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They Repeatedly Lick Their Own Things

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# “They Repeatedly Lick Their Own Things”

Steven Feld

There is nothing that commends a story to memory more effectively than that chaste compactness which precludes psychological analysis. And the more natural the process by which the storyteller forgoes psychological shading, the greater becomes the story's claim to a place in the memory of the listener, the more completely is it integrated into his own experience, the greater will be his inclination to repeat it to someone else someday, sooner or later.

—WALTER BENJAMIN, “The Storyteller”

The body schema is a lexicon of corporeality in general, a system of equivalences between the inside and outside which prescribes from one to the other its fulfillment in the other. The body which possesses senses is also a body which has desires, and thus esthesiology expands into a theory of the libidinal body.

—MAURICE MERLEAU-PONTY,  
“Nature and Logos: The Human Body”

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A rough guide to the pronunciation of Bosavi vowels is as follows: *a* as in *father*; *a:* as in *fat* or *feather*; *e* as in *face*; *i* as in *feet*; *u* as in *fool*; *o* as in *foam*; *o:* as in *fought*. Bosavi consonants are pronounced very much like their closest American English equivalents.

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This is about the experience of stories, about how they layer, conjoin, and linger. The stories I'll speak of are both my own and those of Bosavi people who live in the rain forests of the Great Papuan Plateau, in the Southern Highlands of Papua New Guinea. Some were first heard in the Bosavi region; others are an overlapping accumulation of later tellings and retellings. Biographically intertextual and intervocal, these stories are positioned in two distinct languages, in a variety of monologic and dialogic moods. They travel through twenty years of changing locations and through frequent shifts of speaker authority.

Of the intertwined strands of Bosavi stories and my own that I could explore, it is the stylized, coarse texture of male evocation that concerns me here. Listening to how some male voices across lifeworlds and locales perform their gendered intersubjectivities, I mean to question ways culture making is revealed in storied intimacies. Above all, I want to attend to momentary collisions of male voices, voices that are typically situated in radically distinct historical space-times, and to explore the ironies of those collisions, the spaces of what they absorb, deflect, and exchange about bodies and desires.

To do this is to question the place of storied intimacies in cultural poetics and politics, to question the workings of narrative allegory. I ask how a story's temporal patterning, its sequential revelation of events, can create a figure and ground of deeper and shallower slippages in everyday meanings. How, in short, do stories live lives of reinvention? How, as recyclable goods, are they always in the process of expansion and contraction? Figuring and refiguring in relation to the interpretive desires of both their immediate tellers and hearers and the larger social fields through which they reverberate, today's narratives become tomorrow's anecdotes, next month's punch lines, next year's memory cues. This way, stories always seem to relocate and replace earlier locations and placements, thereby making a "claim to a place in the memory of the listener." And, as stories make that claim, they track, or articulate, or disrupt the unfolding of naturalized, taken-for-granted embodiments and socialities, the "lexicon of corporeality in general."

December 1994: I am living in the village of Bolekini, in the central Bosavi area where people call themselves Kaluli. Late one afternoon, I find myself surrounded by old friends and acquaintances, all of us conversing and watching as a pig is butchered and the meat divided for cook-

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ing. Blood is running freely along the beds of banana leaves; the meat is piled high, and the dogs are doing all in their power to get in on the action. Seyaka, a close friend and the younger son of Yubi, my first mentor in things Kaluli, is actively assisting by shooping dogs away from the butchering area. Challenging the dogs with menacing gestures, taunts, and hissing sounds as they dart in to lick at the blood, Seyaka suddenly lets out a whoop. And then, idling up to me, he starts to say the words I know he will. As he begins, I overlap and echo: "*enowo: enendo: a:dababo:!!*" (they repeatedly lick their own things!!). Immediately we are laughing uncontrollably, and Seyaka grabs onto my biceps with both his hands, as if breaking a fall to the ground, but practically dragging me down instead. Mutually off balance, yet somehow holding each other up, we catch ourselves alternately glancing at the dogs in ridicule and disgust, and at each other in fondness and deep play. We are pressed together in the moment, in a particular space of male intimacy created by a collision of overlapping biographies.

Eighteen years earlier, December 1976: I am standing on the back verandah of the small thatch house in Sululeb that was my first home in Bosavi. It is here that I have been living and studying language and expressive culture, particularly the relationship of birds and forest ecology to the poetics of Kaluli weeping and song.<sup>1</sup> Binoculars pressed to my eyes, I am watching a Hooded butcherbird in a nearby breadfruit tree. Suddenly my concentration is broken by an energetic outburst from a surprised and familiar voice.

"*Wai!! kabo nafa!! alano:!!*" (wow!! nice pig!! big one!!). It was Gigio, voicing his encounter with the Polaroid image propped up on my work table. Without breaking the stream of sound he began clucking softly to himself, both admiring and somewhat coveting what he saw.

"*Aunbake! gasa ko:lo:!*" (not like that! It's a dog!) I retorted, coming into the room toward him. My voice couldn't contain my bemusement; the snapshot actually depicts me holding my bloodhound puppy. But Gigio was not about to take me at my word.

"The face and head are like a pig," he said, still inspecting the image.

"Yes, but the tail is long like a dog," I said.

"True, but the ears are big and floppy like a pig," he said.

"Yes, but the feet and toes are like a dog," I said.

"True, but the back is like a pig," he said, "and it is so large." That struck him, and before I could form a response out came Gigio's question: "Do you yellow skins have large dogs, large like our Bosavi pigs?"

"Yes it's like that," I said, nodding, figuring we were now getting somewhere.

1. See Steven Feld, *Sound and Sentiment: Birds, Weeping, Poetics, and Song in Kaluli Expression* (1982; Philadelphia, 1990) and *Voices of the Rainforest*, Rykodisc RCD10173, 1991.

"What's its name?" he then asked.

"Pluto, its name is Pluto," I said, repeating the name distinctly.

"Ah, Baludo, a pig named Baludo," he said, bringing the photograph closer to his face.

"Not that! Pluto is my dog's name! I keep no pigs!" I responded, emphatically.

"Really, you keep no pigs?" he asked, now somewhat astonished.

"None," I said, opening my palms out and forward, and fanning them to the sides. Gigio then looked at me rather blankly and softly said, "*ha:iyo: ni Sidif*," a "sorry, my Steve" that carried a strong sense of "too bad, I feel for you." So, from challenging whether Pluto was a dog, Gigio's affect turned rather quickly to feeling sympathy for the lack of pigs in my life. And there the discussion abruptly ended.

The next evening, sitting in the cookhouse with Gigio while tending to some bamboo tubes of crayfish, the topic of the photograph resurfaced.

"Uh . . . your dog. . .," he started to say.

". . . yes my dog named Pluto," I overlapped.

"Well . . .," he continued, "that dog is enormous, and that is why you yellow skins are so big and have so many things, it is because you have large dogs to hunt for your meat, that is what I am thinking."

And so we moved on to the meanings of the beast and, thus, of each other. Having now somewhat accepted my word that Pluto was a dog despite his marked resemblance to a pig, Gigio rationalized, the Bosavi way, why we others might indeed keep and value large dogs. The logic was clear: if small dark-skinned people with tiny dogs hunt and eat little meat, so big light-skinned people with big dogs must hunt and eat a lot of meat.

I was not surprised that Gigio would read the size of the dog as an index both of why we were physically different and why yellow skins had so much more material wealth than Bosavis. In my experience Bosavi people were quick to notice and interpret bodily differences as genuinely significant. But I was surprised at what Gigio left out of his remark, something that by then was already becoming familiar to me. Namely, to one another, Bosavi men routinely blamed their scrawny dogs for their hunting misfortunes. At the same time, men routinely asserted the great prowess of their dogs, and in private they displayed equal amounts of affection or revulsion toward them.

Gigio was suggesting that our bodies, our abilities, had something to do with our dogs' bodies, with their appetites. But there was more than a hint of ambiguity in his words. I could tell he was suspicious about the close and confident way I held an enormous dog, one whose weight was well more than half my own. But why? Was he wondering what strange power, what unsettling command could reside in the body of a white man far less muscled, unquestionably less strong than he? I thought I could



coounnting them all  
 they were all staying together there  
 dog yea big like that one there on the side [*pointing*  
*to the corner of the house*]  
 there at the front end  
     comes up where the *so:k* sleeps  
 going across to the other side  
     wild pig filled up the space

Let me break Ganigi's narrative now, as I will do repeatedly, to indicate some important features of his telling. When Ganigi draws out the word "coounnting" he touches his right index finger to the tip of his outstretched left hand. Then he sweeps his right hand across the left palm, up the forearm, shoulder, neck, and along the left cheek to the bridge of the nose, then continues across the right cheek and down the neck and right shoulder, fluidly sweeping his right hand back to its outstretched place in parallel to his left arm. Bosavi people count up and down the upper body in precisely this fashion; from number one, the little finger of the left hand, around the fingers and up the palm, wrist, forearm, elbow, biceps, shoulder, neck and face to number seventeen at the left nostril. Number eighteen is the midpoint, at the bridge of the nose, then the numbers and body points descend in mirror image from nineteen at the right nostril, then down the right cheek, neck, shoulder, arm, and hand to number thirty-five, the little finger of the right hand.

This numerico-bodily symmetry mirrors the built spatial symmetry of the Bosavi longhouse cohabited in the story by the dogs and animals. A Bosavi longhouse is typically divided by a central hallway. To each side is a mirrored row of front-to-rear sleeping platforms, with regularly spaced fireboxes. Men sleep one to each side of the boxes, and behind this row of them, across a half wall, women sleep to each side of a parallel set, again spanning front to rear of the house. A large women's cooking and socializing firebox sits at each side of the hallway at the front of the house. At the back end of the house there are two corner fireboxes around which boys and bachelors sleep, and, between them, an elevated men's socializing area and firebox just at the point where the central hallway ends.

Ganigi now lines out the house in this fashion. He enumerates and segments a social universe by transposing the bodily symmetry of counting the dogs and animals to the lived spatial symmetry of the longhouse and its fireboxes. He begins with the first firebox at the front, spatially locating Kulu and me, his audience, in relation to the nearby longhouse, where the *so:k*, or local headman typically slept in the first bed. *So:k*, the word for *cloth* (originally *bark cloth*, until calico was introduced by exploration patrols from the late 1930s), refers to the uniform that the colonial government issued to each locally appointed headman.

then going across to the next middle-inside bed  
    *toage* rat and a little skinny dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
still going across to the next middle-inside one  
    *fudula:n* kangaroo and a dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
still going across to the next middle-inside one  
    long-nose *mahe* bandicoot and female dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
still going across to the next middle-inside one  
    toothy pig and dog with huge balls  
        one on each side of the firebox  
still going across to the next middle-inside one  
    uh-*wasiodo* kangaroo with one  
        one on each side of the firebox  
continuing to the end bed  
    female pig and female dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
that's it for that side  
on the other one  
    *uluwa* cassowary and wild pig-no-I mean and big dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
continuing across  
    *gusuwa* cassowary and big dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
and in the middle fireplace  
the middle fireplace  
    a big wild pig and big dog  
        one on each side  
continuing across  
    *fudula:n* kangaroo and dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
continuing across  
    *kase* and dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
continuing across  
    *toage* rat and dog  
        one on each side of the firebox  
continuing over to the sixth one here  
    pig with big teeth and dog at the end  
        one on each side of the firebox  
seventh here  
    *kaliya* wallaby and big dog at the center firebox  
        one on each side  
there on the other side of it



bandicoot and dog  
 one on each side of the corner firebox  
*[aside to Steven Feld]* like yours around the corner through  
 the door there

Feld: uh huh

Ganigi: on the other side around back  
 short-nose bandicoot and skinny dog  
 one on each side of the other corner firebox  
 they all stayed there  
 just stayed there

Now Ganigi has set the longhouse stage and introduced the actors in the drama that is about to unfold. The body has become the body social, the longhouse embodying sociability, with the primacy of pairing and bonding marked by the close proximity of different species sleeping together at the fireboxes.

wild pigs by themselves would go  
 dogs by themselves would go  
 going around together  
 dogs can get food  
 the pigs too can get food  
 and they can all bring it and stay and eat  
 while *toage* rat and skinny dog were sitting together  
*[taking the rat's voice]* "xcxc you've really been  
 scoffing it up xcxc" *toage* says  
 then the dog "hxhx" would do the same  
 together they would sit laughing and staying  
*toage* rat and dog  
 they would always stay and eat like that  
 and wild pig and *yokali* rat—no—I mean big dog "hxhx" would  
 also do like that while eating  
*uluwa* and dog "uuf" like that they'd sound while eating  
 together

and after they'd sleep then morning would come up  
 and they would go around together again  
 dogs together *[prompting Feld to rhythmically overlap]*

Feld: uh huh

Ganigi: pigs together

Feld: uh huh

Ganigi: like that they'd go round and round  
 early evening they'd come back

wild pigs came back first to the house and put themselves in  
 uh huh

Feld:

*Ganigi:* and then they'd be eating and the dogs would follow next behind

*Feld:* uh huh

*Ganigi:* and then the pigs put down what belongs to them right there to give to the dogs

evenings the dogs put down what belongs to them and together with the pigs they would eat

after doing like that they would all sleep

then they would sleep

mornings the other dogs would all go around together

other pigs would go

after doing that the pigs would first cook and eat food

*uluwa*

*wasiodo*

*fudula:n*

*kaliya*

*toage*

*mahe*

*kase*

what was theirs they would first cook and eat

then the dogs would come back

the dogs would eat later after they came back

while that was happening

what belongs to the pigs

they could eat their own food first

the dogs would eat in the afternoon

and with the pigs together they would all eat that food

they would always eat and stay like that there

pigs would go and take

dogs would go and take

they would always eat their food together like that

some days the dogs would eat first and the pigs would eat

theirs later in the afternoon

they'd spend their time like that

that's what it was always like

The longhouse stage set, *Ganigi* turns now to establishing the familiar feel of Bosavi hospitality and camaraderie, the reciprocal come and go and give-and-take of everyday affairs.<sup>2</sup> *Ganigi* begins by taking several voices and acting out an ideal scene of sociable talking and joking while

2. See Bambi B. Schieffelin, *The Give and Take of Everyday Life: Language Socialization of Kaluli Children* (New York, 1990); Edward L. Schieffelin, *The Sorrow of the Lonely and the Burning of the Dancers* (New York, 1976); and Edward L. Schieffelin, "Reciprocity and the Construction of Reality," *Man* 15 (Sept. 1980): 502-17.

eating. He then goes on to emphasize the way food is shared; the fluid manner of going around together or apart; and the ease of returning to the house in the afternoons to cook, eat, and sleep together. Throughout he uses the word for *pigs* to stand for all animals, given that wild pigs are the largest and most important animals in Bosavi. As he closes off this segment Ganigi's voice slows and softens in emphasis: "that's what it was always like." The next segment begins even more softly, to foreshadow a narrative secret, a backstage transgression about to be revealed.

the pigs all gone  
     dogs too have all gone  
 and then  
 another dog  
     the little one who sleeps with the *mahe* bandicoot in the  
 corner firebox  
     he was hidden away sleeping there  
     sleeping in the far corner firebox  
 [*aside to Feld*] one like yours straight through and stacked up in  
 there  
     [*gesturing toward Feld's sleeping platform, out of sight in the  
 adjoining room*]  
     so *mahe* bandicoot was gone but the little dog was still secretly  
 sleeping in his place  
 Feld: uh huh  
 Ganigi: secretly staying there on the side  
     then the pigs were gathering first  
     after gathering like that they would eat their food  
     "hey!" one would shout  
     having lit many fires they would be eating  
     "about the dogs  
     when they come back after the rain from the wet grass  
     why do they repeatedly lick their own things themselves  
     their own things they always lick  
     they kill fleas in their coat  
     they all make that (teeth on teeth) sound ##### at the  
 same time  
     all of them doing it  
     I'm wondering what they are all thinking about doing  
 that?" said wild pig  
     then *toage* says "**ha:ha:ha:ha:** it's true **ha:ha:ha:ha:**" said like  
 that *toage* says  
     then this little dog here in the ashes  
     the skinny dog that usually stays in the back corner  
 firebox with bandicoot *mahe*  
     while they were all talking

staying out of sight the dog kept on hearing it  
 all the things that were just said  
 thinking sadly about them  
 thinking about them and staying there  
 they kept on saying it—uh—*uluwa*  
*uluwa* kept saying it  
*gusuwa* kept saying it  
*kaliya* kept saying it  
*wasiodo* kept saying it  
*mahe* kept saying it  
*kase* kept saying it  
*toage* kept saying it  
 “they repeatedly lick their own things  
 they repeatedly lick their own things  
 they repeatedly lick their own things!”  
 saying like that they started in and kept laughing  
 laughing at the dogs again and again  
 they kept on like that and when they quieted down the dogs  
 came up and met and hav—  
 ah!! no!!  
 when they stopped laughing like that  
 the skinny dog here silently got up and secretly snuck out

Rupture and provocation. Ganigi begins with the animals' laughter, joking, and gossip, again taking their voices. He participates in both the enthusiasm of the animals and the upset of the lone dog by contrastive voice amplitude, speed, coarseness, and grain. By the time he lists all the offending animals and underscores their echoing punch line, his own excited and progressively more animated voicing leads to a crescendo. At this point he starts to get ahead of the tale, then catches himself and self-corrects. Switching back to a softer voice and slowing down, he delivers the last line about the little dog sneaking out of the house. Now that the animals have gossiped behind the backs of the dogs, the stage is set, in the classic New Guinea way, for a scenario of opposition and payback. The dogs are about to get hot under the collar.

secretly gone at the clearing just at the edge of the bush  
 he was staying there  
 staying there a while  
 some other dogs came up and met him  
 some wet with dew *falafala* shaking themselves off  
 the little dog watched them and then here toward him they all  
 gathered  
 having gathered they were staying there  
 then the skinny dog staying in place there

"hey! the pigs, at their place, they were all grinning their teeth laughing" he said

"*gusuwa*  
*wasiodo*  
*kaliya*  
*fudula:n*  
*mahe*  
*toage*

all doing it **ha:ha:** like that!"

"so why?" says one

*[in a mocking tone, as if speaking as an animal]*

"well when dogs come back they turn their heads around

and down

then their own things like that they always lick

*[as he speaks this last line Ganigi dips his head down miming the gesture]*

they were laughing at all of us

laughing at us like that!"

"why is it like that?" says another

"is it right to laugh like that?"

do you laugh like that at those with whom you live?

when we all go back to the house we won't sit at the

fireboxes

we'll sit along the center hallway

you all will lick your own things

you'll all do like that" he said

"what they're wondering about we'll really show it to them"

says the big dog

*[aside to Feld]* the one with the large nose

not like that smaller one

like the one you put over there first

Unleashing a spontaneous parodic gesture in my direction, Ganigi here compares the big dog's nose to my microphone, a fist-thick Sennheiser MD 21 with military gray metal body, and silver wire grill. All of a sudden my tape recorder not only hears, but sniffs and absorbs the smell of his story. What is being suggested by this shift, this analogy at just the height of the dogs' plotting to further provoke the animals? That I am a big dog to his little animal, hunting someone from the bush with whom I momentarily share a firebox? That he is using the story's spaces of self and other to allegorically reimagine us? What new space of intimacy, what heightened juxtaposition of bodies, of sensualities and desires has Ganigi now opened up by exposing how my "nose" is relentlessly in his face? In what new ways might I now listen to his narrative production of difference?

so they all went to line up along the central hallway  
 lined up from the center firebox at the back all the way to  
 the front—finished!  
 with their backs turned to the pigs  
 all together facing into the center hallway  
 they were lined up like that from one end to the  
 other  
 licking at their own things continuously  
 licking their private parts repeatedly  
 that's when *toage* rat started going "ha:ha:ha:ha:"  
 wild pig "huhuhuhu" was going like that  
*uluwa* cassowary "hohohoho" was going like that  
*guswwa* cassowary "ha:sha:sha:s" was going  
 like that  
*kaliya* kangaroo "siiiiiis" was going like that  
*mahe* bandicoot "xhxhxh" going like  
 that  
 all making those sounds staying there  
 the dogs didn't notice  
 they licked all over themselves  
 they licked all over themselves  
 they licked all over themselves  
 they licked all over themselves  
 they licked all over themselves  
 they licked all over themselves  
 on top of the skin until there was nothing left  
 from the tails in they repeatedly killed their own fleas  
 and then they finished  
 completely finished  
 they all shook themselves off from the front to the sides then  
 laid down by the fires  
 when they finished that the animals all showed their teeth  
 grinning  
 then from the back to the front of the house to the rear  
 center and corner fireboxes  
 all at the same time "he!" they laughed  
 and while they laughed the dogs just stayed sleeping

Rubbing it in is the deep embodying metaphor so familiar to this central moment in narrative tension. Ganigi exaggerates the excess through parallelism and repetition: the animals laugh as the dogs lick. As the opposition intensifies, the stakes escalate, and retaliation will take the form of extreme punishment. The dogs are about to be licensed to revise the body social by tearing apart the physical bodies of their animal counterparts.

before dawn they all were asleep in the darkness  
 morning time  
     you can see them still asleep  
 next morning  
     they were still sleeping in the dark there not getting up  
 cassowary went "huuf" going by  
     wild pig staying just by here  
         bandicoot staying just by here  
             kangaroo staying just by here  
                 wallaby staying just by here  
 they went down the hallway and out  
 and after they'd been out a while the dogs went out too  
 "don't we all go  
     just split up one at each place  
     then when they are eating their food  
     each of you to the one with whom you share the firebox  
         break his bones" one told them  
 "everyone do the same thing at the same time  
     we'll do it like that  
         we'll do it like that  
 don't just hurt them kill them  
     really kill them all because they said bad things when we  
 were staying together  
         we'll do it like that"  
 that said they all heard it  
 then they went to find food  
     came up to the house  
         ate their food  
 many had already been asleep a while then  
 in the thick of the rain animals came back up to the house  
 cassowary shook his fur side to side  
     wild pig rubbed his backbone fur like this  
     rat flicked his malformed tail skin tip like this  
         bandicoot "ko:f" sniffed like that  
 into his bed  
     into his bed  
         into his bed  
             into his bed  
                 all like that  
 lit fires and were eating their food  
 the dogs' eyes lit like the fires  
 they were opening their eyes  
     they were opening their eyes  
         they were opening their eyes  
 all the animals were looking down at their food and eating

and each one who shares a firebox there with them  
 they really killed them  
 one by one  
     one by one  
         one by one  
             one by one  
                 one by one  
                     one by one  
                         one by one  
                             one by one  
                                 one by one

Repetition keys momentum. As the dogs rest and build their strength, the animals variously depart, variously return, variously settle—"into his bed . . . into his bed." Settled in, the animals light fires to eat, and in the same moment, the eyes of the dogs light like fires to kill. This understated juxtaposition quickly yields to the apex of Ganigi's repetitive listings, the heightened enunciation of counting the killings "one by one . . . one by one" along three main areas down one side of the house, three across the back, then three up the other side. It is the thoroughness of this retaliation, delivered with crisp poetic elegance, that so recalls the elegance of Ganigi's initial enumerations of sociality, with "one on each side of the firebox." Thus Ganigi has developed the story by re-making the house from a space of togetherness, of primal sociality, to a space of separation, of primal violence. And that violence leads to the full refiguration of social space, as the dogs drive the remaining animals into the bush and kill them there.

they did it like that until they completely finished  
*uluwa* cassowary tried to get back at them but lost his nerve  
*toage* rat with skin tail pointing back  
     going by where the little dog was sitting  
 the dog followed and chased to kill it  
     went down the track  
 just like down over there to the Kida:n creek  
     just went down near the crossing and held it there  
 "leave me" *toage* said  
     he killed it and put it there  
 after he killed it and put it aside  
     others like that chased them to the edge of the water  
     could go and kill them that way  
*gusuwa* and *uluwa* cassowaries at the house here would be  
 killed  
*fudula:n* and *kaliya* kangaroos ran away  
     like down there on Sulu hill



like that they'd be killed  
a place like that one there at Yolo hill  
they'd be killed like that  
a place like that flat land there  
they could be killed there  
at the edge of the bush  
like that they'd be killed  
like that they could kill them  
putting them in lines  
pulling them up into the yard here  
and here  
and here  
and here  
and here

The reinvention of social space, of the corporeality of living, is now in process. The animals run away from the house toward five illustrated peripheries of the village longhouse, only to be chased and killed at each site. Consequently, the dogs claim the house by controlling its center courtyard space, pulling the dead animals up into it, "here . . . and here" from the five directional routes along which they took flight. Ganigi then takes five dog voices to animate a discussion about what's to be done with the piles of meat.

"what's mine is for my mother"  
"what's mine is for my father"  
"what's mine is for my mother's brother"  
"what's mine is for my distant relations"  
"what's mine is for my cross-cousin"  
so like that dogs decided to give one animal to each  
then they decided to distribute them like that  
they were waiting awhile  
then the little skinny dog  
pulling up a dead animal realized he could try the blood  
sitting there  
"it's good!" he thought  
and licked it again and again  
"it's good!" he thought

Wrapped in quoted thought, Ganigi mimetically reveals the moment when the little dog discovers that he can lick animal blood as easily and pleurably as he can lick his own thing. Now we are fully in the joy of revenge, and Ganigi voices the excitement as if the meat were right in front of us.

cut and ripped all the way open  
    he smelled the shit stink beginning inside there  
        stinking like that he pulled it out and put it aside  
the liver he tried eating  
    “it’s good!”  
        he devoured it  
the thigh like that to eat  
    “it’s good!”  
        he devoured it  
the tip of the tail like that to eat  
    “it’s good!”  
        he devoured it  
the backbone like that to eat  
    “it’s good!”  
        he devoured it  
ate them  
then the shoulder like that to try  
    “it’s good!”  
        he finished it  
            finished the other thigh  
            finished the whole side  
he tried the head bone  
    “it’s good!”  
        he finished it  
            like the liver he already finished  
            like the kidneys he finished  
did in the other insides  
    same with the insides around the backbone  
that finished  
    he was swollen up  
*Kulu:* did others eat?  
*Ganigi:* his mother  
        father  
            mother’s brother  
            cousin  
                grandparents  
                distant relations  
he put some aside for all of them  
    then he swelled up like yea big  
then he went out and others realized he was coming across the  
yard  
*Kulu:* maybe he’s going to show them how to eat it?  
*Ganigi:* he lined all of them up  
        went around the outside corner and into the house

*Kulu:* "what are you all doing in here?" tell it like that

*Ganigi:* "sa:a:" little dog says, and others realize he is there

Ganigi's excitement so completely captures Kulu's imagination that he then joins the story, first with a simple question, then a further conjecture, and finally a fully conarrative intervention, prompting Ganigi by suggesting what a dog might say. To this Ganigi overlaps by taking that dog's voice, and then he is off and more animated, filling out the conversations and voices of the five dogs. As the story closes, Ganigi's first counting, of animals and dogs sociably filling the house, receives its final oppositional parallel. He closes by listing animal body parts consumed by dogs, giving us images of the swollen bodies of overgorged dogs performing their insatiable greed to the dismay of their own families.

"oh, he's stuffed" one says

"what's with you?" says another

"what are you going to do with your meat?" he says back

"mine is for grandmother"

"mine is for aunt"

"mine is for father"

"mine is for distant relation"

"mine is for mother"

"why are you saying that?! this was really good!!

I threw away all the shit

I didn't eat the shit

I finished off *toage* rat completely!!"

having broken up and killed the other animals they went

eating

gorging and swelling up finish

nothing left

they left all the shit

they left all the heads

they ate all the tails

they ate all the livers

finished off all the thighs

kangaroo heads they left

they ate all the thighs

the backbones

all the livers

all the lungs

like that they finished them all off

left the heads

left the guts

"the guts stink" he said as he felt the smell

"huf" tweaking his nose and sensing the stink

“oh, leave it” he said  
 they went like that  
     all swollen up like that they went to their father’s place  
 “why is it like that?” asks father (gesturing to the dog’s belly)  
     “we killed them because they laughed at us”  
 “you didn’t bring us what you should have”  
     *[in a tiny pathetic voice]* “we said ‘this is for father’  
     but the little one there said ‘they’re good!’  
         so we ate them”  
 so like that dogs and animals became enemies  
     that’s it

Actually it’s just the beginning. Ganigi’s story provides plain enough charter for why Kaluli consider dogs distinct from other animals. But you wouldn’t necessarily have to hear the story to know that. The distinction is represented rather more mundanely in the Bosavi language, where the term *gasa* (dog) cannot be included in the general class *no:* (animal). The two terms operate at roughly the same level of generality and abstraction. Two kinds of pig, *kabo* and *iko:*, signifying the domestic and wild varieties, can be included in the animal term.

Words aside, it is immediately obvious to even a casual observer of the Bosavi scene that dogs and pigs share some similarities as domestic animals that distinguish them from all surrounding creatures. They have personal names given by their owners, which come in special and distinct dog and pig name sets. Their owners look after them and have special calls for them, again, in distinct dog and pig sets. They handle and fondle them and can display affection toward them in public.

Plenty of differences are clear, too. Dogs, while owned by both men and women, are more obviously the pets of men and sleep with them in the longhouse at their fireboxes. Pigs, however, are kept and valued by both men and women. Women tend to be more involved in caring for young pigs, taking them between the house and their gardens or sago places, carrying them in netbags, feeding them, even prechewing food for them as they do for their own infants. Men tend to fence building and tethering to keep larger pigs out of gardens and from running wild. If pigs are lost, killed, or stolen, owners become seriously distraught, mobilize others to help search, or ask a spirit medium to do so, or seek compensation for their loss. It’s not the same for dogs. Even today, when a Bosavi man might walk several days and pay a large sum in cash for a dog from the Papua New Guinea highlands, the feelings and actions that might surround its loss are of generally far lesser magnitude.

The strategic value that accrues to Bosavi men and women through their pigs is pretty straightforward. Pigs will grow and fatten. Their economic utility increases over time in proportion to the effort of caring for them. Like children, they provide a security in assets for transaction. This

is particularly so in transactions controlled by men, pigs being essential items in male-orchestrated bridewealth exchanges and compensation payments. Otherwise, pigs can be butchered, cooked, and distributed, for example as ceremonial gifts, thereby socially situating the owner to receive a proportional exchange at a later date. Dogs carry no such exchange value, and the suggestion that they might stand in for a pig in any one of these roles would be quickly met with the kind of local look one gets for unleashing a very sick joke in utterly bad taste. Nonetheless, if one man kills another's dog, he is liable to a compensation claim, given that the loss of the dog might potentially mean the loss of meat to its owner.

That's the more rational side of it; there's also a more cosmological dimension to these matters. Bosavi people consider part of the unseen world to be populated by mysteriously powerful *mamul* people who live on the remote lands of Mt. Bosavi. *Mamul* are known to Kaluli by their ceremonies, which show through dramatically into the visible by materializing as the thunder and lightning of mountain storms. Unlike other reflections in the unseen, *mamul* appear in the Bosavi world as wild pigs and cassowaries. Kaluli spirit reflections roam on *mamul* grounds in the unseen, while wild pigs and cassowaries roaming Bosavi grounds in the visible are often reflections of the *mamul*. Thus Kaluli and *mamul* lives and deaths are always linked. When Kaluli kill wild pigs or cassowaries, *mamul* die; when *mamul* kill wild pigs or cassowaries, Kaluli die. When *mamul* held a *bao a*, a men's ceremonial hunting lodge devoted to intensive hunting over a roughly fifteen month period, a Bosavi epidemic would result. Likewise, when Bosavi men held a *bao a*, the activity was imagined to result in many *mamul* deaths.

Moving into the realm of the quotidian, the animals in the story are not the only ones in Bosavi who get to laugh at the expense of dogs. In fact it is a pretty typical feature of everyday life. Jokes and snickering remarks about dogs—especially about their pungent and frequent droppings, and more especially the red pandanus seed variety, and even more especially when that variety is freshly found in early morning hours near the place where one sleeps or walks—are part of the familiar litany of disparaging dog discourse in the immediate longhouse area.

Informal interaction with Kaluli families during meal times makes clear how characteristically dogs are tempted, teased, and invited, particularly to food, and particularly by men. And how equally characteristically dogs are chased, hit, threatened, taunted, cursed, or laughed over. Some men say that such treatment, and withdrawal of food offers generally, will toughen dogs for hunting. But whatever ruggedness dogs presumably acquire by taunting, men equally characterize them as grubby, unscrupulous, thieving, and filthy. And to this their generally mangy, emaciated, and flea-bitten appearance readily attests. Hunters in particular lament that dogs might ruin a hunt by greediness, and indeed, the

ultimate insult a Kaluli hunter must endure is often enough a double one. First the companion dog steals, devours, or ruins the game. Then, it loyally returns to the longhouse in advance, announcing the master's imminent arrival by puking up the prize on the master's very own bed platform.

Dog taunting reaches spectacle proportion when the dogs are so brazen as to flaunt their sexual desires publicly, hence most unnaturally, in the central yard in plain sight of the longhouse community. Typically they quickly get stuck together, at which point they begin to yelp and howl vociferously while trying to maneuver apart. This leads to extraordinary bodily contortions, more yelping that sets off all surrounding dogs in chorus, and general embarrassed hilarity for the crowd. People yell insults, throw sticks and rocks, and whoop and holler as if calling out a party invitation: "the ddooggss are ddooiinnngg itttt . . . aassss to aassss!" Such taunts are a regular reminder that the way dogs do their thing animates a vocally iconic relationship between excess and greed.

Along with this joking and verbal abuse, it is possible to go so far as to call another person (young or old, male or female) a dog. This is extremely insulting and generally carries an underlying angry accusation about stealing or not sharing food. Curious that I'd never heard "you pig!" as a Bosavi insult, I once asked Gigio if it could be said. He stared back at me with that vapid look that usually signifies inability to decode an ungrammatical sentence. Not knowing just what kind of response I was getting, I offered that in my place people could be called pigs if they overate or hoarded food and that men might be called pigs if they spoke or acted out bad ideas about women. Gigio looked at me even more blankly this time, then shrugged his shoulders and said, somewhat sheepishly, "Well, I guess our Bosavi pigs think their women are all right." Another discussion ended abruptly.

Some months later I was having a private conversation with an older man named Yubi about why bats are not considered to be birds. This took place in the context of my attempts to understand the anomalous local imagination concerning bats (who fly but don't otherwise act like birds) and cassowaries (who act like birds but don't fly). While speaking about bats the topic of enemies came up and that is where Yubi mentioned that bats are *ane mama*, the "gone reflections" or spirits of people locally known as Namabolo, once among major Bosavi enemies. Known to anthropologists as Faso, these Namabolo people live to the southeast of Bosavi near the Kikori river, an area that is densely populated with several varieties of large flying fox.

I asked Yubi when he had been to this area, and he located a time, as Kaluli typically do, by naming a place. The specific place was one where Kaluli men had held a ceremonial *ba'o a*—thereby marking the time of that place, of that activity, and uniting them together in memory. I took the occasion to ask whether bats were the spirit reflections of other

traditional enemies, like the Wasamo to the west (the people known to anthropologists as Bedamini), or the Yo:li to the north (the people known to anthropologists as Etoro or Etolo).

But Yubi continued to talk about the *baō a*, now animated by the topic. He asked me what I had heard about it. Actually, at that point I knew little, save that Bosavi men had discontinued the institution in 1964 with the advent of major outside contact. Missionaries had arrived to build a local airstrip, and they called out for laborers. This intrusion both drew out the youths participating in a nearby *baō a* and so threatened the nature of the institution's secrecy that it was rather quickly given up. Anyway, I told Yubi that I had not yet been schooled about the *baō a*, but either anticipating the topic, or wanting to impress him, or both, I mentioned that I knew about the homosexual activities of inseminating young boys and the belief that this would lead them to properly mature into able-bodied men. While I knew this was one of the secrets of the *baō a*, I had not, at that point heard detailed accounts of it, except from Edward L. Schieffelin, who had studied the *baō a* during his fieldwork in the mid-1960s.<sup>3</sup>

Then, quickly, several of the topics circulating in our talk coalesced in Yubi's next remark, like this: "You know, those Yo:li people, up there over the other side to the north, we used to fight and kill them, you know about that. Well, those Yo:li, their spirit reflections are mountain dogs, not bats like Namabolo, actually mountain dogs, that's the way they go. And those Yo:li people, like that they are truly disgusting. They don't do it like us. They give it to the boys in the mouth! Just like dogs! Acchh!! Us Bosavi men, we give it to them in the ass—the right way!"

It is hard to cite Yubi's comment without immediately footnoting it, as I did mentally then, with a sentence from Raymond Kelly, anthropologist of the Yo:li, from the introduction to his book *Etoro Social Structure*: "The Kaluli are traditional enemies of the Etoro, and the Etoro particularly revile them for their initiatory practices which are regarded as totally disgusting. (The feeling is probably mutual.)"<sup>4</sup>

But in its immediate moment the tone of Yubi's remark most forcefully reminded me, again, of how much dogs are complicated male bag-gage. Bosavi men project proud toughness through the tenacious grubbiness of their dogs. But cultivating dogs for hunting seems often as much male posturing, keeping a distance from the domestic sphere, as readying for meat collection. In many instances trapping is a far simpler

3. See Edward L. Schieffelin, "The *baō a* Ceremonial Hunting Lodge: An Alternative to Initiation," in *Rituals of Manhood: Male Initiation in Papua New Guinea*, ed. Gilbert Herdt (Berkeley, 1982), pp. 155–200.

4. Raymond Kelly, *Etoro Social Structure* (Ann Arbor, Mich., 1977), p. 16. See also Tom M. Ernst, "Onabasulu Male Homosexuality: Cosmology, Affect, and Prescribed Male Homosexual Activity among the Onabasulu of the Great Papuan Plateau," *Oceania* 62 (Sept. 1991): 1–11.

and certainly more dog-proof way to get small game. And while hunting large game with bow and dog is locally considered the best method, one often sees how such scenes set dogs more as the attendants, the parade marshals, the others who trail behind or run ahead of their strutting masters.

There's another way that dogs are complicated male baggage. When men have a pathetic story to tell about their time in the bush, the dogs are likely to be scapegoated in the tale. There seems a somewhat transparent "can't hunt with them, can't hunt without them" quality to this routine, calculated to thoroughly displace attention from hunting as male separation. When the outcome is otherwise—and of course there are some very highly skilled hunters in Bosavi, and houses full of trophy jaws to remind all of it—credit is hardly bestowed upon the dogs in any way. Indeed, skilled hunters generally show no concern to reward their dogs with a part of the game. Men are thus adept at acting toward dogs precisely as dogs are adept at acting toward men.

My own intuition is that the ambivalence that characterizes relations between Bosavi men and their dogs comes down to this: dogs are much too much like men because both were once reduced to killing and eating their enemies. The mythical revenge signaled by dogs licking animal blood transforms their most remarkable trait, the habit of licking their own things. It also allegorizes the tongue of revenge, the mouth of human warfare, the embodiment of ritual cannibalism. This is consistent with a powerful local image, of an invisible *se* or "witch" taking the visible form of a dog and moving about a village at night, searching for people to devour. In these stories dogs are arguably the worst in men, their most disgusting reflections.

Men create a necessary distance by publicly despising dogs both for their long-tongued greediness and for what else they are able to do with their tongues. At the same time, however, men express characteristic affection for their dogs. They carry them about and sleep with them by their sides, away from pigs, who, when in the village sleep under the house and away from women, who sleep in their own separate section of the house. What seems to emerge here is the way Bosavi men are looking for a hopeful return on an extremely risky investment. They feel predictably upset when their investment is a failure, yet guardedly optimistic about its potential in some unspecified future. That guarded optimism shows in the way having dogs makes Bosavi men feel lucky, even powerful, despite the potential danger that inheres in the baggage.

There is an additional dimension to how Bosavi men and their dogs might be imagined to socialize one another into a complex ambivalence. In a structural relationship permitting a certain brutality, it is the master's reflex to openly display stereotypic affection as easily as sadistic control. In the intensely heteronormative Bosavi world, gender separation becomes male bodybuilding, with secret male anal sex the "right way" for



elders to make boys "hard." Against this necessity dogs may be cast as disgusting others, repugnant enemies fiercely allegorized at the site of the wrong orifice for making men. At the same time dogs may be cast as the truest of allies, always part of the male inner circle, always physically closer to men than are women.

This would be the right place to ask whether Kaluli pigs have depth associations to women that parallel any of these complexities linking dogs to men. Certainly one can't help notice that being tenderly cared for, tethered, fattened for butchering and exchange, or hunted when they go wild are potentially ripe metaphors to explore. Neither local male nor female commentary seem to take these possibilities very far at all, despite the clear structural inequity available for elaboration. That inequity shows most clearly because Bosavi men and women participate rather equally in the work and valuation surrounding domestic pigs. But it is men, particularly in the bridewealth arena, who disproportionately control the ownership of pigs and the manipulations and rewards surrounding their distribution and circulation. This male circulatory control of women and pigs seems to parallel a male circulatory control of story space, one that creates a seeming female emptiness, and through it asserts a hegemonic male discourse of classificatory regulation.

When they led anywhere, my attempts at local discussions of these matters usually led back to the *mamul* of Mt. Bosavi, for there men are represented as the wild pigs and women as the cassowaries. This latter image resonates with a conventional local male analogy linking the texture of women's skirts, and the motion of their walk, with the swaying, silky black plumes of the cassowary. Bosavi men who are desirous of women dream of hunting cassowaries. And men who want to be beautiful and provocative dress in ceremonial headdresses dominated by the plumes of the cassowary, bird of paradise, and other birds represented as female in local symbology. At ceremonies men attempt to attract the attention of women by dancing in a flowing motion that accentuates the swing and sway of cassowary and bird of paradise plumes. Here, as elsewhere, Bosavi male sociality is locally imagined and practiced as excessive. In forms of vocal and bodily performance that expressively saturate public space, Bosavi men produce and overtake difference by overimitating it, indeed overwhelming it.

Animal foils: why do they figure so prominently in the mimetic, parodic, mythic, ludic, narrative, allegorical? Why are Bosavi men talking about their dogs to talk about themselves? As I was thinking about that a story came to mind. In the early 1980s there appeared a single issue spoof of *Playboy* called *Playboar*. This mall gift shop item appeared at holiday time and satirized *Playboy* by having pigs take the accustomed place of female models. The pigs were of various sizes and shades, and variously propped up in high-heeled shoes, or on satin sheets, draped with lace,

and eating chocolates. In all the images, and especially the centerfold, pigs were displayed in anatomically explicit positions. In addition to these images, the magazine's other pages consisted of stories, cartoons, advertisements, even interviews. As satires go the inversion of male pig minds to female pig bodies was rather facile and obvious, at least to an adult. *Playboar* was obviously not meant as highbrow humor, just the sort of coarse stuff that might have some holiday shopping appeal to teenage boys.

Perhaps because I was raised in isolation from pig products I was initially amused to get a personal copy of *Playboar* as a Hanukkah present from my Bosavi coresearchers, inscribed with some funny words speculating on the possible career of soft pig porn in the New Guinea highlands. But after a first flick-through, *Playboar* seemed little more than confirmation of Gigio's initial admonition to me about the lack of pigs in my life.

But then I saw something in the back that produced unabashed *toage* ratlike chuckling. It was a column headlined "Missing Pigs Bulletin," and it contained black-and-white passport sized snapshots of missing pigs, with underscored listings of physical markings and where they had last been seen. Of course, in any Bosavi village, discussion of missing pigs is a very fraught matter, and providing a graphic description of a missing one is a serious moment in local discourse. But my laughter had nothing to do with that. It was because one of the pictures was of a bull terrier.

It is stories like that one that lead me to ask if it is ever possible to "hold my tongue" long enough to get to "the meat of things"? Or are ethnographers always led back to the place where their stories become completely intertwined with the tales they've heard elsewhere? Ethnographic encounters of course produce new spaces of pressing together, refigured intimacies destabilizing tacit senses of self and other. It is as if with each day one wakes to a warning that flashes: ethnographer beware! the mundane may soon appear unintentionally surreal. Like this: imagine my surprise, and then my queasiness, the morning I opened my newspaper to this panel of Gary Larson's *The Far Side*. From behind, a car with two large dogs in the front seat, one at the driver's wheel. In the back seat, a puppy. Scanning to the bottom of the frame the car has a rear bumper sticker, and it reads: "Have you licked your kid today?"

So I'm led to realize how I can't stop telling my own stories when I work at a retelling of Ganigi's *gasa-no: gis* story. But this is not to mute or replace local memory and practice, for by continually asserting their own stories Bosavi men produce extensive commentaries on both this story and Ganigi's specific telling. Often enough those local commentaries focus on how things got to be the way they are. Dogs *are* used to hunt animals; animals *do* naturally live in the bush; domestic ones *will* run wild if not guarded. Others focus on ethnographic substances—classification, categories, logics of practice—like rationalizing animal and human be-

havior in mutually reflexive terms, establishing the nature of domestic and wild, creating the organization of living space as the body becomes a body social, making parallel the visible and invisible spirit realms, validating the way xenophobia licenses murder. Still others visit the story at the sites of its concern with order and disorder: fluid reciprocity as the primal social norm, the breakup of sociability in the destruction of the longhouse community, the nature of revenge in aggravated injury, social greed as a replacement for social sharing, emergent hierarchies of domination as the new social order.

Local commentaries on Ganigi's performance also underscore the powerfully affective dimensions of these themes, embodied in his mimetic voice qualities: the ease of hospitality, the desire for congeniality, the destructiveness of gossip, the power of insult, the abusiveness of mockery, the dangerousness of joking, the suspicion of the other, the disgust of excess, the secret pleasures of being behind the scene. One way or another, these commentaries and retellings seem to say that the dogs and animals got what they each deserved, and they'll continue to get just that, especially from their relations with Bosavi men.<sup>5</sup>

All that said, one might conclude that stimulated by their manner of taking vocal control of local affairs, not to mention by a dog-nosy ethnographer, Bosavi men seem intent on producing thick readings, ones that combine two conventional senses of story—stories as the events that make up lives and identities, and stories as artistic discourse. At the same time they can call the story forth in a manner far thinner in tone, as when their ethnographer is revealed to own a dog that looks like a pig, or when the act of butchering pigs provokes dogs to their limits, or, most simply, when dogs just get together and do their thing. This seems the juncture where, to rejoin both Benjamin's storyteller and Merleau-Ponty's body schema, the corporeality of Bosavi stories indexes their poetic indeterminacy. In other words, the density of material encoded by a story and the concomitant multiplicity of readings that it brings forth is somewhat predictive of that story's power to resonate inventively in cultural memory, to map bodies and sensibilities by voicing them from inside to out, and from outside to in.

Opening up Ganigi's story takes me to these densities in a particular way, through intimacies I know in storied reservoirs of a maleness. What seems familiar to me is the production of those storied reservoirs in gregarious talk, in male vocal claims that dominate social space, in jokes and especially snickering asides and one-liners, in double entendres filled with a confidence approaching bravado, in overly self-assured boasts and quick maneuvering from articulate and polished to crude and coarse talk,

5. See Edmund Leach, "Anthropological Aspects of Language: Animal Categories and Verbal Abuse," in *New Directions in the Study of Language*, ed. Eric Lenneberg (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), pp. 23–63.

in a full-on desire for vocal engagement. Men and their stories, men and "their own things"; men and the point they make, the score they tally. What is this storied-out kind of maleness, this stylized assertion of a verbal knowingness, of exclusionary rights, this hegemony of being in on it at the expense of separated and absented others? Why are these storied-out masculinities familiar enough that I feel like I'm on the inside here, like I get it? Why have I become so comfortable mixing metaphors across languages, imagining myself as discursively set up to lick my chops in anticipation of someone else's punch lines? Why aren't I surprised by the seemingly tacit and naturalized ways Seyaka, Gigio, Ganigi, or Yubi include me in their vocal space of intimate separation, in their masculine stories?

Here is where stories can produce one of their most powerful effects, the participatory complicity that arises from an intimate collision of biographies and sensibilities. This is a space where my listening is intervocally overtaken by the power of Ganigi's telling, a space of rapid exchange, of seductive participation, a confusion of culture sensually overflowing and taking hold in my voice, urging me to retell the story as my own. This rhythm is so pleasurable that I can only interrupt it when I interfere with that ease, create a hyperattention, and then very precisely remind myself of my difference, remind myself of how much Bosavi men are locally constructed and stereotyped as the emotionally excessive gender, remind myself of how the agency and practice of everyday Bosavi male emotionality is remarkably difficult for me to naturalize as my own.

This is the juncture where I can most fully acknowledge how performance paves the hegemonic path of discourse. It is the place where I sense how deeply the story's telling performs a politics of gender investments, the place where I realize how much Ganigi's allegorical production implicates my own. As a listener, I have been drawn into an intimate complicity in this embodiment of male separation. As a reteller I both reproduce and amplify that complicity and its discursive effects.

Opening up Ganigi's story produces yet another intimacy, a more poetic one, unique to us two. This is the intimacy specifically embodied by voice, in intervocality.<sup>6</sup> It is an intimacy produced by the dozens of times I have listened to my tape recording of Ganigi telling his story, the dozens of times I have echoed it out loud as he speaks, practicing its

6. *Intervocality* is a term I use to signify the inherently dialogic and embodied qualities of speaking and hearing. Intervocality underscores the link between the felt audition of one's own voice, and the cumulatively embodied experience of aural resonance and memory. An exposition of the term and exploration of its kinship with both *intertextuality* and *intersubjectivity* are found in my forthcoming book *Vocal Knowledge: The Affecting Presence of a Papuan Acoustemology*. Related explorations can be found in Don Idhe, *Listening and Voice: A Phenomenology of Sound* (Athens, Ohio, 1976); David Appelbaum, *Voice* (Albany, N.Y., 1990); David Burrows, *Sound, Speech, and Music* (Amherst, Mass., 1990); and, in a more provocatively gendered formulation, Wayne Koestenbaum, *The Queen's Throat: Opera, Homosexuality, and the Mystery of Desire* (New York, 1993).

rhythms, repeatedly imitating its pacing and mimicking its sound effects, "one by one . . . one by one." And then there are the times I have transformed these to an English version that I could perform in place of distributing a printed text. Of course from this comes the intense immediacy and pleasure of hearing Ganigi's voice speaking whenever I look silently at his words set out on a printed page, and whenever I speak them, in whatever language. So Ganigi's voice, like the many Bosavi voices I hear now whether the tape recorder is on or off, becomes Bosavi within my own voice. This is one way that stories resonantly give voice to places and to difference, by making of them an intimate vocal knowledge. This vocal knowledge joins what Benjamin imagined as the warmth of stories, their feeling of comfort, to what Merleau-Ponty imagined as corporeal fulfillment, their yearning and desire. This juncture of comfort and desire is the vocal knowledge that produces here an allegorical intimacy: like mouths speaking, stories repeatedly lick their own things.

After hearing me tell Ganigi's story and a few of my own at the University of California at Santa Cruz in 1990, David M. Schneider proceeded to thereafter greet me, in lieu of a handshake, by reaching into his sweater vest pocket and producing a dog biscuit. The last time I saw David, shortly before his death in October of 1995, he nonchalantly repeated this gesture. Then as George, his poodle, bounded toward us, David grinned, put his hands over the dog's ears, and gruffly whispered to me, "I wouldn't let him lick you; I'm not sure where his tongue has been today."