Peacemaking among Primates

Frans de Waal
CHAPTER SIX

Humans

Who can one hit, if not one's friends?
—Sir Ralph Richardson to Sir Alec Guinness,
before punching him in the jaw

Studies of human aggression are to an unfortunate degree beset by another difficulty: investigators are urged, either by their sponsors or by their consciences, to find out what to do about some problem before they have formed any very clear opinion of what the problem is.
—Paul Bohannan

If four different primate species routinely make up after they have fought, similar behavior in another, closely related species probably has the same origin. No one would object to this extrapolation if the fifth species were another animal, but because the fifth species I refer to is the "Crown of Creation," controversy is bound to arise. Animals are considered slaves of their instincts, whereas humans are believed to be creatures of intellect. The distinction is not so clear-cut, however. Animals do not respond automatically, and people are by no means free of deep-seated desires and emotions.

To understand the human species is a particularly challenging task. Because a truly objective view of one's own kind is impossible to achieve, it is not surprising that so many schools of thought and so many conflicting theories exist. Even though there is room for all these viewpoints, one approach meets with
The Paucity of Knowledge

Three boys were interrogated at an Amsterdam police station after having drawn suspicion on themselves by spending more money than is normal for ten-year-olds. The youths admitted that they had found a wallet containing five thousand-guilder notes, but they had in their possession only a little over two thousand guilders. Where had the rest of the money gone? The answer made headlines. The boys had thrown two of the five bills into one of the city's age-old canals— their solution to the indivisibility of five by three. This is a dramatic illustration of how much people value good relationships.

I should qualify this. We value good relationships only to a point. The three boys must have been close friends. If one of them had been an outsider—new to the neighborhood, for example—an entirely different division might have been arranged. Who cares about an outsider, unless he is a very tough fellow? The goal of conflict settlement is not peace per se; it is the maintenance of relationships of proven value. This value is a highly variable item, not only across relationships but also across time within a particular relationship. Thus, a married couple who have successfully reconciled thousands of conflicts may nevertheless reach a point where it does not seem worthwhile to go through the same ritual again. They will increasingly place self-interest above marital harmony.

One compelling goal of people is to have relationships that work to their own advantage. If this occurs in perfect harmony, fine. If it requires coercion and threats, followed by soothing remarks, often this is fine too. Even if one party exerts constant pressure, we stay in the relationship as long as we need it. We do everything possible to keep our social network operative, not necessarily with the most agreeable methods. Some of the best relationships are riddled with squabbles, in that the two parties fluctuate between reinforcing their bond and getting the best possible deal from it. It is comparable to the way a drawbridge serves two kinds of traffic. Keeping the bridge down
causes a jam-up of boats in the canal; keeping the bridge open brings auto traffic to a halt. Just as a drawbridge can never stay in one position, relationships continually go through ups and downs to ensure that issues do not remain unresolved and that hurt feelings are mended.

While aggression is part of each and every human relationship, social scientists treat it as an inherently evil behavior. "Aggression is arguably the most serious of human problems" is a typical opening sentence of books on the topic (this particular one is by Jeffrey Goldstein). Authors support such a statement by a review of detailed aggression and all the misery it causes. I am certainly not of the opinion that aggression is unqualifiedly good—I have seen my share of blood and injuries—but I would prefer that scientists take a more encompassing look. Beyond the excesses of murder, rape, and child abuse, there is an entire spectrum, including the everyday hostilities with which we are in fact quite comfortable. Rather than start with the assumption that aggression shapes our lives in a negative manner only, we would be wiser to leave all options open, including the possibility of constructive outcomes of conflict.

I speak from years of frustration with the literature on human behavior. How do people actually behave? Available are answers to questionnaires, which at best reveal how people perceive themselves and at worst how they wish to be perceived. Available, too, are data on the behavior of human subjects in experiments. People who do not know one another are brought together in a laboratory room. All variables supposedly are under tight control in such settings, but the link with real life is lost. The observed social relationships have neither past nor future. We might as well investigate the swimming of fish by taking them out of the water. Where are the basic observations of human conduct within the family, at work, at school, at parties, on the street, and so on? Granted, there are methodological problems, but it should not be too difficult to take notes on people in action—not more difficult, surely, than fieldwork on dolphins or arboreal primates. In the natural sciences, simple descriptive data form the bedrock on which theories are built. Linnaeus preceded Darwin. The social sciences, however, seem to be trying to skip this tedious phase. Studies matching the descriptive detail of ethological work on animals are not easily come by.

Reconciliation behavior in humans is a case in point. Except for reports on preschool children and an occasional anthropological account, I am unaware of data in this area. It simply is not recognized as important. The subject indexes of major textbooks give abundant citations of "violence" and "aggression," but I have yet to find a single reference to interpersonal "peacemaking" or "forgiveness" (the clinical literature, which treats the process as it is mediated by therapists, is an exception). If the massive, well-funded aggression research of the 1960s and 1970s has failed to illuminate mechanisms of conflict resolution, it is largely because of a strong bias against the notion that aggression can be, even should be, integrated into our lives. During the era of Flower Power human aggression was regarded as a purely cultural product—and a highly undesirable one—the existence of which was entirely in our hands. To get rid of it, people needed only to control their material possessiveness, their desire for dominance, and their sexual jealousy. Why should humanity settle for the canalization, sublimation, or integration of such "diabolical" traits if eradication was within its power? Many social scientists were and are scarcely interested in checks and balances on aggression, simply because they refuse to believe that aggression is here to stay. Today in the 1980s, in the wake of total failure to shake off the unwanted heritage, we are still waiting for a revision of such optimistic theories.

I recently asked a world-renowned American psychologist, who specializes in human aggression, what he knew about reconciliation. Not only did he have no information on the subject, but he looked at me as if the word were new to him. I do, of course, speak with an accent, but this was not the problem. He reflected on my remarks, yet the concept had evidently never taken center stage in his thinking. His interest turned to irrita-
tion when I suggested that conflicts are inevitable among people and that aggression has such a long evolutionary history that it is logical to expect powerful coping mechanisms. He did not see what evolution had to do with it and argued that the most important goal is to understand and remove the causes of aggressive behavior.

To view aggression exclusively as an ugly, maladaptive trait requires that buffering mechanisms be ignored. If a mother monkey slaps her infant, then immediately embraces and consoles it, she has in one breath taught her child whatever she deemed necessary and demonstrated her continuing affection. The effect on the mother-child relationship is not necessarily what we think. For example, rhesus mothers, who are quite severe with their young, develop lifelong bonds with their daughters. Chimpanzee mothers, who hardly ever punish their offspring, rarely develop close-knit matrilines; most daughters migrate to other communities. If aggression were our sole criterion, we might call rhesus mothers "bad" and chimpanzee mothers "good." The judgment would be reversed if bonding were our favorite measure. And what if we preferred the loose bonds of chimpanzees over the close but strictly hierarchical ties of rhesus monkeys? The more we reflect on these issues, the less sense moral categories begin to make.

Am I, by trying to bypass the moral issues, condoning all forms of aggression? Do I believe that violent abuse is tolerable as long as it is followed by apologies, promises, or presents? Of course not. My point is that concern about the harmful effects of aggression is too narrow a basis for the study of such a broad behavioral complex. It is a matter of degree. We can handle some snowfall, not an avalanche. Until now scientists have looked at aggression as an avalanche. Anyone speaking of less disturbing, or even pleasurable encounters with it must, in their view, be deranged. I am convinced, all the same, that by opening our inquiries to include nondestructive forms of aggression, we may, in effect, also gain a better understanding of the forms that trouble us.

Our human societies are structured by the interplay between
antagonism and attraction. Disappearance of the former is more than an unrealistic wish, it is a misguided one. No one would want to live in the sort of society that would result, as it would lack differentiation among individuals. A school of herrings is a good example of an aggregation predominantly based on attraction: the fish move together without any problems, but they have no social organization to speak of. If certain species, such as humans, reach a high degree of social differentiation, role division, and cooperation, this occurs because the cohesive tendency is counteracted by internal conflict. Individuals delineate their social positions in competition with others. We cannot have it both ways: a world in which each individual attains his or her own identity, and a world without clashing individual interests.

"When the focus of research is exclusively upon aggression, without measures of affiliation, there is a tendency to exaggerate its antisocial consequences," concluded Heidi Swanson and Richard Schuster from their experimental demonstration that cooperation is promoted, rather than hindered, by a moderate level of aggression among rats. Such research should not be limited to animals. It is time that we learn how people use aggressive behavior to reach their goals, and how they subsequently deal with the consequences. Insight into these processes will undoubtedly blur the distinction between positive and negative acts, for all acts are fused in the relationship and it is only the end result that counts. For example, I would not be surprised if reconciliations do more than merely rescue human relationships from undermining conflicts and tensions. Is not willingness to overcome hostile feelings the ultimate proof of commitment? Screaming and shouting followed by tenderness may actually strengthen a bond, in that the sequence assures both parties of the viability of the relationship. We do not trust a ship before it has weathered a storm. In the same way, a history of happy making up may give people the courage to be truly open with each other.

What makes the issue of forgiveness and reconciliation so intriguing is the paradoxes: bickering but cooperative rats, petitioners unified in hierarchies, food struggles resolved through sex, battered wives attached to their husbands, the sympathy of hostages for their captors, and so forth. One explanation of the last riddle, given by Charles Bahn, is the emergence of feelings of extreme gratitude to someone who has made a credible threat on one's life without acting on it. In other words, terrorists who kill are murderers; those who almost kill are cavaliers fighting for a just cause, at least in the eyes of some of their victims.

Paradoxes disturb the neat dichotomies that we set up to clarify our thinking. For this reason, paradoxes are often treated as oddities. Still, their number may reach a size such that the dichotomization loses its usefulness. Evidently I believe that this has happened to the division between antagonistic and affectionate behavior. Not because of a lack of distinction—everyone can distinguish a slap in the face from a kiss on the cheek—but because of the intertwining of the two in the long run. The condemnation of aggression as antisocial behavior is, like all morality, a simplification. If scientists do not detach themselves from such value judgments, they will never reach a full understanding of the way conflict shapes our social life.

Degrees of Sophistication

Monkeys and apes adapt their behavior to circumstances, achieving great sophistication in conflict resolution. They may not hold preliminary negotiations about the shape of the table at which the parties will meet, or set up so-called proximity talks with a go-between for delegations in different rooms, yet chimpanzees know what mediation is. In the Arnhem colony it is not uncommon for a female to break the ice between adult males who, after a fight, stay close to each other but seem unable to reopen communication. Avoiding eye contact, the two males play the familiar game of glancing over when the other looks away. A female may approach one male, briefly
groom or touch him, and walk over to the other with the first male following closely. This way he need not face his adversary. When the female sits down next to the second male, both groom her. Only a small shift is necessary for them to groom each other after the female has walked off. That the mediator knows what she is doing is clear from the way she looks over her shoulder and waits for a male who is reluctant to follow. She may even go back and tug at his arm.

Although I have never observed conflict mediation among macaques, this is not necessarily because of a lack of social awareness in these monkeys. Once the second-ranking rhesus male, Hulk, chased one of the younger males, Tom. Immediately afterward, Tom’s mother approached Hulk to groom him. While she was doing so, Tom came closer and closer until he sat less than a meter behind the two. As soon as his mother noticed him, she stepped aside and looked away. She left the scene when her son took her place against Hulk’s back. We have witnessed a number of similar situations, in which monkeys made room for contact between former opponents. These observations warn that the mediation skills of chimpanzees and humans may not be totally without antecedent. Our monkey-like ancestors may already have possessed an important prerequisite—the ability to recognize and facilitate reconciliation attempts between others.

Loss of face is a calamity that we humans easily recognize, yet find hard to define in objective behavioral terms. I am convinced that face-saving tactics are as important among our simian relatives as they are among ourselves. If two male chimpanzees are reluctant to make up, but without hesitation grab the opportunity to make an approach behind a mediator’s back, it seems as though pride has prevented initiatives of their own. Occasionally males solve this problem without help from a third individual. Yeroen, for example, would feign interest in a small object to break the tension and attract his adversary. He would suddenly discover something in the grass and hoot loudly, looking in all directions. A number of chimpanzees, including his adversary, would rush to the spot. Soon the others would lose interest and leave, while the two male rivals would stay. They would make excited sounds as they sniffed and handled the discovery, focusing all their attention on it. While doing so, their heads and shoulders would touch. After a few minutes the two would calm down and start grooming each other. The object, which I was never able to identify, would be forgotten.

The principle of a collective lie is that one party deceives and the other acts as if deceived. It is tempting to interpret the foregoing incidents in this manner. The fact that, in addition to Yeroen himself, his rival was fascinated by a discovery that induced so little interest in the others suggests that both males understood the purpose of their actions. In humans, collective lies are a familiar face-saver. Colin Turnbull described a beautiful example in the BaMbuti pygmies of the Congo. Among these forest people it is always the women who build the huts, so they are able to make a point during matrimonial disputes by demolishing part of their home. Usually, the husband gives in when a fight escalates to this level. One time, however, a particularly stubborn man did not stop his wife and even remarked to the camp at large that she was going to be dreadfully cold that night. To avoid being shamed, the woman had to continue the destruction. Slowly she started pulling out the sticks that formed the framework of the hut. She was in tears because, according to the anthropologist, the next step would be for her to pack her belongings and return to her parents. The man looked equally miserable. Things were clearly getting out of hand, and to make matters worse, the entire camp had come out to watch. Then the man suddenly brightened and told his wife that she could leave the sticks alone; it was only the leaves on the roof that were dirty. She gave him a puzzled look, then understood. Together they carried the leaves to the stream and washed them. Both were in a much better mood when the woman put the leaves back on the hut, and the man went off to hunt food for dinner. Turnbull comments that although no one believed the pretense that the woman had been removing leaves because they were dirty, everyone played along. 'For several days women talked politely about the insects in the
leaves of their huts, and took a few leaves down to the stream to wash, as if this was a perfectly normal procedure. I have never seen it done before or since.

Collective lies allow compromises to be reached without creating definitive winners and losers. It is the opposite strategy of an explicit reconciliation, during which both parties openly refer to the matter that divides them. Excuses for rapprochement add an extra layer of intentions to the peace process. When we peel back the layer of declared motives, we may find a very different set of motives. In humans, the hidden motives are usually less noble than the ones presented to the outside world; self-interest is at the root of virtually every olive branch. What we discover may even be positively malicious. Individuals may go so far as to feign a conciliatory mood in order to reach exactly the opposite objective: revenge. Among the Arnhem chimpanzees this extreme form of deceit occurred on six separate occasions in the years that I watched them, all perpetrated by adult females who had been unsuccessful at catching their opponent during a previous aggressive incident. The female would approach her escaped victim with an invitational gesture, such as an outstretched open hand, and maintain her friendly attitude until the other, who was attracted by it, had come within arm’s reach. Then the female would suddenly grab and attack her naïve opponent.

Instead of calling this a deception, we could cite the alternative explanation that the female had changed her mind; that she really had wanted to make up, but that when her opponent came close, hostile feelings flared up again. This interpretation has weak points, however. Why were the victims in all cases low-ranking individuals capable of outrunning the female? Why did she wait until the last split second to change her mind? And why did she need to physically punish her victim, when a soft grunt would have sufficed to stop the approach? My impression is that the attacks were much more abrupt and vicious to have resulted from hesitation and conflicting emotions. I believe, in short, that these were premeditated moves to square an account. The chimpanzee’s capacity for pretense is supported by other observations, both in captivity and in the wild, and by experimental research.

The above anecdotes make clear that a connection between human and animal behavior by no means implies that our conflict-resolution skills are “instinctive” in the narrow, colloquial sense of the word, that is, inborn stereotypical behaviors that we perform without thinking. If our fellow primates apply so much intelligence to these situations, would humans not do the same or more? Foresight and planning permeate all segments of our social life, including the way we deal with tensions and aggression. I still remember how, as a child, I would hurry to make up with my younger brother if I heard one of my parents coming, realizing full well they would side with. And my older brothers did the same when they had squabbled with me. Since early experiences never leave us, I immediately recognized the mechanism when I saw it in a chimpanzee family at the Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta, where I recently conducted a study.

The family there comprised a female named Lolita and her two offspring: a fully adult daughter, Sheila, and a six-year-old son, Brian. The three of them lived in a group of twenty chimpanzees. Although Lolita is, by chimpanzee standards, fairly petite, she is the colony’s alpha female (perhaps because she is the oldest individual). Unlike her mother, Sheila is unpopular in the group. She proved extremely selfish during the tests that I arranged to record food-sharing behavior, and she was the favorite target of two bumptious adolescent males when they were in the mood to test their fighting skills on females. One of these males was her younger brother, Brian. When his pal was around to back him up, Brian frequently teased Sheila by throwing sand, spitting at her, or giving her an unexpected poke in the back. Obviously, this did not go over well with Sheila. If she encountered Brian alone, she would push him if he slept, refuse to groom him if he invited her, or act in other subtly negative ways that sometimes led to a quarrel. Although Sheila still physically dominated her brother, she had to be careful. As soon as Brian gave a little scream, Lolita would look
up. I never saw her in a hurry to correct the situation, but she would keep an eye on her children and often approached the scene. She would sit down a few meters away, diplomatically acting as if nothing was the matter. This was just the kind of pressure to make up that Sheila needed. She would embrace Brian, groom him, or pull at his leg with a play face (she never usually played). All the while the two would throw glances at their mother. Only twice did Lolita actually interfere. Both times Brian took advantage, helping his mother chase his big sister.

Strategic reconciliations are quite common among chimpanzees. In Arnhem, Nickie would make peace in the midst of a conflict with his coalition partner if the third male started an intimidation display. At the Yerkes Field Station, I observed a few unusually quick reconciliations between females who had had a fight before the keeper arrived with the bundle of branches that I used for my food-sharing tests. Upon seeing the keeper, the female rivals hurriedly kissed and embraced. I suppose neither wanted to run the risk of not being on friendly terms in case her rival got the food.

In short, several basic variations on the theme of peacemaking—including third-party mediation, opportunism, and deception—can be found in both humans and chimpanzees. No doubt humans surpass apes in their degree of sophistication, taking into account more options and consequences when deciding whether to settle a dispute. The salient point, though, is that both species make decisions based on experience and calculation. For this reason the observed similarities may have more to do with the way the brain solves problems than with the genetic programming of behavior.

Conflict resolution in monkeys seems a simpler and more straightforward process. But in comparing them with humans and apes, we should not stress contrasts at the expense of continuity. All five primate species seek contact with former adversaries. They do so in entirely different ways, ranging from the GG-rubbing of female bonobos to culture-specific human patterns, such as an aloof handshake. Each species applies all the social awareness and intelligence at its disposal. The complexity of the approach can range from a simple grooming contact between two rhesus monkeys to the typically human strategy of testing, via intermediaries, the feelings in the opposing camp before representatives of the two sides meet.

Only a few ingredients of reconciliation need to be inborn for the mechanism to work. An absolute minimum requirement is, of course, individual recognition; members of the species have to be able to remember with whom they fought. Other necessary ingredients are the ability to make fairly rapid emotional shifts from anger to friendliness, and the ability to be soothed by body contact and certain gestures, such as withdrawal of the lips from the teeth in a grin or smile. But even these aspects are influenced by the environment. For example, a monkey raised in isolation will be thoroughly disturbed the first time he or she is touched. So the search for the "immutable bedrock" of reconciliation is a bit like the search for the Holy Grail. It is much more profitable to think in terms of potential. With our simian relatives we share a psychological template that, filled in through interaction with parents, siblings, and peers, allows us to develop the social skill of reconciliation.

The possession of this template is not self-evident, and nature has produced it in different shapes depending on the environment and life-style of the species. The characteristics of the human template are undoubtedly related to our long history as hunter-gatherers. In view of the close-knit community life and strong interdependency among extant hunter-gatherers, we can speculate that the capacity to find alternatives to overt aggression, and to restore the social fabric after disruption, must have been of critical value in human evolution.

Conditions of Peace

"The most general effect of fighting is to cause an injured animal to move away from another, with a resulting regulation of the use of space," wrote John Paul Scott, voicing the tradi-
Why We’re So Nice: We’re Wired to Cooperate

By NATALIE ANGIER

What feels as good as chocolate on the tongue or money in the bank but won’t make you fat or risk a subpoena from the Securities and Exchange Commission?

Hard as it may be to believe in these days of infectious greed and sabers unsheathed, scientists have discovered that the small, brave act of cooperating with another person, of choosing trust over cynicism, generosity over selfishness, makes the brain light up with quiet joy.

Studying neural activity in young women who were playing a classic laboratory game called the Prisoner’s Dilemma, in which participants can select from a number of greedy or cooperative strategies as they pursue financial gain, researchers found that when the women chose mutualism over “me-ism,” the mental circuitry normally associated with reward-seeking behavior swelled to life.

And the longer the women engaged in a cooperative strategy, the more strongly flowed the blood to the pathways of pleasure.

The researchers, performing their work at Emory University in Atlanta, used magnetic resonance imaging to take what might be called portraits of the brain on hugs.

“The results were really surprising to us,” said Dr. Gregory S. Berns, a psychiatrist and an author on the new report, which appears in the current issue of the journal Neuron. “We went in expecting the opposite.”

The researchers had thought that the biggest response would occur in cases where one person cooperated and the other defected, the cooperator might feel that she was being treated unjustly.

Instead, the brightest signals arose in cooperative alliances and in those neighborhoods of the brain already known to respond to desserts, pictures of pretty faces, money, cocaine and any number of illicit delights.

“It’s reassuring,” Dr. Berns said. “In some ways, it says that we’re wired to cooperate with each other.”

The study is among the first to use M.R.I. technology to examine social interactions in real time, as opposed to taking brain images while subjects stared at static pictures or thought-prescribed thoughts.

It is also a novel approach to exploring an ancient conundrum, why are humans so, well, nice? Why are they willing to cooperate with people whom they barely know and to do good deeds and to play fair a surprisingly high percentage of the time?

Scientists have no trouble explaining the evolution of competitive behavior. But the depth and breadth of human altruism, the willingness to forgo immediate personal gain for the long-term common good, far exceeds behaviors seen even in other large-brained, highly social species like chimpanzees and dolphins, and it has as such been difficult to understand.

“I’ve pointed out to my students how impressive it is that you can take a group of young men and women of prime reproductive age, have them come into a classroom, sit down and be perfectly comfortable and civil to each other,” said Dr. Peter J. Richerson, a professor of environmental science and policy at the University of California at Davis and an influential theorist in the field of cultural evolution. “If you put 50 male and 50 female

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In a real World Game

Wired to Cooperate

Why We're So Nice: We're Wired to Cooperate

Chapter THREE

Management of Violence Among the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae: The Old Way and A New Way

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas

Beginning in 1950, my parents, Laurence and Lorna Marshall, my brother John, and I were privileged to live for periods of time in Nyae Nyae in South West Africa, now Namibia, as guests of the Ju/wasi. One of the most striking things about the culture of these remarkable people, who in the 1950s lived entirely as hunter-gatherers with little or no contact with other cultures, was the great emphasis which the people placed upon peacekeeping. Among the factors contributing to peacekeeping was a meta-
and cultural assemblage that used to be significant only to non-Bushmen. For these three reasons I will continue to use the term Bushman as long as the Ju/wasi themselves use it as a term of choice.

INTRODUCTION

Much has been written about the innate aggressiveness of human beings, a characteristic which our species is believed to share with other animals, particularly with other primates. While there is little doubt that we are often aggressive, or even that aggression can be useful, there is also little doubt that we are fully equipped with the intellectual and emotional faculties to curb and mitigate aggression, and that often we are strongly motivated to do so, perhaps innately. In his important studies of aggression and its counterbalances in chimpanzees, Frans de Waal shows that chimpanzees have inclinations for peacemaking which are as fully developed as their inclinations for fighting. If not more so. Numerous other mammals share peacemaking inclinations with chimpanzees. Among these mammals are human beings.

Shortly after the publication in 1959 of my book on Kalahari Bushmen, The Harmless People, certain scholars began to express difficulty with the concept that the Bushmen we had visited in Nyae Nyae in the 1950s were as peaceful as we claimed—in other words, that they did not fight openly, but instead made every effort to avoid fighting. They had no policemen, no jails, no external controls of any kind for outbreaks of aggression. Nevertheless, aggression did not break out. Hence the observations presented in my book (which by coincidence was published at about the same time as a spate of pop sociology books about the territorial instincts of our savage ape forebears) may have seemed improbable to some scholars. But pop sociology has grown more sophisticated in the intervening years, and behavior biology has grown infinitely more so, so that by now, the importance of peacemaking, not merely as a social nicety but as an evolutionary adaptation for survival, is better understood.

Ironically enough, this development has coincided with a profound change in the Bushmen's way of life. In the forty years between 1950 and 1990, the Ju/wa Bushmen of Nyae Nyae in Namibia have found it increasingly more difficult to deal with inter-group aggression. That this change accompanies a dramatic change in economic conditions suggests that the old ways of coping were part of a
long-term economic and cultural stability that the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae once enjoyed and that the new ways of life are disrupting.

**DISCUSSION**

The isolation of the interior of the Kalahari in the 1950s has been described at length elsewhere. Suffice it to say in this context that in 1950, when we found the community of people with whom we eventually centered our study, the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae, they lived exclusively by the old way, hunting and gathering, with no domestic plants or animals, and no exotic items except tobacco, beads, wire, and other small bits of metal. Of these items, only the tobacco was not a direct substitute for something already in use. The other materials — the metal wire and the beads — replaced items already in use but made of indigenous materials. The wire was cold-hammered into arrowheads, which substituted for the traditional bone arrowheads, and the beads accompanied or replaced the traditional and much prized beads which Bushmen women made of ostrich eggshells. Otherwise the people used only the items that a dry savannah provides.

In those days, the Bushmen chose to have only the most minimal contact with non-Bushmen. Perhaps because the homes of sedentary people are easy to find whereas the camps of hunter-gatherers can be highly inconspicuous, it was the Bushmen who customarily sought whatever little contact they occasionally experienced, not the non-Bushmen with whom contact was made. To trade with their Bantu neighbors, giving cured skins for wire and tobacco, the Bushmen would travel beyond the bounds of Nyae Nyae to the various Bantu villages and cattle camps. Thus, the Bushmen came to know certain Bantu individuals. Of course, all Bushmen had heard of white people, at whose hands most nonwhites almost invariably suffered. The Bushmen tended to avoid the whites. As a result, few of the Nyae Nyae Bushmen had even seen white men, and fewer still had seen white women or white youngsters, although one or two of the oldest people remembered seeing in the late 1800s the families of Angola Boers trecking north in their ox wagons.

In consequence of the isolation, until the old way of life came to an end in the 1970s, the Bushmen of Nyae Nyae lived, economically speaking, as mankind had traditionally lived on the African savannas. We often feel (and not without reason) that the presence of human beings in an environment has a detrimental effect. By our reasoning, an environment such as, say, the interior of Baffin Island, where at one time no people had ever lived, was “unspoiled,” while environments inhabited by people are often seen as contaminated. In most environments, of course, this had been painfully true. A detrimental effect is usually noticed whenever our species or any other living organism pioneers into a new environment, to wreak havoc until the older residents have time to adapt. Today, we experience this effect from any number of famous imports, such as, for example, the gypsy moth. In some circles, the hand of man is implicated in the mass extinctions of the Upper Pleistocene — the mammoths and the mastodons, the Irish elk, the giant beaver, the giant sloth, and dozens of other creatures of the holarctic where, during the last glaciations, human hunters pioneered.

In the Kalahari, however, human hunter-gatherers did not necessarily appear as something new. Mankind presumably evolved on the African savannah. Nyae Nyae is but a few weeks’ hike from a known cradle of humanity: Olduvai Gorge. In just one rainy season of one year, when water would have been available all over the savannahs, a band of hominids could have walked from Olduvai to Nyae Nyae to make their camps by the ancient rivers, the large, dry beds of which are still to be found.

The Ju/wasi are of course directly descended from the ancient people, as are we all, but nobody, least of all this author, has the slightest idea whether or not Ju/wa culture represents some kind of continuum from the deep past. Nearby archaeological findings date back about 35,000 years, and the site shows continuous occupation by people whose objects were very like the Bushmen’s objects. But the limits of that site have not yet been found.

So we don’t know how long the Ju/wasi have been in or near Nyae Nyae. What we do know is that the hunting and gathering practices of the Ju/wasi in the 1950s were of sufficient antiquity as to count as ecologically indigenous. For a number of reasons, efficiency being one of them, the Bushman way of gathering did not denude an area of plants, not even of any one kind of plant, while the methods of hunting and the weapons used were sufficiently well understood by the game animals so that the Bushman hunters were pushed to the limits of their skills. As hunters, the Bushmen probably ranked among the best. Even so, the technology was extremely familiar to their favorite prey species, who knew the range of the arrows, were highly wary of human beings on foot, and became more than careful when people were sighted. Giraffes knew to keep the top of a tree between themselves and a hunter — a defense that would not help
against any weapon but a lightweight arrow such as those the Bushmen used. That using a tree as a screen was an adaptation of the giraffes became quite clear as soon as the people’s hunting technology changed — a hunter on horseback could ride right up beside a giraffe and stick a spear into it. The giraffes and other antelopes were not afraid of people on horses no matter how near, or of people within rifle range. Against such new technology, the Kalahari game animals fell easy prey.

But in the 1950s, horses and rifles were still in the future. Until then, the most recent addition to the technology appeared to be the bow and arrow and the lethal arrow poison. We felt that the Ju/wa technology was very successful and in part explained their very successful and very stable way of life.

We believed that other explanations for their apparent cultural stability were their cultural prerogatives for peacekeeping, and the atmosphere of cooperation that virtually always prevailed. This is not to say that people always felt peaceful, and certainly not to say that they always felt cooperative. Nevertheless, cooperation was fostered and encouraged by society. Cooperation rendered each individual useful to the group, enhanced the success of resource gathering, eased the rearing of children and the care of the elderly, thus assuring a better chance at life for everyone. Among the most significant factors of Ju/wa culture were, we felt, the numerous cultural mechanisms to encourage cooperation, and of these, surely among the most important were the mechanisms by which aggression was suppressed.

Interestingly, suppression began early in life and was instilled by very soothing methods — the occasional infant who would lay about himself or herself with a stick would experience nothing more traumatic than the gentle removal of the stick by an adult who seemed almost indifferent, and who would do nothing as dramatic as throwing the offending stick far away but would simply place it gently on the ground. Children were handled so gently that they themselves were gentle. Children were never punished physically, never handled roughly, never shaken or slapped or shouted at. Most adults seemed endlessly patient with their children. The few people I knew who might manifest occasional disapproval of a child’s behavior did so with quiet, belittling remarks that apparently went over the child’s head, leaving him silenced and confused, as if any pain the remarks might have occasioned could not be readily identified.

We knew of no instances of sexual abuse. One young man tried one night to force his bride to have sexual intercourse, but he was driven off by her objections, which alerted the other people sleeping nearby. We heard few loud arguments while we were there, we heard no uncontrolled shouting, and we saw no physical fighting. We were told of an argument between a young husband and his wife which resulted in his pinching her cheeks together and throwing her to the ground. Other people separated them. One of the most interesting things about this event was that it had taken place nine years earlier and people were still talking about it. Customarily, anger was expressed with quiet if bitter remarks rather than with raised voices.

Arguments tended to take the form of tight-lipped discussions that more and more people would join, sometimes to add grievances of their own but often to try to defuse the situation.

Culturally and individually, the Ju/wa identified peacekeeping as desirable. Quick temper was not admired. Nor were forceful, aggressive personalities. Indeed, there seemed to be none. Rather, the cultural ideal was a steady, reasonable, open handed personality, whether that of a man or of a woman. Megan Bieseles, in her collection of Ju/wa folklore, finds an admirable figure in a python woman, who is sleek, calm, slow-moving, and very strong. In contrast is her sister, a jackal. Thin inside her head, dry coat, the jackal is hungry, yammering, jitter, treacherous, and anxious.

It seemed to us that Ju/wa culture was centered on peacekeeping. Sharing of food was important, especially of major foods, which were the most obtained by hunting and nuts obtained in quantity from remote groves. The rules governing sharing served to extend the food throughout the community, rather than restricting them to the people who were physically strong enough to obtain them. Like the sharing of important foods, the circulation of objects was also a significant social lubricant, because the giving and receiving relieved jealousies and reaffirmed the currents of goodwill.

Perhaps the most important cultural factor in the valued peacekeeping practices of the Ju/wa was the phenomenal self-control that was practiced by everyone but the smallest children. Lorna Marshall, in her book Nyae Nyae Kung Beliefs and Rites (in preparation), suggests that one purpose of food avoidance may be to provide training in self-discipline and self-control. Self-discipline pervaded everyday life, so that people virtually never showed hunger or pain, let alone anger. One day, far from any help, a girl of about eleven caught a hyena foot in a steel-jawed trap which a zoologist had set for a hyena. Unable to sit down because of the position of the trap, she balanced herself on the other foot for over an hour, until her uncle happened to see her from afar and bring her huge spear to lean
on while he found the zoologist. Many hours later, when the girl was set free, although the teeth of the trap had sunk deep into her flesh just as if she had been a hyena, it was impossible to tell from the girl's bearing, her tone of voice, or her facial expression that anything untoward had happened to her. Thus the Ju/wasi dealt with negative personal experiences.

I must add a personal note to these observations of Ju/wa self-control: firmly brought up never to whine or complain, never to be a crybaby or a sissy, I was thoroughly aware of bravery, of stiff upper lips, of pretending that nothing was the matter (as someone of a similar cultural milieu once put it: "I was sixteen years old before I realized that people had facial expressions"). But the Ju/wasi are an animated people, with much self expression. Their faces seem mirrors of their minds. It is in that context that they practice their extraordinary self-control, which is so complex, so all encompassing, that when I first saw it to full effect — when a man whose broken bones were penetrating his skin shouted mildly with another man who was twisting the bones to set them I was forced to a hypothesis: either the people had a strange Central Nervous System disorder whereby they felt pressure, heat, and cold, but not pain, or else their nervous systems were considerably more highly developed than ours, and much stronger. That the Ju/wasi could be the same as us literally seemed impossible.

When situations arose that put peacekeeping to the test, the Ju/wasi had a number of ways of dealing with them. The most frequently used, perhaps, was talking. Group discussions might involve only the people in question, who would keep their voices within an acceptable range if sometimes sounding excited, or the discussions might involve many people, sometimes including the entire population of an area. Sometimes the tone of certain participants might become insistent to the point that other participants felt unheard, but again, shouting or very angry voices were virtually never heard.

On the rare occasion when someone might have been too deeply angered to refrain from considering violence, other people were likely to intervene. In the one such event that took place while we were there, when a man felt he had no choice but to get his weapons and follow his wife after she had eloped with her lover, most of the other men present talked with him quietly until they had dissuaded him from the desperate course of action. Then some of them went with him to help him find his wife, who, as it turned out, was willing to return to him.

If the above methods of peacekeeping failed, the people always had the recourse of going somewhere else. After prolonged disagreements or in the face of long-term, unpleasant rivalries, some participants might simply move to live with other relatives. To the best of my knowledge these rivalries usually began with triangles of married people, two co-wives and their husband, perhaps, or a husband and wife and another man, as seen above.

I believe that the most serious risks to peacekeeping among the Ju/wasi at Nyae Nyae — the greatest strains on human relations — were brought about by jealousies. Once or twice such jealousies involved the entire group at Nyae Nyae, and occasioned group discussions in which participants recalled former grievances from the distant past. The worst of these was started inadvertently by us, in part if not entirely, through our efforts to help a man who had lost part of his left leg from a snakebite. When we found him, gangrene had started, so we made preparations to take him to a hospital in Windhoek. As part of the preparations we gave him many supplies, including our kind of clothing for himself and his family, partly because he might have to provide his own food in the hospital and partly because we did not want his family subjected to the derision with which many white South Africans in those days treated the Ju/wasi who wore skins. With cloth clothing, the family would blend in among the other urban dwellers.

The other members of this family's group didn't necessarily know about the hospital's meal plan or the derision felt for back-country people, and were shocked and angered to see us — to their way of thinking — heaping goods on his family without giving equally to all. The blame fell partly on him, and a major discussion followed with people sitting in a circle, vehemently reminding each other of past failures in sharing and generosity. The talk went on most of the day, and was the closest we had seen to aggression.

Very soon thereafter the Ju/wasi did what they often did to defuse bad feelings — they held a trance dance. Trance dancing, which cannot take place without many people cooperating, draws upon the strength of factors in the environment, such as rain and the rising sun, by way of songs which are given in dreams to sleeping people, who then share them. With its powerful engines of cooperation and sharing combined with music, dance, and shamanic trance dancing is said to cure "star sickness." We took "star sickness" to be the atmosphere of ill will that prevails when people are quarrelling. After trance dancing, people feel emotionally cleansed.
Surely as a consequence of their many, rigorous methods of stopping aggression before it rightly got started, the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae enjoyed an extremely low level of violence. We heard of three episodes of violence, all of which had happened in the past. In them, people were killed, always by poisoned arrows. In the first episode, which was all but an accident, two men were arguing when the child of one of them shot the other with a poisoned arrow. Efforts to save the victim failed, but no blame or stigma attached to the child later.

In the second episode, a man apparently went berserk one night, shot his wife and ran out into the dark, only to come back later and shoot two of his male in-laws while the group was trying to suck the poison from the wounds of the woman. At that point, the men in the group got their weapons, hunted down the killer and dispatched him in an action which cannot properly be called vengeful or aggressive—the killer was dealt with in the only way open to his associates who had no way to confine him or even to escape from him if he decided to kill someone else.

In the third act of violence, a group of men similarly killed a man named /Kwi Dibade (which means, I believe, Insane /Kwi), who had abandoned human society and taken up residence in an aardvark burrow. When people went past his burrow, /Kwi would burst out of the ground and shout, presumably to frighten them. His assassins said to his corpse, “You frightened us; this is what we do to you.”

We felt that these six killings represented a very low level of violence, since the first was all but an accident because the boy was so young, the second, third and fourth were the work of one person, while the fifth and sixth seemed to be the only ways open to a society that needed to manage highly dangerous people who could not be dealt with otherwise. That three out of six killings were the work of one person who was probably insane may explain the serious view which the Ju/wasi took of people who seemed out of control. How serious, I feel, was suggested by the way the people dealt with /Kwi Dibade.

The transition of the Ju/wasi from a hunting and gathering economy to a money economy, a transition which began in 1969, was accompanied by a certain amount of change in the culture, not to mention the profound stress, the deprivation, the poor nutrition, the new diseases, and the high mortality rate that attended the change. The transition itself has been discussed at length elsewhere. I happened to witness some of the transition when I revisited Nyae Nyae in the 1980s. As a result of the transition, the Ju/wasi became for all intents and purposes more sedentary than before, and were forced into larger communities with fewer resources. Outsiders who came to administer their area saw them as a degraded people and treated them accordingly; they had become the poorest of the poor.

Into the new setting came the South African Army with its recruiting policies by which all soldiers were paid equally by rank, not by race. This commendable if necessary practice lured a number of young Ju/wa men, who had never imagined such high wages, into enlisting for the same reason most of the other soldiers had enlisted—they were poor and black. (Only white South Africans are drafted—the majority of the soldiers are found through recruitment among black people.) Behind the army came alcohol, which, with the aid of a government loan, became sold in Bushmanland’s only store.

The consequences of all this to the Ju/wasi were extreme. The death rate began to climb. Adding to disease and malnutrition was a massive outbreak of violence, which eventually claimed the lives of at least twenty of the two hundred people we had known best in the hunter-gatherer days. Alcohol was overtly responsible for the violence. To the Ju/wasi, who formerly had made no alcoholic beverages and used no intoxicants except marijuana and tobacco (not ordinarily an intoxicant, perhaps, but used more or less as such by the Ju/wasi who inhaled tobacco smoke deeply enough to lose consciousness) alcohol came as a great surprise. People liked it but had neither practice nor guidance in handling its effects. Virtually every one of the many killings of which I have any knowledge were done by people who were drunk.

The man who in the 1980s had lost his leg, for example, overcame his disability heroically and against great odds, only to be killed by his son-in-law, a soldier, on the soldier’s return from a drinking party that he did not remember the next day. Sick from the alcohol and from remorse over what had happened, the soldier then tried to kill himself by stabbing himself in the arm with a poisoned arrow. He was rushed to the clinic, where a doctor saved his life by amputating his arm. In another family, a man came home drunk and found that his wife, who had passed out from drinking, had rolled on and suffocated their baby. Blaming his mother for not taking better care of the family in his absence, he beat the elderly woman into a coma from which she never awoke.

Among the people we had known, it seemed, violence not only became the single greatest cause of death, but also became a common ingredient in everyday life. In Nyae Nyae in 1988, for example, I saw...
a young woman holding a strap with which she threatened her two very young children (about two and four). That she used it on them seemed obvious from the way they reacted to the sight of it, and from the way they themselves played with it — seriously whipping some very young puppies, too young to walk. The woman herself had apparently been beaten — her face was bruised and one of her eyes was swollen. She seemed ill, too, and she wouldn’t look at anyone. These are but a few examples of the new, widespread violence — instances that could not have occurred in the 1950s. Other recent instances are tragically similar. What went wrong?

It became my impression that the new violence came about because of the very factors that had once suppressed it: when they were removed, all means of containing it were gone. No longer was it possible to move away from trouble — most of the Nyae Nyae Ju/wasi were all but forced to remain near the government post which was the source of jobs. No longer did everyone share — the money economy which impoverished the Ju/wasi also provided the commodity of cash in coins and bills which are of course very small, can be easily hidden, and therefore need not always be shared. No longer was it possible for everyone to contribute to the general good. In the old economy women provided most of the food, but in the money economy, in which, at the government post, only men held jobs, women became dependent economic burdens. So no longer did all individuals enjoy the same respect. And perhaps because trance dancing became something of a tourist attraction and even somewhat commercialized so that a troupe of near-professionals would stage dances for a fee, the Ju/wasi didn’t hold trance dances any more.

I couldn’t help but compare the situation of the Ju/wasi to that of the Dodoth of northern Uganda, a pastoral people whom I was privileged to visit in 1961. To the warrior Dodoth, violence was a normal part of life and was accepted in a matter-of-fact way. Children were punished physically, often severely; adolescents were mutilated with tooth extraction and lip-piercing; and women were frequently forced sexually by their husbands and boyfriends or even by their husbands in cooperation with the husbands’ brothers and/or friends. (If a woman withheld sexual favors from her husband, her brothers-in-law might hide outside the door of her house, and catch her when she was exiting on her hands and knees. Then the men would hold her in the doorway while her husband raped her from behind, inside the house.) Thieves in Dodoth, when caught in the act of stealing, (even if the thieves were merely stealing from gardens because of hunger), could be killed without provoking much social censure, although the act might invite retribution from the thief’s family. Finally, the Dodoth raided their pastoral neighbors for cattle, and were raided by them. Obviously the Dodoth were comfortable with the aggression and easily expressed as much or as little as the occasion seemed to demand. Dodoth men had one type of weapon for fighting enemy tribesmen, for instance, and another type of weapon for fighting each other. Thus was violence rationed. It is hard to imagine an episode of violence which would bother the Dodoth (although I must say in this context that Idi Amin soon managed to provide exactly that).

With the Ju/wasi, however, the violence was new, and its eruption seemed to take people by surprise. No one was prepared for the way in which alcohol destroyed a person’s self-control, the very cornerstone of the Ju/wa peacekeeping mechanisms. Yet when alcohol was added to the stress felt by people who were ill or poorly nourished, who were uncertain and anxious for their loved ones, who were dismayed by their poverty and by the disappearance of old values, the resulting violence seems to have been almost inevitable.

Why had the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae been so set against overt aggression that they had all but erased it from their society? Other people permit violence at various levels. Why didn’t they? Surely the answer to this question is far from simple, but perhaps at least part of the answer is obvious, and can be found in weaponry. In no way meant for fighting or even for self defense, the Ju/wa weapons are small and light, ideally suited for hunting. The knives are rather clumsy with wide, flat blades, well suited for skinning and scraping. The spears are short and fairly inconsequential, designed to deal a coup de grace to a dying animal while enabling the hunter to stay out of reach of its horns. The primary weapon, which all Ju/wa men keep handy at all times, is a rather small bow, about 36" unstretched, a 25 lb pull, and a collection of equally small arrows, each weighing about 1/4 oz. These arrows are coated with an arrow poison, obtained from the grubs and parasites of three Diaphidia beetles, which produce one of the strongest poisons known. No antidote is known. A few drops in the bloodstream will, in a matter of days, kill an animal the size of a cow, and will kill a person or a small animal within 48 hours.

That the avoidance of violence is an ancient practice may be suggested by the fact that the Ju/wasi have no shields. As if they never expected trouble, they never prepared for it. On the contrary, their weapons are hunting tools all — it would be hard to devise better.
Conversely, it would be hard to devise a worse set of weapons for aggression or combat. In the great amount of time it would take a victim to die from the poison, the victim could inflict much damage on his adversary. As further evidence of the undesirable nature of poison arrows as weapons of aggression, if more is needed, is the fact that until very recently the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae apparently never shot them at lions. Wounding a lion, who may then go on the offensive, is a much riskier proposition than wounding an antelope, who will almost certainly run. The extraordinary relationship which once existed between people and lions has been discussed in detail elsewhere. For now, suffice it to say that the rules governing aggression toward lions resembled the rules governing aggression toward other people, suggesting, in the view of this author, that both were considered by the Ju/wasi to be potentially dangerous.

The Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae seemed to have poison arrows very much on their minds. They took strenuous precautions when poisoning arrows (since even the smoke of the burning grubs can be poisonous) and they treated the arrows with the greatest care. However, unlike our personal weapons such as handguns, which are usually kept hidden, the Ju/wasi arrows, as tools for hunting, could not be put away but were always at hand. Perhaps in consequence, during the few instances where peacekeeping broke down and fights started, poison arrows rather than spears or knives seemed to be the weapons of choice. Poison arrows are always the instruments of choice for suicides — which incidentally, due to the delayed action of the poison, can only serve to reemphasize the fearful consequences of losing control. I think in particular of a teenaged girl who, in an emotional state, impulsively stabbed herself in the thigh with an arrow, but then lived on for several days while her people did everything they could to save her and while everyone including the girl bitterly lamented her tragic outburst. This heartbreaking episode could not have been lost on young people who might otherwise at some point have considered suicide.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, it was my impression that the peacekeeping efforts of the Ju/wasi of Nyae Nyae, in the past if not in the present, were not so much the products of a people who in some state of Utopian idealism had assigned negative moral values to violence, but rather the products of a people who were highly pragmatic and realistic, who understood full well the kind of devastation that violence could unleash, and who — until cultural destruction and alcoholism arrived in Nyae Nyae to erode Ju/wa society — had the will and the self-control to block violence before it got started.

EPILOGUE

Thanks largely to the strenuous efforts of several people, among them John Marshall, the late Toma Ko, his son, Taako, and Claire Ritchie, and also, more recently, Megan Biese, the community at Nyae Nyae has started the Ju/wa Development Foundation (now the Nyae Nyae Development Foundation) and the Ju/wa Farmer's Union. With the help of these organizations, many of the Ju/wasi are starting farms at places where the participants have rights to use the water. So far, this effort has been quite successful, not only because the husbandry is succeeding, but because the participants are able to move away from the government center with its diseases, alcoholism, and violence. It now remains to be seen if the government of independent Namibia will honor the ancient and traditional land-rights of the Bushmen, and will respect their efforts toward self-help and self-preservation. It is sincerely hoped that the new government (and all that may follow) will respect the rights of the Ju/wa communities.

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About a three-hour hike through the forest from Figel—not really far as the Teduray reckon distances—was a settlement called Keroon Uwa. This was the home of Mo-Sinew, a well-known legal specialist. Four months into my first year in the forest I accompanied a large group of Figel people, including Balaut and several other Figel legal specialists, to Keroon Uwa for an overnight stay. The people there expected us; there were to be several judicial discussions—what the Teduray called *tawaw*, which I translate as "sessions."

We hiked at a relaxed pace, with singing and much laughing. I had no inkling at the time that a complex story was taking shape elsewhere that would bring Balaut and Mo-Sinew, and many others, into extremely serious legal discussions.

At Keroon Uwa, while many of the local people busied themselves with cooking, fetching wood and water, child care, and chatting, others from both communities joined the legal sages who had gathered in the house of Mo-Sinew. I had not met Mo-Sinew, though I had often heard his name; he struck me as a rather tired man of perhaps sixty. About five feet six—average size for a Teduray male—he wore the traditional pajama-like clothes and sported a brilliant purple bandanna around his
head. When Mo-Sinew spoke, his voice was like gravel and carried a weariness that was reflected in his face. He emanated little of the fire or wit characteristic of Balaud and many other legal specialists I had seen.

The sessions themselves were to begin the following morning, but the legal sages talked late into the night about old cases, about illustrious and well-remembered legal specialists of old, about troublesome Maguindanao outlaws from outside the forest, about the ways of the homesteaders in the Upi Valley area, about pending issues to be discussed the next day, and—of course—about me, the young American who had taken up living in Figel. I was hard to miss—I was whiter, taller, and incredibly awkward whenever I sat on a bamboo floor surrounded by folks who had learned as children to sit gracefully.

During the course of the evening Balaud spoke at length about a situation that concerned one of his brother's grandsons, a rather hot-headed young man from Figel neighborhood named Mo-Ning. He was not with us in Keroon Uwa, but Balaud was concerned about Mo-Ning's fears that his wife, Ideng-Nogon, might be sexually involved with Mo-Sinew's oldest son, Sinew. She had run off with him a year or so before, but soon regretted her act and returned to her husband and children.

"Ever since," Balaud said, in a soft and indirect manner, "Mo-Ning has been suspicious of Sinew. I'm afraid that he has good cause to feel that way. We all know that bad food can upset the strongest stomach. I am quite worried that if the situation continues, Mo-Ning's gut may hurt him and affect his gall bladder." Then, speaking straight and with feeling, he said: "My grandson's gall bladder could turn against Sinew and Ideng-Nogon. This could be very dangerous, because Mo-Ning can be a very explosive young man."

Mo-Sinew apparently knew of the possible affair between his son and Mo-Ning's wife. He sat back when Balaud finished speaking and began to prepare betel. After a moment's silence he said firmly, "You are right; it must be stopped. It is very bad." The talk then turned to other matters.

Early the next morning, the legal sessions we had come to Keroon Uwa for were easily settled. In a happy mood, we left for home an hour or so after midday. Balaud's and Mo-Sinew's concerns about Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon seemed very remote.

The elders were right to be worried, however. Just three months later, in the middle of October, Ideng-Nogon left her husband and eloped with Sinew for the second time, taking her youngest child with her.

She and Mo-Ning had lived in a small house just across the Dakel Teran from Figel, about two hundred yards upstream, in a settlement called Birà. I knew him slightly, but he had never spoken at any length with Ideng-Nogon. The women and men of Figel regarded her as a good mother as well as a great beauty.

Aftan and I were away from Figel the night the elopement was discovered. When I arrived back a few days later, Mer told us that people were upset and worried. Mo-Ning had gone directly to Balaud as soon as he discovered that his wife had run off with Sinew. Mo-Ning was something of a hothead under the best of circumstances, and everyone who knew him went to great lengths to respect and protect his gall bladder. That gall bladder was certainly bad now. Mo-Ning was furious. Balaud talked to him calmly, as he had almost constantly since the elopement. He persuaded him to eat something and to bring his bedding and his two remaining children to the big house, where he could calm down. Balaud assured Mo-Ning that his angry gall bladder would be well taken care of and that he would get everything that was coming to him. All the exchange goods that made up the se-
curity settlement would be returned to his kindred, and Sinew's kin would have to pay an appropriate fine.

Mo-Ning ranted nonstop for several days, going around from house to house in Figel, fussing and shouting about his bad gall bladder for Ideng-Ngon and her lover, and even occasionally picking up a spear and emphatically thrusting it into the ground. He spoke of the fierce revenge that he and his brother would surely visit upon the eloped couple's kindreds if his bad gall bladder were not well cared for by Balaud and the other legal specialists. Everyone empathized with his anger and desire for vengeance, even bloodshed, but they urged him not to do anything violent, which would be "no way to live." To the satisfaction of all, Mo-Ning, though agitated, stayed in Figel and did not attempt to pursue the couple.

By the third day Balaud had calmed Mo-Ning enough to begin the legal work, so he sent a message to Mo-Sinew urging that a session be scheduled so that the matter of Mo-Sinew's wayward son could be settled without delay. He also sent messengers to Terefuhn, beyond Keroon Uwa, to find Mo-Nanah, Ideng-Ngon's father and a legal specialist himself, and call him to a session that would arrange the return of the security settlement given at his daughter's wedding. Balaud's two messages spoke sternly of his own anger at what had happened to his kinsman, as well as of Mo-Ning's rage at the insult he had suffered. Balaud also made known that Mo-Ning had trusted his gall bladder to his care and was not seeking blood vengeance. Both Mo-Sinew and Mo-Nanah sent word back that they would come to Figel for the sessions as soon as possible.

Mo-Ning returned to his home in Birà after eight days with Balaud in the big house, considerably calmed down.

Even though he was no longer present, his situation was the main topic of discussion among the Figel people and those who stopped for a rest when passing by on the forest trail. Late into the night, Balaud and others talked and shouted, alternating stories of how such an affair can lead to ruthless revenge with comments on the virtue of restraint, the foolishness of Sinew and Ideng-Ngon, and the absolute necessity of getting every bit of their security settlement back "home" to Mo-Ning's kindred along with a substantial fine. Most of the talking was done by Mo-Ning's kinfolk. People unrelated to Mo-Ning mostly listened, nodded in agreement from time to time, and asked occasional questions. Eventually, legal specialists from other places could be expected to join in the sessions and help seek a just outcome.

Mo-Ning stormed back to Figel in a rage the morning after he had gone home to Birà. When would his legal session be settled? If he didn't see his security settlement come home to his kindred soon, he would surely kill someone. As he strode around the yard in front of the big house yelling, his relatives and others gathered about him, softly urging him to calm himself. Balaud came down to the yard and cajoled Mo-Ning to trust him: "When you think we are not interested in fixing your gall bladder, that's the time to go killing people. Not now. Not as long as you trust us. You watch how we are doing this for you." Mo-Ning quieted down a bit and was again persuaded to stay in the Figel big house until his case was settled.

That evening a large group of Figel men and women gathered in the big house for a long and serious discussion of the situation. Balaud began with a lengthy lecture to Mo-Ning, advising him not to travel around the forest but to stay close to the house, so that he would not be blamed should any misfortune occur to relatives of Sinew or Ideng-Ngon. He could not carry any weapons or even tools that could be construed as weapons,
Above all, he should be patient and wait, trusting the various
justice-givers who would be working to set things aright. The
old man stressed that what they wanted was to get everything
settled justly and to get the kindreds' exchange goods back be-
fore anyone was hurt or killed. He recalled that Mo-Ning's
grandfather, himself a legal specialist, had once been unable to
contain his rage and had killed someone before a session could
be settled. "That," he said, "was not the right way."

Then they discussed the various coming sessions, of which
there would have to be four. In addition to the ones settling Mo-
Ning's kindred's hurt and anger toward the kindreds of the two
clopers, a session would have to take place to create the new mar-
rriage between Ideng-Nogon and Sinew and to establish a new
settlement to secure that union. Finally, the fact that Ideng-
Nogon and Sinew had grieved each other's kindreds by putting
them at risk of possible blood vengeance would have to be adju-
dicated. These latter two legal sessions would not involve Figel
people or Mo-Ning's kin.

A few more days passed, and Mo-Ning hiked half an hour
downriver to the house of his mother and stepfather, both of
whom happened to be important legal specialists. He said it had
been almost two weeks since the elopement and that his gall
bladder could not tolerate waiting any longer for justice. He
would get his homemade shotgun, and he and his brother would
"fix" the matter themselves. His threat had the effect he doubt-
less desired: his stepfather, whose name was Mo-Anggul, and his
mother, Ideng-Amig, urged patience in the most serious terms,
then hurried to Figel to confer with Balaud. Mo-Ning went too,
as did some other neighbors—about twenty people in all.

Ideng-Amig was respected without qualification as a major le-
gal sage, one who could be trusted and who knew how to speak
with grace in the roundabout rhetoric of sessions. Her husband,
however, was another story. Close to eighty years old, white-
haired, foxy, and strong. Mo-Anggul was a man whose actions
often belied the gentle look on his face when it was in repose. In
1927 he had lost his temper during a legal session and speared a
man, for which the American colonial authorities put him in
prison for several years. His reputation as a legal specialist was
a curious mixture of admiration and contempt. On the one
hand, his skill in oratory was known throughout the Dakel Teran
area, and everybody agreed that he was an important legal sage.
On the other, most also agreed that he was untruthful and self-
seeking.

One of the principal features of the forest Teduray legal sys-
tem was that legal specialists did not compete during a session to
"win" for "their side." They all worked together to find the just
outcome, to determine who truly had "the fault" and who had
"the right." Although legal specialists represented their kin and
stood ready to "accept the fault" when their kinsperson had
done wrong, the proceedings were thoroughly cooperative and in
no way adversarial.

Mo-Anggul, however, was known behind his back as a
"cheater," one who seemed to contend for his own kinsman and
not for the actual truth of the situation. More than that, he was
considered a "liar": one who would make promises or agree-
ments just to conclude a session, then not abide by them. People
therefore seldom entrusted their gall bladders solely to Mo-
Anggul, and other legal specialists would generally not agree to
discuss matters in sessions with him unless he had companions
to share responsibility for his side. Mo-Anggul was somewhat
prickly about all this, so some people tried to avoid him in ses-
sions, giving the most elaborate and carefully euphemistic rea-
sons for not showing up. For these reasons alone, it was not surprising that Mo-Ning went first to Balaud for help and not to his stepfather.

The talk in Balaud's house was once again long and heated. Mo-Anggul, offended that Mo-Ning had not approached him first, was bristling. "Mo-Ning now says that he will call his brother and they will settle this matter themselves." As if Mo-Ning was not in the room, he continued: "Do those two feel their elders are not doing anything? Don't they have any respect for Balaud and me? For his own mother? Can we elder legal specialists not talk well? Can he not trust us?"

At this point Ideng-Amig addressed her son directly. In a strong voice and with a tone of authority, she echoed her husband's concerns about Mo-Ning's open threats. "You keep talking such foolishness. If you and your brother cannot be stopped from revenge killing, even I can't help you!"

But Mo-Anggul was not finished blustering. "When Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon's security settlement was first arranged years ago," he said, "there were many disputes. I worked hard to ensure that there would be no bad feelings, even going so far as to confess an old, nonexistent fault in hospitality to Ideng-Nogon's father and giving an extra hunting spear to make it right." He looked around the room before continuing. "Now, after all that help, Mo-Ning should surely trust me with his gall bladder. Instead he talks about stabbing or shooting."

Ideng-Amig's approach was more direct. Looking deep into her son's eyes, she said, "It is not your security settlement but your kindred's. If you go stabbing anyone, you will not only put your elders in grave peril of counterrevenge, but you will cause them to lose all rights to their exchange goods. If you go to the place of your in-laws to stab someone, you should not expect any further help. You must be patient and hold the anger in your gall bladder. Do not threaten vengeance."

Mo-Anggul, unable to contain himself, jumped to his feet, something he would never do in an actual session. I thought his own gall bladder must have been so badly hurt by Mo-Ning that, if the younger man hadn't been close kin, he would surely have demanded satisfaction in a session himself. "It was only this morning, thirteen days after the foolishness, that you came to me. You have no respect!" The hurt was clear in his voice. "If you do not respect me as your father, I will forget you as a son and give you no help at all with your session." He would have gone on, but Balaud gestured to claim the floor.

The revered elder spoke softly to Mo-Ning, looking him directly in the eyes the whole time. "My grandson, you have already been wronged by Ideng-Nogon and Sinew once before. You should not now be this bothered by what those perpetually foolish people have done. You should cool down and permit your elders to get their exchange goods back and to free you from Ideng-Nogon." Balaud glanced briefly at Mo-Anggul, then back at Mo-Ning. "Once your stepfather, Mo-Anggul, killed a man, you know, and the municipal judge sent him to the provincial prison. I don't want that to happen to you." Everyone present knew that the shouting was now over. The room was hushed as he went on. "Moreover, grandson, you are young. All you have in this is the woman. The security settlement belongs to your kindred, not to you. If you will just hold your gall bladder, then we will see that Mo-Nanah and his kin return the entire security settlement or, if that isn't possible, that they urge another of their women to marry you to justify keeping it. But, my grandson, that can only happen if our side is calm, not if we go stabbing." He looked intently at Mo-Ning.
Mo-Ning looked down for a moment, then said quietly, “I am cooler, and I want the session. I want our exchange goods back.”

Mo-Ning was far more concerned with those goods than with the loss of a particular woman. Though I had seen this time and again, it always seemed strange; I know that, if it had been Audrey who eloped, I would have been hurt and furious with her. But anger about the security settlement was the normal response in Teduray society. Among them, a man’s or woman’s honor didn’t rest on a spouse’s continued loyalty, but on everything being just-right with regard to the security settlement that his kindred had given and her kindred held. Mo-Ning was much more outraged over what had been done symbolically to his family’s standing than over how Ideng-Nogon had betrayed him personally.

All three judicial sages had worked hard to redirect Mo-Ning’s anger away from revenge. The same concern was being played out among Sinew’s kin in Keroon Uwa and among Ideng-Nogon’s in Terefunon.

Early the next afternoon, messengers came from Ideng-Nogon’s father, Mo-Nanah, saying that he was sorry for the delay in his coming to settle the session. He fully acknowledged his daughter’s fault (her lover’s equal culpability was not his issue) and said that he intended either to return the security settlement or to seek another unmarried kinswoman as wife for Mo-Ning.

Mo-Nanah and a group of people, mostly part of his daughter’s kindred but including some unrelated legal specialists who came to join in the session, arrived just before noon on the following day.

I was curious to meet Mo-Nanah, who had been the subject of such lengthy discussion. He was thin and bony and dressed in ragged shorts and a T-shirt. Although he had an appropriately serious demeanor, he did not look particularly aged, but neither did he seem strong physically.

The session began at once. It was what Teduray called a “hot session,” in that it concerned Mo-Ning’s angry gall bladder. Mo-Nanah came into the big house and, without the traditional handshake of greeting, immediately sat down on the floor, five feet to the left of Balauz. Mo-Anggul, Ideng-Anig, several minor legal specialists from Figel, and a couple of others from a neighborhood farther up the Dakel Tenan sat down in a rough circle about twelve feet in diameter. Also in the room, just out of the circle with their backs against a wall, sat a number of other interested Figel and Terefunon people. There were several minutes of silence while everyone prepared betel. Then, speaking quietly, Balauz noted in an indirect way that Mo-Nanah had been a long time in coming. “You may be hungry,” he said, “it is very late in the day.”

This roundabout, often allegorical manner of talking in legal encounters was called hinwady. It enabled participants to speak openly of sensitive issues, matters that could hurt feelings if they were addressed head on, and some facility in it was required of anyone who sought to be a legal specialist. Skill in using such rhetoric with insight and wisdom separated the great sages from the lesser ones and was a source of pride and reputation.

Using the same indirect speech, Mo-Nanah quickly replied that he had been held up trying to collect the exchange goods he needed to “send home” during this session. His actual words were “I would have come at once but the way was terribly grassy. I don’t know why the way had to be as grassy as it was. My people are slow to cut. I finally decided to disregard the high grass. I knew I had to proceed.”
The session was not long or drawn-out. Ideng-Amig and Mo-Anggul both made speeches recounting, in metaphorical stories, the anger of Mo-Ning and the patience of Mo-Ning's kindred. The speeches were stern, without being hostile. In both of them, indirect reference was made to Mo-Nanah's having said that he was prepared to accept the fault of his daughter. Mo-Nanah listened solemnly, and when Mo-Anggul finished he spoke out straightforwardly, saying, "I accept my daughter's fault."

All the other adjudicators said, "Just-right."

A typical hot session like this could readily take many hours to reach the point where one or more of the legal specialists accepted that their kinsperson had the fault. Even then it would still not be over until the other justice-givers present agreed that fault and right had been truly and justly determined. This case was sufficiently clear-cut that fault was acknowledged within the first hour.

There was a moment of silence, then Mo-Nanah began, in direct Te'duray speech, to ask the patience of everyone present. "I here is my plan," he said softly and with evident anguish. "I intend to go to Keroon Uwa and ask Mo-Sinew to help me. His people must soon give us a security settlement, so that Sinew and my daughter, Ideng-Nogon, will be properly married. I will ask him and Sinew's kindred to give the settlement to your kindred instead, with an amount of items fully equivalent to the one which you gave us when Mo-Ning married my daughter." He studied the other faces in the room, but they were all still without expression. "I will then consider that to be Sinew's security settlement for Ideng-Nogon."

There was a dramatic pause, broken only by the voice of Ideng-Amig, who said softly, almost in a whisper, "Just-right."

Mo-Nanah seemed to catch his breath. He looked solemnly at all the women and men in the judicial circle, and continued: "We cannot wait any longer for me to gather the necessary exchange goods from my kindred. This is the second time my daughter and Sinew have been the cause of danger and shame to us, and furthermore, I am ill. If you agree with my plan, I will show my good faith by presenting Mo-Ning's kindred with a feglesy fojew [an exchange item designated as 'something to make the gall bladder good']." In a soft but dignified voice Mo-Nanah asked, "May this settle our dispute with Mo-Ning and his kindred? If so, Ideng-Nogon and Sinew will become Sinew's kindred's responsibility alone." Then he placed his kris in the center of the circle as the feglesy fojew.

The others conferred and agreed. Balaud spoke for the consensus when he said, "Yes, well-planted rice can only grow if granted sun and rain." And, as all the other legal sages present said, "Just-right," he handed the kris to Mo-Anggul and Ideng-Amig.

Balaud's point was clear. With evident concurrence of other legal specialists, he had acknowledged Mo-Nanah's acceptance of his daughter's responsibility for Mo-Ning's bad gall bladder, he had trusted Mo-Nanah's assurance that the security settlement would be returned ("would come home") from Mo-Sinew, and he had recognized the kris as sufficient to satisfy Mo-Ning's and his kindred's immediate need for public vindication. In using the metaphor that he did, of benevolent natural elements offering life to well-planted grain, he was enunciating the opinion of all the sages that, given the circumstances, Mo-Nanah and his people had done all in their power to make things right. There was little more discussion; the other specialists assented to that judgment and endorsed it as their own. When Mo-Nanah asked if the session were finished, Mo-Anggul answered for them all: "Finished."
Mo-Nanah was served food, but ate only a few bites before he left with his group for Mo-Sinew's community. As he left the big house he exchanged the traditional handclasp with everyone present.

The first of the sessions brought on by Ideng-Nogon and Sinew's elopement was finished. Peace was restored between Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon and between their kindreds. Mo-Ning and his people harbored no more grudge toward her or her kin. His hurt was vindicated and his gall bladder healed, at least toward his ex-wife and her family. In the days following, Mo-Ning and his relatives were calm as they awaited the coming of Mo-Sinew for his session a couple of weeks hence. In the evenings, the Figel people gathered regularly in the big house to talk, but during the day they attended to their usual tasks.

There were still harsh feelings toward Sinew's kindred. Mo-Ning's anger would not be calmed in that direction until there was a fruitful legal session with them as well.

It was only some ten days later that Mo-Sinew sent word to Figel that he would come for his session in four days. At about one o'clock in the afternoon on the promised day, he and a number of close relatives and other companions arrived in Figel from Keron Owa. He and the Figel sages had sent word to several other legal specialists, including several who were from neither of the two involved neighborhoods, and they too began to arrive for the discussions.

When Mo-Sinew and his party arrived at the big house, many people were already there. They silently took seats on the floor and listened as Balaud and Ideng-Amig advised the younger men to leave this matter to their elders, who were less likely to get riled up. When there was a break in the talk, Mo-Sinew rose, went to Balaud and the gathered adjudicators, and gave the traditional handshake with elaborate exaggeration. He asked, "May I still come to this place?"

The others nodded, and Ideng-Amig answered somberly, "This is the place for our session."

Mo-Sinew sat down and looked all around the room. The actual session would begin later, but there were important things to say immediately. "I have been long in coming for this session because I have had to search among Sinew's kindred for help with the exchange goods." This was said in ordinary, straight Teduray, but it was not just a casual comment. Although the session had not begun, the metaphorical rhetoric had. As Mo-Nanah had done, Mo-Sinew was indicating obliquely but clearly that he was prepared to accept Sinew's fault and settle the issue at this time.

Somewhat coolly, in contrast to Mo-Sinew's ingratiating manner, Balaud said, "We who are Mo-Ning's kin have not found the long delay easy but we hope that, at last, the matter is going to be settled nicely." He fixed his look for a long moment on Mo-Sinew's eyes. "Mo-Nanah is being helpful. He is even willing to accept your return of Mo-Ning's original exchange goods as being Sinew's new settlement to his people for Ideng-Nogon." Balaud paused and there was total silence in the room as he took some betel, chewed a moment, and then spit carefully between the slats of the floor. "We have been very patient," he went on, "in not even considering taking our complaint to the municipal authorities, even though Mo-Ning, like the rest of us, has been angry now for many weeks."

Mo-Sinew answered immediately. "We appreciate your patience and we are fully prepared to accept my son's fault and make everything right. You—Balaud and Ideng-Amig—may

CHAPTER II

JUSTICE WITHOUT DOMINATION
speak for Mo-Nanah in our session.” I wondered if the omission of Mo-Anggul was just because he was not present, or another subtle indication of his disfavor as a man of justice.

Balaud said slowly and softly, his words distinct in spite of a mouth full of betel quid: “Mo-Nanah was very clear. You who are Sinew’s kindred should be the ones to return Mo-Ning’s security settlement.”

At this point, the conversation became much lighter. Everyone present, feeling clear with regard to the situation, relaxed markedly and spoke in a jovial manner. The initial encounter between the major legal specialists of the two sides was now finished. Mo-Sinew and his companions got up and went to sit with their own group. One of them said to the Figel people, “What happens to us now is in your hands, whether we will be killed or not, for we have come to your place.”

Balaud replied, “There will be no killing. Tomorrow, when Mo-Anggul is here, we will finish everything nicely.”

The session over Sinew’s fault toward Mo-Ning began at about seven the next morning. Mo-Anggul, who had arrived early and had been sitting quietly drinking coffee, abandoned his placid face and began a long, heated speech. He talked on the surface about a time when he encountered hostile spirits in the forest, but everyone recognized that his account was really about the trouble Mo-Ning had had from his marriage to Ideng-Nogon, the many delays endured in settling this elopement, and the patience that Mo-Ning’s kindred had shown. When his story was finished, Mo-Anggul laid out a series of small pieces of reed, naming them one by one as the items in Mo-Ning’s security settlement for his wife.

Mo-Sinew studied them intently for several moments, then said in plain Teduray, “My son has the fault for Mo-Ning’s bad gall bladder, and I accept that responsibility.”

All of the adjudicators present, including those from Keroon Uwa, agreed that the fault was Sinew’s. Of course, everyone knew that the fault was shared by Ideng-Nogon, but that issue had been settled. The only concern now was Sinew’s disregard of Mo-Ning’s gall bladder.

Mo-Sinew and his companions placed on the mat, one by one, eight items: three krises, four necklaces, and a homemade shotgun. Each piece was carefully studied by those in the circle around the mat. Several metaphorical speeches by others reiterated the chronology and facts of the case. One of Sinew’s kindred affirmed that he would return every item that had been part of Mo-Ning’s security settlement for Ideng-Nogon. He asked, however—now in straightforward words—for an extension of time; they could not give everything that day. Balaud and Ideng-Amig agreed with the delay and suggested a period of three weeks. The other adjudicators quietly said, “Just-right.” It was then about 10 A.M.

Three weeks later to the day, Mo-Sinew and a group of companions including some other Keroon Uwa area judicial sages arrived in Figel. Balaud, Mo-Anggul, Ideng-Amig, and three specialists from other places were waiting for them, and they began the session without delay. For this final meeting, Mo-Ning was asked to be present to receive the official “peace offering.” Mo-Sinew began the session by asking Mo-Ning to accept a kris from Sinew and a brass box from Ideng-Nogon as their peace offering. By custom, this was the last thing to be given in an elopement settlement. Mo-Sinew politely asked Mo-Ning to accept it right away, in order to put a symbolic end to the danger
felt by the people of Keroon Uwa. The others in the circle all nodded, expressing consent. Mo-Ning said that his gall bladder was now just-right, since the rest of the settlement was going to "come home."

Mo-Sinew then gave several pieces of exchange goods, equivalent to about two-thirds of the remainder, and asked that the adjudicators allow him another month to raise the rest from Sinew's scattered kindreds. Mo-Angga protested vigorously in a long speech, arguing that his people had accepted the peace offering in advance of the remaining exchange goods out of kindness—to end the danger—and that Mo-Sinew should keep his commitment without further delay. One of Mo-Sinew's kinsmen offered to give three more items of exchange goods at once, and another legal specialist, who was unrelated to either Mo-Ning or Sinew, said, "I myself will give two pieces to help end all this trouble."

As several in the sages' circle affirmed, "Just-right," they put two krises, two spears, and a brass betel-quid box down on the mat.

Two weeks later, Mo-Sinew and one of his cousins came to Figel and delivered the rest of Mo-Ning's kin's security settlement as well as an additional item of exchange goods for each of Ideng-Nogon's two children, who had been left with Mo-Ning. These pieces were called bumi (literally, "to place on her lap") and were customary whenever a mother ran away from her children. The bumi signified that she did care for them and established her right to visit them in years to come. With this last short, formal session, the matter was finished.

Mo-Ning and Ideng-Nogon were now officially divorced, and Ideng-Nogon was free to marry her lover, Sinew. The two of them still had to deal with the fact that they had shamed their respective kindreds, who would rebuke them for their behavior. The couple would feel humiliated at what they had done to their relatives, and they would surely act carefully not to cause further offense in the days to come. But they did not have to fear any violence from Mo-Ning and his kindred, all of whom felt fully vindicated and whose gall bladders were once again just-right.

Moreover, Mo-Ning too was now free to remarry. He found a new wife not long after—through appropriate negotiation, not elopement.

Sinew and Ideng-Nogon were still together when I left the forest. In their new marriage, the two of them enjoyed the full support and encouragement of their society and all its institutions. Divorced partners seemed to feel little or no resentment toward each other once all the relevant sessions were settled. Ideng-Nogon would be welcomed to visit her children living with Mo-Ning and would do so with delight; Sinew would treat her children as his own. The youngsters would love and respect both parents and stepparents.

The Teduray legal system, which I have portrayed through the case of Ideng-Nogon's and Sinew's elopement, was not competitive and adversarial like that of the larger Philippine legal establishment or that of the United States. Although some of the legal sages represented kindred, their loyalty was not to personal interests but to the restoration of just, public order. Their goal was not for either side to "win" but to achieve a genuine settlement in which all fault was determined and accepted and all hurt gall bladders were vindicated and restored. Sessions went on, often at great length, until all those in the circle could agree on the proper analysis of events, the proper outcome, and the proper fines or penalties. Whether there was one legal specialist present...
or ten, the situation was never “one against many.” And when the settlement was reached, it was invariably regarded as the joint achievement of all participating adjudicators, not a personal triumph or defeat for anyone. The skill of legal specialists was understood in terms of their capacity to achieve justice, not their ability to outwit or otherwise overcome others. Even to appear to tend toward such a goal was to invite the severe censure of being called, like Mo-Anggul, a “cheater.”

Legal specialists clearly had “authority,” even though they did not have the slightest capacity to enforce their decisions by use of coercive force. They could not have anyone ostracized, beaten, imprisoned, exiled, or executed. They merely agreed on what should happen: who should pay whom what fines in the form of exchange goods. And, in all but the most unusual of circumstances, it happened.

A common definition of “authority” in Western jurisprudence is “power plus legitimacy.” A state has authority, the great jurists have said, because it has the power of its police and army and the legitimate right to use that power to coerce its citizens. But I believe the Teduray showed conclusively that legitimate authority does not always need to come out of the barrel of a gun. Nothing makes authority necessarily rest on coercive power. Authority can be given for whatever rationale people choose to do it, and the Teduray gave their legal sages the right to make authoritative decisions not because they controlled any force but because they were acknowledged to be experts at restoring justice and thus at preventing social disorder.

The forest Teduray saw violence as a completely natural human response to anger, and their moral and legal systems sought to prevent violence as one of the society’s most profound goals. Teduray would fight only to prevent outsiders, such as the Ma-
gindanaon, from taking them as slaves or stealing their goods. Balaud once told me that forest Teduray men wore a kris to symbolize that willingness to defend themselves. But among the Teduray themselves, violence was abhorred. It was “no way to live.”

Nevertheless, angry people were potentially violent, capable of exploding into bloodshed and vengeance. So Mo-Ning’s fury and the rage of his kindred over Ideng-Nogon’s elopement with Sinew seemed perfectly understandable to everybody on all sides of the issue. Mo-Anggul was furious with Mo-Ning for not respecting him, but no one doubted for a moment that he would restrict his anger to shouting out advice. It was axiomatic to Teduray that between families lay an arena of potential danger and bloodshed, while among close kin there was relative safety. Parents gave moral advice or even a mild scolding to their children, but, “the world being as it is,” no one would scold a “fat person” and risk the consequences of making that person’s gall bladder bad.

Other people in other lands may not understand human nature in just that way, but to the traditional Teduray, those propositions about human and social reality were simply true. They were “objective realities”: they were Teduray common sense. To flout them would not merely show bad taste or upbringing; it would suggest a degree of madness. Therefore, the process of settlement that Mo-Ning and his angry kindred went through was not just some arbitrary set of legal institutions that had evolved in the society. Rather, it followed brilliantly a path of what might be called “natural healing.”

First, Mo-Ning and, to a somewhat lesser extent, his kindred registered the hurt that had been done to his gall bladder. When a Teduray’s gall bladder was hurt by the actions of another person, she or he made no secret of it. Teduray were expected to get hot about having been caused that bad gall bladder. Nobody
tried to shame Mo-Ning for his rage; no one ridiculed him, or told him he deserved what happened or that he was wrong to feel the way he did. His pain was respected. Healing has to start there, and for the Teduray it did.

Second, the anger was expected to erupt in loud screams of protest. Mo-Ning shouted and fussed and paced around in terrible agitation, reiterating over and over his pain and resentment, while threatening dire retaliation. This went on for days. There could have been no doubt in his mind that his distress had been heard. And although constant efforts were made to calm him down so that he would not resort to violence, nobody criticized his lengthy ranting; rather, his companions gave it serious respect. In innumerable ways, his elders and his community supported Mo-Ning and helped him release his anger fully, even as they were leading him to reevaluate how he should respond.

Third, Mo-Ning was offered a socially honored way to deal with his distress: by taking it to a session. His family and his community, represented primarily by several legal specialists, made his pain public and handled it with great seriousness. Mo-Ning did not have to internalize his anger and then act it out in some form of antisocial mayhem. Balaud and Mo-Anggul and Mo-Ning's mother, the legal sage Ideng-Amig, took up his cause with all the skill they possessed as masters of their justice-giving specialty, and so did the several adjudicators who were not related to him. They all affirmed his inherent goodness as a human being and the appropriateness of his pain as they reminded him that he had choices about his subsequent behavior.

And fourth, the series of legal sessions that resulted in the full return of his security settlement did something public and concrete to address the source of the hurt and put it in its proper place. The kindreds of Sinew and Ideng-Nogon, bearing corporate responsibility for the two lovers, were given a peaceful forum for admitting fault and for making restoration through the return of exchange goods, the symbolic marker of Teduray social relations. By the time the several sessions had run their course, the offense to Mo-Ning and his kindred was past history. They had been publicly vindicated and restored to a sense of peace; they had been given, once again, just-right gall bladders.

In this therapeutic process, Mo-Ning's case was typical of how the forest Teduray dealt with offenses. It was an elegant system. It was a healing system, and a gracious one. And it did all that it did without employing either coercive power or organized violence.

The Teduray that I knew in the rainforest put great emphasis on repairing bad gall bladders as quickly as possible without violence through the legal system, and they put even more stress on never giving anyone a bad gall bladder in the first place. People made mistakes, of course, and did not always live up to that moral code, so there was need for the skills of the legal specialists. But Teduray, whether relatives or not, usually tried diligently to respect each other and to give one another a hand. They put serious effort, both social and personal, into avoiding all violence. Children were taught from an early age to scan their social world for what they could do to encourage and assist all other people, and they were taught most certainly never to inflict physical or spiritual injury on anyone.

This commitment to mutual aid, support, and respect gave these people a quality that is almost impossible to describe, a sort of peace combined with a palpable graciousness. For much of the time I was doing my research I didn't fully assimilate the drastic contrasts between my own cultural heritage and what I
was seeing in Figel. Such insights, and the transformation they inaugurated in me, came slowly. But they did come, and they came with strength.

I will never forget the kindness with which the Figel people characteristically treated me and each other. And I will never forget the way their world valued interpersonal gentility and abhorred violence of any sort. Every time I went back into the very different world outside the forest, and especially when I returned to daily existence in the United States, I could not help but be struck by the overpowering contrast.
Selection from Philostratus, The Life of Apollonius of Tyana (lived first century BC)

LIFE OF APOLLONIUS, BOOK 1

crowd of all ages had set upon the governor, and 

and were lighting a fire to burn him alive, although he 

was clinging to the statues of the Emperor, which 

were more dreaded at that time and more inviolable 

than the Zeus in Olympia; for they were statues of 

Tiberius, in whose reign a master is said to have been 

held guilty of impiety, merely because he struck his 

own slave when he had on his person a silver drachm 

coined with the image of Tiberius. Apollonius 

then went up to the governor and with a sign of his 

hand asked him what was the matter; and he 

answered that he had done no wrong, but was 

indeed being wronged quite as much as the popula-

rice; but, he said, if he could not get a hearing, 

would perish along with the populace. Apollonius 

then turned to the bystanders, and beckoned to 

them that they must listen; and they not only held 

their tongues from wonderment at him, but they laid 

the fire they had kindled on the altars which were 

there. The governor then plucked up courage and 

said: "This man and that man," and he named 

several, "are to blame for the famine which has 

arisen; for they have taken away the corn and are 

keeping it, one in one part of the country and 

another in another." The inhabitants of Aspendus 

thereupon passed the word to one another to make 

for these men's estates, but Apollonius signed with 

his hand, that they should do no such thing, but 

rather summon those who were to blame and obtain 

the corn from them with their consent. And when 

after a little time the guilty parties arrived, he very 

nearly broke out in speech against them, so much 

was he affected by the tears of the crowd; for the 

children and women had all flocked together, and the 

old men were groaning and moaning as if they were 

on the point of dying by hunger. However, he 

respected his vow of silence and wrote on a writing 

board his indictment of the offenders and handed it 

to the governor to read out aloud; and his indict-

ment ran as follows: "Apollonius to the corn-dealers 

of Aspendus. The earth is mother of us all, for she 

is just; but you, because you are unjust have 

pretended that she is your mother alone; and if you 
do not stop, I will not permit you to remain upon 

her." They were so terrified by these words, that 

they filled the market-place with corn and the city 

revived.
The women began to reconnoiter their wall.

... and spelled quietly away. The women finished their coffee, handed back the dishes, and they started away. The soldiers offered you having shared the symbolic meal, having partaken of someone's moment. Something changes. For having drunk the coffee someone has offered you, there is a sense of being more with them, of being more whole.

After the blast, the soldiers gathered outside the building, preparing to storm the building.

In El Salvador, the office building is described as pre-dawn. Inside the office of a human rights group, two examples of nonviolent resistance...
(Skips) ...

... and smiles at the root of his eyes. "How ya' doin', man?" he asks. I look up and see a man on horseback. A few feet away, a man with a hat and glasses walks past. He looks at me and waves.

I'm standing in the middle of the reservation, among the tall grass and trees. It's a beautiful day, but the air is heavy with the smell of smoke.

I'm thinking about the history of this place. The reservation was established in the 1880s, and it's been a difficult journey for the people who live here.

I see a modern-day Indian hero. He's a young man, with a strong build and a determined look in his eyes. He's walking through the fields, checking the crops, and making sure they're growing healthy and strong.

There are so many stories to tell about the people who live on the Pine Ridge Reservation. The stories of their struggles, and their triumphs.

By Ian Frasier

On the Rez

A modern-day Indian hero visits an old friend on the Pine Ridge Reservation, explores the place, and discovers...
Find out today the fear is that when people will want to

Gala ceremonies used to be in secret. For years that when people moan

but when you get older you discovered that you have to

several years of the world under economic nose, with the rest of the world,

the other way out. Surface glass

sponsored from 1980s onward. After "social" figures

painted glass, the face in the past a booklet

and the crash that you are. The people around you with their. Then you: you thought of a

In my own observation of them, I'm thinking about

trees and earth and mountains that we did the

and the crash that you are. The people around you with their. Then you: you thought of a

In my own observation of them, I'm thinking about

trees and earth and mountains that we did the
The Pizza Opens Like a Roadmap Unrolling, a People Assembly Set

Your seat has been warm while you were on the Pizza Reservation. Your seat is just a view into the heart of the Pizza Reservation. In the heart of the Pizza Reservation, there is a Pizza Assembly. In this Pizza Assembly, there is a Pizza Map. This Pizza Map is a road map to the Pizza Reservation.

The following Pizza Assembly describes the Pizza Reservation. The Pizza Reservation is a place where people come to enjoy Pizza. The Pizza Reservation is divided into different sections. The following Pizza Assembly describes these sections in detail.

The following Pizza Assembly describes the Pizza Reservation. The Pizza Reservation is a place where people come to enjoy Pizza. The Pizza Reservation is divided into different sections. The following Pizza Assembly describes these sections in detail.
the boys and girls club, stockton high school

...
S

ome people who live in the town and now real-

ment they feel these feelings and their escape-

and her companions played their home ball

and the gymnasium played their home ball
Pike's firsts under O'Shaughnessy's nose: Surplus Big Cans

- "...and the other cans in the line beside it."
...