The goal of the expedition was to further our understanding of the physical and cultural characteristics of the area. To observe the ethno-cultural environment and to gain an understanding of the people, community, beliefs, practices, festivals, rituals, death, birth and marriage as well as the environment and their interaction with it.

The expedition was awarded Explorers Club flag # 151.

Members of the expedition included: Phyllis Hischier, U.S.A., Andre Liem, Jayapura, West Papua, Nei Wenda, interpreter, West Papua, Luky Kanyuga, Sorong, West Papua,

28 March: Flew from Jakarta to Timika where I was supposed to catch a flight to the small village of Ewer on the 29th. The flight was cancelled until the following day. Spent the 28th and 29th preparing for the trip. Met Nei Wenda and Andre Liem in Timika. Timika very quiet due to the rioting and problems with Freeport.

30 March: Flew Timika to Ewer in just under 1 hour. Luky, my boat driver and long time friend was there to pick us up and take us to Agats by boat to prepare for our journey the next day. We did not buy much in Timika due to weight restrictions on the flight. Here we bought boxes of tobacco and salt for trading and gifts. Rice, spices, sugar, tea, coffee, barrels of fuel and oil, cigarettes etc. Along the way we will buy sago, fish, vegetables, birds, snake or whatever we can find to eat. I understand there is a cyclone off Australia and we will feel the consequences here. Visited my friends who are priests here in Agats.
31 March A good sleep at Lukys house, woke up to pouring rain and heavy winds. Thankfully we are heading upriver and not on the ocean so it should be safe to go. Waiting for the rain to cease a bit before we leave. Left by longboat 9:00 a.m., rained almost the entire day, stayed under the umbrella or tarp to try to stay dry. Stopped in Yaosakor and used someones house to cook lunch then on again with more rain from the cyclone off Australia. Spent all day powering upriver in the longboat and arrived in Waganu after dark which is 6:00. Waganu seems to be mostly a Gaharu traders village, many Javanese and sulawesi people here, a mixture as is common in Gaharu camps. Staying overnight in the school which is filthy and unused. Set my tent up in one of the rooms for some privacy. Thankfully there is water to bathe in and a kitchen area. Bathed from a bucket in one of the rooms, heavenly to get clean but a quick wash as men are walking through constantly.. So peaceful to be away from the motor of the boat, but now hearing the generator. The frogs would be deafening if not for the generator, I would rather hear the frogs symphony. Took a shortcut today as the river was high Agats-
Warse-Yaosakor. Brought crab from Agats for dinner. Luky, Roni, Nee, Andre and I had a dinner of crab, vegetable, rice, krupuk and banana.

1 April: Up early. Packed up all our belongings, cooking tools etc as we can not leave them on the boat due to possible theft. Stopped in Binam to report my Surat Jalan or travelling papers with the local police. Bought lunch to go or “nasi bungkus” rice with fish, vegetable and hot sauce wrapped in paper so we would not have to stop and cook. Bought another drum of gas and on our way. Ate lunch with our fingers on the way to Siepanep. So peaceful up here, clean, many birds. The entire feel changes up here, virtually untouched. Water has started to move rapidly, more so than the times I had been here before. School for the Mabul people is in Binamzain which is over two hours away, few go to school and if ever they do only sporadically. After Siepanep no villages until Mabul which we reached about dark. Mabul S 05 17.206 E 139 44.768 27 feet elevation. Lovely to reach Mabul again, some familiar faces, happy to see each other, the new ones looking me over and touching me all over especially breasts and hair. Filale and a few of the men we used as porters last time are here and hoping to join us again on this trek.

I came to the Korowai and Mabul for the first time in 2000. Trekked all over the Korowai and met Yali, a war chief who is married to a Kopayap woman. I had never heard of the Kopayap and asked him about them. Through an interpreter he said they were still fighting and stealing each others women as there were not enough. He was the only Korowai person allowed to go into the Kopayap area. He said he could take me there if I liked. I returned to the U.S. and did some research on the Kopayap and could find no written information. The only information I could find was from two people, one who had made a documentary in Papua and another who often travels to Papua looking for untouched areas. They both said they were known to be fierce and it was impossible to get into the area. A year later I returned in 2001, to Mabul and sent someone into the jungle to find Yali for me. We gathered porters and left a few days later for the Kopayap area. After trekking almost a week through a swampy jungle we stayed the night in an area with a biefak owned by the Kopayap but empty and a leaf blocking the door signifying a lock or “do not enter”. I was bathing alone by the river early in the morning when I heard yelling and screaming. The porters were out looking for food and had been shot at with arrows. They were scared to death and we had to literally run. We had not had time to cook food or boil water for drinking. We threw our supplies together and ran an entire day through swamps up to my waist with leeches crawling up my legs and falling out of the trees. Thirsty, wanting to lay down in the swamp and drink, not a word to describe the feeling of thirst. Ended up coming down with malaria as my body was so weak after this. The porters were shot at because of their fighting with the Kopayap, they were Korowai, not because of me being foreign. I had always wanted to come back and try again. This was my chance.

Bathed in the river with the women and kids, all wanting to see my body. Fireflies and a sliver of a moon. Stayed in an open unfinished house except for a roof. About 50 people watching our every move. Dinner of crab, krupuk, rice, veggie. Everyone watching every movement used to eat. I am so happy to be back, nothing has changed here. Now sitting and waiting for the proper time to choose the porters for tomorrow. Nee Wenda grew up
in Yanirumah not far from here. His father and mother Dani and the father a radio operator for the small airstrip. He knows the area well and the people. He is very serious about choosing the right porters to join us. I am grateful.

2 April Not a great sleep, too hot and too many people sitting around talking, coughing until late. Bathed in the river without 50 people watching, more like 12. We packed up and since the river is high enough were dropped off by longboat up the river and on the other side which helped a lot as to to cross by dugout with all our supplies and porters would have taken most of the day. Our start point on the beach was S 05 16. 057 E 139 44.494 115 feet elevation. Began walking by 8:30 with only short stops. The jungle so familiar and many of the same porters as before. Not too difficult walking, just muddy and or swampy as it rained a lot last night. Deep in some parts and slippery roots and rattan to trip on. In the first 10 minutes I had four leeches on my hand alone. Stopped at a few treehouses but no one there as they move around a lot looking for food. Stopped in two clearings with treehouses, seems to be a mix of Korowai and Kopayap through adoption or marriage. Started to rain, at first we could hear it and then all of a sudden it was pouring. The porters grabbing huge leaves for umbrellas. Reached a treehouse at 1:30, it was Yali’s, the war chief I had trekked with twice before. So wonderful to see him. He ran down from the treehouse when he realized I was there, grabbed my hand, fed me sago, put his head, cheek to cheek with mine. He would make his jungle calls and I would mimic as before, I only spoke a few words of his language and he none of mine, body language is universal. Yali’s house was a treehouse but not a high as in the Korowai, one other house was close by. Up into the treehouse to get out of the rain. Three wives and a load of kids. Typical house with one side for men the other for women. The women gave me sago and bananas cooked, checked my hair, looked down my pants and shirt. Many of them had never seen a westerner before, only one of his wives who I had met before but the way was smooth as Yali and one wife knew me and many of the porters. The kids cried when they saw me and would not get close. The porters made a cooking/sleeping area with the tarp we brought. I erected my tent with everyone watching to see this strange sleeping place. Two snakes were caught, one in a rattan cage, the other with it’s head wrapped in a leaf so as not to bite. Flies, horrendous, so many you can not count, if you stop you are covered from head to toe. Huge flies, lalat babi or pig flies which bite terribly and make a hole in your skin and bees. Impossible to get in and out of the tent with out many coming in. Bathed in the small river, muddy but just minerals. Used to dipper to rinse as it is not deep enough to immerse in. Raining again, everyone standing over me as I write, as reading and writing is a mystery here. The treehouse area where Yali lives is called Matahawih S 05 13.33 E 139 42.493 103 feet elevation.
Everyone here is coughing mostly from tobacco and the cookfires in the home. Some skin problems but extremely healthy. We were able to get sugarcane, sago, pumpkin, bananas and vegetables (leaves from the jungle). To my knowledge, no other westerner has ever been here. Gaharu or sandalwood trader have, they are mostly other indigenous people working for Javanese or Sulawesi traders. Now the gaharu is just about gone and what is left is of a low quality so they come no more. Played with a kids bow and arrow to learn how to shoot. The little kids, small, about 5 and up smoke a bamboo pipe here just like the adults. The hunting dogs are carried up into the treehouse at night. Planning to go to the border of Kopayap and Urajin tomorrow. Two candles going under the tarp, dark, can see into the treehouse with the fires going, so many people and not enough room to stretch out.

3 April

Rained all night. Hot and damp in the tent. Went to bed with an orchestra of frogs serenading us. Up early traded for more food such as sago, cucumber, squash, bananas for the porters. Left 8:30 with Yali along. I did not ask him to come with us, he just followed. Very swampy today, sloshing through water with leeches everywhere. Sinking in the mud and at time hard to pull your feet out. A lot of sago trees with huge thorns. Crossed the Kali Wamor. Ran into a few people walking, surprised to see a party with a white woman. Men completely naked except rattan around the waist and a leaf around the penis and carrying a bow and arrows. Women wearing sago fibre skirts and necklaces of teeth with shells in the hair occasionally. One man had hugely swollen testicles which I
understand is common in this area. Uganto another war chief who is with us. He has a huge scar on his abdomen. I asked him about it. An arrow went through him, about three inches above his navel and out his back when he was younger, maybe 10 years ago. He is fortunate he was not killed or paralyzed. His insides hurt when he walks a lot, after a rest of a few days he is alright. I wish I could do something to help him but the wound is too old. He was with me the entire time and lives three days from here upriver. A complete gentleman, a war chief with his bow and arrows always at the ready, never had seen a westerner before. We became fast friends through body language and an interpreter. He would like me to visit him someday and we made a map to his house.

About noon we came upon a clearing of houses in the jungle which were in the Urajin area, on the border of Kopayap. The women and children were in the huts and when they saw me hid. Awhile later a few came out to take a look at me with their hand in a fist biting the index finger knuckle and yelling “oooh, ooh, oooh, oooh.” They were scared and did not know what to think, kids were crying. As I was with some people they knew some got within six or so feet of me and a few brave souls close enough to touch my skin and hair, look into my clothing. The eyelashes here are the thickest and most luxuriant I have ever seen. I wonder if it is an evolutionary phenomenon to keep the flies or leeches out. If a leech gets in you eye you go blind, if in the nose dead. We had a bite to eat and as we were leaving they followed. This area was called Gariman, a Urajin village S05 11.723 E 139 42.493 129 feet elevation. There were about 12 huts here, clean, no trash whatsoever, but a difference from the Kopayap in that each area has only one or two treehouses at the most. The evening we spent in Diemanup, S 05 11.36 E 139 43.948
KOPAYAP WOMAN NURSING A BABY
32 feet elevation. Arrived 4:00 in time for a river bath before dark. Hardest trekking today through cut areas for houses and gardens. Treacherous crossing rivers over slippery logs. We had one very difficult river crossing. A wide, swift moving river. The Kali Wamor. The porters made a handle out of rattan to hold on to as we crossed on logs underwater knee to waist deep.

_Yale holding a snake in a rattan cage._
4 April  Up early to the sounds of birds of paradise calling and cockatuas. Kids naked except beads and tooth necklaces, either pig or dog tooth and many playing with the only toy I have ever seen here, a small bow and arrow. No tourists, no scientists ever here before, an ethnobotanist’s dream. Too dangerous before.

Counting:  They begin counting with the small finger, or number one, cha, the next two, chamlah, middle finger, three or buluhmuluh, four, taimuduh, the thumb is five or taowah. The wrist is six, tongah, lower arm is 7 bagall, elbow eight or bunugah, upper arm nine or tugah, shoulder ten or menggah, ear 11 or kabuhkah, 12 the top of the head babi. Back to the ear 13 masakobukah, 14 shoulder masamah, 15 upper arm masahbukah, 16, elbow or Masahbunuh, lower arm 17 masabah, 18 wrist masaton, 19 thumb taugah, 20 index finger, 21 masabumluh, middle finger, kiang 23, thumb 24.

We walked an hour to Bayn S 05  10.867  E 139 44.202  One treehouse here with one man, a wife who is pregnant and kids. An old woman who was the wife’s mother. None of them had ever seen a westerner. They were not scared but welcomed me hesitantly at first, the longer I was there the friendlier they became. I felt like an animal in a cage, every movement I made studied and watched like I was some strange creature. Actually it gave me an unpleasant feeling at first as I am not used to being feared. The old woman was named Domengo, Afom a girl about 17 years of age. Ninhamano, about nine months. Bay the father about 50. Dededong the mother around 28. Another wife Lanumon with shells tied in her hair. Beogay a boy around 10.
We began walking again about two hours more to a clearing with two treehouses. They were very surprised to see us. Layup S 05 10.324 E 139 49.482 77 feet elevation. The women and children were out in the jungle when we arrived. I was up in the treehouse on the mens side. When they came back and looked through the door and saw me sitting there a lot of commotion ensued. I sat quietly talking with the men and smiling with the women. After awhile I got up and walked over and went in to the womans side. They grabbed my hand and had me sit down next to them. They were cooking sago, nursing children, making nokkens and we communicated through talking, drawing, (myself), they were afraid to even try, and body language. There are three women of childbearing age. One baby not yet a year, a daughter about four, boy 7ish and a girl about 17. One man as head of the household. The women all wearing sago fibre skirts, dogteeth or a crocodile tooth and beads. Sometimes shells tied into the hair. Babies and young children naked except for beads and necklaces of teeth, strings under the knees and rattan above the elbows. The father rattan around the waist and a leaf around the penis. A few years ago one of the women here was stolen from the Korowai and eventually, a year ago, paid for with a pig. The jungle trails not too swampy today as no rain last night. Had
to cross the river many times on small slippery logs. Worst as usual walking through the 
cut areas. Flys the worst I have ever seen, the ants the size of a nickel, leeches 
uncountable. And the heat, never before have I ever felt heat such as this. Agats is usually 
unbearable but this is even more so. I have never sweated like this before. Glad I have 
learned to wear wetsuit booties and long pants to protect my legs from cuts and bugs, 
with repellent for the leeches. The people know the jungle so amazingly well, barefoot 
which is really better than shoes for grip if you can handle it. My feet are tough but 
nothing compared to the leather like feet of the indigenous peoples. Stickers are the main 
problem for them. Sounds of birds screeching and the porters calling to each other. Or, 
whistles, mimicking each other and then adding a note for someone else to mimmick, on 
and on. The porters made a place to stand on over a small river, to pour water on yourself 
for a shower, heavenly. To the treehouse with a lot of interaction with the women, 
touching, playing with my hair, touching my breasts, looking down my shirt and pants. 
Fell asleep before dinner to get away from the flies, Nee woke me up. He had built a table 
and bench. It is about a one hour walk between houses with one or two in each place. My 
guess is that there are about 300 Kopayap. Dinner of turtle caugh today, delicious 
eggplant, greens and krupuk. Tomorrow we will stay here again. The porters can dive for 
food or hunt pig. Tired, Hard walking today, muddy, slippery, heavy, hot and sweaty.

KOPAYAP GIRL
5 April  People curious and happy to have us here, they trusted me enough this morning to give medicine and clean wounds. There is a lovely shield here up in the treehouse, I was surprised when I saw it. Stone carved. A birders and ethnobotanist dream here. Woke up to birds which sounded like phones ringing. Language very difficult here. This morning I went with the people from the two treehouses to make sago. We walked only about 10 minutes before we had found a tree to cut down. A very large tree which the headman cut down. Donatus, Boas, Andre and I along. The men were singing or whistling as they worked pounding the sago to a pulp before the women took over completely and the men sat, talked and smoked. The women used a wood tool shaped as an axe to continue to break open and soften the pith. My camera stopped working at this moment. Something is wrong with the card as I have an extra battery. My other camera is dead. Spent time trying to repair it but no luck. Now that I am not taking any pictures I got into the work of making sago. From the cutting down of the tree to the finished product, all tools except the wooden axe are made from the sago tree. The trunks of the leaves are used to wash the sago with water three time before it comes to the bottom of the trunk through the strainer forming a starchy consistency on the bottom with muddy water on top. A huge amount of sago was made it took all day. I walked back and ate some noodles for lunch and then was asked to come to another treehouse where someone was very sick. No outsiders had ever been there before. They were desperate for help to cure this man. He had practically cut his toe off with an axe. His upper leg was hot and severely swollen and he could not walk. I gave him antibiotics and cleaned the wound. Difficult explaining the way antibiotics work, however, he will recover. Without antibiotics I don’t think he has much of a chance. Another womans feet were both hard as rocks with holes in them. It is like her skin is being eaten, I am not sure of what it is. I cleaned her feet put medicine on and wrapped them. Told her not to walk for a few days and keep them out of the mud which is virtually impossible. Amazing there are not more
problems here. Thankful for mossie repellent, quick dry clothes and that I know not to wear cotton. Walked back to Layup and spent most of the evening in the treehouse talking and playing.

6 April  Thankful I brought my tea with me, it is truly a treat to have good green tea here. I am not missing much. No trash whatsoever. I have only seen a few plastic wrappers and those were tied onto a girls skirt for decoration. The jungle so lovely, birds, calls of humans like music in a church being the jungle itself. Up 5:30 to the sounds of birds and cooking. Keladi and sago for breakfast, food almost finished that we brought such as the rice. We packed up and got ready to go. We have an old newspaper with us used for wrapping, I showed it to them. They were amazed to see cars, wedding photos of muslims all covered up, people playing soccer. A rupiah note, like a U.S. dollar fell out of my bag and a man wanted to use it as he would a leaf to roll tobacco. Burning money! We said goodbye to Uganto who would walk three days on from here alone to his home. I hope to return next year and see him and the area where he is, even more remote which is hard to believe. Sad again to say good bye to the family in the treehouses. Tears came to my eyes. Yali followed me aways and when we stopped put his hand in mine looked into my eyes and smiled then looked down and walked away back to his area. Saying goodbye to the women was touching they patted me and smiled held my hand not letting go as I walked on. Waved, mimicking me(waving) as I walked into the jungle and away. Left 8:30 through the jungle all day stopping along the way to dive in the small streams for shrimp, fish or turtle. Crossed one river especially treacherous. slippery, heavy, hot and sweaty.

On a log about eight feet over the river with branches and rocks underneath. Slippery, mossy not at all a pleasant crossing. One area in the jungle had a tree in bloom with pink flowers which had fallen all over a sizeable area like pink snow, a gorgeous sight. You had to stop it was so beautiful. After seeing all shades of green, to brown but not much in the way of colour, it was stunning. Rested along the way as we were sweating like crazy, ate some sago we had cooked in the morning. Arrived at a biefak on the kali Siretsjo Einlanden river, called Kasamhatun S 05 15.130 E 139 45. 049 elevation 185’. A large biefak here by the river. They have two pet cockatuas that eat sago, stand next to the pigs and dogs and talk up a storm. The river moves swiftly, the canoes are maneuvered very differently here, using the front and back, walking to and fro. Kasamhatun is peaceful next to the Siretsjo river, raining and thunder absolutely a gorgeous sky with the sound of the river moving by. One of the porters family is here. The mother wants my bra. When I met her she grabbed my breasts and looked into my shirt and pointed to herself. I traded her my bra for a dogtooth necklace. I put it on her and heaved her long breasts into it, she is happy. Putting up the tarp again for a kitchen and sleep area although I don’t think it will be much protection from the rain tonight. Most likely the porters will sleep in the biefak.

7 April Rained all night. My ear plugged, painful and ringing. Hope it is not due to a leech. Woke up to no beach on the other side and the water so high almost to the top of the river bank. Yesterday I had bathed in the river at least five feet below where it is now. Tides being the highest ever seen here as I was told by some priests in Agats. Lucky
for us it did not flood. We had planned to use the canoes with all our gear to return to Mabul today. It is too dangerous, river too fast. Luky, the boatdriver will be taken by canoe to Mabul (left at 6:30) alone and hopefully return with the longboat to pick us up. Luky returned back by 8:30, we packed up and were on our way to Mabul to pick up Franz and his supplies (he waited there with the boat). As we left all the porters in unison made my sound of “Yoo-Hoo” like their jungle calls. The boat completely full with all of us and our gear, silent except the drone of the motor and the water as everyone had some trepidation. Arrived in Mabul, packed up, goodbye to our porters which was sad but they know we will be back again. As we were leaving a man with a serious case of elephantiasis said it was unfair we went to the Kopayap area rather than Korowai. I see a problem of jealousy in the future. We headed towards Suator or the new village of Binam determined to make it to Atsj in one day as it is quicker going down river. In Suator to a warung to get lunch, it took more than an hour to cook instant noodles. The worst lunch I have ever had, but a full stomach. Hot on the boat but air feels great and no flies! Soon a downpour which did not stop, soaking wet and cold. Stopped once at Wago to get out of
the rain but when we continued it began again and lasted all the way to Atsj where we arrived at 9:30 cold, wet and hungry. The sky on the way was beautiful and fireflies along the side of the river in the trees, like Christmas décor. Boiled water for a bath which was lovely. Stayed in the only hotel, but no electricity or towels. The bed was fantastic.

8 April- 11 April Decided to stay again in Atsjy and go on to some Asmat villages to make plans for a group I am bringing in September for the American Museum of Asmat Art. Spent the next few days in asmat villages planning this.

12 April Agats-Ewer-Timika

13 April Timika-Bali

Ethno-Cultural Environment

When I tried to get into the Kopayap five years ago the Kopayap and Korowai were still stealing each others women due to the shortage, so they were constantly fighting. Today there are enough women to go around and peace between them. The women who were stolen have been paid for normally with a pig. They see the need for each other and get along well now.

Headhunting has never been practiced here, they would just kill and leave the body. The only feast they observe is cutting sago. No marriage, death or initiation. Kids have no toys except a bow and arrow to learn with. Kids, from a very young age smoke a bamboo pipe which is incised and a lovely piece of work. The people average about 5’ in height, women a bit taller than the men. They are solidly built perfect for their environment. Men wear bamboo around the waist, a leaf to wrap the penis, necklaces of pig or dogteeth with beads. Occasionally you will see shorts or a t-shirt very well worn but usually just on my porters and Korowai who had been inbetween the areas. Men always carry a bow and arrow. The women wear, skirts made of sago fibre, sometimes shells decorate the hair and always a necklace of dog teeth, pig teeth and beads. Naked on the top. The women make and wear nokkens or bags of fibre similar to the Dani people and use them to carry babies(human), small pigs and food they gather in the jungle and worn on their heads. Children are naked except rattan above the elbows, fibre around the calf and typical bead and teeth necklaces. Women are full of scarifications. They live in clearings of one or two treehouses not in a typical village setting and move around a lot. Normally the men have from one to four wives depending on what they can afford. They must buy them with a pig and or a cassowary, dog teeth, stones or cowrie shells as a bride price.. Kids normally three to a wife. Malaria is the biggest killer for young children and old people with infection due to cuts not properly taken care of as they do not know to keep clean and live in an environment hostile to infection. Black magic is alive and they believe unexplainable illness is attributable to magic. A person who performs black magic is ½ human ½ devil “suange-suange”, goes from generation mother to daughter. If a wife sleeps with another man, that man must pay a fine of a pig or the wife and lover will be killed. Childbirth occurs away from the main house in a hut not too far in the jungle where she must stay for five days. Giving birth in the main house is strictly prohibited. The child is given a name when the first teeth come in. They bury the dead
and care for the body two nights before the burial. Sago is the main food. When a man
and woman get married they usually live alone unless parents are old, alone or sick.
Kopayap seem to number about 300. Money only became known through the gaharu or
sandalwood traders who would come to biefaks along the river to buy gaharu. Money
used to buy salt or machetes. Have to walk to Yanirumah to find. The Kopayap live in
treehouses similar to the Korowai but not as tall, usually about 15’. They are two sided
divided by a wall. One for women and one for men. They cook, sleep and socialize
separately. Cooking is done in a fireplace in the center of each side. The Urajin homes
are closer to the ground, 4’ high but separate areas followed for men and women also.
The language is the same but dialect different. Urajin and Kopayap get along well. Urajin
population estimated at 200. The border between the Kopayap and Urajin is the Wamol
river. Hunting dogs are very important here and are carried up into the treehouses at night
for safety as are also the small pigs. Women along with nursing babies will also nurse the
small pigs. Religious practices are completely animistic. No other religion has ever been
introduced here. The only metal tools I saw were a few axes and cook pots. The material
culture consists of shields, bows and lovely arrows made specifically for pigs, birds, fish
etc. Bamboo pipes incised with decoration and jewelry also. The society is completely
traditional and the only outside influence to have touched the area is from the sandalwood
traders. However, they were also shot at with arrows and did not venture into the interior
but traded with people along the river who were brave enough to venture into the area.
No church influence, tourists, police or government. The culture is alive and well.
However, now that the fighting over women is over and the Korowai are able to venture
inbetween surely tourists from the Korowai area will venture into the Kopayap area soon.