

Expenses:

THURS. 4/30

2 000        Paid to young man for carrying my bag and accompanying me from Sembehun to Nyandehun.

FRI. 5/1

15 000 Tomi Lahai, Bokarie Jaba, and Joe Braima's recording session in Kwako

10 000 Adama Mende and Mama Jilo recording session

10 000 Kona Janga and Kema Janga recording session

5 000 Fasia Kolia evening transcription session

SAT. 5/2

31 000 Mami Toka, Maama Kine, Maama Ko (Maako), Mama Jilo, Kema Janga (5,000 each, except 6,000 to Mama Jilo because there was no change in town)

SUN 5/3

8 000 Maama Kine payment for transcription this morning and for regular food during my stay

4 000 Maama Ko (Maako) for use of room in her house plus cassava and coconuts

4 000 Hawa Moiwo for regular food

10 000 condolence to family of Idrisa Amara, Mando Amara, and Matu Kalimun (Tei) for death of Matu's husband/Mando's father/Idrisa's brother

8 000 paid to Moiwo for translation and logistical assistance

Thank-you money for Fasia and her daughter, for regular food, will be paid along with her payment for transcription work in Tei.

Thurs. 4/30

Left Tei in morning, around 9am; arrived in Sembehun at 12pm. Tucker and Tomosi Peku came with me in canoe and returned from Sembehun in the canoe. Had a little difficulty finding someone to escort me from Sembehun to Nyandehun; a woman was going to go, but not until later in the evening. An old man came up speaking Kim and told us a young man was going to Nyandehun. Arrived and met Ato Moiwo. Sat at his mother's house for a little while, then went to meet Mama Kine in her rice field, where she had been plowing.

Presented the trip to Moiwo as a woman-finding trip; told him that Prof. had 61 Kim speakers on his list, with only 11 women, so he wanted to locate women. This presentation of the numbers seemed to work well—people seemed to understand the imbalance; throughout the trip, Moiwo took would ask speakers and the town chiefs of Mɔsɛntɛn, Mɔgbɛnɛ and Mahin whether they had any more Kim speakers, especially women, to add to our roster. He said: "Well, if that's the case, I can even ask my own mother, Mami Tɔka; she originally said she didn't want to participate, but now she's seen Mama Kine and Kema Janga do it, maybe she will be willing." Mama Kine, Mama Mako and JJ Sondai arranged a room for me in a house under construction across from M. Mako's house. Moiwo and I went to Kwako in the evening, using the Mɔgbɛnɛ chief's canoe, to arrange for the next morning's session with Lucia Jaba, Mahin Lahai, and Joe Braima.

Fri. 5/1

Yema, Kroma Kɛbi's wife, came to me in the morning and told me to come to their house; he stay in their front room this evening; she said something about how Kroma had arrived late from Gbundapi, so that's why they hadn't arranged the room for me yesterday (where I stayed two trips ago). Then Kroma Kɛbi took me on kind of a stroll around town, meeting and greeting. Moiwo and Solomon later said that he'd been kind of a pain, not really wanting to help with lodgings—wanting more money or something—so I don't know what this public “stroll” was meant to show...

Morning: Went to Kwako. Because of meeting and greeting, waiting for food to be prepared, and then stopping at Fasia's house, where she'd prepared cassava and soup (I was full, but we sat while Moiwo ate), we didn't reach Mɔgbɛnɛ until after nine o'clock. Moiwo said he'd arranged the previous night for us to use the Mɔgbɛnɛ chief's canoe, but the canoe was gone. We ended up walking to Mɔsɛntɛn, where Fasia's son (Moiwo said he was the “town chief,” but we said he was the speaker before) shuttled us to the waterside N. of Kwako Town. Yema Tɔm is, according to Joe Peku, a resident of Tɔm, a tiny town of a few houses right outside Kwako (?). She is widely known as an excellent Kim speaker, even to the point—according to Hawa Jangba of Tei—of speaking Mende only poorly. reported by her son as being out at the farm. We stopped at her son's house first; he said Yema was out at the farm. But her son said she'd be back later. No one really discussed Lucia Jaba; when I asked Moiwo, he said she was sick. No one brought up the possibility of visiting her, so the situation—why hadn't they said yesterday that she was sick?—seemed strange.

We set up the recording in a kitchen at the edge of town. The recording is punctuated by regular rooster crows. Tɔmi Lahai and Tɔmi/Bɔkari Jaba were very present, and a bunch of younger men ended up gathering, so I think Mahin=Jɛbɛ Lahai felt intimidated. I started out with the mike on her, having her introduce herself on tape, but I felt the whole situation – her with a bunch of men interrupting, telling her what to do, etc. – was too uncomfortable – so I didn't push her, and switched the mike to Tɔmi

Jaba when he said, from the corner, that he wanted to record a song. A woman named Janatu said she spoke Kim and spoke easily with me in passing. When we met, she was slicing cassava into a plastic basin; she said she would come to the recording session when she finished. She never came, though. We ended up recording Tomi Lahai and Tomi/Bokari Jaba at first, then Joe Braima/Kuba came and recorded with us. But I made arrangements (through Moiwo) with Lahai and Jaba for Yema to be in town the next morning; we'd do a return trip early in the morning, to meet with three women: Janatu, Mahin Lahai, and the mythical Yema Tɔm.

Then, the afternoon session: Adama Mende and Mama Jilo, then Kɔna Janga and Kema Janga. We met in the Bondu house (I wasn't aware at the time that it was the Bondu house). Maama Kine came in and out, and Solomon Kine—who had been away in Gbundapi—arrived partway through the session. Mama Jilo had said Thursday afternoon through Moiwo that she wanted to meet with me; that she didn't know why we hadn't come to her before, but that she knew Kim well and wanted to be part of the project. I was very impressed with Mama Jilo's language facility; I wasn't sure about Adama Mende—I thought she might be kind of a faker because she spoke forcefully and seemed to preach, and didn't seem to speak with complexity. Kɔna Janga (resident in Bole) is the sister of Kema Janga. She lives in Bole, and happened to be visiting, but was planning to go back on Saturday. She seems to speak Kim well; her speech is clear, easier to understand than Kema's (Kema J. speaks in kind of an onslaught, with stammering), and their parents spoke no Mende. She was reticent this time, though, even verging on surliness; when I asked her to state her name, for example, she asked whether I'd already forgotten. I paid her the same 5,000 LE as the others anyway. Later, Moiwo and Solomon reported to me that she said afterward that she'd flubbed the session, but that next time she'd be ready to talk more and participate fully.

Went to meet Fasia in the evening; we worked on transcribing T Jaba's narrative; I felt she was much better with the transcription work than before—I thought maybe it was better for her to help transcribe other

people's stories (to keep her from getting off track and elaborating on the words on the tape). I asked Fasia if she'd come back with me to Tei on Sunday; she said she would.

Sat. 5/2

Back to Kwako, accompanied by Moiwo and Solomon Kine. We left Nyandehun/Tamuke before 7:30am, and passed through Mɔsɛntɛn, where we confirmed with Fasia that she'd come along when we left Sunday. We encountered Tɔmi Lahai and Tɔmi Jaba in Mɔsɛntɛn. Moiwo said they told him that Yema Tɔm was in Kwako Town, as planned. But when we went to her son's house, she wasn't there, and nobody seemed to know where she was. Janatu was by her house, holding a small child. She greeted me in a friendly way. But didn't come to the recording session; when Moiwo sent someone to ask after her, she sent word back that she had people working for her today, so she couldn't work with us; "next time." The town seemed nearly completely empty when we left again for Mɔgbɛnɛ.

On the way back to Nyandehun from Mɔsɛntɛn, I stopped to talk to Mbaalu Jangba (not sure of her last name), Hawa Jangba (Tei)'s aunt, who was sitting on a log in the sun across from her house. Mbaalu has pain—maybe verging on paralysis?—in one arm and one leg, I think, but she speaks Kim confidently and seemingly very, very well. Moiwo had asked her before whether she'd be willing to record with me, and she declined, saying she was sick; since I had the recorder with me, I sat down next to her and played back some of the recordings we'd done; she listened with interest, but repeated several times that she was sick and didn't want to talk.

Fasia had told us that a woman named Maama in Mɔfunba, a very small village outside Mɔsɛntɛn, could speak Kim well, so we turned off the Mɔsɛntɛn–Nyandehun path into Mɔfunba on the way back. We found Maama on her porch, but she denied being able to speak Kim, so we

didn't stay long; a younger woman gave us some mangoes and we continued on to Nyandehun.

Late morning to mid-afternoon: recording session in the Bundo house again, Taamuke: Mami Tɔka (Moiwo's mother), Mama Ko (I thought her name was Maako; she's Kɔna Lango Sɔndai's daughter or niece), and Maama Kine were scheduled to record, but Mama Jilo and Kema Janga gathered, too. There was a nice feeling to the session, which ran long. The women are neighbors and know each other well. Mama Jilo remembered a song partway through the session and taught it to the others. Mami Tɔka seemed to me not to be a great speaker; she used simple and repetitive language, and wasn't a very engaging speaker, from what I could tell—she didn't seem to involve the others; wanted to tell her own point of view. But she was the person who most wanted to talk, so I let her. Mama Kine went last and told a *dɔmi*, 'story,' ('folktale'?) that she was clearly translating from Mende to Kim. She said she wanted to tell it first in Mende so "the boys," Atɔ Moiwo and Solomon Kine, "who don't understand Kim," would understand. It was a very lively telling, punctuated by chanting and singing, in which the other women all participated. Then she retold it, immediately, in Kim; she relapsed into Mende a little during the singing, but for the most part went through the whole story pretty fluidly. Then Mami Tɔka ended the session by leading another song.

Late afternoon: Took Solomon and Atɔ on a march to Tupain; mission: to log Mbɔwema, Bɔɛ, and Tupain into the GPS. We visited Kɔna Janga in Bɔɛ on the way back and showed her the photos of herself in the camera. We arrived back in Nyandehun at dusk.

Sun. 5/3

Fasia showed up at my door first thing in the morning with her bag packed. I sent her home until later, since I wasn't planning to get to Sɛmbɛhun until 12pm. I gave consolation money to Matu Kalimun's younger son for the death of his father on Monday (Mando Amara was

already out, as was Idrisa Amala). worked with Maama Kine on transcribing the story she'd told, using the tape recorder itself (the boombox we used last time had been brought to the rice fields by its owner). Solomon Kine helped. We went back to Mɔsɛntɛn to collect Fasia and say goodbye to everyone there, then continued on.