People Who Do Not Dream

We continued through the jungle a further 671 miles before we encountered the People Who Do Not Dream. The first we came upon was a freshly flagellated juvenile who was not cooperative. He seemed to have defective speech capability. We let him go intending to follow him but it was not practical: his trail led into dense vegetation. Next was a pair of men out hunting who were surprised to see us but were not hostile. We asked them in the Kliktsulatl language if they were the People Who Do Not Dream. They replied something like No we are the Snake People who live in the valley of a river. They answered the diagnostic question Where can we find the People Who Do Not Dream by saying There is no such people.

We did not attempt to follow them. We expected they would return to their village and a reception committee would come out to us. We were correct. A group of nine heavily painted men carrying sticks and spears blocked our path within the hour, proving how close the village was. All but one had the distinctive tonsure recorded by Baynes-Leighton, and they all wore the genital embellishments she described. They made a chant and a communal gesture of bowing or lunging forward. And then one of them said in a language resembling Kliktsulatl something like You have departed from your proper path and are coming the wrong way, this path leads to no one but us. We said It is you we are coming to see. They replied that we had seen their feathers and paint and could now return to our proper path. White People live seven weeks towards the rising sun, we thought they said.

We tried several variations of expressing our intention to visit them and concluded that they had no understanding of the concept. The nearest that Chuli (our better fluent) could find was a phrase that translated as wasting time, though it did not make them more hospitable. If you have come along this path to waste time you have come a long way for nothing, Chuli thought they said. When she tried the phrase smoking with them which is used in her own village they said We smoke only with our relatives. Adding with laughter and a gesture like wiping their bottoms What you need is ointment.

When we asked them if they were the People Who Do Not Dream they denied it. As Baynes-Leighton correctly postulated the one people in the jungle who do not know who the People Who Do Not Dream are are the People Who Do Not Dream. Chuli translated the name they called themselves as People Who Live In The Valley Where The River Is Like A Snake. We said we intended to come to this valley and waste time, cleansing our epiderms and orifices in the river and learning what life is like for them there. We said we wanted to make friends with them. It was clear that they understood the Kliktsulatl word even if

they were not keen on the idea. Then after a while we would return to tell our people about them and take back specimens.

We also asked them which path led to the People Who Do Not Dream if they were not them, and how many weeks they were away. For we wish to waste time with them also, we said. Our fluents tried to explain that the reason we had departed from our proper path was because we wanted to know if the things we had heard about the people called by this name were true: that they eat their ancestors and fly like the Drr'ssutsl Bird. The men all laughed and made parrot sounds. Interestingly as well as saying that the People Who Do Not Dream do not exist they added They will not smoke with you either.

Darkness falling saw us no nearer to a resolution. We indicated our intention to enter nocturnal inertia if they would not let us come to their village. Their answer gave us difficulty in translation. We could not decide whether it meant If you stay here we will not kill you, or If you do not stay here we will kill you. The vocabulary was essentially Kliktsulatl but the two phrases contain the same words, our difficulty as with much that they said being insufficient knowledge of their word-order and nuance tones. We thought they wanted us to go away but neither translation accorded to that.

We began clearing space for a camp and after we had removed two trees they became agitated and said something like That tree (the one we were about to fell) belongs to the mother-in-law of Saggy Buttocks. We pointed at several successive trees and they too appeared to belong to this person or to someone. We cleared as much undergrowth as was needed to provide a recumbent bivouac without felling further trees. Having extended our canvas sheaths and switched our goggles to nocturnal we assumed supine postures and awaited a topic of contemplation.

Our roles were therefore reversed and it was we who became the object of anthropological observation. We delegated Lurmuel (our porter) to guard us, which meant staring back at the People Who Do Not Dream. He reported that they stood all night and displayed no sign of impatience or tiredness. They relaxed their postures by leaning on trees or on their spears. At intervals a pair went aside to urinate. They made occasional comments to Lurmuel or to each other. One seemed to mean Why do they lie like logs and make no comfort for their genitals. Others contained references to a species of fish, causing amusement among them, but Lurmuel did not fully understand because he was not an adequate Kliktsulatl speaker. They also asked what he thought meant When will they climb trees and waste time with people's shadows.

The dawn squawking of the jungle aroused us as usual. We had relaxed efficiently and contemplated being peeled of our epiderms before the academy. Our latrine activity amused them. They said something about

being careful which trees they picked grubs out of. A screaming behind them alarmed the birds and alerted us to a violent encounter. It was two of them killing a monkey. They removed its fur and handed out pieces of it which they all ate, still standing and still looking at us. We had expected them to lose interest during the night and creep away, but they seemed as alert as they had been before darkness fell and equally determined to continue blocking our path.

Chuli had begun conversing with them in a more casual way, being our native Kliktsulatl speaker. She had a natural talent for assimilating language and also for expressing friendliness. They seemed to understand her without difficulty. In turn she rapidly acquired fluency in their colloquial idiom and confidence in translating what they said. It was evident that some of them admired her, probably because she resembled them in physique. We endorsed her initiative. And when Garaznuatl proposed she open her tunic my abstention was nominal.

Among the things she asked them was if Gobbanz'queque Monkey was what they eat, to which they answered No we eat all kinds of monkey. And what was their favourite food, which they answered with a phrase she did not understand: it translated literally as Meat at a sharing. When asked if their wives would have missed them last night they pushed a young individual forward and said laughing You can have this one, he has looked upon you and sighed and is eager to comfort you. She also enquired if they never sleep. They seemed to reply (though we thought at first they had misunderstood her) Only when we are old or ill or one of our relatives is jealous of us.

We were not given any monkey. We ate our protein biscuits and rehydrated a stimulant. We offered them the latter. The one we referred to as the spokesman (who did most though not all of the speaking for them) tasted it and spat it out. It was an opportunity to direct our dialogue to more constructive effect. Explaining that it was an infusion of trimethylxanthine (which it was likely they knew in some form because several indigenous plants are known to contain it) we asked them what they drank. They made jokes about women's milk and also expressed a taste for their saliva. But mainly the spokesman described what sounded like a distillation or extract of a plant he called Insutl Tree, though we did not know which he meant. From their evident fondness of it we expected it to contain a narcotic.

That is why we have come along the path that leads to no one but you, we said in Kliktsulatl spoken cautiously. That is why we have come a long way to waste time with you. It is because we wish to learn the wisdom of the People Who Do Not Dream, your ways and how you live, what you think is good to eat, and what you do at night instead of dreaming. They laughed. The reply was something like We have heard about you White People: you want to take away our trees and fly with our children and stick needles in our bottoms. We think it is because your wives do not let you flog them.

Plossl proposed drawing their attention to the gender balance of our party, but Vasquez and I thought that was inadvisable at present. They were partly correct. We had brought an inoculation kit because as far as we knew no so-called White People or outsiders had come among the legendary People Who Do Not Dream except for the equally legendary Baynes-Leighton, which was long ago. Our expectation that they would line up and permit us to immunise and probe them, conduct modified Orlauth tests, and draw fluid samples was evidently incorrect. After some discussion we let our fluents try to explain that the needles were to stop illness passing from us to them.

If you do something that deserves to make you ill or there is hatred in the belly of a jealous relative you get ill whether you have had a needle stuck in your bottom or not, was their reply, together with a remark we did not understand about a large panther or puma. It did not come from their usual spokesman but from the one who was untonsured and painted in distinct colours. Usually he was silent but his body language and gestures were watched attentively and he carried a stick with a feather on the end. We concluded that he was their medicine man.

His intervention was another opening. Are you sure you are not one of the People Who Do Not Dream, we said directly to him, for it is evident that you know useful things about life and death and what our people call medicine. That is also something we have departed from our proper path in order to learn: the causes of illness, and whether you use plants to cure it or cure it by doing a dance or killing a pig, and what you are like inside when your bodies are opened up, and how you get in touch with this large panther. We want to return and tell our people about the wisdom of the People Who Do Not Dream.

He bowed his head and backed away without replying. This time instead of laughing at what we said or denying they were the People Who Do Not Dream they muttered amongst themselves. Then they lined up as they had on arriving, brandishing their weapons and wagging their genital feathers, and repeated the brief chant and the collective lunge. Lurmuel ran into the vegetation and emptied his bowels, thinking they were about to kill us. Offernanndtz stepped forward and stood before them. We concurred in her action, impassive defiance being the correct response. It was also an opportunity to obtain the interesting experience of heightened anticipation, for a personal development credit. Chuli deviated from protocol by taking my hand, but I did not report her because no one but the People Who Do Not Dream saw her do so. Inferior individuals tend to display apprehension at the imminence of death. I presume she had failed to evaluate the probability of them killing her along with the rest of us.

After exchanging some ambiguous body language with the medicine man, who seemed to be prevaricating, their spokesman said a long sentence that we thought at first meant If you have come along this

path to learn the wisdom of the people you call the People Who Do Not Dream you have come a long way to learn nothing and the People Who Do Not Dream might as well not exist. Our fluents translated it to us however, after some debate with each other, as If you have come a long way to learn the wisdom of the people you call the People Who Do Not Dream you might as well come along this path and learn nothing for the People Who Do Not Dream do not exist.

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It was a small village in a clearing by a winding stream, down in a valley that was invisible through the dense jungle until suddenly the ground dropped away into it. There was a worn path where their hunters go daily into the jungle for food. So small was the village that children and women were all we saw on arriving, plus the two men we had met first who had stayed to guard them I suppose. A lame adult and three or four post-pubescent juveniles were all the further man individuals we met later. Its population was therefore a nominal maximum of fifteen married couples and their dependents. The smallness of the community (no larger than an extended family) was unexpected. It was not sufficient to be self-sustaining.

This made me consider the probability that what we had found was an outlier of the People Who Do Not Dream: a bluff as if designed to intercept us on the path that leads to no one but them. My collaborators did not concur. The thought nonetheless persisted throughout our stay that the tribe described by Baynes-Leighton lived a little beyond our valley or a hundred miles beyond it, in a larger settlement such as we had been expecting. I still believe it probable. My private evaluation is that we may have found no more than a fragment, while most of the People Who Do Not Dream remain undiscovered in the deepest jungle.

Officially however I had to concede to our demographer Plossl, who enumerated the characteristics of a diminishing population: their kinship-affinity profile (they referred to themselves as relatives and were intermarried but were not technically an extended family), the several empty huts (which they permitted us to colonise), their low life expectancy (there were few post-menopausal individuals), and their presumed low fertility (for although there were adequate children the ratio to women of child-bearing age was below the normative fertility quotiant). Plossl interpreted them as the remnant of a once larger tribe that was in decline. She tabulated her statistics later, confirming that by the Pver'xutl-Gamow formula the curve was steeply negative.

Vasquez and Offernanndtz had more practical arguments against my hypothesis. They postulated that if there were tribal peers nearby they could not have avoided mentioning them nor prevented some coming and going between the two communities. Neither occurred while we were there. The self-sustaining analysis alone would make interbreeding and preparatory socialising with any neighbouring group

(related or not) an imperative for so small a village. This was simultaneously part of my postulate that there were more of them and of Plossl's that they represented a terminal demographic.

The children were friendly and energetic. They laughed at us and prodded us and followed us about, unaccustomed to seeing individuals of different pigmentation and physique. This led us to renew our dialogue about the injections, mainly with the women once we established conversation with them. I made ready our inoculation kit. An opportunity to use it however did not arise until late in our stay, on several of the post-pubescents. The women like the men said things like We have heard how you White People go around sticking needles in people's bottoms and taking their trees, or sticking needles in people's bottoms and comforting their children, or sticking needles in people's bottoms and catching their faces on pieces of sky.

Evaluating such statements in light of their isolation we concluded that the People Who Do Not Dream had heard these things from other speakers of the Kliktsulatl dialects that they met from time to time in the vast jungle. Negative experiences evidently predominated, whether it was needles or deforestation or enslavement to which they also made reference. Do you not take people into your mazes (Chuli not unreasonably thought it was the best word they could find for the complex artificial living environments they had heard of) and compel them to comfort your genitals and clean out your latrines, they said. It was interesting to find the most isolated people on the planet conscious that indigenous individuals who live in urban civilisation occupy the lowest socio-economic stratum.

When we asked the women if they were the People Who Do Not Dream they denied it as usual, and denied that there was such a people. If we asked them instead What happens when you lie down for the night they would laugh cheekily at first and say Have you no genitals under those cloths, or Surely your parents let you watch them when you came into your time of flowing. We said No we mean afterwards when you have completed the act of comforting (they had one phrase for sexual activity that the fluents translated in varying ways but its literal meaning was comforting your wife's or husband's genitals): what do you do or what do you think about when you lie in the darkness awaiting dawn. It was none of our business, one woman said. Another said We pass wind from our bottoms and look forward to going to the latrine.

It was their strongest verbal taboo and almost their only one. As in many undeveloped cultures their etiquette was not offended by biological activity nor by speaking of it. Bodily functions, orifices, protuberances, secretions and emissions were common topics of allusion, sometimes with amusement yet not with shame. But sleeping and dreaming (or not dreaming) belonged to a small class of things that were seldom spoken of. We concluded that an apt characterisation

would be to say that they were open in speaking about bodily matters in proportion as their bodies were open to view, while their mental lives being invisible were regarded as secret.

They were for example also reluctant to discuss religion. Our linguistic difficulties were part of this. Precisely because they never spoke of such things even some common Kliktsulatl religious words were not familiar to them. Questions like What are your beliefs about ... this or that, or Whom do you ask or thank for good fortune, or Where do you go when you die, seemed to have little meaning to them. The answer to the latter was The Place Where We Keep The Bones Of Our Sleeping Relatives. It was a large mound of bones. We concluded that they had a matter-of-fact approach to the mysteries of life and death.

There were hints however of fortune or even life and death being mediated by a puma that Yellow Woman (which was the name of the medicine man) knew and had influence with. It was evidence that they shared in some degree the animistic shamanism found among better-documented tribes of the Kliktsulatl-Teleks'ssunl phonetic group, as predicted in the literature. Pressing our enquiries beyond this beginning might have led us to ask leading questions, which are discouraged in anthropological methodology. We therefore bided our time.

We persevered however in asking the women what they did at night. What do White People do, one of them said once. They enter nocturnal inertia, I replied. Their bodies lie supine while their brains or their thoughts contemplate experiences that are not real. Chuli confirmed my Kliktsulatl for experiences that are not real, knowing they would attribute it to my faltering linguistic ability or else think it mad. They thought it mad: they laughed at such an illogical idea. You mean you do not have such experiences, I said. Chuli rephrased it for me: Tell me if you think of experiences that are not real while you are looking forward to going to the latrine. We never heard of them until we heard about White People, said Yellow Woman (who spent much of his time among the women and was the one adult man who did not have a wife). We think it comes from living in a maze and are sorry for you, that you have had to depart from your proper path to learn this.

Eventually a woman named Right Breast (her mammary organs were not symmetrical) said in the course of a casual conversation in which we were not trying to coax anything from her Do Tall White People never fly up to the tree-tops and pass time with the shadow-people. Tula'llinquth and I gestured ambiguously to encourage her to say more. Garaznuatl (our other fluent and half Telek) said That is why we followed paths through the jungle that lead to no one but you: because we want to learn about this experience and know if it happens to your people. It happens to everyone, she said, you can watch them go. I said It would be interesting to do that some time.

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They were in most respects an open and unselfconscious people. We observed freely (and they minded little) aspects of their daily life both public and private. They had no objection to us watching them evacuate bodily excreta, their latrine places by the river being communal. Plossl took an interest in this, analysing the social aspects and gathering samples. Urination and hair-dressing were the women's favourite recreational activities and were connected. The amber clay of the river bank softened with warm urine was used to colour and stiffen their hair before plaiting and decoration. Usually they united the two functions: two women squatting to urinate while simultaneously daubing each other's hair.

Nor was there a presumption of privacy about sexual activity. Couples did not mind being seen in the act of comforting, and parents encouraged their children to watch them under the banner of education. Preparatory stimulation whether by osculation, lubrication, flagellation, massage or wrestling was conducted openly and occupied much of their evenings. While parturition was a public spectacle, the whole village gathering to clap and ululate and scramble to taste the afterbirth. We witnessed it twice. Audience response led us to double classify it as an entertainment.

More interesting to us were their food preparation activities. Birds and monkeys and small pigs were what the hunters brought back and the women butchered and cooked. Nothing was wasted. What little they found inedible they made into rugs and thatching hooks and a variety of utensils, while the more colourful feathers were used to decorate the men's genitals. Grubs and berries were dietary supplements, children regarding them as treats. They were collected on the way back from the river. Women and children went there not only for latrine activities and cleansing: they fished in it by hand but did so as if it were more a recreation than a task. The few they caught they ate themselves because men regarded fish as effeminate.

Children of all ages sucked at the mammary, whatever the woman was busy doing at the time. The most constant daily task was making their extract of Insutl Tree, which men and women alike drank in large quantities. Tula'llinquth (our botanist) identified it as an unclassified jungle shrub that resembled the Common Tselzt. Its characteristics were that it was woody and a fungus grew all over the bark. They stripped the bark for making ointment and the leaves for smoking. The drink which was more like a slack porridge was made from the pith, pounded and mixed with copious amounts of women's saliva. It was somewhat bland.

Another thing we regularly saw was the men's langurous preparations to hunt: painting each other and scraping each other's tonsures, arranging and fitting and rearranging their genital embellishments, and discussing who should go with whom (for they hunted as they urinated

in pairs). All of which took longer than the hunting itself. They did this every day including on days when they did not hunt, the decision not to hunt requiring first that they prepare to do so. It was the men's staple activity. While from dawn to dusk the women cheerfully got on with everything else that had to be done in the village, from thatching huts to gathering firewood, with breaks for urination, hair-dressing, and fishing. They even made the paints and poison used by the hunters and prepared the mixture for their smoking when they returned.

The men did not relent on their smoking policy. They said It is not right to smoke with strangers, we smoke only with our relatives. They did so daily after hunting or deciding not to hunt. But we learned also of a periodic assembly that was called The Smoking. It was spoken of as if it were an important ritual. According to the men it was strictly gender tabooed, though the women claimed they stayed away as a courtesy. Our men have been good men and comforted our genitals and tolerated our children, therefore we let them have their Smoking, was how they expressed it with an affectionate laugh. When we asked if we might watch this ceremony, contrary to our expectations it was permitted on the grounds that White People were of indeterminate gender.

They squatted in a large shelter passing round several long pipes. They exhaled profusely in order to enwrap themselves with fumes. Though they may have been doing this because we were watching, which is another danger of anthropological observation. The tinder was not a methylpyrrolidine but leaves from the jungle undergrowth, mainly of the Insutl Tree and Common Tselzt. Tula'llinquth concluded that it had no narcotic properties but probably contained an irritant. The result was a smokey crackling mixture that smelled pungent and made their eyes and noses moist. They may have gained a slight relaxant effect from it but we did not conclude that their sense-perceptions were affected.

The effect it had more noticeably however was to cause genital distension. Plossl (our demographer) interpreted this as psycho-socially rather than pharmacologically induced. Later after participating in the so-called Women's Smoking we concluded that individual and mutual massage would have been usual but was inhibited by our presence. It went on all night and at length some instances of auto-stimulation and exhibitionism did occur. We witnessed one culminatory emission. We postulate that this is the correct interpretation of Baynes-Leighton's remark that the men compared their prowess at special gatherings. Aside from the benefits of peer-group bonding it seemed to classify as a recreational activity. When we asked (as far as we were able) what meaning they saw in it the best answer we got we think meant When you smoke together you know you are related, you know you are not women, you know you have plenty white stuff passing through you.

The women had a similar gender exclusive recreational assembly called The Women's Smoking. But they did not smoke. They applied an ointment to sensitive parts of their bodies, each woman massaging herself as they laughed and conversed. Unlike the smoke it had a distinctly soporific and sensualising effect. They all relaxed, some continuing talkative and jocular while others abandoned themselves to prolonged auto- or mutual stimulation and occasional ecstatic twitching. The ointment took effect by absorption through the epiderm. It was made from animal fat saved from animals they had cooked (they said it did not matter which animals) into which they mixed liberal amounts of pounded bark from the Insutl Tree. We concluded that the fungus growing on the bark was hallucinogenic.

We were permitted to try the ointment. The women had in this respect no equivalent sense of the exclusiveness of it. In fact they were amused by our reluctance. Vasquez declined because of his gender. Chuli needed no encouragement. She had already (with permission) routinely abandoned the wearing of her tunic. By the time they had coaxed myself and Tula'llinquth to open ours, Chuli was curled up applying ointment to her bottom and laughing. Their method was to progress from their armpits to their bottoms and from there to their genitals.

The ointment's effect on Tula'llinquth was marked, probably with her epiderm being so pale. She went quickly into the unselfconscious state of the most strongly affected individuals, engaging like them in recumbent auto-stimulation and at length permitting others to assist. Most of the women took a turn. We were not sure whether this degree of communality was normal at the Women's Smoking or was inspired by curiosity. Noting her customary tactile inhibition to be in abeyance I took the opportunity of also sucking her. I justified it on the grounds that she had been unresponsive to me for some time. I obtained adequate liquefaction. Right Breast imitated my action. With further ointment applied into her anal orifice Tula'llinquth experienced three crescendos of involuntary twitching before dawn. The women did not disparage such abandon, commenting that Tula'llinquth knew how to make the best of her ointment.

She confirmed afterwards that it was characterised by enhanced sensitivity and abstract visual impressions such as result from familiar hallucinogens, including the delusion of flying. The event continued like the men's Smoking all night. At dawn the women went to the river for their usual ablutions without tiredness. Tula'llinquth remained lethargic and supine, her limbs stretched apart and her orifices dilated. Knowing that she would not ordinarily exhibit her private anatomy in this way I permitted several juvenile men to view her, obtaining useful fluid samples from them in return.

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Right Breast had seemed on the verge of inviting us to watch her and her husband fly up to the tree-tops and pass time with the shadow-people. But we conclude that Big Ears was not amenable to it. Eventually we were invited instead to watch the irrepressible Luscious Loins and her husband Short Forearm (whose prowess we had already witnessed at the Smoking). Tonight you are our children, we thought she said. We permit you to watch in order to learn and then you will know how to comfort your husbands' or wives' genitals, if you White People ever get married. And she laughed her wide toothy laugh.

Myself, Plossl, Vasquez and Chuli conducted the observation. We were not interested in their comforting but in verifying the flying up and floating about that they say come after. I noted that Luscious Loins discreetly applied ointment to her genitals during the preparatory flogging. Chuli being an inferior individual did in fact take an interest in the sexual activity: she is young and I suppose was learning from it. She squatted on the ground in front of us watching intently and rocking in rhythm with them. After they had finished she remained transfixed for a time before leaning back on my legs and sleeping.

That is what our couple did too. After vigorous comforting of each others genitals they came to an ecstatic crescendo and then lay clasped in their embrace for two and a third hours. He snored softly some of the time. She twitched occassionally which along with eye movements beneath her eyelids signalled that she was dreaming. Then they turned over, losing their embrace, and slept on till dawn. The first squawk of a bird or a monkey (their dawn squawks cannot be told apart) echoing out of the jungle woke them. Luscious Loins got up immediately and headed for the latrine place. Her husband watched her go and then turned over.

Chuli had woken too. She apologised for having slept but seemed under a conviction that she had done so briefly after watching with us most of the night. Was it not amazing, she said. We reminded her that Quaranta-Gereffi Mark Six methodological protocol discourages colluding or evaluating until we have registered our observations under independent scrutiny. She should go and tell Garaznuatl what she had seen and we would report to Tula'llinquth and Offernanndtz. Once our accounts were documented we would collate and discuss them.

Ours were pedestrian. We had spent an unedifying night observing the People Who Do Not Dream sleeping and as far as we could determine from the usual symptoms dreaming. Chuli had seen something more interesting however. She had watched our couple rise into the air while still in the act of comforting and effortlessly float out of the shelter and up to the height not of the nearest trees but of the trees in the jungle proper, above the valley. The sighs of their ecstatic culmination occurred while they were going up and echoed through the length of the valley, waking the shadow-people and some parrots.

Once they were up at the level of the jungle canopy they danced together for a while and then (having separated) spent the night meeting and seeming to converse with (though she did not remember what was said) numerous shadow-people and animals as well as some relatives, familiar faces from the village. This Chuli watched for a long period. Because of the freedom of the world above the tree-tops she saw them go long distances, all the time continuing these interractions: travelling (she said) for thousands of miles over the trees and waterfalls and sometimes over the sea. Then as the darkness faded into dawn and the shadow-people began to disappear she had deviated from protocol and slept briefly until the cry of the A'aya'ayatl Bird woke her. She requested her punishment might be postponed.

How could you see them so high up above the jungle and travelling these distances if you were sitting with our collaborators in the hut, Garaznuatl asked her. She replied I do not know, as if she had not considered the discrepancy. It all seemed to happen before my eyes yet it is true that except with the aid of ointment I cannot fly. I conclude that Luscious Loins and Short Forearm somehow carried our attention up with them in such a way that we could always see what they were doing. Another thing is that although they separated and interracted with different shadow-people and animals I could always see them both. I never lost sight of either of them even when they were thousands of miles apart. What do the others think, how do they explain what we saw.

We had to tell her that we had not seen this. We had observed Chuli entranced by their sexual activity and then sleeping, and the happy couple sleeping and dreaming normally. She displayed disappointment but was not inclined to question it. Improved rationality is to be expected of an indigenous individual who has received a civilised education, even at an elementary grade. I hired her from the museum because we needed a guide and fluent who had perfect native Kliktsulatl. Yet I have formed an estimate of Chuli's intelligence that does not accord with her inferior position on the Onnya'llathmuth scale.

It gave us at least something to tell Luscious Loins and the rest of the People Who Do Not Dream, who all knew that we were going to watch and expected us to be chastened by the experience. We were considering what to report because it involved one of the dilemmas of anthropology. Unlike religious missionaries or colonial agents we had not sought them out in order to disabuse them of their cultural habits and beliefs. On the other hand having permitted us the privilege of viewing their most secret activity, so special to them that speaking of it was ordinarily taboo, we would be doing their psyches and their culture equal harm by reporting that we had seen nothing and that their most treasured experience in life was not real.

We therefore permitted Chuli in her sweet voice and with her easy native eloquence, speaking by now a modified Kliktsulatl with many of their own nuances and idiomatic expressions built in (for she was naturally adept at linguistic assimilation and had adapted her dialect to sound to our hearing exactly like theirs), to tell her tale in the central village shelter that evening. She told it in the manner of a marvellous fable and embellished it as good story-tellers do. At one point for example she claimed to have seen Yellow Woman speaking with the Mighty Puma, which pleased them as I suppose she knew it would. There was spontaneous ululating and the people nearest him patted him with pride.

They all listened to Chuli's account with rapt attention and satisfied smiles. At the end Luscious Loins confirmed that every word of it was true. Strong Shoulders the village spokesman or chief said to us (to Plossl and Vasquez and me) You see, we told you, we did not lie. When we sleep we become bones and our shadows go from us for ever, but each night until then we fly up to the tree-tops unafraid of sleep. Each night we are with the shadow-people and animals. But I know Tall White People will deny it. I know Child Who Speaks Sweetly alone sees things as they are, while the rest of you fall into that limpness that White People suffer because they are afraid to fly and cannot see in the dark. We did not dissent. We said how glad we were that we had brought Chuli with us, which we were. We resolved afterwards (Garaznuatl abstaining) to postpone her punishment for eighty-three years.

Does this mean that you are the People Who Do Not Dream, we said. Now that we have watched you by night and learned that in fact you do not dream but instead fly up to the tree-tops, you can tell us the truth. They all laughed or made parrot sounds. And Strong Shoulders replied (according to Chuli) There is no such people and we have never heard of them and even if we had it would make no difference, it would all be lies. As long as we have lived here we have been the People Who Live In The Valley Where The River Is Like A Snake. Before that how can we know who we were or if we existed at all, for it is beyond the time of remembering.

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The first to die were the children as expected. We had already calculated that there were no individuals sufficiently old to take precedence in a culling hierarchy. Crooked Bone was regarded as elderly but he played on his limp to gain the respect that was due to an elder. There were three or four women who had survived beyond child-bearing age, one of whom lived with Saggy Buttocks as if she were his wife though she was referred to as his mother-in-law. Garaznuatl (our linguist) became friendly with Saggy Buttocks and confirmed that his wife had died and her mother had replaced her because he had paid

many trees for her. Both her children by Saggy Buttocks were included in the first wave of fatalities, as well as both her grandchildren.

The epidemic provided us with a useful supply of cadavers to study and (as we then intended) to take back as specimens. The latter involved difficult negotiation because it was their tradition to retain their sleeping relatives' bones after a funerary rite which they referred to as The Sharing. But we managed to secure a good specimen each of a man child and a woman child in return for several canvas bags and a knife, and a promise that we would eventually put their bones with those of our own sleeping relatives. We did not apprise them of the mechanical masticators.

The dissections however they did not mind us doing. In most cases the family wanted to watch and help and to handle the child's organs. They would say interesting things like That (indicating an internal organ) is where wickedness dwells: see what a nice child she was for it is so tiny. Or (indicating another) You should save that because it is tasty to eat. Once we had finished they would complete the dismemberment themselves, wash all the bones and take them away. Offernanndtz and Vasquez performed the anatomisations, observed and documented by myself and Tula'llinquth. A woman named Plump Belly provided our most comprehensive specimen. She was one of the first adults to become sick. Being mentally defective and having no husband we were able to commence work on her before she was dead. Each of us took a turn at living dissection, for a personal development credit. What we learned about their internal structure and functionality did not deviate from the literature but is more effectively illustrated in practical exercises.

Eight children and two women were sufficient for our purposes. We did so many because the People Who Do Not Dream had come to expect it, at least for the children. Our sleeping child awaits the Tall White People, the father of the next one said when we did not fetch the cadaver. Offernanndtz refused. I assisted our anatomist Vasquez in performing a somewhat careless autopsy. After which (having filled two preservation bags with specimens and fluid samples) we refused to do any more, except for Broad Chest who was the first adult man to die. Plossl postulates that we committed an anthropological error by encouraging the impression that their custom was superseded by our research activity: they may have thought we were teaching them a superior funerary rite. It was impossible to explain what we were doing because scientific study was not a concept they had vocabulary for.

The spokesman Strong Shoulders came to us after a few children had died and said You told us you had brought the needle. Stick it in the bottoms of the little ones who sniff. We are tired of our children going to sleep and becoming bones. Our fluents tried to explain that the needle is to prevent the sniffing before it starts, not to cure it. We offered to inoculate the adults but he refused to permit it, saying Why

waste it on them when the little ones suffer. He did not understand. None of them understood why we refused to cure them even though we had a needle.

The medicine man worked hard in trying to cure them however. Again it carried a benefit. The rituals he performed could not have been reconstructed from existing data nor by analogy. In particular it provided the opportunity we had been anticipating to see their central magico-religious procedure, the shamanic dance. We believe Baynes-Leighton never witnessed it. Its existence was presupposed on the basis of the Lamonnth comparative paradigm but no details could be adduced. We learned more from observing Yellow Woman than from any verbal or documentary account. His two approaches to illness were to find and punish the cause and to conduct a sequence of curative rituals.

The latter began with visiting the children (and later the adults) and spitting Insutl juice into their faces. This was to cure witchcraft in case that was the cause. He did it with a sympathetic bedside manner, stroking the child's chest with his feather-stick and muttering phrases that we presumed at first were a religious invocation. Seeing how they always made the child laugh Chuli listened more carefully and said they were tender jocular words of cheer or consolation, like How pretty you are, I can hardly bring myself to spit on you, or You sniff to bring me to your bed, but you know I am too young to marry you. And then he would say firmly I am sad to see my little neice is ill. I am going straight away to speak to the Mighty Puma about it.

And that is what he did. He drank a large quantity of dirty river-water, pierced his forearms and thighs and scrotum with Drr'ssutsl feathers, and danced and urinated outside the patient's hut. Several women took turns to beat a small drum at a frantic pace. He never danced for less than two-thirds of an hour and sometimes for much longer. It ended with him falling to the ground twitching. At this stage he usually vomitted a small amount of white bile or passed a stool. Then he became calm and lay in a trance-like state for some hours, sweating copiously and displaying sustained genital distension.

On arousing he would tell those who had watched including the child's parents that he had journeyed thousands of miles above the tree-tops and finally found Ra'axunl, whom Chuli said was usually referred to as the Mighty Puma, Yellow Woman alone having the right to call him by his name. He had implored him to lick illness from the patient (he would say his or her name) and let her shadow stay with her until it was a better time to become bones. And the Mighty Puma had promised to do it (he said at first) or at least to consider it (as he was more inclined to say once they persisted in dying).

Yellow Woman's efforts and his manner of conducting them modified our evaluation of him. We had incorrectly categorised him as lazy and

effeminate. By the time most children and the first adults were ill he was working full time in these attempts to console and cure them, going from one sick-bed to another (and returning to try again) and from one medicine dance almost immediately into the next. He endured many days and nights without relaxation and with little food, though families always gave him Insutl juice after his trance. By the time we left he was exhausted, his body-weight reduced and parts of his epiderm in tatters. We overheard him begin to rationalise his failure. The Mighty Puma Ra'axunl has all life for a hunting ground, he said: why should Yellow Woman's relatives matter to him.

It was interesting to note the primitive relationship between the ordinary nocturnal adventures of the People Who Do Not Dream and Yellow Woman's shamanic journey: seemingly (in his hallucinatory trance) flying to the jungle canopy and travelling long distances to track down and parley with his special spirit-beast. We expect this link (locating the common source of the magico-religious delusion in dream experience) to provide a useful empirical postulate for anthropological studies and comparative cultural hermeneutics. It does not feature in the Ekkardt-Lamonnth analysis. The fact that we observed both and were the first outsiders to do so is likely to earn us reasonably high credits upon submission of our report.

As to the other approach in dealing with illness, the lame man Crooked Bone was easily singled out as the cause. Their hypothesis was that illness is either deserved or caused by witchcraft, which they expressed with the Kliktsulatl word jealousy. Women waving switches from the Pla'quequatzl Tree fetched him to the central village shelter where everyone gathered to debate the matter noisily while he crouched on the floor. He was not permitted to speak. They cast their votes by coming forward and spitting on him.

The spokesman presided at the trial but the medicine man orchestrated it from the sidelines in his usual way, using gestures and saying little. Some of their own people objected to the proceedings or questioned the identification of the malefactor, therefore we did not need to. But by the end few of them had not spat on him twice. Even his wife contributed to the second ballot. The verdict was: Children are too young to deserve illness from their bad deeds therefore it is caused by jealousy, who but a grumpy old lame man could be jealous of children running about laughing, Crooked Bone is the bringer of the sniffing sleep.

We debated how we might formulate a statement to the effect that it was we who carried the sniffing illness, which is endemic among what they call White People but fatal only to those never before exposed to it. We were conscious that they would have difficulty understanding. They were not going to embrace the concept of viral contagion nor find it rational that we were healthy yet might still pass on illness. But being understood was not our sole concern. If they wanted to kill

Crooked Bone then it would be interesting to know which of us would die in his place if we persuaded them of the truth.

We considered it without urgency because they too did everything with deliberation and slowly. Even in a dispute and even if they were angry (we were told) they would first go to the person and say We are angry with you and we are intending to kill you. Then he could mend his ways or talk them out of it or at least settle his affairs: give his trees and spears away and tell his wife whom she should ask to tolerate her children and comfort her genitals once he was gone. If we kill someone he is not surprised, the spokesman said: he has been spat upon and knows he deserves it. He settles his affairs, he feels the lashes of the women, he sees us putting on our paint.

Vasquez postulated that they did not make scapegoats of women. Although they had expressed ambiguity regarding our gender, biologically Vasquez and Garaznuatl and our quiet guide and strong-man Lurmuel were therefore the candidates. Lurmuel said I am the least important. He was correct. Though Offernanndtz dissented, arguing that an individual with strength and jungle knowledge would be useful on the return journey. She was disappointed when we killed him later. None of us had seen Offernanndtz display emotion before.

It emerged that Lurmuel in spite of his musculature had several times comforted the genitals of one of the first children to sniff. His willingness to be put to death was motivated by disappointment at the child becoming bones. That he had confessed the sexual activity to Offernanndtz deviated from our expectations. She had colluded with him by suppressing it although it was a protocol violation carrying mandatory punishment, Lurmuel like Chuli being a hired inferior. She had also told him without submitting it to consensus that he might bring the child's cadaver back as a specimen. She had purchased it from the parents. We found it in a preservation bag in Lurmuel's hut.

The People Who Do Not Dream were confused by Lurmuel's death. To them this was another irrational characteristic of the so-called White People (Lurmuel's contrary pigmentation and our several variations were immaterial to them: except for Chuli we were all White People though they did sometimes accord us the appellation of Tall White People). They were not at first persuaded by our attempt to portray it as obviating the need to punish Crooked Bone for his jealousy. Therefore we could not presume they would accept it on account if blame were to be transferred to us. We resolved nonetheless to propose it. That is why Big Brown White Man volunteered to be killed, we said: because he believed he was to blame for the sniffing. It is the custom among Tall White People. He wanted you to accept his death instead of anyone else's. That is a good idea, said the spokesman.

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We left because we had to be back at Tsunpekatl's Landing before the river swelled: we had 2347 miles of jungle ahead of us and were already behind time. We had delayed our departure in order to do one final dissection once the men started dying. These first deaths of adult men were what led them to cancel Crooked Bone's reprieve. Our last sight of the People Who Do Not Dream as we filed up the narrow path out of the valley was of their freshly flagellated scapegoat crawling behind us while the women who had driven him from the village ululated and waved their Pla'quequatzl twigs, and two men applied each other's hunting paint. I proposed we should watch because we had not observed a judicial killing but I could not obtain consensus.

When men became ill they were given smoke by their friends and incited to exercise. This stimulated adrenal chemistry and postponed fatality. Women died more quickly because they lay awaiting what they referred to as the time to become bones. This passivity along with her defective mental capability had assisted us in vivisecting Plump Belly. She was therefore nominally the first adult to die. The third or fourth was Right Breast, whose friendliness had helped us be tolerated. Our botanist Tula'llinquth had become emotionally attached to her at the Women's Smoking. They had spent much time together sucking and urinating and engaging in mutual massage. Her husband found it amusing. He had not heard of women admiring one another before. You White People are madder than monkeys, he said, or it may have been You monkeys are madder than White People. But the women were unsurprised, saying The ointment sometimes affects us this way.

Tula'llinquth was disappointed by Right Breast's death. She correctly believed she was to blame for it, as well as for the deaths of her three children shortly before. She went to Right Breast's husband Big Ears the same day and offered herself in replacement. He replied as best she could understand This night I comfort my sleeping wife's genitals one last time. Tomorrow I share her with my relatives. Then you can be my new wife if you wish, Long White Ointment Woman, even though you are bald and have breasts like Pvapukl Fish. We thought she had misunderstood but he did in fact lie with his dead wife that night and comfort her genitals, or at least his own.

He spent the whole of the following day boiling and dismembering her, washing her bones ready to put them in the The Place Where We Keep The Bones Of Our Sleeping Relatives, separating and processing those parts of her that he intended to make things from, and roasting her flesh. The meal that evening they called The Sharing. It was the central ritual of her funeral. The whole community feasted and this time we were invited to join in. Right Breast was tender and tasted like pig. It was the best food we have eaten since leaving the ship.

Once the Sharing was finished Big Ears gave Tula'llinquth the hide of Right Breast's large right mammary to use as a bag. My sleeping

wife's friend Long White Ointment Woman is my new wife, he announced. He then removed her tunic and goggles. I was displeased that she permitted him to do so. Some of the villagers came forward and laid gifts between her legs: large grubs, colourful feathers, a bag of ointment. The funeral had evidently transformed into a wedding. As darkness fell he began to have sexual activity with her. He comforted her genitals vigorously but she remained passive and cannot have found it rewarding. The funeral guests drifted away. I stayed and watched because I felt it my duty as her assigned companion, and also because I was myself emotionally attached to Tula'llinquth.

We left soon after. We had to go, our time to return had already passed. Tula'llinquth stayed. I could not persuade her to come, neither by logical discourse nor by personal abasement. I reminded her that she had sucked me whenever she pleased and usually obtained adequate liquefaction, that there was minimal probability of my being assigned a replacement who was so pale, that our long period of companionship had been the basis of a satisfactory balance of credits, that unilateral reassignment was not equitable ... I then displayed emotion. I apologised for being irrational and admitted to several other defects.

She did at least stroke my head and wish me a happy life. She said my defects were not relevant. She claimed there no longer existed a grade ten biologist named Tula'llinquth child of Tula'quelathl: she was Long White Ointment Woman now, she had learned not to dream but to fly up to the tree-tops, she had found a satisfactory companion in her new husband. I did not concur in the latter postulate. He forbad her to resume her tunic and compelled her to make Insutl juice with her own saliva. He tied her between trees and flogged her in daylight, which deviated from our expectations: we had seen no preparatory stimulation earlier than dusk. My evaluation is that she permitted it as punishment for giving Right Breast the sniffing sleep.

Chuli was also reluctant to leave. She believed she had become one of the People Who Do Not Dream. In return for the compliment she paid him at the story-telling Yellow Woman had crawled into her hut and stroked her chest with his feather-stick. When she enquired if this signified his wish to comfort her genitals he answered We have all seen how round your bottom is, and spoken of it in the men's shelter. Unmarried men sigh when they look upon Child Who Speaks Sweetly. But I sigh the heaviest for I may not marry my neice. She interpreted it (Plossl and I think correctly) as an intimation of initiation into the tribe. Nonetheless we persuaded her to come with us. Our evaluation was that (without Lurmuel) the probability of a successful return journey was diminished if none of us possessed knowledge of the jungle. Also we would need to compensate the museum if we failed to return her.

Without Lurmuel we could not bring large specimens that had to be carried, neither the three child cadavers that were prepared in preservation bags nor several other things we had collected. Finding apathy among surviving parents we emptied the bags into the refuse pit where we had put Lurmuel's carcass. We decided to bring away as walking specimens the two post-pubescents whom we had inoculated. When the man specimen began sniffing however we discarded him. Smiling Bellybutton continued in good health. Her father Strong Shoulders had begged us from his sick-bed to take her. Or he may have been begging us to leave her, I was not sure I concurred in Garaznuatl's translation.

He also told us she was almost of age to be given an adult name. For some reason that I cannot remember we named her Pappelatzl. And although it was not the intention in bringing her, a few weeks into our journey Plossl and I relented and permitted Garaznuatl to comfort her genitals. We offered the concession to Vasquez also, who at first declined it. Yet I concluded he admired her the more genuinely: he guarded her during her latrine activity and invited her to occupy part of his canvas. Offernanndtz abstained from the decision. She opposed it but was compromised by her collusion in Lurmuel's unsanctioned sexual activity with the child.

Meanwhile unofficially Plossl had taken to companioning me in preference to Offernanndtz. I was experiencing disappointment at leaving Tula'llinquth. Since being assigned to each other in the low-grade biological academy our companionship had been satisfactory. Plossl volunteered to listen to me expressing admiration of Tula'llinquth's integrity and paleness and confessing my emotional attachment to her. On one occasion after observing me display emotion she sucked me. I had not verbally consented but I was stimulated into spontaneous liquefaction.

At the interim encampment site we found Brrant (our entomologist) alive and displaying obesity. She said that a group of Thalathmuez Monkeys came and lived in the camp after we left, licking the jam and ants off her bottom and having sexual activity with her. After a week she worked herself free of the fallen tree-trunk to which we had attached her, killed most of the monkeys and ate them. Parts of her front had been pitted by burrowing insects and she had been fertilised. But she had used her grade fourteen survival training effectively.

We debated inconclusively whether to take her back with us or kill her, but before consensus was reached Offernanndtz killed her. Vasquez and I did not concur in her action. We reminded her that in deposing Brrant we had suspended the concept of leadership. Now and not for the first time we had reason to question her grounds for behaving as though she was our leader. The argument that having grown obese Brrant could be utilised as a food source pacified us on the immediate issue, there being consensus in disliking our protein biscuits. When we

disembowelled her we found that the foetus in her was alive and looked normal except that it had hair. We let Pappelatzl have it as a plaything, though it did not last long.

At Tsunpekatl's Landing we sent up our signals and were not too late. The elevation tube descended and we floated up into the soothing hum and soft green light that we have missed. We exchanged our jungle tunics and coatings of sweat and small insects for an intense cleansing of our epiderms and cool-aura helmets. We are now compiling our grade eleven collaborative fieldwork module submission on the People Who Do Not Dream. We have divided it in such a way that mainly Vasquez and Plossl are composing the report while I systematise our scientific and anthropological findings and Garaznuatl reconstructs the language, Chuli being retained to assist him. My collaborators concur in including Tula'llinquth as an author but not in my proposal of adding a commendation to Chuli. We expect our evaluators to be satisfied and award us adequate credits.

Offernanndtz however has been excluded for killing Brrant. We had intended to present our original mutiny for an initiative credit but resolved instead to report Offernanndtz for killing our leader and entomologist without consensus. As a gratuitous afterthought we added that she had also committed several protocol violations with Lurmuel. We intended this to displease her because we think she had secretly admired him. For an initiative credit we will present instead our abstention from inoculating the People Who Do Not Dream. From this single factor proceeded the benefits of our large compilation of anatomical and autopsy data, our direct participation in their funeral and wedding rites, and our detailed account of the medicine man's shamanic and judiciary practices.

Our walking specimen Pappelatzl, after comprehensive recording and without deference to Vasquez (our anatomist) who applied to retain her for continuing study, has been taken by the middle-ranking indoctrinator La'axx'tsequathl for his hybridising programme. He provisionally ranks her the fourth best specimen in his collection. Undeniably she looks better here than she did down in the jungle, with the hair shaved off her and her epiderm cleansed and correctly filtered illumination exhibiting its natural greenish pigmentation. The seventeen credits he has given us for her compensate us for our failure to bring back other large specimens.

I await notification of whom they will companion me with in place of Tula'llinquth. Plossl is streamed into sociology and is therefore ineligible. We have discontinued our association. I intend to retain Tula'llinquth's image. She was the palest individual I have ever seen and one of the tallest. I shall justify it to my next companion by explaining (for it may be so: rather than continue abusing her Big Ears may begin sniffing and die) that this is the legendary Long White Ointment Woman, queen of the legendary People Who Do Not Dream,

who daily come to admire her pale epiderm and long legs and to place offerings between them. And in faltering Kliktsulatl which no-one here understands I shall add that she knew how to make the best of her ointment.

Speaking of which I permitted Child Who Speaks Sweetly (our hired fluent hitherto named Chuli) to visit me before returning to her exhibition-case in the museum. She brought me some ointment, the villagers having given her a belly-bag of it as a leaving present. And she told me in her modified Kliktsulatl that with practice I will fly up to the tree-tops and pass time with the shadow-people. For it would be a pity to have gone such a long way to learn the wisdom of the People Who Do Not Dream and have learned nothing, except that the People Who Do Not Dream do not exist. Then she smiled ironically and thanked me: for taking her I suppose because it was I who selected her. Her linguistic and social aptitudes during our fieldwork satisfied me that I had been correct to do so. My final evaluation of her is at variance with her inferior position on the Onnya'llathmuth scale. Being in my private vestibule I deviated from protocol: I bent down and stroked her head and wished her a happy life.

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I find the recollection of our fieldwork module impinges upon the operations of my intellect even when I am not collating data. In my thoughts I am back in The Valley Where The River Is Like A Snake: being aroused at dawn by the cry of the A'aya'ayatl Bird, urinating at the riverside among smiling women, gathering Mu'uxl Grubs for the eager children, removing the internal organs from their little torsos, and listening in the shelter at evening to Child Who Speaks Sweetly who alone sees things as they are. And she was correct. When the green light dims and we enter nocturnal inertia I do not dream.

I do not dream of the People Who Do Not Dream. Instead I fly up to the tree-tops and pass time with their shadows. They are all there. I see Yellow Woman speaking with the Mighty Puma. I speak myself (though I never remember what we say) with our friend Right Breast and with Strong Shoulders, with Luscious Loins and Plump Belly, with Crooked Bone and Saggy Buttocks, and with Long White Ointment Woman. And Child Who Speaks Sweetly takes my hand. At length the shadow-people fade and I am once more supine in my cylinder. While I remain inert and am looking forward to going to the latrine I sometimes contemplate Chuli's visit and consider (remembering her little smile) whether or not I understood her correctly. I thought she was thanking me for selecting her. But she may in fact have said that the People Who Do Not Dream do not exist ... thanks to me.

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