

When letters arrived quick to catch post as Wren-Lewis' were leaving early in April and we had to send letter from West of England to Selangor with Easter intervening, so having rushed letter off, sat down, memories having been revived, to set out exactly what recollections I had of that night, hindsight tending to catch up with second thoughts.

in Environment: the night very dark. The conditions very strange for a 27-year old Australian whose only previous first-hand experience of primitive tribes had been on holiday in a properly central Queensland, hearing the aborigines going "walkabout" ~~xxx~~ the sound of their tribal music sticks beating and their voices chanting over ~~xxxxxxx~~ a distant fire. Had, however, been an educational producer of Travel talks in radio in both the ABC and BBC and had read much of in connection with these, and met as broadcasters such as Tom Harrison, (Dyaks) and Mildred Cable (Gobi Desert and deaf protegee) ~~xxxx~~ Belgian (check) Easter Island. etc. Some experience through mature of work, of accurate observation.

The Temiar: Predominant feeling of a brown people. Had a quality of stealing up suddenly. One moment nobody was beside you: the next, a man had materialised, silently, from nowhere. (story of British army practising camouflage in the northern Malayan forests. The Temiar amazed and not a little contemptuous of their clumsiness). Their faces: No expression then a wonderful smile. Wrote home that they would earn a fortune in Hollywood. Their smiles were totally unexpected.

Before the recording: much noise and talk. One's own worry was whether our recording engineer would have technical or other problems. We had only one mike as I remember and it had to be hung from the rafters. As the whole place shook during the dancing, and as the downbeat of the bamboo instruments (cylindrical drums) did likewise, there was the likelihood of both extraneous noise and distortion.

The recording itself: I remember one Temiar going up to Pat Noone and talking to him urgently. I was taking notes and, wondering if what was said was germane to the ritual asked Pat what had been said. "He's complaining about the dance floor: the Malays had built the Longhouse and it was not to the Temiars' liking". I can't remember now whether it was because as a new dance floor, it was too springy or not springy enough. I can remember clearly the Temiars going into trances. One, as related in the notes for the Ethnic F.L., put live glowing coals in his mouth and danced with them. I remember most vividly one Temiar coming out of a trance. He had sunk to the floor and another man had put his mouth to the Temiar's mouth and nostrils and either breathed into them or sucked (a possibility) the air from them. The man slowly got up and walked away. I also remember the women at one stage taking part in the dance - my memory is that this was not encouraged, wanted, by the men. The atmosphere was not as strong as that. I do remember several women rushing to the ~~xxxx~~ wall - one side was blocked in - and screaming in a way that did not seem to harmonise with the general atmosphere. A small boy joined in at one stage. The feeling uppermost was that trances were the most natural thing in the world. The fact that I had taken benzidrine to keep me awake - we all had - and I wasn't used to it may have contributed to this, but I need little sleep and probably would have been alert with out the drug. The dances did not seem to be erotic but I had little experience. At that time limited to night clubs in Cairo and wartime London and if you count the Big Apple, wartime Harlem.

Other: Reactions on seeing me in Grik, varied from Pat Noone's "Good God, a woman" to the Temiar women feeling between my legs - I was wearing cotton trousers - to find out my sex. I cannot remember having any surprise. It seemed logical and in some way sums up the sort of natural people they were. I remember nursing a tiny baby, grey in the face, and I was told sick with malaria.