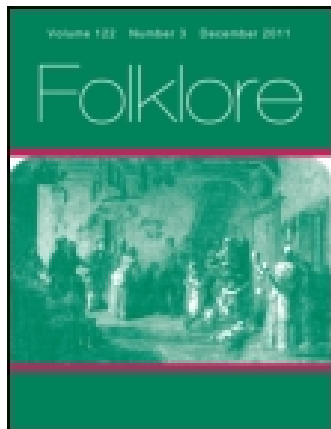


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A Milano Tale (Sarawak)

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The Black Arts.

The objection of the country people in this district to the camera or the paint brush is often as strong as that of savages. At one village an artist put a young girl into his picture without her being aware of the liberty. When it was discovered, the painter was soon left to himself, one old woman rushing off with her apron over her head shouting "He shawnt take oil! He shawnt take oil!"

A MILANO TALE (SARAWAK).

(Communicated by Dr. A. C. Haddon.)

MANY generations ago there lived in Sungei Rütus, which flows into the Igan river, a very powerful Milano chief named Tugau. He had no sons, but three daughters, or, as many accounts say, adopted daughters. One of these three he married to the son of Këdāhat, ruler of Oya, a man named Jīluan, who lived with his wife in Tugau's house.

Thinking he would like a change of diet, Jīluan one day borrowed Tugau's golden-headed spear, and went out into the jungle to hunt for pig. After searching for a long time, he at last caught sight of a beautiful, sleek, white-skinned pig, and crept near to get a good stab at it. The weapon wounded the animal, but not very severely, and it went tearing away with the golden spear blade sticking in its side, leaving the snapped shaft behind. Jīluan followed the tracks for some time, but eventually got tired of it and returned to the house. When Tugau heard of the loss of his spear, he was very angry, and told Jīluan to go out next day in search of it and not return until it was found; so, early on the next morning, Jīluan's wife got up and cooked two days' provisions for her husband and sent him off on his quest. He went to the spot at which he had left the pig's traces on the previous day, and then climbed a tall tree to look round and see the lie of the land. While up there he heard the noise of people approaching, and, looking

down, saw two men walking along with a very sorrowful aspect. Jiluan called down and asked them what the matter was, and they answered that there was trouble in their village because the daughter of their Raja had been taken suddenly ill and nobody could cure her. "Who is your Raja?" said Jiluan. "The Raja of the pigs" (*Raja babi*), said the men. Then Jiluan began to climb down the tree, and when he reached ground he said, "If you will take me to your Raja, I believe I can cure his daughter."

The two men then turned back along the path by which they had come, and conducted Jiluan to their village and into the presence of their Raja, who received him graciously and agreed to his attempting the cure of his daughter that same evening. Jiluan then stipulated that no one except himself should enter the room where the Raja's daughter lay ill until he had either failed or succeeded in curing her, and also that during that time nobody should approach the house from below. This being agreed to, he cleared the people out and went to examine the patient. The Raja's daughter turned out to be a very beautiful, fair-skinned girl, but, when Jiluan came to examine her injuries, he found Tugau's golden spear-head sticking in her side. This he extracted, put into a hollow bamboo joint, and threw down below the house, after which, by his magic art, he closed and cured the wound it had made. Then he and the Raja's daughter began to talk together, and she was so pleased with Jiluan that he easily persuaded her to run away with him (or, as some versions have it, the Raja gave her to him), and become his second wife, although by the old custom only a single wife is allowed. They stole down from the house and started off before dawn, Jiluan picking up the golden spear-head as he went. Now between the Raja's house and that of Tugau there were several streams to be forded, and, when they reached the first, the Raja's daughter seemed reluctant to cross it. However, she did at last, but, on climbing the opposite bank, Jiluan saw that her feet had turned to those of a pig. At the next stream they forded, the lady became a pig as far as the knees, at the next to the waist, and so on, until, just as they were getting near Tugau's house,

she turned to a pig altogether and ran off into the jungle, and Jiluan, when he got home and told his story, was very soundly rated by his proper wife, Tugau's daughter, for his conduct in trying to marry the other lady.

Thus Jiluan tried to defy the old custom of his people and marry two wives, and by so doing brought no manner of good upon himself but only trouble, as any man must if he sets at naught the traditionary laws handed down from the people of long ago.

As a parallel to this story it is worth while comparing the fable of Laboh and the human elephants told in Skeat's *Malay Magic*, Chapter V., pp. 151, 152, and 153. In it the elephant-princess is wounded by a caltrop instead of a spear; Laboh marries and lives with her some time, and they have children; and, finally, she is changed back into animal form while going back to Laboh's country with him, by eating young tree-shoots with her rice, instead of by contact with water while crossing rivers.

A. E. LAWRENCE.