

From *A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term*, Bronislaw Malinowski
(published posthumously, 1967)

Saturday, 5.11. Bright morning. I woke up a bit tired, aching (rheumatism or gymnastics?). Today devoted to photography. –In the morning, after sending Ginger to Raffael (I forgot to send *cargo* and *ground sheet*), I broke my teeth. Consternation, *followed by a philosophical calm*: after all I did live without teeth for two months—even longer, for I could not use the teeth until mid-October. Ate breakfast composedly, talked with Billy about writing to the dentist. I was a bit tense *nevertheless*. At 10, I went to Teyava, where I took pictures of a house, a group of girls, and the *wasi*, and studied construction of a new house. On this occasion I made one or two course jokes, and one *bloody nigger* made a disapproving remark, whereupon I cursed them and was highly irritated. I managed to control myself *on the spot*, but I was terribly vexed by the fact that this *nigger* had dared to speak to me in such a manner. After lunch, from 2:30 on, I worked on *kukwanebu*, linguistically. At 4 I took a walk. I tried to relax, had no stream of associations. Remember: ability to rest is one of the most important elements of work! Without it, there is no steady, fruitful work. I am now so healthy and in such good spirits that I feel no desire to break the continuity of work by reading novels. I don't even wait for letters and I don't want the time to go by too fast; I simply live in and for my work. I can't reproach myself for wasting time, for not working hard and purposefully. –During my walk I thought about my *games* project, about how I will describe it to E.R.M., and I tried to formulate a few general points of view. The only break I may give myself is a long walk during which I can concentrate again on formulating *general points of view*: (1) *Dogma, orthodox version, theology*. (2) *Reflex phrases, scholia., etc* (3) *The rule and the reality*, i.e., to grasp how the *niggers* formulate a given rule, how we would conceive of it and finally to give concrete material, with the help of which it can be controlled, etc etc.

Narrative again: I met women at the spring, watched how they drew water. One of them very attractive, aroused me sensually. I thought how easily I could have a connection with her. Regret that this incompatibility can exist: physical attraction and personal aversion. Personal attraction without strong physical magnetism. Going back I followed her and admired the beauty of the human body. The poetry of the evening and the sunset permeated everything. I thought about how marvelously E.R.M. would have reacted to this, and I realized the gulf between me

and the human beings around me. I walked back home. At supper, sudden *exhilaration*. Then I worked again, with Marian and Kaykoba. Turned in at 10:30. Irritated by Ogisa, Marianna, and the *niggers*, who kept chattering. I don't care a whit about the Govt., but I realize how futile and foolish such thoughts are.