Tokolimbu to Wiwirano and return, from Grubauer's "Celebes"

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DESCRIPTION

This selection is a travelogue describing the author's trek in September 1911 from Tokolimbu on the shores of Lake Towuti to the village of Wiwirano and return, including a visit to the Routa mortuary caves.

SOURCE

Grubauer, Albert. 1923. *Celebes: Ethnologische Streifzüge in Südost- und Zentral-Celebes*. Hagen i. W. and Darmstadt: Folkwang. This is a translation of a portion only (pages 28 through 36), not the entire work. Original pagination is indicated by including the page number in square brackets, e.g. [p. 28].

VERSION HISTORY

Version 1 [04 April 2020] Translated March 1995; prepared for online publication March 2020.

Tokolimbu to Wiwirano and return, from Grubauer's "Celebes" [1]

by
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[p. 28]

Tokolímbu - Raúta, 14th September

Immediately behind the tiny village of Tokolímbu, our path led us through a small but deep creek—the bothersome and oftentimes enjoyed overture of travelling inside Celebes. For the next half hour we followed a footpath that was, to my eyes, completely unrecognizable in the tall meter-high reeds. After we had passed the swampy belt that borders the shoreline at the foot of slightly rolling hills, we immediately sought shade under the tall trees of a beautiful forest. Because of good weather during the past few months the path that we followed was in considerably good condition. During the rainy periods these forest paths must be in extremely bad shape. On our constant uphill and downhill hike we had to cross a number of hills which protruded like tongues and in the low areas we had to wade through bodies of water. In the beginning our party had stayed close together but now it stretched out more and more and when, after a two hour march, the head reached a small creek we had to wait for more than half an hour until the rest of the group caught up with us. We marched for an additional two hours through a never-ending mountain forest. And around 11:00 am we reached the main mountain group with the high Oawonlingkau peak which arose steeply before us. In the rocky bottom of an almost dried up river we rested for a while. Everyone was supplied with water that was carried along in calabashes, because this was our last chance before Raúta to quench our thirst. But the mountains were high; the sun shone down mercilessly and our goal was still many hours away.

We climbed further uphill. The top of the mountain formed a small plateau on which impressive giant trees were growing. Red fallen leaves covered the ground in thick layers. Dimmed sunlight shone through the branches and gave the impression of a forest in fall at home. Soon after we reached a second mountain plateau and after climbing more than two hours the third and highest plateau, the peak of the Oawonlingkau. From there we followed the indentations in the mountain ridge which led us through dense woods in which I noticed numerous tracks of the anoa, the

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[1] An account of this same trip, published earlier, can be found in the author's 1913 *Unter Kopfjägern*, pages 118 to 156. Related photographic images that appeared in an Appendix of plates, as well as some pulled from *Unter Kopfjägern*, have been incorporated at appropriate locations in the text.

Jungle on Oawonlingkau

chamois buffalo of Celebes, The butterfly world also showed a remarkable variety. Large *Papilio* moved like shadows through the clearings. Huge *Danaus* swayed, as if driven by the wind, from flowering bush to flowering bush, while colorful lycaenids rushed across the path and arrow-quick *Charaxes* chased each other high in the branches of the trees. In remarkable contrast to these so numerously represented lovely inhabitants of the tropical forest [p. 27] there seemed to be a complete absence of feathered creatures in these mountains, while the forests in the valleys were alive with bird sounds. It was probably only the midday sun that kept the birds' voices silent. —

How beautiful is the flora of the mountain forests, of which I noticed in particular tree ferns, beautiful pandanuses, and whole networks of vines and climbing rattan palms. It was a wonderful hike through this isolated region of jungle, full of unforgettable impressions. —

The water divide was already behind us and with our path first slightly descending, then again descending a steep slope we came down on the opposite side of the mountains. It was around 3 pm when we spotted far below us from a small clearing the mountain village of Raúta in a valley framed by trees. I was so happy to be so near that ancient ancestral seat of the Tolambátu and covered the remaining distance as fast as possible. Far ahead of my people I entered as the first person with my heart beating in my throat this place to which I had brought such high expectations. As it had so often happened before in such cases the same was happening here. The first impression was a terrible disappointment. Raúta that from the mountain top had appeared like an enchanted Alpine village, embedded in forest romance with softly shimmering green meadows and with its small huts scattered over the mountain terrain had lost all of its attraction when seen close-up. The green meadows turned into areas of rigid lalang, and the small huts were partially collapsed constructions, which gave the valley a melancholic look. Out of habit, I fired a few signal shots into the air at my arrival whereupon in other previously visited places everything became lively similar to a disturbed ant bed. But in Raúta everything remained silent. There was an oppressive heat lingering above the village through which the echo of my shots was still resounding. I deemed the village as completely deserted. Most huts were locked and probably vacant. Out of curiosity I opened a door and to my amazement faced four men squatting on the floor close to one another who gazed at me silently with panic in their eyes. My request for them to come out apparently was not comprehended and only the patient and supportive animation of my Lambátu guide, who had arrived late, was successful in motivating these people to leave their hut. They were small and malnourished people, only clothed in loincloths and whose bronze-colored bodies were covered with a patina that was years old. This was not surprising because in these parts people are only interested in cooling down their bodies if the heat becomes too unbearable. For this purpose they stand in the river or creek or lie down in one and let the cool wet substance affect their bodies; then they go about their business and leave the drying to the sun. — Soon we discovered that there were a few frightened older men and boys sitting in one of the huts uphill, whom we had to visit and reassure before they decided to come out too. And with this the head count in Raúta was

complete. These few people were actually the last residents and relatives of the Tolambátu tribe that had emigrated to Towuti. They guarded the possessions of their tribal brothers. — Not a single woman had remained. — Altogether I counted five huts which were built next to each other and of which two were larger family homes not counting the homes which were scattered in the valley and on the mountain slopes, and which were also completely vacant. One short look at the only two inhabited huts convinced me not to put my quarters in there because they were filthy and full of vermin. So I had all my men [p. 28] report to me and instructed them to build a shelter out of beams from half-collapsed huts and then roof it with thatch pieces of the same origin. This construction, however, did little justice to the name ‘shelter’ because it was open on three sides and actually only consisted of one wall and a roof under which my field bed was put up. — Chickens, eggs and such were nonexistent in Raúta. The people here lived exclusively on sago and their unhealthy appearance was caused to a large part by an insufficient diet. Under such circumstances I usually stuck to my own supply of canned food which I was also forced to do during this entire exploration. — Hardly physically restored I returned to look at my new surroundings.

The abandoned village of Raúta

The long valley in which Raúta is located is completely surrounded by forests, and in the distance by beautiful mountains with numerous plateaus that are also covered up to their peaks by luscious vegetation. The village we visited was at the end of the clearing on our side of the mountain. When the few guards who were left behind to guard the emigrants’ possessions will have left this village, every sign of the old settlement will disappear within a very short time. Termite destruction combined with wind and weather will level what is still standing and vegetation full of growing energy

will cover up everything with a thick evergreen blanket. Should a future traveler by accident come through this isolated area no witness of past times will remind him that once there were caring people living here and that above the silence of this isolated region great old traditions are sleeping. —

When I examined the one larger and still inhabited house into which my people had moved I found large numbers of already packed items as well as sago. Among these items I particularly noticed numerous brass utensils of Malaysian origin. Among them were bronze gongs of all sizes, large plates and platters, tea pots, betel containers, spittoons, etc. These items are considered as highly valuable along the coastline of Borneo and among the wild tribes inland, and they can only be found in the remotest places. But I had never before seen such utensils with the inland tribes of Celebes with the Tolambátu being the only exception. I find it hard to believe that they would trade with the Bugis people on the coast because of the immense, separating belt of trackless jungle. And the fact that the Tolambátu are totally ignorant of the Malaysian coast dialect also speaks against this theory. Maybe these old utensils, which I later also found in large numbers at the burial sites of the Tolambátu, were brought into the country by immigrants at a very early time? — Language, customs and habits of the Tolambátu are completely different from those of other Celebes tribes, but were very similar in many ways to those of the Dayak and Dusun tribes of Borneo. As they keep the remains of their deceased in clay jars, so-called gusi jars, which are considered sacred heirlooms and not for sale, so do the Tolambátu. Like some Dayak tribes they also transport these gusi jars with the remains of the deceased to a rock cave high up in the mountains, which represent burial tombs and are furnished lavishly with gifts to the dead. I did find burial sites in caves with other tribes in middle Celebes but in a completely different form, whereas the rituals of the Tolambátu are very closely related to the customs on Borneo. The Tolambátu couldn’t tell me anything more except that they had come across the ocean a very, very long time ago.

The other Raúta huts that I inspected were completely vacant, but in the hut of the chief I was able to examine the very interesting and peculiar installation of a death chamber, [p. 29] as it only existed in the huts of chiefs and nobles among the Tolambátu. Below, I will give a more detailed description of the death cult of these in many ways mysterious forest dwellers.

The members of the Tolambátu tribe usually bury their dead of common descent after they were washed and wrapped in white cloth in coffins sealed with resin which consisted of hollowed tree trunks. In former times these coffins were placed above ground below the huts between the posts inside an area closed off with boards for the likely purpose to protect the coffin from wild pigs. In recent times they abandoned this old custom and they bury the coffin similar to the old custom under the house or—and this custom is probably the most common—they bury it somewhere close by in the brush below a small ‘death house’ which is constructed especially for that purpose. In the latter case usually no coffin is used but the deceased is put in the grave only wrapped in cloth. On top of the grave, after the soil is leveled, the clothes of the

deceased are placed with the death hat which is always individually made, as well as bowls of rice or other food supplies. Around whole is erected a square wooden box-like construction which has a length of approximately three meters with a height that does not exceed one and a half meters. To the upper edge of this construction is added a primitive wooden lattice the width of a hand. A slanted flat thatch roof sits directly on the edges of this wooden box. The body of the deceased now remains at the burial site, whether above or under ground until the time of the festival of the dead is near. Then all graves of those deceased who had passed on at least 8 to 12 months earlier are opened, and their bones are collected and placed in containers which look like children's coffins. They are transported on the day of the festival to the bone site located in the mountains of Raúta.

Death chamber in the old chief's house

The Tolambátu practice a somewhat different ritual for their chiefs and nobles. — The deceased are placed in their coffins in the back part of the house, into an enclosure made of cloth and onto a wooden support, which is usually beautifully decorated as my photographs show. Around the coffins the gifts for the dead are displayed: clothes, nourishment for the soul of the deceased, etc. When the time of the festival of the dead approaches, which is not tied to a certain date but is celebrated depending on the wealth of the tribe in intervals of three to five years, the coffins are then opened again in order to place the removed bones into the previously described

gusi urns. These are of Chinese origin. Their acquisition is so costly that in most cases their acquisition causes the family sacrifices and hardship. When placing the bones into these gusi urns, they first put in the bottom jewelry of the deceased, such as shell bracelets, pearl necklaces, etc. Then follows the skull and on top the bones. The urn is sealed and temporarily placed on a small podium where it remains until it makes its final journey to the graves in the rocks on the day of the great festival of the dead.

Our later picture shows four such structures for the same number of urns which were formerly covered with white cloth of which remnants are still visible. In front of these four urn supports, we can see two strange looking wooden structures which are remnants of dolls' bodies. At the time when the urns are set up, life-size figures representing the deceased are displayed in front of them, richly clothed and adorned with the beautifully made hat of the dead, [p. 30] and they are worshiped exuberantly every day by the ones who were left behind until the transfer takes place. The female members of the family throw themselves at the feet of these dolls, wailing, pulling their hair, lovingly touching legs and calves of the doll as if it were alive, kissing its garment while the men gloomily sit there. Sometimes only one doll is displayed but it wears as many hats as family members are to be buried. Sometimes each of the deceased receives a doll that is also transported with the urns and all the gifts including the large bier, which was up to that point located in the house, to the graves in the mountains. The festive transfer of the bones of all deceased, whether they were of high or low social standing, usually occurs with the participation of several communities and under the leadership of the village *sánru* (shaman).

The burial of children takes place independently from the above described ritual. Their bodies are usually transported without much celebration to the graves in the cliffs by their families, immediately after the wake has been prepared where, according to ancient traditions, the bones of the Tolambátu shall find eternal rest. I will get back to those cliff graves later in this report. —

The deserted house of the chief did not show anything of importance besides the described death chamber, some old kitchen utensils, defective reed baskets, rugs, etc. On the left side of the picture one can see a strangely shaped and knocked over rice mortar, the weight of which unfortunately made it impossible for me to take it along. To its right is a old damaged drum, whose wooden cylinder does not show any kind of decoration. So I left these empty rooms and visited once more the hut which had been chosen as headquarters by my people. The only ethnographical find that I discovered there was a hook which was carefully carved out of horn and had the shape of an anchor. It must have been formerly used as a clothes peg. It was the only object of this kind that I was able to get from the Tolambátu.

Raúta - Wiwiráno, 15th September

The night was horrible. A constantly bothering half-starved cat kept attacking my supplies and a herd of deer, attracted by my night light, approached me

up to a distance of a few feet and then, when I jumped up, fled trampling through the bushes. And above my head bats, apparently not noticing me, were hunting after insects, and noiselessly gliding owls chose the roof of my hut as perch for their hunts calling each other with frightening hollow shrieks. These noises and the occasional crazy laughter-like shrieks of forest birds made the night unbearable so that I was extremely happy when at around 4 am the first faint light of dawn announced the beginning of a new day. Already before 6 am we started out through the knee-deep creek into a deciduous forest which was dripping with humidity. Large clay basins created by buffaloes interrupted every few moments the much cursed path into which several of my porters had fallen including their entire loads. Thread-thick spider webs of remarkable consistency crossed our path and stuck to our faces making progress extremely difficult. To top off our enjoyment rattan, whose thorn-covered vines hooked themselves into our clothes, pulled the hat off my head and the loads off my porters backs, was everywhere in the forest. I was therefore relieved when this first and a lot less than pleasant part of the trail was finally behind us and we stepped out into a lalang valley framed by forests and mountains. We followed this valley for approximately one hour until we reached a crossing at a river. From here the path to Wiwiráno turned to the left, while in the direction to our right was supposedly the way the ancient cliff graves of the [p. 31] Tolambátu. While my porters walked along the Wiwiráno path, I and my Tolambátu guide as well as the Sulewátang, the Buginese, and my personal attendant started in the direction of the graves. These mysterious death caves in the mountains of Raúta, which had never before been visited by Europeans and of which the Tolambátu say that no soul of their dead would find peace unless their bones are put to rest there, are located in the most remote and deserted area, and nothing in the surroundings gives away their existence. Without a path to follow we marched uphill for twenty minutes through a forest of dark and tall trees in the rocky bed of the river then, to cut off a large bend of the river, we turned further to the right into brush land. Suddenly we stepped into a clearing that was obviously man made. A number of provisionally erected thatch-roofed huts which were collapsing indicated that it must have been a long time since people had last stayed and slept here. As I was told by my guide, the procession that brings the bones to these caves spends the night here before they start on their last short portion of their trip to the caves. After we crossed this site we again reached the river, crossed it again and faced a steep and upward leading path. It was covered with meter-tall weeds so that we first had to clear them with a bush knife. The width of this clearing may have measured twelve to fifteen meters. From its edge, high above, the steep white gleaming cliffs became visible.

We were filled with exhilarating expectations. My men had become unusually quiet and even the leader was hiding behind me. But the Buginese displayed the most fear. This huge man was trembling with uneasiness and falling behind more and more. The road of the dead suddenly ended in front of a steep cliff, the walls of which were pointing straight up into the sky. We had reached the foot of the main mountain system. — To our right, the rocky cliffs receded obliquely and it was here where not deep

Bone chamber in the Raúta Mountains

caves, as I had expected, but deep overhanging chambers rich with stalactites had been formed which, positioned like terraces on top of each other, formed huge enclosed spaces. These airy, open chambers served the Tolambátu as last burial sites for the earthly remains of their people. — My men hesitated, pale with excitement, in front of the entrance which was blocked off by rocks and was difficult to pass, and I was unable to persuade them to follow me. Even the Sulewátang pleaded with me to flee this place inhabited by demons and to turn back before any harm was done to us. Only my personal attendant, Rámang, showed a little more courage and followed me closely with the camera. — The first and most immediate arch seemed to be the oldest of the bone chambers. The red and dry soil of the rocky enclosure was covered with numerous wildly scattered bones and skulls, and there were so many that we could not help but constantly step on the bones on our way to the second main enclosure. At the entrance of the latter, there were also huge rocks piles over which we had to climb in order to reach the inside of this cave. This second chamber was obviously a skull chamber and still in use today and to my surprise was very impressive. While time and weather had done their work in the first cave, we found in this second, more protected cave everything in fairly well recognizable original condition. Large and heavy biers, aged by time, with partially broken supports gave witness, including the gifts that had been placed on top of them, of the love and admiration of the Tolambátu for their ancestors. It must have been extremely difficult to carry these unformed, clumsy constructions from far away through the pathless jungle up to this location, and it is moving with what effort, love and care the bereaved were [p. 32] trying to supply the deceased with objects to make certain that his soul had the necessary supplies for the afterlife. All the garments of the deceased, their weapons, jewelry and tableware, palm wine containers, and food had been placed partly on the pall and partly on the ground. — But the west wind that has easy access to these caves had caused chaos with these altars of naive pietism. Precious urns had been blown about or were broken. The lids of the wooden boxes had burst, which had once contained the remains of the less affluent, and between rock piles and vines, which had grown into these caves, were scattered about pottery shards, skulls and human bones—a shocking memento mori. — Amidst clay pitchers of all sizes and shapes I noticed wide brimmed, artfully crafted death hats, shields in very old shapes which no longer exist nowadays, decorated drums, utensils of which no one today knows what they were ever used for, numerous brass items, plates and bowls, stacks of garments made of bark cloth, bales of raw fuya, etc. Almost everything was damaged to some extent; but although these deep chambers were protected from humidity, they did not protect from wind and weather and from the intrusion of rodents. It took some effort on my part to find a suitable location for my camera on the ground that was littered with debris.

A third bone chamber of larger dimensions and in similar condition was located together with several smaller galleries that served the same purpose higher up in the cliffs. On one of the biers an opened European umbrella had been placed. Umbrellas always signify the remains of a woman. (I had come across the custom to mark women’s graves with umbrellas on my earlier trips to British North Borneo when I

visited Dusun graves.) Particularly plentiful in this location were bronze gongs. But instead of the fuya garments which I had seen in the first enclosures, I could only find clothes made of European cotton material. — After taking several photographs we returned to our men, who in the meantime had withdrawn respectfully from this site dedicated to the dead. They were obviously relieved when they saw us again. But I was looking in vain for the Buginese. This big hero had run away, and was on his way back all by himself. I caught up with him again at the Wuáki River in the midst of the porters who had waited for us and with wild gesticulations was telling them horror stories. —

Wiwiráno valley

At approx. 2 pm we were standing on a ridge that gave us a view of the landscape of Wiwiráno, which was lying 1500 meters below us. We descended on extremely steep slopes, and only the bamboo canes, which were growing arm to thigh-thick, prevented a dangerous slide downhill. At a height of two-thirds of the mountain the bamboo forest suddenly ended and we stepped out onto burnt-black ledges. From these slopes we had a fantastic view of a great panorama with high mountain peaks all around. Rugged mountain tops and sharp rocky ridges, a quite unusual sight amidst the mostly gently rounded and far stretching mountain systems of the southeastern peninsula surrounded a band of lusciously green mountain forests. But the center of it all was the narrow cultured valley of Wiwiráno that branched out in several directions. The huts of the valley greeted us invitingly from the distance. — The closeness of our goal revived our already tired bodies. As usual, I was far ahead of the porters with a few men, and now we hurried quickly downhill, forgetting our

fatigue and not noticing our sore feet. We only had 15 minutes to cross stubble fields of rice, then we were standing in front of the visitors' hut in the village. Someone should have noticed us crossing the empty field and therefore I found it strange that not one soul had shown himself. Our night quarters were in earshot of this settlement that consisted of a few huts. After firing some shots [p. 33] a few people came forward. These were two very peculiar looking people. One of them, tall and strong with a square face, a Bugis cap on his head and with cotton jacket and knickers, was the village chief, the kapala kampong. The man next to him looked striking: he was a small man of slender build with a white full beard, with surprisingly light skin and eyes, clad in a light blue uniform jacket and long pants. He seemed to be clever and lively and was, as I later learned, the richest and most respected man of the district, so that he seemed to have the function of a high chief. His colleague treated him with great respect and I heard later that he was a clever dealer who speculated in dammar, sago and rice. Because of his unusual clothes, I called him, to the amusement of my people, Kapitan Útan (forest captain) which seemed to please him enormously.

Kapitan Útan and the chief of Wiwiráno

The kapala did not speak Malaysian. The kapitan, however, was fluent in it and what I learned from him was quite enough to dampen my excitement.

1. Wiwirano was depopulated at the moment because most of its residents were in the forests looking for dammar, or they lived in the mountains on their remote fields. The only residents of the village who were there at this time were the families of these two village chiefs.

2. There was no water supply in the village. All wells had dried up. It was impossible to bathe, and the nearest river was too far away from the village. The

drinking water had to be retrieved from a swampy water hole, its consumption therefore did not seem to be harmless.

3. No food was available in the village, not even sugar cane or corn. Coconut palms were completely unknown, and the rice for my people came on the stalk in completely insufficient quantities and at an extremely high price. My people had to pestle it themselves.

Being in a somewhat bad mood, I dismissed these two notabilities and went to examine our quarters. The inside of this thatch-roofed building consisted of two long raised platforms on the left and right with a wide center strip in the middle from where three high steps led up to them. These two estrades, which were not divided by walls, were made of split bamboo and served as sleeping and living areas. Fireplaces were located in the walkway between them. I took possession of the entire right estrade for myself and my luggage and left the other side to my men. In the valleys the shadows of the night were fighting with the last glimmer of dusk, when my personal attendant appeared with the important message: "Tuan, makanan sedia,"—dinner is ready. As embarrassing as it may be, but to be truthful, from that moment on, at least for that particular day, all of Wiwiráno and the most beautiful sunset were of no interest to me any longer, because only one star was shining: the lamp on my picnic case that was covered with deliciously smelling beautiful food.

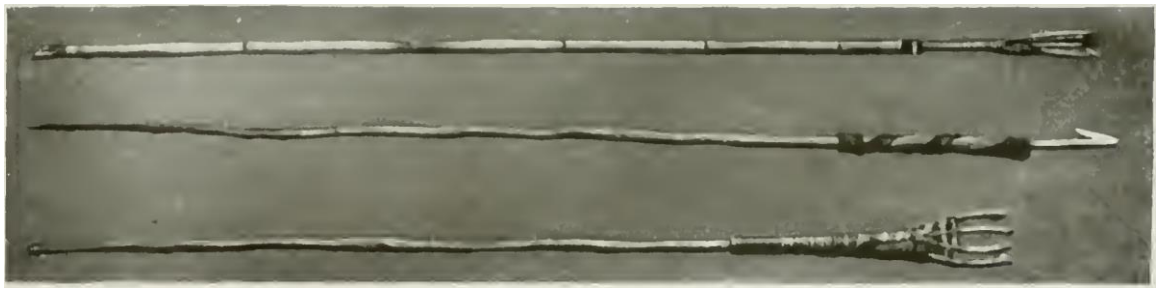
Wiwiráno, 16th September

Today was a day of rest for my people and was used by me for writing, visits, and inquiries about country and inhabitants. I was told there was a total population of 40 in this village. Of those, several had already come from the vicinity early in the morning. They were generally of medium height and of a strong build. Their skin was a dark olive. The Chief seemed to be a little too much of a herculean type for a Tolambátu and maybe had some Buginese blood running through his veins. — Some [p. 34] of the villagers had thin moustaches, a surprising and unusual fact since the people of Celebes consider beards as ugly and in some areas they are feared as being diabolic. Their pitch black hair falls openly over the shoulders of the people of Wiwiráno. Usually it is tied into a shapeless bun and hidden under their head scarf. Their eyes appeared to me slightly slanted, the iris of a dark brown color, their eyebrows bushy and mostly grown together completely, the noses short and their lips full and protruding. The latter may be attributed to constant tobacco chewing. — The regular garments of these people consist of a loin cloth, which is pulled between their legs and wrapped around their hips, and of a strip of cloth that is many yards long and wrapped in turban style around their heads. On festive occasions these two essential garments are joined by small linen pants in the Buginese style, a jacket without buttons and a large scarf. Around their necks they carry a small bag made of cloth or bast, which contains their chewing ingredients. Chewing tobacco is one of the highest pleasures for the Wiwiráno, and for both

Tolambátu from Wiwiráno

Tolambátu boy with knee adornment

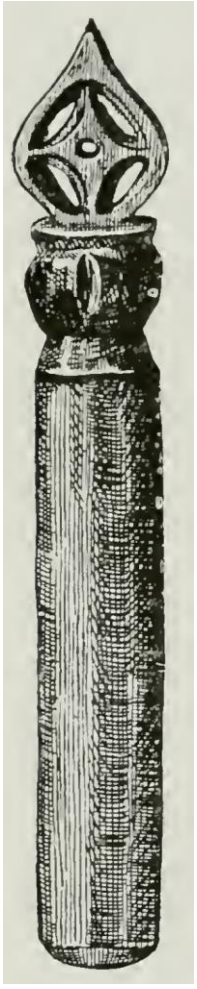
genders, from which they are unwilling to part. Even when talking they do not remove the quid from their mouths, a bad habit under which the distinction of their language greatly suffers. Only when eating do they put it down carefully, or they keep it in a small attractive beaded container that was made especially for that purpose. But more often, as I observed many times, a neighbor takes over the chewing of this appetizing tidbit until the owner is in the position again to resume



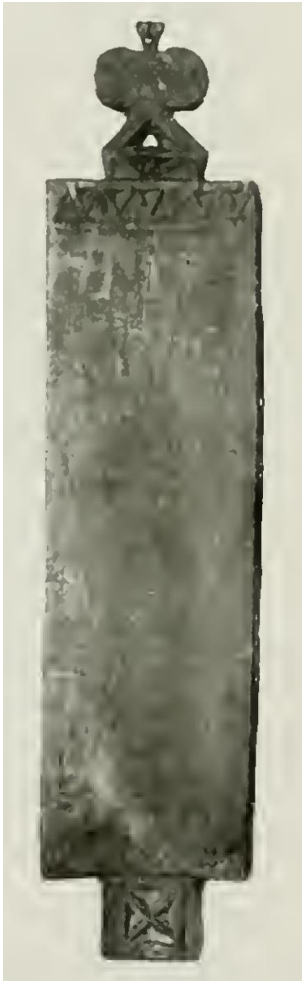
Fish spears

by himself this pleasant occupation. These tobacco quid that are constantly held in their mouths give the mouth a protruding look and stretch the cheeks in a manner so that, after years, they take on the shape of pockets, which does not contribute to the beautification of the happily participating chewers. As an especially chic decoration, young men in Wiwiráno carry under their knee a bunch of goat or anoa hair, which is substituted by a colored woolen thread for small boys.

As a last remnant of the fuya or bark cloth materials that were used in earlier times, I still found in some huts large reddish brown scarfs and an original paper-thin woman's fuya jacket which, folded artistically into a small roll, fitted into the hollow of a hand. — Although the contents of the huts were generally very poor, I did find some interesting items in some of them, which revealed a sense for shape, however still undeveloped. How would otherwise a people on a very low stage of development be capable of creating such tastefully decorated cooking utensils, pepper and salt grinders, cutting boards for tobacco, medicine tins, combs, and the like! — There was not one musical instrument to be found, except for the bronze gongs, although wooden drums and bamboo flutes should be known to them. — Bush knives, these essential tools of the natives, had entirely different shapes in the Wiwiráno valley than among the Tobela. These objects which here are called *báde*, and are terrible weapons in skilled hands, deserve the name 'sword' much more than 'bush knife'. The headhunters used them for their manhunts which were not at all unusual a very short time ago. The *báde* are carried on one's shoulder with the blade facing upward; they almost never have a sheath, and their weight lies in their broadly ending blades. For agricultural use these blades are usually rounded, whereas the swords for warfare have sharp straight edges.

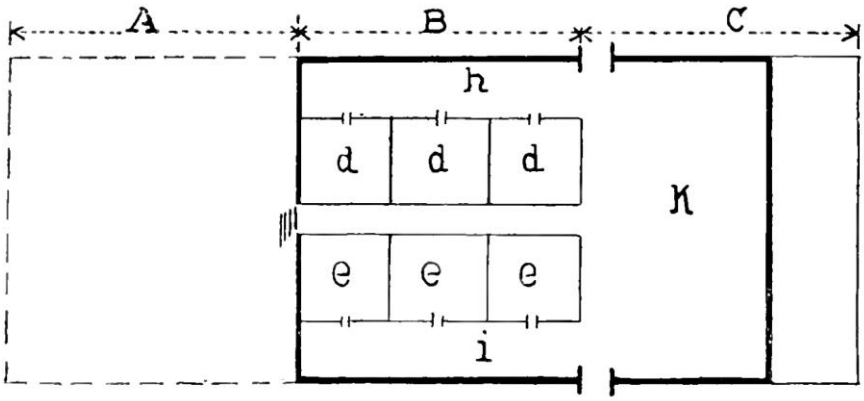


Pepper pestle



Tobacco cutting board

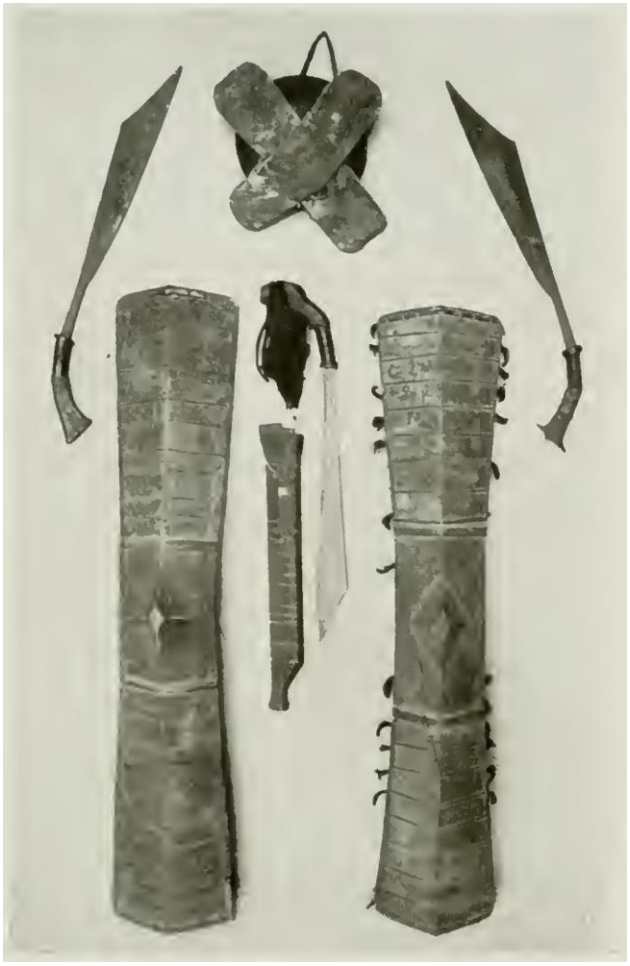
The homes of the Wiwiráno-Tolambátu are of a peculiar structure, which is completely different from the usual structure of the Tobela huts. I [p. 35] visited such a typical Tolambátu hut some distance away from Wiwiráno, and the drawing which was added later demonstrates this quite realistically. The lay-out sketch below shall help to visualize the room arrangements on the inside.



Tolambátu house in the Wiwiráno valley

Picture the long room under a very wide and flat roof, that is divided into three parts as indicated in sketch with ‘a’, ‘b’, and ‘c’. The area labeled ‘a’ is simply an open passage under the roof that serves all types of domestic purposes where rice grinders, baskets, dammar supplies, firewood and such find their place. From the middle of the length of this passage a carved tree trunk, used as a staircase, leads up to the parts ‘b’ and ‘c’ of the actual hut, to the living areas. These were constructed on top of an approximately one meter high wood construction and consist of two chambers which are divided by separating walls (‘d’ and ‘e’). The narrow hallway ‘f’ between them is the access from the stairs. Three sides of this main part of the hut are surrounded by galleries (‘h’, ‘i’ and ‘k’), of which ‘h’ is the living area for women and children. The opposite side, ‘i’, is the kitchen, and the wide long platform on the back side ‘k’ is reserved for male members of the family and for guests. It was, like the women’s apartment, completely furnished with mats. In one corner were large heaps of unsorted dammar. Whole packs of dammar lanterns were leaning against the walls and a practical, albeit crude, wooden structure served at night as lantern stand. — The kitchen contained cooking utensils of all kinds made of wood, bamboo, calabashes, or leaves. Split firewood was stacked on the beams, tied into

bundles, and dried herbs were hanging in the rafters of the roof to be used as cooking condiments or maybe for medicinal purposes.



Tolambatu helmet, swords, and shields

It was my intention to march directly from Wiwiráno across the mountains to Lingkobále on the Towuti Lake without touching Raúta again. But now both chiefs maintained that there was no direct path and that it was impossible to reach it through the jungle. I received this statement with skepticism since guides and porters probably denied the existence of such a path in order to avoid the strain of climbing across these high mountains which separated us from Lingkobále. There were long discussions as I insisted stubbornly on my intentions. The completely scared kapala, however, swore to me that there only existed the one connection with Towuti Lake, namely the one leading through Raúta; and besides Raúta, there did not exist another kampong in the mountains. Only towards Kendári, a distance of six marching days, one could find other kampongs. But to reach Raúta there were several other possibilities from Wiwiráno. One had to march around the hills across which we had come and follow a river in whose bed and rocks one constantly would have to walk. That was no actual path and was only used by sago and dammar gatherers. I had to believe these statements, which

were uttered convincingly and sincerely. But I still made one last attempt and offered to pay three times the regular amount. The following embarrassed silence and renewed assurances of the impossibility made me drop my plans. As a result of the ensuing discussions, we decided to follow the path along the river towards Raúta. Much later, after I had already gone to bed, I heard my porters pestle rice, a chore usually carried out by women, to prepare our food supplies for the trip. [p. 36]

Wiwiráno - Raúta, 17th September

With considerable pain I squeezed my aching feet into my shoes and got ready for the trip. Following the path to Kendári, our route led us for a while through sago thickets along a completely dried-up river bed. Bare rock was visible on both sides of the path.

Eventually the path became more romantic and we reached a deep and clear water run, which was winding itself around high cliffs. In the crevices of these steep cliffs one can apparently find swallows' nests. — Now the mountain chains on both sides moved closer together forming a defile, which led us into a charming valley that was framed by forests. The opposite exit out of this valley was almost identical and consisted of a granite opening in the rock walls. This hidden and idyllic valley was to present to me a discovery that was already worth the march from Towúti to this location. Pretty much in the center of a meadow two posts were planted in the ground of nine and fifteen feet tall. These posts showed a peculiar carved decoration, whereby each of its sections was interrupted by double rows and changed into a pine-cone shaped pattern, the pine cones of which, starting from approx. 3 feet from the ground, were getting narrower towards the top. The taller one of these posts showed 24 of these conic pine-cone shaped patterns, which were of a height of approx. 15 centimeters. The smaller post only had 8 of these cone shapes. These were *tuóra*, victory columns of the Tolambátu, each cone representing a victory for the head hunters of that particular tribe—a captured human head.

When in earlier times, and that was only a few years ago, the naked hunters returned with human heads as trophies, festivals of joy and sacrifice were celebrated at this location which was called Boawúa. They were followed by war dances in which the stories of their hunts were demonstrated. But in order to keep these glorious events memorized these *tuóra* were constructed to show the afterworld the number of killed enemies. — I would like to mention here that these headhunters had absolutely nothing to do with cannibalism although they did consume the brains of their killed enemies. This was only done out of superstition and for religious purposes because they were of the opinion that eating brain particles would protect them from the wrath of their killed victims. — The skulls were later stored in the house of the chief. The causes for these cowardly attacks during a head hunt from which neither women nor children were protected is probably rooted in cultural practices, whereby, i.e. the sons of a deceased

Victory columns of the Tolambátu

chief were obligated to come up with one head each before the deceased could be buried. Also the *sánru*, the sorcerers, instigated headhunts, apparently to prevent bad harvests and diseases. The attacks from behind were explained to me with the reason that this strategy would make it impossible for the spirit of the slain to recognize his killer.

Once while we were moving along on our path, we met two Tolambátu men who were carrying heavy sago baskets. These almost nude dark-brown figures, armed with long-shafted heavy lances which were used both as a weapon and as support, fitted beautifully into the surrounding landscape. They moved swiftly, greeting us shyly. Like animals of the forest they, too, feared to be near strange human beings.

There was another jungle episode I would like to relate. A pair of shiny dots suddenly caught my attention. Stopping, I noticed at waist level on a giant leaf of a swamp plant a snake with bright red and black rings, which was on the lookout for food. Through the noise we caused by walking it had become very excited and positioned itself upright and was ready to strike. Its head with its mean little sparkling eyes moved angrily from side to side and its split tongue whipped around in its wide open mouth with [p. 37] amazing speed. Very carefully I put my walking cane into the ring of the coiled reptile and flung it, without hurting it, into the brush.

During the second hour of that afternoon we finally left the river in order to reach a footpath not very far away from it that led us within half an hour through a thinning luscious forest to the banks of the great Wuáki River. There the slow porters gave me time to enjoy the beautiful riverscape and we had the pleasure to observe one of the adventurous looking giant comb lizards (*Lophura amboinensis*) while strolling on land. The picture of the varanid in its sudden defense position with its raised comb and running as fast as it could towards the river was as amusing as it was beautiful. With great force the lizard threw itself head first into the deep splashing water, where it disappeared immediately in order to emerge again far from this location at a secluded spot on the river bank.

In the meantime, my people had caught up with me and quickly threw off their luggage in order to bathe in the river. And I was able to observe how my sweating porters quenched their thirst on the river bank. I observed two different ways of drinking. For one, the Lambátu drank just like many animals drink, by submerging themselves chest-deep into water, bending down to the water level and inhaling the delicious liquid without using their hands. The second version was that they used their cupped hands, but not to scoop up the water to bring it to their mouths, but to catapult the water that was in the hollow of their hands into their open mouths from a considerable distance. One of my attempts failed miserably and earned me the laughter of the spectators.

Only a short distance separated us from Raúta. We crossed the Wuáki river on dry feet on a giant hollow tree trunk, which was probably cut only for the purpose to

Crossing the Wuáki River

use it as a bridge. On the other side we followed the Raúta river which joined the Wuáki here along its narrow valley whereby we came across old settlements several times and also found old graves. Vast areas of the valley were covered with raspberry bushes from which we picked handfuls of the deliciously tasting fruit. — Around 4:00 pm I entered Raúta for the second time.

My encampment in Raúta

Raúta - Tokolímbu, 18th September

A critical day in the first degree. I only managed to fall asleep in the morning hours, but I was rudely awakened by the inconsiderate and loud Koran bawling of our Buginese who was accompanying us and who had the urge to express his religious beliefs at 3:00 am. When I told him in no uncertain terms to be quiet, he accepted it quietly but was completely bewildered. — Time and time again I had the opportunity to observe the unbelievable patience of the island Asians during my various trips who remain completely unaffected during such attacks on their nightly rest and put up quietly with any kind of disturbance. But almost as astonishing is the naivety with which such trouble makers disturb the rest of their fellow men. A sleepless porter, i.e., feels the urge to pass his time at night with loud singing. Next to him lie a dozen of dead-tired colleagues. They wake up, realize the cause of the disturbance and turn over without uttering one word. — During the *marengo* dances these people jump and howl through several nights. Right next to them, even in the same room, women sleep with their babies and young children, oblivious to all this racket. [p. 38]

Towuti lakebed near Tokolímbu (in the background Loëha Island)

At 7:00 am I nervously let my people start on their return trip to Tokolímbu. A spicy breeze blew in from the Towuti. And the island Loëha's silhouette distinguished itself sharply against the evening sky. The entire lakescape breathed calmness and peace. Quietly I let the experiences of the last few days pass before my eyes again: the deserted Raúta, the cliff graves, the jungle's dark beauty, and the magnificent shapes of the mountains, Wiwiráno and Boawúa, the site of saddest heathenism. I realized with satisfaction that I had been fortunate to experience important things within a very short time and full of hope I was beginning to make new plans.

Glossary

[supplied by the editor]

báde, corrected: *badi* – bush knife, machete in the Tulambatu dialect [from Bugis *badi'* 'man's dagger' with semantic shift]

fuya – bark cloth, a term in general use in the literature of the time concerning the Celebes [from Minahasan *wuyang* 'woman's skirt made from bark cloth']

gusi – stoneware jar, martaban [from Malay *guci*, from Vietnamese *Giao Chỉ*, an old name for the northern part of Vietnam (whence stoneware jars were once imported), from Chinese *Jiāozhǐ* 'place of the Jiao people']

kampong – village, settlement

kapala, corrected: *kepala* – head of the body, also head, chief (e.g. of a village)

kapitan – chief of a community, commander [Malay, from Portuguese *capitão*]

lalang – cogon grass (*Imperata cylindrica*) [Malay, shortening of *alang-alang*]

marengo, corrected: *moraego* – a circle dance of interior central Celebes

sánru, corrected: *sanro* – shaman, healer (cited here in its Bugis form; in Bungku-Tolaki languages *sando*) [probably of South Sulawesi origin, cf. Proto South Sulawesi *sando 'curer, shaman']

sulewátang, corrected: *sulléwatang* – in the Bugis system of native governance, a regent, someone who at times could take over the authority of the ruler [from Bugis *sullé* 'change, exchange' + *watang* 'body, self']

tuóra – victory column of the Wiwirano [possibly related to Tolaki *tuara* 'fate, curse']

Tobela – name used by Grubauer for the Padoe people and other Mori people, such as the Karunsi'e, of the interior of the Malili district [origin uncertain, possibly a Bugis exonym with stem *béla* 'friend' or *béla* 'far']

Tolambátu, corrected: Tulambatu – an interior tribe speaking a dialect of Bungku, adopted from the name of a kind of heavy bamboo growing in this area [from *tula* 'bamboo' + *watu* 'stone']

útan, corrected: *hutan* – forest

Wiwiráno – the name of a village, also an interior tribe speaking a dialect of Tolaki (confused by Grubauer as belonging to the Tulambatu) [from *wiwi* 'edge' + *rano* 'pool, wallow']

Map

Portion of the map from Grubauer 1913 *Unter Kopfjägern* showing his travels in the vicinity of Lake Towuti, including his trek to Routa and Wiwirano.