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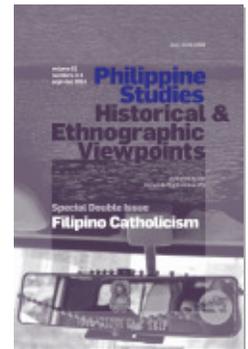
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## **A German Travels to the North in 1878: Golden Anitos, Bird-Scaring Machines, and the Tree of Justice**

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# Translation

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## **A German Travels to the North in 1878** Golden Anitos, Bird-Scaring Machines, and the Tree of Justice

After finishing his education at the University of Munich, the German pharmacist Dr. Heinrich Rothdauscher (1851–1937) spent the years 1873 to 1883 working in drugstores in Manila, Cebu, and Vigan. He eventually finished writing an account of his experiences in a work entitled “Memoirs of a German Pharmacist” in 1932. Presented here is a translation of two chapters of a short expedition to the Cordilleras in 1878, which contain interesting literary, historical, and ethnographic elements.

**KEYWORDS: TRAVEL MEMOIRS · GERMAN · PHILIPPINES · THE CORDILLERAS · IFUGAO**

What started out as a simple search on the Internet for more information on the mid-nineteenth century German-run Botica Boie eventually led to the discovery of a young German pharmacist's memoirs of his life in the Philippines, 1873–1883. It all began in 2009, when the Ilocos Sur archival photo research project was launched through the initiative of then Gov. Deogracias Victor V. Savellano. A year later, an intriguing early 1900s photo of Botica Boie in Vigan, which was found in one of the archives in Manila, led to an online search to find if it would yield information.

The Internet search turned up a page about “People around Botica Boie: German pharmacists at Philippine Islands in the late 19th century,” which had some photographs of young Germans, some sketches, some maps, and other photographs including that of another *botica* (drugstore) in Vigan (Botica de Oscar Burger, later Botica de Pablo Sartorius). The succeeding weblink within the webpage had information on “The Memoirs of Dr. Heinrich Rothdauscher,” which although written in German was clearly of relevance, with the words “Philippinen von 1873 bis 1883 in Manila, Vigan und Cebu.” A request was sent to the webmaster of the site, Herr Gerhard Prokop, for a copy of the memoirs. He turned out to be the great-grandson of Dr. Heinrich Rothdauscher. His reply:

Dr. Heinrich “Enrique” Rothdauscher was my great-grandfather, who lived from the 1870s to 1880s at the Philippines as a Pharmacist. First in Manila, he worked in the Botica of Paul Sartorius, from



Fig. 1. Dr. Heinrich Rothdauscher

1876 to 1878 he did the Botica of Sartorius in Vigan, before it was the Botica of Mr. Burger. Later Rothdauscher were together with Paul "Pablo" Schuster the owner of Botica Santa Cruz in Manila and Cebu. There were many German pharmacists at this time in the Philippines. My great grandfather knew well also Reinhold Boie. After the early death of Boie his Botica became lately a famous story until our days . . . He describes interesting things of Vigan in this time, including an adventurous trip to headhunting *Igorrotes!* (Prokop 2010b)

### **Rothdauscher's Memoirs**

Dr. Heinrich Rothdauscher (1851–1937) (fig. 1) finished writing his *Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Apothekers* (Memoirs of a German Pharmacist) in 1932, five years before he passed away. To date only chapters 22 to 29 on northern Luzon have been translated into English by Ramon Guillermo. Hopefully, these chapters, along with the photographs of Alexander Schadenberg, can be published soon. Schadenberg was another German pharmacist, an avid ethnographer and amateur photographer who lived and worked in Botica Schadenberg (previously, and later on, Botica Boie) in Vigan from 1885 to 1889 (Van den Muijzenberg 2008). In advance of this more complete edition, two chapters (27 and 28) that make up Rothdauscher's expedition to the Cordilleras are presented here in translation. Aside from some new perspectives offered by Rothdauscher's account on daily life in late–nineteenth–century colonial Philippines which have not been touched upon in published travel narratives, a translation of this work is intrinsically valuable from the point of view of studying German–Philippine economic, historical, and cultural relations of that era.

The tone of Rothdauscher's writing is similar to Fedor Jagor's (1873) famous travel narratives but much more meandering, and without the comparisons with the Javanese and Malays. Around half of the memoirs, starting from Rothdauscher's early years of apprenticeship, is devoted to his education as a pharmacist. This period was crowned by his studies at the University of Munich where he was lucky enough to become a student of the legendary chemist, Justus von Liebig (1803–1873). Soon after passing the state examinations, he was offered work in Manila with the Sartorius House. The contract was for five years, inclusive of all travel expenses and complete provisions, with a starting pay of \$500 to be increased by \$100 per

year. Sorely driven by the German feeling of *Wanderungslust* (intense desire to travel), he could hardly wait to go.

The account of his Philippine adventures proper actually begins around the middle of his memoirs. On 5 November 1873 he arrived in Manila Bay, which he notes was at the time “considered one the most beautiful in the world.”

The first part of his travel accounts is peppered with oftentimes humorous descriptions of life in Manila and its environs, complete with a section on *tulisanes* (bandits), a reference to news of the Cavite Mutiny of 1872, and a very sketchy and generally erroneous account of the execution by garrote of “a black priest” who was the alleged ringleader of the rebellion (Rothauscher 2010, 134–35). This part of the memoir is punctuated by sharp and humorous character portraits of his friends and acquaintances in Manila, mainly Germans, other foreigners, and *Castilas*.

Oftentimes these encounters also indirectly give a picture of some aspects of “native” society. One example is a record of his conversation with the pharmacist, Reinhold Boie, wherein the latter reflects on the “incapacity” of the local mestizo class to feel “compassion” for the impoverished *indios*:

Mein Freund Reinhold Boie, ein intelligenter, geistreicher, wissenschaftlich hochgebildeter Mann war Apotheker in Manila, die Botica de Sto Cristo war sein eigen. Dieser sprach einmal mit einem aufgeweckten, klug aussehenden jungen Mestizen darüber, dass bei uns in Deutschland Konsum-Vereine beständen, die die wichtigsten Lebensbedürfnisse im Großen zu billigen Preisen einkaufen, um sie den Mitgliedern, ärmeren Leuten zu verhältnismäßig geringen Preisen als üblich zu verschaffen. Das geschähe, damit den kleinen Leuten das Erstehen der notwendigen Artikel ermöglicht werde. Boie knüpfte sodann die Betrachtung daran, dass solche Vereine in den Philippinen auch recht nützlich wären, denn die Indier seinen an vielen Orten recht arm und würden von Händlern und Wucherern gewissenlos übervorteilt und ausgesogen. „Nun“, sagte Boie, „wie gefällt Ihnen das, wie denken Sie darüber?“ „Ja, das sehe ich schon ein, dass das ganz gut wäre, vorausgesetzt, dass dabei mehr verdient wird“, entgegnete der Mestize. Die ganze Erklärung, die Boie in menschenfreundlicher Absicht gab, war umsonst. Die Mestizenseele ist absolut unfähig den Beweggrund, worauf das ganze Unternehmen beruht, zu erfassen, da

ihm das Gefühl des Mitleids abgeht. Er witterte in dem Ganzen ein besonders vorteilhaftes Geschäft für den Unternehmer. (ibid., 156)

My friend Reinhold Boie, an intelligent, discerning man, highly educated in the sciences, was a pharmacist in Manila, he owned the Botica de Sto Cristo. He once told an alert, clever-looking young mestizo that in Germany there were consumer associations, which bought the most important basic needs in large quantities at low prices so that the members, poorer people, can be supplied with these at relatively lower prices than ordinary. This is done so that it is possible for the poor to acquire the necessary articles. Boie then connected this to his view that such associations would be quite beneficial in the Philippines, because the Indians in many places are quite poverty stricken and would be unscrupulously exploited and sucked dry by merchants and usurers. "Now," said Boie, "What do you think of this?" "Yes, I understand it, that it would be very good, on the condition that more profit would be earned from it," replied the mestizo. The whole explanation, which Boie had given with humanitarian intentions, was useless. The soul of the mestizo is absolutely incapable of grasping the motivation upon which the whole enterprise was based, because he lacked the feeling of compassion. He only smelt in the whole thing an especially advantageous business for the entrepreneur.

### **Trip to the North**

In 1876 Rothauscher travelled to Vigan to run the local botica on his own. During the whole period of his stay in the Philippines, the time he spent in Vigan was for him the most enjoyable (fig. 2). He quickly learned the "classical" (*klassische*) Ilocano language with the help of locals and foreigners who had mastered it. In his memoirs he describes the main plaza of Vigan, where a statue of a lion was mounted on a pillar. He observes wryly that, because Ilocanos had never seen or heard of lions, they called the place the "Paseo ti aso" (Promenade of the dog) (ibid., 147).

Several stories that took place in Vigan (as told in chapters 22 to 26, which are not included here) would probably strike the contemporary reader as humorous and strange. On 7 May 1878, driven by a thirst for adventure, he went on a journey to the mountain fastnesses of the north. A Spanish friend of his, Don Maximino Lillo de Garcia (fig. 3), awaited him in Lepanto,

while another one, Don Fidel Hernandez (fig. 4), invited him to stay with him in Bontoc. Rothdäuscher's short observations and descriptions of Igorot customs as he saw and interpreted these can be compared profitably with other similar travel accounts. Like most of the very few foreigners who had been able to reach that place in the nineteenth century, he was amazed by the rice terraces. His fascinating description of the Igorot bird-scaring "perpetual motion machine" is probably the most detailed one on record.

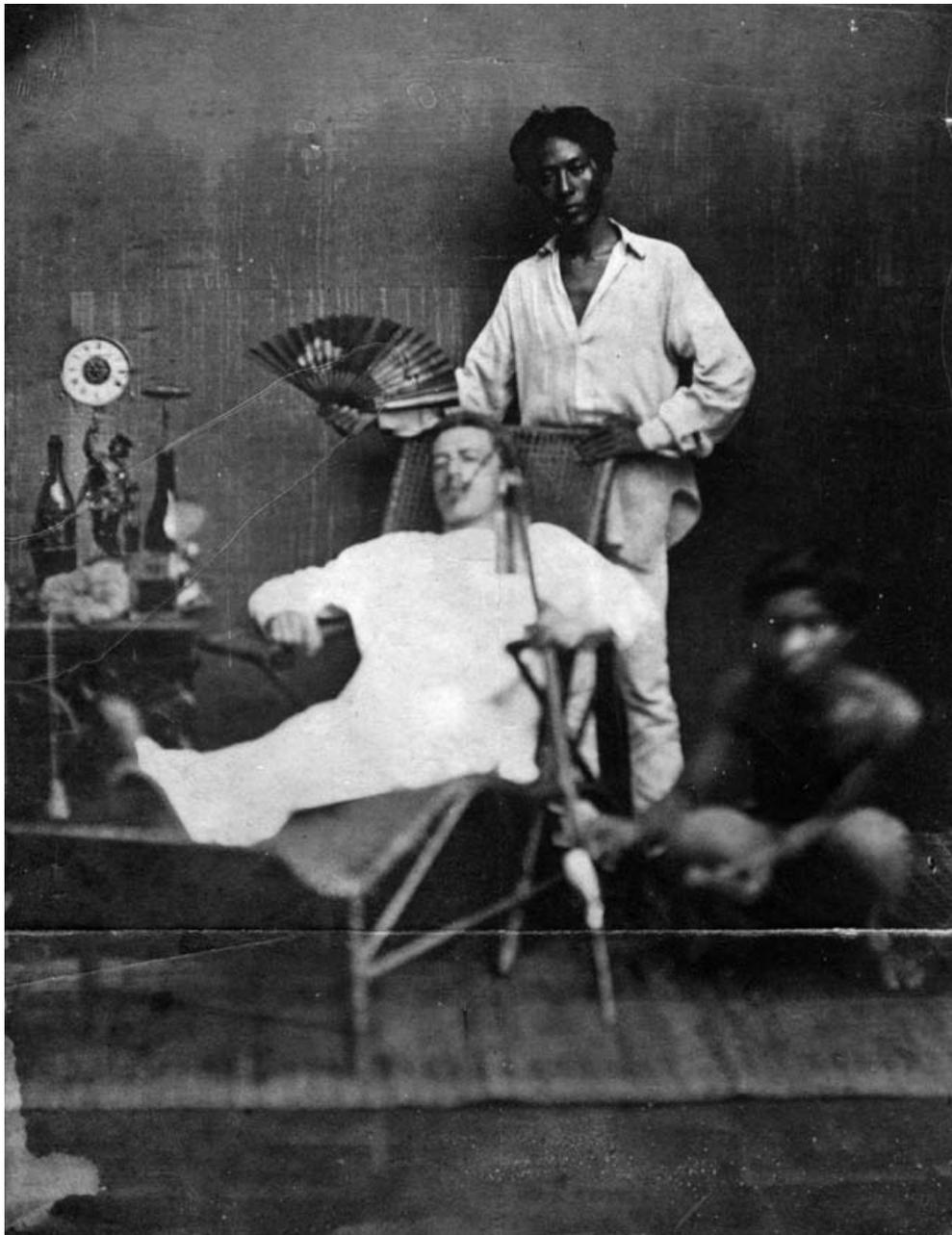


Fig. 2. Rothdäuscher in Vigan

This water-powered bird-scaring machine had been described by Jenks (1905) and Willcox (1912) in their own accounts. According to Jenks (1905, 101–2):

The water-power bird scarers are ingenious. Across a shallow, running rapids in the river or canal a line, called “pi-chug’,” is stretched, fastened at one end to a yielding pole, and at the other to a



Fig. 3. Don Maximino Lillo de Garcia

Herrn D. Enrique Rothdäuscher.

Ponce, d. 15 Mai.

1878

Mein theurer Freund:

Ich habe Ihr unterm drei-  
zehnten an mich gerichtete  
Schreiben mit dem grössten Ver-  
gnügen erhalten.

Ich bin froh, und ich  
danke Ihnen für Ihren Besuch.

Von

ganzem Herzen der Ihrige

Fidel Hernandez

Fig. 4. Don Fidel Hernandez's Letter to Rothdäuscher in German

rigid pole. A bowed piece of wood about 15 inches long and 3 inches wide, called "pit-ug'," is suspended by a line at each end from the horizontal cord. This pit-ug' is suspended in the rapids, by which it is carried quickly downstream as far as the elasticity of the yielding pole and the pi-chug' will allow, then it snaps suddenly back upstream and is ready to be carried down and repeat the jerk on the relaxing pole. A system of cords passes high in the air from the jerking pole at the stream to other slender, jerked poles among the sementeras. From these poles a low jerking line runs over the sementeras, over which are stretched at right angles parallel cords within a few feet of the fruit heads. These parallel cords are also jerked, and their movement, together with that of the leaves depending from them, is sufficient to keep the birds away. One such machine may send its shock a quarter of a mile and trouble the birds over an area half an acre in extent.

Other Igorot, as those of the upper Abra River in Lepanto Province, employ this same jerking machine to produce a sharp, clicking sound in the sementera. The jerking cord repeatedly raises a series of hanging, vertical wooden fingers, which, on being released, fall against a stationary, horizontal bamboo tube, producing the sharp click. These clicking machines are set up on two supporting sticks a few feet above the grain every three or four yards about the sementeras.

Wilcox (1912, 126–27) provides a similar description:

The mists prevented any general view of the country; as a matter of fact, we were at such an elevation as to be riding in the clouds, which had come down by reason of the rain. However, the valleys below us were occasionally in plain enough sight, showing some cultivation here and there, rice and *camotes*, the latter occasionally in queer spiral beds. The bird-scarers, too, were ingenious: a board hung by a cord from another cord stretched between two long and highly flexible bamboos on opposite banks of a stream, would be carried down by the current until the tension of its cord became greater than the thrust of the stream, when it would fly back and thus cause the bamboo poles to shake. This motion was repeated without end, and



Fig. 5. Rothdäuscher's Anito in the Anthropological Museum of Munich



communicated by other cords suitably attached to other bamboo poles set here and there in the adjacent rice-paddy. From these hung rough representations of birds, and a system was thus provided in a state of continuous agitation over the area, frequently of many acres, to be protected. The idea is simple and efficacious.

Rothdauscher's (2010, 176–77) description in chapter 28 seems by far the most meticulous and technical. In contrast to Jenks, his description points to a device similar to the “escapement” mechanism used in ancient Greek, Indian, and Chinese water clocks. The astounding sound of clattering bamboos must have been akin to a giant bamboo angklung orchestra (see pages 542–543). Unfortunately, the use of such a technology in the rice-planting regions of Southeast Asia has probably not yet been surveyed in any existing study.

During his short expedition, Rothdauscher collected several artifacts, including a broken “retired” anito, which can still be found today in the Ethnographic Museum of Munich (fig. 5). He also mentions four very rare golden anitos gifted to him by Don Lillo. (There is still a golden Kankanay anito in the Anthropological Museum of Vienna, which had been among the objects collected by Schadenberg [Anderson 2010, 134].) One of Rothdauscher's treasured souvenirs, an “anito” bird, which was feared as a bringer of bad tidings, unfortunately died in transit and was lost.

## **Remaining Years**

On 4 June 1878 he started a difficult and dangerous overland travel from Vigan to Manila. From Manila he moved to Cebu, where he arrived on 16 January 1879 to head the pharmacy there. The most striking occurrence during his stay in Cebu was a devastating typhoon which he lived through, on a date he said he could never forget, 12 December 1879. Feeling the onset of an illness, he went for a vacation in Europe on 21 July 1881, but left once again for the Philippines on 7 May 1882 to finish his obligations. He saw, experienced, and described the ravages of the cholera epidemic in Manila and Cebu.

On 15 January 1883 he left the Philippines for good and rode on the French steamboat *Djemnah* from Singapore to Marseille. Coincidentally, this was the very same ship that brought the young José Rizal to Europe, where he had begun his studies a few months earlier in 1882.

## MEMOIRS OF A GERMAN PHARMACIST

### Chapters 27 and 28

*Translated from the original German by Ramon Guillermo*

#### **Chapter 27 (pp. 168–73)**

On May 7th, 1878 at six in the evening I rode horseback in “battle dress uniform” with knapsack, rolled-up raincoat, leggings, the Indian salakot on my head and pistol in the saddlebags. Preparations for the journey in the sunny, open outdoors were happy moments, everything breathed enthusiasm and bliss. I brought with me one of my lads for assistance, a genuine, unspoiled Ilocano, who understood no Spanish. He sat barefoot with rolled-up pants on his horse. In his belt was a short Japanese saber of which he was not just a little proud. On his saddle and on his back he carried provisions and every kind of necessity. In this manner, I moved out gaily toward the Bocana. It was understood we couldn’t trot or gallop in view of our baggage but I had a good horse with a quick gait. At first, we rode through the Arenal, through the fine dry sand, which was very agreeable to the hooves of the horses. Then we went through the rocky riverbed. After an hour, we reached the foot of the mountain range at the right bank of the Rio de Abra, which here leaves the narrow gorge and opens into the plains and drains shortly into the ocean.

The mountains were steep, stony, broken, with hardly any plants growing anywhere. At the riverbank stretched the narrow riding path, which at some places did not allow one to avoid the riding animals that one encountered. I took a short rest, climbed up a bit to try to make a small sketch of the wonderful view of Vigan, above the small hills near the sea, where I often went for a ride in the mornings. A wonderful, radiant evening, the horizon was covered by the incandescence of the setting sun and the blissful spirits let me rejoice with enthusiasm, freedom, and calm. The ride went further on the narrow path, sometimes near the water, sometimes somewhat high, ascending and descending on rubble and through Spanish thickets, in the light of day without any difficulty. Night fell shortly afterwards, but I was able to cover the short distance to San Quintin before the arrival of total darkness. A *sargento* (sergeant) of the Guardia Civil was stationed in the small village, a Spaniard whom I knew. I claimed his hospitality for the night. The *sargento* was not there, he was doing the rounds for several days. But that was not a problem, I occupied his house and made myself at home. The lads of the *sargento* prepared my sleeping area and took care of my Indian and the

horses. Hospitality is customary there. I let rice and eggs be cooked for me in the *tribunal* (town hall). I had brought ingredients with my provisions.

The next morning we rode off early and continued on the path, which now led through the thick forest. Just as we were crossing the rustling water of a mountain stream, which bursts out from a tributary valley in garrulous haste, meandering into the large river, a patrol of guardias came, led by an Indian, i.e., a native *cabo* (non-commissioned officer). Because I had no license to carry a weapon, it should not come into question. I rode quickly to them and shouted: "Hey Cabo! Have you seen the Sargento of San Quintin doing his rounds?" "No, Señor." "Is the Capitan of Bangued at home?" "Yes, Señor." "Ah, that's good, I have to meet with him. You can continue on with your patrol!" The Indian thought I was an important official and distanced himself respectfully.

At about ten o'clock in the morning I arrived in Bangued and proceeded immediately to Capitan Don Gerónimo Hernandez, whom I knew quite well. But first, I threw on a white formal suit in order to visit the *Gobernador* and his pleasant wife. I was greeted with uncommon warmth. I had to recount the recent events in Vigan: how was his Eminence the Bishop? are Don Carlos de Villaragut, his wife and child in good health? and other important things. They were passionately interested in my planned journey into the wilderness and told me to convey their greetings to Lillo and Fidel Hernandez.

At midday, I was a guest at Don Gerónimo's and accomplished a little incidental business. The capitan had two very beautiful horses, white horses, which he ceded to me for the sum of sixty dollars. I let the horses be brought to Vigan and sent them later by steamboat to Manila.

I had to bring with me a guide from Bangued and a porter to carry some of the baggage; I myself couldn't always carry the rucksack on my back.

The area was populated by the Tingguian; they were half-civilized Indians who pay tribute, lead an orderly community life with a tribunal, but had not yet accepted Christianity. They were harmless, frugal, and somewhat hardworking men, with whom one can interact quite well. These Tingguian mediate the small trade between the wild Igorot and the civilized Indians.

The destination was Marcial, a Tingguian village south of Bangued. It was a martial way over hill and dale, ascending and descending slowly while minding the people on foot. On the way, I encountered some handsome Tingguian specimens, who thought that having a shred of garment around the loins was not in any way nakedness. By the fall of darkness, I came into

Marcial alone. I had ridden ahead; my lads followed more slowly with the pedestrians.

The small village in the middle of the mountains consisted of a few huts, but there was a kind of tribunal and the “councilmen” cooked rice for my Ilocanos and prepared a sleeping place for me quite nicely on the floor made out of flexible bamboo poles. They even brought pillows. The pillows on the islands are without exception stuffed with coarse cotton wool. Like every tribunal in the provincial villages, Marcial also had a large drum which stands in for the bell.

I enjoyed here a superb night’s sleep, without any barking of dogs, which dreadfully annoys one in the night everywhere else on the islands, disturbing an agreeable sleep.

The guide and porter went back to Bangued. Two new examples of the species *Homo sapiens*, Tingguianes with whom we could not communicate well since they did not understand Ilocano, took over in guiding us to Lumaba since they had received the necessary instructions. They wore the salakot, the broad woven hat on their heads, and a loincloth around the loins, a comfortable and inexpensive costume.

The march in the agreeable, cool morning hours was marvelous. If only the wretched huts and the brown people did not disturb the illusion, one could believe that one had been transplanted to the foothills of the Bavarian Alps.

The brown chaps, on whose skin the sweat ran down in small rivulets, brought me to Lumaba and from there, after a lot of crisscrossing, to Villaviciosa, and from there in a long, hot march to Villavieja. It was midday. In that village, some of whose inhabitants had converted to Christianity, a Catholic priest lived a miserable, difficult, ascetic life, that he devoted himself completely to the task of bringing Christian civilization to the wild nature-men [*Naturmenschen*]. One did not have to feel any pity for these men; they are heroes to whom we must offer our highest respect and admiration.

I was received amiably by the kind, still youthful priest. My presence gave him a few happy and radiant hours. A native brought him a leech inside a bamboo tube, which the priest keeps in order to bring aid in case of need to the suffering.

He had some remedies in his small medicine chest, quinine, camomile, laxatives, dressing material, and others, with which he rushed to aid the sick and the wounded; he was the doctor for the soul and body. In the afternoon,

I left the poor man with the rich gift of the heart. I went into the wide, colorful world; he remained in his blessed, silent work in solitude.

After three hours of riding, I reached a small village near Bugui, where I made a stop and set up my sleeping area in the most primitive tribunal, a simple nipa house. The next morning, the tenth of May, the guide was supposed to bring me to Tiagan, which we were supposed to reach in three hours. The presumed three hours became eight, just because the chap knew neither the way nor the direction. After many wrong starts we reached a broad, fearfully rocky, completely dry riverbed on which we rode further. It was a painful way for the horses between the thick, polished, slippery stones. Add to that the heat of 60° C and not a single drop of water on the long march! A banana plant with a bunch of fruits appeared along the way and awakened joyful hopes. I pulled at the fruit, but it was not a paradise fruit (*Musa paradisiaca*), rather it was a hemp (*Musa textilis*). Its fruit was inedible; even the horses spurned it. So we went on, half-dead of thirst. The horses were weary and let their heads hang down. Finally we had passed the open land of glowing heat and came to a road, an important street, which went in the direction of Tiagan. It went uphill into the forest. We were somewhat protected from the penetrating rays of the hot sun, but there was no water here too. The climb continued; we went higher and higher and reached the ridge of the mountain. Suddenly the view was offered into the valley on the other side of the mountain, there lay the *ranchería* (village) Tiagan before us. The effect was wonderful; the sight of our destination made us feel revitalized; delight and joy chased away all pain; even the horses raised their heads and understood that refreshment and rest beckoned. They trudged energetically up the gentle slope and shortly we reached the village, the settlement.

As I looked around for the tribunal, a voice called to me: “*Ole Mister*, from which way and to where?” It was Cucullo, a Spaniard born in the Philippines who so unexpectedly greeted me with a joyful shout. I had met him in Vigan, an amiable, goodhearted person, who was stationed here as comptroller. My surprise was as great as my joy to meet a fond acquaintance here in the wilderness. I did not know that the man lived here. He invited me at once to go to his house. I must stay with him.

After the initial greetings and introductions to his pleasant wife, a mestiza, Cucullo directed me to the bath, which he rightly thought must be my greatest need. In the meantime, I had to refresh myself since my burning thirst had not yet been quenched. I could not trust my eyes: Cucullo pulled out a bottle of beer with a crafty look, quickly pulled out the cork, and gave

me the drink of the gods! Beer, here in the wilderness, good Norwegian beer! Never in my life had a frothy mug so smiled at me as at this unforgettable moment! With genuine devotion, I touched the glass to my mouth and sucked the refreshing drops and let them roll down my hot gullet, not quickly but slowly, so that its caressing effect would be felt with each gulp.

After the refreshing bath, we had the most animated conversation and discussed my travel plans. Cucullo took a lively interest in it and offered to accompany me. My horse and the lads should stay in Tiagan. He had his own horses, good climbers that were especially suited for the steep paths up into the mountains. They were not fitted with horseshoes since they could climb much better without these.

We set forth early on the eleventh of May and took the path over the Tobalina, a mountain belonging to the Cordillera del Tila. The horses easily negotiated the slopes, which were really steep in some places and quite stony. It was a marvelous march, with much variety, with a view over the mountain peaks into the beautiful valleys, over the plains below the mountains to the sea.

We arrived at midday at the Igorot village Angaqui, where we rested and cooked. It was here that I ate for the first time a breadfruit, *Artocarpus*. It tasted unpleasantly resinous from the glutinous chyle. Known to be prepared in the most varied ways, it is the main staple in many places. The Igorot had caught a wild buffalo, carabao, which was supposed to be tamed. The animal was raging, it should however be made manageable in a short time. Ovid (2002) sang so wonderfully—*Tempore paret equus lentis animosus habenis, et placido duros accipit ore lupos* (In time the horse learns to put up with the bridle, in the course of time the rub of long use wears an iron ring thin)—about time which soothes all.

We continued with our exciting journey toward evening. We rode under the light of the full moon over a long mountain ridge in agreeable solitude. It was just too beautiful there. The soul swelled and exulted, I had to sing out how my spirit was cheered into the wonderful silent landscape. Above, in the balmy pure air, resounded from my breast the incomparable songs from my student days: “Vom hohen Olymp herab” (From Olympus Downward), “das Urbummellied” (The Original Travelling Song), “Sind wir nicht zur Herrlichkeit geboren” (Are We Not Born for Greatness), “O alte Burschenherrlichkeit” (Oh, Good Old Student Days), “Gaudeamus igitur” (So Let Us Rejoice), and even more. The mountains and quiet valleys on this patch of earth, isolated from human civilization, listened astounded and with wonder like my companion, the good-hearted Cucullo!

We stayed the night at the *ranchería* of Cervantes and on the twelfth of May, the fine, hardy horses brought us to Cayan. This is where my friend, Lillo, lived and governed, in the marvelous altitude before the great massif of the 2,000-meter high Data, the mountain range north of the high Caravallo mountain range. Its refreshing and mild climate, like the pleasurable spring weather of home, pleased us.

I was welcomed into the house with genuine Spanish courteous hospitality. Lillo's wife, Doña Dolores, celebrated my arrival with sparkling French champagne. Sparkling wine here among the savages!

Lillo had built a new house, a completely European one made of stone and with glass windows. I did not wonder at the beautiful, elegantly furnished house, but rather at the confusion it created. This house matched its surroundings like a house in the Schwarzwald would match the houses on the street "Unter den Linden" in Berlin. I was lodged in another residence more agreeable to me, which had served up till now as the living quarters of the other governors of the district. Lillo had expected his successor to buy the house from him willingly, but that did not turn out to be the case. He therefore had to deal with the disappointment and annoying losses.

The thirteenth of May was a rest day. Lillo led me to his beautifully located coffee plantation, which in its abundant growth showed much promise. I then climbed on the nearest plateau and was delighted at the clear fresh air, the wonderful view up to the sea, and was surprised to find pine trees there! Palm fronds did not spread out here in the wind, rather pines with long needles murmured to me the resinous odor of the sounds of home! With deep breaths I inhaled the fragrant smell and transported myself in my imagination to the beloved forests of my German fatherland.

The small villages—*rancherías*—of the Igorot are made up of the most primitive huts. On four very high poles rest the long, steep, four-sided roofs of leaves reaching down. From some distance, these "villages" looked quite pleasing, but a closer inspection reveals the general uncleanliness in which this timeless people feels at home. In the sooty, greasy room under the roof without windows live the people. Underneath them, in the most abhorrent filth and mud live their pigs and other domesticated animals.

The Igorot here at the border appear to be friendly and docile; they generally comply with the few duties that are asked of them. It did not stay out of the question however that the governor sometimes had to enforce a punishment.

On the fourteenth of May, we rode with Lillo, who accompanied us to the mines of Mancayan, up and downhill through the charming valley meadows with gurgling brooks, passing by solitary huts and small villages. We followed the headwater stream Rio Tubuc with high spirits and were in Mancayan by midday. There we enjoyed the hospitality of two Spaniards who had a permanent house and exploited the copper mines “in their own way.”

Everything here is wretchedly mismanaged. The mountains had a great wealth of copper, which continued to sleep in the depths, because what has been mined up to now is negligible in comparison with the available wealth. The savage Igorot had already possessed for a long time knowledge of metallurgy, so that they processed the ore to produce copper and formed tools. The Spaniards, who were at the time the masters of the mines, whether legitimately or not, made the Igorot extract the ore from the shafts, mainly bornite and chalcopyrite. They also produced the metallic copper by means of crude metallurgy, heating and melting processes, which the savages had heretofore practiced. Chinese performed the metallurgic melting process. They then had to deliver the copper to the Spaniards at a set price, which was so low that it meant a profitable business for the Spaniards. The Chinese, these untiring and frugal workers, found some profit in the unquestionably heavy work, because the Chinese is always a cunning fellow. They supplied themselves with cheap assistants by buying from the Igorot for a couple of *reales*—five up to six marks—women, younger and older, with whom they lived in polygamy and whose labor power they exploited by means of making them perform the hardest parts of the work.

Near the entrances to the shafts lay machine parts, cauldrons, pipes, and others in colorful heaps, speaking loud and clearly of Spanish lethargy. Some years ago, a company was established for the rational exploitation of these copper mines with capital stock. The necessary machines were ordered from Europe and brought to the site over the mountains. The enthusiasm held up to this stage of the undertaking but it was gone soon after. They obviously did not know what to do, or they lacked further sources of financing. The expensive equipment and supplies, which were temporarily exposed to the rain and wind, rusted and finally no one concerned himself anymore about them.

On the way to Mancayan, we came to a warm sulphur spring, to which a great healing power was attributed. But it had crossed no one’s mind to make the healing spring accessible to the sick. The warm water bubbled forth, spreading the famous sulfurous smell, and flowed further until it joined the

cooling waters. It was in the meantime remarked that the savages have been known to use the spring for healing purposes.

### **Chapter 28 (pp. 174–83)**

We rode early the next day to make the trip from Mancayan to Lipatan, the last station south of Lillo's district at the border of the district of Benguet. The path led through a place rich with the beauties of nature: green meadows, abundant flora, leaping fountains, large tree ferns and pines gladdened the eyes. The river Sugue had dug up in one place a deep cavity and formed there a large pool with crystal clear water. Cucullo and I did not pass up the opportunity to take a wonderful, fresh bath. We dove into the ice cold, naturally occurring flood, and splashed around happily.

Lipatan was at a high altitude and it is so cool there that the Igorot wrapped themselves in blankets. The lieutenant Tudela, who was stationed there, had a group of Igorot summoned to a "trial." Lillo had given Tudela the order to summon these chaps through their "mayor" because they had not complied with the order to work on the roads. For this they are now punished with arrest—and meager food rations. The chaps, around ten, stood there in a row, their blankets pulled over brown skin, the small tobacco pipes in the twisted knot of hair at the back of the head, thick brass rings in the ears, a rag wrapped around the head, around the loins, the small piece of cloth called the *taparabo*. Some had bristly, porcupine-like moustaches and beards, which did not look bad on their faces; their lower extremities were naked. The impression of their faces was not unintelligent; they looked calm but very attentive of the harshly accusing "Apo" (master) and listened without a sound. They had come unarmed; the Igorot would otherwise never let their spears from their hands. On the question if they had understood what had been said and that in the future they should come punctually when ordered, they gave their assent and then they were allowed to return to their villages.

The fresh springtime weather of the high altitude made me feel as if I were back home. Everything felt cold, plates, silverware, glasses, even the napkins. The drinking water was fresh like in Europe. After the meal I climbed up a plateau where one can enjoy a beautiful view into the valley of Rio Agno and the mountain landscape of the Benguet district, where the huge chain of mountains of the Cordillera Central ascended up to 7,000 feet to the highest peaks of Tongloc, Vaeta, Roca de España, and Babag.

The Rio Agno has its source in the southern flank of Mount Data, which flows transversely closing around the river valley and the district of Benguet. I also saw from where I stood the origin of the Rio Abra, which poured down as a silver spring in a beautiful waterfall over the boulders, flowed around Mount Data, and later merged west of Cervantes with the several springs welling on the northern side of Mount Data making up the Rio Cayubatan. On the climb to the plateau, from which I viewed the wonderful panorama, I discovered to my delight the fascinating flesh-eating plant *Nepenthes destillatoria* L in a great quantity of excellent specimens. The leaf of this plant is shaped into a skillfully formed, accommodating jug supplied with a movable second leaf that serves as a cover. If small animals entered it, the covering leaf would close and the animals would be soaked in the corrosive fluid in the jug. These would become nourishment for the plants.

We turned back to Mancayan in the afternoon, where we arrived just before the daily downpour.

The Igorot are strong, sturdy, and agile characters. They are in a manner of speaking honest; one can trust them with many things, but one must know some of their particular views, which will still be remarked upon later. They are superstitious and have their peculiar customs. They do not stand on a very low level in ethical matters; on the contrary, a surprising morality prevails over these nature-men. Young people in a romantic relationship would be forced to marry; those who refuse would be punished severely. It is not surprising that these nature-men are equipped with acute nerves for seeing and hearing, but they seem to have also an especially fine sense of taste and smell: they bite into gold and determine its purity in the hardness and taste. They recognize the degree of love with beloved beings by means of the smell!

When one of them dies, his possessions would be squandered by the relatives and acquaintances in the presence of the dead.

Three weeks before my arrival in Mancayan, a “rich man” died. During his sickness, he had given his fellow citizens two hundred dollars—an immense sum—to hold an eating and drinking feast, to beg for the mercy of the gods so that he would recover his health.

With such like entertainments, they drink and stuff themselves in unbelievable excess. At the feast for the sick, one of them had gobbled so much that they had to pull several pieces of meat from his throat. But the good, wealthy savage nevertheless died and so began an even wilder gluttonous and drunken feast, the customary ceremony for the dead. The

sick would not be cared for. The banquet would be held instead to call for the help of the gods for his recovery.

Upon his death, they tied him to a tree so that he would be able to witness that everything proceeded according to law and custom. Eighteen days long, the dead host could be gladdened as a spectator, because the disorderly, barbaric orgy lasted that long. They danced around the dead, singing and howling, calling to him, and drank on and on until all his property was used up as was demanded by custom. The smell of decomposition did not disturb in the least the voraciousness and drunkenness. Yesterday, on the nineteenth day, they seem to have put him in a casket and interred him. This latter is to be taken literally, since he would be kept near the house in a permanent coffin. The mourning feast was over; it was quiet, and the beasts lay themselves like snakes digesting and nurtured the habit of laziness so that the intestines and bowels would return to the normal size.

On the sixteenth of May, we bade farewell to the copper producers and rode on our jaunty horses through the marvelous mountainous landscape back to Cayan.

A letter for me from Fidel Hernandez in Bontoc arrived by means of the unusual postal system. An Igorot carried at a run, safely over the mountains, the few letters that were exchanged between the military outposts in one or two tin cans tied to a pole on his shoulder. Earlier, Fidel had used a leather bag for his mails but it became smaller and smaller, the snacking messenger cut out a small piece every time as a welcome delicacy. The tin covering was not subject to this.

Fidel had written me an invitation written in completely correct German to come to him for a visit. There, in his isolation, because of his amazement with German science and vigor, he learned German from books and proved with this letter that he had taken it seriously and made good progress.

The preparations for the journey over the mountains were soon made. Lillo gave us two persevering, unshod horses, accustomed to climbing; and on the morning of the seventeenth of May, Cucullo and I sat on the well-rested animals and let ourselves be carried up to the high mountain passes. We dismounted at a particularly steep place; the horses dug in with the front of their hooves and we held the tail. By means of this we negotiated this part effortlessly and without any special exertion on our part. The horses did not slip; they were accustomed to climbing.

Our next objective was Besao, a military outpost between Lepanto and Bontoc. The path led upward and downward again deep into the

valleys through a marvelous wild and romantic landscape. The Igorot, who are otherwise extremely averse to cultivating fields, have nevertheless built on these steep cliffs of the mountain, amphitheatrical, overlapping, small horizontal surfaces upon which they plant rice, which they found so delicious that they accustomed themselves to the work of preparing the land and cultivation. The rice grown here is considered the most delicious, the best on the islands, but none of it is traded. The savages grow only so much for their own needs, and only occasionally is this highly valued foodstuff exchanged with other commodities or needs.

Irrigation is an unconditional requirement for rice planting due to the completely flat, horizontal surface. Because of this, stones are collected and fitted on top of one another to build a wall, which is then filled with earth. This gives rise to a long and, for the savages not accustomed to this work, arduous labor. Each field is terraced high into the mountainside and offers such a magnificent picture that I was reminded by the beautiful sight of the hanging gardens of Semiramis.

The Igorot must feel greatly annoyed that the fruits of their labors were exposed to the danger of being eaten by the many birds that there squawked and made a great noise, seldom singing sweetly, whizzing around, since these aeronauts were great lovers of these nutritious rice grains. They pondered the matter and came upon an excellent, clever, ingenious idea. In each ravine between the mountains flowed relatively large or small mountain streams and they understood this waterpower to be exceptionally useful for the objective of driving away the birds. From a large piece of wood they formed a trough, a hollow with a thick bottom. With some rope they hung this trough fastened to two flexible bamboo poles a few meters high, securely rammed into the ground, so that the hollowed block of wood would fall exactly on the artificially made waterfall in the stream. The water poured into the trough, filled it up, and pressed it down and pushed it outward, by means of which the weight of the water disturbed the balance of the trough, which tips and empties it. The empty trough returns to its original position due to its thick, heavy bottom—the hollow part at the top—and both bamboos, which have been bent because of the trough being pushed down, returns to their upright position, the trough falls again into the waterfall, fills itself up, would be pressed down again, emptied and falls once again into the torrent of water, and so it goes on continuously. By means of this is a natural motor, a small *perpetuum mobile*, constructed. Now, they bind to the bamboo poles, constantly bending toward each other, bamboo and rattan

ropes. These are then tied to other very flexible bamboo poles on the rice fields, which make exactly the same movements and at the same time put into motion a clapper. This consists of the following: that at a distance of six meters to the side of an upright bamboo pole at the edge of the field, another bamboo pole is fixed into the ground, which is then tied to the first by means of two thin poles, one of these higher than the other, the other much lower. At the top part of these crossbars, some twenty pieces of bamboo as thick as a fist and three fourths of a meter long and very easily movable are placed in a row, hanging down like fringes or tassels which at the lower ends lie on the other perpendicular bamboo poles. By means of the movement of the water motor and the bending of the upright bamboos, the position of the crossbars change, especially the ones at the top, the hanging bamboo tubes move away somewhat from those at the bottom, which at first lay slack at about one or two spans and hits in the next moment, when by the turning of the trough the upright pole goes back, the perpendicular crossbar. From this, the bamboo by nature produces, with its hard and smooth tube containing pebbles, a great clattering.

The whole apparatus is uncommonly flexible and functions with ease such that there is hardly any obstacle or friction to overcome. The connection would be continued from one field to another, over several field layers, so that the trough causes thousands of bamboo tubes to create a fearful clattering noise—*klipp, klapp, klapperatrack*—so it roared on and on. One hears it a few kilometers away, the birds fly from it, and so is the divine rice protected. It caused me great pleasure to listen for a while to the famous effective and economical “*Quos ego*” (Neptune’s threat to the winds).

We arrived in Besao at midday. We were naturally received with hospitality by the sergeant at the outpost. We roamed in the surrounding area and ate camote roasted in hot ash in the open field. These *Convolvulus Batatas* heavy tubers of three up to ten pounds are called sweet potatoes. These were usually eaten with sugar but I preferred salt. The taste is similar to potatoes, very agreeable but light, containing a lot more water than potatoes.

The sun sank in the west. In its light the mountain peaks shone in the most marvelous glow of the Alps. It was cold in Besao, colder than in Lipatan. After an undisturbed refreshing sleep, I readied myself for the last stretch over the steep passes of Bontoc. Cucullo remained behind with the sergeant. The horses were also left there. I had to employ another means of transport, the *hamaca* (hammock). Four Igorot were ready, strong chaps, to

carry me over the mountains. The hamaca is a coarsely woven mat attached to a long thick bamboo pole. One lies comfortably inside and protected from the sun by a roof of bamboo wickerwork. This is the usual way for Europeans to travel there. I lay myself quite comfortably in the pleasant rocking cradle; the sturdy chaps took the thick bamboos on their powerful shoulders and straightaway went forward with what was for them a light burden—my body weight was not that of a portly, fat Bavarian beer brewer. It began immediately uphill; for a little while I let the muscular legs of the savages climb for me, but then I commanded, “Halt!” For me, it goes against all feelings of humanity to look on lethargically at how sweat trickled down the brown skin of the carriers. I could not have had any enjoyment and pleasure from the conveyance nor from the beauty of marvelous nature. My feelings could not bear the human indignity caused by the egoistic exploitation of the exertions of another and to go easy on one’s own lethargy. I left the lazybones’ nest and climbed uphill and downhill nimbly, the four savages behind me. These could gather no explanation for my behavior. I could not have been unhappy with their performance; otherwise I should have complained. So they carried the empty hamaca up to Bontoc and back.

The hike was wonderful in the fresh mountain air between the pine forests. One could have believed that one was wandering in the Bavarian foothills, if instead of the Igorot huts Alpine huts had adorned the hillsides. While going on my way in the forest, I made an observation worth mentioning. A wounded Igorot lay on the ground and another kneeled beside him and touched his limbs; while doing this he murmured something inaudible and let his lower jaw move like a sewing machine, he was in a hurry to babble his words. He was a doctor who was praying for the health of the sick man, *tout comme chez nous* (just like home), because among us this method of cure has not yet completely died out.

The way went gradually deeper downhill and, before reaching Bontoc, one went down a steep wall in a winding way, from the cool spring air to the quite perceptible tropical heat. Bontoc was much lower than Besao and also somewhat lower than Cayan. Fidel Hernandez and his splendid wife took me in with the greatest hospitality into their large, solid wooden house. Bontoc is the furthest Spanish outpost to the east. From here, straight through the islands up to the coast by the still ocean, the country is independent, occupied by wild tribes. The savages of Bontoc respect the Spanish authority insofar as they do not directly rebel against it. They let the few whites live there and perform the trivial labor tribute. However, the commandant of the

district must know how to deal with them, otherwise they would chop his head off by accident.

Fidel's district is not large. Beyond the mountains, where Bontoc lies below, are other Igorot, Ilongot, Gaddanes, Ybilao, and other wild tribes, who live in constant war with each other. All foreigners are their enemies and would be killed. The ones from Bontoc have been in a bloody feud for several years with an adjoining tribe. They are headhunters; peace can only exist when the number of severed heads in both places is equal. When one tribe has two heads less than the other, these must be obtained. Fighting breaks out. They carry off four heads and lose one; in the meantime, having one too many, now they are attacked by the other tribe. The result is again imbalanced and so the headhunting often goes on for decades.

These savages are people of sturdy build, tall, agile, lithe, with a brave appearance, very adept at handling their weapons, spears, and axes. They wear nothing but a *taparabo*, a small covering. The women wrap a small scrap of cloth at the middle and are simple and to the point with their clothing. They are small, stocky; the great majority are ugly. I nevertheless also saw pretty-faced young maidens with well-formed breasts and, what is seldom to be seen there, full, firm calves. Their jewelry of glass beads, small pebbles and lower-body coverings, heavy brass earrings, neck bracelets of dog teeth with red cloths in between, which hang down over the breast, and many brass wires wound around their neck and arms suits them splendidly. Arms and breasts are tattooed. With respect to morality, these savages seem extremely strict, as Fidel and also others have told me. If it is true that they punish intimate relationships with death, as I have been assured, I could not possibly tell. Their only punishment to be sure is beheading.

The Igorot always go around armed; they do not lay down their spears. In their battles, they pierce each other with their barbed spears and try to cut off each other's heads. For defense they use a long shield, which is cut into two points at one end and at the opposite end three. They try to grab the enemy at the throat with the two-pointed end of the shield in such a way that the opening of the shield will be like a collar at his throat that they then follow with a powerful blow of the sharp cutting axe, which separates the head above the shield from the throat.

They hide their long hair behind the head in a small, finely woven basket, *cascabete*. They take these small baskets from the severed head as a trophy.

Their feasts, which they celebrate at special events, namely, successful battles, defeat of a stranger, or upon the advent of favorable natural events,

are called *cañao*. There will be dancing, singing, drinking, and eating. The entrails of the defeated will also be torn out and, especially, the lower jaw will be taken out, which for them has the same meaning as the scalp for the redskins in America.

In a great year of locusts, they celebrate *cañao* to thank the gods, who have bestowed upon them this highly welcome delicacy in such a large mass. They catch an enormous number of the locusts, dry them in the open under the sun, and eat these greedily. The dried locusts have a truly appetizing smell that reminds one of smoked herring.

Fidel let his Igorot dance in front of the house in my honor. They brought six brass drums, which they struck with thick mallets, and danced their savage dance in a circle with the spear and axe in their hands. In the middle danced one of them alone and held the axe in his hand while turning it constantly at high speed like a top. He hopped, stamped, turned around, bent down, and jumped, and during all of this the axe never for a single moment stopped turning. It was a very good juggling performance.

The maidens took part in the dance by making a circle around the men. They did not move from their places and, with their outstretched arms, made the most pleasant skipping, turning movements. The brass drums constantly played accompaniment and one of the drummers occasionally shouted what were probably commands.

Through Fidel I asked them to sing. They said, however, that they could not sing without permission. He should give them the prisoner, said to be one of their enemies, which he had in gaol. They would cut off his head, tear out his innards, and then merrily dance and sing. A very old man, most probably a 90-year-old Igorot with an awfully wrinkled face and pieces of wood as thick as medium-sized potatoes in his earlobes, expressed the wish in a particularly forceful fashion by holding his lower jaw and pulling it side to side. He indicated to me that such a feast was truly needed. Because Fidel did not fulfil the wish, I had to do without the interesting song.

This wrinkle-man, a tall figure, bony and without a trace of fat, like a skeleton with skin stretched over it, looked as if he had taken a liking to me. He grinned at me fondly, took the heavy wooden block out of his earlobe and pressed it generously into my hand. The earlobe, which was stretched to a thin rope, now hung down low, surely for only a short time since he would immediately make for himself the artful carving of a new ornament. I expressed my happiness and thanks for his selfless offering, which pleased him visibly.

This unusual ear ornament with all the weapons and utensils I have collected are kept in the Ethnographic Museum of Munich.

With one of the savages, the matter concerned a spear. I offered him a dollar and he agreed to this. But since I had only gold pieces worth four dollars, I made him understand that he should give me back the three dollars. He understood this because the savages at the boundary received money more often that they could use to trade with the neighboring half-civilized Tingguianes. He made me understand that he would look for change among the tribespeople and went away with the four-dollar piece. He came back after two days, handed me the piece of gold, and said that there was in the whole area not enough money available to make the trade, took his spear on his shoulder, and went off. I was surprised and pleased with his honesty, but before I could think what to do the upright chap was gone. I would have been pleased to give him four dollars for the wonderful spear. Thieving and cheating in the common sense is unknown among these nature-people. When they see a European with an object they desire, it does one well to fulfill their request and give it to them; they would be unendingly thankful and devoted for this. When one does not notice it, or gives it too little attention, one can fall into great danger, because the nature-man most of the time cannot tame his longing and, to obtain his wish, he cuts off the head of another so that the object will fall to him as booty.

Fidel had a cannon. He occasionally fired it so that the chaps would know the fearful power of the whites. The thunder-weapon was not, however, well appreciated by the savages. One night, while everyone slept, a fire broke out, which quickly destroyed the wooden structure. Fidel had to leave the burning house with all his possessions. The savages stood around the crackling flames and, as the rafters fell, the cannon in the middle of the embers suddenly came to view. They all then shouted: "The thundering Monster is still there!" They thought that the fire would melt the cannon and, with this in mind, they had set fire to the house of their otherwise honored "Apo."

The "Apo" (Master, Lord) must however have a house! All the men of the village and many among the neighbors came and worked with great zeal and made for their Apo in the shortest time a still more beautiful house than the one that had burned.

While on a walk with Fidel, we heard monotonous singing that sounded like a litany. We went in the direction, but as we came nearer to those who were singing and, as they saw us, they went silent. When we inquired, they

explained that they had sung the bedside song for the recovery of an ill person. They could not be moved to continue singing with us present; when we were one hundred steps away from them, we heard them pick up the interrupted litany. They make images of gods—*anitos*—from wood, brass, and gold; they worship these images as little or as much as the Christians the images of the divine and holy.

Aside from the *anitos*, which they make themselves, they worship many animals and plants with awe. There are *anitos* that bring luck and *anitos* that give notice of ruin. They mostly honor the heads of Europeans, which they smoke and grease, so that these remain smooth and do not deteriorate. They would not sell such a valuable, mysterious object of worship, since then they would all die. When they go on a campaign, they dance and howl around the head; the oracle would put his ear to the mouth of the smoked one while another *Pythia*, customarily an old woman, would explain what the head says, if the undertaking will be successful or will end up badly.

A particular small bird as big as a lark, a carnivore with a catlike moustache, is also an *anito*. When they encounter one of these on the path they turn back because the bird *anito* is a sign of bad luck.

Near Bontoc there is a holy tree, the “tree of justice,” called *Tuc-tuc-an*. The large tree is hung with the heads of those who had been punished, people of their tribe, since their only punishment is beheading.

I undertook an exploratory walk to the nearby forested heights and unexpectedly saw a number of about twenty Igorot opposite, who were squatting in a half-circle, the axes at their sides, the shields close by, and the spears stuck in front of them perpendicular to the earth. These men were on a hunt for heads and were holding a council of war. They were silent as I approached them. I had also heard no voices immediately before entering the hidden clearing in the forest and was therefore not ready for the encounter. The savage warriors looked at me with interest but not in a hostile way. I tried to initiate a conversation in Ilocano, but they understood hardly any word; and I knew from their jargon only the word *Tuc-tuc-an*, and that came to my tongue unfortunately—I wanted to make them understand that I would like to see the tree of justice. The word to them was like a fuse to a packed grenade: everyone ran to the peak, picked up their spears, and with threatening countenances told me quite certainly that in the next moment they would stick their spears into me. I made with the hand a defensive, commanding gesture and, since some knew perhaps that I was with the Apo,

they hesitated. I turned around and in two steps was in the covering, after which I then quickly made a greater distance between me and the warriors. They did not follow me, for they didn't have any time for that.

One was not allowed to speak of the tree. They themselves only go there when there was justice to be enforced. Fidel rebuked me that through my carelessness I had excited the savages who were already in a fighting mood. He himself also never spoke with them about the tree and he also never goes there, having seen the tree only a few times.

A very remarkable institution exists among these Igorot in that the young, fully grown maidens and the other unmarried graces sleep in their own house that no man is allowed to enter.

Their gods (anitos), which are made out of wood and metal, are masculine figures in a sitting position. In the Egyptian representations of gods in sitting position one notices that the hands, as a sign of rest, are laid upon the legs or knees. For their part, the elbows of the anitos are supported by their knees while the head rests on the hands. This is the meaning: among the spirits of the departed are some who cannot come to rest. These wander the earth and cause mischief, ruin the harvest, bring diseases, let devastating cattle plagues do havoc, and do further pranks. So that these will find a place of rest, the sitting, resting wooden anitos are set up so that the spirit can enter these and find the longed for peace. Each house has at least one anito, as we too have the Holy Florian and Sebastian.

However it sometimes happens that, in spite of the protective spirit, some misfortune comes over the house and the house idol is to be blamed. For whatever reason, the spirit refuses to enter into the shell reserved for it. The anito would be taken down, fearfully thrashed and beaten, cursed, and thrown away.

Fidel had brought home one such abdicated, stubborn idol shortly after his tour and which was quite good fortune since he could present it to me as a welcome gift. But this anito was removed in the absence of the head of the family and taken away by Fidel, without having received the prescribed beating and cursing. Because of this, the father of the house could not be appeased; he therefore came to Fidel and requested to see the discarded anito. As he stood before the idol, he cursed angrily an immense torrent of words and kicked it repeatedly. With this was his conscience calmed, he bade farewell, and went on a two-day journey home so that he could at once carve a new "better" protective idol. The old, mistreated house idol now sits

in the Ethnographic Museum in Munich in a hard-earned retirement; he has nothing more to protect and also no more insults to expect.

I bargained for some small tobacco pipes made of brass, which likewise represent the resting anito figure and tools.

The anitos of gold, which I obtained through Lillo, represent masculine and feminine figures, the first with enormous sexual organs and the other carrying a child on its back. I could not find out the meaning of these figurines and the method of worship, but it looked as if these had something to do with marital bliss.

Lillo was able to supply me with four of these extremely interesting golden figurines. These are exceedingly rare, since only the very "rich" Igorot own such treasures. These are family heirlooms that are inherited over many generations and considered sacred. They cannot be obtained because these objects to which their strongest beliefs adhere are not given away willingly. Lillo discovered one of the rarities with an Igorot family. He offered them gold pieces for it but they were not to be convinced to part with the sacred relic. But Lillo was a man who knew how to help himself: the Igorot were imprisoned and only set free upon surrender of the golden idol, which Lillo replaced with forty dollars. That was certainly less than beautifully handled, but Lillo wanted to obtain the rare piece for me and therefore momentarily laid aside his chivalrousness. Had I been there, I would not have allowed it. It was unpleasant for me, as Lillo wrote me about the course of events (it was a few weeks after my visit), but I could not make it unhappen.

It must have happened in Bontoc. From the admirable savages I received a great number of spears, axes, pipes, earrings, a pneumatic cigar lighter that they had made themselves (!), knapsacks, boxes, chains, all sorts of jewelry, the wooden idols, and a living anito, the bird that I had spoken of, one of which Fidel owned.

Several Igorot had to follow me with the many objects but none would consent to carry the unlucky anito bird. But Fidel suggested to them that they would be quite happy if the foreign Apo would carry away with him far from their land the bringer of bad luck, since it would then be unable to bring them any more misfortune. That made sense to them, so one of the porters took the cage and carried it over the mountains up to Besao, where he could leave it to his great happiness.

After a warm farewell from Fidel, his pleasant wife, and his ten-year-old, fresh, sturdy, and rosy-cheeked daughter, I took the way back from which I came. The hamaca carriers made funny faces as they saw me again going on foot.

The way from Fidel's house led to a perpendicular cliff wall uphill and turned after four to five hundred meters around the corner. I waved there with my handkerchief tied on a long pole the last farewells downward; it was the last look, the next step around the corner cut off the view to Fidel's house. Soon began the hike up the steep peak and one noticed the decrease of the heat. Up above it is fresh and pleasant. I went the whole way to Besao on foot once more on the airy altitude through the pine forests, over the open terraces with marvelous views over the mountains, through gorges between lacerated grotesque cliffs. I spent the night in Besao with the sergeant and the next day Cucullo and I rode to Cayan. At this altitude, hail is not an unknown occurrence. A day's pause in Cayan; procurement of the necessary porters for my luggage, which was multiplied by the large number of spears and other things; and, finally, a hearty farewell from my attentive, hospitable friends. We rode happily and contented on the already seen and experienced mountain path over the Cordilleras back to Tiagan, where I stayed as a guest with the faithful Cucullo, and then with my Ilocano, who had in the meantime enjoyed the most wonderful land of cockaigne. I went back on the long way to Bangued with my horses. I stayed another day in Abra with the friendly Spaniards, spoke of my trip and my plans for the future, which was to travel to Manila by land. This idea particularly fascinated my friend Garde who wanted to come along. I was agreed to this and we discussed the essentials.

There were still a lot of things to do in Vigan — packing, preparations for the journey, farewell visit to the Bishop, the *alcalde* (mayor), and friends. I sent my things in a small sailing ship, a so-called *pontin*, whose navigation was entrusted to a man named Arraiz, an Indian captain. I also let my office lads ride on the pontin with my favorite dog and the anito bird in a cage. The lads arrived in Manila after a long and difficult sea journey, which was not the case for the bird, since the constantly seasick lads had let it die of hunger and, because they believed that the dead bird was of no use, they threw it into the ocean. Because of this mishap, one of the valuable pieces of the collection was gone. I have never again seen any of its kind.

## Note

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