” me of trying to use the colours to prove that the °afar have many different dialects I said he was speaking rubbish – to which he took great offence. His honour was in question and at last I apologised as I should and we are now friends. The problem is that on certain colours I am getting several words – which I regard as normal. °Osman had picked up my small book and said that certain people were wrong. This I disagree with – I think they are all right, just that depending on degrees of modernity people distinguish more or less colours. Both Siraaj and °Osman were very touchy about my delving into this – they feel that I am trying to prove the backwardness of the language. Also great criticism of my use of the serving boy Abdu, who they said is not even °afar and knows nothing.

Siraaj with his eternal gentleness and tact pointed out that my behaviour was not correct for a guest. “M^r Glynn, you must not behave in this way.” It is not for nothing that he reads ‘How to win friends & influence people’. °Osman said he thought I was trying to push him to something and that if I was not a guest he would have done it. °Osman is now running the office here. My antagonism of him was both impolite and misjudged.

In retrospect perhaps the whole thing relates to the arab/Israel dispute & °Osman's characterisation of Britain's position. The whole dispute was in English.

Ate Kat all afternoon with °Osman and Siraaj. Very enjoyable. Ahamed came but I sent him away. Wrote up a few notes.

Am now hoping that the *am^aasa* man Hummad will come next market day (16.10.1973), which seems most likely. It will be good to get out and spend some time drinking that delicious milk.

I have a collection of about 20 named trees and plants, a small beginning. I also have samples of soil on which they were found.

The farmers are having some problems with Axum re spraying. Ethiopest working well apparently. Yesterday some indications of the truth of the lack of knowledge about the exact amount of land each farmer has – squabbles between farmers and pilots.

°Osman says that if I want to get stuff on the plantation organisation I must ask His Excellency's permission.

This afternoon the *mahabantu* [senior-most leader] of KilukHinkiiba came re- the dead boy, hit by a stone thrown up by a car.

AydaHis's new AGIP Garage is almost finished, with the old Italian working as foreman over Habasha labour. Generator, small low wall around it, and one tall European style lamp post.

This afternoon, whilst we ate Kat (we only finished after dark) *amoyti askaara* kept on trying to get into the compound. Siraaj ordered abba muusa to keep them out because he said they would tell His Excellency that they were eating Kat.

During the late afternoon and early night °Osman did a little administrative work, paper & writing. The spraying was discussed, a man came and money (several hundred \$) was exchanged between him and Siraaj. All this is frustrating for I am still a long long way from being able to understand people talking together, and even so people often shift languages bewilderingly in my presence. If only I could observe without being present! I would be able to ascertain whether this linguistic versatility is for my benefit or not.

Kadir, who has sat around all afternoon getting up only to do small services for us, went outside the compound when he needed a shit. Took my big torch, which provoked a comment from °Osman that "he is like a child – whatever he sees he asks for and must touch & use a little." [GFJL 59–61]

Stayed at home in the morning, reading notes on the language and revising my notes.

Late afternoon (c. 4 p.m.) I met up with Ahamad and we were talking, drinking cokes in Ras Hotel when one of his school teachers came in and untruthfully told him that he must go to school. Just because he didn't want him in a bar I guess. Later Ahamad taught me the different names of sheep, goats, cattle and camels.

Siraaj, °Osman, Ali etc. all eating Kat again this afternoon.

Siraaj did not hesitate to tell me to go & sleep at the hotel tonight – "I have guests", he said. (This meant Abdalla and his man, + °Ali). [GFJL 62]

MOVE TO HUMMAD'S CAMP (FODA°O), 16.10.–30.11.1973

As I had hoped Hummad came today. He said, I think truthfully, that he had been ill. He did not bring his camel, as he explained that he was not sure that I would come. So we borrowed a friend's camel.

He bought coffee, coke for his pregnant wife. Also white flour, a small knife, as he explained for enlarging his wife's vagina (she is 7 months and he says her bus is too small). Altogether I gave him \$30.

I have brought sugar, tea, porage oats and my medicine chest, + ten packs of cigarettes which will not last long.

Hummad also bought macaroni, since the grain was not to his liking. He is always extremely careful in his shopping, with coffee especially; + 5 bullets (\$10).

15. 10.

16. 10.

As the day wore on we drank some coke, went to collect my stuff at Hassan's, said goodbye to Sirraaj, Ali etc. I expect I shall go back in next market day.

Hummad and his friends loaded my stuff and the food, and the friends took the camel on ahead of us. We two left a little late. I said goodbye to a reluctant Ahamad – gave him \$2, for as he explained, without me he gets no coca cola.

This morning Haji Mohammad °Afar came but did no work; just to let me know he was around. I had put word out that I have money again: having verified this he said that he would come back this afternoon. I wasn't there. Wonder if he came? Must find him later anyway.

Hummad and I came to his camp after dark, walking well east of where Charles and I had attempted to go. Saw the people who must have been there when Charles & I came through – but Hummad deliberately avoided their camps, saying of one group that there was a sick woman and they would want all our medicine.

Drank about 4 pints of delicious milk, cows and goats. Was really ready to sleep but instead spent about ¾ of the night miserable with millions of mosquitos eating me. Slept a little this morning. Struck by the fact that nobody really seemed to sleep much at night – people always getting up to look at animals, to check for hyenas, or simply not able to sleep because of the mosquitos.

Slept outside without *zanzaria*, on my mattress, with a *Konoyakke* given me by Hummada. Hummad slept part of the night with me, part with Fatuma.

When we arrived men milking the goats in the kraal. Last night too Hummad milked his two cows. [GFJL 63–64]

17.10.

Up at dawn for a piss – all that milk! With mosquitos decreasing in intensity I was able to sleep for a while after and when I awoke all the goats were out, all the camels were out, and Hummad's cows were on the way to the pastures.

The goats came back mid-morning to be milked. Hummad explained that fatuma's *tobokoyta* [brother's] son had died just recently (yesterday) and that today they were sending milk to his camp.

Went out with Hummad when he went to see how his cows were grazing. Drove off a small herd of cows guarded by two small boys – they had crossed water into Hummad's land, which he appears to define very accurately, with visual markers.

Bathed in Awash and washed our clothes. Hummad lectured me about my penis, and throughout was very careful to make sure I didn't show anyone else. It is a shameful thing not to be circumcised (tho' there are °afar who are uncircumcised.) He told me he would circumcise me if I wanted. Got information on who is present in the camp.

mo°olim [religious teacher] came, Koran in bag around his neck. Gave a small round brown ball for fatuma to swallow.

Last night, as we walked in, Hummad talked to me about his hopes. He works as a guard on the Southern boundary of the plantation when the cotton is there, and has permission to eat some of the cotton. He will move up to the hill a bit later. Rain and good grass is expected at *dada*^c [rainy season] where we are now, so he will be near here then.

He talked about Aydahis giving us money, going to Addis Ababa; giving me land here so I can grow *berberi* [chillies]; becoming a cotton farmer is his ultimate ambition.

Wrote notes most of the afternoon. Begin to realize that there is a long, long way to go. This is *am^casa baaro* Hummad's *ayadahisso*, fatuma is *am^casa*.

^cali's son died yesterday, today we send goats milk to the camp.

Down by the eastern boundary of Hummad's land there are many *ginni* [jinn]. There is also a plant with prickly burr-like fruit which is good for keeping *ginni* away.

Out here most of the greetings between people are of the genuine *daagu* [news] type, chanted by people not looking at each other, in a very low voice. I guess that they can hardly hear each other most of the time.

Had a much needed crap this afternoon – crapping distance seems to be 50 yards (NOT SO no real definition, you go further to crap than to piss) – but there was fresh blood in my shit and tape-worm. Maybe I should take a course of anti-tape worm bombs – but it makes you smell odd and gives you the shits, so maybe I'll leave it till I go to Addis.

Very surprised by certain aspects of behaviour e. g. when we returned from the walk to watch the cows there was the medicine man sleeping on the floor of the hut, with fatuma sleeping on the bed. Also, during most of the afternoon I slept on the bed next to fatuma. Hummad has prepared all the food so far, probably because fatuma is sick and pregnant.

Many people in the camp are sick – this morning I handed out cream and tablets to at least four people. Fatuma has pains in one leg and appears very ill, tho' from time to time she is perfectly o.k..

Found many other animals grazing on Hummad's land today – he chased them & the two herding boys away.

People have been sharpening their knives on my sharpening stone – let's hope everyone continues to find me useful ... I think Hummad at least finds the deal we have made worthwhile.

This afternoon Hummad and I went out to get wood for my bed. We got 4 pieces shaped Y for the legs, two long side pieces and several cross pieces. Hummad & Fatuma gave me a ½ of their bed made of *tamerto* or *garrido*, the latter being the name of the particular wood of the *tamerto* from which it is made. (Young growth)

They made my bed c. 2½ feet off the ground by the side of their hut, put up the *kayn^ci dunkaan* [mosquito net], and Hummad gave me his gun as a weight to hold it down properly. Although several mosquitos got in I slept much better.

After I had gone to bed several people came into the camp and there was a violent argument, I think about the grazing area question this morning.

Drank a little *saga Han* [cow's milk] before sleeping. Ate *basta* with *ber-beri* and sugar today too. [GFJL 64–66]

Up before the sun came over the hill. The people in Hassooni's tent were free with information about themselves this morning. Drank a little goats' milk, plenty of coffee, ate a handful of *dara* [sorghum] cooked by Fatuma. Hassooni found my blue felt-tipped pen ideal for decorating the face of wasi-ila and then her own upper chest and face, using a small hand mirror.

Today Hummad explained that he was ill because fatuma is ill – she can't make him good food ∴ he is weak.

Hummad, who writes a little Amharic (his name, taught by Hayyunti, the arab from the plantation) has spent much of the morning learning to write my name, his name, Fatuma's name. He has learnt this very rapidly indeed.

Everyone seems to want me to bring my camera!

Hummad tells me this morning that the grass was eaten last night by *gala^ceela* and *ad^calikairoyta* – people moving up to Dit Bahari from the Somali/Afar border area with their herds. They said they had lost their way and were allowed to stay in the camp with their animals.

In the afternoon we went out for my daily wash. Hummad did not wash because he has fever (*anu^casita*). (Began treating Hummad for constipation) Again he chose a place where I am well hidden with my shameful penis. But just around from where we were, the rest of the men from the camp, except abdalla, were playing *Dabudda*. I learnt to play and won 3 times, tho' I had the impression that they let me. Certainly they helped me very often.



Photo 11: Bridge of logs; Hummad crossing

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

Down there by the river the °afar have built a bridge across a shallow but fast flowing stream – using the same principle as the bed. Pieces to shaped so Y driven into the mud, + cross pieces to support the logs and tree trunks which make the bridge.

We took the cows to graze when we went.

Treated a goat's breast which had been torn – antiseptic cream + tape.

Returned at dusk and found Fatumah cooking *basta*, which proved to be too much. She herself did not eat, Hummad did not eat – they were both sick – so they distributed about ¾ of what was cooked, firstly to Hassooni's tent, then to Abdalla's.

Abdalla seems to be both structurally and personally isolated, having no wife. His hut is further away from the others too. He is *ulu°oto aydaHisso*, like Hummad [see Figure 2].

Hummad set up my *Keyn°i dunkaan* and I slept beautifully. Weather now very nice. Still too hot at mid-day, and too cold just before dawn, but apart from the mosquitos, which Hummad excluded totally last night, no problem at all.

Hummad goes into long comparison between my torch and his penis measuring one against the other. Fatuma would have been better off to have been fucked by a penis like my torch – then she wouldn't have to be cut to deliver the baby.

Before sleeping talked with Hummad, laying on the *fddima* [palm leaf mat] outside the tent. Spoke about the funeral of the 2 year old boy at °assag ganta [°Assag camp] across the big awash – °Ali has been away for two days now but will be back soon they say – they are killing animals and building the grave. Spoke also about marriage payments – Hummad says he will repeat it tomorrow so I can write it down (He didn't). He is extremely keen to have me do my work properly, to make sure that I get my notes down. [GFJL 66–68]

Woke just before dawn, got up about 15 minutes after everyone else. Yesterday afternoon noticed that the majority of men from Hassooni's °ari [house] were fasting – *soom*. This entailed a refusal to smoke, and an attempt to avoid smoke from my and another man's cigarettes. When they asked why I was not fasting Hummad quickly explained that I was on a journey and would fast later. This morning some of the men from Hassooni's °ari were praying. Hummad is not fasting anyway.

(Last 2 weeks all the camels want to fuck, foaming at the mouth, rumbling.)

This morning when Hummad went to milk °adayreli she was in a bad mood. They hit her so hard that the stick – my stick – broke. No explanations, no offer to get a new one.

°Ali returned this morning and milked the camels.

Adan killed a goat (small male) and came to offer us meat, but Hummad says that there is no meat on it .°.we shall take none.

When Fatuma wanted her husband to come back to the *ari* this morning she did not call him but instead said to me, *yi ba'ali maHaabaa?* [What is my husband doing?] – so I called Hummad back.

(Although 7 months pregnant fatuma went out to collect firewood today. N.B., she gave birth 16.11.73)

Early on Hummad's gun was taken by *Ali* and Helim. They have gone to kill *dabado* [crocodile] over to the N.N-West, since they lost a goat to one yesterday. They came back and said they had killed it over to the N.W., tho' I heard no shot.

Today *Ali* and Hummad discussed the problems of having me around – already people from across the river who have seen me have said they think I am here to take the land. *Ali* emphasized the need for Hummad to take me to see mooli ambaDa, *am'asahabba* [chief of the *am'asa*].

Ate the fat of the tail of the sheep brought by *ali* (from the funeral of his son), well cooked & slightly crisp, in a sauce of *ado basala*, *Hilfi*, *berberi*. Fatumah ate the large pieces on the bone & some of the fat left in a strip, which Hummad did not cut up into small pieces.

assi bada'o and family & animals crossed over to our side of the big Awash today.

Hassooni was working on an *afleeta*, and earlier in the day braided Kaali's hair. She also has a large goat-skin full of butter, which she is working on. Hummad and fatuma say she will give them none but will sell it in the market. [GFJL 68–69]



Photo 12, 13: Braiding hair



(G. FLOOD, 1975)

Saturday: Slept long and late, rising with the sun well over the top of the hill. Ali and Adan and °ammar °omar have gone into town. My cigarettes have run out, the sugar is gone, we need onion. So Hummad gave them some of my remaining \$14 and they will buy me some things – cigs. etc. + onion, sugar.

This morning Fatumah & Hummad built a small stand for the *Kodda* [goat-skin sack], for my bags etc. The bed is now much less cluttered.

°assi baDa°o barra came for me this morning, to get me to treat their son °ali's *dale* [sores]. He has two bad sores on his right leg, putrefied and running. I got him to clean off the scabs with a stick and then washed it, added a pad of cotton wool + antiseptic cream, and gave Vit. C tablets. His sister also had a smaller sore on her right leg. This one I have hopes of curing, but if °Ali's sore heals I will be surprised. I took the precaution of telling baDa°o that °ali will probably not get better without the asa°ita Hakim's [Asaita doctor] help. daHará I hope will be o.k..

°assi baDa°o has put his camp about 10 minutes walk from ours. He has 3 huts in his camp, one large goat compound, camels, cows. Two huts separated from the third by the goat compound.

Took a crap today for the first time since 17.10.73 – again slight difficulty in crapping (I am slightly constipated), worm segments and this time plenty of blood, fresh again. I hope its nothing serious. I feel o.k.. Probably just worms.

People around us are increasing in their fears about me. I am *šifta aynata* [like a bandit] or even *yanguuli aynata* [hyena], stealing the land or whatever.

They ask if I am scared of *ginni* fairly often. My reply that I am not is probably the wrong answer. Can you take hold of a *ginni* they ask – yes I say *mameysitto°a? mameysita gaHisahanu.*

Ginni sinam yabbire (yabbiDe).

(Saw a large tribe of baboons about 100° from our camp.)

This afternoon the guy from the camp near °assi baDa°o dislocated his leg (knee). I gave panadol but before it had time to take affect Hummad began manipulation. He knows well the organisation of the knee bones and was confident in his replacement of the knee-cap, but made little attempt to get the bone back in. The man fainted from pain twice, but at no time made a sound. In between he discussed the problem calmly. Tough guy. Afterwards he fell back and slept.

(11 year old abdalla aHamad made string for °ari from *killagto°alla.*)

Found that daHarád *dale* is again open almost – she has already torn off ½ the bandage I put on. So I replaced it.

People refused wal°i °omar transport to Asa°ita till tomorrow morning, so he will have plenty of pain between now and then. But the doctor will fix it in 2–3 minutes under anaesthetic.

Got myself an °afar hair-cut today, as planned, short at back and front, standing out a little at the sides. Also my beard has been severely chopped down – particular attention was paid to the hair below my lower lip.

The medicine man spent all day at the camp, writing and stitching the *kitab* [amulet] he is preparing for Fatumah. Her leg pains are *ginni*, caused when a *ginni* took her 3 years ago.

The writing and stitching of *kitab* was finished tomorrow morning, so that the *mo^olim* spent the night here. Inside Hummad & Fatumah's tent a ceremony took place just a few feet away from my head last night – after Hummad had safely tucked me up in bed. I was dying to get up and watch but dared not to. Tomorrow Hummad explained to me that the metal axe blade was heated to red heat on the fire, words were written and burnt in the incense bowl with butter. The axe blade was held up close to Fatumah and the *mo^olim* spat butter onto the red hot metal giving fire of *benziin aynata* [like benzine], falling on Fatumah's chest and knees. Then she was washed in *HaDa* [medicine] prepared in the floral Swedish design cooking pot.

This is for driving away the *ginni* – The four *kitab* now hang from the roof near the fire. Cost altogether \$36.

Last night before going to bed there was a singing session. People were talking about *ginni* and I was saying I am not afraid of *ginni*. They started up a *ginnile* song, clapping, getting me to join in.

Then the *mo^olim* began a prayer session, opening his books (he has two) and chanting & singing. We all gathered around – I was allowed to join the circle. Incense was burnt. Everyone concentrated on the book, but Hummad, who looked most competent tells me he understands only a few words of Arabic and can not read. The *mo^olim* was often not looking at the writing, and again often ?pretended? to be following the words. For this prayer session and for the later ceremony in Hummad's tent, my torch was very important. For the prayer session someone held my torch aimed at the writing and followed along the line – from left to right. From time to time the *mo^olim* indicated with his finger that he was not ?reading? where the torch was pointed. Some pages were gone over very quickly, others very slowly – ?repetition? or just that the writing is “really” irrelevant. Also the script was often (where written by the *mo^olim*) only vaguely like Amharic script. The language was not Arabic, but did not resemble *afaraf* too closely either – although sung – language is difficult to understand. Hummad says it is “*afar salawwata – Haddis ken aboyya*”. ??? [GFJL 69–72]

21.10.

Fatumah in bed behind a screen of cloth. Hummad added butter at lunch-time. She now has a *Kadda biak* [big illness]. *mo^olim* left fairly early in the morning.

I was called upon by a couple of people for medicine, and later went over to baDa^o *ganta*. They are not taking the guy with the dislocated knee to Asa^o ita. Said they would take him tomorrow if I go with them, and I said I could – but Hummad says I must not go (because he does not want us to get too close to them?) daHará and ^oali dale are o.k.. There is a small child with bad lip sores. Almost 1 year or less old. I will give flagyl – small pieces.

Dangerous and difficult to administer, but worth a try – I told the people to call me immediately if the child develops diarrhoea.

(Two new [°]ari in wal[°]i [°]omar *ganta* [camp], making 3 now.)

(River is the domain of men? They do the washing.)

Hummad is increasingly telling me to keep away from other people – or to tell them to come here if they want medicine. This I will do, since I am getting tired of being exploited so efficiently, whilst I only exploit them inefficiently...

(mo[°]olim comes and asks me for *dale diwa* [medicine] which he takes away in a small bottle.)

Gave away at least 10 dollars of medicine in the last 4 days – and since the people are either very sick or hypochondriacs I see no quick end to the problem. In our *ganta* only abdalla, who is isolated anyway, has not asked for anything – his kids too are very healthy. Mohammad and Helim (NO, he has [°]asoda [malaria]) too are both healthy, as is Hassooni. This leads me to suspect that the people who are asking for medicine are not particularly sick – they just have to ask. Those who do not ask are either those who have ignored me throughout or who are particularly kind to me. This hypothesis is spoiled by Hummad himself who has taken a little medicine, tho' I believe he is really ill. People like codeine, pain killers of all kinds.

Gave aspirin to a kid who they say was bitten by a snake last Wednesday – they say he is still very ill tho' he looks o.k. to me, just slightly ill.

Hummad has continued the treatment of Fatumah, washing her with butter at least twice. His father-in-law's brother ([°]omar adan) came and demanded marriage payments (the father of Fatumah is dead). Hummad took my remaining \$5 after asking me, taking me aside in typical [°]afar fashion.

I was told to go to Hassooni's tent whilst he was here. Hummad's reaction to his presence was interesting. Hassooni's *absuma* [patrilineal cross-cousin] warned me about the dangers of messing with Hassooni – I will get shot he says. He should know...

Fatumah spent the whole day in bed behind her cloth. No shoes worn in the hut.

The calf is let out for the feeding night & morning, cow is primed with the calf before milking.

Noticed this evening that I have a small lump right hand side of the pubic hairs – feels kind of glandular, hurts when you push it. Must check with the Doctor at abro badi faage this market day.

Hummad scolded me tonight for doing no work today – said I am his student and must work hard – if only he understood what I want the situation would be perfect.

In fact I did do some work – washed some clothes in an Awash side stream, washed myself, played *Dabudda* [game played with stones placed in holes in the ground] – which seems extremely complex in fact if you want to play well, tho' quite simple if you want to lose every time. [GFJL 72–74]

Just before I went to bed last night Hummad brought me matches to light my cigarette saying our fire has medicine; it is bad for you.

This morning I felt tired when I woke, not having slept very well. Took a Vit C tablet to freshen me up. Was awake too late to go out with °omar and the goats. Hummad brought me camel milk this morning. I find it difficult to agree with what Balicki wrote about camel milk, tho' there is every likelihood that for his area it is true. Here, if you drink camel milk you don't touch any other milk or butter during that day. But you can smoke cigarettes or eat grain or spaghetti.

When I awoke this morning Abdalla was busy breaking camp. He is going up to the hills (*yi baaro*, he calls it). With him will go his two fantastic kids [one of whom was Kaali, the girl after whom Glynn was to name his daughter], his goats and sheep and one *rakub* [male camel]. He told Hummad yesterday that he was going.

Fatumah got up this morning for a piss but retired quickly behind her cloth screen.

mo°olim came early, after the goats had gone out and people had eaten. Yesterday afternoon he asked me for *dale diwa*, which I gave – a little anti-septic cream.

No one came from baDa°o *ganta* to collect me this morning. I doubt very much that they have taken wal°i °omar to Asaita. Poor guy.

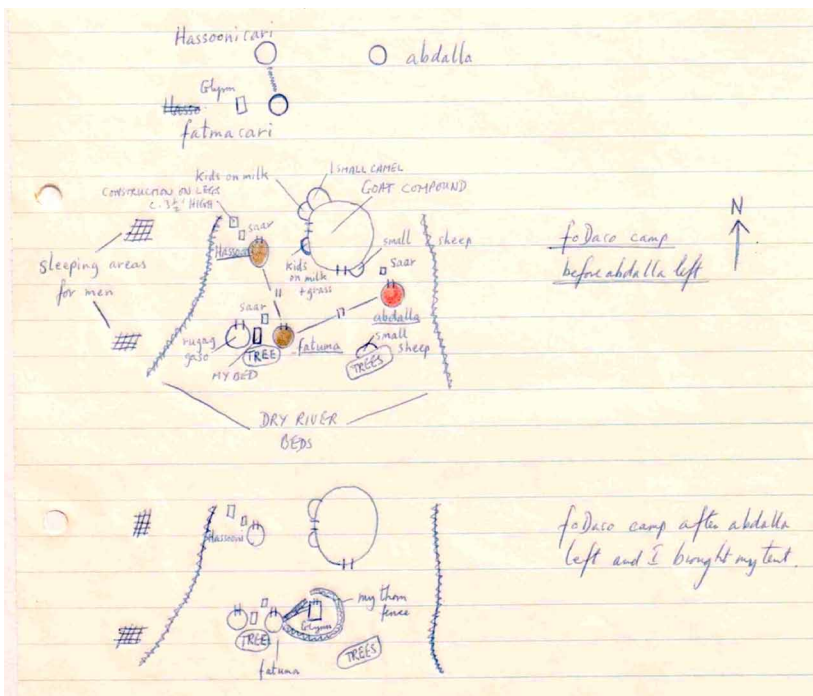


Figure 2: Camp geography, 1973 (GFFNW 337)

baDa°o son °ali came over this morning having lost both bandages – I suspect they were taken off to see how they were getting on. Both look a lot better, tho' the big one is still bad. People beginning to get a bit of a nuisance but before using my medicine as a way of blackmailing information out of them I must first show how powerful it is. Guess this is a common problem for anthropologists.

Since Fatumah has been ill other women have been in to do the work – yesterday wasiila, today Hassooni. (The ½ sister and full sister of Fatumah.)

Abdalla left with his stuff on 2 camels, leaving his 12 year old son to drive his animals behind. They went late morning, coffee time for us, having taken from dawn till then to pack.

Throughout the time I have been here I have seen no food exchanges (WRONG c.f. 18.10.1973) between abdalla and others in the camp, whilst between Fatuma °ari and Hassooni °ari food flows back and forth rapidly.

Today we are still not allowed to use fire for lighting our cigarettes. People should not come into the house with shoes on – tho' some °afar (*Kas mali* [ignorant] – says Hummad) do come in with shoes.

Hummad as always talks very much about going to Addis and getting good medical treatment for Fatumah and his child – after it is born. Of course, the chances of her dying in child birth or of the child dying are very high. She is not very strong. My job is to make her as strong as possible in the next few weeks so she can stand a better chance.

Ali's wife °assa came over with her brother and her child by °ali. The child is very sick.

Hummad continues to want to learn to write. Today it is Alimirah aydahis name – which he refused to write next to his own and mine, saying *usuk mengistebbada* [son of the state]. Instead he drew a square on a piece of blank paper and wrote the name within it. Writing has great power here, and many people refuse to let me write their name. The only other person who can write is the mo°olim.

Had a crap today, less blood, plenty of small worm segments.

Entered Hassooni's tent at one point to find that °assa was rubbing half dried cow shit all over the small child °ali wal°i. I fear that she has cholera, tho' they say she does not. She is sick about once every 20 minutes and has mild diarrhoea. Her pulse is about 2x mine. She is 3 years old and her neck glands have been swollen for one year and ½. Persuaded them to take her to Asaita tomorrow. [GFJL 74–76]

Market day. Up at dawn, goats and camels and cow milked (only °adayrali is with milk). °Ali's child loaded on a camel and set off before us. Adan, Helim, °assa + child, Hummad & I went. I saw mo°olim in town. I had forgotten how tough that walk is – leaving here you walk on the flooded and cracked soft earth, cross at least one waist-deep stream and then quickly up onto the stones of the hill which lies east of us. In two places it rises thirty metres which have to be climbed rather than walked; in two places it descends very

23. 10.

steeply too. And everywhere stones, big, small, loose, fixed. To get into the plantation you must cross a small irrigation stream, then there is 60 minutes of flat boring walking before you reach the town. (PASSED A LARGE DILÍB[°]I CARAVAN COMING UP FROM THE FLOOD.)

I took altogether \$45 from the bank – the last \$10 just before we left. Spent \$4 on cokes; cigarettes cost \$7. Medicines cost \$5, food and tea \$1.25. Gave first \$13, then \$9 then \$5 to Hummad. He bought (as agreed) a cloth for Fatumah, shoes for her and himself (I only said he could buy for himself) and for his son who we met in town. Coffee, sugar, garlic took up the rest.

I hung around in town late trying to find someone from the office who would have any letter from Michèle – but no-one appeared.

Hassan is still in Addis and Sirraaj has gone to Asmara.

Called in at the Adventist Clinic where they diagnosed lymphitis for me, and malaria complications (hardened spleen) for Hummad. So I can treat him. [°]asóda turns out to be what I suspected [malaria].

The small girl has glandular T.B. and requires at least 30 consecutive daily injections. [°]assa has no base in town, and there is no money. The Ethiopian medical centre would give the injections free apparently; but like most [°]afar they are not keen on going there. She will not be treated; nor will wal[°]i [°]omar's dislocated knee, incidentally – he was not taken in this market day.

The people at Adventist Mission refused to take money from me.

By the time we left abro baDi faage the sun was already well down. It was dark by the time we reached the stone path. I have bad blisters on both feet and needed badly the two painkilling tablets I took as we left town. When we arrived in town we both had fever and were feeling lousy. By the time we finished the stone trail – which alone took us about 3 hours in the dark with no moon – I, at any rate, was feeling terrible. Hummad was not in much better shape, I think, tho' he stumbled less than I.

Slept outside on the ground, covered in cloths for protection from mosquitos, which are still around in their thousands, despite the strong wind. It was cold in the night. [GFJL 76–77]

24.10.

Woke this morning late, as did Hummad, feeling terrible. Patched up my feet and started the course of tetracycline recommended by abro baDi faage doctor. Continued the treatment begun yesterday for Hummad's [°]asoda, and began treating [°]omar for the same thing. Fatumah also has it but is getting tired of all the pills I am pushing down her – vitamins, aspirin, codeine. The women are decidedly conservative about these things – Hummad Fatumah came this morning for medicine, and almost refused to take the medicine I gave her ([°]asoda, 4 chl. phsph. followed by 2, 2, 2.)

Began the process of checking all my water and milk today. As from now all milk will be boiled and all water chlorinated – for me only. Hummad seems to appreciate my explanation of why I boil milk – he says *amoyti kayHan alaysa kaada* [the Sultan also boils milk] – but Fatumah scoffs at it.

Noticed day before yesterday that with Abdulla Ahamad gone the brothers of Hassooni have slipped easily into the goat routine.

Slept most of the day, rising just to take antibiotics and codeine. Also drank a good deal of tea in morning and coffee c. lunchtime.

Fatumah came from behind her screen today permanently, but we still have to take our shoes off.

Many people have bought new cloth for *‘iidi* which is coming soon – three days of singing and dancing they say.

Took Librium to assure a good night’s sleep. Got no milk as Hummad said today is *Kamisi* and we do not cook milk this night. Slept well. A day of little work. Ali has gone to the Dit Bahari plantation where he has work. (Left yesterday). (His work is to bring grain, not connected with the plantation as I previously believed). He’ll be back on 26.10.1973. Ali has a small plot of *daru* at Dit Bahari. *am‘asa derri* [GFJL 77–78]

Woke feeling good. A very windy night, wind coming from the East. But I slept well.

Hummad announced that today he and Fatumah have *soom* [fasting] – which means that Hummad refused to take his chloroquine phosphate this morning. *‘Omar*, who is not fasting can not be bothered to take his, so I will just forget him. He is ill mannered and ill tempered anyway, the little punk.

Today Hummad also announced that the fire no longer has (magic) *diwa*, and I can enter the *‘ari* with my shoes on, as can the other people.

This morning went out with Adan and Kamiisi moHammad to check a broken bridge over the Awash to the S.E., past baDa^o ganta. They looked and decided that the two of them could not fix it alone. The current is very strong where it has broken down the bridge, and on either side of the bridge the water is deep. They said that with *‘ali*, Hummad and moHammad they could fix it.

At the *‘ari* of walⁱ *‘omar* I refused to give any medicine and told them they are stupid for not taking him to Asa^{‘ita}. He is now getting around; half hopping, half hobbling or crawling. Using a stick. He says he has no camel but could easily borrow one.

Tried heating *‘itta* [yoghurt] today – added water and boiled – produces something like recuite, which is delicious, if you boil off all the liquid. But Fatumah was angry with me for not drinking the liquid, and when I referred to it as *lee* [water] she said angrily, *lee hinna yaalow – Hana, me‘e Hana* [not water – good milk].

Fatumah is fasting too, which is proving very tough for her – 7 months pregnant and all. She did not pray however, altho’ Hummad did – at lunchtime, and in the evening when fasting ended. *Soom* has 3 days left now, then the feasting begins.

Kamiisi moHammad is hanging around a lot, being friendly to me.

‘Omar got his *‘asoda* medicine after all. I took Librium and slept well, tho’ before I could sleep I had to kill about 5 mosquitos inside the net.

Strong wind in the night, from the East. No cloud.

No sign of the glandular swelling in my groin going down, tho' I feel much better. My feet will be a nuisance for some time, with the blisters and so on, but nothing very important.

Was allowed to heat and drink my milk last night, tho' Fatumah added unboiled *'itta* to my food. [GFJL 78–80]

Hummad & Fatumah again fasting. I got milk and tea in the morning after getting up late. Observed the handling of the goats very closely at lunchtime.

Hummad & Fatumah just spend the day stretched out on the *ulloyta* [bed for birthing] dozing and groaning. Much talk around of the festivities coming with *'iddi* or *'iidi*. Hummad tells me there will be drums (no drums seen) and dancing and singing.

baDa^o and his son ^oali came this morning, wanting more treatment for his sores. I gave it after shouting at them and pretending to refuse several times. Both sores, the big one too, are healing. I put on penicillin ointment.

Left Fatumah *'ari* this morning whilst she washed. Hassooni helped me a little with the names and genealogy of those attached in some way to the camp. Found a packet with tablets in it – chloroquine phosphate – which proves that ^oomar has not been taking his pills. So he gets no more.

Managed to get some good stuff today – the names, *kedo* and *gulub* [lineage] of about 25 people who are attached to our camp. Now perhaps I can stop asking for people's names and concentrate on kinship terms and social structure, which I still regard as crucial to my understanding of these people. The nice ethnographic details of how many times a day a guy shits, spits or eats are too easy to collect – *fi^cima kedo dinto* and so on are a whole lot more difficult.

Ate porage & garlic & sugar today. Quite edible. Drank one mug of milk, ate a few pieces of macaroni, continued taking vitamins & antibiotics.

Ali expected back tomorrow. They say he will bring back my cloth taken by ?someone? a few days back.

All the women are busy preparing their hair for *'iidi*.

Tomorrow Hummad & I will go to Dit Bahari to get my stuff. I know I can't walk far because of my lousy feet but he says he can fix me on his camel and bring the stuff I have described to him as well. We'll see. If the worst comes to the worst I can make at least one way on foot – tho' it will mean problems for next market day, because my feet will not get the chance they need to heal. But I will get my tape recorder for *'iidi*, plus my tent, table, chair etc. – and will be a lot better for it.

^oammar ^oomar is going into asa^cita tomorrow, and I tried to get him to go to the office to see if there is any mail from Michèle – but he denies all knowledge of the office so I can't do it. Despite all the day to day work I could do with some news from Mi.

Hummayso and ^oammar ^oomar got angry with me today and accused me of having bad medicine – because I refuse to treat T.B. ... or dislocated knee ...

Tonight, at dusk, Hassooni prepared *ga^cambo* [bread] from my ground up porage (prepared by Fatumah). Fatumah carried the *soom* a lot better today (as did Hummad) and she managed a surprising amount of work, grinding my porage, fetching wood, grinding coffee & preparing my food. ^comar ka-diiga made tea for me this morning.

Ate *ga^cambo* in the evening, got no milk again as it is too much of a problem cooking it. Water. Plenty of coffee. Beginning to get acidity in my stomach from all the antibiotics and sudden reduction in intake of milk. But the swelling in my groin is going down, I have no fever. Things look better.

Old guy came to the camp after dark and was showed much respect by all.

Slept well. Hummad prayed after I had gone to bed. [GFJL 80–82]

Hummad still fasting, refuses to go to Dit Bahari, and as tomorrow is ^ciidi he will not go then either. So I get no tape-recorder and no camera for the big song and dance ... But I have my eyes and ears.

The old guy who came yesterday turns out to be the *fi^cimatabba* of *am^casa/Haysamali*. He slept here. Name is Hummayso Hamaadi of *am^casa – Hummaysoosa*. (c.f. NOTES [see GFFNW 85–86, 260–261])

Fatumah not fasting today.

I feel considerably weaker generally than I did ten days ago, mainly from lack of food I guess. I am trying to combat this by getting as much sugar as possible in my tea, by taking vitamins and by sleeping well during the day. But still I feel a lot less sharp than before.

Did a little work collecting animal disease names, checking seasons of the year, rainfall periods.

Cooked my own porage + onion + salt + *berbere* + sugar for lunch. Tea in the morning, water in the afternoon. Slept a little. Hummad refused to take me down to the river to do the washing – says fasting is too much for him.

Our little ^cari is running very low on food. We'll see if the exchanges get paid back – Hassooni's people have eaten well from me (us) just lately.

The men too trimmed their hair today. Hassooni finished hers. Fatumah has done nothing to hers.

Hummad's prayers are very irregularly placed throughout the day. He prayed just a few minutes before sundown; then again at sundown; after dark too.

As the sun went down and the last of the moon was visible in the same direction a shot was fired from over at baDa^co *ganta*. Hummad took his gun and gave it to me to fire off two rounds, people indicating the direction of the moon.

I expected at least one animal to be killed for meat, but nothing. Usual food of porage with yoghurt (^citta) onion, sugar. A little *basta* too.

People went to bed late, and slept little. General feeling of release/relief in the camp. [GFJL 82–83]

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 27.10.1973 (CAMP)

I'm living with a group of people (just 2 tents now) 3 hours walk from Asaita. It's a tough walk too. If you look on the map on the wall Asaita is almost due East of where I am, just slightly to the North. Dat Bahari is slightly West of North. The big Awash – not the Asaita branch but the other big branch to the S.W. is just a hundred yards from our camp, which is on the Asaita side.

I hoped to get a letter from you last Tuesday, but there was no one at the office so I could not check. It's a pity because tomorrow, 3 days of dancing and singing start (end of ramadam) and I have no camera or tape recorder. I am hoping that you got my letter asking for batteries for my camera. We haven't been able to go to Dat Bahari to pick up my tent yet because of my blistered feet and because Hummad, my main friend, is fasting these last 3 days and is too weak – he says.

I have been given an Afar haircut – short back and top, bushy at the sides. But I'll let it grow before I come back to Addis.

I am in good health though I had mild lymphitis – swollen glands on the groin. That is almost finished now. Most of the people I am with have tuberculosis or acute malaria complications or something; it's pitiful. I am by far the strongest in the camp. People are coming from all over to get medicine and just to see me.

No real problem – for the first week, it was great, plenty of milk and coffee and grain. Then I went to see the doctor at the Mission in Asaita and he said I was crazy not to boil the milk, so now, I boil all my milk. The Afar find this a real drag so my milk consumption has decreased drastically.

We've had meat once so far; I have been here since 16.10.1973 – and then it was the fat of the tail of the sheep – toasted, crisp and really good, but I only got one mouthful. So, on market day I ate a big plate of meat and bread and drank 5 coca colas, smoked 30 cigarettes. And then walked back to the camp (with great difficulty). I don't think I am losing any weight – the milk is good, I have my porridge, there is *afar* bread (*ga'ambo*), plenty of sugar in the tea and coffee. Once my feet get hard I'll be just fine

28.10.

Well before dawn, woken by Hassooni grinding grain for *ga'ambo*. People all up and away by dawn, to wash their clothes, themselves, for the big day. Fatumah in a bad mood because she says that someone has stolen the cloth we bought her – her MZ. Actually stolen, secreted away. (Later she explains to me that her MZ can do this, so it is not stealing. Hummad says his FB can do the same to him.)

We all went down to the river to wash our clothes and ourselves. Hummad would not allow me to go into the big Awash – he says I will be washed away. So he gave me a shower on the bank – standing me on the *rugigalbo* on which clothes are washed and bringing bowls of water for me to wash my-

self. Fatumah came down and took a dip in the Awash. Hummad and muusa washed her clothes. At no time did she stand naked.

We came back from the river to find that the calf had escaped. Today Hummad seems less worried – vague attempts to catch her but not much concern.

Coffee was ready, + a kind of porage made from broken up *ga^cambo*. kami-isi moHammad had a new razor blade so I finally got my beard done today – it is now just a thin strip, no moustache. We rubbed cream and perfume into our hair and skin, Fatumah put on her head cloth (it was not stolen). Helim put ashes in his hair, Adan played on the flute a little. Wasiila put on her new cloth.

(Much taunting of Hassooni just lately by getting me to repeat her nickname. She dislikes this but can not prevent it. I avoid it as much as possible and have promised her I would not write it down.)

(*gal^ci* – broken small *dala*, used as a spoon. *mutuku* – white, becoming butter – for hair.)

Hassooni generally seems rather left out of the festivities – she has no new cloth and only does the work, preparing food. She has done her hair.

When I came to want to look at my new face in the little hand-mirror we could find it nowhere. They say it has been stolen (*garai*) too. So I could only look at myself in the lid of my porage tin – which is perhaps just as well. Muusa, commenting on my general appearance suggested that he cut off the end of my nose – which is too long for his liking. Hummad suggested that I shave my pubic hairs too. From there it would be no distance to circumcision. There are limits to which I will go!!

By afternoon everyone was ready and I, Hummad, muusa, Helim, Adan, went off to the dancing. We crossed the river at the ford – it is just wadeable now. More comments about my penis ... Walked south along the river bank for about 1 km until we came to a small clearing well shaded by the river. Dancing of *Kassow* [song of defiance] started and went on until the shadows lengthened – then a big game of *ko^coso* [football] started. The dancing seems to have been a kind of preliminary to the *ko^coso*, which was on a much larger scale. *amoyti laahi mari v am^casa* [sultan vs am^casa cattle herders]. *amoyti laahi mari* won. A kind of semi-ritualised conflict between two rival groups in the area. Hummad neither danced nor played. Ali Adan & Helim danced and played.

Felt weak and tired by the end of the day and wanted to go back to the *^cari*. Hummad said we should wait till the others go (he is not anxious to take the full responsibility for getting me across the big Awash I think).

When we eventually got back I ate and drank as much milk & *ga^cambo* as I could get hold of, then went to sleep. One corner of my mosquito net came down in the night but I slept great. [GFJL 83–84]

Woke this morning feeling good. Yesterday Hummad and I had decided to go to Asa^cita this afternoon, to get the marketing done early tomorrow and to try somehow to get my stuff from Dit Bahari to his camp. We are out of sugar & food here.

When I got up there was one of the *amoyti laahi mari* waiting for me with a big cut on his head – almost 4" long, split thro' to the bone. They wanted me to treat it so I put three stitches in with needle and cotton, added plenty of penicillin ointment and a dressing. He had been fucking an *am[°]asa* woman* (the wife of wal[°]i °omar with the bad knee).

Ate a good bowl of porage. Had a good crap – still a little blood and worm segments but I've had it long enough now without dying so I guess I'll leave it.

Hummad is making valiant attempts to adapt to my desire to boil milk – by calling it *arab aynata*. Fatumah makes no attempt to hide the fact that she finds it disgusting. This morning, with no prospects of food for the day until reaching asa[°]ita I succumbed and drank a good pint of goat's milk, unboiled.

(WRITTEN UP 7.11.1973) Got to Asa[°]ita as dusk came down, unable to get money as the bank was closing, so with \$3 between us and a great thirst for Coke I borrowed \$20 from the American spray pilot. Met also the woman in charge of a clinic at Berga – she tells me there is smallpox in Dubti and offered to give me some medicine if I got down to Berga tomorrow at 10 a.m..

Slept at Hassan's with Hummad, who is now accorded the right whilst with me. No-one else in the house. [GFJL 85]

30. 10.

Market day. Buy some things which we loaded on to °assi baDa[°]o *rakub*, with °Ali in charge. He took them back to the camp and I and Hummad went off to Dit Bahari – or so we thought. Unable to find any transport from Dubti . . . we spent the night there at a hotel. [GFJL 86]

31. 10.

To D.B. in the taxi. Waited at Hammadi *gaso* whilst Ali brought the camel in from the camp. Despite my explanations of yesterday he waited at maaHe *gaso* – which is what Hummad told him to do – until Hummad went to fetch him and bring him to me. We loaded the stuff – tent, tape recorder, table, chair, airtight box. Ate one injerra between the three of us, drank, and left. I later discovered that we had forgotten the two end pieces of the bed, when we reached the camp at dusk.

Everyone wanted to listen to my tape-recorder so my mosquito net never got put up. Recorded a couple of songs – which I shall later erase.

On the way in we crossed two wading rivers and one bridge. When we got near the camp we helped Helim and others round up a few stray camels. Camels are always straying.[GFJL 86]

1. 11.

Woke late after yesterday's 4 hour walk. Am now having problems getting enough milk because no-one is really interested in cooking it or in letting me cook it. On a couple of occasions now I suspect that Hummad has lied to me about the milk, saying that it has been cooked when in fact it has not.

* This incident should be checked for the possibility that wal[°]i °omar's misfortune in dislocating his knee was connected with the fact that some other man was fucking his wife.



Photo 14: Hummad in Glynn's tent

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

We put up my tent, quite quickly, and it only fell down once in the process. Got all my stuff in the tent and was just sitting down for a quiet rest when Idriss*, the giant bodyguard of Aydahis, walked into the camp. He announced that Aydahis had arrived yesterday evening and wanted to see me. Hummad, who has been talking about all the money he is going to get when Aydahis comes for the last ten days, could not be left out.

Before I could leave I was called upon by askir, a relative of Hummad, to cross the big Awash with him and treat a small 1 year old child. The child was very thin, pulse rate very low and irregular, heart barely audible, had been vomiting for three days, with intermittent diarrhoea. I diagnosed death and told them so, gave tetracycline 250 mg to be administered with plenty of water & sugar.

We had lunch of macaroni onion sugar and butter before leaving.

Idriss crossing rivers is less tough than I am – positively afraid to get his feet wet. And he was amazed by my ability to find my way alone.

Found Aydahis in good health at boqaytu. We exchanged news, Aydahis told me he had sent my things to Dit Bahari, thinking I was there with Ham-madu still. Anyway he said he had to go to Dit Bahari tomorrow and would take me, leaving me and Hummad to walk back to our camp from there. So in the evening we left Asa^cita in two cars – me Habib Aydahis etc. in the Range-Rover, Hummad in a following Toyota. We couldn't get a place at Dubti guest house so we went to Loggia where the others eventually found us. At Dubti there was an altercation between Aydahis/Habib and the pilots for

* father was bought by previous Sultan – a slave

Ethio-pest – Habib said that they were breaking the contract in being late for certain sprays. Much was said in Amharic so I didn't understand a great deal.

Began eating and drinking too much today. Smoking too.

Today Hummad told me that the danger of eating in other people's camps is *diwa* – POISON. [GFJL 87–88]

To Dit Bahari early morning to look at Aydahis land and °Alo's land. Cotton looking good, especially on the area run by Maahe.

Range Rover stuck in mud and nearly into full stream of irrigation channel. Got out with tractor + about 40 galla pushing.

Then I was persuaded by Aydahis to go to Assab with him for a couple of days – a short break with hopes of a dip in the Red Sea. (Aydahis also mentioned that he had something to do in connection with coming elections in Djibouti – tho' I never got very near to understanding this. There were meetings with fitawari Suuli at manda but apart from this there was little else. Hajji Habib turned up.)

At Hammadi *gaso* I picked up the two pieces of wood left behind last time and Hummad was detailed by Aydahis to take them back to the camp. He was given \$50 by Aydahis too. Guess he had a humiliating or difficult time, struggling to gain status via contact with Aydahis whilst Aydahis kept the contact to a minimum.

Aydahis treated him throughout as my slave, the guy who does things for me. He was instructed to bring my camera and wait for us at boqaytu on Sunday.

Aydahis bought me a new green *saro* and a nice towelling shirt and we set off for Assab. At the salt depression and hot springs of doobi we washed ourselves and Aydahis & I took pictures with his miniature Yashica. We made



Photo 15: Hassan, Habib and Aydahis at Dit Bahari

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

stops also at most of the small towns on the road. Aydahis bought me a fantastic *Konoyakke*.

We reached Assab about 8.30 p.m. and checked into the hotel – air conditioning and fans, cokes and food. All too much somehow. I got cold and stiff with the air conditioning on. Aydahis paid everything. Abdu permanently on missions to buy things – clothes, fruit.

Read and re-read Mi's letters. Very good feeling. She sent my camera batteries too. [GFJL 88–89]

Up late in the morning, went to see abdalla at Agip. Much food & coke & cigarettes. Late afternoon Aydahis took me to see the Red Sea. Too windy and late to swim. Besides, sharks frighten me more than crocodiles. Managed to read most of Day of the Jackel today.

People around – Hamid, Aydahis does some talking with Abdalla re- his petrol station in Asa[°]ita. [GFJL 89]

Up at 6.30 a.m. and leave for Asa[°]ita. Stops at manda for fitwari suuli and Ali Yayyo present. Aydahis house being fixed up.

Reached Asa[°]ita by lunchtime despite stops, leaving the road near Hayyu and cutting across. Reached 150 km p.h. on flat sand.

Arrive feeling tired, with diarrhoea and a slight fever.

Hassan just back today from Addis. Another letter from Mi came with him. Less happy this time but still she is good.

Slept at boqaytu during afternoon. Hummad arrived + camera and friend who had helped him, saying he has been ill (and he looks very tired). He slept in town – I gave him some money. I slept well and long at boqaytu in the Sultan's rooms + Aydahis. Realise that the Sultan's bed and the long sofa in the sitting room are not used by others – out of respect. Even Aydahis will not touch them.

Tried to call Michèle but telephone only functions as far as Loggia. Evening Aydahis holds court at Hassans. [GFJL 89–90]

Up at 7 a.m., Hassan calls on Aydahis. Spent morning at office. Read the book *Vendetta*; learnt later that wal[°]i °omar bashed his wife's head with a rock.

Hummad wandering around in Asa[°]ita waiting for me to finish and go home to his camp. Stayed at boqaytu during the afternoon and wrote to Michèle – and to Marianne who I hear is unhappy. Am also sending back a b/w film + Aydahis.

Ate alone because Aydahis ate at Hassans. Learnt from °ali that *ganta* applies only to camp of 200–300 people or more. [GFJL 90]

Up late Aydahis wanted to go to Dubti. He gave me \$100 and we went to Hassan's where I collected a few things then said goodbye and went to market. Did the shopping, tho' infuriated by Hummad's behaviour – lying about the experiences of the past few days to increase his importance, telling people that he has loads of money, spending as if he does, buying things for his sister and so on. Raising his status.

3. 11.

4. 11.

5. 11.

6. 11.

Found Abdu who 'sold' me his *gile* earlier – he returned the money now – he has been out at bayyaHale.

I bought myself a razor and later got a good shave at boqaytu, where we ate. Faagir came and we took tea, then Hummad decided that the camel was not coming (which I knew from the beginning) and we loaded ourselves with my stuff at boqaytu and got a lift from Faagir to the edge of the plantation – or nearly so as it is too wet down there for a car: mud.

Walked from 4 p.m. till c. 1 hour after dark, fortunately leaving the rock path in reasonably good light. The small Awash is considerably reduced now, barely ankle deep. The big Awash too is down (as I saw tomorrow).

Hummada's conversation on the walk back confirmed much of what I suspected about status markers in Asa^cita. First he begins to talk the little Arabic he knows. Then he wants to learn English. Then he wonders why I have no watch – and how much one would cost.

I refused pressure to get my tape recorder out – tho' about 20 people turned up – mainly kids, from ^cassi baDa^o 'ganta' to ask me to.

Slept inside the tent on the bed. Hummad slept on the floor. A bit too hot and poorly ventilated.

Learnt that the child I treated on 1.11.73 died the same night. God killed her, they say. – If it's your day to die, there is no medicine.

Storms to the north – *rob/robt* HankaDa: *inki gide*. [GFJL 90–91]

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MICHÈLE, 6.11.1973

Aydahis arrived in Asaita on Wednesday and sent a man to find me on Thursday morning. I came into Asaita and since then have been with Aydahis. We went to Dat Bahari and then on Friday evening were in Assab. It's fantastic traveling in that Range Rover – at one place in the sand we were doing 150 kms/h!! We came back to Asaita yesterday at lunch time and I will go back to my camp tomorrow. It's been a good little holiday, though all the travelling and the sudden change of diet is tiring. Assab is a nice place. We should go there together some time. I think I am now totally acclimatized – the air conditioning at the hotel made me feel ill with cold. Now I much prefer a steady temperature of about 35°C.

As you mention, I expect to be back mid-December, so as to get a long period in the field. Problems are not yet finished since I have to shift areas when I come back after our child is born – the people I am with will be moving too close to the plantation for my liking. But I am learning a lot, and being in a situation where I hear and speak *afaraf* all day long I am learning to speak quite well. After one year I will have the language tied up.

You are fantastic to be able to see clearly and tell me to stay. And to come down after Christmas will be fine ...

About your contract – I think it's best for you to renew it, but make sure you get more money. Also realize what it means – that we are in Ethiopia

until 1976, and I will be a student until then i. e. you will be supporting me; which is a situation which has caused conflict with Jean and Ivo.

At the very best I will be able to get money for 1974–5 and then teach at University for 1975–6 – That way the pressure of money will be small. I'd like very much to stay here for this period of time – we can get holidays to Europe I'm sure, and I'm sure too that I can persuade you to love the Afar area as I am learning to love it. It's such a vicious and savage country – so beautiful and frightening. And the people are fantastic, like gods or visitors from another planet.

Hummad, the guy who is “looking after me” (in fact I am looking after him and his wife) told me the other day that I should be careful about showing my penis when I cross rivers – because I am not circumcised, which is a great shame. He offered to circumcise me himself, saying it was nothing at all ... also, he has given me a set of leather *kitab* to wear around my neck to protect me from *ginni* – he says there are many *ginni* in our area; and since I already look like a *ginni* it is me that they will seize first.

Also I am treating the local medicine man for malarial complications, whilst he is treating Hummad's wife for *ginni* which have got her in the bones of her legs and make it impossible for her to do the cooking – which Hummad tells me leads to his being weak from hunger ...

wal^oi °omar's wife is around for treatment – she got heavily bashed over the head with a rock yesterday. No point in stitching since it is all smashed up. Just put antiseptic ointment on the shaved part and hope for recovery. She could well be concussed too: seems completely lost.

°assi baDa^o came too – but I did not treat him and he sidled off, the cunning old bastard – he probably got the message yesterday that I want a *bakal* for fixing his son's *dale* – tho' I don't really mind.

Yesterday °ali from boqaytu told me that people like Hummad use °angadda [chewing tobacco]. I pointed out that Habib and Faagir do too and they laughed. These are the exceptions which prove the rule – for their use of °angadda is idiosyncratic and ostentatious.

This morning two SaHo guys who farm at boqaytu (50 ha) & live with °assi baDa^o came over. *assa*^o*orta*. °asagorta.

Went for a walk in the afternoon up to Koreyna mountain from where I took plenty of pictures of the surrounding country. Fantastic view. With the fewer pictures I took of the camp in black & white I shot about 45 pictures today. Many of them inferior quality I know, but I have adopted a policy of getting people used to the camera and seeing me with it. Hassooni is already not at all camera shy.

Walking out to the hills we crossed °assi baDa^o who told us he had seen *kab*^o*i raat* [leopard] out there. This fits with Charles and my sighting of leopard tracks in the same area.

7.11.



Photo 16: Hassooni with palm leaf strips

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

Hummad knows intimately the tracks of all people in the camp, with or without shoes, and of his two cows. As he explained, my shoes are not like yours, yours are not like °ali's and your feet are different too. *taswiir aynata* he says – like a photograph – which is as good an explanation as I could hope to get from anyone. If ever he is tracking me I must remember to take off my shoes – he can't possibly know my bare footprint.

The swampy area is drying out rapidly and is now used for camel pasture and for goats. There are a few cattle down there too.

Walking not far from the camp we passed thro' an area of dead trees. At first Hummad said it was lack of water, then when I pointed out that the branches had been cut off at the top he said that the °afar had done it – *wadar °ayso* [goat fodder]. The uses of this word as against *HaDa* I plan to check tomorrow, using Hummad as I used little Ahammad before. Now is the time of the year to do this kind of thing, since everything is in bloom, the green is here. Soon it will be burnt off.

People are moving into our area rapidly, as I could see from up on the mountain. Apparently coming in from the west and north-west. (not that there are any route-ways from the north – the area is still marshy and Hummad says there is a big branch of Awash in the forest there somewhere.)

Made a recording of Hummad speaking about my work this evening. Too much wind and too many people wanting to treat my tape-recorder as a toy for my liking. These people all know what a radio is, know that big and wealthy people have them, and therefore are anxious for contact with one.

Notice this evening that Fatuma has burn marks all over her pregnant tummy. Asked about it and she said that she did it herself whilst we were away

because she had pains there. I am having trouble getting her to take her vitamin tablets, and have given her a smaller variety, hoping this is the problem (as she says the others are too big).

Gave a course of tablets for *‘asodaa* to *‘ali*.

Problems with re-adjusting the relationship between myself and Hummad. He has jumped into the role of one who is greatly inferior to me – does my household chores etc. and . . . wants me to keep giving him cigarettes. He has raised his status vis à vis the others in the camp and lowered it vis à vis myself, thus cutting me off from the others and expecting all the goodies to go thro’ himself.

His manner now annoys me very often – which I am trying to let him know. All because Aydahis said I am his *tobokoyta* – he is my *sa‘ala*. [GFJL 91–93]

Up late – the sun wakes me and it does not get very light in my tent until the sun is well up. *‘Ali* slept on my floor last night – as a guard deposited by Hummad. I was too sleepy and unbothered to protest. Anyway, I guessed that *‘ali* wanted to sleep on my floor – it’s warmer there than outside. Many people came to the camp last night hoping to hear my tapes – about 40 so Hummad said. From the noise I could believe it. I just slept, very tired still.

This morning went collecting plants, names and uses with Hummad and one other guy whose name I don’t know. Got plenty, including one poisonous plant. A useful morning. Small girl from baDa^o camp came over this morning to get treatment for her eyes. I got a couple of good pictures of her before treating it with the only thing I have, eye-drops.

Find that I am generally in a bad mood – expecting people not to do the things they inevitably must do. Like pick up my things, ask always for medicine, just sit and watch me. After a long time when I thought I would never get close to these people I now find that I am too close to them at times. Hummad is infuriating – sweeps out my tent five times a day and re-arranges everything in its place (or somewhere else). I had hoped for some kind of separateness from my tent, but it has been colonised very rapidly. In the long run I guess it’s good, but until I get better used to it, it’s difficult.

I took a long and much needed sleep c. mid-day. Hummad brought coffee. The trouble with his servitude of course is that at times it’s so nice – take a 2 hour sleep, wake up to hot sweet coffee.

Played my *‘afar* tape for Hassooni, Helim and Hummad. One other guy and two kids present. Hassooni making a strip of *seesan* [palm leaf mat] – I took a couple of pictures of her. Her face is beautiful [see Photo 17].

Did a lot of work this afternoon; got a good transcription of Hummad’s speech about my work – tape 4A 2–42 [Unfortunately all of Glynn’s tapes went missing after he disappeared in June 1975]. Difficult getting people to go at my pace and to understand that I want exact repetition of everything – even mistakes. But I got it in the end.



Photo 17: Hassooni

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

Also began collecting Hummad's kinship web – he gave me names and tribal affiliation of about 55 people in one sitting. [See Kinship Charts, GFFNW 91–105, 112–129, 452–457]

Fatumah continued to treat herself, making a fire outside the hut and inhaling the smoke from it shrouded in her dark brown heavy cloth. Wood of *maderto/madirto* used. Drank my milk, after Hummad had cooked it. Ate pasta. Went to bed. Ate *diliibiri* too. Like chestnuts.

They have definitely drawn the line at cooking camel milk – it is out of the question. Why I should want to cook if they don't understand – *wasaakat mali, diwa le* [it has no dirt, it is medicine]. Also cooking any kind of milk after dark is regarded as scandalous by fatuma.

Slept early, °ali again on my floor as a guard. During the night we were absolutely chewed up by mosquitos – when we woke at dawn my tent windows were black with the things. [GFJL 93–95]

9. 11.

Up very early because of the mosquitos. Man and his son came to get °*aso kiniin* [quinine] – I refused at first because the son is well now. But he does have °*asodaa* [malaria] so I gave a course of chloroquine phosphate – then got angry because he refuses to take them today, having drunk camel milk.

°ali left for town – will buy sugar, coffee, a spray for mosquitos and cigarettes. This time Hummad is paying.

Collected a little information from the father of the boy to whom I gave malarial treatment – tribe and *gulubu*.

My bad feelings of yesterday are still here. I am trying to trace the source. Much of it is to do with the stupidity and ignorance of the people, firstly in

connexion with the medicines I am dishing out, but mainly to do with Hummad's use of the wealth which I have brought to the camp. My reaction is unfair and stupid because I should have been prepared for it. But the gay abandon with which our food & cigarettes are spread about – the waste of sugar, the vast amounts of *basta* that people are stuffing themselves with – all this seems to be so thoughtless. I try to explain that it will only last a few weeks more – but there is no attempt to store or to eat a little at a time. o.k., so the traditional foods are not storable (apart from *ga'ambo*) but *basta*, *bunna*, *sahi*, *sokkor* – all are preservable. And I know what all the anthropologists say – that Hummad is now storing up political prestige which will serve him in the future. But this will be valueless in two months time at the height of the dry season when nobody he knows will have anything to give, and he and his social group will be facing extinction.

On reflection, the only sensible reaction I have provoked in Hummad and °Ali is their slight movement towards leaving their society. As fast as I sink into it they are rushing out. In the last few days we have crossed each other, me eating with my hands, Hummad with a spoon; me working hard on °afar society, Hummad learning to write English. °Ali showing signs of total conversion to farming, Hummad speaking of the future in terms of Aydahis giving me a cotton farm and he becoming my manager. The ship is sinking and the men from Lloyds are there to examine the cause: but the sailors are abandoning ship. How far they are from land ...

Collected some more genealogical information from Hummad today – Fatumah's side. He was quick to point out that these are not his people. Now have about 80 people – and beginning to suspect gaps since most of the people are men (^{51/80}) and because in spite of my asking for them Hummad is not giving me children who died young or other people who are dead.

Whilst working late afternoon three strangers (to me) arrived in camp and placed themselves before me in my compound. They didn't seem to want much – I refused medicines. And then when they left I found I was missing a pack of cigarettes which I had just opened – 9 in it. I mistakenly mentioned this to Hummad who left in pursuit with his gun despite my protestations. He's not back yet – let's hope he doesn't get killed. Fatuma was very upset and rightfully so, chiding me after Hummad had left for being so stupid as to leave things where they could be stolen. Then I found the cigarettes – too frightened to tell anyone so I just have to let it ride. Absolutely stupid of me – I had left them on the edge of the tent whilst checking my guy ropes at the back. And now Hummad could get killed or seriously wounded. Certainly if he finds the people he will create enemies – 3 of them.

And this morning I was complaining about the stupidity and ignorance of the people here ... what a lesson!!

Hummad returned having caught up with the three guys – who of course denied all knowledge of the cigarettes. Not too much harm done. I chickened

out of admitting my mistake. Matter closed I hope. Hummad very embarrassed.

Hummad is trying to get his calf to eat grass *rabraba* (*ayso*) it looks like tree leaves (*HaDa*) to me. The animal is refusing. He says it is one month and ten days old now.

°ali returned having “failed to find” a spray to kill mosquitos. But he got my *koonoyakke* fixed up & sewn very nicely, and bought 3 packs of cigarettes, silky.

They dressed me up in my *koonoyakke* and stuck Hummad’s rifle across my shoulders, then we talked about the °Issa. Hummad and °ali will go soon – they point S.W. as being the route. They hope to bring back cows and camels and goats (last market day Hummad pointed out a Somali fat-tailed sheep). Organisation of the raiding party is as follows according to °ali – 2–300 men with leaders (*fi°imatatta* [age-set heads]) will hit the Somali at night and drive back animals during the day. The *fi°imatatta* will later distribute the booty. Women and children will not be killed (fatuma says that the °Issa kill women and children, including pregnant women – she is pregnant).

Then I went down to the camel pens by the river and learnt about the life of the *maagidi masa* [non-milk animals] and the camels (*amoyti gala* [Sultan’s camels]). Sounds tough.

Smoked too much today and feeling very tense. Took 20 mg Librium and used flypel in the hope of being able to sleep. Proved successful... My new *koonoyakke* is a fantastic blanket too. This evening before sleeping I felt very weak and tired. Ali “guarded” me again. [GFJL 95–97]

10. 11.

Had a good night’s sleep. Hummad is firmly entrenched in his role of personal manservant, and I guess the best I can do is use him now. But it’s heavy on my cigarettes... Still, it saves me time.

Over the past few days I have noticed large numbers of large water-birds in the air around here. With the waters drying up they are perhaps leaving. Hummad says, with no apparent surprise, that Aydahis stopped the waters of the big Awash. On reflection this seems quite possible since the Awash by Asaita is still very big and full. Someone has cut off water from this branch.

Had a good crap this morning but the worm segments are getting bigger and there is a tendency towards softening of the stools. Still feel quite tired, tho’ managed to get some work this morning, getting material on the structure of Aydahisso and their tributaries, from °assi baDa°o and Hummad. Tough going, tho’ they got it thro’ to me in the end.

Also tape recorded people talking (spoilt by wind & I will erase it) and a short speech by Hummad.

Two days ago Hummad told me that a man had died of cholera (*kolara*) across the river. I forgot to note it then – perhaps trying to exclude it.

There is also a woman across the river with what sounds like smallpox.

Hummad told me yesterday that during the year he lost 9 full grown cows and 7 fairly big calves. Before he had not mentioned the calves. Since he now has 4 cows and one calf this makes $\frac{16}{21}$ lost or nearly 80%.

Hummad's father-in-law's brother came over today and was far more conciliatory & polite than last time, tho' again he spoke a great deal. I gave him 5 codeine. Fatumah's FB.

The work I have been doing with Hummad on his *ramad* and other kin is confusing. Still the *absuma* business does not work out properly. Theoretically I want $OX=Y\Delta$ in one generation followed by $\Delta X=YO$ in the next – but often you get $OX=Y\Delta$ followed by $OX=Y\Delta$ in the next. Also it is difficult to fix the unit of marriage. For the *am^casa* it seems to be *gulubu – abranto, farakto, ^cad^cali* etc. but the *aydahisso* sub-sections (also *gulub*) do not marry within *Aydahisso*.

Spoke with fatuma, muusa, Hamad, Hummad about *kedo, mikla, baaro* etc. *Haysamali baaro duma doka^ca. Away dit baHari*. The ^cafar I have seen in Senbete would be *ba^cadi ^cafar* up for grain, says muusa who comes from *ba^cadu* (he is *am^casa*). Hummad says that ^cIssa are descended from *HaDalmaHis* and are therefore *^casahimara*.

Got plenty of information re – *Aydahisso* law, *am^casa, Haysamali*: killing prices, prices for stealing camels etc.

Hassooni left for Dit Bahari today, hardly bothering to say “so long”. Whilst she is away the goats seem to have a free hand in eating her *seesan* mats. No-one bothers to ward them off.

Ate my pasta, drank my milk and went to bed for a good night's sleep – or so I thought. As usual just lately I soon noticed people drifting into camp and was prevailed upon to do some recording. Hummad, ^cali, and muusa singing *ginnili* + one other very long song (I had said “this is the last” – so they sang for 20 minutes.). Eventually got to sleep after several replays and slept well. Dreams of Michèle and Ramsgate!! and Dartmoor and London.

^cali again slept on my floor, but was cold this time.

Hassooni has gone for *rabi taama* [mourning] – an *am^casa* has died. [GFJL 97–99]

Up late but slept well. Fatumah's FB arrived in my tent, Hummad brought tea and we drank – me still in bed. No milk for me this morning – Hummad explained that the calf got out before he was up and that he had been unable to milk the cow. I didn't believe him. Just another of many lies. Fatuma has taken to drinking fresh cows milk just lately and the cow is not giving enough for both of us it seems. I got goat's milk last night. This 'lying' business is annoying to me but seems to be perfectly normal to the ^cafar. It's not so much lying as a statement of what might have happened and therefore as an explanation for what is when you want to do something someone else does not want: a kind of 1984 style re-moulding of history to make the present more palatable. “Well, you haven't got any milk this

11. 11.

morning. Let's just say that the calf got out this morning and I was unable to milk the cow – it's as good as the other explanations and doesn't involve you conflicting with Fatuma."

Hummad came by after I had eaten my macaroni (with plenty of butter) and asked for a needle to extract a thorn from his foot – always they are getting thorns in their feet.

Learnt last night whilst talking with Hummad that the goats are owned by Mohammad, Fatumah, °ali, Adan, Helim, Omar, Hassooni jointly – hence the regular supply of goat's milk coming to Fatuma – once at lunch time and once in the evening.

As I write this I realise I am beginning to lose track of time during the day. Up at about 7 a.m. at the latest: 'Lunch-time' is probably c. 9.30 a.m..

Then people sleep or just fade away between c. 11 a.m. & 2.30 p.m..

People passed by moving north coming from Deerguda going to antar ba°ale. Camels loaded but no animals with them other than camels carrying loads – Helim explains that the animals went earlier.

An extremely frustrating day. I tried to cross check the information Hummad has been giving me over the last few days, with a view to understanding something about the marriage arrangements and regulations. Nothing fits, which makes me think that Hummad has been less than careful in his information. And on top of all this people keep coming and sitting and watching. There I am virtually saying to Hummad "either today or yesterday you told me a lie" and all his friends are there watching. So his explanations are made not for me in slow °afar but to his friends in rapid-fire complex speech. And then when I slow him down I find that the explanation is complicated beyond belief, or still does not make ends meet.

At last I just blew up – took a walk leaving Hummad + 3 others sitting in my tent. Hummad got rid of them and when I returned he was out looking for me. He came back praising God when he saw me saying that he thought either a *ginni* had got me or °afar had killed me. I can't decide which is the more unlikely ...

Repaired some of the damage by clearing things up with Hummad, talking out marriage rules whilst we cooked dinner.

Refused to play the tape recorder and went to bed early. °ali off somewhere, I don't know where. °omar slept outside my tent, but inside the compound.

Despite Hummad's talk of not going to market this week, we shall go. I insisted as I want to buy things. [GFJL 99–101]

12. 11.

Up again late – told Hummad that he must wake me at dawn tomorrow so we can get to market on time.

Took a few pictures of people who moved around the camp, of wasiila, Hamad, children etc..

Decided to push on with trying to get the information I want re- Hummad's kin and marriage patterns – succeeded this time. My checking and

cross checking has paid off – I am able to extract female relatives from Hummad (who forgets what he has told me previously) thus filling in necessary gaps. He tends to give only live male relatives. Today I realised too that much of yesterday’s trouble came because I asked the wrong questions first. The °*ammi daylo* relationship and the *sa°al baDa* relationship can be extremely distant or very close, but assimilates to FB or FZ in Hummad’s mind I think, so that when I ask for the *ramad* between two people Hummad just thinks “°*ammi daylo*” and says A’s FB is the father of B, which is often just not true. So this time I asked first what A says to B. Then I projected possible relationships by drawing all the information in diagram form. Then I asked again. It seems to work well.

A couple of Galla? claiming to be °*afar* and speaking °*afar* (*dabaado* killers) wandered thro’ the camp today on their way to Asa°ita.

Hassooni is still away at a funeral in Dit Bahari. *am°asa num rabe*.

This afternoon I rejected the possibility of going to a *rabeena* (funeral celebration) just up on the hill to the S.E.. Feeling tired I guess, but also anxious to break the back of the kinship/marriage business. Hummad has, I think, learnt what I am doing and will be able to help me, from now on, much more rapidly. In many ways I made a false choice, but feel satisfied with my day’s work and a whole lot happier. People from our camp took plenty of milk to the celebrations.

A man has been around camp all day, a *maskintu* [poor man]. Hummad says *usuk yi numu* [he is mine] and treats him like a child. This man left the camp late in the afternoon and returned with an armful of *sagaHado* [cow’s meat], which we shall eat tonight – meat tomorrow too!!



Photo 18: Wasiila and °Eysa

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

Had an interesting little chat with “Hummad’s man” as dusk fell – he says he is *ulu^ooto* like Hummad, *‘asahyammara* but that *ulu^ooto* is NOT part of *aydaHisso*.

The meat, which was boiled with garlic and butter, came from the funeral celebrations up in the hill. Talking as we ate with Hummad I got a fairly full list of food prohibitions.

Hummad also explained to me tonight that the *‘afar* marry their virgins when *Kayma* and *sawuru* came together – two star constellations. [GFJL 101–102]

13. 11.

Market day. Hummad woke me at dawn as I had asked. We drank tea and set off for market with *nooru*. Decided to take the “direct” route thro’ to *Asa^oita*, cutting across the area known as *duubi barga* – the swamp. Crocodile country, python country, leopard country. Dense tropical forest. Saw no wild animals. Came to *gurdifura* full of *amoyti gaala* looked after by *gaali mara* [camel herders] – plenty of grazing for them. The trail winds and twists, avoiding water wherever possible. Crossed 3 streams, one of them wide and waste deep – *Kadda hawas*. Reached *Asa^oita* after an estimated 2 hours walk. No-one at *Hassan’s*. Learnt that *Aydahis* has had an accident with the Range-Rover, which is a write-off. He has injured his arm. *Hassan* o.k. *abdukader* the *issi numu* (ribs broken) o.k. *‘ali, aydahis* grand ‘son’ has been seriously injured.

New police came to *Asa^oita* today and immediately I get bother from the captain who wants to see my papers. This time I kept my cool and just waited my chance to fill them in on my connexions. Infuriating stupidity of the man – he has people all around him saying “Yes, we know him, he showed all his papers last month to the previous chief of police” – his men, traffic police, townspeople – but he just repeats like a tape recorder “I want to see his papers with my own eyes”. So I still have to go back to town tomorrow to show him. At least he showed some signs of respect – bought me a coke and had hurried secretive conversations with various people when I gave my guarantors as *Bitwoded ‘Ali Mirah, AydaHis ‘ali miraH, Hanfare ‘ali miraH* and *Hassan abdalla*. Unfortunately none of them are in town so he still wants the fucking papers. *Nuur ‘ali* signed as guarantor for me and I said I would have the papers in by 10 a.m. in the morning – at which point he began to suggest that I take it easy, bring them the day after tomorrow. But I insisted tomorrow.

Hummad had announced to me when we reached market, that *‘ali* is holding a big *rabeena* the day after tomorrow – he asked me for \$30. I gave \$20; which he then passed on to *‘ali*. They have bought piles of *berberi* and other spices & luxury goods – altogether \$120 – Hummad says that *wo saaku kadda fayla genno* (on the day of the celebration). I bought for myself a hurricane lamp, oil, cigarettes, cloth for repairs to my tent bag, soap.

We left town late, bringing *Hamad, Hummad’s son* by *mayrama*, with us. He will stay with us for a while now. Crossed the tropical forest strip, still full

of mud and water, in the dark. Ominous splashing sounds as we approached the big Awash – but Hummad repeated his *dabaado diwa* [crocodile medicine] chant as we crossed and we did not get eaten – *Kor’an aynata* he calls that language when I ask if it is ‘afar or Arabic – but he denies that it is Arabic.

On both the outward and inward journeys I walked a couple of kilometres barefoot. My feet may be getting harder – but this evening I notice a certain separation between the top and bottom layers of skin on the soles of my feet – not exactly blisters, just that my feet are beat-up. Hummad walked both legs barefoot – the last half of the return journey in the dark on ground covered in 2” long thorns. He lost the way once (no moon) and said he saw a leopard once, which I believe since there was a definite smell of wild animal on the tree-stump on which he said he had seen it, and I know hyena smell well enough.

Hassooni went to market today and sold her butter, which provided some of the funds for the *rabeena*. Mohammed too & ‘ali came. Helim & Adan stayed in camp with Fatumah. ‘ali did not come back at night but chose to sleep out on the hill, alone with no gun, no fire. Hummad says he is *Kab’i aynata* [like a tiger] – frightened of nothing. All the others came back. They took the *daahigita* [stone path] because they were with a camel and were not sure of the existence of the more direct route.

On the way back Hummad talked to me about my experience with the police – he asked if they had touched me and said that if they had he would kill them with no hesitation.

He also talked about the duties of *Kataysa* [friend] towards his friend’s wife: I should beat fatuma if I catch her watching other men, with strange men in the ‘ari or speaking improperly to people, doing things which bring *aybi* [shame]. He will do the same for me when I bring Michèle down.

Had tea when we got back, and went to bed quite late; feeling depressed and bothered about having to make the trip into town again tomorrow. I can do it, but my groin is swelling again, and Hummad’s feet are hurting him like hell – he says it is *gira aynata*, with all the thorns in them. [GFJL 102–105]

Up at dawn and had tea. Then Hummad had the good idea of letting me go with his son Hamad.

We played around a bit at first, trying to find an impossible route thro’ the swamp behind the second and first hills to the N.E.. I found what looks like a stone spear-head with the tip broken. Will keep it.

Reached Asa’ita c. 10.30 and went to the bank taking out another \$50 (as yesterday) which will do for next market day too. Found ‘osman in the bank with news of aydaHis – he is o.k., not at all seriously hurt; he telephoned this morning with news for me – Ioan arrives 8.12.1973 or maybe even sooner and I am ordered back to Addis by the end of the month. ‘osman was to send ‘soldiers’ to get me – my visit saved someone a walk anyway. I told ‘osman to tell Aydahis that I will be in Addis by 4.12.1973 – losing about 2 weeks

14. 11.

of my planned stay, but it will be good to see Ioan, and even better to see Michèle.

Showed my papers to the police who still tried to make a bit of bother because my passport only has a tourist visa (expired). But my Ethiopian I.D. card gets me by. Took pictures of the cops. Good for relations. From now on they will help me they say and I have some new friends. Stupid bastards. Took a picture of Kombolcha too, in his trousers and T-Shirt, then said goodbye to Ahamad who had been following me all day and set off. Ate *foul* [beans] before going. Stop-over at Siraaj's farm by the *huuri* [boat] for coffee and photos, then quickly home. Lost the way a few times but got thro' o.k.. I know the way a little better than Hamad. We got thro' crossing only one water which had to be waded. Plenty of collapsed bridges etc. out there. The grazing for camels and goats is fantastic. Saw plenty of wart-hog and baboons, whole tribes of them, big and running free. They are living up on the hills and coming down to the forest during the day. Leopard too and tonight Hummad & ʿali tell me that there are reports of a big big lion too.

If you kill a lion it's worth ten men says Hummad and you can wear a good cloth and get a hole in your ear, and 3 white feathers in your hair and a red head-band (*samla*), *lubaj dubulla* (you wear cloth like a leopards skin) also you wear a big *maldayya* (metal arm-band).

Recorded a *Kassow* [a song of accusation or defiance] at night despite being absolutely shattered – the people forced it upon me, assuring en masse and pleading with me. It's a good one too, so I guess it was worth it.

Visited by mooli ambaDa today, and he wanted medicine. Ordinary guy, good shoes (like mine) younger than I expected. [GFJL 105–106]

15. 11.

Swelling in my groin much enlarged after a good night's sleep. Am beginning to suspect the truth of what everyone is telling me about this kind of swelling – they say, as Hummad said last time, that it is connected with cuts or abrasions or thorns on the legs or feet. Hummad, who took a foot-full of thorns coming back from market, also has a swollen gland in the groin. So maybe I am taking my antibiotics for nothing. "Lymphitis" sounds so much worse than the way the ʿafar put it...

Spent the whole day repairing my tent-bag – and it is well repaired too. Drank milk without cooking it, as last night. Not sure why I have lapsed but partly hunger last night, partly because of the fantastic emotional blackmail that fatuma exerts to stop me cooking it. She uses my presence, I am sure, as a way of levering concessions out of Hummad – and it is connected with her *ginni* I think. She knows that Hummad wants me here and that I have brought wealth to the camp. She has her *ginni* illness, which I threaten to cure with my magic medicines – which she refuses to take (except for the codeine which she knows will not cure her, only ease the pain – I explained that to her very clearly. So she works closely between my presence with my strange customs and her *ginni* to remain almost permanently out of work, laying down

all day one day in three. She is undoubtedly ill too *‘asodaa*: but everyone has *‘asodaa*. Her feet swellings are consistent with 7½ months pregnancy.

Realized today that my tent is no longer my tent – so tonight I cleared everyone out and pulled the zip to write my notes for the day. It’s really too much for me to have two or three people just sitting on my floor all day saying nothing, doing nothing just watching. Of course, if I start to bother them with questions they will go – but will be replaced by others. Basically they just want me for my tape recorder.

Hummad told me today that Faagir has agreed to let him & *‘ali* grow some *‘daro* on the land which is now flooded, when the waters go down. They will use *galla* labour.

Notice that just lately Hassooni has been keeping further from me (period??) – I was, it is true, beginning to get too close to her: but she is a very likeable person and my intensions were purely platonic – I think.

Chat with Hummad & *‘ali* later in the evening, after a belly full of milk, about my country, its cows and grass and weather and money (prices of cows).

Hamad slept on my floor tonight – my guard is getting pretty light!! [GFJL 106–107]

After I had gone to sleep last night Hummad entered the tent, shining the torch in my face and asking for the *faanus* [paraffin lamp] – I was real angry and told him to piss off. He had called in the *ulatina* – midwife – and thought that fatuma was about to give birth prematurely. I just rolled over and tried to sleep, but there was a lot of talking in the tent next to me so I didn’t get to sleep for a good while. Fatuma was talking quite clearly whereas throughout the day she has been making her usual pitiful whine.

Hummad tells me today that fatuma nearly died in the night. Well, inhaling *Kilayto* smoke, drinking and washing in *Kilayto* water – could be enough to kill her – Hummad says she is now 8 months pregnant. Who knows? Today again she remains in bed all day, getting up for a piss now and then. Walks very shakily, but she spends her life lying down and hardly eats or drinks anything, so a certain physical weakness is to be expected.

The *ulatina* stayed around today – a powerful and somehow sinister woman (maybe the thought of all the cunts she has sewn up). This afternoon she prayed, wearing fatuma’s nice new cloth (which she bought and wore once on *‘iidi saaku*) on her head. This is the only time I have seen a woman praying in the style of men, facing north standing, kneeling, prostrating herself. It seems to me that she is the kind of woman who would know a lot about her society and a great deal about the individual people around her. Must remember to get hold of an *ulatina* when I can speak well and know how to get on better with women.

Ate the dried and re-cooked cow (M) meat (brought into camp on 12.11.1973 by Hummad’s man) c. 12 mid-day. Hummad insisted that it was 10 a.m. and said I would be able to drink milk at night.

16. 11.

The *maskintu* is usable by Hummad as a slave: he can be sent to asa^cita to buy 50 cents worth of sugar, or told to do any kind of menial work, or even the full days work with the cattle which Hummad ‘should’ do. On reflection it looks like Hummad knew fatuma’s big crisis was coming – or else he was just lucky – since he accumulated his ‘slave’ and his son on 12th & 13th of this month, both of whom are now working for him. They both left our camp this afternoon for their other camp – Hadiita for his son’s camp, Hamad for his mother’s.

Late this afternoon fatuma again announced that she was delivering (she kept Hummad and the midwife awake all last night) and Hummad hurried off to get the *ulatina* / *úllatina*. c. 1½ hours later she delivered a small but healthy looking male child, and was sitting on her bed drinking tea 20 minutes later.

I gave a T-shirt for the kid to be wrapped in, and \$20 to Hummad for the celebrations he says must follow. On reflection, I was more excited than anyone else.

The midwife got a bowl of camel milk shortly after her main task was finished, and followed it immediately with a cup of tea, thus breaking all the rules re-camel milk. The milk she drank had been transferred to a metal container too, from its original woven container.

The afterbirth was buried in the ground so Hassooni says. c.f. notes fire-place burial [see GFFNW 16–17].

Drank plenty of milk then went to bed and slept.

Weather – plenty of cloud to the North East. Wind still consistently at night from the S.E.; during the day from E., dusk still. [GFJL 107–109]

17. 11.

Woken well before dawn by Hummad who explained that he was going to Asa^cita and wanted to be back early. He has gone with one of the *gaali masa* and will buy things with the money I gave. When he came to my tent this morning he brought a huge bowl of camel milk and told me to drink it. Then he announced that for the rest of the day I would be unable to eat or drink anything but camel or goat milk.

Mid morning I broke this rule, drinking coffee and eating a little grain. Hummad returned mid-day having bought honey (*malab*), he said. In fact he brought many things but honey was not one of them.

Fatuma is getting a necklace of small cowry shells + one larger shell prepared for her by Hassooni. Hassooni is also preparing small bracelets of cowry shells for the child’s wrists and ankles.

Today the child will be un^curis-ed – given a drop of cow’s milk (butter given, see notes) before getting a go at his mother’s breasts.

Spent the day watching and noting the birth-day ceremony of ^cali. Hummad’s man Hadiita returned in time to do all the cooking of the meat and other menial tasks. c.f. notes [see GFFNW 17–20].

I worked a little on my tapes in the evening, noting the footage and titling items. Then slept after a long and busy day. Just after I had gone to bed

Hummad woke me with the torch in my face and said pointedly “*away yo ke fatuma ke °ali dinta nagay diin bas*”. It took me another ½ hour to get back to sleep ... [GFJL 109–110]

Up very late – Hummad let me sleep because he had things to do. He has decided that we should not go to market this week. We’ll send someone for my cigarettes – and no doubt Hummad will think of some essentials.

He says fatuma was very ill in the night. She is trying to feed the child but has no milk herself, and since she refuses to eat she is unlikely to produce any. The women are incredibly annoying with their highly developed secrecy games and folk-lore.

Little °eysa and her brother (the children of moomina °ali who is looking after the camels for H.E. around here and have been in the camp for about 1 week now) quarrelled today. I saw Helim at one point support the small boy against the girl, and then shortly after there was a burst of tears from both of them – the boy had thrown *berberi* into the girl’s eyes and she was screaming. He was punished by I don’t know whom. The girl seemed to prolong her crying to get sympathy, but this reflection is probably simply the product of watching crying behaviour in strange society: our cries probably look the same to outsiders.

Felt extremely tired all day and consequently did very little. Managed to get Hummad to wash my things late this afternoon and we went down to the big Awash to do the washing – but big Awash is now a series of disconnected pools (with tracks of big big crocodiles leading in & out). We did the washing – Hummad did the washing in a large pool, and then washed me, taking me 50 feet from the water and bringing bowls of water to give me a shower. After a long long time (it seems) without washing – I did not wash last market day at Hassan’s because there was no water in the tank; Hassan is away in Addis – the wash was fantastic. Hummad very careful to keep me away from the crocodiles but more careful to keep me away from the eyes of other °afar – my °andoyta is a real drag. He again explained to me that other °afar are shaming him – °afar yo °aybissa because of his subservience to me. As he says, they don’t understand that I am aydaHis brother ...

Altho’ I often get to feel quite angry with him I really have no right. Today he cooked my lunch of *basta* and *basal & sokkor*, and is obviously running certain sociological risks in harbouring me. I think he is onto a good thing, but he must be doubtful when I make him do sociological work as well as my household chores – he must think he has two wives who have just delivered!!

He washed the child in butter today, and explained that he must not leave fatuma for 10 days & nights – tho’ I have a hunch that we will go to market.

When we came back from the river muusa gave me a shave – a real pleasure for him. Then a haircut was suggested and I could not refuse. Lost a lot of hair – more than last time, and now have a real live °afar hair-cut. Short front & back, sides slightly longer, short on top, *ridiid* [down to the root]. My neck will be burnt horribly in the next few days ... but I guess it’s necessary. This

time muusa almost got to do my underarms too, but he forgot as dusk fell and I didn't insist. Must get a photo of myself tomorrow.

Rounded off an otherwise lazy day by transcribing 44 feet at speed I of Hummad telling the *gaali abba* [camel father] to look after me. Worked thro' it quite quickly – found that Adan is better than Hummad because Hummad keeps adding imaginary afterthoughts whilst Adan is prepared to repeat exactly what he hears. And has excellent linguistic abilities – can repeat what he hears in english too. [GFJL 110–112]

19.11.

Up fairly late, tho' woken early by °assiyayto coming into my tent to get °*angadda* – he leaves the *rabeena* °*angadda* in my tent because he has worked out what I know: that no-one will dare “steal” from my tent but they will from any other. Breakfast of macaroni + raw onion, °*itta*, sugar & salt. Raw onion bloody awful. Tea + cloves & milk.

Find Hummad & fatuma feeding cold tea to the child, and that fatuma has hit him today because he refused her scrawny tits. Poor little kid! if he survives I shall pray to *alla* and make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Had a crap this morning and find plenty of blood and a new brand of worm – thread-worm?? 2" long and very fine. Well, just 15 more days & I will be in Addis and will get thoroughly de-wormed. Will be there long enough to put some fat back on and grow some hair.

Last night Hummad & fatuma noticed that the umbilical area was not quite right – so Hummad took my scissors and hacked a few inches off the cord tied around the protruding dead umbilicus – pulling and tugging at the umbilicus as he did so.

This morning late we left for the *rabeena* ceremony – me, Hummad & °ali. Hummad was called back by fatuma sending wasiila after us. Hummad announced that he thought the child was dead as soon as he heard wasiila's call. He went back and I went off to pass a fruitless day at the *rabeena* – tho' I got a belly full of meat and *ga°ambo*, some milk and coffee & tea.

Late in the afternoon Hummad's brother arrived to announce that I should go back at once with °ali – the child was dead – *yalli kaa yibbiDe* [God took him]. My missing *saro* is now found – being worn by Hummad's brother, who I had never seen before, passed to him by Hummad's son Hamad, both of whom are now in our camp.

I returned to find five *seeks* [Sheiks] chanting merrily, Hummad announcing amusedly that the kid is dead and my *faanus* disappearing hurriedly to the south in the hands of two small boys who have been sent to dig a hole for the body. So the kid made 43 hours alive, roughly. During its life it was shoes off in the °*ari*. Now it is no touching the fire. Fatuma needed a codeine and was able to continue her whining & cajoling. Not much really; people come and go – little °*ali* came and went real quick.

The hole was dug on the rock to the S.S.E. of our camp. I'll get the other details tomorrow. If it had lived there was to have been the slaughtering of a

male sheep 7 days after the birthday feast. Someone somewhere is happy – Hummad has no sheep and was telling me that ‘ali knew some people who had a suitable animal.

In such a short time – birth, secondary funeral rites, death. It’s too much to take, and far too much to understand. I can watch, note and look interested, intelligent or whatever, but don’t understand anything. There is some kind of significance in who comes to the feasts, who does the main work. But – just what I fail to find out.

Land ownership and livestock ownership too are going to be very tough nuts. Today I got another clear statement from an old *am^casa* that *amoyti ni baaDa beyam duuda – am^casa Kay mara* [the Sultan can take our land away – Am^casa are his people].

Then with ownership of cattle ... Adan drove six cows back from the feasting – he said they are his cows, that he can sell them if he wants to. I had not seen them previously – he has them ‘looked after’ by other *am^casa* just 20 minutes’ walk from our camp. He says that Helim has some cows too — when I think that ‘omar and Helim survived as twins... [GFJL 112–114]

Market Day. Ali went to the second day of the *rabeena* ceremony, promising to send over some *seeks* for the new death. (He eventually got two & prayers etc. were said) Hummad & I went to market where I was again greeted by ‘osman from the office with the news that I was the most wanted man in town – he was about to send a soldier out for me. Aydahis had been on the phone to say I must call back immediately. We were unable to get thro’ morning & afternoon because the phone was “out of order” – I am sure that the telecommunications guy just says that when feeling lazy – so I spent a very uncomfortable day with the thoughts of the last 2 day’s events in my mind. Took \$150 out of the bank in case an emergency trip to Addis was necessary, and stayed overnight in Asa^cita to make sure of getting thro’. Gave \$5 to abba muusa – Hassan left suddenly & no money. Hummad back to camp, I sleep in Asa^cita at Hassan’s.

Ate *Kat all afternoon* + ‘osman who held court at the old arab’s house near the palace, dishing out medical costs & spraying instructions with equal partiality. When I eventually got thro’ Michèle was not in, all o.k.: and then Aydahis telephoned in to explain – that Ioan is coming c. 8.12.1973 – which I already knew. [GFJL 114]

Slept well at Hassan’s but woke with strange stomach pains – change of diet I guess. So I breakfasted on milk to get back to normal and waited for Hummad’s brother at the appointed place and time. He didn’t come, so I gathered the goods left behind by Hummad at the shop, my medicine & batteries bought this morning and set off alone, tired anyway of the charade which we act out... that Hummad is my guard and I must not, indeed am unable to, go my way alone.

20. 11.

21. 11.

Met Hummad – as I got off the ferry on the other side of the Awash ... his brother not mentioned I knew we would have to go back to town – so we eventually left, one “*foul*” and plenty of tea later, c. 2 p.m.. Waylaid by the people at Sirraaj’s farm camp which we cross on the other side of the river – more tea and an interesting account of my activities from Hummad to the farm supervisor. I have been nearly killed five times, am a personal friend of the Sultan, extremely intelligent but physically quite useless – unless Hummad looks after me I will die very rapidly.

Well ... Aydahis has left an unnamed sum of money at the office for me in case I need it. But on the way home I carried most of the stuff most of the way, and only when we reached people near our camp did Hummad hastily grab all of it and struggle the last ½ mile into camp, saying quite clearly *sinam tani, kadda aybi* [people, big shame] when I insisted on carrying things.

Note now that several times Hummad has had a crap about 250 yards from camp after a long walk in.

Arrived to find fatuma and Hassooni very ill, no water or men in camp. Hummad went to get the water. Fatuma only began to moan when she knew Hummad was in the tent. I arrived 3–4 minutes before him but she wasted no moans on me. This kind of behaviour, like the crying child noted above is something I have seen in my own society: but it has never seemed so blatant before. There is a problem in description here, since only when you cross into another society does interpersonal/role-playing/activity sometimes appear so blatant. Should this be described in blatant terms or in terms of the society, in which case it is totally unnoticed (except perhaps by a few)? Neither is adequate since the description ‘fatuma waited until Hummad entered the tent before she began moaning’ underrates the intelligence of fatuma and the genuine (I am sure) feelings of distress that she has on losing her child (Hummad has 3 times now mentioned that fatuma is missing the child). It also suggests that fatuma consciously waited for Hummad to enter the tent & then moaned, which is extremely unfair. Yet to say simply that ‘fatuma awoke and began moaning when Hummad entered the tent’ is not the full story – since she would not have moaned in the presence of anyone else and would have moaned earlier had she been physically incapable of suppressing the moan. What is involved is an extremely complex relationship between two people in a particular society subject to a universal condition (loss of a child & illness) modified by particular idiosyncratic factors (my presence, the quality of fatuma’s relationship to Hummad, fears of Hummad going to Addis and so on).

Hummad today began moves towards backing out of coming to Addis with me for a few days. This is fortunate because as I explained to him, Aydahis was specific on the phone in asking about the exact time of my planned departure for Addis – I suspect that he plans to surprise me by sending a plane, which rules out Hummad who will be too frightened to go as he himself says,



Photo 19: Wooden pot covered with leather
(G. FLOOD, 1973)

and besides I have not told Aydahis of my plans to bring him so that there may well be no space on the (imaginary) plane. We'll see. Anyway, plans are now fixed – I shall be leaving Asa[°]ita on 3rd. The pregnancy [of Michèle] is badly planned of course – I could easily spend the next 4 months here, moving out and around after a while – and now about 2 months of those months will be lost. I imagine that Feb March April will see 2 good months of work, with 1½ months workable May June July followed by 1½ months Aug Sept Oct and 5 full months Nov-March. It's not good. Somewhere in June July August I have to fix a whistle-stop tour of Europe seeing all the people I want to see as well as some of those I don't... A waste of time from my point of view but necessary.

Saw a 3½ ft long *baadeesa* [name of the snake] on the way home tonight – moves real fast. Grey/green. Hummad says it was a small one.

Didn't feel too good all day, the effects I think of over-eating yesterday.

After roughly one week of still nights with no wind, the wind has now veered and is coming from S.S.W.. Noticed last night in Asa[°]ita that there I didn't need to put a blanket on at night – it is slightly warmer there. No mosquitos there – and very few here now, tho' there has been an influx of a small biting fly that closely resembles the common house-fly – but real small. A change is as good as a rest...

Tomorrow we will make the visit to anterba[°]ale promised by Hummad to me and all his sick kinsmen. He will pick up his cow too – *yalli yaarige* [God knows]... [GFJL 114–117]

Well – Hummad was good to his word. He had promised the people over there, his people, that he would take me before, and now he kept the promise.

There is a *rabeena* on at Hummayso's camp just a little north of us (woman died recently, celebrations in camp) – Hummayso came to our camp area on 19.11.73. There is also a *rabeena* on at the big anterba^{ale} camp of Hummad's people. Fantastically beautiful setting of tall tall trees, many of them dead from lack of water and being chopped about (same thing since ^{afar} chop trees when there is no easier grazing – lack of water), many trees... *kassalto* – in flower. Hummad's *abino Yobento* + *ulu^{oto}* + *gammeeli* + *ma^{andita}* form one *fi^{ima}*. We got the usual slaughtering of cows but I saw no goats. There weren't many people & Hummad says they will save the most for tomorrow. *fi^{ima}* in charge of butchery.

In one of the tents some interesting wood-worked pots & pans + goat-skin lids covered in shells, and at the feasting a large wooden spoon carved from *saaganto* wood – beautiful all of it. I want pictures and will try to go back “tomorrow” as they say. Big pots of *maderto*.

Hummad brought back an *idda* [sheep] for his dead son's funeral rites, and also brought one of his cows back which has just given birth. Myself and his brother abdu came with the sheep – I found the way since abdu does not know it. Hummad stayed to catch his cow and later turned up in camp without it saying it was impossible for him alone to bring the animal...

At this *rabeena* my *am^{asa}* people were noticeably absent. No overlap in presence of guests except Hummad himself as far as I could see. And me. People died some time ago – celebrated between two small camps – in forest.

It is fairly obvious that there is heavy concentration of *rabeena* over the last 5 days – 3 to my knowledge (4 + tomorrow: 2 for previous deaths, 2 for recent deaths. Recent deaths done in camp, earlier deaths done out of camp. MORE!!). Since 'ali told me last night that this is the usual time of year for *rabeena*, and that *rabeena* is done when you can rather than at a specific date after the death, I guess that it is related to seasonal fluctuations in well-being + perhaps the July death-rate – the people over at anterba^{ale} were doing *rabeena* for seven men who died on the same day.

In the area north & west of our camp there are now very many people. This is consistent with the movements of population that I have seen in the last weeks – people moving north across our neck of land. If they go further than 15–20 kilometres they hit open sand so I guess that anterba^{ale} is one of the great homelands.

Tomorrow will see the funeral celebrations of little ^{ali}. [GFJL 117–119]

23. 11.

Funeral celebrations for little ^{ali}. Very much a nuclear family affair – even fatuma's brothers kept out of it, maHammad still over at the first *rabeena* I went to, others just carrying on with their work as if nothing had happened – witchcraft behaviour?? I doubt it since Hassooni did help with the preparations, tho' other women from the area came to shift fatuma ^{ari}. [Fatuma's house, GFFNW 275]



Photo 20: Rebuilding Fatuma's tent

(G. FLOOD, 1974)



Photo 21: Rebuilding Fatuma's tent

(G. FLOOD, 1974)

I got some pictures this morning that will be good if correctly exposed – if that is possible since there are about 5 f-stops difference between light & shade early morning.

See notes for the funeral celebration. [GFFNW 58–59] N.B. prayers late afternoon by *seek* covered in butter for fertility – Hummad says fatuma will be pregnant in 2 months time, which squares with what he said about fucking her after 40 days.

Bothered very much today by people coming for medicines – suddenly everyone seems to be ill. Hassooni, muusa, friend of baDa^o, 2 *seeks*, fatuma (now onto Librium), ^oomar, young guy from baDa^o's camp. Cleared them all out and got on with my work late afternoon, saying to them *anu gereh enih wa^oadi, isin inki rabeliton*. Hummad corrected this to *anu gereki, isin rabeliton* [if I go, you will die].

These days of funeral celebrations have been less productive than they should have been had I been more advanced with my language and with other knowledge. I feel not so much that I have missed a lot as that I have wasted time watching what seems to be relatively straight forward bull-shit. I am afraid I'll never be able to treat the *seeks* as anything but cheap con-men and I find the 'prayer session' ludicrous, if pleasant on the ear, with people chanting repetitive language which they say is the word of God and which I am almost sure they do not understand. I asked today if it was Arabic or *afaraf* or whatever and one *seek*, who has painstakingly copied out about 20 lines for me, taking at least 90 minutes to do it, from a book, said that he could not say, that he could not tell me in *afaraf* what he just said in *xaf* and that I should find an interpreter in Asa^oita — preferably a Saho man. And they refused pointedly to speak the words they had written onto my tape-recorder. Two *seeks* working together 'checked' the piece written out for me one holding the copy, the other holding the original. They failed to agree on the utterance, tho' at least the guy I got the writing from reads from right to left...

Then later they were very keen on getting their prayers on tape. So much so that the entire funeral ceremony broke up and became a recording/listening session, albeit an unsuccessful one since the wind spoilt recording (for me – they could still hear o.k.).

So little ^oali's funeral celebrations went off smoothly and disappeared as rapidly and senselessly as he did... There was a move to get me over to Hummayso's camp late afternoon to record their prayers. I refused – wind, recording hopeless.

Broke the eating regulations firmly today – liver in the afternoon, basta, goats milk after dark, followed by the fat of the fat-tailed sheep later after dark. Hummad remarked "*Kiniin beytto (beytoo?)*" – "I suppose you'll take medicine...?"

As far as my own medical treatment of ^oafar goes I have now decided to become a specialist in two things I know I can treat – *dale* and *asodaa* with occasional forays into the unknown if there is a good chance that I can fix it. Headache can be dealt with too. So when I come back my medical chest should have shrunk to codeine, chloroquine phosphate, penicillin ointment, bandage, cotton wool + my own kit of emergency supplies – antibiotics, sulfaguanadine & lomotil. It will make me a bit lighter.

Incidentally, 21.11.1973 met the guy whose head I stitched earlier this month – it is looking fine. [GFJL 119–121]

Woken late by °ali and immediately broke my resolution of yesterday, treating a camel herder for a bad bite on the right forearm – almost bitten right thro’ it seemed – the veins probably cut at the wrist, but not right thro’, not pumping blood. So I bunged a pile of antiseptic ointment on it, a lint bandage + elastic bandage, loosely, and put the arm in a sling. Should be o.k.. ?? ...

Hummad had gone back over to antarba°ale to fetch his cow, and had again been unable to bring her back. ?! Plagued again all day by sick people and people with sores. Managed to transcribe 70 feet of tape (*daagu*) despite it all and have put out the word that no more medicines will be given out during the remainder of my stay – I must get some good work done.

Women from fatuma’s tribe around all day drinking tea & coffee whenever we did.

The man I gave codeine to over at baDo°o camp last night is said to be in good health today – so unless he was lying all along and intends to sell my pills (a distinct possibility) he will have been suffering for one week from nothing physiological. I often suspect that a large proportion of the complaints of people I ‘treat’ are psychological in origin – people taking a holiday from obligations, fed up with life or something. So the codeine works for them ... What I really need is soma of course “Here Hussey, take a holiday from your goats & wife – soma”. Maybe Huxley was very close to an Indo-European root when he made the word – °afar is *soom* (*suum* – *summi*) for prison ... *soom* = fast.

Hummad’s father in law’s brother has also been around all day – Adan. The first *rabeena* I went to was over at ‘his land’. Checked with °omar why his presence should cause behavioural oddities in Hummad, & °omar (whose answers to my questions are invariably lies) said that he is the *balaabat* of am°asak °ad°ali – their *makabantu*, a big man of whom Hummad is frightened. (This is not a lie!!)

In the late late afternoon Hummad did a little parade for me with his gun in front of my tent – “Present Arms” “Ten Shun!!” foot stamping (I was praying he would get no thorns ...). He then explained that he learnt *naharsi sanatta* – almost 4 years ago – with 360 soldiers who were given *mengisti gira* [government bullets]. (This almost fits with what was told to me about the government arming the °afar in 1968–1969 to fight against the E.L.F.)

After all the big feasts I am back to normal. We have a pile of meat dried and stripped in fatuma’s tent, and the bones from yesterday’s feasting (resting inside fatuma’s tent too) after having spent the night on the roof of the tent??

°assiyayto came back today too, so something like ?normality? reigns in our camp.

Beginning to count the days I have left – eight nights – I will have to go into Asaita on 2.12.1973 to get ready for leaving on 3.12.1973, and must be into town early to give myself time to clear up at Hassan’s.

Apart from Hummad's sociological position vis-à-vis his WFB, I find the old guy a real pain in the neck – always speaking aggressively and ordering people about. Tonight he said to me *anu ta^cabe, ma wa^cadi radyo yabissaa* so I just said *ta^cabteki, diin*. And didn't play the tape.

Went to bed late and slept with Hummad and ^cali on my floor – a big guard tonight. [GFJL 121–123]

Up late again – I am obviously running low on energy. Called on by the young man I treated for a camel bite yesterday – his hand is heavily swollen and it now appears very likely that the bone is broken. I took off yesterday's dressing and had a good look, told him that the bone is broken and he must go to Asa^cita: he says he can not. So I put a clean dressing on, more antiseptic ointment, and left it looser this time to allow for swelling, then the stretch bandage, sling and gave a codeine – he will end up with a deformed forearm but will live... (*wal^ci ^comar* who dislocated his knee way back is now getting around well – knee still dislocated but fixed, nerves dead I guess.)

Plagued again by women asking for pills of all sorts and made a mistake in clamping down on my output just when Hummad's sister asked for medicine for Hummad's son Hamad. *mayram* has been over at our camp since last night. She left this morning. I gave medicine – Hummad very upset at my refusal.

Tried to do a bit of work with the tape recorder, transcribing *kassow*, but gave up after 5 minutes. Hummad is really hopeless at this kind of work – he is forever adding things he meant to say. Far better to work with *adan* who seems to have a flair for the job.

Saved from my own frustrations by ^cali who took me out to see the crocodile he has killed this morning. Quite big – probably as big as the ones Charles & I saw before. Killed with an axe, chopped through the spine at the back of the neck and just above the back legs – when I photographed it, it was still alive, just incapable of moving. ^cali says that one this size can kill a man in water, but spends most of its time eating goats (and fish I suspect).

Took landscape pictures, pictures from bed of big Awash, pictures of Has-sooni today.

Got a limited amount of information from Hummad, ^cali & *adan* about *fi^cima* and *kedo* tho' it is not conclusive. Must push on.

Hummad & ^cali & *muusa* went over to *baDa^co*'s camp this afternoon to eat meat – *baDa^co* has a *reeta* [she-goat] which is dying so he is slaughtering it. Dying from 3 months of pregnancy they say. Hummad interested in the length of time our own goats are pregnant – as if it could be different.

This evening I got a lot of good information from ^cali and *adan* about *am^casak Haysamali* structure – *kedo*, *fi^cima* etc.. Feeling happy with the days work, I went to bed early – but was unable to sleep until very late, my mind racing away fixing up the Universe.

Ali says he will go to market tomorrow to buy things – Hummad busy saying that we are out of food and that the goat's milk is finished. This is not true



Photo 22: Crocodile killed by °Ali

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

– we have dried peas and lentils, but Hummad & fatuma don't know how to prepare them so they have been left. I gave Ali \$10 to buy some batteries for the tape-recorder, and asked him to bring sugar & rice too. We'll see what he brings back. [GFJL 123–124]

Up at dawn or before with °ali who got ready to go to Asaita. Confusion as to who was telling him to buy what – Hummad has told him to buy cigarettes, I said not to. The milk is not finished – but the goats have all gone to Dit Bahari to the *der°i mara* [cultivators] who are working on preparing the *daro* on °ali's farm. In fact the farm seems to belong collectively to the °ad°ali section of *am°asa* – °omar says to all *am°asa*.

Woke this morning to the sight of a dog eating the miscarriage of a camel outside my tent.

Talking with adan, °ad°ali abba, and Hummad, found that the wife of wal°i °omar (whose split head I treated some time back – infidelity) is not °afar but °Issa. Further enquiries revealed that raiding °afar often bring back °Issa women and children who are fully integrated in °afar society... taken as wives or adopted. wal°i °omar's wife was brought (about) 5 years ago. There is also a young man in the area brought in a similar way: the people who collected him gave him animals and he is fully integrated as an °afar now – *usuk °afáarrite* they say.

Cooked up my lentils & peas this morning after picking out most of the stones. Fatuma & her FB ate a little, Hummad even less. Good food... but they don't really like it. Also got to eat a good pile of °itta with semi-liquid *subaH* [butter] on top. Good food too.

26. 11.

A man I don't know passing thro' camp this morning asked brusquely when I was going to cut off my *ʿandoyta* [foreskin] – to become a proper muslim. I tried to explain, to little avail, that in my country Jews (recently fighting with arabs) cut off their *ʿandoyta*, so my people don't, not wishing to look like Jews. A good try, but not too successful – on parting he just said *ʿandoyta kal!*

Fatuma still in bed ill – this morning she was underneath her big *Kiilale* inhaling the smoke of the *maderto* (which has a very pleasant smell) (for me and *ʿafar*). Hassooni too despite my treatment for *ʿasoda* is still ill. Yesterday she put on her nice floral-pattern dress and made herself beautiful and came to my tent to ask for the *muriatta* [mirror] to look at herself – and asked me to take a picture of her. Today she still has the dress on but is looking decidedly unhappy and ill.



Photo 23: Hassooni looking in Glynn's mirror

(G. FLOOD, 1974)

So the only working female in the camp is wasiila, who fetches water and looks after all the men.

Ali returned from market with 10 batteries and some sugar, late afternoon. An old man named mandala came this afternoon and showed positive interest in finding out how much I know, and in correcting one or two details. He did not follow the usual aggressive ploy of trying to get as much as possible out of me and then splitting, but just chatted quietly, slowly and intelligently for a few minutes then went off. He seems to know adan, fatuma's *ʿammi* [uncle] very well, but is of quite another kind: last night adan came to me to ask for medicine to make him shit; I gave 8 sennokot and he went off to *ʿassi baDa*°o *buDa*. This morning he tells me that he left them in his cloth and someone 'stole' them. *ʿagis* [again]! he ordered. I gave him 4 more. Then

later this afternoon he took 3 used batteries from me (the old batteries of the tape-recorder will run a torch for a few days).

Anyway it's a great pity that I must go – I have a feeling that in mandala I have found my Balambaras [referring to Balambaras Aike Berinas, the informant of Ivo Strecker and Jean Lydall]: but then again, if he is my man he will find me again...

This afternoon too Hummad noticed that the camel askir is missing. Yesterday there had been talk of selling him for cash much needed, he says. Expects to get \$100. Hummad went off briefly to look for askir but soon returned.

°ali although tired from his journey to Asa°ita was then ready to go off in search of the animal. Several times now °ali has been heavily exploited by Hummad – something I should check.

Well – I checked: it sounds reasonable enough. They are fairly sure that askir has been stolen. °ali knows the country well and has gone off to check amongst his own people whether they know anything about it (he has taken my torch with nice new batteries).

Tomorrow Hummad will not go to market. Instead he will rejoin °ali and if necessary they are off to magenta – Hummad points to the S.W. and says it's a long way and that there are °Issa there. They are going with one gun and three bullets between them. (one of the bullets we bought when I first came here was a dud – when they fired it it did not go off, so Hummad stuck it head first in the barrel of his rifle and ripped the shell casing off with his teeth: guess he knows what he's doing??)

I will go to market with batti (nickname for adan), and °omar – maybe.

One thing is clear – all the goats have not gone to dat baHari: a few remain. This evening I drank about 3 pints of goat's milk, as well as a large bowl of rice & meat (the meat after the milk so it's o.k.).

Rearrange the furniture in my tent today – took the opportunity whilst securing the tent itself against wind which has been very strong just lately.

Clouds around today. Mandala says that *dada*° is coming...

Slept with °omar on my floor. He told me that he wants to come to my country. Like everyone else. [GFJL 124–127]

Market day. Went with Hummad after all and °omar and adan stayed behind in camp. °ali brought back askir about one hour before dawn and Helim has been away all night fucking the sister of °ali Husseyn (the man who is on my *daagu* tape with Hummad). °omar told me this morning that Helim was getting married soon to some woman – in fact Hummad tells me that the woman in question is *sermuta asynata* [like a prostitute] – *kulli mari tet maDa*. Also he says that °ali is warning Helim about fucking her, and that Helim will not be able to get married for many years (6–7) as his *absuma* is very young. If the woman has a boy child by Helim the child is the legal son of the husband who is absent (he has left the woman says Hummad – Habe) unless Helim gives 13 cows when he gets the child and the woman.

27. 11.

Other interesting information (which I must check with other statements from Hummad somewhere else) on the walk back from asa[°]ita. He started this year with a fair sized herd of animals. He has lost, he says this time 9 calves, 9 full grown animals and 4 ‘middle-aged’ cows. He now has 11 cows left + 2 calves recently born. So in this year he has lost ^{22/33} animals and added 2 – a loss of c. 66%.

Market day a drag but I really must be mad not to be getting some notes on Hummad’s activities there nowadays – he has to be watched all the time or else the centimes disappear extremely rapidly: his *tobokoyta* are increasing in numbers very rapidly and everyone wants something. Today we collected the *fi[°]imatabba* from antarba[°]ale, who announced that he has a big business tomorrow – slaughtering of cows etc. – trouble between people from *ma[°]andiita ke gammeeli* will be fixed up. *fi[°]imatabba miga[°]a – °asa Hamad Ken digaalam fara Ko[°]oso radele.*

Kadda buDa, gaali mara inki Kabuk

diramo mara ke Harbiso sarra inki Kabuk

Kadda BuDa ulu[°]oto ma[°]anddita Yobento inki Kabuk.

[The football game will be between camel herders, cattle herders and the ulu[°]oto ma[°]anddita clan to settle a dispute.]

This must be noted elsewhere.

Anyway, I was prevailed upon to add \$3 to the tea-pot – in return for which I will get a belly full of meat and free play with my tape recorder when °asa Hamad himself speaks judgement. If there is no wind it will be an historic tape-recording I think.

We bought stuff for about \$25 in town (total spent) including *basta* \$2.40, *Dangabiili* 10 cents, *KoDomfaaDa* 50 cents, *sokkor* \$2, *bunna* \$2.50, 1 *baanita* (for °omar) 15 cents, cokes, tea, *foul*, bread for ourselves \$4, *trik daylo* \$1.75, *sigarra* \$3. This totals \$16.40. Add \$3 given to °asa Hamad, \$2 ‘lost’ by Hummad – he had a violent argument with the shopkeeper saying he had given him \$2; the shop-keeper denied it (I am sure he gave it too), 75 cents for muusa to eat \$1 for a tin of pineapple for myself, \$1 for a pack of biscuits for fatuma, 50 cents for tea – and it comes to \$24.65. But I opened a credit account with our favourite shopkeeper to the tune of \$2, so we have somewhere another \$2+ to account for.

Add to this the \$10 I gave to °ali yesterday for buying *trikdaylo* (10) and it amounts to a heavy expenditure in the last few days. The batteries cost about \$5 and he brought sugar and rice too – no funny business from °ali, who is as honest as one could wish – a fantastic guy.

Today we came home through a more-or-less straight line route from asa[°]ita, emerging into fora[°]o between the two main hills E.N.E. of our camp – along a route that Hummad’s son and I tried to work and failed c. 13 days ago. All along the route we find bridges prepared by you-know-who, °ali – who is the kind of one man road-builder for the whole area it seems. Hum-

mad speaks of him with great praise, saying that he is like a brother, having helped Hummad to get fatuma when everyone in her *gulub* was against him. Hummad found her 2 years ago whilst working with the camels. They have been married for 1 year + *garab* [half]. Hummad says rather wistfully that she was healthy & strong then, but now is ill all the time – *ginni* got her after the marriage which contradicts what he said some time back about it being 3 years ago ... still ... we plod on with the notes.

Thoughts on the *gaali mara* – they are almost universally feared/disliked, and it is related to their wild animal-like nature – they are very mobile, have no fixed abode, and are .: sexually dangerous, can fuck your wife if you are not careful, grab your *absuma*, anything. And steal. Difficult to find and share a strong bond of brotherhood despite the fact that they come from distinctly separate tribes.

Recorded myself & °ali & Hummad talking about tomorrows event. Using slowest speed we can get fantastic amounts of information on one tape. After seeing tomorrow's happening I hope to get additional comments from Hummad. Am also hoping to be able to record the speeches. [GFJL 127–130]

Up early – before dawn, to a bowl of camel milk from Hummad. He says I can eat meat later anyway, and the milk had been transferred to another bowl from its original milking bowl. Tea with ginger followed and I put together my equipment for the day – tape and camera (tho' I only have c. 8 pictures left and that on slide film. Must bring a bundle of b/w film next time.). Gave fatuma a course of °*asodaa* tablets this morning.

We left for antarba°ale c. 7.15 a.m. and I got a couple of good pictures of vegetation and a herd of cows before reaching the camp of Hummad's people (*kedo* & *abino* [mother's clan]). Took a soil sample when we reached what Hummad called the centre of antarba°ale – I want to find out if there is any soil type basis or other ecological basis to the differentiation of named areas. antarba°ale should be a good start since it is a place name based on a type of plant.

Took pictures of °afar pots and pans at the camp we reached. °asa Hamad is not too busy today – only one cow slaughtered and no signs of *malbo* (*malbo*) [council of elders] until just when we were ready to leave. The delay in proceedings partly due to the fact that °asa Hamad had been out searching for animals believed taken by the *am°asa*, and did not come back till after we reached the camp (c. 8.30 a.m.).

The area the camp is in is now short of water – as we are in fact at our camp. Water brought in on camels and donkeys for the feast (much water needed for the cooking.) Women arrived with nice head cloths – °*idi* type. *Gaali mara* came in. *rabraba* [grass] used for butchers' platform.

Saw a guy being bled for *moyya biak*, *amo biak* [headache], squatting over a small pit in the dust, with a piece of cloth wound tightly round his neck held by someone whilst the blood flowed into the hole. His head had

been cut with a razor blade by a third person. Afterwards he covered the blood with dust.

Reckon that the place I was is S.W. of boDawli. The other smaller mountain was to the right of boDawli as I looked at it.

On the way home, after eating meat and getting a good *Kassow* on tape, Hummad explained a little to me about land ownership. A disappointing day in many ways, but good to be in such a beautiful setting, and a pleasant walk.

Thoughts on the lying problem with [◌]afar – given that most utterances seem to be deliberate distortions of the truth, is the truth about the [◌]afar a lie?

Arrived back in camp as dusk fell, collecting a few *sonkoddo* fruits along the way (riddled with worms), to find fatuma absolutely on the point of death. Hummad's chances of getting to Addis are very very slight – she will get worse in the next few days. The tablets I gave her to fix her [◌]asodaa she has not taken. When I arrived she asked for my [◌]asokiniin as they call codeine – remember that she knows that these pills will not cure her, and that she has seen that Hummad's [◌]asodaa is now cured.

At the gathering Hummad had a brief but violent quarrel with Yayyo aHamad, a tiny and aggressive man who continually plagues me with stupid questions. The quarrel was connected with aHamad's complaint that my tape-recorder had attracted too many People away from the work of butchering the cow. But behind this is something more – he resents Hummad's behaviour with me. Sometimes I do too. Hummad used my presence with the tape-recorder to take over the dancing organising of *Kassow* for a while, much to my annoyance.

Hummad told me that in the *Kassow* people *siita daafta* (I think this means to insult each other). So what with *Ko[◌]oso* and *Kassow* we have a fair amount of conflict conduction.

Hummad danced at the celebration – his people? He did not dance at [◌]iidi *saakih Kassow* [end of Ramadan]. [GFJL 130–132]

29. 11.

The time for going draws near. Plenty of things unfinished, plenty of things unclear. Fatuma very feverish this morning. Gave her aspirin and the fever dropped. Hummad's brother abdu came over from antarba[◌]ale and I fixed his sores again. The guy with the camel bite also came and I changed his dressing too, applying tetracycline ointment again. His hand is very swollen but the bite marks are healing well, apart from one which has gone right thro' to the bone and is probably on a broken bone at that. [◌]assa baDa[◌]o came by for [◌]asodaa pills.

Learnt yesterday that fatuma's cunt has been sewn up (discussing what was wrong with her with Hummad, Hummad said he thought it was because she didn't bleed much when the birth came.). Today Hummad sent his brother abdu to asa[◌]ita with 75 cents to buy a coca cola for fatuma!! I was astonished... abdu has a very bad couple of sores on his leg, does not know the way thro' – not having been for some time because of his bad leg – and a coca cola can hardly be demanded on the grounds of medical need (tho' Hummad

says it has *diwa*). So fatuma's need for coca cola leads to abdu walking about five hours!! His walk from antarba^oale is 1¼ hours, so altogether he will walk 7½ hours today if he returns home tonight! Say he walks 23 miles.

Got some useful stuff from ^oassi baDa^o on *am^oasa* genealogy today [see GFFNW 263–264]. Perhaps the ^oafar have softer hearts than I thought – he volunteered the information. A cunning old bastard like himself has something up his sleeve ... What does he want?

^oali organised a *Kassow* for this evening – he wants to better the *Kassow* I brought back from antarba^oale. I recorded a long long *Kassow*, with Hummad again dominating events very much.

Went to bed and took ½ mandrax as last night to ensure a good night's sleep – I have not been sleeping too well just lately.

^oali killed an *abeesa* [snake] in Hummad's tent – Hummad can not because he has *gammeeli laago* (*ramad*). Any children by fatuma do not have this. Children by mayram do have it since she too has *gammeel lago*. *da^oartaba* (a creeping ground plant with cricket ball size green fruits – crosses water) has medicine for *abeesa* bite. Those who know the medicine must not kill *abeesa*. *da^oartaba* is cooked in water – the fruit not the leaves, and a little of the water is drunk to make you crap. Camels do not eat *da^oartaba*, sheep do.

Fatuma getting iller and iller despite her coca cola which abdu brought. Tonight Hummad announced that she could not speak, she was so ill. Yet she found her tongue when I gave her aspirin instead of codeine – she took aspirin for the first time this morning: I gave it to reduce a very genuine fever (successfully, since she was cooler and happier 2 hours later). She dislikes the taste and she dislikes drinking medicine – codeine she prefers. So she refused to drink the aspirin. I left the ^oari and refused to give other medicine.

She is ill but the exploitation of the illness is feigned and coincides with manipulations of Hummad. It is still very unsure whether Hummad will be able to come to Addis. [GFJL 132–134]

Up early. Today fatuma will be taken out of the ^oari and around the nearby land, into Hassooni's hut. *nann ulla ^oarik naya^oe* [it is the end of her confinement] says Hummad.

Began packing, preparing to leave, trying to gather in all my goods which are 'on loan'.

One *seek*, and the men present including myself walked around the *wadar gaso* [goat enclosure] and fatuma entered Hassooni ^oari. Mablid chanted all the time. I fired off one shot exactly on the point of fatuma entering Hassooni ^oari & later as she entered her own ^oari.

(I will know I belong to the ^oafar when they start stealing from me.)

Big meeting of women – spirit possession after fatuma had done the leaving/entering of huts ceremony. Drums, shrieks and head shaking.

Later, at dusk, Hummad and the men he had rounded up performed a male *ginnilih*. [GFJL 134–135]

1974

IN ADDIS ABABA 1.12.1973 – 18.2.1974

[There was no journal entry from 1.12.1973 until 19.2.1974. Glynn went to Addis together with Hummad, who stayed for a few days. While in Addis Glynn met his supervisor Prof. Ioan Lewis, and worked on the field notes he had collected, in particular the genealogical material (GFFNW 112–129). Most importantly, Michèle gave birth to their daughter.]



Photo 24: Glynn with Hummad in Addis

(M. FLOOD, 1973)

LETTER TO BARRIE, JANUARY 1974

Haven't written for a long time 'cos I've been doing "fieldwork" or something like it. The remaining three °afar are in good spirits down at the mission hospital. The doctor says they have passed a comfortable night and are not expected to wake up. I have decided to go native and study myself. But seriously, the remaining four °afar are in fine shape and work has been possible, which means I have been thinking about doing some.

Our kid is still due on 4.1.1974 – no premature scares yet anyway and the “doctor” says that it may be late because everyone is late in this country. I am now stuck inside Addis with a craving for °afar, since the next 2 weeks are about the coldest they get and everyone stays in one place so you can sometimes begin to think in terms of a unit of study, tho' it's a waste of time...

So as far as coming back is concerned I will make it when I can be sure I have enough money and backing to be able to return here. I've got my teeth into the °afar and they may be giving me a rough ride but I want to get them good – I'm onto a good thing, research possibilities for the next 35 years and nothing but nothing political will happen in Ethiopia without the mafia

knowing a whole lot about it, maybe paying for it. It's all too much to walk out of after one year with a partial understanding. [GFJL 257–261]

[Glynn also wrote to Dick Hayward, telling about the plight of the Afar, and his own growing cynicism towards development.]

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO HAYWARD, 7.1. 1974

(...) As you must know, moving in and out of °afar is a disorientating experience, on top of which I have got married (June 30th) and am expecting Michèle to present us with a baby (any time – doctor said 4.1.1974). It's all a bit much, tho' I feel that I can handle it. Not that I like some of the effects the fieldwork situation seems to be producing in me: at the best of times I am alienated/dissociated or whatever, but now I find that my cynicism is growing cancerous – the only way I have been able to adapt to the experience of the last year has been to cut myself off from it by some kind of psychological trickery. So life seems to go by like a movie film. I suppose I am in good health and better able to live in such a cruel world, but if the price is a form of cultivated indifference to the suffering around me, I sometimes (still) wonder if it's all worth it. It's so easy to be “good” in Europe where you can hide from the pain and poverty around you. But here, particularly amongst the °afar you are suddenly confronted with too many too important questions: “if I give \$50 to this man he will live, if not he will die”. When it's that clear you are forced to answer yourself, yes or no. And the answer is not usually what you'd like to think it would be. I suppose everyone has his own rationalisations, his own intellectual shield from the harsh reality.

The plight of the °afar is terrible, tho' they themselves are probably spared the long-term vision which outsiders (and perhaps the Sultan) must have. It will be a miracle if there are any °afar nomads left after 15 years. All the arguments about development or no development, whether the °afar want it or not are so narrow and short-sighted in their scope. The simple truth is that a whole culture is being eradicated by people that are making money from the deal. It's not a pretty sight.

In the short term I expect that they will hold their own over the next 3-5 years – population and resources have probably reached a balance which will even allow a limited expansion during the period. But given the age structure of the herds that are left the cattle numbers will drop rapidly after that. And the land available to the nomads is shrinking steadily so that the recovery which would normally take place can not happen. There are more dams coming on the Awash, on the Mille.

I have been living about 10–15 km to the S.S.E. of asa°ita, between asa°ita and the great plains which they call *dat baHari*, with people from the *am°asa* tribe. Does *am°asa* mean “to become red”? It's a hunch I have, for getting at the red/white division. [GFJL 292–301]

[On 11th January 1974, Michèle gave birth to a daughter, to whom they gave the name Kaali after the daughter of Abdalla, the man who resided in foDa°o when Glynn first went there (see above 20.10.1973).]

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER BY MICHÈLE TO HER GRANDPARENTS, ADDIS 15.1.1974

It's a little girl, she is very small but as pretty as the day. She was born on Thursday the 11th January at 11:30 in the morning. She is called Kaali.

[Four weeks later Glynn, Michèle and baby Kaali travelled to Dubti where they stayed at the Mitchell Cotts Plantation in an air-conditioned house and had use of the swimming pool.]

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER BY MICHÈLE TO HER PARENTS, ADDIS 31.1.1974

We will probably leave next week for Dubti where Glynn will drop us off and go to join his Afars. He will come and join us on the weekends. Kaali and I will bask in the shade of banana trees.

[After a week, Glynn set off on 19.2.1974 for Asaita, in order to continue fieldwork.]

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER BY MICHÈLE TO HER PARENTS, DUBTI 20.2.1974

This trip was so perilous – punctures without end, long waiting for a rare car crossing the middle of the desert, exhausting heat, a night under the stars, another night in a hut on a mattress full of fleas, a meager meal of goat bones on top of hard spaghetti. Kaali and I finally arrived by bus in the midst of goats, chickens and guns...

Glynn left yesterday to join his Afars, and will return at the weekend.

We are invited into the house of a friendly German woman; young, dynamic (she has to be to survive in such a place); she is the only doctor in the entire Danakil region. What a bargain!

Fans everywhere, every comfort imaginable; one cannot believe this is possible in such a place...

RETURN TO HUMMAD'S CAMP, 19.–21.2.1974

(rewritten [by Glynn] from original, with additions, 15.6.1975)

Tuesday: Took the Russian taxi from Dubti to Asaita and had very little trouble finding Hummad and the others at the market. Went back to camp with Hummad, and found that since I left there has clearly been no tea, coffee or sugar in camp. Fatuma and Hummad have given up coffee (*bunak Habne*), saying it was making them ill.

Fatuma looks much better. Hassooni is her usual happy self. °omar looks healthier. Helim is recovering from an *abeesa* bite/says *abeesa isi diwa le*. Adan is his usual self – a fit, healthy guy. Wasiila is married, tho' Hummad tells me, in front of her, that her husband failed to break in the first night, could not penetrate (*muD*), and has been away ever since (1½ months) *buDDe kaak tiddigile* says Hummad, with appropriate gestures. Wasiila slightly embarrassed, but laughs good naturedly – blushes. She has her own °ari now – all the preparations of November were not wasted.

Everyone accepts me immediately, as if I had not been away. A very quiet but reassuring welcome – people all coming individually to say *nagaya*, *mu°uk sugte*, *nagaya tani*, *barra Daltem obbeh – labti na sayti?*

Moomina °ali is still based around our camp with *amoyti gala (akka lih)*. Abdalla (*ulu°oto*) was in camp too, tho' where his °ari is I don't know. His reaction to hearing I had given the name Kaali to my daughter was a mixture of pleasure and guarded surprise – as if I was trying to get something from him by the act??

Hummad has five cows now. Only °andayreli has milk. Wala°i has been slaughtered for *raba* [funeral].

Hummad *tobokoyta* [younger brother] is dead – he died shortly after taking two Chloroquine Phosphate tabs. This is quite extraordinary: Hummad's dream in Addis – that I had killed Hamad – has come true. Let's hope that Hummad's statement of the power of the *Kataysa* relationship holds true. If not, I may be in danger from Hummad himself. Who knows.

Hummad has lost many other relatives too, mainly from his parent-camp (*ulu°oto*).

The goat herd looks roughly the same size. And although everyone says there has been no rain since I left there is still a surprising amount of green around – mainly trees and shrubs. The *Kiilayto* [unidentified shrub] lets people live.

Two of Hummad's cows are 8½ months pregnant.

Some say it rained one hour since I left but they are expecting rain now – Hummad says it has been lightening to the E.N.E. for many days and if a big rain comes they will go over to the mountains (magenta).

The cotton people seem to have a good crop – fantastic piles of raw cotton everywhere.

Hummad began his protection racket again tonight, telling me that the country is full of thieves. He says that he wants to go to antarba°ale tomorrow night to bring some goats back. When I suggest that he is really going to see his *maDeyta* [lover] he just says *wo barra rabte* [that woman is dead]. But he probably has another one over there.

Anyway, I want my stuff brought out from Asaita tomorrow, so I'm putting pressure on him to get a camel. He says his camel askir has died. Everything dying around Hummad!

20.2.

There are many more flies in this area than in foDa°o. A few mosquitos at night – and a few ants. Slept on the ground outside. [GFJL 136–138]

Wednesday: Awoke 3–4 times during the night because of mosquitos, ants, or the need for a piss. As usual the two pints of milk last thing at night puts a certain stress on the bladder.

Hummad told me this morning that he saw *gara°aytu* [spirit thief] come up to me during the night, stand over me and say *kaa beyam faDa* [I will take him], whilst I slept.

We began trying to find a camel, and in mid morning set out for Asaita. My leg is hurting a lot now and walking is difficult. Fortunately the distance is less now, about one hour, tho' difficult to judge because we had to go so slowly.

The idea was that we get in touch with a guy who each day takes a load of wood into Asaita by camel. He would sell it for \$4 and come back empty. But he never materialised and I had a heavy fever by the time we reached town. Hummad returned alone to camp. A day wasted.

Hopefully Hummad and °ali will bring in a camel tomorrow and I can get my camp set up. I want to go over to Dubti for treatment and to be with Michèle & Kaali by Friday night/Saturday morning.

My leg is a drag. Bovine T.B.? The pain seems to come increasingly from right inside the hip joint.

Before leaving this morning, I met °assi baDa°o – he seems to look after himself well, looks fine. He has married off his three virgin daughters, like everyone at the right time of the year by the stars. His camp is roughly where it was before according to Hummad.

°assiyayto reportedly over at the *am°asa* maize farm. Certainly there's plenty of *dar*o around our camp, and everyone is busy making *ga°ambo*. [GFJL 139–140]

21.2.

When Hummad left yesterday I was not too confident that he would manage to get a camel: he had talked of sending °ali baDa, and repeatedly expressed his wish to go to antarba°ale to collect three goats...

My doubts were unfounded. Hummad arrived c. 10 a.m. and we loaded up my stuff, very carefully putting water fearing objects on top since he has to cross the Awash, which is still waist deep at the ford.

I stayed put in Asaita and resolved to get over to Dubti today to get treated. I am very weak and can hardly walk because of the pain in my leg. The weakness, I suspect, comes from low blood pressure resulting from malaria. The leg pain worries me a bit.

Hassan had said he was going to Dubti this afternoon and others said he was too. Then, just after lunch he said he was not going. Fortunately there were two pilots from N.A.S. at the house and Hassan persuaded them to take me to Dubti.

The N.A.S. [National Air Service] pilots always sleep over at Dubti because they can not stand Asaita's dirt... They are down here to get their

money for the crop spraying. They seem to be having trouble. I sat, only half conscious, in the office, whilst they haggled over the details – how many times was x’s land sprayed?? how many hectares does x have??

We had to leave before dark so c. 6 p.m. we left (the pilots without their money) and commandeered a toyota down to the Barga airstrip. I had the privilege of flying to Dubti. I saw small plantations which I did not know existed, many °afar settlements, and huge areas of tamarind forest. Huge areas too of dead trees, the top branches chopped off. Dead areas. Plenty of dead °afar settlements down there too.

We flew over the meandering dat baHari branch. It’s fairly low now but must be impressive in flood, and dangerous.

The Ethiopian flying the plane handles it just fine in the air, but doesn’t seem too hot on take off and landing. I learnt later, with little surprise, that these boys have crashed twice in the last two months.

Where we parked the plane we were met by a guy called Tony who works as entomologist for T.P.S.C.. He is a nice guy – gave me a lift to Sigrun’s place [Sigrun was a doctor at the Mitchell Cotts clinic] where I found Michèle. Both she and Kaali are o.k.. [GFJL 140–142]

IN DUBTI, 22.2.–1.3.1974

Spent in Dubti on the Mitchell Cotts Plantation. Began to get Sigrun’s side of the picture about the modern °afar, as well as other useful information about the area.

When aydahis broke his arm he went at first to Sigrun’s clinic for treatment. He has not paid the bill.

During the cholera Hassan refused to take cases to Dubti in his car for fear of catching it.

Recent expansions of the °afar plantation have been mainly of good grassland.

20% of Sigrun’s patients are private.

T.P.S.C. makes \$10 million p.a. but two bad years would break it.

A highlander mini-mafia is setting itself up in Dubti, beating up people, stealing guns from °afar. There have been killings. The °afar have killed in return. (This should be compared with Hummad’s statement that people are stealing guns in doobi barga – this is close enough to Asaita to be highlanders.)

Services rendered to H.E. by T.P.S.C. are not paid for. [GFJL 142]

At Dubti with Michèle. Swimming pool, ice cold cokes. [GFJL 142]

Dubti. Begin series of three injections for rheumatism... I appear to be disintegrating physically. Can fieldwork be done from a wheelchair? [GFJL 143]

Dubti. Do nothing. Feeling very weak and tired. Later learn that Hummad was killed today. Kaali is constipated. [GFJL 143]

22.2.

23.2.

24.2.

25.2.

26.2.

Had intended to go to Asaita to see Hummad and get back to work, but am feeling much too ill to work, or even move. Besides, I can still hardly walk. I had my final injection of butazolidin for rheumatism today. The old °afar ‘dresser’ who gives the shots is a true believer in the idea that if the cure doesn’t hurt it’s worthless. Each time, he bangs the knitting-needle type syringe into my buttock and then rams down the syringe pump as hard and as fast as possible causing acute pain as the medicine rushes into me. Then he rips out the needle – sideways? – and bangs the pocket of medicine under my skin with his fist, to disperse it. When I get the treatment in my left buttock it makes the rheumatism in my right hip feel meaningless...!

I telephoned Asaita 43 to ask if someone could tell Hummad, in the event that he had the courage to go there to look for me, that I could not come today. Siraaj answered and after the first polite exchanges told me that Hummad had been killed yesterday by an oryx in boqayto. Hassan had been over and killed the oryx.

On top of my illness, which sometimes threatens to stop my work, this was a severe blow. Hummad was clearly my closest contact with the group, and had done much to centralise my contact with others thro’ himself. Does this mean that I have to find some new people? It is quite possible that the group will now reject me. This creates a few practical problems because I then have to get my equipment back – I have roughly \$3000 worth of goods laying out in the bush.

Ideally I should rush back and just carry on as if nothing had happened. The °afar take death very easily. But there is no question of my leaving Dubti for a few days as I am so weak. My blood pressure has risen to ⁹⁰/₆₀ but I still get very dizzy if I stand up fast. [GFJL 143–144]

27.2.

Dubti [GFJL 144]

28.2.

Dubti [GFJL 144]

1.3.

So December, January and February have all slipped by with no real work done. These are the best months for work. Missed the marriage of the virgins.

But, for a change, I missed something today that I am glad to have missed – I learnt of it later – the killing of a *datoyta* man by °ammar °omar.

At Dubti, Sigrun held a party for all the bachelors of the camp. Tony was there, and the cotton grader Basil, a very nice guy said to be Greek but with a Scots accent when he speaks English.

The effect of alcohol on me now is bad. [GFJL 145]

BACK TO ASAITA AND THE CAMP 2.–7.3.1974

2.3.

Finally managed to get over to Asaita, very reluctantly for I am still not well and it is so good to be with Michèle and Kaali doing nothing.

Got a lift from Idriss, which is good since I only have \$16 in my pocket, and the taxi fare is now \$2.50.

I slept at Hassan’s, Hassan and Habib having left for Dubti/Dat Bahari shortly after my arrival. Idriss had told me on the trip over that *am°asa* and

Haysamali had been killing amongst themselves. When I mentioned this to Hassan, he and Habib put their guns on and went to find Idriss to get the full story. It turned out to be old news and inaccurate anyway, really being a reference to yesterday's *am^casa* killing.

5.10.74 (In reality an *am^casa* man killed a man from *datoyta* [*Haysamali* I believe]: the fact that there is confusion as to whether this was between *Haysamali* and *am^casa* or within *am^casa* is interesting in view of the *fi^cima* link.)

Anyway, Hassan and Habi left for Dat Bahari where Abdukadar is protecting Aydahis' land against an influx of cows.

I decided to go out to see °Ali baDa tomorrow. [GFJL 145–146]

I slept well but am still too tired to leave first thing this morning. Eventually left early afternoon but only got as far as the ferry across the Awash before being turned back by a man I have met before but whose name I don't know. He knew me well and explained, when he knew where I was going, that there were only women at the camp and it was wrong for me to go – everyone was in Asaita, *amoyti gaso* [Sultan's compound], because °ammar °omar had killed a *datoyi* man, who had wounded bati (adan). All about °ammar °omar fucking the dead man's wife.

Hajji Hanfare seems to be charge of arrests and has °ammar °omar & adan in the hands of the amhara. Helim, °ali, °omar, °assiyayto, °omar adan (head of *ad^cali*) are all in sanctuary/house arrest in *amoyti gaso*, or have been called for a hearing.

As far as I can understand the husband came with a few friends to get °ammar °omar, and adan defended him, getting a bad head wound from a spear. °omar then speared the man who injured adan, and killed him.

The case can be resolved by His Excellency who will talk with those concerned, including mooli °ambaDa. Surely adan should not go to Addis? But if and when any of them come back, all hell will break loose as *datoyta* are likely to have a go at a revenge killing.

His Excellency arrived Monday 4.3.1974. Today when I spoke with °ali baDa & O they seemed to think it was just a matter of time after H.E. comes until the case is heard and they are allowed to come home.

Hassooni and moomina °ali now bring milk in from time to time and are due tomorrow. °ali is keen that I stay with them and suggests that I go out with Hassooni tomorrow.

Took °omar for a coke and cup of tea. He seems very ill – says he is vomiting blood and complains of *uruufe* [stomach pain]. Walks very slowly. [GFJL 146–148]

Wasted the day in Asaita. Fed °ali baDa, bought a coke for °omar adan, then eventually left for camp with Hassooni, followed by about 7 of her female cousins just to watch over us. I felt very proud to be leading such a bunch of beauties, but grew less proud as it got dusk and I had to be repeatedly shown the way to camp.

3.3.

4.3.

When I arrived fatuma was there worried about whether I would stay or not, and I received special hospitality in the form of careful preparation of my food, sleeping place.

Learnt more about Hummad's death – he was searching for his cows which had gone into the cotton. Down towards boqayto he was got by the *bi^cida* [oryx] which had been allowed to run free, outside its compound. He had on my *radoyta* and my *‘unda gile* [small knife], my shoes and my socks. All these things were taken by a man named GomHed moHammad and I'll have to see if I can get them back.

Slept outside, not cold. Fatuma lent me her white widow's cloth to sleep under. Plenty of mosquitos.

H.E. returned to Asaita from Asmara today. [GFJL 148–149]

5.3.

Put my tent up and arranged my home. Nothing has been lost. During the late afternoon fatuma moved the inside of her *‘ari* over to the place next to me. She slept there with another woman friend next to her.

I did nothing all day – just happy to be here at last, and very tired. Hassooni and moomina *‘ali* went into town – it's market day anyway – to take milk & *ga^cambo* for the prisoners. They brought me and fatuma back some biscuits, tea, batteries & some sweets for *‘ali*'s kids.

Notice there are plenty of baboons close around us.

Didn't sleep too well – fatuma used her own cloth since she was outside, so I was cold and under heavy attack from mosquitos. [GFJL 149–150]

6.3.

Stayed in camp doing very little & drank plenty of tea and slept a lot.

Fatuma moved her tent over to the space next to mine today. We put it up together, frame and covering mats, I had some difficulty – snapping the sticks of the frame several times.

Later in the day we were visited by Husseyn, Hummad's father's brother, the one who married Hummad's first wife after the divorce. He was wearing the trousers I had brought for Hummad and the pullover that Aydahis had given him when he left Addis.

The purpose of his visit – most reassuring – was to ask me if I wanted to go over to antarba^cale to live with Hummad's people.

Talked today with fatuma about inheritance rules and although I have been told before that she should get 1/8 of Hummad's animals, she says she gets nothing. But this is perhaps a lie to ensure that I help her. – She also says that Hummad's people had taken his gun, when in fact I found out on Sat. 9.3.1974 that the gun is with *‘ali baDa*. [GFJL 150–151]

DUE TO SICKNESS, TO DUBTI AND THEN TO ADDIS 7.–9.3.1974

7.3.

As I had told fatuma yesterday, today I go to Asaita and thence to Dubti to see Michèle off safely. Fatuma very worried at being left alone, but did not neglect to give me a list of things she needs to buy.

Moomina °ali brought me into town, and brought also a little milk for the prisoners and those in sanctuary. When we reached town we parted and I immediately bumped into Aydahis of all people! I thought he was in England.

So he had a little business with H.E. at the palace and I introduced him to moomina °ali and showed him my *am°asa* friends. Then he took me by plane – N.A.S. again – to Dubti.

Bati's head is swelling in prison so I asked Hassan to see if he could get the doctor to come to him again. (This was done).

In Dubti learned of the general strike in Ethiopia. Began to worry about getting up to Addis. A big storm hit Dubti during the night and I began to feel worried about my tent. The area where the camp now is could flood very easily and with all the men at Asaita no-one could shift my equipment to save it ... [GFJL 151–152]

Stayed in Dubti, feeling better and yet still wondering what to do about my equipment and whether Michèle & Kaali are better off here or in Addis. I fear that there could easily be a bloody outcome to the affair.

Decided to get over to Asaita tomorrow to check with °ali baDa what he thinks is best for me to do with my equipment. Last Monday I began smoking again after a break of 2½ weeks. [GFJL 152]

Went over to Asaita c. 2.30 p.m. after waiting all day to get a taxi. Thirty two people in the taxi – surely a record!

Found °ali baDa and learnt that they would move to foDa°o but probably no further as soon as H.E. gave them leave to go. So I will be free to leave for Addis tomorrow, in which case I can be back here by 13th.

°ali baDa asked me for \$20 to give to the police so they would stop mistreating adan. This I gave him from the money Aydahis gave me (100) on 7.3.1974, + \$10 for bullets: and then I brought him tea and bread. They are getting a tough life at the moment.

The activities of the Ethiopia police are typical of the kind of thing one has to expect from them – they handcuff the prisoner, then whip him.

I promised to go back and see °ali baDa in the morning. [GFJL 152–153]

MID-MARCH UNTIL OCTOBER 1974

[On the 9th March 1974 Glynn made his last journal entry for the next seven months. He was unable to return to foDa°o by the 13th March, as he had hoped, because of severe illness. Michèle wrote to her brother Bernard on 14.3.1974 saying that Glynn had been diagnosed as having had a heart attack! Four days later she wrote again saying that the cardiologist diagnosed a heart attack, the neurologist a brain tumour, and the tropical disease specialist a tick ... Next day Michèle wrote once more to her brother explaining how she had to call the immigration office to get permission for Glynn to leave the country – his visa was out of date. She also had to ask for a loan to pay for Glynn's airfare back to England, where he was admitted to the

8.3.

9.3.

Hospital for Tropical Diseases in London. Michèle and Kaali remained in Addis, as Michèle was obliged to continue her teaching duties at the Lycée.]

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER SENT TO MICHÈLE FROM HIS PARENT'S HOME IN DOVER

I've been home in Dover since Sunday evening, woke up ill on Monday morning.

My return home is like a cross between an acid trip and the bombing of Dresden in 1944. I spend most of my time covering in dug-out shelters whilst relatives blast me with shit bombs and inert gas, but pop out from time to time to laugh hysterically at them, causing them to run for cover in all directions. Television really frightens me. I'm not sure our local paper is a religious text first discovered in Mexico in 1423 or a reprint of every other word from last week's times in reverse ...

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER SENT TO MICHÈLE FROM HOSPITAL, 5.6.1974

Get in touch with the Embassy and let them know where you are – no sure information, but good tip that there is big trouble on the way soon.

I have brucellosis and am being treated for it. If all goes well I'll be better by about June 30th. But I might not be; the treatment can take a long time. My right hip is still stopping me from walking. This may be a slipped disc, it may be the brucellosis, since brucellosis can account for all my symptoms ...

[It took a long time before Glynn's illness was finally identified as brucellosis. No doubt he was infected from the milk he so much loved to drink. In October 1973, after a bout of diarrhoea, Glynn had decided he should cook the milk before consuming it, but in practice this often proved difficult, not least because of Fatuma's scorn (see GFJL 78).

While in the Hospital for Tropical Diseases, Glynn wrote a letter on 10.4.1974 to Michèle's father saying, "The political situation in Ethiopia worries me – for no reason maybe – when I was there I was not worried – they won't touch the Europeans anyway ... I may spend the summer in Europe until the revolution in Ethiopia is over ..."

Seven weeks later, on 31.5.1974, Michèle, who was still in Addis, wrote to her brother in France, saying that Glynn would be out of hospital in June, and would spend the summer with her and Kaali in France until September.]

RETURN TO ETHIOPIA 4.10.1974, IN ADDISABABA UNTIL 17.11.1974, GETTING VISA

[Only once he had returned to Ethiopia with Michèle and Kaali in October 1974, did Glynn recommence his journal.]

Arrived Addis 7 a.m., one hour late. Despite the apparent visa troubles in Paris, no trouble passing customs, but we arrived back at Nadel Building 13 to find we had lost one case containing the clothes.

Ivo is in town, I phoned him this morning.

Despite the pessimistic prognosis of Karen & Michèle & Pierre, Aydahis is in town and we went to his house for lunch. Hassan + one brother of A.. Much talk of politics. *Amoyti asa^cital yani, ḡabuutil magera*. [The Sultan is in Asaita, he will not go to Djibouti.] H. spoke openly. *°afar ke °Issa teme^ce, mataama*. [Afar and Issa made a peace.] *Mohammad Yayyo Addis Abba yani*. [Muhammad Yayo is in Addis Ababa.] *Kaa ke amoyta mataama*. [He and the Sultan will not reconcile.] *Koros amoyta mayabbiDa*. [The Christian (meaning the government) will not arrest the Sultan.] *Auu asa^cital geram duuda – rabsa matana*.

Saw Ivo in the afternoon and we spoke of the political situation, drank fruit juice. He has been here two weeks, has a bullet hole in the back of his V.W. – police. He is not well and feels uneasy – will spend his time in Addis, writing.

Played chess. Telephoned Pankhurst & arranged meeting.

Aydahis in Kombolcha. Hassan → Asmara.

Saw Pankhurst; driven to University by Viviane Pindard & Roger, who say that people are less hostile.

Pankhurst unsure about anything – his committee which makes decisions on study programmes etc. has resigned, and he is no longer in a position to do very much about new projects. He was very interested in the whereabouts of *amoyta* [the Sultan] ...

Saw Aydahis again in the afternoon and spoke about his helping us – which he agrees to do. He had sent °ali to us in the morning and yet °ali was not with us. As I left the office I saw °ali in the entrance-way and A. told him to come with me. He was very upset at first but by the time he had seen everyone at home, was very happy. His brother will come with us too and we'll move into the apartment next to 13.

Getting my visa. Ahamad Burhan is helping me as he knows people at Immigration. Interesting talking to him – he was in Asaita when it appeared possible that DERG would get *amoyta*. His account is that he came up to Addis Ababa and told the gov^t that they would be foolish to touch him – Eritrea, Ogaden. They would never get Djibouti. They are heavily armed down there. The old system still works for him. He expresses humanist attitudes. If the Immigration do not give me a visa he will leave for Djibouti – it would be inhuman. Has provisions – 4 cows, chickens, turkeys & salad garden in his home. And *girale-matrass* [machine gun]. O.k. if they touch Aydahis, after all he commits indiscretions. But A.M. is o.k. – has never eaten a 1\$ of the old gov^t.

Saw Pankhurst again, he appears totally lost and in confusion. Staff Services Dept. can not help me any more than give me the N° of letter sent to Im-

4. 10.

5. 10.

7. 10.

7. – 14. 10.

migration originally. Immig. have destroyed all references to University ... Copy of letter exists – untraceable – at Min of F. Affairs ...

Saw Ivo in this period. He gave me films, very kind, and offered to lend me his tripod. Night of 15th we ate at National foods + him + Don + Marc + Anne (latter 2 working under L-Strauss).

15. 10.

Bumped into Sigrun Klug – says Asaita heavily armed, they say *amoyti mandal yani, manda mari usuk asai^ctal yanim iyyana* [the Sultan is in Manda (his summer residence), people in Manda say he is in Asaita] ...

16. 10.

Short talk + Maknun re– land reform & revolution in general. 40 ha. *rist* stays. *gu^cult* goes. Afar special case. Above 40 ha cooperatives only. He has 2 men Muusa 3rd Division & Capt. Mohammad, cousins, in Derg. + representative of Muslims, from Massawa, is cousin too. All Afar. Mak in favour of nationalist revolution, Nasser model is being followed he says. Present gov^t is necessary.

No success in getting visa until 16th, so far. Ahamad B says ^cAlo had ordered a big new car but sent it back. He is in Asa^cita.

I'm forming ideas around Afar/Airforce Connexion, civilian gov^t plans. *Amoyta yabbiDauam maduudaama*. Cotton is very important to Ethiopian economy. M. tells me Aidams' 2000/1800 ha farm lacks efficient management – he gets 25000 quintals whilst Abadir got 65000 from same acreage.

Ahamad B. sleeping c. 3 p.m. so I forget the visa for the day. Yesterday's outing to the Airport must have been too much for him. Spent afternoon/early evening with ^cali playing in ^cafar – recorded a short conversation with him.

Despite Michèle's numerous phone calls, no sign of the case we lost on arrival.

This afternoon whilst down at Finfinne Shopping Centre I was accosted by a ?spy? who wanted to buy the car for \$2500. He knew where I lived and about the connexion + the French school.

Abdukadar tells me that the business of the accident is not yet over. The man is still in hospital ...

17. 10.

Last night the curfew was extended 1 hour to midnight. [GFJL 157]

Phoned A.B. in morning but he is out. I decided not to bother him any more today as it is the end of Ramadan. Cannon fire this morning announced that – for the first time in Ethiopia's history perhaps. ^cali went to his mother's for the festival, Michèle took him.

Trouble with the police this morning – re vignette which was not on the window. When I found it ½ lost under the windscreen the N^o on it did not correspond to the number of the car. Despite my ability to produce the receipt proving that we had bought one the police were not willing to forget it. I had to get Michèle, and ^cali came down, and eventually I went off to the police station, at gunpoint nearly, where we found a very pleasant chief who looked at the log-book of the car and wrote the correct N^o on the vignette!!!! Whilst talking to the police we were joined by one of the hanger's on from Aydahis

office and later in the afternoon Aydahis telephoned and asked if I was o.k. – in prison or anything. He will be going down to Asa^cita by plane tomorrow, for the end of Ramadan there. I'll go another time.

Aydahis did not go to Asa^cita for *°iidi saaku* [end of Ramadan]. It comes with the crescent moon .°.can vary from place to place.

18. 10.

LETTER TO DICK HAYWARD 18.10.1974

Dear Dick,

This is just a note to let you know we have arrived safely and that work prospects are good. Reports in European newspapers are not to be believed – Addis is calm and beautiful, and Ethiopia is as wonderful as ever. Any changes that have occurred are for the better – save that I am having trouble getting a residence visa ... But that should fix itself soon.

The Institute of Eth. Stud. is in a state of disarray, so please use the address above for the moment at least.

Until I get a visa I stay in Addis, so the linguistic material that might be in Asa^cita is not going to arrive for some time.

A confession ... the Parker material that you photocopied for me is nowhere to be found. I have written to the two places I might have left it, but so far no reply. Did I leave it in your office?? I think not, but ...

For reasons of international politics and internal economics, the Afar with their cotton plantation are getting a fair deal from the new gov^t. Land reform is to come soon and a mixture of traditional *rist* systems + more egalitarian distribution is likely. The Afar co-operative will be slightly reorganised. Of course, in a revolution anything can happen, but with the students soon to leave for the countryside, the present gov^t has every chance of holding Ethiopia stable for some time. There are economic problems of course, but with good will and perhaps some help from the oily arabs they can rebuild Ethiopia. The street boys now sell T-shirts with ETHIOPIA TIKDEM [ETHIOPIA FIRST] printed on them. Truly an Ethiopian revolution, at only \$4 each.

Send me the material you were going to give me. One way or another I'll get the Afar anthropologised – there's always Djibouti.

Best wishes to you all, Glynn, Michèle, Kaali, °Alimirah

Talked with Robert from the + rouge [Red Cross] who says he too is looking for the boss of MLD. I tell him nothing. Found AB in the afternoon & ate Kat with him and several others. *Daḥoyta* [sperm] is a stream. *Namma daḥoyta* [two sperm] is said of man with °Issa mother + Afar father or re – Kaali for instance – someone with two sources of parentage. *°aril lee maHaDa* is what Afar say amongst themselves in the presence of people who might/might not understand *lee HaDa* – yes he understands.

Yesterday le change was at Asa^cita, invited by AM. HA house has been nationalised – it now belongs to all the Afar ... AB will move down soon

19. 10.

yi baado °afar baado ra°ele iyya, nanu habasanna mara°anna ninni baado dubuh sugele. Glub Pasha = AM.

Note difference between AB and M who is more in favour of the change.

Looked at the chicken hatching machine at AB's place, talked with his wife about the broadcasts from England in Afar, organised by Enid Parker no doubt. Saw AB daughter *ke teb baDá*.

Siemänish came to dinner, I talked with Robert about political situation & his work. He didn't find MLD leader today. He and Siemänish know each other, of course.

20. 10.

Awoke late a.m. has gone out with Pierre & Robert & Aysha for a trip to the country. Peter from the American Embassy telephoned. As if he knew I was here maybe? Hawel is doing fine in England. Will see him for lunch on 28th.

They all went to Nazareth & met °Alo & Hanfare & maahe. °Ali was bought a sword. Probably about 20 °afar there at Hotel.

21. 10.

Monday: Up to AB house and waited whilst he got up. Followed him in my car – he had many people in his wagon.

Whilst waiting I came across °omar, the little boy who lives there. He was born in °ammi baDa and his father has a farm there – cotton. Goes to Ethiopian school here in Addis. There was a visit from two guys – saho – from the airport. One just in from Jeddah had a parcel for AB.

At the M. of F.A. they insist on a letter from the University, but are very kind and helpful. I should get the visa soon.

Michel & Karen finally got their little girl today.

22. 10.

Last night Asa°ita was on the television with the Derg down there. 6 of them, armed, as were the °Afar. °ali tells me when he was down there last month even 16 year old boys were armed.

Yesterday evening very depressed as the University does not seem at all helpful about getting my visa – I shall have to go to Djibouti and that means money & time lost.

23. 10.

Up to see AB this afternoon after he called me. Ate Kat and spoke about Afar medicine all afternoon. He gave us some eggs and we talked but no office-running today. Tomorrow I'll go to get the letter from the University and we'll go to see what can be done.

°Alo tells me °Issa soldiers are on the new road, gov^t police around Batie, Afar soldiers around Loggia Hayyu etc..

Much about *buta*, *šek*, *kuranu*, sending bees, being invisible. But these people work in league with the devil and for everything they do he takes something back – sometimes their life. Killing at a distance, brain surgery, bleeding for healing, burning, mending broken arms, breaking joints to reset them straight. Often, nearly always, leaves of tree are put in to heal. Sweating used for *variole*, *rougerle*. Sand on cinders pit + good food for a while. Oracles of 34, 36 or 44 stones/coffee beans.

Again AB advises me to get circumcised.

Saturday: Lunch with Siemānish & Michele. Trouble between union people & army this morning. 5–6 union people (unemployed) killed.	26. 10.
Sunday: To AB and got the couveuse. First drawing of °Afar flag. Met guys from Beybil in the fish trade. They offered me a trip down and help in studying fishermen of the coast. An offer I'll try to take up sometime. Boats to Yemen and Socotra.	27. 10.
Monday: Telephone call from Gammon.	28. 10.
Tuesday: Visit to Gammon. Cotton & coffee, monopolies, marketing rights, ginneries. Talk + Mac.	29. 10.
Wednesday: Saw Mac, talk re Aydams, who has run from the commies again HA has taken <i>Kay bu°usi</i> and Mac is glad to see him go, having friends in Yemen. Last year Saudi Arabia gave money for development in Awash Valley but not to Afar ...	30. 10.
Saturday: Michèle left for Asmara with °ali and Aydahis for Mohammad's wedding to daughter of the mufti of Eritrea. Until the last moment we thought he was joking with his invitation, but he came; and so Michèle will have a pleasant few days in Asmara and Massawa, with all the °afar and their guests.	2. 11.
Went for lunch with Peter at the American Embassy. He was very kind in helping Michèle after I had to go back to Europe with my sickness. We talked about the revolution and he tried to give a picture of the U.S.A. not being particularly interested in Ethiopian affairs!! He says the traditional picture of a conservative U.S.A. preventing progress and revolution in the world is about a generation behind the times. I am inclined to believe that he was lying and that rumours of C.I.A. involvement in the country are true. In fact, Ethiopia's main problem in the next few years will be to fight against the overwhelming American economic interest in the country.	
The Djibouti question will be more stable for a while as the French, pushed from Madagascar and with troubles in Reunion, are not likely to leave. AM is presently very close to the French of course. The Somali are keeping quiet since they have a lot to lose from any war + Ethiopia.	
Sunday: Out to lunch with the parents of Karen, on the ambo road – pleasant walk with all down to a small stream. Kaali has had a little diarrhoea during the last 2 days but by evening she was better.	3. 11.
Saturday: Got my residence permit at last!	9. 11.
Sunday: Hashin came to visit us.	10. 11.

LETTER TO DICK HAYWARD 14.11.1974

Dear Dick,

Just a note with one or two things you wanted. I have used °alimirah [Ayda-his's son] as an informant so you can decide for yourself how valid information from a 10 year old boy is likely to be. (...)

I'm off to Asa°ita for a few days on Sunday, to see whether any of my material survived six months in a swamp. I have a residence permit for one year and everything looks rosy. (...) [GFJL 306-309]

TRIP TO ASAITA 17.-19.11.1974

Glynn made a quick trip to Asaita, leaving on Sunday 17th November.

18.11.

Monday morning:

Bati market son of mohammed °ali Hamid – much help.
 Galla + °afar + ambera
 goods from °asab – salt
dageema = highlander
gubak nemeeteh = we came from the lowlands
 °afar up from as far away as Mille
 cattle being sold, Afar apparently interested in buying.
 The coarser *seesan* being sold, afar say highlanders made them – *dageena*.

Monday Afternoon & Evening

Dubti askar mango
dumaydi – wife stealing
 revolutionary students & teacher from Dessie
 high entrance fee \$3/\$2
 prostitution
 good acting
 poor sound equipment
 drunk
 internal discord

19.11.

Tuesday

Asa°ita	aHamad – pox from gallayto	not present	} Subla
market	moomina °ali	adan	
	abdalla	°ammar °omar	
	Hassooni	fatuma	} foDa°o
		°ali baDa	
		°omar	
		wasiila	
		smallpox	

H.A. *buDa* aHmed
[Hassan's Yaasiin
house] abba muusa – married!
Hashim – brought us to Addis
Abdukadar – Tigre

my equipment all sound! Gratitude beyond words...

People looking well in Asa^cita.

large bottle of butter brought from Hassooni for \$4 only. Prices have fallen
– seasonally varying??

[Back in Addis, encouraged by Dick Hayward to write something for the S.O.A.S. Bulletin, Glynn sat down and wrote a critical essay on development in the Awash Valley and its threat to the survival of the Afar nomads. He sent the draft to Dick with a covering note.]

LETTER TO DICK HAYWARD (25. – 30.11.1974)

This is almost the opposite of anything that is likely to get into the S.O.A.S. Bulletin, but I send it nevertheless. It was fun writing it. If, as I suspect, it is not what you had in mind, please send it to Ioan Lewis at L.S.E., Dept. of Anthropology. There is a publication called 'Critique of Anthropology' which is attempting to push Marxist anthropology. They will probably not touch it with a barge-pole either – I think I am probably guilty of bourgeois sentimentalism or belong to the wrong school of interpretation.

At any rate, the material will be of interest to various people, tho' of course the developers will never see it. In case you decide to send it to Ioan, I enclose a covering letter for him.

On Saturday evening [23.11.1974] the derg killed – executed – about 60 of the prisoners from the Old Regime. I personally would have been happy to do the job on ras Kassa, governor of Wallo. Aman Andom, who has been a figurehead of the P.M.A.C. for some weeks (I nearly said months) was also shot, along with 3 others from within the derg. They had been in touch with "a foreign power" and had been wheeling and dealing without telling the Committee. They were against killing the prisoners, I think.

Addis is very quiet, no apparent changes in day to day life. People were a little shocked at the suddenness of it all, but with the students due to go out to the country this week (some are already there) it is likely that stability will ensue after a short period of internecine strife within the derg. We are all waiting for the Ethiopian Nasser to emerge.

I was down in Asa^cita last week for a couple of days. All my equipment is safe! All my friends are alive! And the country is green and beautiful. I'm going back, God willing, in a few days.

Best wishes,
Glynn

P.S. I have received the photocopied notes at last – I'd left them with a friend in London.

P.P.S. Second thoughts – even if the article is to be published at S.O.A.S., please send it to Ioan too – he will be upset if he doesn't get a copy. [GFJL 310–311]

[Glynn's article was published by the Royal Anthropological Institute (RAI) in *RAINews*, 6, January/February 1975, 5–9, under the title: 'Nomadism and its Future: The Afar'. A.F. Robertson's reaction to Glynn's article, 'Anthropology and the Nomad: Another view of the Afar', came out in the May/June edition of *RAINews*. Finally, Glynn's response to Robertson, 'Development in Ethiopia', was published in *RAINews*, 9, July/August 1975, 18–19. At this time, unknown to the RAI, Glynn was already dead. Having sent off his article, Glynn travelled once again to Asaita.]

RETURN TO ASAITA 1. – 17.12.1974

1. 12.

Sunday: Caught the Ambasa bus to Dessie. Very difficult to leave Michèle with such a bad atmosphere between us but if I am to find my *am'assa* friends on Tuesday and fulfil all my administrative tasks, today is the last day I can leave. Met some students from Asmara on the bus, people who were very much in favour of the Progress Thro Co-operation movement. But later met some more who were very much against it – friends of the first group.

In Dessie met Habib, whose home is here. He was very busy with café talk so I left him and went back to my hotel at the place where the bus stops. \$3 for hotel.

2. 12.

Monday: Went early to the Chief Administration Offices and by lunch-time had the required letter for the governor of Bati/Awsa. Telephoned Michèle at lunchtime and felt better for having done it. News of large explosion shortly before in Municipality. This later confirmed – explosions at airport (yesterday?) Wabi Shabelle and Municipality. It becomes more and more difficult to leave Michèle & Kaali behind.

At c. 2.30 p.m. I took the bus to Bati, arriving just before 5 p.m. At first they wanted to make me come back in the morning, but I asked if they could please give me the letter as soon as possible so that I could catch the bus in the morning. Then they produced me a letter immediately and I went off to find a hotel. For fear of missing the bus I dared not return to Saba hotel so I found myself sleeping in a local 'bingo'. But I was tired and there were no bugs, so I slept well. Spent evening with anti-derg student.

3. 12.

Tuesday: The first bus to arrive, as I had feared, was absolutely full, and no place was to be had. But they found me a place on the next one and away we went, Asa'ita bound.

Talked with an old 'Afar I had met before, who told me he had been to England on a merchant ship under the Liberian flag!

The driver turned out to be new to the Asa^oita road and three times we were stuck in the sand whilst a telegraph pole was put under the wheels to enable us to move on. So we came late to Asa^oita and the only one from foDa^o was the young man whose name I forget – *am^oassa*. He was not at all keen on coming out to get me again tomorrow, and I was not keen on the 3 hour walk after such a long time in the bus and a tiring day. So we agreed to see each other next market day. This promises to complicate my life, since I have to leave here very soon, if only for a few days, and I should probably have to wait till after then to get my stuff out to foDa^o.

Siraaj was at Hassan's house. There is a new farm manager for the plantation – ruufa. Worked in the Assab local gov^t admin. for some time before. So Hassan has been frightened by the bilharzia.

Abdulkadar Barkat invited me to go with him to Gaalifaage tomorrow, and as I have never been before I accepted, even tho' I had earlier accepted Siraaj's offer to see his farm. Abdulkadar told me about his education programme – he is educating maybe 50 children out of his own pocket, and training others to be drivers or mechanics, or to farm. He was not too keen on my idea of giving 2.5 ha. per family, but prefers rather to have ^oAfar labourers. Siraaj too is keen to have a bigger & bigger farm. Both want to expand rapidly to prevent others getting in, but neither imagines it could be done with settlers.

Wednesday: Up early with no breakfast and off to gaalifaage with Abdulkadar and friend. We stopped off several times in the neighbourhood before coming to rest at the camp of *laahabba^o asa mohammad*, who was absent. Spent the day getting to know people. The country is flat, sloping gently

4.12.



Photo 25: ^oAbdukadar with family members

(G. FLOOD, 1974)

down to the river, but with relatively sudden changes of gradient in places. Most of the cattle-camps of *dermunni* are on the edge of the grasslands, on 'sand' (which would be good soil if it had water I think). Abdulkadar says that there are 30000 people in this area, but this does not square with the total of 4–5000 cattle – even if we add goats and sheep, of which there are plenty. The cattle are *amoyti laa* [Sultan's cattle] looked after by people of mixed origin. Met one *meskintu* from *doka*^ca – he arrived ten months ago with wife & three little girls. *amoyti* [the Sultan] gave him goats and he now lives here, but his wife has died since, sick, and he has no tent and little cloth. But he drinks cow milk and has his goats. His children are well.

The cattle coming in last thing at night make a fantastic sight. There are more than 5000 I am sure. In my camp alone, or group of 3 camps, there are at least 200 people. Allowing five cows per person, that makes a herd of 1000. And there are at least 20 such camps, tho' not all are as large.

Abdulkadar says they will move down to Handaya after 2 months.



Photo 26: Camp at Gaalifage

(G. FLOOD, 1974)



Photo 27: Camels at Gaalifage

(G. FLOOD, 1974)

Although A. had said we could return to Asa^ˆita, we stayed at gaalifaage the night – Kat & cigarettes were brought. Drank much uncooked milk and am thinking I’d better start praying... But it is so good! These cattle have been inoculated anyway.

Thursday: Spent at gaalifaage. Took many photos – maybe 120 pictures of people land cattle. Maybe I’ll come out here to stay. Kat again this afternoon. Since yesterday morning no phenobart, and I feel o.k. It is so silent here, and the cool evening is beautiful. Abdulkadar spent the night at his sister’s camp just over the way, and I stayed in ˆasa mohammad’s wife’s tent. *nangalo iyyan, yihahmaˆansah baDa iyyan.*

Friday: Abdulkadar sent his driver early and we took *midikalo* [breakfast] in Hassan Hamad’s ˆari. I took a few pictures this morning but not many. We came to Asa^ˆita by 8 a.m. and Abdulkadar put me off at his *gaso* [compound] – he then went to see *amoyta*, who comes in to pray every Friday. His compound is very large. I begin to realise that he is a powerful influence here.

5.12.

6.12.



Photo 28: Women milking cows at Gaalifage

(G. FLOOD, 1974)



Photo 29, 30: Cows at Gaalifage, Girl churning butter in a goat sack at Gaalifage

(G. FLOOD, 1974)

On Thursday night I believe I heard men arguing about whether an *abino* relationship existed between two groups or persons. This might confirm my suspicions about °Afar kinship – it could be easily manipulated.

Changes in Asa°ita – many new buildings, especially at Hassan’s end of town. Also, the entrance to town which used to run past Hassan’s house has been closed and only the road which goes past the customs post is open now. I doubt whether this is more than a show of acceptance of the *Koros* administration.

Hassan had two visitors today. Afar from Tigre, spent much time talking politics with a *seek* from Asa°ita + Siraaj who soon tired. Siraaj will go to Asmara tomorrow. The two visitors have just returned from Cairo, didn’t speak Amharic and are perhaps going to stay here to speak & teach in the Afar school. They are both intelligent and well educated men and will provide a much needed service.

Ahamad, Yaasin’s brother, found me this evening and we drank a coke at the new hotel. Apparently the highlander who opened this place made his money from crocodile skins and is very wealthy. Anyway the hotel is far and away the most modern in Asa°ita, with a billiard table and some new imported prostitutes. Most of the customers are highlanders, relatively wealthy ones too. But the kids from Hadda le geera come very often too and increasingly there are *amoyti askara* [Sultan’s militia] coming in. They do not drink beer yet, thanks to Allah.

One noticeable difference, apart from the above, is that the police are now very kind to *amoyti askar* – a kind of stand-offish and wary friendship is developing.

7. 12.

Saturday: Siraaj up at 5 a.m. and left by taxi for Loggia where he’ll get a bus for °Asab, then to Asmara by plane. He has no car and cannot drive.

When Aman Andom came to Asa°ita *Ethiopian tikedem ke Eritrea tikedem iyye*.

Hanfare came today and by early evening had left boqaytu and was holding court at his place across the way. I went over to see if I could present my letter, but sat for two ½ hours whilst he was busy with ruffa, gernhad mohammad, faagir, the manager of the bank and a host of others. Talked with a man who knew English for some time. But I didn’t get to see Hanfare.

Spoke about cotton farming in the evening at the new hotel with N°urr °ali – he has left the office & now is farming c. 180 ha with his father. He’s having problems with labour.

8. 12.

Sunday: Early morning °alo came with friend °ali and driver. I must contact °ali in Addis as he wants to go to England soon maybe. °Alo’s man disliked me speaking °afaraf.

Aydahis and Hassan came down c. 10 a.m. and left early afternoon. Brought me a letter from Addis and took back some films & a letter for me. Aydahis a little cool towards me I feel.

An event typical of these people occurred in the afternoon. The comings and goings to Hassan's house have been so frequent recently that when 'alo came and took over the bedroom he moved into a room with several people's things in it. He left shortly after arriving, leaving his things there too and then locking the door. When Aydaḥis arrived he naturally took over the bedroom, but to do it he had to break the door since there was no key – the woman zam-zam had taken it with her when she went shopping. So Aydaḥis smashed the door, left his things and left money to prepare a new lock. He has left things in the house whilst he returns to Addis; and then 'alo returned wanting his things, found the door with a new lock. Yaasin had the new key. So 'alo took it, opened the door, took his things and went off to Addis. With the new key! So when 'ammi baDa of Siraj came this evening to get his things from the room, no key. So he and Abdukadu had to try to break the door. This time they failed and had to call the locksmith!

Found a visiting 'Afar from Djibouti who works on the railways at \$400 per month. He will return via dooli in a few days. A nomad tourist!

We talked this evening about Asa'ita's madmen and women. There are several. The local way of dealing with them is very good, I believe, comparable with methods advocated by most radical of our European psychologists & psychiatrists.

Monday: I notice that there are signs up in town with picture of a mad dog on them. Yesterday there was a procession of dead dogs wheeled past the house. I assume that there is an outbreak of rabies in the area.

Hanfare told me that in traditional society 'Afar make irrigated pastures. I have seen the canal down below Asa'ita on the flood plain of the river – c. 18" across yet it is able to flood a huge area.

He also told me that at the moment there is trouble between the farmers and the labourers here in Awsa. The propaganda from the revolution has reached them and now trouble between rich and poor where before the rich helped the poor. The labourers are making demands for contracts (c.f. N'urr 'ali on Saturday) or very high wages.

Hanfare (little) helped me very much today with the linguistic material from Dick. His English is very good and he knows pretty well what he is talking about when he gives material on 'Afar. We checked later with 'Afar who only speak 'Afar and Arabic.

Tuesday: Met Mohammad 'Afar this morning. Despite what he said, Aydaḥis did not contact him. This I'll have to do when I come to Addis. 'Afar *lak'o fara iyya* [Afar want money]. Aydaḥis must send a paper and money.

Yesterday I got my tent out and checked it over. The cloth is good but one of the supporting posts is missing and so are all the tent – pegs. So we'll have to buy some more and improvise.

I learnt recently too that the 'afar do have saints. E.g. on top of boDa'awti there is a grave of a great seek. The 'Afar say they do not say his name but I am

9. 12.

10. 12.

sure they do not know it. Muusa and Moḥammad tell me that in their country there are places like this and that the name *is* known. People go to pray for rain.

Today Ahamad tells me that he witnessed the arrival of *Kadda Koros* [Big Cross (government)] with military uniform + 8 soldiers and he entered Hanfare's office but did not sit on Hanfare's chair. They went off towards boqaytu. Ahamad tells me that before this in Dubti there was some fighting between °afar + Haile Selassie *askar* – about trying to get the °afar to leave their knives.

°idi saaka was a big big affair this year. Solidarity show. Aman Andom's coming was a time for him to praise °afar and H.E. Hanfare bowed to Andom but Andom bowed to H.E.. Dergu came + 4 lorries full of soldiers with radios all on.

At the moment when I am about to return to foDa°o I am beset with serious doubts about the benefit of going there at all: I begin to realise that the people I was with are small fry who know little about their society, being too busy with their own existence to tell me much about it. Also there is the problem of water and milk. If I go to gaalifaage perhaps I will have better chances since the people have more leisure time and the cattle have been vaccinated. Also it is easier to access and a car could carry me around easily.

But I'll return to foDa°o to see the people and to check if my things are there. It will be difficult to get out on Thursday, but we'll see. Anyway, I must talk with them this afternoon.

I could have trouble getting up to Addis with my Uher + camera, according to reports of police activity on the road. Still, I must try. It's crazy. Paper paper paper.

Found Hassooni in town – she was with her husband who lives here in Asa°ita.

Wednesday: Spent in foDa°o seeing old faces.

Thursday: Came back to Asa°ita. Stopped in akkali to get milk for Adan & °ammar °omar. Had diarrhoea this morning (blood at end). Just missed the plane as we came into Asa°ita. No fever in the evening, and hoping to get back to Addis soon. Too much sun this day, and too many cokes.

In the evening we sat drinking cokes at the new hotel when one of the prostitutes (an unattractive one) was taken by a *zar* or *ginni*. Apparently she had been getting attacks all day. They had bound her hand and foot and 3 men were holding her down. She was struggling to bite herself and often succeeded in getting parts of her body into her mouth but did not actually use the full force of her bite – left no marks. I tried to cast out the devil by splashing water on her but this made her more frenzied. Later people like Hanfare Lokke said I was right in my tactics: but the men taking care of her shoved me out of the room and closed the door. Incense was being burnt in the room. The spirit was asking for clothes bought with money not earned by prostitution. People (Getachew & Asfaw & Hanfare the pilots) knew her case history

11. 12.
12. 12.

quite well and told me that her mother had had a *zar* so she was expected to have one. They also told me that all her life her mother had been telling her that every illness she had was due to the *zar*.

Friday: Waiting for the aeroplane. When it finally became apparent that today would not be the day I began to develop fever and diarrhoea. Asa[°]ita is so unpleasant when I have nothing to do, and with the woman zam zam and Yaasin and the others beginning to play me up, taking advantage of my strange tolerance, it all became too much.

Saturday: Waiting. Saying to myself all the time that it is not worth taking the bus when it will take 2 days, The spray pilots insist that asefa must come soon as they themselves are waiting for spare parts.

Sunday: Waiting. Ahamad went out towards boDawle and brought me back 3 plants I have not seen before. He wants very much to go to Addis, and I promised to take him to Addis if possible.

Monday: Waiting.

Tuesday: At last Aydahis came with Asefa and I was able to get a plane ride to Addis. With my diarrhoea still under dubious control (lomotil) the ride was far from comfortable, and asefa's flying is still close to WWII fighter pilot stuff than to anything else. Stopped off in Kombolcha & met by an °Afar farmer – went to the bank where Aydahis says he is having trouble getting cash when it is required as the Bank people lack confidence in them. Well ... maybe it's understandable.

Before leaving I was able to see friends and tell them to tell °ali baDa not to come in on Thursday but to expect me on Monday. We have calculated °iidi saaku at Tuesday, 10 days after the crescent was first seen. Eifa °iidi I must not miss.

IN ADDIS ABABA 18.–22.12.1974

Wednesday Addis Ababa

Thursday Addis Ababa – saw Ivo, Baldambe & son.

Friday Addis

Saturday Addis – Mak and Aydahis to lunch.

TO ASAITA AND FODA[°]O WITH BERNARD

(MICHÈLE'S BROTHER) 22.–27.12.1974

Sunday. °alimiraḥ Helim going to Asa[°]ita so we went together Bernard [the brother of Michèle] and Prudence came with us. I drove from Gewani to Dubti. We came to Mahe's house and looked for transport to Asa[°]ita. Helim finally made a 'contact' with the taxi for \$100 and we went to Asa[°]ita, leaving the car to Abdu Samad and friends who took a trip to Hayyu. °alimiraḥ's trip for sending message to *amoyta*. Prudence got to spend only one hour in Asa[°]ita, since they returned to Dubti for the night and reached Addis early next afternoon.

13. 12.

14. 12.

15. 12.

16. 12.

17. 12.

18. 12.

19. 12.

20. 12.

21. 12.

22. 12.

- On the journey we saw plenty of Afar at Awash Station.
Bernard and I slept at Hassan's house.
Zam Zam kicked out by Aydahis for thieving.
23. 12. Monday: Found °omar in Asa°ita. He had come instead of °ali baDa who was busy with the goats. Allowed myself to be persuaded to buy a *ma°awada* [join cloth] for °omar, and we set out for foDa°o with him. Also bought oranges, a saucepan, and a bottle of water. On arriving at the camp we found fatuma ill with fever and so on, and also discovered why °ali baDa had not come: °iidi *saaku* is not tomorrow, except in Asa°ita where *amoyti* is calling everyone in for meeting of solidarity and prayers.
°omar is not at the same camp as his other brothers: he is with the camels down near last year's camp.
Today aHamad stole \$50 from me and hid in town.
24. 12. Tuesday: °iidi *saaku* in Asa°ita. Hoping to be able to show market day to Bernard, we went in to market with Hamad ayra and Helim, only to find that all the shops are shut.
A man went around the town with a megaphone telling people to put out the flag.
There was a prayer meeting for the big shots at Subla.
We managed to get one shop-keeper to open up and bought a torch. But Helim refused to buy a cloth since the price was too much for him (even tho' I was paying ...) Fatuma's cloth was not found either.
Schools are having a holiday too.
Hamad ayra & Helim were still hopeful of finding open shops to buy *atri* and/or cloths but I was anxious to get back sooner so we left them and walked across the Awash (as we had done on arrival, the Huuri being in a dangerous state). We arrived back at camp by ourselves after walking 2 hours.
25. 12. Wednesday: Christmas day and °iidi *saaku*. *Kassow* and *Ko°oso* in the afternoon, followed by more *Kassow* and *Sadda* [dance song] all night till dawn. A tiring day, and in the end I learn few new things from it. *am°assa*, *Haysamali* and *gammeeli* [names of clans] present.
Talked with °omar adan, *am°assa k°ad°ali abba* [head of the Am°assa and Ad°ali]. He wants me + fatuma to go to his camp where there is plenty of cow milk. He also persuaded me to give him a *mandabiit*.
26. 12. Weddings on Friday fatuma says.
Thursday: Into Asa°ita alone, early, but not early enough to catch Asefa who left empty at 6.15 a.m., promising to come back in the day with a charter, he did not come of course. So we waited all day and the only event of interest was the appearance of about 20 *farengi* [white foreigners] working for 'Eastern Magazine' with a landrover covered in Red Crosses. My questions were poorly received and generally I felt very disappointed by this contact with these people. They are Swedes or something like it. One of them speaks a few words of °afar.

Weddings this night – *Kayma + alsa* [stars & moon] together.

Friday: → Kombolcha by bus where we get out hoping for a lift to Addis. Discovered that we had missed a bus going from Asab to Awash station. But anyway, at Kombolcha we found Moḥammad °alimirah + friend and decided to go with them by plane to Addis.

Reached home c. 6.30 p.m. and found that Michèle had done nothing of what I had asked before leaving.

IN ADDIS 28.12.1974–2.1.1975

[Glynn spent New Year in Addis together with Michèle, Kaali and Bernard.

During this stay Glynn wrote a field note entry concerning Kendadzmatch (feudal title) Hanfare’s political activities.]

He [Hanfare] has been following politics to bring the Afar together, even to the extent of using them against the °Issa – e. g. he sent soldiers from Awsa against the °Issa to join with the gewani °afar. He has been taking up legal cases against the Highlanders to defend °Afar land.

N.B. 24–8th December Afar attacked °asab and almost took it. Surrounded the town and filled its hospitals to overflowing. There is a push on for control of the Eritrean coast – Afar v Highlands, Afar v E.L.F., Afar v Somali. The USA is in there somewhere. Afar country is as far as Debre Sinai say some °Afar.

The period of the attack on Asab was one when the *askar aysa°itala dagonu* [their are few Sultan militia left in Asaita]. *ankil geseeni sugeeni??*

The checks on vehicles on the Asab–Dessie road were very stringent. [GFFNW 408]

27. 12.

28. 12.

ASAITA AND FODA°O 3. – 22.1.1975

3.1.

Arrived Asa°ita c. 10.15 a.m. by plane with °alimirah Helim and °ali Ibrahim. Assefa pilot. There has very definitely been an increase in up and down movement between Addis and Asa°ita since the move Left. Farmers are nervous, taking the side of Eritrea now, fearing Russian communism. Most in favour of 'socialism' (Danish type) but against communism Russian or Chinese. The students will be down soon – I saw the son of the governor with his uniform the other day and he wants me to take some photos of the *zamaçha* [campaign to bring change to the countryside]. Came via Kombolcha where we picked °Ali Ibrahim. Michèle & Bernard & Hanfare & °alimirah went to Dire Dawa today.

I found that Yasin has been playing with my tape recorder.

In town I met an old guy who said he would come to help me with my work. (By 5th he had not come). Met Muusa too, in town. He is wearing a nice military-style jacket & plenty of bullets – now wants to begin work down at Barga. He promises to bring °ali baDa with a camel sometime soon.

This morning Helim told me some history of the Italian times. Mohammad Yayyu fought the Italians and when they tried by trickery to take him away, a magic man (*baab le num*) prevented the plane from taking off. The dispute for power between the two families was not he says between *gulub* of Aydahisso – same *gulub* he says, same father but different mother. This needs checking. Different *gulub* I think.

Sounds like shots this evening and everyone *gullida* gun and ran to the point of origin. Turned out to be a car backfiring, tho' it sounded very much like shots.

Hanfare in town.

4.1.

Saturday: Aeroplane came but no-one appeared to be with it. Mohammad Gudo, Siraaj's brother, waiting for Siraaj. Muusa came and lured me to Muusa °iisi's house by telling me °ali baDa was coming. Muusa °iisi is the boss of the Afar guards down at Barga. He knows more than the average but not as much as I want. He came later this afternoon and gave me some useful stuff on *am°assa* structure, and promised to bring me an old man tomorrow. He is married to Hassooni (2) and a galla woman (1) he says. *Hummaysoosa as°ali* he says at first, then later he says he is *abranto*.

The wedding of H.E. daughters has been called off – but this seems to be an annual occurrence.

5.1.

Sunday: *Tiyatir* [theatre] in town, Bati students very young.

\$1 all Amharic except for one small °afar boy who sang in °afar *a baaDo ni baaDo* [the country is ours] and got plenty of money for it. Also praised H.E. – very well received. Afar *tikdem??* Encouraged Afar to work and learn. Attack on prostitution, foreign customs and on ignorant Ethiopian customs – pissing in the street. Audience probably understood very little – mainly Afar speaking audience, yet some messages get thro' easily via mime – fat rich

refusing to give to starving poor. People gain hand-claps by going up to put money, clothes etc. on the performers.

Picked up by a guy on a Toyota motorcycle and given a lift from Amoyti *fook* [high building] to the new hotel °sba biiyo. Asa°ita! He was wearing a 38.

Monday: Found out that the young girls were selling themselves – they were down at the new hotels + the regular pros. Only difference is that they ask for more. They were pimped by the bigger guys who I thought were there to protect them – Afar guy amongst them. Talked with Asfaw the pilot who thinks it will be easy to pick up H.E. and that the Afar will not fight.

Muusa & Muusa °iisi have not reappeared and hope of getting help from them is waning fast. I must ask Aydaḥis to get me moḤammad °afar.

Took \$25 from Bank. Assefa and Hanfare came down by plane & took up letters for C.R.F. & Trine.

Asfaw says Hanfare is to be relieved of his position here in Asa°ita, as is the governor of Dubti.

Siraaj is meant to be coming “definitely” tomorrow.

Tonight I should go with the guy who hangs around moḥammad Ibrahim’s house ... – he is going to Addis tomorrow with a sick woman and believes he needs an I.D. card. I took his photo this morning and relieved him of \$1 – so progressive is my dehumanization. There is now a guy in Asa°ita with photographic equipment, they say, and we’ll be able to print the photos tonight maybe. Asa°ita!

They didn’t come ...

Last two nights I have taken to eating at Hassan Coca’s place – good meat and bread. The \$25 I took from the bank has become \$16 + by this night. Where does it go? \$1 for a stamp – wasted since Assefa also took \$2 for the letters I sent. \$1.50 for cigarettes \$2 for milk (it now costs \$1 a bottle) 65 cents for biscuits. \$1 for evening meal. \$1 for cocas. That makes \$8+ and I guess accounts adequately for the loss ... But money certainly goes. Hamid at home tonight and we talked of *zamacha* students coming and how they were just itching to screw the young girls. The chief worry is that this govt. is communist and does not believe in God. We talked interestingly about revolution and about religion.

Before coming home I talked at length with maḤmoud Lomatina [Lobinat] from *beyt qaliif* [Khalifa clan], about Arabic/°afar mixtures. He was trained to be a journalist at Cairo, is now a farmer in Asa°ita. He is very knowledgeable about arab culture and it was good to talk with him. *beyt qaliif* is linked genealogically to °asa°orta who speak Saho language. But they themselves speak 75% Arabic, coming from Zula, adulis etc.

Hamid told me they have cut the water at the bayaHille [Bayahale] today.

Tuesday: Market day. Found °assiyayto and the °ali báDaw & Hassooni. No camel, but he promises to bring me tomorrow. He and fatuma came in last Tuesday ... Fatuma o.k. now they say. He wants \$10 so they can send

6.1.

7.1.

°omar and Adan to Gewani where they will be safe from the *datoyti*. For this I will give \$10.

Siraaj came bringing a new servant for the house. Aseffa too, we drove around this evening and I saw Hanfare. He has already been replaced by a new governor but who can replace him in fact? Aseffa left 6 a.m. next morning, wanting to service his plane. Letters being taken to Aydahis, here there and everywhere.

8.1.

Wednesday: Took \$40 from bank. As promised °ali baDi came and brought the camel, borrowed from a neighbour. We loaded up, bought tea coffee basta sugar & onion etc., then left for Subla where Adaan & °ammar °omar live in a small enclosure built around a few trees. They are planning to leave here for Gewani where they are safe from enemies with other °am°assa. They plan to leave by foot for Loggia where they will try to take a bus or car. I gave adan \$10 *nooli* (the fare) and wished them well. °ali said they would be going tomorrow but of course they knew nothing at all about it. °ali's statement – *beera Ken rubnam fanna* – is just an expression of a desire to send them soon. They are apparently free to go without asking H.E.'s permission. The only contra-indication is fear of *datoyti* who will kill them.

Note that before I was often told that there were am°assa in Gewani but that they had little to do with my am°assa except for the name. Now adan tells me he has *ramad* there and will be given animals & help. But he has no *absuma* there.

We reached camp (now moved to a place close to where I first met these people) after dark, following a long and tiring walk with the loaded camel. At the point where the cotton ends and there is a large °afar camp, the gate was too low for the camel to pass so °ali baDa had to unload and take off even the *koyta*, then reload. °omar adan is in camp, with °eysa his wife. Talking with her at night I learnt that the °ada°ali of this area are the same *Kedo* as the °ada°ali of TFAI – she wants to go there. She also says that the Debne and °ada°ali are the same. This requires checking but is most interesting in its implications since it will require a complete revision of my earlier understanding of *Kedo* structure: always °ada°ali are described as °am°assa, but when genealogies are given the statement is always that °ada°ali's ancestor was an outsider who came and married the daughter of °afkara°ali.

Anyway, opportunities for work now seem much better. Apart from the curse of the tape recorder – damn the effects of modernisation and status games with radios – people want to help me. They have made the mistake of letting me know that they want me, and now I can threaten to go away if they don't help. °omar adan of course is a tiresome old man – he was waiting for me and my *bagu ruubta diwa + ola leddiwa* [diarrhoea medicine + midwife] and is eager to steal my *guula* [blanket]. But he'll pay. One way or another.

Disaster struck during the night – my bed began to tear. At first I did nothing but by morning the tear was 9" long and I regretted not getting up in the night.



Photo 31: *Glynn's tent in the new camp*

(G. FLOOD, 1975)

9.1.

Thursday: Spent much of the morning dealing with my bed – apparently it got soaked during the rains, and the cloth is now rotten. I suspect that it will not last.

Put up my tent as soon as °ali baDa had prepared a wooden pole to replace the lost metal one. It's good to have a home again.

Talked with °eysa about *maDeyta °aada* [lover customs] after it arose as a conversation topic re-Helim. There will be a meeting of Haysamali & am°assa *fi°ima* to deal with Helim's screwing of a woman from kurbu°uto (Haysamali) This morning the *fi°ima abba* of am°assa came to our camp and suggested holding the *fi°ima* meeting here – *usuk fi°ima °idam faDa* [he wants to kill the age-group] – they say. But °omar adan spoke out vehemently against this since the goats of their camp have milk or are pregnant. Instead he insists on holding the meeting at his place where the goats are not so valuable. So doing he asserts his political power and protects his *sa°alih baDa* [older brother's son] Helim, who will suffer less immediately from the affair but will thus be ever more ingratiated to his uncle.

Got some work done this afternoon. Adan gave me the °ad°ali genealogy and the am°assa genealogy. Then barkat °omar arrived and insisted on giving me some more about °ad°ali – which I accepted and was pleased to find agreed with adan's material. He seems very keen to help me. In fact everyone seems keen to help me. It is as if someone had put in a word from on high. Or is this just the pay-off for my long-term policy of sticking with these people? [GFJL 194]

°omar, adan and a guy from Asa°ita stayed in camp. It is odd – we are just one °afar tent & me, but so situated that we are the centre of social life in the area. Good planning from °ali baDa and plenty of tea & coffee ensure this.

10.1.

Friday: A young guy came to the camp to see °omar adan because he wants to go to Gewani to get married. °omar adan knew immediately the girl & her family. He seemed against the idea arguing that Helim was not yet married. No milk this morning. I suspect that fatuma is getting tired of cooking it for me.

My bed is holding. But it will go soon. Even tho' I slept in the tent I was cold last night, tho' not so bad as the night before. I have *goston* – a cold. Everyone has ...

The pace of work slowed today, largely because I began to run out of questions and need time to digest yesterday's material. But the material I was given today by adan – genealogies of KorHa, ukubta etc. will need careful revision and checking. I began to get some good stuff from barkat °omar on geography/ecology & residents of each area. This I have to finish. Both adan and °omar left this morning and I am not sure whether this is because they were only here for me and soon tired of my work, or whether they just happened to be here and then had to go for work/social reasons. Certainly the *fi°ima* is to meet soon over at adan's place.

Yesterday I saw an interesting event which I forgot to mention – °ali baDa slaughtered a young male goat, saying he wants to sell the skin in town, which is true I believe. But the meat, which was little, was given to the dogs. I questioned °ali baDa about this, saying that there was meat enough for himself so why didn't he eat it. This embarrassed him a little and it became apparent that so many people in the camp he could not give meat to all, so he could not eat it himself. So the °afar do waste food for social reasons. Why did he not wait till later to slaughter the animal? Because the skin is worth more from an animal only a few days old – maybe \$2–\$3 he says.

Took daraprim today.

11.1.

Saturday: Kaali's birthday. This morning a guy arrives from the camp just over towards the river, looking for a young goat which he lost the day before yesterday ... °ali baDa didn't know anything about it ...

°ali and I had slept long this morning. I awoke feeling better for my sleep as did °ali. Using safety pins I made my blanket into a sleeping sac and was not cold. Fatuma is making butter with the milk she should have given to me this morning – I get last night's milk which is now slightly °itta. But that's o.k.

Yesterday they said they would bring someone to sing *gaali saari* [camel praise songs] for me tonight. *gala saarisaana*. They praise the camels. Also *maDeytas saari* [lover praise].

Note that °ali baDa also doesn't really like his °ammi (he is really a painful old guy) and often imitates his nasal whining voice when talking about him, or business associated with him.

Having got from me the promise that I would enregistre some songs tonight, no-one is very interested in working with me this morning.

Worked with fatuma all day and learnt quite a lot of new words and general cultural things. She tells me too that her people have been telling her not to come to Addis with me because *usuk ko fin^cisele, ko daamitele* [he will destroy you, he will sell you]. I assured her I will not do either, and anyway we'll take ^cali baDa too so there is no doubt about my intentions.

Took plenty of pictures of fatuma, ^cali Hussey (prayers) and of the landscape – in colour. My cassette tape-recorder is showing signs of stress, having begun to play with plenty of wow and flutter – I think the cassette is warped from the heat.

Last night and today the protection racket was in full swing, with people recounting how I first came to the country, how crazy I am to go alone – who will know who killed me? Today fatuma pecking away at my independence with tales of what will happen if I go into Asa^cita/aysa^cita alone.

Went down to the river and find that it is still flowing tho' it is very small.

Tomorrow is the last day of the moon, so Monday is the first day of a new month.

Sunday: ^cali & fatuma quarrelled because ^cali wants her to marry a man from allooma with a few cows (4) & goats & sheep. He would also bring cloth for fatuma, but she refuses saying that she prefers to stay with me! She says she will go to her ^cammi's place across datleele because of the dispute.

Fatuma has been married twice so far, once to an abranto man who divorced her and then to Hummad. Hummad had one child with her, but it died 2 days later. With the other man she had one boy who died after 2½ years + one girl who died after 2 days.

The business of fatuma's marriage is just another way of putting pressure on me to get things. But this is not to say that they have thought about it, just that it is in the programme.

My cold is a real drag, making me very tired and bad-tempered. Last night I think I got to hear a very low-pitch sound in my right ear – throbbing like. Remember too that when we flew down, the landing at Kombolcha was painful because of the pressure change – my right ear failed to 'pop'. So I guess that my ear is congested in some way. This morning, because I was failing to make progress with the language, I became angry with the young guys who were failing to help as much as I wished. Fatuma quickly explained that they had their own work with the animals, and that I should not expect too much. She is right. But with ^comar Adan & Barkat ^comar gone my work rate has dropped drastically and fieldwork again becomes a really frustrating process. *Haatih Haalih, away* [Slowly, bit by bit, now]!

As the goats give birth the males are killed after a short time. The skins are valuable but the meat is being given to the dogs.

Barkat ^comar turned up this evening. We'll see... Is he the one I'm looking for... Talked much about the derg and apparently some *bolusti tamari* [students] have arrived in Dubti recently. I explained that they were here to help, to

build roads and to teach, but no one seemed very keen on that and barkat °omar and °ali both said they had heard they had taken guns and knives, were *šifta*, and that the °afar were going to fight them. I explained about all Ethiopians being equal now, and how it was bad to have big and small and they seemed attracted to the idea. °ali remembered how I have often given to help poor people in Asa°ita, and praised this in religious terms whilst explaining that it was a bit stupid to give to everyone – I should ask him first for his opinion about the case.

The plan put forward this evening that I go spend a few days + barkat °omar after Tuesday. This is perhaps connected + Helim's *fi°ima* hearing, from which they wish to keep me??

13.1.

Monday: Slept well and long as usual, woken by °ali Husseyn who opened the tent and had a short chat with °ali baDa. °ali was very ill with °aso + *uruufe* yesterday and they both agreed that it was always like this during *erfa*. Today is the first day of *saffara* (*asuura*?) [first month of the Muslim new year]. °ali's discomfort probably has something to do with the *bagu rubta diwa* [diarrhoea medicine] I gave him Friday & Saturday: this did not succeed in shifting him, but may have caused stomach pains similar to *uruufe*.

Breakfast of tea – for milk I have to wait until the goats come back from the early morning grazing.

It must be admitted that at times I am not working as much as possible for the reason that when I have an informant ready in front of me I don't always have anything interesting to ask. This has to be solved by more work in Addis.

The camels don't go out so early as the other animals – they stay in camp and are milked there, then mid-morning they go out to baydora.

Note that °ali baDa is getting better enough to go to market tomorrow and that he was well enough to record *gaali saara* this afternoon – a good one I believe. He tells me that not only do these people have *daro*, but *tut* [cotton] also, in the hands of maaHe. Maahe has aydahis' *tut* too + *am°assa*, °ad°ali but NOT *Haysamali*.

I have had the excellent idea of going up to Addis by plane – leaving a message with Siraaj to tell asaffa to come in low if he wants to take me up. That gives me time to walk in and find him.

The other day moomina °ali tried to steal my *muriatta* left at Hassooni's place. °ali baDa *ke kaa tome, dagom tome* [°Ali Bada and he fought small fight]. There seems to be far more talk all around this time, with people discussing marriage and Helim's problems. There is much pressure to marry fatuma. We'll see who wins.

It is clear that the decision of *fi°ima* will be a foregone conclusion – °ali baDa knows already what will be the punishment – *dumaak naarige* he says. The case is discussed by all those concerned – and by those less concerned – until everyone knows everything. Anyway, Helim was caught in the tent and could have been killed by the husband: quite possibly the husband calculated coolly that he stood to gain more by not killing, and stood off.

Last night, when we talked of the sultans, everyone was firm in his opinion that since time immemorial a killing has been the business of the sultan.

We ate plenty of honey too – Helim had brought it. Rights to honey are with the finder – apparently there are not many people who will take the trouble to get it so Helim, who often brings it, gets little competition around here.

Tuesday: Market day and after tea and milk we went in to Asa^cita. The ferry is broken so we had to wade across an Awash which now reaches my chin and is powerful enough in midstream to take one with it. The river has risen here as our branch out here (*lukkuda*) goes dry – the water has been diverted and the people know it – apparently it happens every year since the cotton.

I met Hamid at Hassan's and he was ready to leave for gaalefaage where he has great work he says. I think they are busy taking in more and more land.

Siraaj was there too wearing very fine clothes, and Faagir. *damadyad walalle. 'usha mengiste communist yellehi nanu mafauna iyyen. çayna mafauna, rusiña mafauna kaadu. eDitrey mari ken lih kaddami yaame away. дума habaša ken silte, away ame^e Hineeni. Kapitalisit baado eDitreya mari Hatele away kaada iyyen. – 'afar away aamele yot Helta. yaasin kadda rob radele iyye, 'eeb me^eane luksuge. – yaasia kaddu gara^a – Siraaj yaarige.* [We don't want communism. We don't want Russians. Eritreans are fighting the Derg. The capitalists help Eritrea. There will be rain. There's good news from Yassin.]

I spent \$35 at market, and will try to trace it all.

Kat	\$3	oranges	1.50
tea	\$1	apple juice	.80
sugar	\$1.50	honey	.50
coffee	\$1.50	ginger	.25
paper & envelops	\$0.25	'ali's cloth	1.00
notebook	\$1.00	candles	1.20
cigarettes	\$7.00	Hammad's 'ammi	1.80
tea & bread	<u>.25</u>	fly spray	<u>2.00</u>
	15.50		9.05
shit paper	.80		
coca cola	1.00		15.50
laxative	1.20		9.05
cold medicine	1.60		<u>9.60</u>
chloranphenicol	3.00		\$34.15
tetracycline	<u>2.00</u>		
	9.60		

'ali sold 2 goat skins (small) for \$7. Hummad Kafe's 'ammi took \$1.80 from me for Hummad's *sagdata* [charity gift]. I gave \$1 to 'ali towards buying a *ma^eawadi*.

I am told that fatuma too can make a *sagdata* for Hummad if she wants. Since I am around they are encouraging her to do it – the money is there. Whilst we ate Kat back at campo fatuma and °omar discussed the date of Hummad’s death. This month being asuuna, fatuma says she is sure that Hummad died during this month. °omar says no, he died during saffara. Given the system of lunar months the confusion is understandable to me, but they should not make mistakes, I think.

We’ll send students to teach them about socialism say some of the people in Asa°ita. F. The truth is that °afar socialism is present in food sharing. But in other ways it is not shared completely.

In Asa°ita we witnessed a dispute between two °afar, one woman and a man. Both of them had left *kodda* with the shop-keeper °ali mahammad (arab). Someone else had taken one of the *kodda* and then the man had returned and claimed the *kodda* just before the woman turned up and found nothing. Barkat °omar fixed the dispute by appealing to a principle of chivalry – she should take the remaining *kodda* because she was a woman.

Wednesday. Barkat °omar slept all day and then went home. So my reward for his work prevented him from working – a mistake on my part.

15.1.



Photo 32: Hassooni sets up her tent

(G. FLOOD, 1975)

Hassooni put her tent up at our place today. I note that whereas when fatuma moved her tent following the birth/death of her child, she was helped by most of the women from the area – who are still here – when tents are moved each woman deals with her own tent and gets no help normally.

°omar came. He wants to go to get honey on the hill tonight. They go at night because the *didale* [bees] do not get them then. He brought a guy from °ada°alta who he calls *yaba*.

There are donkeys in the camp next to us. The first time I've seen donkeys this far from Asa[°]ita – tho' I did see some out in antarba[°]ale last year at Ham-mad's camp.

This evening I found that my chest and back are covered in tiny red spots – fatuma says its *inka[°]e* [lice] but I don't find any in my T-shirt. *Waybyle dariya* [eating insect] can do this but I didn't find him either. The rash does not itch and does not weep but some of the spots have pus in them. The rash is not even – some areas are dense, some are clear. This evening I took daraprim, cold tablet cosyliclin, and put mulota talc on my rash. I feel fine tho'...

Yesterday Tasfay seemed happy about my plans for getting a lift to Addis, but it will be a great piece of good luck if it works.

The wind has been strong and fresh today, making great problems for writing on my table. I also suffered a serious disappointment with regard to my attempt to transcribe bilula's talk –disappointing because I can't do it alone, and disappointing because I am unable to explain to anyone, or [°]afar are unable to understand, that what I want is the exact words spoken and not a paraphrase or an explanation. Adan used to do the work very well but he is no longer available.

Last night for the second night running I dreamed that Michèle had run off with Philippe.

General feelings of insecurity come out in surprising ways I guess. I can close my mind and say *inšalla* [God willing] when I cross the Awash or walk alone in this country, but the insecurity manifests itself in a way much closer to home. The closer I come to [°]Afar reality the further I push the harshness and danger of that reality into the subconscious. I just can not afford to face the truth – and yet in writing this I do just that!!

Hassooni's tent has been placed a fair distance from fatuma's. You can only just see it because the thorn *gaso* is in the way. This calls for a revision of my ideas about any significance of physical proximity & social proximity [see Figure 3].

Thursday. This morning a guy came and played the flute for me – the pieces all represent different things: rain falling, ostrich running, *bi[°]iDa* running, water flowing etc.. A woman came with Hassooni, barkat biliila – [°]omar's sister. She begins immediately the job of getting as much from me as possible and giving nothing, so I realise at last that I am beginning to dislike [°]afar.

Began a course of tetracycline this morning – I will take 4 x 250 mg for 5 days in the hope of getting rid of my *gason* and perhaps doing something if I have an ear infection – my right ear still booms like the sound of a distant lorry.

While in Asa[°]ita I heard that Hassan was back in Addis, back from the Hajj. So the long Hajj is over... Abdukadir should be back soon too.

Hassooni tells me she has given birth twice – once a miscarriage. She talked of her father and how he died not long ago (6 years she says) and seemed to show some feeling about it. Certainly, to be *arkamaliita* like me is

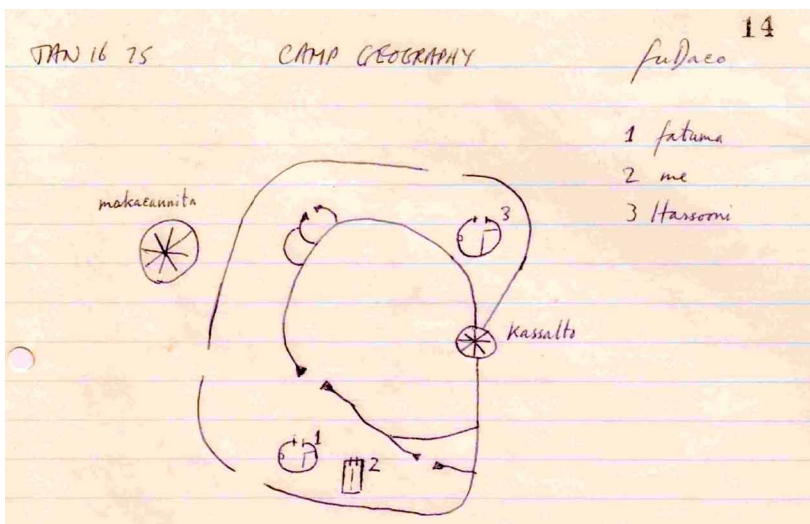


Figure 3: Camp geography, 1975 (GFFNW 413)

thought to be good. It is probably most unfair of me to think of °Afar as not minding about people dying.

°omar biliia, fatuma's °ammih abbaḥ ma°anda [uncle's father's sister] is around very often. She annoys me very much with her domineering speech and lack of respect for others (me). But she is a very good case of a powerful woman in °Afar. She has already squeezed some coffee out of me on Tuesday and still comes to drink my coffee, whilst ignoring me or refusing to speak slowly so I can understand.

There is one goat in camp with no cunt and no penis – *laboksay* they say.

I am getting a long way towards a full understanding of political structure. It is interesting that the 'native model' does not really reflect any true dominance/subjugation pattern, and that people resist my attempts to get at the true structure. Also, the distribution of knowledge is severely restricted – only people in key positions know anything about the real tribal structure. Others give a mixture of *kedo*, *abino*, place names and vaguely related groups.

Today the wind came round from the S.E. to the N.E. and clouds were common. They say rain is coming and they will go to the stone if it comes.

°ali baDa is still having trouble with his *uruufe* (this is certainly *garba*) – he has not shitted for two *talata* [Tuesdays].

The derg (6 vehicles) came to Asa°ita yesterday for talks with amoyta, and were very well received by the galla. They had plenty of guns. This news comes from moomina °ali who finally turned up for the first time following the dispute with °ali baDa over my shaving kit. His arrival is squarely timed with the arrival of Hassooni and I must check to see if she is his mistress on any permanent basis.

Friday. Last night talked with °ali about the bad times. The 2 years before I came were the worst with animals and people dying of starvation. No animals have died of starvation since I joined them (October 1973).

At first they ate cotton, but then they also turned to H.E.’s private pastures where they fought with his people. There was fighting between the people and *amoyta askar*, and the Sultan’s people took and slaughtered the animals people tried to put on their pastures. They ate the meat. °ali was for a time in prison, in the hands of the highlanders and had to be brought food by fatuma. The ordinary people received no help from H.E. and were in fact heavily put down by his people.

Last night moomina °ali and °ali baDa put me to sleep whispering about derg and H.E. – so they are getting politicised. These people out here in no way like °ali mirah. If derg comes for him they will do nothing they say. “His people will fight – we will not.”

Shit this morning – mucus and blood. Solid → loose. Must remember to take amoebicide up to Addis.

No formal notebook work but an interesting morning talking with fatuma about *buuta* [spirit possession] and *maDeyta*. Hassooni came over for coffee and decided that it was best for me to have black eyebrows at least so she put coffee grounds in them. Hassooni and Moomina °ali are lovers. At first I asked them and they acted suspiciously – who told you. I insisted I knew by myself. Fatuma told me over coffee that what I suspected was true. At first she tried to tell me that he came just because of his son who is here looking after our goats, and because of his own goats. But then she admitted it. °Ad°ali are putting pressure on Hassooni to marry her *absúma* muusi adan, but she refuses saying *inni maDeyta abteyyo* [I will marry my lover]. There is possibility of a fight between moomina °ali and muusi adan, tho’ no signs yet. Also fatuma says °ad°ali are angry with fatuma for not taking her *absúma* willingly.

When moomina °ali left this afternoon his son mohammad cried and was not reproached. Rather he was reassured, being told that his father was gone to gaaladdal and will be back soon.

fatuma wants to go to Asa°ita tomorrow to take food to Bati, and since the chances of an aeroplane coming tomorrow is high (there has been no plane since I left my message on Tuesday) I may as well go in too. This work period has been by far the most fruitful of all, in terms of my coming to understand the workings of °Afar in the English functionalist sense.

Saturday: → Asa°ita with Barkat °omar. Bought *bagusubta diwa* [stomach medicine] for °ali after taking \$30 from bank. No plane today. Aydahis was meant to come but phoned yesterday to say he could not – will come later. Pilots not around. A wasted day, but it’s right to take the rest. Met the new governor this morning. He seems a nice clear-minded man.

Talked with Hamid this evening about his work – clearing and diverting the Awash. The Kotubla branch has been narrowed to a small stream – per-

manently. This will help the nomads too because it means that the marshy area up near where the junction was will drain and produce grass. Also there is a lake between foDa^o and abḥebad [Lake Abhebad] which was not there before and which has spoilt life for the nomads – they asked H.E. for help.

The cotton farmers also needed more water.

The work costs \$30 per hour per bulldozer & 4 bulldozers worked 12 days. 2 are still out there broken down. *nanu dergik maeneyisiana* [we are not afraid of the Derg]. Nationalisation was ^oAfar idea, c.f. camels & animals of H.E.. But these people are in favour of elfism and it is possible that elf will win. Also, amerika is back at Kagnew, *iyyen*.

19.1. Sunday: Still waiting – saw *gaali low* [camel count] so time not entirely wasted. Estimate 60 adult animals per herd. Drank uncooked camel milk but to have refused would have been very bad on this occasion, a kind of ceremonial celebration of the camel. moomina ^oali was there. Discussions about stealing of camels, ^oalimirah Helim.

20.1. Monday: Everyone promising to go tomorrow tomorrow, or a plane will come, but still nothing doing.

Siraaj and all big Afar organising Afar cotton picking as a way to combat Galla labour organisation. *Amoyti askar*, Hanfare, everyone picking. Faagir incentive scheme = one cow slaughtered at night and *Kassow* and singing in the fields. Picking at Faagira's farm and at SaHille.

^oalimirah Helim says he will go tomorrow evening.

21.1. Tuesday: I wanted to take the bus and try to go via Awash but ^oalimirah Helim persuaded me against this. Then Hanfare said he would take me and promised to pick me up before leaving. He went for interview with his father before leaving, and to pick cotton. Left without me.

Then Helim failed to find a car, *laka^o wee kaadu* [also no money], and we had to wait.

22.1. Wednesday: At last we are to leave for sure. Asa^oita – Dubti by taxi, stuck in the mud at entrance to the T.P.S.C. plantation – deliberately sent water to cut the route. Land Rover also stuck on ridge, so we had to walk into Dubti. Alimirah Helim looking for *laka^o* [money] from *ramad* and got some. We left, after I had picked up the car from Loggia, at about 3 p.m. from Dubti.

King-pins snapped just this side of Nazareth and we were very lucky not to be killed. Amazingly repaired by a passing Eritrean + Italian who knew Siraaj, and we limped into Addis at 11.35 p.m. [GFJL 206]

IN ADDIS ABABA 23.–26.1.1975

23.1. Thursday: In Addis Ababa. Still in dispute with Michel and Karen. But the real problem is with Michèle.

24.1. Friday: It now seems at times that separation is inevitable, tho' neither of us likes the idea of leaving the other. It's painful.

Saturday and confusing. Kaali very happy to see me, me to see her. Spent some time with Ivo.

RETURN TO ASAITA AND FODA°O 26.1.–6.2.1975

Sunday: I was expecting to leave tomorrow by bus, to arrive Asa°ita by Tuesday afternoon, telephoned to say that there was a plane going down and I could go. So I accepted, tho' it is so painful to be leaving with my feelings about Michèle so confused, with nothing resolved. Of course Ivo is right when he says it is the anthropologists' syndrome, but surely we can avoid it – we knew about it all long ago.

So we took the plane. Aydahis *malheentabon dollar yeh yehe, fatumah 40 aheggidah*. We flew towards the col de Mussolini and failed to pass it because of cloud and turbulence. So we turned south and flew into the lowlands through a gap in the hills, and then flew west of the lakes near Bewani. Still cloudy near to Asa°ita, and some signs of rain on the magenta hills – there is more vegetation than when I last came by air, I think.



Figure 4: Graveyard sketch (GFJL 207)

Noticed that the graveyards nearly always have one grave which is larger than the rest and different – constructed like this:

I should check this.

Learnt that derg was here yesterday to talk with °ali mirah, and that Hanfare was also present. The new governor Lieutenant Gezata stays at a hotel.



Photo 33: Graves

(G. FLOOD, 1973)

They say too that the *Zamacha* students' coming will be celebrated with tree-planting and that they will come tomorrow. But no doubt they will come tomorrow for the next two weeks, as for the last two.

Siraj and Hamid and °ali Hida present at the house. Siraj & Hamid (not mohammad °ali Hamid, he is another man who works for the Sultan) will go to Asab for a few days.

Aydaḥis told me this morning that they are having trouble selling the cotton again, and that the Bank is refusing loans. So they have problems for paying the labourers, who now stop work as soon as they are not paid, where before they used to wait 3 weeks. Aydaḥis meets with the Bank managers tomorrow.

I telephoned Michèle and sent her a letter this evening in the hope that some kind of peace can be achieved. [GFJL 190–207]

27.1.

Monday: Last night I'd heard that Ahamad Burhan was in town, living at the *sook*. So I went to see him today. He has been talking with °ali mirah and will return to Addis very soon as he has a conference with all the foreign ministers coming up. He was with a friend from Djibouti, an °afar gendarme with a broken leg on sick leave. He told me that he will try to get the material by Chedeville for me. Ahamad had quite a court going and we ate Kat and drank coke all afternoon. His friend was intending to go to Djibouti this morning but Ahamad's Land Rover was stuck in the mud deliberately created by T.P.S.C. at the entrance to the plantation. So they will try tonight. Full moon.

Getachew told me something about the spraying operation – aseffa pays them 70 cents per h.a., each h.a. is sprayed c. 5x and they have a contract for 5000 ha. Ethiopest is doing 8000 ha and the rest is by hand. This gives a cost of \$3.50 per ha for spraying and a total earning by the pilots of \$17,500. Aseffa also pays a per diem for food & lodgings. The farmers payment is taken from the loan they get from the bank at the beginning of the season – they never touch it and can not withdraw it if they want.

Siraj & Hamid → Asab. Ahamad too came around this evening.

Just lately, including when I was last here, Siraj has been having trouble with children who come and spend their day at the house, and want to sleep too. The leader is a young son of °ali mirah, c. 17. He has many followers. Siraj is quick to point out that the son is well mannered – which he is. But his followers are not at all – they are a pain in the neck. When Siraj is here he is able to keep the problem under control, and when he left he instructed Yaasim and mullu to let the son in but not the followers. Unfortunately this is impossible. And today too mullu made a mistake by not opening the gate when the person knocking turned out to be the Sultan's son.

Yesterday's cloud disappeared towards the end of the day, but it seems likely that rain will come soon – the cloud cover on Sunday was heavy, and there is a steady cool breeze from the East-South-East.

Tuesday: Didn't sleep too well because of the Kat. Woken too by Sultan's son abubakar who came to sleep. Now that they know that Siraj is gone, they descend like vultures.

Today, this morning at least, there is complete cloud cover and it is cooler but more humid than usual. If rain comes now it will be a disaster for the cotton growers, on top of all the problems they are having already.

The market has been altered considerably, presumably by the new governor last Tuesday. i) there was no confusion, people already knew where to go ii) the °Afar at least believed they were ordered to do what they were to do by the Sultan ... What has happened is that the camel market has been separated from the Highlanders spice/coffee/clothes market. The argument I heard for this was that when they were together they blocked traffic. But the camels, now moved down to the East onto the lower-lying sandy area still block traffic. Interesting that tho' the majority of transactions (business) are still between °Afar & non-°Afar, the majority of people are down with the camels, i. e. most people come not to deal but to meet people. The main exchange is news.

°ali baDa did not come to market – he is with the goats – and until fatuma turned up later I was worried that no-one would come. They tell me tho' that there has been a little trouble with the region's goats eating cotton in dit-baHari. Helim took our goats there because there is a shortage of grass in this area, enough to seriously reduce the milk supply. They went to eat company cotton (*Kobbani* [company]) and were surprised to be met by *amoyti askara* who chased them off and, so Helim says, slaughtered four of his goats, tho' fatuma says two. Helim's goats brought later by someone else. He had taken them *maagiday* – the pregnant ones only. The grazing has been eaten up by *waybule dariya* too, a phenomenon which °ali baDa says did not occur before the coming of cotton. Whether true or not this attitude reflects something. These people know nothing of H.E.'s reasons for keeping peace with *Kobbani*, of course. The sarboddora (our river) is drying out, contrary to Hammad's assurances, and the people here are not at all happy about this, making jokes about how we shall die of thirst and be eaten by hyenas. If rain comes it will be good they say and we shall out to magenta, tho' everyone says there are °iisa there now. When I came in by plane I saw no signs of them.

I walked out with fatuma, tho' she was sure to keep someone else with us most of the way, in case people should talk about us – °*aybi* [shame] she says. Also she refused to eat with me in Asa°ita for the same reason, tho' she drank tea with me. I gave her \$30 of the money Aydahis sent her and she scrounged \$4 out of me to buy a cloth. But then she was horrified by the price of \$14 and refused to buy – but kept my \$4 of course!! Helim has *andeeDu* and if as I suspect, this is hepatitis, then I am in for trouble. Once again I have made the mistake of allowing personal problems with Michèle to come in the way of obviously necessary jobs – I meant to get a gammagobulin shot in Addis but didn't. Also there is no medical insurance so if I get ill it's the end.

29. 1.

Wednesday: We ate Kat last night – me very little °ali baDa & muusi adan & Helim ate most. They say Kat has *diwa* for *andeeDu*, tho' others say it has not. We also drank tea + *ne°ina Hood* – cloves & pepper & cinnamon. Very good. Severely chewed up by °*adaala-i* this night. Small flies unlike mosquitoes – wings apart, a little like small mayflies. Slept very badly and woke late.

Last night some children came to see me, including one young girl aged about 14. The conversation soon turned to sex and one of the young boys aged c. 11 said he could fuck now. There was much joking – he was very close to Hassooni and she said at one point *lokloku hinna* (this refers to the noise people make when they fuck) meaning that he was too close. At one time too this boy said he had his finger on the young girl.

Note that °ali maḥammad, the boy who looks after the small goats, has Hassooni for *anna* [aunt]. All older people ○ are *anna*. All older △ are °*ammi*. Helim has owned up to the lie that he can fuck when his woman has *wasaktu* [menstruation]: he can't. °ali baDa says he has returned to his wife, but he was very interested last night in finding a medicine for his penis – it can't stand up. So divorce is a rather inexact business.

Muusa explains that the *Kobbani taama* [company work] is carefully partitioned out amongst *am°assa abuusa* each month by muusa °iisi & mooli °ambar – This includes dit bahari and barga. People from other tribes can not have this work. Muusa °iisi gets the money from barga and distributes it – hence his importance.

Waybule dariya is finished now – they must all be chrysalis.

Got some work done on the Kotulba set-up and talked shortly, later about divorce with °ali baDa. Slept early and because there was wind °adali did not bite this night. Still not sleeping as well as I should, tho' in the circumstances it's good that I can sleep at all. I talked with fatuma about my family problems and she is sure I will not stay the two weeks I promised to stay.

My bed is beginning to tear again, slowly.

Much lightning to the south tonight, and they say the °iisa will get plenty of milk and come against the °afar.

30. 1.

Thursday: Adayḥis had said he would come today. I woke late and tried to mend my bed a little, tho' I'm going to have to get a new one I think. Work prospects for this stay are not good. °ali baDa is out with the goats always and Helim is too sick to work much. This morning he was only just able to eat a cup of *subah* – had to put sugar in it to get it down and complained of feeling sick. He seems to have hepatitis o.k..

Note from when in aysa°ita °ali Hida told me that Habib has gone to Dessie and stays there because he had a dispute with Hanfare – he is also a son of the previous Sultan which certainly has something to do with his absence. °ali hida says he will not stay there but will return.

Helim's illness is progressing. He can no longer smoke *kossi* [tobacco leaves] and has exchanged his *kossi* for an occasional *baddi sigaara* [foreign

cigarettes]. °ali baDa too is having trouble with his leg. On Tuesday he cut the shin almost to the bone and today it is severely swollen and he has fever and headache. I have been giving he and Helim each Vit-C 500 mg per day since yesterday, and yesterday & today he put my ointment (Savlon) on the wound. I fear tetanus, lets hope I'm wrong. Tonight I gave him more ointment penbritin 500 mg and codeine. He is in much pain and his pulse is very irregular. Tomorrow the goats will need taking out... Began some work on women and marriage & fertility [see GFFNW 371–375].

This evening I noticed that I have left-sided orchitis, slightly painful. So we are a fairly useless bunch.

Discovered today that °ad°ali in this area is perhaps more properly called *idrisso*, as opposed to *mirganto* and *ayrolasso* – of which mohammad °eysa is the only known case here, her 1st husband being *mirganto*.

Visitors to camp – muusi adan and °ali Husseyn.

Friday: Helim went with the goats, fatuma helping. °ali baDa is better a little. I slept late last night, writing a long letter to Michèle to try to explain my reaction to Karen.

They tell me this morning that their *daro 6 baaDo* [six sorghum fields] has been taken by *Kobbani*. Altogether they have been working *daro* for c. 10 years (since the company came) and that amoyta instructed them to do this. Now amoyta has moved them from their land 4 times, each time they have taken a new bit. This season they have given their land to *Kobbani* again in return for compensation from cotton grown for them. It is clear that maaHe has the cotton in his charge and that these people make little or no distinction between *Kobbani* and °afar cotton growers. It's all arranged between amoyta and mooli °ambar. And the money is shared out between all the *am°assa* & *abuusa*. Haysamali get, badoytammeela get but Kotubla do not get. H & b have their own land.

Helim & °ali preparing an ax, putting it on a shaft did not know about the expansion by heat method, or rather knew but refused to do it – *Galla aynat* [like Oromo] they said.

Today °ali's wife °assa sent her daughter by °ali & °ali mahamad to get some sugar to put in her coffee – they are making up and I am useful to °ali in this – the sugar is mine. We slaughtered a goat today and will eat the meat tonight or tomorrow. Really the meat is part of Helim's treatment for *andeeDu* but I will get some too. Helim & fatuma came late and tired with the goats. And I am glad I stayed in camp. °ali baDa told me some good material about animal husbandry today – only confirmations of what I had already guessed, it is true, but still it's good to hear [see GFFNW 438–445]. I am learning fast now, even without making any effort – the material is coming steadily.

°ali's sore leg is not so swollen tonight – he seems to be responding to the penbritin. I have decided to give them antibiotics freely, because they themselves (°afar that is) consistently recognise their value and use them when

they can get them in town. I gave Hamadayra six day's Flagyl for his pox today. We'll see how it goes on.

Fatuma's praying is quite clearly a little self-conscious. She looks around to see if we are watching, and although she goes through the kneeling-kowtowing-standing routing she does not pray aloud as men do. Yesterday I heard muttering from her tent when I knew she was alone, and on my entering she pretended to be doing nothing. She was about to drink coffee and admitted to saying *buni dowa^ca* [coffee prayer]. When I pointed out that only the day before she said, in the presence of ^cali Hussey, that she did not know how to do this, she said that in the presence of others *waHareytah* (I am shy). With her fine red and black silk cloth she makes a fine figure but I suspect that she knows little Arabic or prayer.

Last night a hyena ate a goat just outside our camp. We heard the goat's scream. Not our goat.

Drums at Koreena last night: *gala^ceela baddi kuburu* [possession cult of Gala^ceela].

1.2.

Saturday: Although ^cali is getting treated by me with antibiotics & ointment, he still puts butter (*mutuku*) and *Hoofaali* on the wound. Yesterday when I put the medium sized goats away I managed to put one of the very small ones with them, so that she did not get fed last night. *adrylabbaDa liggasse* they say. *anu liggayse* they say. (I starved her, made her go short of food.) *is liggayte*.

Fatuma did *buni dowa^ca* in front of me & Helim this morning. Still we are having problems with the goats – both ^cali & Helim out of action, tho' ^cali took them to water this morning. Water getting scarce. My orchitis is o.k.. False alarm.

Had a shit today. My food is as usual, breakfast of tea and *ga^cambo* (2½ cups) + 2 slices equivalent. Coffee during the day, plenty of sugar. Milk at lunch (1½ pts) tea in the afternoon – (3 cups) Milk at night + *ga^cambo* (1½ pl) I'm drinking no water. Last night I ate some goat, beautiful.

Washed my hair in the pool of water left in the river bed. It is full of fish (the pool that is!) and probably has a croc. too. Saw a woman, maHammad biliili fatuma, cleaning out her *saar* [water sack] with fresh water – she had put *Kassalto ^callo* in and soaked it in order to make it smell better. Worked on economics/ecology during the afternoon with ^cali baDa [see GFFNW 446–448]. I must get my plant collection identified... or it will all be worthless. Fatuma & Helim took the goats out again, tho' I think ^cali baDa is in better shape than Helim. My increasing nervousness and frustration is now clearly shown by the fact that I have smoked 13½ packs of cigarettes in 4 days. Perhaps I've given one pack away, but still I'm on 30 + a day. Cancer will get me if brucellosis doesn't!

An argument this evening between fatuma and ^cali – she is tired of the goat work. As she explained yesterday, woman work all the time but men do a

very big work now and then. She is too weak and easily tired to do the goat work; and she leaves each time with a *kodda* full of water to emphasise her inability.

Hassooni is more separate from us than she was last year. Her tent is further away, there is less work shared between her and fatuma (grinding, water fetching, goats).

The country around here is definitely more green than last year too. At this time last year fatuma & Hassooni were down towards doobi barga. Perhaps this is the result of the river's artificial regime. The job of diverting it has been done later this year because the cotton is later. But still this country is greener now than it was in November 1973 ... I guess that the 'Climate change' theory was just an invention of the capitalists. We'll find out later. By which time "'the climate change' (will have been) effectively combated by the introduction of modern (capitalist) techniques." No doubt.

Drums over towards koreena last night: *gala^ceela baddi kuburu*.

Sunday: Michèle's birthday. Hassan moola, *°ammi baDa* to *°ali* & crew came round this morning. Fatuma has definitely decided to quit the goats, complaining this morning of *uruufe*, *°aso*, *amobbiak* [headache]. *°ali* is clearly better, tho' his leg is a little swollen, and the others resent his refusal to work. I don't think they will beat him tho'. Tomorrow he wants to go to *Asa^cita* with me (my sugar and cigarettes are finished and they say *rabtam faDDa* [you want to die] to me).

From way back, I remember that in the Sultan's administration, *num isi taama le* [every man has his work]. This is worthwhile food for thought. Moving from *ad^cali* → *asa^cita* you move from status ascription to achievement, low → high division of labour, anti-hierarchy to hierarchy, as well as river water to coca cola and *kossi* to Rothmans. Also milk → meat, cattle → cotton. Many things. Women free movers to women in veils.

Realised in compiling my material on women and pregnancies that fatuma has given me several women who died when she was very small; so that she can not and does not know about the possible children who died before she was old enough to know what it's about.

°ali mohammad came home late, having lost one *moota* [kid goat] (plural *moy*). *°ali* baDa punished him hitting him on the legs with a big stick. He cried very much but stopped quickly too as soon as *°ali* stopped hitting him. Then he disappeared to Hassooni's tent. The *moota* was found before he was punished.

Helim left this afternoon after an unaccustomed visit from Hassan moola. I guess he'll not be back tonight. *maDeyta Hagid* [love business]. Fatuma says he'll sleep *garbol* [in the bush] tonight *buDahamol dinele* (on the *seesan* from the top of the tent).

Monday: Up fairly early but as Helim has not returned we could not leave – *°ali* had to take the goats to water. Then when we realised that Halim was

2.2.

3.2.

not coming back °ali agreed that fatuma and I should go. Already Hamad ayra and moola had left, passing thro' our camp on the way, and we know we would have *wakkali* [company] on the return journey. °ali admonished us to return early, before dark.

Well, why am I going into town today? No cigarettes and no sugar (tho' I could scrounge some *kossi* and Hassooni has sugar). I think the real reason is that there is no man to come with me and for me to go alone with fatuma/Hassooni on a day when there are many people is shameful, embarrassing. So it is more convenient, less tiring all round. Also °ammar °omar and adan, down at subla had not seen their people for some time and needed money to buy food.

We drank coffee before going and I ate *foul* in town + one bread. That was all I had all day except for liquids. 4 teas, three cokes – oh yes, one tin of pineapple. Tried morning and afternoon to telephone Michèle without luck. The lines are busy.

Aydaḥis had slept at Hassans last night, but left with the big Axum twin-engined plane just after we arrived, so we missed him.

I got a wash at Hassan's, no luck finding anything Aydaḥis might have brought from Michèle. Fat °omar is still staying at the house, an amoeba-like shape and intelligence. Siraj not back from Asab. Aḥamad Bruchon in town with his family still, and says he'll go back tomorrow. °ali mirah Helim also, surprisingly, there – left for Djibouti legally and re-entered illegally, now helping the team of Germans helping the °Afar around mille – acting as *turgoman* [translator] in their talks with H.E..

In a glimpse I sneaked of accounts in telephone house, around 14.1.1975 there were plenty of telegrams between H.E. and people named Yayyo – Ahamad, Aydaḥis. Met the new governor again for a few minutes – a nice guy.

Fatuma bought a new cloth (prayer headscarf) and a *salaatobrik* [prayer's jug]. This latter item she proceeded to leave every time we stopped anywhere. Freudian slip in Afar? Her prayer status is not yet sure. We bought the things we needed and set off on the road to subla. Dropped in at the mission hospital and asked for gammaglobulin but they have none. Bought some tetracyclines (10 for \$1, in town it is 8 for \$1). Fatuma got herself an injection for *ufuy* [bronchitis] and some tablets for the same. The doctor says she has pleurisy. There was a boy in the hospital who had cut his leg whilst working for *dulla*. He got a receipt from the doctor so he could reclaim the \$1 he spent on treatment.

Then we went to adan and °omar. There were three other prisoners, their feet bound so that they could not move. Their crime? *marin laa yokmeeni* [they ate someone else's cows]. Hamad aysa gave \$10, fatuma took \$10 from me (later returned) and gave that. So the *urru* [youth] will eat.

Altogether I spent; of \$59, \$28.	
Fly spray	\$ 2
tetracyclines	\$ 3
sugar	0.80
cigarettes	\$ 7.00
candles	.80
pineapple	1.50
<i>foul</i>	1.00
Coke	2.00
stamp	.40
macaroni	.50
tea	<u>.25</u>
accounted for	\$19.25

Returned home, arriving just after dark. Very tired. Slept well, tho' plenty of °*adaala* [flies] and I had very disquieting dreams. Maybe the result of fatuma's account of warfare between °Afar and °Issa – slaughtering of children (*bakal aynat*), slitting open pregnant women (*labti lito iyyan*) and disembowelling of men. But dreams about finishing my work and planning to go home to Europe, only to turn back at the last moment, leaving Michèle & Kaali. I woke °ali at one point with my anguished moanings.

Helim still not back.

Tuesday: Learnt that Helim is over at °omar adan's place. °ali baDa decided to take the goats *maagida* [pregnant, not giving milk] but returned after a couple of hours because when he was half way to the cotton he heard there were plenty of soldiers around (*amoyti askar*). This raises an interesting point, for with our river cut, datleele cut, we are forced closer and closer to Asa°ita (unless we go west to dat bahari, where there are heavy concentrations of *askar* to stop us eating cotton). But the same thing was done last year. Maybe this is intentional, to provide defence??

Note that yesterday °ali baDa took the first possible opportunity to make peace with °ali mahammad – he ostentatiously said to me as we left for market, in the presence of mahammad, “*mahammadah na°ana daam*” buy sweets for mahammad. We bought them and mahammad was much happier. Also brought some for °ali's daughter.

Had a shit today – fresh blood, firm → loose. Looks like I am not assimilating my *ga°ambo* too well.

Fatuma told me in great detail about the wedding of the baDuwwas. I went with her to get water and took many pictures [see photos 34–43]. They are beginning to get tired of all my pictures.

Helim spent most of the day sleeping – his hepatitis can't be so real – he was out screwing for all of Sunday night and yesterday.



Potos 34, 35: Fatuma scooping water and filling sack

(G. FLOOD, 1975)



Photo 36–38: Fatuma topping up, lifting, and carrying water sack (G. FLOOD, 1975)



Photo 39–41: Fatuma preparing for prayer

(G. FLOOD, 1975)



Photo 42, 43: Fatuma standing and kneeling in prayer

(G. FLOOD, 1975)

The big aeroplane came again today and left via Dubti direction. One of the spray planes came back too, possibly Getachew.

Hassooni and wala[°]i adan went to town. Yesterday, seeing the condition of the galla – especially the women, I realised the significance of what the [°]afar say about the galla – that they fuck their own sisters. Of course no [°]afar believe in a social system where people fuck their own sisters. The point is that the galla down here have such a chaotic social system that it is quite possible that, not knowing their own kin from strangers, they fuck their sisters. Incest is equated with the total breakdown of society, which it probably is. No [°]afar knows the Galla well enough to know if they fuck their sisters.

When visiting *maDeyta* a man says “*Hagid lio* [I have business]” and goes, but in case of trouble always tells someone else from camp exactly where he is going. In any case it is proper to tell people where you are going, as °ali baDa said. We were talking of the fact that Helim had suddenly turned up in °omar adan’s place and was drinking plenty of cow’s milk without telling us. But °ali baDa himself often clears off when he wants, as long as he knows there is someone to watch the goats. In fact this kind of decision making is on a very implicit level – not much talking about it from the men. For the women they are expected to be explicit, tho’ Hassooni is difficult to keep tabs on. °ali spent the day with the goats – his leg is fine now. Hassooni and muusi adan came home together. Muusi adan slept in fatuma’s tent.

5.2.

Wednesday: Moomina °ali wants to take mahammad for *gaali Han* [camel milk] with the camels in romayto. Fatuma says we can not stop him going tho’ he can not make this decision alone. A *dunbala* youth can make such a decision alone and we could not refuse. Moomina °ali will send one of his daughters to help with the goats.

Helim went to Asa°ita to get *kossi*. Yesterday and the day before people who went to Asa°ita were not told or did not realise he needed *kossi*.

When Hassooni returned from fetching water this morning she came angrily – mahammad had stolen milk from °ali’s wife’s tent just down the way, when °assa was away. The news was given via °ali’s daughter (3) (his playmate), to his wife, to Hassooni. She chased and hit mahammad with a stick and then he ran off screaming. Immediately Hassooni told him to come back and tried to make peace, but he spent the morning –*garbol*–. Then he returned and Hassooni refused to give him *eerokalo* [snack] so we gave him some – Hassooni was angry with us for this. She kept his shoes and refused to bring them to him. He refused to go and get them so he went out to the *bokol* with no shoes. Hassooni told him we would expect him tomorrow morning...

Re- mooli adan sleeping here, fatuma explained that since his place is nearer the (dry) river, it is full of *dariya* (*Kassalto* nearby attracts them, makes °annita less so). Fatuma thinks he will get Hassooni tho’ *away is Hinto* – she will change her mind.

Hassooni and mahammad make peace when he needed water and went back to her to get some. She gave back his shoes. This evening Hassooni told Helim about the incident in front of mahammad and he listened. Helim told him never to go into the house again, that if you are dying of thirst even, never go into other people’s houses when they are absent. It’s as if the mistake was not theft but exposing yourself to the temptation to thieve.

A perfectly still evening with no wind. Just the cries of hyena all around us (no moon tonight) and the buzz of sandflies & mosquitos. I stayed in my tent and wrote to Mike. °ali and muusi adan getting to know each other better and better – a crucial part of the marriage strategy for adan.

Slept well.

Thursday: Woke late, because the sun was obscured by cloud and I did not get hot. °ali anna Kadiiga came thro' camp on her way to Asa°ita, and everyone advised her to put on a *gadlunta* [widow's clothes] so she would be safe travelling alone, and to say that her Gewani husband had died. Touching *gubna* [widow] is great shame, forbidden. She is safe.

Learnt over tea and milk and *ga°ambo* that yesterday whilst in town Helim went to see *mo°olim*, a *soodaan* [Sudanese] who told him that whilst he was *garbol* so often with the goats he was got at by a *ginni* – *baadogginni* [external jinn]. So now it is not *andeeDu*. The *mo°olim* gave him 2 small *kitab* and some seeds of which we don't know the name to be ground up and turned into ointment for –*dagar*–. Also some small pieces of cardboard with Arabic and signs on them, for burning and inhaling –*yi°aadaggideh*–. Also told him to drink cow's milk or camel's milk and took \$3 from Helim, leaving \$4 to be paid off. This is superb con-man stuff. If Helim gets better he will give the \$4 and say the *mo°olim* cured me. If he does not he will not give the \$4 and the *mo°olim* will say that because he did not give the \$4 he did not get better. I talked with Helim & °ali & fatuma about this saying it was all a load of balls, and °ali agreed. Helim said it was bad talk I was making and fatuma was neither for nor against tho' she admitted that since they could not read there was a distinct possibility that the *mo°olim* was not writing good words (although, as she pointed out, he sometimes says “I don't have your medicine”, and refuses to take money). The main defence for the *mo°olim* was that he read in The Book to see if Helim's *biyak* [illness] was there and °ali pointed out the similarity between an x-ray (*radiyo*) which is meaningless to the Afar or even to me but which tells a doctor much about the patient's illness and the *mo°olim*'s use of The Book. As usual I am argued to a standstill; Helim put on his *kitab* and went to get some cow's milk at his uncle's; after first washing his cloths. Although the *mo°olim* comes from *soodaan* he knows about °afar *ginni* from the Book.

My date of departure has crept from Sunday to Friday, and since fatuma is due to go out to her brother & °ammi báDa tomorrow, I'll go with her. I should beware of creeping departure dates but with barat °omar gone it is difficult to work systematically or quickly, so I may as well skip two days. barkat °omar has gone to doobi for °unga [palm leaves] they say. °unga and °ayba [leaves] come from different trees. [GFJL 231]

The guy who has been building the camp between us and the river for the last three days has nearly finished. But with the water running out the area can only be useful for a few more weeks.

I got from fatuma the key material on *ad°ali* today. *ad°ali* is divided into named lineages of about 7–15 people!! [See GFFNW 485]

A period of not so much work, but I have felt that much has been assimilated. That feeling of feeling that I begin to read °afar well is coming again. Not too many surprises any more, and plenty of confirmed suspicions. With

luck I'll get a plane tomorrow. In any case I'll be in Addis by Sunday, barring waiting – *inshalla*.

This evening a *bakal* died and mahammad brought it into camp to get the skin. The meat will go to the dogs. *Yalli tet °ideh* [God killed it]. No other explanation and when I asked *anni biyak luk suge* [I was ill?] I was looked at suspiciously – *kas mali* [no brain] said fatuma, jokingly, *maltak naarige, isihirabte, biyak hinna* [we know she died of natural death, not illness].

IN ADDIS 7.2.–8.3.1975

[Glynn returned to Addis and spent time there working on his material.]

TO ASAITA 9.–10.3.1975

[A short journal entry exists covering a trip Glynn made to Asa°ita in March 1975.]

9.3. Left Addis c. 4.30 p.m. with adan Ibrahim. Note that nowadays we are going to Dubti, and that we are careful at check points. Searched three times Addis – Loggia. At Tendaho the soldiers were drunk. Land reform has put everyone on their toes. *Afar aamele iyya adan Ibrahim* [Adan Ibrahim says Afar will fight].

10.3. Arrived Asa°ita from Loggia c. 7.30 a.m.. °ali baDa has been looking for me. Hanfare Lokke is here. *°Afar aamele iyyu* [Afar will fight]. *Yassin Hanfare aam nek iyye yokiyge, gera sin aHenno, bassa ke unuke num. ni baaDa manaHa. Zamača* have been here c. 15 days and there have been fights with °Afar. They are frightened of °Afar. Lokke tells of fighting in the bar – a drunk who said “why are you playing billiards whilst we starve.” Tigre labourer. The Galla held a big demo in favour of land reform and the °Afar watched scornfully. The noise of the demonstration brought thousands to Asa°ita for °Afar defence. Some galla have gone back to their own land. Afar fully armed. No rain yet. Threats to fire the cotton if the gov° does not allow its sale. It will not be taken to Addis unless the money is given first. *Hanfare Hayyul yeni* [Hanfare is in Hayyu]. Trees planted, *zamacha* building roads. *°Afar ken taama fiyaana itta*. Saw bati °omar ada and ammar °omar at boqaytu. °ali baDa has gone to awsa with the goats.

ADDIS ABABA 14.3.1975

[The last journal entry of Glynn's was the following.]

14.3. Friday: March. H.E. on television to say Afar were in favour of Socialism and were “defending the land against enemies and foreigners”. Also on the radio not long ago saying °Afar were the first socialists in Ethiopia:– eat together.

°ali mirah Helim back – was in Asa°ita last Monday. Too late to go to school anyway. *doysimarka fara*. [GFJL 234]

IN ADDIS ABABA 15.3.–24.5.1975

[We found no journal entries of Glynn's from 15th March onwards, although Michèle tells us he stayed in Addis Ababa until 24th May. In a letter sent to her parents on 28th March, Michèle wrote:

'Glynn has received his grant; it is only awarded to university professors. How happy he is! There, it's truly quit or double! All this proves that his work is appreciated. I feel that my Glynn, who has always believed in his superior abilities, will now lift mountains! I am very happy for him; he deserves it hugely.'

While in Addis Ababa Glynn was in communication with people in England as regards his article 'Nomadism and its future: The Afar', which was published in the *RAINews* in January/February (Flood 1975a). We know that A.F. Robertson responded to Glynn's article (Robertson 1975), and Glynn replied to Robertson's critique (Flood 1975b). This correspondence was published in *RAINews*.

The following piece, which Glynn wrote at this time, provides additional theoretical thoughts he had on topics addressed in his article. It is the last writing of Glynn's that has survived.]

LAST SURVIVING TEXT WRITTEN BY GLYNN (GFJL 312–315)

The 'problems' facing pastoral peoples probably only appear in the context of contact with our type of civilization.

Overgrazing for instance has almost certainly always been a periodic problem for pastoralists; despite what you say about the validity – in the traditional context – of attitudes which encourage the escalation of herd numbers, overgrazing and/or drought would periodically reduce animal and human populations. This only becomes a 'problem' in the modern situation when you have governments which theoretically deplore the loss of life and suffering involved, and simultaneously blame it on the people themselves (quite correctly) using this argument as an excuse for 'developing' the land of the nomads. In terms of modern methods, nomad land is underutilized, I think undeniably so.

Yet, in terms of traditional methods, and in the sense that overgrazing and subsequent famine occur, nomad land is often over utilized.

What happens stems from the interaction of these two systems, one traditional and stable (albeit with great fluctuations in populations) the other modern and expansive.

Before the contact of these two systems the traditional system would have had its ups and downs but would always be able to recover. When in contact with the modern system the traditional method has no real chance: the normal situation of fluctuating animal/human population is viewed as something which ought to be changed: and the regular values and methods of the traditional system are condemned because they allow for and can tolerate precisely those things which are deplored.

The difference is largely technological.

So in the contact situation, when the pastoralists enter their downswing, people begin to have 'good' arguments for taking land, for introducing new methods for developing. Attempts to introduce new methods at this time fail because it is precisely then that the pastoralists can be expected to cling firmly to their traditional methods – they are 'sure' that there is an end to the downswing, as there always has been, and there is no point in perhaps accentuating it by abandoning time-tested ways.

But, because land is increasingly taken from the pastoralists, the bottom of the downswing is deepened and a vicious circle sets in: the more they suffer from famine the more arguments there are for development: the more development there is the greater is the potential damage of famine to the traditional herdsmen.

Amongst the Afar something very odd has happened at the end of this cycle: for years they have been bombarded with propaganda about development and the benefits of farming cotton. Slowly, and then very rapidly, the last dry season grazing has been taken. Then, just when the Afar have been brought to their knees by a combination of loss of land and lack of rain, it is decided that vast areas of their land would be ideal for cattle ranching. Money is available, help is available. But the Afar refuse: the drought has been so severe at last that they now see that cattle (under traditional methods) are no longer viable. They no longer want cattle.

There are two points to be made here. Firstly, that the Afar at least seem more prepared to give up cattle raising itself than to give up their traditional methods: and secondly that Afar society in the area has been destroyed, thousands of people have died, because development was justifiable on the grounds that the land was underutilized – yet vast areas will continue to be underutilized because the only people who are capable of utilizing them have had their faith in cattle so severely shaken that they want nothing more to do with them.

The areas of cotton plantation taken from the Afar dry season grazing are enough to seriously disrupt the traditional economy, but are tiny compared with the vast areas which are rendered unusable now that they have been taken. Eventually perhaps the areas suitable for cattle raising will be exploited. And probably some Afar will be involved. But it will be many years before any such thing is possible because now, initially at least, such projects will have to be organized from the outside and labour will have to be imported for the purpose, so severely is Afar society shaken. As we know, the people who live in pastoral areas have a fantastic knowledge of their world and how to extract a livelihood from it. But given the sequence of events in Afar, precisely these people can not now be used. So what should the argument be about? Underutilization of land, or underutilization of people?

I say this because you don't seem to deal with what I regard as a major cause of the pastoralists undoing, in the general field of cultural supremacist

arguments, the humanistic arguments about the suffering of pastoralists under a traditional regime. Some of the worst things that are done are supported by arguments that would sound good coming from a parish priest.

GLYNN'S LAST VISIT TO ASAITA 25.5.–?.6.1975

[Glynn set off to return to Asa^cita on 25th May 1975. That was the last time Michèle saw him. He had planned to go and retrieve his equipment and other materials from Asa^cita and the camp at foDa^co, and then to return to Addis Ababa within two weeks. He told Michèle that if he did not return as planned, she should not worry, but go back to Europe with Kaali, and he would turn up at some later date; he could always find a way via Djibouti.]

REPORT OF GLYNN'S DEATH

[At the end of August 1975, an article by Peter Niesewand about the death of Glynn Flood was published in *The Guardian*. It is reproduced on the next pages.]

Briton dies in t



Glynn Flood

A British anthropologist, Mr Glynn Flood, missing in the eastern desert region of Ethiopia for the past three months, is now believed to have been killed during fierce shooting clashes between troops and the largely nomadic Afar tribesmen.

Mr Flood, aged 26, had a French wife, Michele, and an 18-month-old daughter. He was a postgraduate student at the London School of Economics.

Reports of his death have come from separate sources inside Ethiopia, and from the bordering French territory of Djibouti. According to the commander of a French border patrol, Mr Flood was killed on June 6 in the Kale area, south-east of the town of Aisita—which was itself largely destroyed in the fighting.

The French said that the

tribal warfare

By PETER NIESEWAND

young anthropologist had been dressed in Afar clothes, and was photographing incidents between Ethiopian soldiers and Afar tribesmen, when he was shot in the chest. Afars with him were also killed.

Last week, the British Foreign Office sent a military attache from Addis Ababa to Djibouti to investigate Mr Flood's disappearance, and a consular official is now planning to drive from Addis Ababa to Aisita to make further inquiries. However, it is understood that this will be an attempt to obtain final confirmation, rather than an official hope that he might still be found alive.

Mr Flood went to Aisita on May 25 to continue his studies, and a few days later, Ethiopian troops launched a new attempt to dislodge the political and

spiritual leader of the Afar clan, Sultan Ali-Mirah. There was fierce fighting in several towns and villages of the Danakil desert, in which weapons ranging from tanks to the traditional long, curved nomad knives were used.

Mr Flood had left his wife and daughter in Addis Ababa, and had planned to stay in Afar territory for a fortnight. When he did not return, Mrs Flood tried unsuccessfully to trace him. On June 25, she received a telephone call from an Afar official who had reached French Djibouti, saying that Mr Flood was safe and had been seen near the border.

There were also other reports that he had been seen on June 12 variously trying to hitch-hike back to Addis Ababa, and in the company of Ethiopian soldiers. These have now been discounted.

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HASSAN ABDALLA'S HOUSEHOLD

LATE JUNE 1973

▫ Hassan abdalla. General Farm Manager. Office in centre of Asaita. He acts to co-ordinate work on the farms. Now that Hashim is going to the States to study he has taken over Hashim's job (early July 1973). He often travels, Dubti, Kombolcha, Addis, but has not travelled to Europe. From the *arebta* [clan name]. Has a wife and child in Assab. Speaks arabic, amharic (excellent), english (very good) as well as his own 'afaraf. Sleeps outside. No alcohol.



Photo 44: Hassan Abdalla
(G. FLOOD, 1973)

▫ MoHammed sira:j. Small medium farmer just getting under way. Has 22 ha.. Has lived outside afar for most of his life, having been born on DaHlak, of which his father is now governor. Wife and two young children (below 4) in Asmara. Straight hair and Indian features, hence nickname Ghandi or Bangladesh. Age c. 28. Speaks afar, amharic, tigre, english. Sleeps inside, double bed. Tonsils complaint. No alcohol.



Photo 45: Mohammed Siraj
(G. FLOOD, 1973)

▫ Abba mu:sa ('Idaltu') lived 40 years in Sudan, his home place. Very old and has difficulty doing his job as gatekeeper. Obviously not in the household because of his usefulness – rather by charity. Likeable old man. Main language arabic, speaks little or no afar (less than me). Prays regularly. No alcohol.


▫ Zawde (Zewdi) Habasha/Galla woman, divorced (or husband dead) therefore forced to go into service. Cooks, washes, cleans house, does the shopping. No sexual relation with other members of the household. Works because she is poor, they all say. Age less than 30. Speaks amharic, 'afar. Often invites woman friends to the cooking house. Sleeps in out-house or in garden.



Photo 45: Zewdi
(G. FLOOD, 1973)

- Abdu Afar father dead therefore he must work. Aged c. 13. Galla mother, but speaks perfect 'afar or nearly so. Reads a little amharic. Hassan and Siraj tried to put him thro' school but he refused. Plans to put him in the new petrol station as a mechanic when it opens. Now he brings hand-washing water and food to the table, runs errands and helps Zewdi with the shopping. Has a close relationship with Zewdi and tends to be a little nasty towards Ahamad (see below). But basically a nice kid. Tension with Ahamad quite clearly structured rather than interpersonal (Afar v Galla; newcomer v old-hand). Sleeps on ground outside.
- AHamed. Aged about 9. Likeable kid. Found by Aydahis in his car in Dubti and brought at his own request to Asaita. Very witty and intelligent. Resents his low status. Pure 'afar, was a nomad child with the goats 3 months ago: when he is naughty they threaten him with "Do you want to go back to the goats again". Attends, after a fashion, *qora:n buDa*. Often in chains there. Arrived with an enlarged spleen (malaria). Has scar on his forehead from being kicked by a donkey. *Arebta*. Sleeps on ground outside.

THE HOUSE

Outside. Walls painted dark green, corrugated iron. Roof also corrugated iron, unpainted (blows off frequently). Windows no glass, barred and with shutters and curtains. Doors are double flap  and secure against wind.

Inside. Lining of walls is hardboard with occasional wooden slats as struts for support. Warped. Unpainted in places Interior roof is the same. If corrugated iron off it leaks. Doorway between living/dining room and sleeping/reposing room consists of a floral pattern curtain. No electricity. No running water. Torches and well water. Permanent lighting by hurricane lamp, though time after dark mostly spent outside. Concrete floor. Change in level room ii–iii of c. 2½"

FURNITURE

i) Large table for eating. Could seat 10 people. Six chairs. All this western/commercial stuff. Table cloth. Vase in ruby red glass, plastic roses. No window in this corner.

Low table. formica-topped coffee table, light brown wood imitation. Below window one sofa for three people. Brown. Three matching arm chairs. Cupboard for crockery, knives, forks. Things on top – odds and ends. 2 Pigeon holes at one end for papers etc. Modern piece of furniture. Brown. Bookshelves, simple & functional. Brown. Pigeon holes at one end for papers etc. Books mainly belong to Hanfari. Nkrumah's work on economic imperialism, 2 spy stories, Leon Uris Topaz

ii) Two beds used for siesta and taken outside for sleeping at night. Blankets & pillows – tho' unnecessary.

- iii) One low double bed. Siraj sleeps there. Bedside table. Chest of drawers with telephone on it. Large wardrobe/combined drawers. Modern furniture. Tends to be dark.
- iv) Open on two sides with waist high green fence of wood. bed (traditional leather strips and wooden frame). Prayer mat used by Idaltu. Water skin. Fly whisk. This is the old man's territory. Other people do pray there however. (Mohammad 'Ali from boqaytu.)

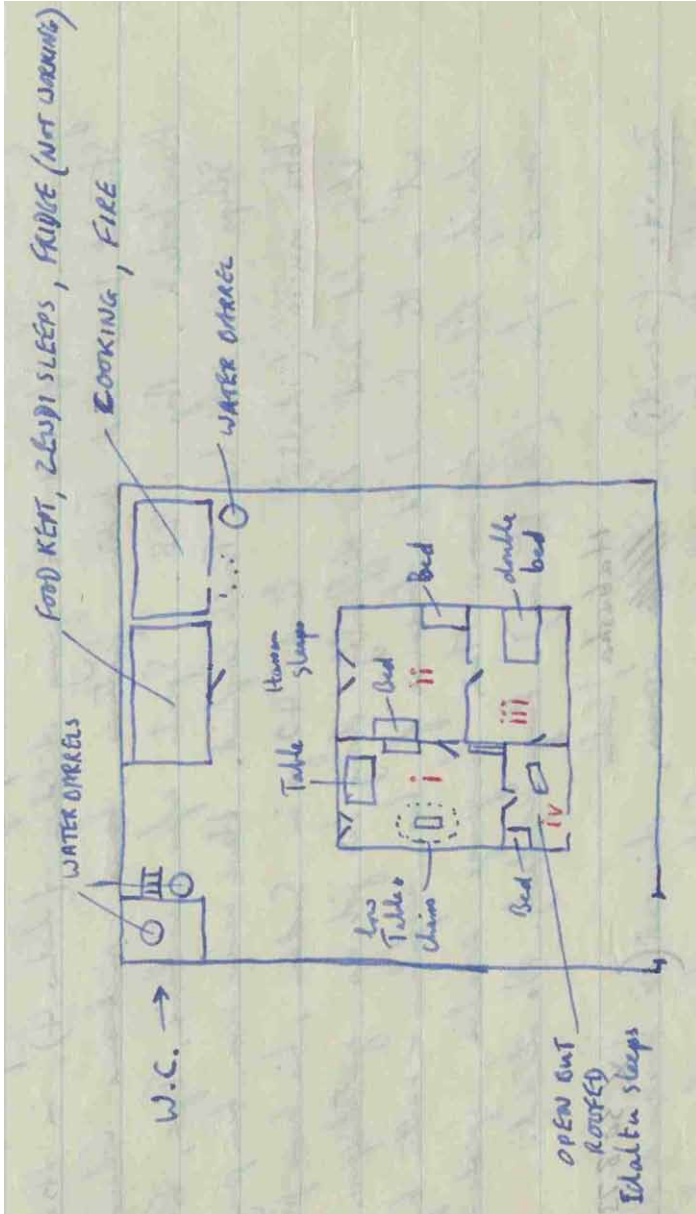


Figure 5: Hassan's House (GFFNW 219)

DAILY ROUTINES

i) (Hassan present) Hassan up about 7 a.m. perhaps earlier. Ahamad, Abdu, Idaltu, and Zewdi already up. Ahamad probably outside playing. Siraj rises with Hassan. I get up about ten minutes later. Hassan & Siraj shower. I shower sometimes too. Zewdi prepares breakfast – tea and fatty pancake things. We eat a light breakfast. Drink a glass of water after eating. Sometimes there is egg (omelette), sometimes milk.

Hassan sometimes gone before I get up. Siraj less often so. After breakfast, c. 7.30, 7.45, Hassan & Siraj go to office, work or whatever. Ahamad stays around and unless it is Friday he goes off to qoran school, by 8 a.m. (tho' I often find him elsewhere at about 9 a.m.).

During the morning I work, reading or chatting with people that drop by. Usually c. 9.45 there are plenty of visitors looking for Hassan or coming to see me. If it is market day I go out to take pictures or just look. Drink a few cokes. Anyway, work is impossible after 11 a.m. as it is too hot.

I return to the house after my late morning walk, usually to find a few people – 2–3 playing rummy or just sitting & talking.

Zewdi and/or Abdu will have gone out to do some shopping around 10 a.m., but only Abdu stays away for long. Zewdi cleans up the house c. 9.15 a.m.. Then after shopping she cooks. Perhaps one of her two main friends with young children comes by.

Sometime during the morning, or sometime during the afternoon, sometimes both, the water man and his donkeys come by. He is Habasha. I have never seen any money given to him but Siraj tells me that they pay 50 cents a donkey (4 cans). The tanks are filled once every three days.

If we are to eat *bakal*, which is often, the Habasha butcher comes by in the morning and slaughters it, cutting the throat of the animal whilst it is held prostrate on its side. Sometimes abba mu:sa helps in the slaughtering. There is a washing of hands before and after. The butcher gets the skin.

Between two and three Siraj and/or Hassan come(s) back. Usually there are one or two hangers-on, who have come to eat. Sometimes Siraj comes back before Hassan. Sometimes we learn that Hassan has gone to Dulti or Kombolcha or wherever and will be back '*be:ra*' or '*be:Ha*'. Hassan never comes back before Siraj, unless it is to grab a few bits and pieces before leaving Asaita.

We eat, usually at least four at table, served by Abdu. Sometimes there is a hightable/lowtable arrangement.

Afterwards Hassan sees people who are waiting to see him, for money or for business or whatever. Sometimes we play rummy. Occasionally chess.

About 4.30 p.m. Hassan & Siraj leave for the office. Lunch hour is usually about 2 hours long.

I usually begin working about 3.30 p.m. tho' it is rather too hot. It gets dark around 6.40 p.m. If there was anyone interesting in the lunch-time gather-

ing perhaps he stays behind to talk to me. More often than not I talk with Ahamad and 'Ali Mohammad who are patient and helpful. But when the Sultan is there they are both busy.

Just before dusk, unless I am busy on something worthwhile, I go for a walk in the village where I meet people and drink milk or coca-cola. Given the existing lighting facilities the period after dark is frustrating if I wish to go on working.

Siraj & Hassan come back any time between 7.30 and 10 p.m.. If they, or just one of them, are late those present eat without them. Siraj is usually reluctant to eat without Hassan however, and goes thro' a minor internal conflict each time my presence as a guest necessitates it.

The evening meal is usually better than the mid-day meal. As always, tea is served afterwards. We eat outside at night, with the hurricane lamp. Evening is a delight, cool and fresh usually Hassan comes back, and Siraj, and they take a shower and change into their *saro* and relax.

After dinner we go to bed; perhaps there is a short discussion before this. Hassan and I sleep in the garden on beds prepared by Zewdi and Abdu. The servants and Ahamad eat after us, then they too go to bed. Siraj sleeps inside.

ii) (Hassan absent) Changes are few but noticeable. Siraj goes to the office less. The servants are more disobedient. There is more tension between Abdu & Ahamad. Siraj often invites friends who come and eat *kat* in late afternoon until after dark. Then he does not eat at night. Food is more varied – due I think to Siraj's native hospitality. Siraj often goes out to fuck a prostitute at night (not if he has eaten *kat*). There are fewer people waiting around for money or advice. Those who do visit usually do so because they do not realize Hassan has gone. There are fewer card-playing sessions.

Hassan, now general manager in Hashim's absence (he has gone to US) is not in Asaita. Spends most of his time in Addis now. Siraj is busy out on his farm when he can get transport there, but needs to go to Addis to buy a motorcycle as he does not like to 'beg' all the time. There is another woman of the same age and style as Zewdi, who now does the cooking. Ahamad has gone to Boqaytu (via Dubti!)

Yaasin Zawde, Abdu, Siraj spending much time amongst the family. Hassan in Addis (arrived c. 1.10.73)

Abdu working at garage on tractors.

24.–29. 8.

14. 10.

30. 10.

LETTERS TO HAYWARD AND LEWIS

LETTER TO DICK HAYWARD, LINGUIST, 12.6.1973*

Asaita, c/o Julian, B.P. 1220, A.A.

Dear Dick,

I have just written a long, long letter which was addressed to you at the outset but which soon became more appropriate as something for Ioan Lewis. So, I have decided to divide it all into two letters (tho' I am not really happy about that as the material all seems to go together) But it begins with third rate linguistics and moves into second rate sociology; it's material for both of you to look at, tho' some of it will be more interesting to the one than to the other. Perhaps you could swap letters later!?

I've been working rather unsuccessfully on kinship terminology trying to work out the full range of applications of terms such as *°ammi*, *abu*, *anna*, *abu:sa*, *nangalta* and so on. This led me into using purely descriptive terms for the people involved, so I have some stuff that may be interesting to you – strings of nouns modifying one another. Also involved in the information are the questions of tone/emphasis on such words as *bara* to indicate the sex of the person designated, and the meaning of *ma°anda* and *sa°ala* (or *sa°al*)

Here there is a list of some terms that may be of interest:

<i>yi inah ma°andáh bará</i>	my mother's sister's daughter
<i>yi inah ma°andáh baraw</i>	my mother's sister's daughter
<i>yi inah ma°andáh baray</i>	my mother's sister's son
<i>yi inah ma°andah bára</i>	my mother's sister's son
<i>yi inah sa°álih bára</i>	my mother's sister's son
<i>yi inah sa°áli baraw</i>	my mother's brother's daughter
<i>yi inah sa°áli bará</i>	my mother's brother's daughter
<i>yi inah sa°alih baray</i>	my mother's brother's son

i. e. counting the possible use of *lab* and *say* (not *sey*) there are three ways of designating sex in the person being discussed.

yi inah ma°andah baray = *yi inah ma°andah labbára* tho' they tend not to use it (because the high tone/emphasis makes it redundant?). But redundancy is a problem here, and I have few ideas about why three methods of saying the same thing exist.

* Typed up from Glynn Flood Journal and Letters 286–291

I have only heard *baraw*, *baray* at the end of an utterance, i. e. in a non-verbal sentence. I don't see how it could be used as the subject of a verbal sentence unless it is left unchanged.

When I tell people here that the high tone/emphasis feature can be used on *ma^canda* and *sa^cala* they are not at all keen. Only the wise old men nod their heads and say "Indeed he knows our language!" In common usage *sa^cál* means brother and *ma^candá* means sister

Tobokoytá instead of *ma^candá* is accepted as the kind of thing you have to expect crazy white people full of ridiculous questions to come out with. The main use of the word is in a figurative sense, *tobokoytá* meaning one who is your (close) friend, your brother.

In their "Afar Pedagogical Grammar" Parker and Colby give *sa^cal* as brother and *ma^candá* as sister.

Then, half way thro', they change their minds and give *sa^cal* as half-brother. "Likewise *ma^candá* means half-sister. *Inah baDa* 'mother's child' refers to a full brother or sister" quote. (They say it is ½ brother by the same father)

From my own observations, they go quite wrong here. Tho' perhaps for good sociological reasons, as I will explain in my letter to Ioan. No-one here accepts *sa^cal* or *ma^canda* as half-brother or -sister. *yi abbah bara* (with tone/stress in the right place) does that job.

Perhaps the explanation for the confusion is that the meanings of the words vary from area to area – that the social structure of which they are a part, and for which they are so important differs around Thio where Parker and Colby worked. Also, I suggest that there are two semantic components in the *ma^canda/sa^cala* dichotomy: a) feminine/masculine b) inferior/superior. In different circumstances either of them might be dominant? I argue this in my letter to Ioan.

Now some problems. As you see, in the descriptive kinship terms the modification of nouns goes along quite regularly, according to the rules you give *yi abbah abbah abbah barra*.

But if left to decide alone I would prefer to write it *yi abba habba habbah barra*. Small point tho'. (Forms a compound [geminates])

Of more importance is that in the speech of some people I hear *yi inas sa^cala* instead of the *yi inah sa^cala* that I want. Also, *yi inam ma^candah bará** which gave me even more cause for alarm. In rapid, uncaredful speech the *-h* does seem to have become whatever consonant follows it. But not regularly as * shows.

I checked this with a more reliable informant – and one who understands better what I am after – and got the following

Hassan yayyo yi inah sa^cala. kay bar yi inah sa^calih bará
Hassan yayyo my mother's brother. His f-child my mo bro f-child

Note that *yi inaká: sa^cal bará* is also correct.

With the same informant I produced the following progression.

Hanti kodda yi Hanih kodda yi tobokoytih Hanti kodda
milk bottle(skin) my milk bottle my brother's milk bottle
He will not accept *yi tobokoytih Hanih kodda*.

Yet, with other examples, he remains regular.

tikog geli wo tikoh geli wo tikoh barih geli
hawk's wings that hawk's wings that hawk's m-child's wings
In rapid but precise speech this becomes: *wo tikohu barihi geli*

Similarly:

tikoh inti wo tikoh inti wo tikoh barih inti
hawk's eyes that hawk's eyes that hawk's m-child's eyes
In rapid but precise speech this becomes *wo tikohu barihinti*

So it is possible to add vowels after the clitic *-k* and after modifying the *-h*

Asaita has its own system of numbering for money transactions

25 cents = *nussi*

50 cents = *silingi*

75 cents = *silingi ke nussi*

\$1 = *dollár*

\$2 = *garsí*

\$3 = *garsí ke dollar*

\$4 = *namma garsí*

\$20 = *tabana garsí*

\$70 = *soddum ke ko:na garsí*

\$1000 = *ko:na bolih garsí*

The system is regular throughout.

For telling the time they use arabic loan words.

e. g. *taban ke inki sa^cat ke labatanna daqe:ka*
ten and one hour and twenty minutes
(I use /q/ for unvoiced uvular stop as in *quRa:n*)

Well, that's about all. A few strange sentences will follow.

anu inti kol abiDe (verb b.D.)

I eyes for you wink

I wink at you

Han me^ce bas

milk is good emphatic

bas is used with verbal sentences also, when someone is pouring water and you have enough, you say *bas!* – it's a bit like Amharic *bakke*.

yi barra soli:ma tanih
 my wife pregnant she is
yi barra wasaktu le (followed by fits of embarrassed
 my wife menstruation has laughter)
yi barra Dalteh
 my wife has given birth
yi ina ganga Dalte
 my mother twins has given birth
ann afaraf baritah. atu yo barissah
 I afar am learning. You me are teaching

One last thing. Can you write and let me know if there exists any way in which an °afar can be infiltrated into S.O.A.S as a language informant, paid enough to enable him to live and study in London? If so I have a candidate. Hundreds!

By way of correction to my last letter, the people here will accept *ya:b* as a verb. And the *san* or *sana* problem arises, I think, because in answer to the question *ah maHa(y)?* °afar here do not give the basic form of a noun. Details, details!

Hope all is well and that you are getting some writing done. Give my regards to Dr. Andrzejewsky when you see him.

Yours,
Glynn

P.S. Apart from the wise old men who admit of the possibility of *sa°ála/sa°alá*, all the information I get here, and all the reading I have done, suggest that the word should be *sa°ál*.

I have added a note in my letter to Ioan trying to explain what I think about *sa°al/sa°ala*. Perhaps it is two words?

LETTER TO IOAN LEWIS, GLYNN'S SUPERVISOR, 12.5.1973***

Asaita

Dear Ioan,

I began writing to Dick Hayward and the linguistics drifted into sociology, so I have decided to make two letters of it, sending one to you and one to him. I suggested to Dick that you might swap letters later to get the whole story, it was that or send photocopies!

I have been trying to sort out kinship terminology – a process which in my pristine naivety, I never imagined to be so complicated – and have got myself mixed up in trying to understand the meaning of two words. According to Dick *ma^canda* means ‘younger sibling’, *sa^cala* means ‘elder sibling’: a high tone/emphasis feature on these words designates sex i. e. *ma^candá* – younger female sibling; *sa^cála* – elder male sibling.

The people here consistently use *ma^candá* to mean sister and *sa^cál* to mean brother. This *sa^cál* is presumably not the same word as Dick's *sa^cála*.

Enid Parker and Colby in their ‘Afar Pedagogical Grammar’ (useful but full of instructions such as ‘Translate Luke Ch. IV v iii–vi into Afar’!) give *ma^candá* for sister and *sa^cál* for brother. Then they change their minds and say that the two words ‘really’ mean half-sibling by the same father. They give *inah baDa* for full sibling (literally, mother's child).

People here will not accept that *ma^candá* or *sa^cál* have anything to do with half-sister or -brother relationships. They give the obvious *yi abbah bara* – my father's child (sex again determined by high tone/emphasis on *bara* so that ½ sister is *yi abbah bará*, ½ brother is *yi abbah bára*).

So it seems that Parker and Colby are wrong. But this set me thinking as to why they should make the mistake. I decided that it was possibly because they realized that to give *sa^cal* = brother and *ma^candá* = sister is not the full story.

ma^canda/sa^cala is probably one of the most important relationships in ^cafar society.

The modayto are named after modayle ibraHin. If he had six sons, the sub-group of modayto which traces its descent back to the eldest of these is the same way (as yet unknown) superior to the remaining five sub-groups (assuming that all six groups are deemed to have generated sub-groups). If modayle ibraHin was himself the youngest of the sons in his own sibling group, then all of modayto are ‘inferior’ to all of the groups generated by modayle IbraHin's brothers.

The terminology used to describe the ranking system is *ma^canda/sa^cala*.

I've just re-read my ‘odds and ends’ section in my notes, and find that some

* Typed up from Glynn Flood Journal and Letters 262–277

months ago one of my modern ^oafar friends told me that Bitwoded ^oAli Mirah, the Sultan of Aussa, refuses to use his great powers to bully the Sultan of Raheyto because in terms of the tracing of descent from HaDalma:His, Ali Mirah is *ma^oanda* to the Sultan of Raheyto. Correction! He actually said that the Sultan of Raheyto is the Sultan of Aussa's *sa^oala*.

So, *ma^oanda/sa^oala* defines in some way the relationship between tribes, sections of tribes and sultanates.

Apart from some confusion as to whether we should give *sa^oal* or *sa^oala*, all this tends to support Dick's translations of the words: *ma^oánda* for younger brother, *ma^oandá* for younger sister; *sa^oála* for elder brother, *sa^oalá* for elder sister. It seems unlikely that a system of ranking by age should be applied to the whole society and not to the immediate family – especially when the words used are the same.

Forgetting male or female for the moment, I think that the system works like this: the eldest of four brothers is called *sa^oala* by the remaining three; he youngest calls everyone *sa^oala*; the third born calls two of his brothers *sa^oala*; the second born calls only the first born *sa^oala*. i. e. *ma^oanda/sa^oala* is a dyadic relationship.

The analysis is made difficult because between actual brothers *ma^oánda* is not used (at least in Asaita). Instead, *tobokóyto* – a noun connected with the verb .b.k. to be born – is used generally for brother. (Note that both Chedeville and Dick Hayward give *tobokoytá* for sister but it is not used in Asaita).

The usage of terms for brother and sister becomes extremely complicated. A man talking about his brother will say *usuk yi tobokóyta* – he (is) my brother; or, *anu kay sa^oála* – I am his *sa^oala*/(elder) brother. Both statements can be made about an elder brother. No one says *usuk yi ma^oanda* – he is my (younger) brother/*ma^oánda*. Although this statement is accepted as grammatically correct, it is usually 'hidden behind' *yi tobokóyta* or even *usuk yi sa^oála* (which is 'wrong' if *ma^oanda/sa^oala* reflects age hierarchies). Most often, however, instead of *usuk yi ma^oanda* I hear *anu kay sa^oala* – the complementary half of the dyadic relationship.

Even though brothers will not use *ma^oánda* between themselves I think I am right in thinking that the concept is important in their relationship because, a) the sentence *usuk yi ma^oánda* is accepted as theoretically and grammatically correct and b) in other contexts where relationships between men are concerned the use of *sa^oala* by one to another excludes its reciprocal use (see above); c) *ma^oanda* is the opposite of *sa^oala* in several contexts, tho' the criteria on which the opposition is based may change.

I think that *sa^oal* (*sa^oala*) denotes superiority by age or by sex. In relationships between siblings *ma^oanda/sa^oala* is a contrasted pair, the opposition being based on sex with only slight age-superiority overtones; men are superior to women anyway and to give free reign to *ma^oanda/sa^oala* distinctions in terms of age between brothers would be to admit rivalry where solidarity

and harmony are the ideals. Hence the use of *sa^cal* for brother and *ma^cándá* for sister. That the age-superiority matter can be involved in relationships between brothers is illustrated by the fact that a man, having said “I am yusuf’s *sa^cal*” does not always accept my reply “Ah! yusuf is your *sa^cal*”: whereas he will accept, under mild protest “Then yussuf is your *ma^cándá*”. But generally *sa^cala/ma^canda* is not used between brothers.

As a further illustration of the use of *ma^canda/sa^cala*, this time in a figurative sense, people in Asaita who wish to tell me that they respect me, regard me as a friend and therefore think that I should buy them a coca cola, will eventually get around to saying to me *atu yi sa^cala*- you are my *sa^cala*. (In Asaita, people further up the hierarchy than you can be freely asked for money, coca cola, cigarettes etc.)

Just as often I hear *atu yi tobokóyta bas* – you are my brother (emphatic), but then from people who regard themselves as equal and don’t want a coca; or as superior and intend to buy me one.

To someone who says to me *atu yi sa^cála*, assuming that I don’t want to buy them anything? I now reply “*hinna. atu yi sa^cála* – not so! you are my (elder brother) *sa^cála*”. This is invariably rejected as impossible to the grounds that if I am his *sa^cála*, he can not be mine. This I regard as an indication that the *sa^cala/ma^canda* age distinction is involved.

But no-one ever says to me, however much he wants a coca cola, “*anu ku ma^cándá* – I am your (younger brother) *ma^cándá*”. Intrigued, I tried it out. Now when people say to me *atu yi sa^cala* I occasionally reply “*yey. atu yi ma^cándá*” – “yes, you are my (younger brother) *ma^cándá*”. If there is an audience this provokes laughter. Always there is a kind of puzzled embarrassment in the recipient. But they don’t correct me.

I think this is happening because there are these two components of meaning in *sa^cala/ma^canda*. The one superiority/inferiority by age, the other by sex. Also, it is a bit like when you go to somebody and say “If you do x for me I will do anything in return” – “*atu yi sa^cala*” and he replies “Great, lick my boots” – “*yey atu ma^cándá*”. A man can say to another *atu yi sa^cala* – you are my age superior/sibling/male. But you can not say *anu ku ma^cándá* – I am your age inferior/sibling/female.

Even with the accent on *ma^cándá* I think it carries a certain femininity with it, when used between individuals. (Remember that the most commonly used word for sister is *ma^cándá*, the most commonly used word for brother is *sa^cal* or *tobokóyta*)

Briefly, in summary, *ma^canda/sa^cala* is used to describe sexual categories among siblings, whilst retaining an almost hidden meaning involving age superiority/inferiority between men, either brothers or acquaintances.

At the level of relationships between *kedo* tribe or sub-sections of *kedo* the emphasis is on the superiority/inferiority in reference to age. (There are no women involved).

Before going on to a discussion of terms of kinship used for cousins, (I think this has something to do with *ma^canda/sa^cala*) I give a list of the twelve possible ways in which a man might speak about his brother or sister. I mark those which are grammatically correct, theoretically possible but not used thus *. The regularly used I mark O. Man speaking in all cases. The others are used occasionally

	<i>anu kay tobokóyta</i>	I his brother
O	<i>anu kay sa^cála</i>	I his <i>sa^cál</i>
*	<i>anu kay ma^cánda</i>	I his <i>ma^cánda</i>
O	<i>usuk yi tobokóyta</i>	he my brother
	<i>usuk yi sa^cála</i>	he my <i>sa^cál</i>
*	<i>usuk yi ma^cánda</i>	he my <i>ma^cánda</i>
O	<i>is yi ma^candá</i>	she my <i>ma^candá</i>
*	<i>is yi savalá</i>	she my <i>sa^calá</i>
*	<i>is yi tobokoytá</i>	she my sister
O	<i>anu tet sa^cála</i>	I her <i>sa^cál</i>
*	<i>anu tet ma^cánda</i>	I her <i>mavánda</i>
	<i>anu tet tobokóyta</i>	I her brother

If, as I think *ma^canda/sa^cala* is used to differentiate sexes within the sibling group, and its meaning of age-rating only becomes important at a higher level (tribe and sub-groups) then the use of *ma^canda/sa^cala* at the intermediate level – terms for cousins – might be illuminating.

Father's sister's children are described in various ways. They belong to a different *kedo* but are at the same time close to ego both physically and socially. The actual FZD is supposed to become your wife: in a sense she belongs to your father and if you want to opt out of the marriage you must answer to him and to her father. In order of decreasing precision the terms used are as follows

- i) *abu:sa* – usually children of actual FZ (but, theoretically at least, also children of classificatory FZ)
- ii) *yi abbah ma^candáh daylo* – children of all women of same generation and tribe as FZ
- iii) *yi annah daylo* – as ii) but also children of MZ and of all women of her generation and tribe.

Note that instead of ii), *yi abbah sa^caláh daylo* is grammatically correct and theoretically possible but I have never heard it used. Even if your FZ is older than your F, her children are *yi abbah ma^candáh daylo*. This is the term most often used to describe FZ□. *Abu:sa* is used mainly when marriage is being discussed, and since marriage is ideally with the actual FZD the meaning of *abu:sa* tends to get limited to actual FZ□. *Yi annah daylo* is too general since it covers people in your *kedo* and people in other *kedo*.

Incidentally, the use of *yi abbah ma^candah daylo* emphasizes the inferiority of those so designated to the speaker.

Mother's sister's children can also be described in three ways. In decreasing order of precision these are:

i) *nangalta* – same as ii) below

ii) *yi inah ma^candáh daylo* – my mother's sister's children, children of all women of tribe and generation of mother.

iii) *yi annah daylo* – see iii) above

Note that in place of ii), *yi inah sa^caláh daylo* is grammatically correct and theoretically possible, but I have not heard it used. Even if your MZ is older than your M, her children are *yi inah ma^candáh daylo*.

The term most often used is *nangalta*. This term is the complementary term in the *abu:sa/nangalta* marriage rules. Its application and meaning are less precise than *abu:sa*, since although the ideal marriage is with the actual FZD, the “ideal forbidden marriage” is no more with the actual MZD than with the classificatory MZ□. *Nangalta* is irrelevant to the *ma^canda/sa^cala* hierarchy. Given that FZD marriage is enjoined, your classificatory MZ□ are quite possibly the children of your FB or classificatory FB. In this light the avoidance of the term *yi ina ma^candah daylo* might be a reflection of the need to keep the *ma^canda/sa^cala* distinction out of intra-tribal affairs.

Father's brother's children – who might also be MZ children and therefore *nagalta* – can be described in two other ways, both equally precise.

i) *yi ^cammih daylo* – my classificatory paternal uncle's children

ii) *yi abbah sa^cálih daylo* – see above

^c*ammi* is a classificatory term with the same range of application as the descriptive *yi abbah sa^cal*.

Note that instead of ii), *yi abbah ma^cándih daylo* is grammatically and theoretically possible, but is never used. If two brothers have children, each of the group of children will refer to the other as *ni abbah sa^cálih daylo* – our father's (elder) brother's children. This is unusual since usually when *sa^cal(a)* is applied to another person that person can not apply it to you.

The term most commonly used is – *yi ^cammih daylo*. People described as *yi abbah sa^cálih daylo* would be, if what I argue about *ma^canda/sa^cala* is correct, superior to the speaker. Given the segmentary nature of ^cafar society it is possible that an individual will be his FB□ formed into a new unit in opposition to his own sibling group, as his F and FB split up. To cede superiority to what is potentially a new *kedo* by attributing its founder with superiority over your father is hardly wise. On the other hand, to begin by calling your FB□ *yi abbah ma^cándih daylo* would be to presuppose the split and thereby to encourage it. The most used term, *yi ^cammih daylo*, is neutral and therefore preferable.

Mother's brother's children can be described in two ways, but equally precise.

i) *yi abih daylo* – my classificatory maternal uncle's children

ii) *yi inah sa^cálih daylo* – my mother’s (elder) brother’s children (classificatory too)

Instead of ii) *yi inah ma^cándih daylo* is grammatically correct and theoretically possible but has not been recorded. In fact, *yi inah sa^cálih daylo* is only given under pressure.

Yi abih daylo is the usual term.

Abu and *yi inah sa^cala* are both classificatory terms for MB and all men of his tribe and generation. According to Asen Balikci, with whom I am in contact, there is an imported MB/ZS relationship. The avoidance (more marked in this case than in any other) of the use of *ma^canda/sa^cala* is a reflection upon the delicate nature of the relationship. If you call MB \square *yi inah ma^cándih daylo* you are denying your MB’s interpretation of his relationship with your mother – his sister. As far as he is concerned age is irrelevant here: your mother is *ma^candà* to him. But if you call MB \square *yi inah sa^cálih daylo* you are admitting your inferiority to people outside your own *kedo*.

Finally, I’ll say something about terms for brother’s children. *sa^cal daylo* is used even if the children concerned are (strictly speaking) children of brothers who are *ma^cánda* to you.

So when I pressure informants to find out what is tolerable and what is not, I get some odd but interesting statements.

e. g.	<i>aHamad</i>	<i>yi</i>	<i>ma^cánda</i>	<i>kinnih</i>	<i>kay</i>	<i>daylo</i>
	Ahmed	my	(younger) brother	is	his	children
		<i>yi</i>	<i>sa^cálih</i>	<i>daylo</i>		
		my	(elder) brother’s	children		

Yi ma^cándih daylo is not used but is accepted as ^cafar. *yi inah barih daylo* – my mother’s son’s children – is also “correct” but is not used much.

When *yi sa^cal(ah) daylo* is used respect is shown to those so described and to their father. The term is classificatory, extending beyond children of actual brothers to children of all men of your generation and tribe. The respect that is shown does not detract from the honour of the *kedo* since it is applied to members of the *kedo*.

As in the discussion of terms for FB \square above, the possibility of segmentation is involved here.

Above, I argued that *yi ^cammih daylo* was used for FB \square because it embodies no rivalry on the *ma^canda/sa^cala* scale. It is used by those who might conceivably witness segmentation, about the children of those who might inaugurate it.

With the use of *yi sa^cal(ah) daylo* no attempt is made to get around the *ma^canda/sa^cala* system, by restricting its use within the *kedo*. On the contrary, its reciprocal use promotes intra-*kedo* harmony by introducing an element of respect between equals, between those who might inaugurate secessionary movements. This use of *sa^cal(a)* along with the relatively infrequent usage described above (*yi abbah sa^cálih daylo* for FB \square) is the only occurrence of

either *sa^ˆala* or *ma^ˆanda* in which the use of one does not imply the existence of the other. See above.

Both cases concern intra-*kedo* usage.

Enough of that for now! I realise that it's confused and confusing, but do you have any idea about this kind of thing?

I was very interested to find that the ^ˆafar word for blood money payments is *dia*, and that they also have a word meaning anger, retribution, *He:r*. But then I learnt that *dia* is arabic.

My work on kinship goes along very slowly. The people I can get to work with are mainly the members of the Sultan's private army, drawn from all over ^ˆafar country. They have mostly forgotten their own families, and as you must know, collecting kinship terms when you don't have personal names to attach them to is a precarious business. Also, I get bogged down in descriptive terms – even when I know that an actual term exists (such a 'uncle' – 'afar *ˆ**ammi* or *abu*) informants regularly give me the 'father's brother' as *abba sa^ˆala*.

The 'real' kinship terms as distinct from descriptive terms are given in Chedeville's article. From what he writes it seems that descriptive terms are used for most relatives. But the page which he devotes to kinship terms is extremely difficult to decipher. It appears ambiguous in places – even Michèle can not pin it down. Perhaps Maurice Bloch might be persuaded to try to convert Chedeville's words into a nice simple diagram or list?

Savard claims that given marriage rules enjoining marriage with your FZD, forbidding it with MBD or MZD or FBD, two groups can keep each other supplied with husbands and wives indefinitely. This seems quite wrong to me but I get very confused with all my diagrams! Surely you must have at least three groups? Sometimes it seems to me that ^ˆafar marriage customs are, in Sahlin's words, 'an organization of predatory expansion', for, unless you keep finding new groups to marry into, you eventually end up with FZD's who are MBD's.

Given the inevitable delays, this will probably not reach England before you go on holiday. I hope you find somewhere nice to go. If you like sun I can't recommend anywhere more than Asaita ... My hair is bleaching unfortunately: I look more like a *ginni* every day – blue eyes, light hair, white skin. When the woman next door got *amhari ginni (zar)* last week, I was almost suspect! Maybe I'll have to put in to the S.S.R.C for hair dye and contact lenses – living expenses.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy(ed) your holidays and that all is well with you. I am in good health tho' there is an epidemic of 'acute gastritis' in the Awash Valley which is making mincemeat of what's left of the Afar.

Best Wishes,
Yours Glynn.

GLOSSARY OF ʿAFAR WORDS

- abba*: father, leader
abeesa: snake
abino: mother's clan
absuma: patrilineal cross-cousin
afa: clan
aflihta / afleeta: woven pot or mat
amʿasa: clan name
amoyta, amoyti: Sultan, Sultan's
amoyti maʿanda: Sultan's sister
anna: aunt
anuʿasita: I have fever
arebta: clan name
asga:de / aska:da / askara / askaara:
 Sultan's militia, guard
away: now, immediately
ayadahisso: ruling lineage

baadeesa: a particular kind of snake
baado / ba:do / bada / baaro: country,
 homeland
bagi biak: diarrhoea
bakal: kid goat
be:ra / be:ha: the next day
biak / biyak: illness
biʿida: oryx
boli:s: police
buDa: house, Palace, residence
buDa mayyu: with no house
buni dowaʿa: coffee prayer

ʿadʿali: sub-clan name
ʿaddala: biting flies
ʿafar ʿada: Afar customs
ʿafaraf: Afar language
ʿagis: again
ʿammi: uncle
ʿandoyta: foreskin
ʿangadda: chewing tobacco
ʿari: tent, house
ʿasoda / ʿasodaa: malaria

ʿayba: leaves for making mats
ʿaybi: shame
ʿbul: cloudy
ʿiidi: end of Ramadan
ʿitta: yoghurt, curd cheese
ʿunga: palm leaves

daagu: news
dabado: crocodile
dadaʿ: rainy season
Dahoyta: sperm
dale: sores
daro: sorghum, grain
derʿi mara: cultivators, land people
didale: bees
diwa: medicine
dunkaan / Keynʿi dunkaan:
 tent / Kenyan tent

eerokalo: snack

faanus: paraffin lamp
fiʿima: age grade
fiʿimatabba: age-set heads
foul: cooked beans

gaali sari: camel praise song
gaʿambo: bread
gala / gaala / gaali: camel, camels
ganta: camp
garab: half
garaʿaytu: spirit thief
garai: stolen
garbol: in the bush
gaso: compound, enclosure
gile: afar sword/knife
ginni: jinn
girale-matarrass: machine gun
gulub / gulubu: lineage

<i>Han</i> : milk	<i>malbo/mablo</i> : council of elders
<i>Hawasa</i> : Awash River	<i>maldayya</i> : metal arm-band
<i>huuri</i> : boat	<i>daharsitu maru</i> : herder, herders, people
<i>idda</i> : sheep	<i>maskintu/meskintu</i> : poor man
<i>inka^ce</i> : lice	<i>midikalo</i> : breakfast
<i>kab^ciraat</i> : leopard	<i>mo^colim</i> : religious teacher
<i>Kabella</i> : sandals	<i>moyya biak/amo biak</i> : head ache
<i>Kadda</i> : big	<i>muriatta</i> : mirror
<i>Kadda Koros</i> : Big Cross i. e. government	<i>rabeena</i> : funeral celebration
<i>Kassow</i> : song of defiance	<i>rabraba</i> : kind of grass
<i>Kat</i> : <i>Catha edulis</i> , stimulant plant	<i>rakub</i> : male camel
<i>Katayso</i> : friend	<i>ramad</i> : relatives
<i>kedo</i> : tribe, clan	<i>reeta</i> : she-goat
<i>Kilayto</i> : smoke, incense	<i>saada</i> : dance song
<i>kitab</i> : amulet	<i>saar</i> : water sack
<i>ko^coso</i> : football game	<i>sagaHado</i> : cow's meat
<i>Kodda</i> : goat skin sack for water	<i>sagdata</i> (Arabic): charity gift
<i>Konoyakke</i> (non- ^c Afar): cognac	<i>samla</i> (Arabic): red head-band
<i>kossi</i> : tobacco leaves	<i>sari/saari</i> : praise song
<i>laa</i> : cattle	<i>saro</i> : sarong
<i>laahi mari</i> : cattle herders / people	<i>saynumu/seynumu</i> : female
<i>labuuna</i> : male	<i>seek</i> : Sheik
<i>lee</i> : water	<i>seesa</i> : palm leaves
<i>lubaj dubulla</i> : cloth like leopard skin	<i>sermuta</i> : prostitute
<i>maagida</i> : pregnant animal, not giving milk	<i>šifta</i> : bandit
<i>ma^cawada</i> : loin cloth	<i>soom</i> : fasting
<i>maderto</i> : tree with sweet smelling incense	<i>subaH</i> : butter
<i>maDeyta / mariata</i> : lover	<i>taama</i> : work
<i>maDeytas / mariata saari</i> : lover's praise song	<i>tobokoyta</i> : brother
<i>mahabantu / makabantu</i> : senior-most leader	<i>turgoman</i> : translator
<i>malab</i> : honey	<i>ulatina</i> : midwife
	<i>ulloyta</i> : bed for birthing
	<i>unda gile</i> : small knife
	<i>urru</i> : youth
	<i>uruufe</i> : stomach pain

wadar gaso: goat enclosure
wadar^cayso: fodder/leaves for
goats
wakkali: company, companion
wasaktu: menstruation
wer^caytu: river

yalli jaarige: God knows
yanguula: hyena

zanzeriya/zanzaria: mosquito net

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