

**Geheimnisvolles Kaffa
Im Reich der Kaiser-Götter**

Otto Bieber

**Universum Verlagsgesellschaft M.B.H. Wien
1948**

**Secret Kaffa
In the Home of the Emperor-Gods**

Otto Bieber

**Universum Publisher Vienna, Austria
1948**

FRIEDRICH JULIUS BIEBER

MY FATHER

It was during a picnic into the Viennese-forest; my father had taken me alone; my mother and brother Fritz remained at home. That time was also then-it was short after the World I- heavy, and there were much hunger and hardship. Therefore, we looked for mushrooms and berries as a small allowance for home. As the evening dawned, we sat both at a forest-periphery, and my father told me the history of his life, which was so rich in adventures and full of strange things, and from his beloved Kaffa. He was uniquely happy when he was telling me about Kaffa. The workload left him little time for leisure. Did he suspect on that day that his life-clock would run out soon? Was his rush necessary in order to finish his life work in time?

At that time in the Viennese-forest, he told me his plan to write a book after completion of his big scientific work, over his own life and over the country called Kaffa. With this he wanted to show all young people his example of being young and successful against all kinds of odds. What human-will can reach the story of his life and his desire to set an example.

"If I swear to this hour of our dialogue, you stand in front of me, the boy of barely fourteen years, with your grey goatee beard and your so kind-hearted blue eyes. You wanted it at that time, so you spoke to me, all world to know the fate of Kaffa, the true Africa, and its people, that your whole work, your whole vitality had been dedicated. I hear you narrating about the mountains, valleys and jungles, the animals and the customs in the highland of Kaffa, deep in the inner part of Africa, this demonic realm of the emperor-gods. From this strange highland, in which the old Egypt still lived on with its ancient culture and one of the last Pharaoh lasted into our days. I hear you speaking of it of course that an uninterrupted chain of rulers the "shutti", the sacred feather-crown of the Egyptians as "schaudo", as sacred emperor-crown of Kaffa has carried until into our time; and from it, how this golden feather-crown has come from the unknown distances of inner-Africa until into the treasury of a Swiss bank. I hear you speaking of the strict isolation, that custom and convention of this superior people-these lost brothers of the old Egyptians, Kuschiten alike, with their origin at the Nile-unaltered has been preserved. Only extremely rarely and maimed information about this fabulous country got over to Europe. Kaffa, the headwaters of the sacred Nile, remained inaccessible in all the centuries, an "African Tibet". The fate had called you into it to enter this country as first white explorer and to experience, and short before its end, to record and rescue this highly interesting culture for the science. Your plan, to put your life and the history of Kaffa in a book, could not be realized due to your early death. The death has taken the writing feather from your hand.

It is as if I heard him speaking, my good father. His narration, unique in its kind, lived on in me in all the long years. Therefore, I have tried; to describe his probable briefly mentioned thoughts and sentences together with his diaries and records about his life, to mold it into one whole.

There are two things which surrounds Friedrich Julius Bieber surrounds already today with an almost legendary glimmer. To the first, it is his life: from his earliest childhood on, up to his death, he knew only one objective-to become Africa-discoverer, and to the other: the secret empire of the God-Emperor of Kaffa, which was sunk at the end of the 19 century. In this of his consistent single-mindedness, Bieber appears to us as another, a second Schliemann.

Like in the antique, heroic saga, the history of the land Kaffa, with its brave people, the downfall of this empire sounds like the heroic-epos. Through the research of Bieber's, Kaffa turned beside Egypt into one of the most interesting areas of the African continent.

Since his death in the year 1924 several incidents has already happen. Certainly not much beautiful. However very many agonies, and many very many misfortunes have come in this century over the humankind for the second time. Topple, wars, revolutions, disaster and cruelties, as it has never recorded the mankind-history, has gone over the world. Much is forever annihilated, forgotten, missed or destroyed. Even many-also the young boys- has become prematurely fatigue; the belief in ideal things and at higher tasks, that spurs to particular performances, has dwindled many times.

Therefore, I have made it to my task to write a book over your life, my father, and over Kaffa. This book wants to be no mere description of Africa-expeditions but above all a guide and good example for all, that serves unselfishly the well-being and improvement of the mankind; a modest contribution to the consolidation in the belief to the calling of our humanity. In addition, it wants to be also a popular book, that tells the reader news about an unknown world. All those, that has contributed to the realization of this book, I thank you in the name of my family as well as in my own for their work, that made possible the publication of my Kaffa-book despite all difficulties. In this context is beside the Universe-Publishing House in particular of the sacrificing work of Dr. Otto Stein, after months-long source-studies with me he has moulded and shaped the book, and thanks also to the constant moral support through Erich Dolwzal.

CHILDHOOD AND DREAMS

The wood in the furnace crackled and crashed, the greedy flames of the fire warmed the schoolroom. The November-storm whipped rain showers at the windows of the classroom, in which the small people, secured from the cold and storm that has already started in the early morning, attentive and listening with burning faces.

The teacher narrated also too exciting. He spoke of the distant Africa, from its people, the Negro, and their traditions and customs, from their jungles, mountains, rivers and deserts, from the times of the big heat and the long-lasting rain. Then, he showed his boy, that all devoutly sat there, the weapons, that he had brought them. In addition, the imagination of the boys widened the narrow warm schoolroom to the desert, in which wild, black people swung these arms and waged war against each other. What were those long lances with poisoned heads and their iron rings at their other end! Each of these rings meant the

killing of an enemy! And then the shields! They were particularly interesting; from the skin of hippopotamuses, they were hand-made, and at the inside, they had grips to the hold. Therefore, with these, the ferocious warriors could defend themselves from any attack. The boys were very much impressed about the people who left their country, wealthy Europe, for places who are very strange! Repeatedly, the teacher spoke of the enormous performance of these explorers, the dangers, which they experienced. For hours, they could listen to the narration of their teacher. There, the bell shrilled. How after all quickly the sounds had elapsed! Moreover, in the short span of time up to the next lesson the boys were excited about what they heard and saw.

Only one remained quiet amongst them. The words of the teacher were for him like a revelation. Now, in his youthful temperament, he knew for what purpose he would engage his life. Yet, he could not comprehend all the force, which hid behind this mystic dark continent of Africa. Without the awareness occurring to him, in this hour, however, his fate began to shape itself. He wanted from now on, as he has already decided, to take his education seriously in order, later, to become a successful explorer. Does this youngster suspect that one day the fate will call him to fetch a valuable harvest from the black continent for his native country? While his younger siblings simply played like normal children, brawled and in wild zest for life there-romped about, he sat mostly quiet and sunken in deep thought in a corner. Toy interested him little. However, pictures-and fairy-tale-books, that beat him into their spell; then he was deeply absorbed in his dreams, as he was looking for them.

The small Friedrich Julius Bieber-this was how he was called with his full name-despite his peculiarity, by no means was a childlike eccentric or loner. Certainly, he wanted to be just alone with his thoughts, he was like a person who looks for something, but never without love to his kin, even always on the watches, that no evil would happen to his younger siblings.

The father-house of the young Fritz Bieber stood in Vienna, on which Wieden, where he in the year 1872 at the 24 February had been born. His parents were small folks, and his childhood was humble and meagre. Mrs. Worry was at Bieber's home and led a strict regiment.

Therefore, the existence of the young Fritz began with struggle and hardship. Moreover, it was as if the fate wanted to harden the boy particularly for his later engagement: the youthful body was tormented and plagued by most laborious illnesses the school became to the precocious child a profound experience. Yet the alert lad was essentially no good student, he had to pocket some reprimand and penalty. That did nothing since he concentrated in reading! The books became his dearest companions gradually. Above all the accounts over journeys and researches in all parts of the world. In additions, that period, in which a farsighted teacher revealed his students the foreign African world, this became to the boy a true hour of fate. What at the beginning was seen as a native in him, later on it was his life, which has been with him all his life:

To Africa to pull and to become an explorer...

That was the beginning...

Weeks are since then past. The inhospitable autumn- weather has given way to an icy winter. The snow lies man-high in the streets of Vienna. It is much time for pondering if one must sit down in the room; and even, if the Christmas celebration nearing. Fritz Bieber dwelt with his youthful thought only more and more about Africa. One single wish has interested him: he wants to find a book over Africa on the offering table.

Indeed, the understanding father grants him this heart-wish. Admittedly, it is- like everything in the house Bieber-a little meagre, the account of a trip to Ethiopia. In spite of all that, it remains the constant companion of the child through many weeks. It becomes his fate-book. The child's yearning took shape that is more solid: Ethiopia becomes the goal of his desires. All thoughts of the young Fritz circulate around this country, childlike designing wins shape.

Fritz Bieber stays this goal faithful in the next years. Now, the first schooldays went towards the end. Hence he has discussed with his parents for a long time that he will attend a more senior school.

However, the fate has decided with him otherwise. It wants to take him through a difficult path to reach his goal. Still, it has hardly completed the most necessary education. One day, he hurries, with growling stomach from the school home again. As always, he knocks. It lasts long, until it is opened. The mother is completely distressed and tear-stained: The father, his educator, protectors and keepers, even though still young in terms of years, died suddenly.

As the eldest persons of the five siblings, he immediately decided to be helpful to his mother. First, after he has buried his father, the dreadful of his situation so properly comes the quiet dreamer to the consciousness. All plans for nothing! No means are there for the further study!

Soon, the schooldays is over; to relieve his mother from her worries he must make a fast decision to find a trade that could feed his family. Fritz leaves his father-house and enters a vocational training. Now all his dreams are buried around Africa, he has become a shoemaker-apprentice...

Therefore, weeks and months pass in monotonous work. In the evening however, after finish of the work, the young Fritz is with himself and his plans alone again. Then he sits over his books and reads and reads...

Once again, it has become evening. The work has been finished long ago. The lights in the houses of the city died. The night closes in. Outdoors, a vernal, warm rain rustles monotonously from the heaven. The nightly city seems to be in deep sleep.

Only the shoemaker-boy Fritz rolls sleeplessly on his bed. His thought rage, his entire being is in most passionate arousal. Everything, which he has suppressed until now, now breaks off. He can hardly still endure this condition. Should he, his plans taken from earliest childhood on a so high flight indeed, actually be damn to it to spend an existence

as shoemakers? He knows he is poor like a church-mouse. Nevertheless, has he not read in the books often repeatedly that others before him without means, without in-depth knowledge of the world pulled through and has explored?

Adventurous plans and thoughts came to his mind. He jumps up, suddenly he has come to his senses: Simply if he himself finds the courage and the strength to leave his home city, he can achieve his goal to see and to experience Africa.

Probably, he loves his mother, his siblings beyond everything. However, it is like an inner command, that he cannot oppose.

Quietly in order to awaken nobody he gets dressed and leaves, without reflection, the apartment of his vocational teacher. He follows his indomitable urge to go to the remote place. He is almost still a child, hardly 15 years old.

Therefore, Friedrich Bieber leaves his home city Vienna toward night hour. Lonesome, he hurries through the familiar alleys and streets like one that flees from him. The rain crackles him into the face; soon his pitiable clothing is completely soaked. Therefore, the young Fritz's starts, mother-soul-alone, his first big trip.

He assessed his supplies and his resource. A sandwich, which he had no longer consumed in the evening, and one guilder, which he has saved!

In addition, restlessly, with unparalleled over eagerness, he now marched hour after hour against East Africa must be indefinitely far. Towards mornings, it had stopped to rain. There and then, the clouds opened and, it does not last long, the sun shone on the sky. The sun-bright day had overcome the dark night triumphantly. He took it like a symbol. It was the first day on his big trip to Africa.

FIRST ADVANCES INTO THE UNCERTAIN

Many weeks later-Fritz has already crossed Hungary, Serbia and a big part from Romania-after untiring march he had come at the lower reaches of the Danube. He had however experienced what in all of the time of his voyage he has endured!

In Oldenburg, he had soon reached the Hungarian border after his parting from Vienna. Almost indefinitely, the flat country of the Hungarian plane had taken him. He had experienced also some nice hour during his walking here. The people had been mostly good to him. Generously and hospitably, they gave him from everything, which they had, so that he could stop his uncontrollable hunger, and fixed him a bed for the night. Frequently, however, he had to sleep somewhere on an abandoned field, on the bare ground, between corn-trees or on hay, when he found no protective roof. When he had gone on travelling, the spring had just begun. Meanwhile weeks, months have passed. The farmers had tilled their fields and by far the wheat had been mowed and brought into the big barns. Everywhere there was all kind of work, and he assisted here and there, where he only could, in order to survive.

Therefore, the small Fritz reaches the Theiß. One day, he rubs his eyes and imagined to see a miracle. The river shines in dazzling white. They are millions of small, white moths, which cover the quietly flowing tide. It is that wonderful nature-event, which describes by the Hungarian as the "blooming Theiß". On this evening Bieber putting up for the night at the shores of the river. However, the night after this wonderful day has a bad surprise ready for him.

In the mountains, a cloudburst has gone down, and now the water ascended quickly, scary and suddenly. Before the young Fritz prepared himself, the suddenly falling water has surprised him. The flood washed him away. Since he had desperately fought for his life, Fritz, as a matured person, has told this story repeatedly about this horrible moment. A big tree at the shore becomes his rescue. His hands reach desperately for the branch. The branch holds, Fritz is rescued.

Soon, the evil experience was forgotten and was replaced with the changes of everyday life.

The people, to whom he came, liked to ask him and inquired about his goal-goal. In addition, he had mentioned it them once. At that, all had sneered him. So in the future, he has avoided the answer and always concentrated on the work he was assigned. After the work was done and was provided with food again, he left again further.

Finally, he had reached the Lower-Danube. The coincidence wanted it that sailor asked him about his final destination. And there his destination was similar to the destination of the shipman, Rustschuck, and the ship-man was looking for an assistant in the kitchen, so he was lucky that he could now travel the last part of his arduous trip to the sea with the ship.

This first travel by ship might mean the young Bieber an immense experience! What he has repeatedly read in books is now became a reality. Moreover, his childlike imagination was ahead of the trip and the bumping, pounding of the old machine in the ship-body, was like a wonderful melody to him. Now, it went with "giant-steps" eastward. It could be to Africa, his destination, no longer all too far...

After several days trip, he entered the entered the shore in Rustschuk again.

Fritz Bieber, still during the night, made his way to Verna, the city at the black sea. Few days later, also this goal was reached. In a mild autumn-morning, he saw the beach from a small raise to his feet and behind it the wide, infinite sea. The sea that he dreamed of in his mind so frequently, in this splendid autumn-morning, here at the shore of Verna became a reality to him. He was supposed to dream. Now, the rays of the rising sun dipped the infinite waters of the Black Sea into a glowing red. So far he also looked, he saw the shore no more; a weak breeze blew from the east over the waters up to him. In addition, with deep moves, he breathed the splendid spicy sea breeze. Now, he saw everything rosy-red. Again, near the target! How far may Africa be?

Again, days and weeks passed. Fritz did not count; he did not know how many they had been. Long ago indeed, he had been in Turkey. Moreover, steadily his march continued towards east. He had lost the sense for the time almost completely. He wanted only to go further. The strains of the march through the Turkish mountains did not remain for him without heavy health damage. Nevertheless, he carried himself further until he was forced one day through the wintry period to become settled in a small Turkish village. In a hostelry, a "Caffena", the coffeehouse of the village, he became subservient spirit for everything.

Like this, the time passed. October, November was over. Already he had adjusted himself with the local people, and had started to master their language, to understand their conventions and customs. The Turks again had grown fond of the Viennese boy and really treated him like their own child, provided him with clothing, food and anything necessary.

Suddenly, one day came a moment where he had to decide. He received one affectionate letter from his mother. Even though he had settled in Turkey over the winter, he had also looked for connection through letter writing. Therefore, the answer came: the mother, his siblings begged him to come back home.

It now comes, as it had to come: Bieber is hardly sixteen years old, and now the longing to go back home has grabbed him powerfully. Sleeplessly, the boy spends the nights.

A heavy, inner struggle erupts in his heart. Mostly, he had already come! Only the winter had forced him rest too long. In the coming spring, he has decided to proceed further! Further eastward-until to Ethiopia...

He fought against the thought to quit everything! However, he cannot be otherwise. He has to go back to the mother, to his siblings, back into his homeland.

Hence he packed his belongings and said good-bye to all those friends he was shortly acquainted. Despite the cold, despite the winter, the way goes now towards homeward, means westward. Again, he is daily from the early morning up to late into the night on the March.

There is also a dangerous intermezzo somewhere in Turkey. Charitable people have given him shelter once again and he was lodged for a night. Gratefully, he moves in the morning further. Suddenly ferocious shouting, people chase after the puzzled boy, yells at him. One grabbed him and throws him without any explanation, without any further word into the local prison. Yet, he does not suspect under which shocking suspicion he is involved. During the night, a local inhabitant was murdered. They fell on the young stranger as if he was the offender. Now begins an endless interrogation, which has led to nothing. The boy fights for his freedom. One does not want to believe his assertions. Then the murderer reveals his crime and he is detained. Fritz gets his freedom again. They

have done him injustice and they have tried to over compensate him. Richly entertained, the contented young man started his walking towards his home again.

Sometimes it seems the hardships of his wintry walk were beyond his strengths. However, his is a helpless child, who is proceeding his lonely way homeward through all danger and inconveniences.

However, after long, burdensome foot-trip, Bosporus was finally and happily reached. Now, it goes toward the Danube. To cover the distance from Bosporus to Danube would have been better by train than walking. Nevertheless, the boy lacks the money for a trip with the much more comfortable train.

He says good-bye to the thousand beauties of the sacred Byzantine, the narrow alleys of the ancient city, that Hagia Sofia and the golden horn. It is a sad parting from Turkey.

So he crosses the Balkans in the late winter again and finally, after months he reaches his home city Vienna. He saw Vienna from the height of the Cross-of the Spinner stretched in front of him. Now, he is at home again. What does it mean to hold his entry in rags, emaciated tear off clothes? What does it makes that his fatigued feet, that it is frostbitten on his march in Bulgaria, that it was wrapped in old rags instead of having a proper shoes? His shoes now are old rags. His frostbite and all pains, his external condition, everything is forgotten. Should this half matured child not be proud seeing part of the world? What will he, Fritz Bieber, be able to narrate about all his experiences! Now, he is with his mother, with his siblings, at home! A rejoicing happy-feeling rises in him. Are the nostalgias of this boy for the distant world now stopped, relinquished? Not in the least! Africa remains his dream. However, it is far, further than ever...

THE GOAL BECOMES CLEAR

The fate meant it well with the young Fritz.

Fritz Bieber has since found a modest employment with a bookseller. Now, he is in his element. Hardly the store is closed; he rummages about in the books. Here he finds his happiness after work done. Books, nothing but books! He looks incessantly amongst them for writings about Africa, above all about Ethiopia. More than ever he has put in his mind, that one day to travel to Abyssinia, to Ethiopia and to become an Africa-researchers. One day, something particular falls into his hand. It is an aged book and tells about a voyage across Ethiopian border. Yet, he does not know that this book will also form his fate. First, he learns many interesting facts from it:

This fabulous empire-its name is Kaffa in the book- should be big and greatly wealthy and possesses an interesting ancient culture. Until now, as mentioned in the book, no white man, but also no Abyssinian succeeded to force an entry into this country. Since time in memory this people of Kaffa-Empire- the natives call them Fafficho- have hermetically closed themselves against all invaders. It is a mysterious, mystical, the Empire exist since several centuries – this Kaffa in the deepest Africa. One knows about this country, reports further the book, that it is a highland up to 3000 meters of height,

with impenetrable jungle grows-over and through an embankment, an indefinitely long, about the whole big Kaffa-Empire leading fortification-line which close the outside world completely. Systematically, Friedrich Bieber now begins to look for books, which report on Africa, information or gives hints about the country Kaffa.

What kind of people possibly lives there above, at the source-area of the Nile, in Kaffa? Which culture, which manners, customs and cults are maintained there? In addition, why these people of the Kafficho simply close themselves so hermetically from the outside world? That must have a special cause – he becomes conscious that he is increasingly driven from an uncontrollable urge to be inquisitive. Here and there, upon a passionate quest, he finds a scanty accounts and news over the empire of Kaffa. Everything is compiled carefully. The young Fritz is a person who is possessed of his idea. He begins secretly, after his daily work, in long nights, to learn Amharic language, the national language of the Abyssinian. Simultaneously, he analysed the experiences of his walking-tour from Vienna through Hungary, Bulgaria, and Romania into Turkey. He has found employment after employment and finally his solid objective. In lecture, he tells about his adventures, the different people that he has observed as a child. He deepens his language-knowledge that he has acquired himself in the countries he has gone through.

1892 – in the meantime Fritz Bieber has become nineteen years old- looks forward for his life-goal, to go to Africa, to Ethiopia and from there, to venture to Kaffa, quite close. In one of his lectures, he meets a young officer, that –through the portrayal of Bieber about Kaffa considerably stimulated – he himself decides to choose Abyssinia as his goal of his Africa – trip and to take along Fritz as his companion. Immediately thereafter Fritz quit his employment. Still it seems incomprehensible to him that his burning wish went finally into fulfilment. With quite limited means equipped, the two-left Vienna shortly. In Trieste, Bieber begins his first big see-voyage. It went to Alexandria, Suez, through the famous canal to the red sea! A dream goes in fulfilment. Already he imagines himself quite close to his big goal, he sees himself already moving into Kaffa as first explorers of this puzzling empire. There, the fate throws him back once again, deprives him his confidence and hope again. The money already goes in Aden, at the South-top Arabia, to the tilts. The trip-companion leaves him secretly and faithless. After few weeks of useless waiting, Bieber must come to terms with the bitter realization that he must walk homeward again. Like a mockery the Ethiopian mountains greets over from the African coast. His goal is almost close to grasp. Therefore, the fate deals with him relentless.

The vanished friend has taken the last funds with himself. Again, Fritz Bieber remains only the long. Arduous march. Moreover, it is many hundred kilometres away from his native country. Again, it now goes under the most terrible strains – this time in dreadful heat – on foot homeward. Certainly, all imaginable, sometimes very adventurous trip-possibilities exploited. He crosses Arabia, and during the long weeks of the march, Fritz now learns the Arabic language. Then, he walks through the so familiar Balkans a new. He is after many months of the march at last at home. Still poorer than before, however essentially more richer in knowledge. However Africa – Ethiopia – Kaffa is further because ever. Necessity and worry about the daily bread force him into the sedentary life again. Soon, he finds an employment – he becomes Civil Servant. The working area is

small and the salary modest. However, this desk-occupation does not certainly fill out a human being like Bieber, who knows the wide world, loves and long for distant countries. Despite to all adverseness of the situation, he holds on to his plans. Conscientiously, from his home city Bieber observes all events in the distant Ethiopia. He compiles all reports about Abyssinia. It is the period, in which Menelik II Negus Negest-King of the Kings – the emperor of the Amharas, fights and subjugates all regions and tribes living around his Abyssinian empire, to establish the ancient big Ethiopian-Empire again, which is called Abyssinia. The newspapers bring comprehensive accounts about this distant emperor-empire and the great conqueror, the Abyssinian Napoleon, Menelik II day by day. The newspapers bring daily comprehensive accounts about this distant Empire and the great conqueror, the Abyssinian Napoleon, Menelik II. 1896! – Through the media of the world goes the significant news that Menelik II defeated Italy, a European big power, in the battle of Adua.

THE BATTLE FOR KAFFA

ADDIS ABABA 1896

On the seventh day after the return of his army commanders and warriors from the big battle of Adua against the Italians, emperor Menelik II celebrated the significant victory in Addis Ababa, the capital of his empire. Innumerable runners have spread the message in the whole country for days that emperor Menelik II expects his people to the great victory celebration. Today, he wants to appear in front of his people, and honour his army commanders and warriors in the presence of his subjects. From near and far are young and old, the warriors with their wives and children got together for days to the big celebration in Addis Ababa. They all want to see not only the victorious generals but also above all their big, illustrious Emperor Menelik; they pay him homage and praise him. Hours have passed, since the first group arrived, and still new guests were coming. The sun is coming closer to the Zenith.

It goes towards noon. Outside before entering the city, on a wide square of a natural stadium, the people are gathered. It is a colourful mixture of individuals, races, people and tribes. In addition, one loud tumult shouts and screams goes through the big mass. Like the colourful game of sea waves, plays the active chaos flood with the spending variety of the most different traditional costumes back and forth. A fascinating sight similar to thousand and one night.

Suddenly, the thunders of cannons vibrate with deep sounds from the many mountain peaks, which evade the city in the wide circle. A deep scaring goes through the people; a deep scaring goes through the people; most had not yet heard such a sound in their life. The brave, victorious warriors certainly had shown off with the cannons, against which they had to run in the battle at Adua and which they have captured from the defeated Italians. To the celebration of the day, Menelik had ordered today the shooting of cannons, which give the sign of salute and the beginning of the big state occasion. The thundering and rumble of the cannons, the echo of the walls of the mountains falls silent

and only after echo reverberates still from the distant. The murmur of the people is lost into a deep, solemn silence. From Gibi, the imperial Palatinate Menelik's, a fanfare sound to the sign that Negus has just left the palace and is now on the way to the big victory celebration.

Moreover, already appear the countless warriors, marching in well-arranged formation, at their top many drummers. Then in colourful, crimson and emerald, gilded uniforms, with the lion-manes on the head and the gold-plated swords and shield at the side of the victorious army commanders of the emperor. All on splendid, lavishly amassed horses. The ministers – after the strict rules of the Abyssinian etiquette - follows in the prescribed distance. They were elegant in manner, and noble in their clothing. Once again a big number of drumbeaters and fanfare-blowers! Drum-whirls and fanfare-blows announce the people arriving of the emperor. And now a confusion of innumerable pages and courtiers, then the officials and priests, all on foot, but everyone a big gentleman with a big suite. Finally the many princes of the wide Ethiopian empire, in their middle, high-raised head, on a magnificently decorated white horse the king of kings, Negus Negesti, emperor Menelik II. The procession forms around the width of the site, everybody descends from the horses. Only the emperor remains sitting on his horse. Drums and fanfares fall silent, and the large crowd awaits the weighty words from his lips expectantly. Drums and fanfares fall silent and the large crowd awaits the weighty words of their master and ruler expectantly.

Then, the Emperor speaks into the breathless silence. The words his lips fall like a sounding brass.

He celebrates his generals and his brave, above all superior soldier, in loud, pithy words. Menelik portrays the gathered people the big, unparalleled victory. The victorious African people can defeat a European power. The victorious battle at Adua. Never, so Menelik speaks, an African people had been able to defeat an European power until now." My army commanders, my soldiers have accomplished the great victory. The fight was unequal – therefore the victory is worth immensely high to be evaluated. Our warriors were since ages, for the most part, armed only with lances, daggers, arrows and bows. The single protection existing seems to be the shield. However, the enemy fought with its strong European arms. With the guns, that made our warriors from a big distance powerless, with the cannons whose projectile effects damage into our ranks. Nevertheless, no arms, against which there was no protection, could force our brave solders to surrender. The heroism of our warriors has proven itself, and the well-deserved singular victory was at the end, ours." Now Menelik thanks his army commanders, his warriors in the name of his people, in the name of the Abyssinian empire for this unparalleled achievement. Hardly Menelik has finished, the big crowd begins already to applaud in wild joy and also to dance and in praise the big emperor in spontaneous chants.

And again the cannons crackle from all mountain peaks, roar and rumble, and again the various echo response from the mountains.

New drum-whirl! The indication that the emperor wishes to speak again. The large crowd falls silent immediately. Again the emperor speaks. With highly raised voice, he

announces his people an important message. He commands his warriors a new campaign. The Empire of Kaffa, this country, until now invincible and not surrendered, his victorious army commanders and soldiers should now wage war on them and should subjugate them. Because this last independent power in the highland is a continuous threat to the new Ethiopia. However, until now you were not successful in achieving victory. Even our ancestors have already attempted to subjugate the Kaffa Empire in innumerable wars. I order you today, in the name of our big empire, in the name of my people: move against Kaffa and conquers this empire"! A breathless silence lies over the place. Only the wind strokes over the mass quietly and gets caught itself in the puffing of the garbs. Devoutly and faithful have the people heard the words of their sovereign. Once again begins Menelik to speak. "Ras Wolde Giorgis" – the emperor called him with a loud voice- "you the most faithful, you the most proficient among my tested soldiers, I have chosen you to the first warrior for the coming battle against the big Kaffa Empire. Take your brave soldiers and bring me the victory over this country"!

Ras Wolde Giorgis has stepped with few steps before his emperor. With short, loyally devoted words, the celebrated army commander promises the coming victory. Graciously replies Menelik. He hands over Ras Wolde Giorgis for the forthcoming battle the arms captured from Italians in the battle of Adua.

Again, the gunshots roar approximately around the mountain peaks. A salute to Menelik, to the great emperor, to his army commanders and warriors. It is an elated moment... they all feel that... Now a solemn crowd forms alike as at the beginning of the state occasion again. The festivity of the victory over Italy, the declaration of the coming battle against Kaffa is over. Months later, Ras Wolde Girogis has finished all preparations for the coming campaign.

Then – shortly after the Easter 1897 – the day, at which Ras Wolde Giorgis moves, started at the top of his great army, towards south after which until now unconquered Kaffa Empire.

WAR DRUMS IN THE JUNGLE NIGHT

At the border of Kaffa. Marvellously beautiful sunny-day ends. The glowing sun sunk itself behind the dark mountains. Here in the highland, the night closes quite suddenly over the jungle-landscape.

At the borders of Kaffa, the border protection is very well fortified and examined. Selected warriors guard border-gates and ditches. Since Minjo, that first sovereign of Kaffa, before hundreds of years enacted ordinance is also valid still today. No stranger can come closer to the borders of the country; if this rule infringed, the stranger shall be mercilessly, and without leniency killed.

In the light of the campfire, the contours of one of many high – and border – towers are visible, on which at any given time tow warriors day out day in – with their face towards

the hostile country – holds guard. They have to report everything immediately as soon as the empire is in danger.

Their arms, lances, arrows, bows, clubs and protective shield, which is out of hippopotamus-skin lie anytime available beside them. Therefore, it is the strict instruction, that innumerable warriors at the long border of the country protect the great, divine empire of the Emperor – God.

Mystical secrecy lies over the country. Into the demonic darkness of the jungle penetrates the wild brouse and rustle of the waters of the border-river. Unapproachably the high mountain tower towards the sky, steeply the abysses and canyons fall down toward the valley-base and riverbed. From the jungle come a scout running his face covered with sweat.

In a fragmented, excited words, the outpost reports the oldest person of the guard an important, disastrous message from the enemy-camp: In big swarms, innumerable soldiers with wild war-crying come closer from the wide Ethiopian empire to the border of Kaffa!

It will be a horrible-night. Messenger after messenger arrives with the same bad news at the borders of the Kaffa-empire. Like a wildfire, the news from the hostile war-camp goes from one sentry to the other. In a noisy discussion and under wild gestures a crucial decision is set: And indeed the eldest person hurries into the darkness of the jungle to the nearer border-drum. Now his strong and bulky hands grab the heavy wood-club, and he beats the drum in practiced and long intervals.

The hollow sound booms into the jungle-night. Moreover, hollowly the various echoes resounds from mountain and valley. Hardly the sound of drum and echo have died away, the many war-drums relay the message deeply within the country through the canyons and mountains from place to place. Within the shortest possible time, the information of the big danger arrives in the capital of the Empire of Kaffa, so immediately begins an unusual and busy activity despite the late night-hour in the ancient, sacred city Anderatschcha.

The emperor, that embodies the highest power in Kaffa and admired as God, leaves his palace by night only in quite exceptional cases. Now, however, he hurries with his priests into the sacred temple of the sun god Ekko in order to question Ekko through prayer, and then to give special instructions to his people. Ghastly he hurries almost, covered as always with swirling white cloths, invisibly for his subjects, passed the excited gathered mass. Short time later the Emperor-God of Kaffa, Gaki Scherotscho, after his big prayer and after the consultation with the first-god Ekko has met his decision: The Abyssinian shall find the country of Kaffa armed and mostly ready for any defence. Now, he is in his swirling covers again and surrounded by his priests, returned back to his palace. The people wait before the gates of the palace patiently.

There, the big-priest appears in the company of the head-and sub-priests. With quick moves, he steps towards the old, powerful drum, that was already beaten during the rein of the first sovereign of Kaffa, the fabulous Minjo, who has lived before primeval times, and calls the gathered people and all subjects in the wide country Kaffa through certain, measured drum-beats calling to the sacred war. Thus, the big-priest declares the big war at the instruction of the emperor-God Gaki Scherotscho. It is the old, divine formula of the public call to the arms:

"Woyebote! Listen! All males, irrespective of their age, are called to the arms. Everyone, that has reached the eightieth year, also the boys up to the eighth year, shall and can remain at home. You all others however shall come. Listen! We move into the fight, into the sacred war against the Ethiopians, who comes again to defeat, submit, destroy and subjugate us. Listen! We move into the fight, into the sacred war against the Ethiopians, who comes again to defeat, submit, destroy and subjugate us. Listen! We move into the fight, into the sacred war against the Ethiopians, who comes again to defeat, submit, destroy and subjugate us. We will however fight in the spirit of our forefather, Minjos, in his honour, and to the salvation of our empire. We will fight until the holy war is completed with our glorious victory"!

In addition, everything further happens according to ancient, divine ordinance: The burning torch, that has been ignited at the divine fire of the Emperor-God in the basin of the Emperor-Palace, is delivered from the High Priest to his Superior Priest. He swings the burning torch in his rights hand, now strides from the gate of the emperor-palace into the centre of the place, and ignites the tall piled wood in front of the silent mass. Brightly blaze the flames. And already the runners kindle the torches dipped in oil on the high-priest and went out into all directions towards the next jungle, carries the big public notice of the emperor-God into the whole country and to the summits of the next mountains. Therefore, immediately the woodpiles prepared for emergency time flare up in the country everywhere. Few hours later, the blaze of the holy war fires was on all mountain-heights of Kaffa, around the whole empire. Therefore, the emperor-God calls his people to take up the arms in order to protect the country from the warlike Amhara tribes. Still in the same night, the fires put out again slowly. It is most sacred law since Minjos time that the victory-drum vibrates with deep sounds and the fire on the summits of the mountains are lighted. After the Kaffa army is victorious. The new day starts and the entire Empire of Kaffa finds itself in the middle of the preparations to the holy war against the Ethiopians. Throughout the cities and villages, the small and big communities, in each farmstead, in the smallest cottage, the Kaffechos are busily occupied. Throughout the cities and villages, the small and big communities, in each farmstead, in the smallest cottage, the Kaffechos are busily testing and repair their arms, and the elderly brew the poisons to smear the top of the arrows and lances with it.

The bravest of the Kaffecho-Warriors display their previous heroic deeds in the repeatedly flaring up battles, above all against always pressing Abyssinian at the borders of the country. Golden phalluses are it signs of the manhood, awarded for exemplary courage – which they together with the white, vibrating feather-buses bound around their foreheads. The golden decoration, since early days of the olden times, symbol of the

bravery and the invulnerability of its bearers. In early morning-dawn, the warriors gathered themselves together from the cities and villages, the farmsteads and the huts, from fields and jungles, from the mountains and valleys. They are in thousands, they look furious, with lances, arrows and wedges, very well armed, with protective shields, accompanied from their young sons, who carried their arms towards the war area, around the bravest, the bearers of the golden phallus-signs, they moved against the long-stretched borders of their sanctified empire...

UNHOLY WAR

Thus, the war begins against Kaffa: four big armies of the Abyssinian move forward at the borders of the Kaffa land. It is an almost inestimable mass, which comes closer and closer over the mountains, valleys and canyons. This war against Kaffa, that begins after the Easter in March 1897 and in which the Abyssinian for the first time in their history uses captured European firearms, turns into one of the most shocking tragedies of a people. This unequal fight seems to be similar to the incident that has happened to Montezuma. On the first day of the horrible fight, that should have now commence, it rained and heavy fog-vapors pulled from the height of the mountains until deeply down into the steep valley-gorges. But already in the previous night, the Kaffecho, that have gathered themselves everywhere in the dense jungle, close to the border, sees the appearance of the countless camp fires from the distance and can hear the noise of the approaching adversary.

The enemy held a short and strengthening rest after the hard marching-days. Everywhere in the Abyssinian camp, everybody is preparing himself for the coming fight. Rage Wolde Georgis gave the last commands. The Kaffischos were ready for the reception of their enemy-they wanted to fight as they always did, with lances, clubs, dagger-knives, swords, bow and arrows, protected through their defending shield. The front stood like a brazen Phalanx. They heard the archenemy already advancing closer and closer. Shouts and commands were to be heard. It was a picture like in the old days, the days of the ruler Minjo. Expectantly, the bravest of the warriors, the examples of the strength and heroism, were decorated with the golden sign of invulnerability, embellished with the shining feather-bushes and surrounded by the flock of loyal followers. They are guarantors of strength, courage and confidence to the coming fight. Suddenly there was a scream, which was brief and dreadful, like the sound of a beast wounded to death. Immediately thereafter, the group of heroes assigned to this fight has collapsed. Murdered from an invisible and demonic power to his forehead. The chosen fighter, the model of bravery is dead. – Immediately thereafter, the same short sound again. Another falls and then again, the tone, the deafening sound and one of the fighters falls down. Short time later laid numerous Kaffechos dead on the ground. Moreover, they all are dead... Other warriors jump in their place to fight. After all, no one comes to it. Other warriors jump into their place to fight. After all, no one comes to it. One fighter falls after the other. Over there, beyond the border-river, the Abyssinian lie in the jungle, protected behind the trees. Invisibly for the Kaffechos, which are placed to the fight. Only the piercing, whipping shot flashes in the firing, and then the whistle of the balls is to be heard. Therefore, the

Abyssinian shoots from the ambush into the open big masses of Kaffechos that have paraded from the state border to the fighting place.

Like paralysed from horror the Kaffechos stood in front of their dead.

As this first day of the unholy war had finished, the Kaffechos had still held the border of their country and had not retreated an inch from the enemy. A panic-stricken scare had seized all the tried combatants of the Kaffecho. It didn't recognize the arms of the opponent too little or not at all, was completely helpless from horror paralysed, and even some believed in magic. During the night when the fight has subsidized, the awful situation in the camp of the Kaffecho was discussed in an agitated manner. Forthwith the last dispatch-runners were with the sad report over the first day war to the capital, where the emperor-God awaited for them.

After arriving of the awful news, the emperor-God immediately ordered all dignitaries into the holy temple in order to obtain advice and consultation from the great ancient god Ekko. Moreover, after an fervent prayer, he gave through the big-priest the awaiting runners his salvation and promising command.

First, ordered the Emperor-God, the bravest warriors, those bearers of the sacred, golden signs, to remove these signs from themselves immediately, and until the war ends, hide them in proper places. All warriors at the borders of the country should move to the interior of the country. Not all at once, but slow, without the guards of the enemy could notice it.

Even though this time it will be much more heavy and under bigger sacrifices than otherwise, only tricks could bring the coming victory over the Abyssinian forces. These, according to the prophecy of the emperor-God, would force the enemy into retreat, and they will be attacked from all sides. His trusted fighters behind protective trees, in pits and troughs, also high on top of trees, protected well, awaits the approaching enemy. When the enemy comes nearer, they will be surprised with well-aimed poisoned arrows, lances from all sides, valleys, pits and from the high protective treetops downward. The runners had to relay this message.

Still the Emperor-God gave another especially meaningful command through his big-priest. He appointed Gabado Rascho, one of his trusted priests, for the duration of the war to be responsible to be the protector of the ancient golden crown of the country: He immediately has the sacred emperor crown, that insignia of the empire, green, the heavy gold embroidered coat of the Emperor-God and the golden sacred sword now at secured place, in the deep jungle, possibly near the sacred mountain, where the emperor-God since the time in memory were buried.

Therefore, they believed to protect the crown, from which the prophecy of the first sovereign of Kaffa, Minjo, announced: That the Kaffa-Empire will remain free and strong, as long as the sacred Imperial-Crown with the golden triple phallus, the sign of the courage, power and invulnerability, that remains in the country. That, as long as the remained precious jewel of the empire is in the possession of the Kaffecho, no stranger

will control the country, and nobody will be subjugated by them. For that reason, since Minjos time the Imperial-Crown was considered sacred. Only who possesses it is Emperor and God of the big, fertile Kaffa-Empire. Still before beginning of the new day, the runners had delivered the strict command of this new stratagem of the Emperor-God Gaki Scherotscho to the fighters. As ordered, they hid their sacred signs. They buried it under the earth of the jungle. Slowly, they retreated into the interior of the country. Therefore, the Abyssinian moved then everywhere, first very carefully, over the border. However, as they have come the Kaffechos closer, they began to shoot down their poisoned lances and arrows, on a secret sign from their secured hiding places, against the unprotected Abyssinian. Now, a terrible turmoil emerged amongst the adverse crowds. The victims were numerous, their closed array strongly thinned. However, after the first shock was over, the Kaffechos had not calculated with the vast mass of the enemy, that now advanced along. Repeatedly the enemy renewed its rows, soon the arrows and lances of the Kaffecho were exhausted, and it remained no time to collect the used arrows and lances, because the enemy was too fast to pour forth the mass of its army, over the border, into the interior of the country. Again began the buns of the Abyssinian to crack from all sides, the shots shrilled, the fighters screamed and the jungle reverberated from the wild noise of war. Again, the situation of the fight for the Kaffechos, against the end of this war-day, had deteriorated itself. They had lost also the second day of fighting. They had lost also the second day of fighting. Thousands of them covered the Walstatt.

Only the good, exact knowledge of their own country, the knowledge of all hiding places and only the cunning tricks could help against the foreign invaders. Instead of taking rest for the next day fight, the Kaffechos still retreated, again more deeply, towards the interior of their country, during the night. From the third day of the war on, the warriors of the Emperor Menelik had to realize now, that no Kaffecho expected them to the fight any more. So, they moved more deeply after the tracks of the withdrawing Kaffecho into the big, open country Kaffa, and everywhere where they came, the locations, the villagers and farmsteads burned, cities went up in flames. The fertile fields, over which the war went, turned into desert. However, on the mountains, valleys and in canyons, there was certainly still some bloody bouquet for the Abyssinian. Nevertheless, Meneliks warriors advanced into the interior increasingly deeper, in pursuit of the adversary. Daily, the Emperor-God had been informed himself through the runners, over the horrible events, on the escape of his warriors. The wise Gaki Scherotscho realized soon, the desperate situation of his country. So, he gave the strict command, that immediately all women with the children, all men over eighty and all boys up to the eighth year, that had stayed at home, with the livestock and all, which they still consider important to have them with themselves, to withdraw to the jungle, before, the Abyssinian arrive.

Along the lonesome paths, a big mass of people moved toward the interior, into the wide protective bamboo-jungle. That was the forest of the Emperor-God. There, one was protected. Even Gaki Scherotscho, the Emperor-God himself, together with his priests and hundreds of his best fighters, had hidden deeply in the jungle. All, that had not escaped and had been surprised by the penetrating and unstoppable Abyssinian victorious-force, however, have given up themselves to the enemy, that has flooded further and further into the big sacred empire of the Kaffecho. The unholy war had

already lasted five months. The Abyssinian had lost all mules through diseases. Therefore, they remained in the city Anderatscha, until reinforcements, new provision and means of transport came. The imperial palatinate went up in flames. After organizing his army into fourteen units, Ras Wolde Giorgis started to attack. District after district got lost. The cities Dulla, Golla, Addo, Tatmaras fell, Boschos, Boreto and Detscha were occupied. Then the big misfortune happened in Schubbo; it was 11 September. The enemy had discovered the well-protected hiding place Gaki Scherotschos in the forest, at the Woscho River. With hundred selected warriors, the Emperor-God wanted to change his hiding place. As he approached the bridge over the Woscho-River, the Abyssinian under the Fitaurari, the vanguard-colonel Adessyeh penetrated the small group together with the Emperor on all sides. They captured Gaki Scherotscho on the bridge.

Sie nahmen Gaki Scherotscho auf der Brücke gefangen. Moreover, while they take hold under wild joy-reputations of their precious spoils, human-hands of the enemy tore the mantles of the superior emperor-God from his body. The Emperor God, that had always been invisible to his people, the Kaffechos, that now surrounded him, threw down themselves to the earth. They hid their face, because their Emperor, their God stood there undisguised. In addition, in this position, their face quite close to the ground, they remained for a very long time, until the Abyssinian had withdrawn with the imprisoned Emperor-God and his priests. Nevertheless, the war had not yet finished with the capture of Gaki Scherotschos. Now, the whole people began to fight. Even the women, the children and even the quite elderly fought against the advancing enemy, and died for their homeland. Meanwhile, the Abyssinian had advanced towards the ancient, sacred city Schadda. The warriors of Menelik's burned the old venerable palace of the emperor-God, damaged the temple that had been dedicated by Minjo and his priests before the ancient time of Ekko. In addition, during guns and cannons of the Abyssinian truly decimated the Kaffechos, who were fighting with lances, daggers and swords, these remained full with confidence. Still they had their sacred Imperial Crown; still they possessed the other jewels of the empire... Only whoever possessed the crown, was the master of that country. Therefore, the people of Kaffa were certain, that it was still free. From the sacred city, the Abyssinian, which their marching has stirred a smoke of dust that rose to heaven, moved towards the sacred mountain, the mountain of the Emperor-God of Kaffa. They stormed the mountain, that – except for a chosen few – no Kaffecho had set foot on in the time of his life and ever had been allowed to enter, without fear and reverence. They opened the tombs of the dead Emperor-Gods. Possibly, the Abyssinian found some treasures. But what they were looking for, the holy crone, they could not find. Anyway, how could that have been, the guardian of the jewel of the empire, Gabado Rascho, who was appointed by Gaki Scherotscho with his precious treasure, had eluded the enemy through his escape; without rest, only accompanied to his protection with few warriors, he was day and night on his way. Through weeks and months, he wandered with the sacred crown, chased from the Abyssinian. From time to time, and every time he is near the Abyssinian, he buried, as ordered by the Emperor-God, the crown and the other jewels into the ground of the jungle. Soon however, the tragedy of the people should end itself. Some warriors of Menelik's had observed Gabado Rascho during his work out of a secure hiding place. Scarcely he had hidden his treasure; the Abyssinian shot him and his

few escorts down. Therefore, the Amhara captured the sacred crown of Kaffa with the other jewels of the empire...

Ras Wolde Georgis, in the name of emperor Menelik II, took the Emperor of Kaffa's Crown, deeply in the jungle of Kaffa into his possession. Only now, his victory was complete. Now, the old prediction had confirmed itself. Only now, also the end of the empire was sealed with the loss of the crown. Only now, after all hope was gone and more than half of their warriors were fallen, the Kaffechos submitted the superior power of the Abyssinian. The war had raged, eight long and dreadful months, mercilessly in Kaffa. The once unspoiled landmass lay there burned-out and devastated. The winner, Ras Wolde Girogis however put on his nine victorious laurels and returned home with his victorious warriors, the captured crown and the Empire Jewels of Kaffa to Addis Ababa. The imprisoned Emperor-God took his priests with himself...

STONE ON THE NECK

The year 1897 goes toward its end: November! From the stone-stairways of the Gibi, the emperor-palace in Addis Ababa, the view is beyond the green crowns of the long eucalyptus-trees, over the countless roofs of the round-huts far out on the steep dark mountains, that mighty arc limits the wide horizon, and protect the capital of the country like loyal guards.

Here happens today, on the day of the victory celebration over the Empire of Kaffa, the Emperor of Ethiopia, surrounded by his princes and dignitaries, receives, sitting on his throne, the subjugated Gaki Scherotschos, the last emperor-God of Kaffa. Outside, in front of the emperor-palace on the big field, the people waits closely packed. Moreover, in long rows, the troops of Menelik's stood in form of espalier and on guard. In the emperor-palace, in the stretched throne-hall, the selected ones, who got Menelik's high-level permission, wait to be witness to the unique sovereign act of subjugation. The big, richly ornamented king-Kettledrum stands in front of the throne-hall. In addition, the first and second outer court of the emperor-palace is fully closely packed with people; mainly they are soldiers, who have proven themselves in particular, in the campaign against Kaffa. A broad alley is freed and leads through the gathered mass that crowded the yards, up to the higher steps into the throne-hall. The princes, the generals and dignitaries clothed in their colourful, rich-embroidered garments, with their golden shields and the lion-manes around their heads, and the people, usually wearing white shamas with glaring, red strips, that are held together with precious pearls or silken-lacing, offers an even colourful picture. It is a wonderful, multi-coloured mosaic of biggest Oriental splendour. On this festive ostentation, the hot sun of Africa shines down from the blue tropical-sky. As if prearranged, the rain has stopped to rain starting from the preceding day of celebration.

The big throne-hall is today especially decorated festively. Around the high, extremely richly carved throne-hall embellishes with gold and becomes green and red velvet, hangs heavy, gold-sewed velvet curtains. At the end of the high armchair of the throne was the crown of Ethiopia placed. Right and left behind the throne-chair and near the wall,

especially selected boys from the most noble families of the country, the pages hold guards. Now, motion comes into the awaiting crowd. The beats of the emperor-kettledrum booms hollowly. They announce the coming closer of the emperor. They announce the coming closer of the emperor. They announce the coming closer of the emperor. In addition, few moments later appear, surrounded by his closest followers, his majesty. Immediately, big, white curtains, that hide the throne from any transparency, are stretched over the golden throne by the palace-servants. It indicates that Emperor Menelik occupies his seat. The strict etiquette requires that the public never gets to see its sovereign when he sits down or when ascending or descending from the horse. The emperor always ought to be in exactly calculated, more picturesque only, indeed visible to his subjects, in a majestic position.

Already the servants remove the white sheets again. The imperial-crown on his head, the emperor sits motionlessly and gracefully on his golden throne. Moreover, to the sign of his high imperial dignity, four pages held ornamented red baldachin with gold above him. On the right side of the emperor, his victorious general Ras Wolde Giorgis sits in full war-decoration. In addition, all other princes, generals and dignitaries, the officials and courtiers of the country gather around the two.

There, the emperor-kettledrum vibrates with deep sounds. In powerful, long beats, it announces the beginning of the big event. Moreover, a strange procession appears before the first gate of the emperor-palace, which is now closed. Dressed with a green, heavily with gold embellished robe and the golden sword for the last time with the jewel of his demystified crown, the last emperor-God of Kaffa, Gaki Scherotscho steps, wrapped with a dazzling white shama, surrounded by his priests, to the abdication, to his subjugation. In slow steps, the procession has reached the first gate of the emperor's palace. The big-priest of the Emperor-God, at the top of the small procession, now calls three times audibly loud and far over the place for admittance. He knocks with his fist in long intervals three times at the big powerful gate. Short time later this opens slowly. The chamberlain of the Emperor Menelik appears and now learns out of the mouth of the big-priest that the emperor-God of Kaffa, Gaki Scherotscho, craves admittance in order to offer Emperor Menelik his abdication, to carry out the subjugation of his country and to beg for the emperor's kindness...

The chamberlain, escorted with some palace-servants, hurries to report the arrival of the emperor-God of Kaffa to Emperor Menelik.

In gracefully weighed steps, the group of the priests together with Gaki Scherotscho in the middle traverses the first courtyard and reaches the heavy gate, that gives admittance into the second atrium of the palace. Then the same ceremony repeated again. Again admittance is granted to the priests and the Emperor-God. Again, at the entrance of the third gate, the grand-priest calls the chamberlain of the emperor and begs him the third-time, to open the gate. Moreover, once again, the unique, oriental ritual recurs. Then finally, the priests together with the fully covered Emperor-God stood in front of the great Negus Negesti, King of the Kings, Emperor Menelik II. Deep silence now reigns over the massive hall-all stands under the ban of the great event. Hardly, even the

breathing of the people is to be heard. Now, the priests stepped aside. In addition, the white cloths held around Gaki Scherotscho falls to the ground. Now, that has always been excluded from human gaze, stands Gaki Scherotscho alone, displayed freely to the curious, secular stares of the mass. However, Gaki Scherotscho doesn't feel this humiliation. Only his body endures the humiliation, which is now done to him in front of all people. His soul is distant; his entire ego is at home in Kaffa. Does this Emperor-God appear with his tight appearance and stiff stare demonic or to be pitied? The silence has become even more scarier.

In graceful posture, Ras Wolde Giorgis now raises himself and approaches slowly towards Gaki Scherotscho. He takes the ancient imperial crown of Kaffa from the head of the Emperor-God that green, gold-embroiders Emperor-Mantel from his shoulders, the sacred, golden sword from his side and hands over ceremonially this Jewels of the Empire of Kaffa to his sovereign the Emperor of Abyssinia.

Gaki Scherotscho now stands bareheaded, almost completely undressed there. His appearance is painful. His look seems almost unearthly, his whole being from another world. He is without crown, everything royal is taken from him, but an awesome dignity transmits from him, the secret about the knowledge of his divine mission, which can never get lost from him. Although now dethroned, deprived, imprisoned, the awareness of his past power and authority still lives in Gaki Scherotscho. Therefore, his personality towers like a monumental ore in the reception hall and his stare goes without looking only one single human being far over through the high walls of the auditorium of the palace. Patiently, he anticipates everything further...

One of the pages has given Ras Wolde Giorgis a big black Schama, the cloth of the subjugation, that he now going to dress Gaki Scherotscho, the deprived Emperor-God. Moreover, it is all at once, as if an angel of sadness floats through the room. It has become dead silent...

While the breathless silence prevails, the priests gather around Gaki Scherotscho again and lead him out through the two courtyards, out on the site in front of the Emperor-Palace. There, a mule waits for him since long while. He must mount it. Now, he is more dressed with the black cloth of his subjugation, bareheaded, and on his bare-neck, he carries a stone. The stone as a sign of his subjugation. In addition, it seems that the gathered people at the big site are overwhelmed themselves by this big tragedy, by this humanely event itself. The humiliation is immense, unbearable agony this human being to endure. In spite of all, Gaki Scherotscho still bears his head high-raised and with pride on his mule. Now the second part of the big sovereign act of the subordinations ceremony starts. Gaki Scherotscho is now alone. His priests have left him, has had to remain in the first courtyard of the Emperor-Palace behind. He now knocks three times at the first gate of the emperor-palace and calls for admittance. Asks the chamberlain of the Emperor, to report, that he, the Emperor-God of Kaffa, wants now to submit. Gaki Scherotscho steps down from his mule and bends deeply toward the ground. The chamberlain appears after a while again and gives Gaki Scherotscho the admittance. Again, the silent sufferer climbs the mule and rides slowly through the gate into the first

courtyard of the Emperor-Palace. Now, he is in front of the second gate. Again, he steps down from the mule and knocks at the big, heavy, wooden gate three times, and asks the chamberlain for admittance. Again, he remains for a very long time deeply bowed towards the ground, until the chamberlain delivers him the imperial permission to raise himself and to enter the second atrium of the Emperor-Palace. Gaki Scherotscho raises himself, climbs his mule again, rides through the second courtyard, and before the third gate he carries out this painful ceremony for the third-time. The chamberlain appears for the last time and then takes him to the densely with people filled throne-hall of the Emperor. A virtually alarming silence weighs over the hall, which is illuminated by the many burning candles.

Emperor Menelik has now risen himself from his throne. The entire officials raise themselves with him in an eager expectation.

Gaki Scherotscho stands straight, few steps further from the adversary Emperor. Now, with his bare shoulder and with a stone of subjugation on his neck, he throws himself towards the floor. Menelik looks measuring at the Emperor-God; which is now lying in front of him. Now Gaki Scherotscho must remain lying on the ground for a very long time, until Emperor Menelik has pronounced his big decision on him and simultaneously the subjugation of the conquered Empire. With few words, Menelik asks Gaki Scherotscho to raise himself and to throw the weighing stone away from his neck. With this sacred act, the Emperor-God of Kaffa is the last from the dynasty of the incredible ruler Minjo, a subject of Abyssinia. The Empire of Kaffa, since ancient times free and undefeated, lose now all of its rights and get absorbed into the big Abyssinian Empire. Emperor Menelik has taken his seat again. Also all invited guests of the Negus. But still he will face difficult times. To symbolize the final subjugation, a slave is now led by a palace-servant into the big throne-hall; Ras Wolde Giorgis approaches Gaki Scherotscho again and puts a silvery heavy chain around the neck of the dethroned Emperor-God. Then the other end of the chain was put on the wrist of the slave Araru, who is the future guard of the dethroned Emperor God. Therefore, Gaki Scherotscho, the last emperor-God of Kaffa, walks towards his humiliating confinement...

Few months later, a big excitement has developed in the Gibi palace. Everything is like being in fever and in hopeless dismay. Last night the Emperor Crown of the Kaffecho, the green with gold embroidered robe of the sovereign und the sacred golden sword of Gaki Scherotscho, which one thought to be in safe place, was stolen. It has now become obvious for Menelik that fearless Kaffechos are at the work again to revive the sacred Empire of Kaffa. It is clear to Menelik, that the loss of the Jewels of Kaffa could ruin all successes of the victorious campaign of his efficient army commander, Ras Wolde Giorgis. He knows that the Kaffecho, as soon as their Emperor Crown is in Kaffa again, even if Gaki Scherotscho stays imprisoned in Addis Ababa, they will restore their old Empire of Kaffa a new. Thus the one, who possesses the crown, is Emperor and God of Kaffa. In his highest rage. Menelik calls his general Ras Wolde Giorgis and gives him his instruction to bring the crown, under any circumstances and fastest, back to Addis Ababa again.

Ras Wolde Giorgis gathers his soldiers, and in feverish rush, he moved towards the borders of Kaffa. He possibly takes the normal advance-route, lets however simultaneously many troops advance on side ways through the jungle towards Kaffa. They could not find a track of the runaways anywhere. Two weeks have passed, since Ras Wolde Giorgis has left Addis Ababa.

It is in the evening and late; one of the many squads already still hastens, despite the late hour, on the dark narrow jungle-way, on ward. A young Oromo has told Gobena, the leader of this squad, that few hours before, he has observed a few Kaffechos has moved in biggest rush southwards. Gobena suspects that the Imperial Crown of Kaffa is in the holding of these runaways. With the instinct of a child, Gobena has tracked down the rest-camp of the Kaffecho. He gives his instructions. According to his instruction, his people distributed themselves and creep up increasingly nearer towards the unsuspecting Kaffitchos. Then suddenly, they break from all sides and attack the small Kaffecho-group. The struggle is short. Only a few shots whip through the deep silence of the night. However soon thereafter, the echo of the Abyssinians joyful-cry was to be heard. The Imperial-Crown of Kaffa together with the other valuables is captured again. Still in the same night, without taking rest, Gobena hurries with his squad and the precious loot towards Ras Wolde Giorgis. In the east, the dawn is already in the coming. However still before the sun immerse the country into its embers, Ras Wolde Giorgis, appoints Gobena to be the temporary guardian of the loot and the jewels of the Kaffa-Empire, until their arrival in Addis Ababa. Weeks later, Ras Wolde Giorgis hands over the Abyssinian Emperor, through his capable and cunning soldier Gobena the Imperial Crown of Kaffa with the other valuables of the Kaffa-Empire for the second time. On the same day, Menelik makes a quick decision: In order to avoid any eventual capture of the crown by the Kaffitchos, taking it back to Kaffa and try to re-establish their Empire again, the crown should be sent to Europe. He orders one of his most trusted adviser and friend, the Swiss Alfred Ilg, to come to his private-audience. To be thankful for all his past services, he gives his advisor the said crown and other valuables with a tied condition. To put these treasures safe into a European bank. The scanty news, reports about the annihilation-campaign Menelik's, against the proud Empire Kaffa, that had closed itself since ancient times from the outside world, got also to Europe, Friedrich Bieber, who hangs after this Kaffa since his early youth, had only one objective before him to travel to this country and make research, is profoundly shaken. He fears that with the destruction of Kaffa, with its incorporation into the big Abyssinian Empire an ancient culture has gone under. He fears that with the destruction of Kaffa, with its incorporation into the big Abyssinian Empire, an ancient culture has gone under. From the compiled reports- at home in his modest Viennese apartment- shapes itself in him slowly the picture, that Menelik armies, must have gone through a hard work of war. And he is traumatized with the thought that the little still remaining, which the warriors Menelik's have left of the culture of this country, the overgrowing vegetation of the jungle could destroy within a short time for ever. Bieber is inspired from one single thought after all, finally to reach Africa, Kaffa...

Bieber is in a frenzy of the happiness. The first days in Djibouti were for him a true fraternization-party with Africa. The natives, the colourful activity in the port, all the

thousand-folds impressions did not make him forgets his assignment: Soon is a small expedition, some mules, few natives and everything necessary was organized.

Then, under the most horrible heat, the expedition left Djibouti, day in and day out through the desert and steppe. His thoughts are faster than the journey. In the evening, when the tents are installed after the day's March, he looks up lost in thought to the wonderful tropical firmament and his thought is far up there in the highland of Kaffa.

OFF TO KAFFA!

DEPARTURE

Imperial and Royal Office Vienna

Vienna, 30 July 1904

Mr
Official Friedrich J Bieber
Ministry of Trade
Vienna 1,

The Imperial and Royal Office, requests you, to the invitation on August 3, 1904, Schonbrunn at the imperial pleasure-palace, most punctual, at 10 o'clock in the morning, to the audience at his majesty the Emperor, Franz Joseph.

For the Imperial and Royal Office

Signed:
Non-readable signature

Dress: Uniform
Delivered: Through the courier of the emperor.

Now, it has become truth! Cautiously, hardly that he can still grasp it; Friedrich Bieber holds such a meaningful document in his trembling hands.

Did his efforts, his works, after all should bear fruits? After all the years, after all the hostilities through the many ignoramuses and nags, which have laughed at him as harmless dreamer, bizarre dreamer and poor fool. Should the success still be granted to him really? He, the small sub-official, should now travel by the order of the Austria-Hungarian Monarchy to Abyssinia. In numerous lectures and writings, Bieber had pointed out repeatedly, what has become of the Land Abyssinia, a country with good

future, under Menelik. Abyssinia-Ethiopia, courted by all big-powers of the world, now stands suddenly also with Emperor Franz Joseph in the foreground of interest for an economic relationships. Suddenly all, also those that have previously been always well informed, have changed their opinion. Moreover, this way Friedrich Bieber is invited to Emperor Franz Joseph. Finally, the moment has come, that both faces each other. The aged monarch over a huge empire and the tenacious small sub-official, who possesses nothing than his knowledge and his divine enthusiasm for his goal: Kaffa.

It is a big hour for a man, who has been a shoemaker a long time ago... From the mouth of the Emperor Franz Josephs himself learns Bieber, in the big audience-hall of the imperial pleasure-palace of Schonbrunn, the honorary task, to travel in the name of his imperial apostolic majesty, to the Negus Negesti, the king of kings, Menelik II from Ethiopia and there, to proclaim the wish Emperor Franz Joseph, that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy wants to fasten trade relations with the great Abyssinian empire. Already few days later leave Bieber - now to the third-time on his way to Africa-Vienna. Moreover, this time he will reach Africa...

Via Trieste, the trip goes over the sea to Africa, and according to Bieber's firm will after accomplishing of his high-level task, to leave Addis Ababa towards Kaffa. The fruit of his years-long work, his longing, must now ripen at last.

Again Bieber sees Alexandria, again he drives through the Suez-canal, and again after twelve years he experiences the awful heat in Aden and really enters few days later Djibouti, the French port, for the first time in his life the African soil.

Bieber is in an ecstasy of luck. The first days in Djibouti were for him a true fraternization-party with Africa. Despite the natives, the colourful activity in the port, all the various impressions, has not made him forget his mission: Soon a small expedition, few mules, few natives and everything necessary was put together. Soon a small expedition, few mules, few natives and everything necessary were put together.

Then, under the most horrible heat, the expedition left Djibouti, day in and day out through the desert and steppe. His thoughts are faster than the journey. In the evening, when the tents are installed after the day's march, he looks up lost in thought to the wonderful tropical firmament and his thought is far up there in the highland of Kaffa. A constellation shines then like an unearthly, luck-promising sign from the nightly heaven: The cross of the south. Until the monotonous singsong of his native companions puts to sleep, he falls in a deep-sleep, in order to gain the necessary strength for the coming marching-day. Harrar-the ancient capital of the Horn of Africa! Here is already the real African vitality. The old lion-gate on the main-square, still from the time of the Portuguese occupation, the market place with its colourful life, activity and tumults, all that takes emotions out from him completely. Within the walled city, the brown square houses surround around the white palace of Ras Mekonen, Menelik's governors, and around the Minarets of the big mosque. The green gardens spread themselves everywhere, around east until at that of the mighty Kundutu and the summits of the Kondelage Mountain that outshine the Erer hill, in the south, until its water streams

through the canyon to the Wabi River. Harrar and Timbuktu are the two sacred cities of the African Muslims.

Soon Harar is left and the marsh continues through desolate stone-deserts, through flat steppes, Bieber passes through the hopeless Danakil desert. Subordinated only nominally to the emperor of Abyssinia, the Afar or Dankails, the independent sons of the steppe, still reign there almost unlimited as mobile nomads. With their camels, they take care of goods-transportation to Addis Ababa. Daily they approach the camp and show their war dances.

Therefore, the fortnightly ride goes towards the Assabot Mountain and around the Gumbi Mountains over the Awash River into the plateau of Shoa. Now and then, Bieber meets caravans with load-carrying mules and camels from the interior of the country.

Finally, after a few rest-days for his porters, the animals and himself, the small caravan comes into the fertile area. Frequently he runs into Abyssinian farmers, who plough their fields with still quite primitive tools, and numerous grazing livestock.

The road becomes increasingly steeply, the usually stony road is admittedly not comfortable; nevertheless, the caravans move here since millennia from the interior of the country down to the coast and back again; it is the only connection of the many tribes of the country, millions of people, with the outside world. Weeks are past and the destination of the trip, Addis Ababa, the capital of the Abyssinian empire, built by Emperor Menelik towards the end of the previous century, is at last reached. Still recently, this city had not been much more than a big cottage-village. Now only, after the big successes and many victories, Addis Ababa has indeed grown upward to a capital of an African great power, Abyssinia. Among the thousands of round-cottages with their straw covered cone-roofs, the multi-storey houses rise in an Indian or European style. Gardens and groves give the city a blooming, friendly look. Therefore, the name Addis Ababa, New Flower, seems fully justified.

Hardly any other city of the world shows such contrasts, like Addis Ababa. Splendid, modern cars speed past here, an Abyssinian dignitary rides there with pride, surrounded by his large servants, to the emperor-palace, to the Gibi, which is one of the most interesting building of the city with its throne hall, with a capacity for several thousand people. In front of the Gibi, Bieber stopped and started to contemplate. Here therefore, years ago, on this site, at this place, the big events about Kaffa had occurred. Here in this imperial palace, the last sovereign of Kaffa, Gaki Scheroscho, had submitted seven years ago to Menelik, and from here, he the imperial God, went into his humiliating confinement.

Carefully, in order not to arouse suspicion, Bieber inquires repeatedly about the present stay of Gaki Schrotschos. Those questioned look at him uncomprehending and walk away from him without any answer. However, Bieber is certain, that the last Emperor-God must be located in the immediate vicinity of the capital, certainly well guarded. Moreover, he realizes that the where about of the Emperor God is only known to Menelik

himself and a few high-level dignitaries of the country. Few days later, Bieber is again one bit closer towards his target: Already early in the morning messengers of the emperor have appeared in his residence and handed him over the invitation to the audience at the Negus Negesti. At the appointed time, Bieber arrives at the front of the first gate of the emperor-palace. Guided by two pages and a few servants of the Emperor, walks through the first and the second outer court towards the emperor-palace. It is the same way, which Gaki Scherotscho, seven years ago, has gone towards his confinement. Only few people are in the emperor-palace; a few officials and dignitaries, who are always, near the emperor.

Bieber waits for a short time, and then he is escorted into a big room and is immediately thereafter he is introduced to Menelik II under the usual awkward oriental way. From a dark brown, pock-scarred face, that a short white beard frames, pervasive, cold eyes look at Bieber. Menelik's nature transmits dignity, spirit and energy, a truly patriarchal nature. A black silken- cloaks covers the moderate-sized strong body of the emperor. Moreover, the Calbresse hat, which is, since many years, historically known to his people, covers the snow-white muslin that is winding around his head. Now, stands Bieber in front of the great, superior emperor of the Amhara, the biggest African sovereign since Ramsas II and Hannibal. Menelik asks immediately many questions, also about Emperor Franz Joseph, and he is, Bieber almost cannot believe it, exceptionally well informed, about some significant things, that occupies Emperor Franz Joseph with worries. With concise words, Bieber finally presents the Negus the document from Emperor Franz Josephs. With concise words, Bieber finally presents the Negus the document from Emperor Franz Josephs. The cult of the Ethiopian church practices, with its strange amalgamation of Christian and Old Testament customs, effects a strange attraction on him.

On the wide space in front of the big tent Menelik's, in which the Negus enjoys his receptions and that> Geber<, the banquet for his subjects, holds, he becomes witness of the time-honoured dance of the Debtera, the scribe of the Coptic Church. Their round dance rotates more quickly and increasingly speedily under drum-whirls and choir-chant. A cult act, that should remind of David's dance in front of the Ark of the Covenant.

After some days, Friedrich Bieber stands in front of Menelik again. Again, the big, solemn ceremonial begins, that roundabout, oriental and answers about all issues, that very much interest Menelik. The Negus reciprocates the greeting and wishes, with obvious joy, to Emperor Franz Josephs. Then, Bieber takes from the hand of a high imperial dignitary, with the mandate of Menelik, the necessary authority- the imperial letter-as basis for the future trade agreement with Abyssinia.

Already Bieber wants, excited and impressed from the surprisingly favourable situation, to present Menelik his personal wish to be able to visit Kaffa. Still, one requires the permission of the emperor to a journey to the south. It is absolutely forbidden to pass the border of the city towards the interior of the country. He senses that he- wants to come to his goal – must speak now. The small official from Austro-Hungarian Empire clearly feels that he has acquired the necessary sympathies of the emperor. However, Menelik speaks first and addresses Bieber. Visibly pleased, that he can converse with Bieber in the

language of his country, he invited the explorer for the next day into the throne-foyer to a big banquet. The emperor invites once every week, here or in the big tent, before the city, his people to be his guests. It must have been like this two thousands and more years ago! Does this banquet of Menelik not reminds the great Persian Empire? This imperial Geber, at the courtyard of Menelik II, in Addis Ababa, is an unforgettable display of imperial power.

The hollow beats of the kettledrums boom from the long-stretched throne-hall. The public seated in a circle, one hears thousands of human voices. In this throne-foyer becomes on Saturdays and at the big holidays up to forty thousand people with meat, bread and mead, the exquisite Detsch, which Negus treated. In this throne-foyer, on Saturdays and at the big holidays, the Negus invites up to forty thousand people and these are accommodated with meat, bread and mead, the exquisite Detsch. They are the guests of their sovereign. The people streams here from all parts of the wide empire, in order to see the emperor and to be invited by him.

Already early in the morning begins the Geber, the banquet: At any given time, seven thousand people find place in the big throne-hall for the meal. From the morning eight until in the evening, when the sun sinks in the west, many thousands of them are fed by their Emperor. On such a day up to eight hundred oxen must be slaughtered.

Bieber tells about this meal:

>>>Much more laborious than two days ago brought me today a page up the way through the two gates and yards to the big, festively decorated throne-foyer of the emperor. Everywhere countless people, closely packed, patiently wait until they get their turn. All in their white shamas with the usual broad, red strip festively clothed. Through the colourful glass-windows, the rays of the sun fall subdued into the elevated area. A delicately flowery silken-curtain covers the high platform to the left. There, innumerable carpets and pillows lie on the ground. This part of the big throne-foyer is filled with a tangle of pages, courtiers, officials, priests and dignitaries. It is overwhelming colour pomp, a picture like from an eastern fairy-tale.

Suddenly happens a total silence: Menelik enters the wide elevated throne-foyer. Moreover, as the strict custom of the country requires, while the Emperor goes to his seat, the pages cover the throne with sheets.

Only when he has settled, he is visible for all again.

The emperor, majestically superior, rests on the red cushions. Scarcely, that he moves for once. In the black, wide silken-overcoat, around the head wrapped with the white sheet. In addition, right and left from the throne-seat, the pages await his command. Directly beside Emperor Menelik, sits the proud Ras Wolde Georgis, whom I see for the first time today. That is therefore Ras Wolde Georgis, the victorious general, he, that has destroyed the Empire of Kaffa! Scarcely that Ras Wolde Giorgis me, the emissary of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, has not even give me a single attention.

Next to him Dedschas Wanau Saggart, a tiny fellow still, a boy. According to Amhara etiquette, he is not greeted and noticed from anybody. He is the future sovereign, but

now no one even takes notice of him. It would be the biggest insult to Menelik, the living sovereign. I, myself, as Europeans of the position of a dignitary, sit on a small woodstool, quite left to the emperor. In front of me sits the High Priest of Aksum. Close to him the only European Secretary of State Menelik's, his loyal adviser, the Swiss Alfred Ilg. I had opportunity already yesterday to speak with him shortly. I have told him about my plans and studies, above all about Kaffa. Also about my burning wish, to go to Kaffa and to record everything for the sake of science. The Minister of State responded with a great understanding. He promised me his assistance, and I am very much confident. Next to the throne and everywhere. Silvery candleholders on carved stands, with burning candles, guarded by the pages.

I am overwhelmed from this Oriental splendour. Now, the imperial servants place a magnificently woven basket-table in front of me. On it, some slices of bread, milk and a jug with the excellent Detsch, the mead, filled. Then, the meal begins according to a strictly Abyssinian etiquette. No one among the big dignitaries speaks a word during the meal. Beside my table, a servant stands with big, raw meat pieces. He now hands me a knife and I tried, after the example of the others to eat the raw meat in an Abyssinian way. Unexpectedly, it tastes very good. This meat is so tender that it melts on my tongue. Now, one reaches me Detsch again, and is eaten then further. Now, one poured Detsch on my glass and the meal went further. Everything went on quickly and silently. Nevertheless, the meal lasts almost one whole hour.

Then, everybody rise. The emperor, covered from his pages, washes his hands. Water was also brought for each of us to wash our hands, and towels to dry them. Then, the curtains are folded back. The candles and the table, on which the Emperor has dined, have gone. Even my table is taken away, and now the big hall lies before me. While the emperor invites the courtier to him and honours them with his speeches, the tables in the hall are fixed by the servants and maids, and hundreds, yes thousands of cups filled with the exquisite Detsch.

Suddenly, the drums vibrate with deep sound the hall; outside the hall was filled with thousands of people, above all soldiers. Everybody takes a seat, immediately the cups circulate, and the people consume the meat. Increasingly towards the above, on the podium, in the proximity to the Emperor, I perceive the unpleasant smell of smacking and slurping, clicking and burping that comes from the eating masses. Just now comes in the music guard with the trombone, flute and pipe flute sound. At the end came the fanfare-blowers. Moreover, the music coming out of all instruments increases the tumult and noise in the hall to a deafening sound. Menelik himself sits on his throne-chair majestically and composed like a statue. For that however, his eyes are alive, he watches his people with visible delight. Despite all, I feel quite uncomfortable. I know well, that Menelik feels a special joy, to show me, the emissary of Emperor Franz Josephs, this banquet. However, I also know, the big, the crucial moment for my future, that will never happen again, is now. Now or never, I feel it; opportunity is offered me to reach my goal. Is Menelik going to give me his permission?

Moreover, as I have dreamt, an official Menelik appears to take me to the emperor. The big moment is just arrived. Menelik, visibly pleased, asks me about several things. In restrained excitement, I answered all his questions to the best of my knowledge. Ilg sits in our immediate proximity and is our ear witness of our conversation. Carefully in order not to arouse mistrust with Menelik, I told him about my childhood, my youth, my plans, my adventures and disappointments. Menelik listens to me visibly spellbound and with biggest interest. Now I am here in Addis Ababa and now ask the big Negus Negesti, me, to give the permission, to be able to go to his province of Kaffa. There, I want to record everything, which exists to be explored, for the Abyssinian people and for the science.

I had spoken. My plea was now brought up. Up towards my neck, I felt the palpitation of my heart. I felt that the good or bad result of my journey has just decided.

After my long speech, Menelik was visibly moved. Then however, the cruel, terrible disappointment happened to me. Menelik asked me to move more closer to him. With few words, he explained the impossibility to fulfil my request. He, the emperor himself, have had enacted the strictest prohibition since long time for everyone, that come from foreign country, to cross the area of Addis Ababa towards the interior.

Moreover, I understood: My journey was for nothing; my petition has been for nothing. Begging and pleading has not helped. I had to return to Vienna, without having seen Kaffa!

I am almost close to my objective and I must leave Abyssinia.

Yesterday still full of hope, but I am completely disappointed today. Therefore, I return to Vienna, to Emperor Franz Joseph, and deliver him all the paper for the future contract, between the two states, in the name of Emperor Menelik's. I have fulfilled my mission-however not my objective again – my work, my effort and my desire was in vain...<<

Bieber, as it is stated in his dairy book, deeply disappointed. Will he at all ever reach Kaffa? Although he is now still in Africa and Kaffa is a couple of hundred kilometres away, now Kaffa is for him more inaccessible than ever...

ADDIS ABABA 1905 – THE BIG DECISION

Addis Ababa-1905! The sun burns on the big, widely extended city. Already early in the morning, one can see a vivid life on the street. There was a mouth to mouth information circulating regarding many white people were on weeks-long march with bearers, mules and camels coming from the coast. The big caravan is expected for today.

It is still early in the morning, however the men and women stands in groups already together and discusses the forthcoming event.

Like always, during a special occasion, the drumbeats was heard around the emperor, from the Gobi. Menelik leaves earlier than otherwise with his numerous entourage the palace.

Due to this, the excited tension has reached its climax among the big crowd in the city. Menelik rides with his retinue towards the caravan.

Far outside from the city, the Negus welcomes the big Austrian trade-mission, which is sent out from Emperor Franz Joseph. The ceremonies take no end and the people, witness of the detailed greeting, are full of enthusiasm. The sensation of the day was however the steamroller, which was sent as gift from Emperor Franz Joseph to Menelik and his people. It is the first in Abyssinia. With joyful curiosity, the monster is marvelled and is started at. Women and men decorated the heavy roller that, from now on helps them with road construction, with carpets and precious rugs. Under joy howling, shouting and chant, it is accompanied by many thousand of Abyssinian towards Addis Ababa.

After the return of Bieber from Addis Ababa, Emperor Franz Joseph has decided to send a big trade-mission to conclude a trade agreement as soon as possible between Austro-Hungary and Abyssinia, under the leadership of Frigate-Captain Ritter von Hohnel, the discoverer of the Rudolf Lake. Bieber – now already an expert – is a companion, interprets and scout.

He is again the restless and purposeful in Africa. He is overjoyed, overwhelmed and with pride at the same time. Certainly, he is constantly possessed with the one thought: This time, he must see, explore and witness Kaffa. First, he comes into a courtly treadmill: The big receptions, the banquets, the ceremonial speeches congratulations and toasts take no end. Bieber suppresses back his impatience. Already on the fourth day of their stay, in the big throne-hall of the Gobi, in the presence of all mission-delegations from Austria-Hungary and all dignitaries and courtier Menelik's, the important trade agreement between the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy and Abyssinia has been concluded. So, the work, the journey Bieber's of the previous year, is crowned from highest success for his country.

At the conclusion of the visit of his European guests, Menelik invites the trade-mission to a troop-parade, outside on the square in front of the emperor-palace.

From near and far the army commanders' Menelik's, the heroic fighters, the princes and dignitaries hurries with their gold-plated shields, decorated with their lion-manes gathers on the big open place of the natural stadium of Addis Ababa. Hence, ten thousand warriors stood around soon, and all of them were armed up to their teeth. Moreover, during the throbbing of the drums and the sound of the trombones and flutes, the emperor welcomes his high-level guest from the far country in Europe.

Like the king in the fairy-tale, he sits on his golden throne. Surrounded by the princes, generals and dignitaries of his empire. The golden tiara on his head, dressed in the white, with diamonds garnished robe.

In addition, those many jewels sparkle in the rays of the sun.

While in the honour of the emissaries of a European power, the guns roar and the troop parade was taking place at the outskirts of the city, Menelik was absorbed in a friendly conversation with the members of the mission.

Now, Bieber has already become a good acquaintance to Menelik.

He must be near the Emperor while all conversations were taking place. He not only interprets, but indeed, he intervenes also as an advisor in the significant discussions. Hours are past; the parade in front of the emperor-palace has again become quiet. It has become evening. Bieber sits brooding in front of his inn. His thoughts chase each other. He knows, he goes tomorrow home again, back to woman and child, back to his office and to his career. However the home going back may be attractive, but Bieber is not happy with the possibility of the fast home return. Has not he committed an omission? Why has he not found the courage and looked for opportunity to ask the Emperor to allow him to go to Kaffa? The pro and con in his mind in a bogging dispute. Suddenly however, his decision is set. Irrevocably! He doesn't turn back to Europe, to Vienna. He remains in Addis Ababa...

Meanwhile, it has become dark night.

Despite the nightly hour, Bieber seeks for one of the participants of the mission, Alphons Barons von Mylius, and wakes him up from his sleep. Already on the caravan-way from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, Mylius had always been Bieber's loyal companions. Mylius, a passionate hunter, wants to remain all too gladly; he does not want to go home yet, but for the moment, to go on big game-hunt. Therefore, Bieber finds a willing ear with Mylius as he narrates him about Kaffa repeatedly. Hours have passed. No more talk about sleeping. Bieber and Mylius have decided to remain in Addis Ababa. Already early in morning, the big mission has left Addis Ababa. The two, decides together to ask Menelik for an audience. Not until days later, it was possible. Minister of state Ilg has obtained a special-audience for Bieber and Mylius. Menelik is ready to receive the two. Repeatedly, Bieber begs the emperor to give him at last the permission.

The Emperor, from such perseverance deeply impressed, discusses with his confidantes, above all with minister Ilg. Suddenly he calls one of his scribes and orders him to issue the following document for Bieber and Mylius: "I, the victorious lion, Menelik the Second, the king of Ethiopia by the mercy of God, give the permission to Mr. Friedrich Bieber and the Baron Mylius, who are Austrians, to travel to Kaffa, and nobody should

deny their arrival at their destination and return back to Addis Ababa. When they go and when they come, do not prohibit them, escorts them safely. Except the elephants, I gave them my permission to hunt all the wild animals. They can kill one elephant. Written on the 16th day of Megabit, in the year of the salvation 1905, in the city of Addis Ababa."

Bieber could not believe that his dream comes true.

Everything rejoices in him, still he cannot comprehend that he is now truly on his way to reach his goal and explore it, the legendary Kaffa, the perished empire of the Emperor-God. Still he could not grasp the fulfilment of his dream, after many years of tough fight...

AT THE BORDER OF KAFFA

All inner arousals and expectations, that has been mastered by Bieber in those days, can be traced back from his diary which was written on 18th of April:

"Now it is so far. Indeed, I believed yesterday, that the preparations for our big journey to Kaffa would not have any end. There are many things to procure. To pack everything, obtain the mules, the drivers and bearers. Our company consists of 40 Amharas and Oromos. The luggage is transported by twenty loaded-mules; furthermore, we had seven riding houses with us. The big worry, to find a conscientious interpreters and guides, we both, Mylius and myself, finally gotten rid off yesterday. The emperor himself has sent us one of his most dependable people that may have certainly also the task, to watch us. He is a resident of the country for years, and he has completely changed to an Abyssinian, a former Russian officer, Eugene W. Sengoff, who has a small property deep down in Dauro, and he clothes, lives and thinks like an Amhara.

Now everything is ready, and once again, I have visited my many acquaintances and friends, that I found here in Addis Ababa, today. I have to say good-bye to them. Now I want to rest although I fear, my internal unrest, my joy before the tomorrow's departure to the expedition is too big in order to find a sleep. Now, however, it is granted to me to enter the soil of Kaffa, as the first white explorer to explore the country people and culture. What all will I see there and experience? What kind of information I might be able to bring from this empire, which has lost its great secrecy due to its downfall. Still I cannot believe that Menelik has really given us both the permission to travel to Kaffa. He fears however, that whites could learn much of his secrets and bring the information to Europe.

19th of April. Until everything was complete, it has now become midday. At last, we moved from Addis Ababa towards the south! Only now, the real Africa has begun for me. The free life in the wilderness, with the manifold joys and suffering of the camp life, that should now last months.

My caravan is on the way. It advances in a slow trot. Mylius, Senigoffs and myself are usually at the forefront of the caravan.

Far in the south black cloudbanks. We hear the continual rumble of the thunderclaps and see, nevertheless over us, the sun shines through a beaming blue heavens, and the lightning at the distant black sky was very much visible. The unleashed nature rages there in the south. An inferno. We walk however unhindered further, further against Kaffa. From the distance, we suddenly hear big tumult. We cannot understand the strange screeching and monotonous singing at first. There, not far from an Abyssinian farmstead, under a tall tree, some judges sit in their graceful posture, surrounded by ushers. Thus, we become witnesses of an Abyssinian court-scene. There, they stand chained together, the poor delinquents, who wait for their judgment. Therefore, like everywhere in the world, the people flocks curiously towards the court, to witness the hearing and the execution of the sentence, according to the tradition of the country.

Already, the first defendant, a tall Amhara, stands in front of his judge. He trembles over his whole body! Moreover, beside him a screeching, hysterically crying woman. His better half, with her extended relatives and friends, in almost incomprehensibly blared words, she tried to tell the staring judge, that her husband committed adultery.

The woman has finished her charge. Even the judge has awakened from his stiffness. Now, one thinks, the defendant would talk to defend himself. That did not happen. The defendant cannot speak. Already, the judge announces the judgment: He thinks, twenty-five lashes, is the equitable penalty for a man, who has committed adultery.

At the same moment, four of the ushers, that are later rewarded by the dear wife, her relatives and friends plentifully, already fall themselves on the poor delinquent. Immediately, his hands and feet are tied. Immediately, his hands and feet are tied. They tossed him with brutal force to the ground, drag and pull apart his legs hands to the left and right. His body is now, with the face downward, pressed flatly to the ground. And then the terrible torture begins A fifth of the ushers swing the whip. And the sixth counts each lash. One hears the whip whistling through the air and on the bare body slaps. Already with the fifth blow, the horrible bellowing of the chastised falls silent. Nevertheless, the whip-rocker went on whipping mercilessly on the blood-overflowed backs of the delinquent.

The laws in Abyssinia are relentlessly hard. With theft, the judge has the immediate power to decide the separation of the lower part of the wrist of the right hand of the thief. For homicide, there is only one penalty- the killing of the murderer. If one is convicted of slander, so it is not a rare occurrence that the malicious remarks making person's tongue is cut out as a penalty.

There are also offences, so one tells, that are penalized with imprisonments. They may however – if the punished wants it – be replaced by lashes. For one year, he gets as substitute twenty-five lashes with the whip on his bareback.

Then, he is free again. With a conviction to two or three years, the penalty increases itself proportionally. Whether a human being fifty of such lashes possibly still survives?

On the 27th May, the Avietu River, the border of Oromo after Jimma Kaka, is reached. So, we moved to Dschirren, the capital of Jimma. Jimma Kaka is the last and single Oromo state that has kept certain independence under Ethiopian sovereignty. The inhabitants of this province are almost exclusively Oromos of the tribe of the Meta. They are mostly the adherents of the prophet. Our lads had applied all big pomp. The inhabitant of the town prior to our arrival had already known our arrival to Dschirren. On a hill-dome at the end the city, with a splendid southward view, the Massera lies, that is the king-castle, a tangle of roofs enclosed by palisades, treetops, and piedmonts-a truly royal residence. Here reigns Ras Abba Dschiffar, who is appointed by the emperor Menelik II to govern the Jimma province. Jimma is the Main stockyard for coffee and cotton.

Mylius and I myself moved, surrounded by our bearers, just how the custom befits, riding on our horses, in front of Abba Schaffer's palace. We rode through the main-gate of his palatinate and came through a Palisade disguised with leather and finally through an entrance gate into the main yard enclosed by many buildings, in which left and right round pillar-foyers rises. I was filled with real admiration. Between the formation of the solders, we were led across several stone-steps into an open hall, in their centre, on a big iron basin, a niche amidst the main-wall sat Ras Abba Dschiffar between coloured pillows, colourful carpets and sheets, wrapped with a fine Toga. The greeting was, as it is stipulated in the etiquette, extremely polite and long. We express above all our joy to have come into his beautiful country, and thanks for his hospitality. Abba Dschiffar brought us some embroiled togas. Then, he called his main-wife, the Gemme Limmiti, a light-coloured, youthful, slim woman that a red, silver stitched dress around her shoulders and breast and a huge mitre-similar hairstyle, like the hair-crown of the old-Egyptian queen, wore. He let us photographed together with her and him.

We had brought our drugstore-basket, and I began with a big earnestness to examine Ras Abba Dschiffar, to check, to listen and to rub, and then to measure his temperature, while Mylius applied medicine. In our honour Ras Aba Dschiffar organized elephant hunting. In Abyssinia, one hunts elephants in a unique way. One takes hundred or more soldiers and furthermore still hires several hundred natives as drivers. The hunter sits down quite comfortably and secures, possibly on a steep rock amidst a plane, and waits for a very long time, until the harassed elephant herd is rushed for days into this plane. The herd at last pass by the highest stand; hence the hunter shoots first, then the solders, which are there to protect him. When an animal falls, so this wild shooting repeated once or twice. The more shooting, the more beautiful was the hunting. That many animals are shot and perish in the forest purposelessly, nobody thinks of it. Nevertheless, the elephant killer, the one that has fired the first shot, is regarded as the big hero. Killing of an elephant in Abyssinia is tantamount to a killing of forty enemies. The elephant killer can wear a golden ring on his ear and the stretched tail of each killed animal is displayed in front of his house. Songs and dances praise his heroic deed for weeks. One tusk remains with the hunter, the secondary, in fact that, which comes first to the ground, when the animal goes down, is to be given away to the emperor. Ras Abba Dschiffar was surprised when we told him that Mylius and myself wants to hunt alone. We could not do anything against the obligatory instruction to the natives, not to serve anybody as guides at the place where

the elephants are to be found. They had discovered a herd of elephants and had driven them towards us. The animals broke out however. Now, we had to walk through the rain jungle on foot two days long, gasping and sweating after the trot of the escaping herd hot pursuits, our effort has not been without result. Finally, hundreds of native succeeded in encircling the herd again. Twenty gigantic animal-bodies broke forth from the forest towards the glade, on which we were waiting. Through a well and appropriate shot, Mylius succeeded in bringing down on bull. The other animals escaped into the jungle. The Abyssinians were overwhelmed with admiration, about the way and skill of Mylius shooting the elephant.

The return from the wild game has ended up to triumphal entrance. The festivities with the natives, connected to the obligatory big banquet, took no end. While I write here, I hear outside before the tents, at our campfire, the monotonous singing and the queer joy-outbreaks of our courageous natives. I must think of my childhood spontaneously. On that day, at which, my teacher told me for the first time about Africa.

On the 3 June, we left, after a farewell call with Ras Abba Dschiffar, Dschirren again. Earlier the load carrying animals left, and at eleven in the morning, we left also and rode through the big market that crosses the kito River, first south-western, and then southwards, towards Kaffa.

One day, we had a shocking experience. Shortly after we took rest for our lunch, we heard voices coming nearer and nearer towards our camp. From time to time the murmur was interrupted from command voice. Suddenly, a strange group of people came through the narrow jungle-path from the southern direction.

One after the other, emaciated and pitiable.

They were the first Kaffechos that I got to see. My heart cramped itself together. Therefore I had to meet them for the first time, the men of the fabulous empire, Kaffa, once proud, to which I was attracted since my childhood... As subservient on the way into the capital of their victors.

Our march went further. Through uninhabited country that crosses Tschodkose River. At last! The first outlook on the legendary Empire of Kaffa! Innumerable mountains-which tower up to the height of approximately three thousand meters, with dense overgrown jungle, a gigantic sight! And above all, it is an unusual silence. It is like the silence of a grave. The bearers with the mules and their loads follow us down to the border-river of Kaffa, that of Gojeb. The camp is installed at the shore of the river today. At last the limit of the country of my dream is reached...!"

Bieber rests in his records. The quiet night stars. The tents have been erected long ago. But he knows, he cannot sleep today. Still, life is around the tent and campfires. Outside the camp a tree felled from lightning and storm served him to take rest.

Absorbed in his thought he looks across the other part of the river, where all the sources of his curiosity exist.

Tomorrow, he will enter the country of his yearning...

IN THE BIRTH PLACE OF COFFEE

Still, this night has brought a disappointment ready for Bieber. Always new passing clouds moves over the full moon until its face disappears entirely and effects deep darkness. It has become quiet frightening. No animal-voice penetrates the nightly silence. A paralysing mugginess sits over the camp. Even Bieber went to his tent and has lain down to sleep. There, what is that? Splash, suddenly there was a sound in the next proximity. Then again quiet. Now again the same sound-splash! One can hear the rain drop on the tip of the jungle trees and on the roof of the tents. Then, Bieber realized that the raining time has commenced. Now he is so close to the place of his dream, but the new disaster has arrived! Since he left Addis Ababa he has already been worried that the good weather will be finished. It had been like a race with the fair-weather period since the caravan had left Addis Ababa. Already during the last days, the indications had become threatening that otherwise so refreshing coolness of the night was replaced by overwhelming mugginess.

And now the rainfalls like a down-rustling waterfall from the sky, which seems to have opened all sluices. It begins to pour like a deluge, for hours. Bieber is now in deep worry. To all the big strains he was facing, the pain of continuous raining has been added.

Now the nature, the rain becomes the big obstacle for him to have an access to the secret of the country he intends to discover? It is as if heaven is threatening to flood the earth with its rain showers. Frightened hears Bieber more and more strongly the brausing of the near river. It is like a roaring in the air, yet he hears the wild rustle and raging of the Gojeb swelling to the stream that carried away trees and roots on it sway from the mountains. It becomes a long, an unending night, the drum of the rain of the tent roof is deafening. However it also ends. Towards the morning it has, after all, stopped to rain. But how has the landscape changed? But how has the landscape changed?

The Gojeb, yesterday still so harmless, a wide brook, hardly a river, rolls huge clayey water-masses in an enormous shot today, passes quite close to the camp. The waters of the Gojeb have risen many meters high in this night. Now, it is impossible to cross the river with the loaded animals and the precious material. It is to be hoped that a new rain will not fall again. Bieber had to restrain himself again from his impatience not to enter the soil of Kaffa.

Noon has already become. Hours after hours have already passed. Already, the rays of the sun have found through the clouds again. And even the waters of the Gojeb start slowly, but continually, to sink. Then, the river was finally ready to be crossed. Bieber enters the other side of the river bands as first. Now is he in Kaffa. But he could not enjoy the moment as he has imagined all his life long. Still there is a lot to worry about, and it

will take time until all the members of the expedition and the loaded animals reach the other side of the riverbanks.

But in-between he undertakes a short trip. He tells about this memorable day in his records: "On the 7th June, I entered the legendary, gone under Empire of Kaffa. The Gojeb, here approximately twelve meters wide, is considered to be a dangerous river, full of whirls and shoals. Close to the site of our crossing, once nine elephants should have been sunken in the mud. Never, a researcher's foot had entered this country¹. Quite close to the frontier I could notice the remains of the border-embankments of the Kaffecho. Parts of a watchtower were still clearly to recognize. Even two trap doors were still well preserved. At this place, the annihilation-war of the Abyssinian has begun in the year 1897 against Kaffa. Here, the first Kaffechos were killed with the European arms of the Abyssinians. It was here that began the tragic fate of the Kaffecho and the fulfilment of the downfall of their empire.

Our march always goes through the dense, impenetrable jungle uphill. Although we are now already hours in Kaffa, we have still not still seen the native. The country appears to be dead. I feel instinctively that people must be in the immediate vicinity. For once we have we have noticed, in quite short distance, the appearance of a native, and immediately thereafter we perceived the disappearance of him again."

The feeling of to be observed doesn't leave Bieber again. And really, a human being has just appeared quite in the vicinity and has immediately vanished again. And now again, they're behind the group of trees. But there is nothing to hear.

Earlier than otherwise is the camp was ready today, everything is in tense expectation. The tents are erected and each of the caravan-participants is at his every day's work. Bieber sits away from the others and writes down, as always in the evening, that what he has seen and experienced daily. As if to collect his thoughts, he holds up to himself and looks into the unfathomable depth of the jungle. First he seems to be in a dreaming mood, but immediately thereafter he appears to be lively. As if magic has been done, a group of people stands in front of him: fifty or even more men, women and children. Led by an old man they step slowly closer towards Bieber, that has now risen up. Their behaviour expresses shyness and their faces speak fear, yes a horrible fear. And suddenly they throw themselves to the ground, brawl the grass and accompany theirs strange behaving with loud, protracted calls.

Bieber attempts to understand. Finally, he succeeds with it. The people in front of him on the ground call the name.

"*Minjo*" repeatedly.

What is the meaning of this word? There, he remembered its meaning. As Bieber heard in the previous year in Addis Ababa, Gake Scherotscho, the imprisoned last Emperor-God

¹ In the xix century, three Europeans, d'Abbadies, Massaja and Soleillet were possibly advanced to Kaffa, but merely have been admitted up to the merchant-city Bonga.

of Kaffa, refers his origin from Minjo, who was the first sovereigns of Kaffa. Now, Bieber also notices that the oldest person of the group, to indicate his devotion-or his subjugation-bears a stone on his bare neck. Had not also Gaki Scherotscho, in Addis Ababa, in front of Menelik in the same way, display his subservience? Bieber indicate the elderly person, through a sign, to throw the stone away from his neck. It happens. Relieved the people breathe a sigh of relief, rise from the ground, and begin to laugh, to shriek, to hug themselves, to jump and to dance out of joy over the proven mercy. It is now clear to Bieber, Mylius and all the caravan-people that the Kaffitsho want to approach them peacefully.

And soon they are surrounded by the Kaffechos, and immediately become good friends. Again and again, the Kaffechos marvel at the skin colour of Mylius and Bieber's. It is completely new to them; curiously they touch the clothes and the many things that lie in the camp on the ground and in the tents everywhere. Bieber has the opportunity, to study for the first time that human-race that reigned in Kaffa since centuries before the subjugation by Menelik¹. They are beautiful people with a splendid body. The clothing of the Kaffecho has no variety. The men wear usually wide cloths, long Shamas and the Women skirts from bast or leathers, beautiful strings out of pearls, shells and different metals. Their hairstyle is quite varying. The children are usually naked, and except a small mop of hair, they are almost completely shaven.

The language of the Kaffecho with their many vowels sounds very beautiful. Surprisingly, the word "Minjo" is repeated often in their speech. And it seems that they consider Bieber and Mylius as the emissaries of the great king. Bieber could recruit a few of them as bearers.

Bieber completes his valuable notes. The Kaffechos have already vanished in the darkness of the jungle again, while the explorer still sits recording his day.

Days have already gone. At one evening, one listens from distant the brouse and flush of a water. And Bieber writes down: "Mylius and myself gave the interpreter and a few of our bearers' on the next day the instruction, to escort us to these waters. Our people refused the escorting. Senigoff, the leader of our caravan, explained to us that they all-it should be a big waterfall –avoided this water with anxiety. It is because the souls of their fathers are gathered there. No one should see the waterfall, one shy even to speak of it. He told us that a place of execution has been found in the immediate vicinity of the waterfall. Therefore Mylius and myself finished the last part of the route alone. We were thrilled about the splendid sight that presented itself to us. Over a twenty meters high and eighty meters wide basalt-wall, the river falls niagaralike there under deafening noise into a wide basin. An extremely rich jungle-vegetation, palms and high foliage-trees, limits

¹ The population of the eighteen districts Kaffa-with a population number of 550,000 after the subjugation by Menelik – divides itself into noble men, the ones who are free and the slaves, respectively in four castes: the Kaffecho or Gongga, Hamits, immigrants of about 1300; the Amaro, second immigrants of about 1500; the Nagado, Mohammedans, immigrants of about 1600, adopted the language and manners of the Kaffechos and mixed themselves with them; the Manja (remains of the original people), the pariahs.

the riverbanks. I sketched the location of the waterfall into my chart conscientiously, and in honour of the mother Mylius, we named it, Du Mont-Fall.

On a hill, we could even identify the old place of execution of the Kaffecho. Besides some charred tree-trunks and a half decayed drum, nothing much was to be seen. Here above, all sentenced Kaffechos, that had heavily violated against the strict laws of the country, are prepared for their last walk towards death, in order to be thrown with a stone tied on their back, over the high basalt-wall into the floods down then. Only the high judges themselves and their servants were allowed to see the Waterfall."

What did these waters want, that rage down there with thunderous roaring into the open basin of the river, for unfathomable secrets however a sunken world withholds? The march of the caravan through the jungle of the jungle becomes extremely arduous. Often the path is lost that it is difficult to find it again. Often the path is lost that it is difficult to find it again. From the early morning until into the late night goes the daily march. Often river-trails are crossed, and then it rises up over a steep back of a mountain and again downward into valleys and canyons.

The raining time has only now started properly. Hardly, a few hours of the day are rainless. The mists move through the forests, and the paths become more and more rougher. But it goes onward; there is no going back. Already before some days, Bieber has discovered a strange shrub, the Underwood of the jungle. This valuable shrub, the coffee shrub, grows here above, in the highland of Kaffa, completely wildly. Kaffa is its original place. However Bieber is suddenly conscious that the valuable beverage, which is famous all over the world, is Kaffa its original place. At a stretch of hundred to two hundred kilometres, everywhere where the eye randomly looks, the undergrowth of the jungle consists of the wild coffee shrubs. Collects easily at the time of the maturity the Kaffecho-and now since some years the Abyssinian- the coffee. Certainly only the necessary quantity is collected, all others perishes. Millions of tons of excellent coffee decay, rots here above on the grounds of the jungle. Bieber is restless on his research-trip. We read in his diary:

We stopped today for our midday-rest near a farmstead again. Following my habit, I visited the natives in order to learn all the important facts about them, and to record for the science, what is still remained of the old glory of the empire of Kaffa. I sketched, without the natives noticed it, on my sun helmet their cottage, photographed and observed an old Kaffitcho, as his burned coffee beans finely pulverized between two roughen stones, then mixed with wild, fat honey, made small balls out of it and throws this into a simmering water. I sketched, without the natives noticed it, on my sun helmet their cottages, photographed and observed an old Kaffitcho, as his burned coffee beans finely pulverized between two roughen stones, then mixed with wild, fat honey, made small balls out of it and throws this into a simmering water.

I was entertained, the original way prepared coffee beverage was deliciously tasty. The enjoyment of the decoction of the coffee bean, the coffee-water, is common since time in memory here above on the highland of Kaffa. And while I slurped the exquisite coffee

with joy, the old Kaffitsho narrated: Once upon a time goats and sheep from a herd eat the coffee beans lying on the jungle ground and instead lying asleep during the night, they jumped around. So, the shepherds would have become aware on the strange effect of the small bean. And then as they themselves ate from the beans, they gained noticeably on strength and endurance and also needed no sleep during night. And thereafter, so the Kaffecho tells, they fried the bean of the coffee shrub on open fire in small containers. Buna' they named the fruit. Wrongfully, Arabia is regarded as the home of the coffee tree. Arabian merchant brought the coffee tree to Yemen, and then from there it started its triumphal march over the whole world. Kaffa is the origin of the coffee."

Again the caravan is on the way for days in the rain that now often showers down during many hours of the long day and night, increases the big troubles of the road immensely. There is hardly diversity in the monotonous march. However, the researcher learns about the country and people exactly:

"Since their subjugation, the Kaffechos have become the servants of their Amhara masters. They merely possess fiefs and are indebted to work for the Amharas. These are the beneficiaries of their work. The taxes, which the Kaffecho have to raise in terms of field-fruits, livestock and all other products of the country, are determined by the Abyssinians.

Here above on the highland of Kaffa, money is an unknown concept. The Kaffitischos use the salt-bar as merely value-unit.

Today, I could observe one unforgettable scene again. A Kaffitsho woman crouched on the ground and holding a wooden rod pressed with the toes of her two feet balanced to the ground. On this, she had put a second wooden rod that she rotated in an enormous speed with her two hands, vertically. An approximately ten-year boy crouched before it and observed the action of his mother with big speed. Suddenly the two sticks smoked, the boy began to blow, after few moments later, put dry, finely pulverized chaff on the smoking sticks. It doesn't last long, there emerged small flames. The fire was kindled. An ancient country indeed is here for always gone under. Little has remained from the old size of Kaffa. Before its conquest, the country with its emperor-palatines and its much forest-enclosed, blooming, inhabited cities was a single enormous garden-country that protected through a border-ditch and a tall embankment, accessible only through few gates. The African Tibet... The African Tibet... More than one million people lived before the subjugation, here in the highland of Kaffa, with many summit mountain embankments up to a height of 3000 meters above the Sudanese lowland. The numerous rivers bring the omnipotence Nile their waters since the time in memory; therefore Kaffa is the source of fertility for Egypt through its many inflows into the Nile.

The big animals of the African wilderness are almost fully missing here. The last Emperor-God of Kaffa. Gaki Scherotscho, to protect his people in his country, he has wiped out all dangerous wild animals. Only baboons and other monkeys live in the forests, and from time to time a hyena, which is even today the Kaffecho consider it as a werewolf, which is transformed into an evil human being, wails during the nights into the

remote distance. In the remote area of the country, there are still, like it used to be, several herds of elephants, buffalos and also lions, which acts in excess.

And however it will not last long until the unprotected area have its wild life again."

The jungle of Kaffa does an enormous impression on Bieber. He is almost crushed from its impact. It appears as a unique gigantic mass. And still the trees are different in their species: There are the jungle-giants, powerful with heavy, bulky branches. Then, there are such again that appears like females, delicate, with numerous slim branches. But the roots seem to stretch in a wild entanglement. And hence this wild, wonderful world has also its strange moods: In the endless tranquillity, one believes to hear the respiration of the forest. It is non-describable sublime world, this jungle of Kaffa that the power and glory of the sunken empire still displayed

13th of June, entry into the city of Bonga: With the "Mandiro", that is the old merchant-city, it lies at the northern-slope of the Gidoberges, at the junction of the Schatti and Tschinscha. The old emperor-city was burned down completely and was destroyed in 1897. Over the ground, where the "Utteros", the palatinate of the emperor-God, stood, the Kaffechos now conduct the farming. A cornfield occupies the quarter where the throne-foyer stood earlier. Shrubbery covers the remains of the imperial "Madschilati", that women's quarter. From this place on, the panorama goes to the wonderful Tschinscha valley, on which the Anderatscha stretches itself elegantly over the hill-done. The emperor-God didn't always live in Schadda, in the ancient holy city, that Minjo founded. A big part of the years. He was moving from one clan to the other. He kept an eye on the implementation of justice everywhere.

In every big town, such as Bonga and Anderatscha, in the course of time, palaces were built for the Emperor-God. Here in Bonga there was nothing more to find of the old splendour. Only some sycamore figs, planted by the priests for the Emperor-God, have outlasted the downfall of the Greats as mute witnesses.

Everywhere the caravan, Bieber and Mylius are greeted with joys and warmth. The information that a caravan of people with load-carrying animals and many strange things are on the way has already reached the local people in advance. Moreover, it astonishes how quickly Bieber has acquired the fondness and respect of the native. As far as it only goes, he communicates with them, asks them about the past, their conventions, customs, and cultures. Bieber writes down immediately all what he has heard. Soon, he is called only >>Aba Katiba<<, the>> father of the book<<. Bieber sketches all mountains, valleys and rivers on his map conscientiously, adds the names of the cities, farmsteads and settlements and the many clans. Beside it he collects all things eagerly, which the Kaffechos give him willingly or exchange against other things, like mirrors, inexpensive watches and combs; and it is already a rich>> loot<< that he has done: There are shields and lances-every>>booties<< distinct according to the different tribes from which it has originated-knives, daggers and clubs, and then again arrows and bows. All the diverse weapons, that the Kaffecho used, since the earliest time, to protect their land and for hunting. Then again, they bring him precious ornaments from silver and gold, but also from lead and brass and other metals; and garments, skirts from bast, robes from grass to

protect against the rain, and the weighty, big, stretched sheets, the Shamas, for the men. Finally, it has become already late in the afternoon; the caravan reaches Anderatscha, the ancient capital of the Empire of Kaffa. Here >> tates Kotemo <<, the residence of the Emperors of Kaffa and since the incorporation Kaffa, the temporary residence of the Governor of Kaffa, Ras Wolde Girogis. The city lies at the junction of the river of Tschinscha, on a hill, that hold the imperial palatinate, and on the southern-slopes of the mountains Giddo and Schappa. The impression on Bieber is immensely profound: We put our camp next to the market place. The location of the city, on a wide hill-cap, before a forest-enclosed narrow part of a valley is beautiful. Nevertheless, I located still countless hedges that still enclosed some charred tree-trunks. They testify the former greatness of the city. The population is extinct or emigrated. Mostly, Abyssinian lives here, although many of them in the previous year are attracted towards the new capital city, Scharada. A few hundred farmsteads hidden in the green, concentrate around the extensive, from a palisade enclosed palatinate and the steeply eastward falling market place. All big state-ceremonies happened here on the narrow meadow in front of the palatinate: Here, the emperor held court, invisibly to the people; here, the victorious army celebrated its victory; and here the people of Kaffa assembled themselves to the annual celebration.

After longer stay, we left Anderatscha. We had to divide the caravan and had to bring everything unnecessary in a short cut towards Scharada. Mylius, fifteen mules, and myself, twenty of our porters, began the march towards Schadda. Days of most arduous march, on which a few load-animals collapsed exhausted. It is a type of fever, connected with breathing difficulty, which kills the animals in few hours. According to my opinion, the sting of the Tsetse related fly is the cause of death for all in Kaffa and Dauro non-indigenous animals. We further march over virtually gruesome, stony, and muddy pathways, uphill and down hill. From a height, we had the first view on Schadda, and late in the evening, we rode towards the old emperor-city. Schadda was the first and oldest city of Kaffa. It lies at the confluence of the rivers Bittino and Merra. The Emperor-Gods of Kaffa were crowned here, when the dead Emperor-God was buried on the sacred mountain, the Schoschaberg, which lies one hour away to the northwest. When the Abyssinian came, hundreds of houses still stood here. I have found only few. The ancient palatinate of the Emperor-God, which lies on the highest rise of the city, is burned down. Only few charred beams bear witness also to the big past of Schadda. Gone under and disappeared the greatness of Schadda.

In the early morning, one of our Kaffecho people showed us the way to the Ekko tempel, which is situated in the near jungle. Here at this place, the Emperors of Kaffa were crowned since centuries, and annually a Kaffecho-youth was sacrificed here for the health of the Emperor-God. From the following reports results the following picture: The emperor-God of Kaffa was descendent of Minjo, the first sovereign, and with it, a descendant of the "Priest-Kings of Kusch. In addition, Ekko, the Sun God, is nothing other than 'Hechu', the 'ultimate', one of the four ancient gods of the oldest Egyptians, which a stone-document verifies in the grave of Sethos I. And Ekko, the sun god, is nothing other than 'Hechu', the 'ultimate', one of the four ancient gods of the oldest Egyptians, that a stone-document in the grave Sethos I of Theban, that he himself

'eternal', immortals 'and' king of the God' names. Ancient custom has still lived here in Kaffa before hardly a generation ago, which was similar to the customs of the ancient Egyptians. Through a miracle is the big rotunda of the most important, the most holy of all temples of Ekko has still survived here in Schadda." Quietly, cautiously Bieber steps into the sacred area¹. Long, he stays in it. He stands completely in the spell of the holiness and venerableness of this place. Breathing a sigh of relief, he steps out into the outdoors again.

After many long raining days, a wonderful tropical sun has appeared! It is as if the sun-god Ekko himself has started his triumphal procession in the country of Kaffa...

THE FACE OF KAFFA

THE SONG OF THE BIG MIGRATION

Among the old Kaffechos, there was one old man with Ramsas face, who was brought, by the caravan translator to the camp, and was affectionately escorting the caravan. Cautiously, with all possible questions, Bieber has acquired trusting of the old man and has learned several facts. One tells he has been the last court-singer of the last Emperor-God. One tells he has been the last court-singer of the last Emperor-God. One speaks of the past, the eyes of the Kaffecho begin to shine, and his face outshines a solemn splendour. The enthused explorer however interwove the narrated and what he has heard together with what he has known and explored into an epic of forceful beauty. It turns into the song of a big migration of the sons of the Nile into the land Kaffa, to a song, in which myth and history mix themselves, to a hymn about Minjo, that first sovereign of Kaffa.

¹ The interior area of a temple of Ekko is divided through its center drawn>>Matschalto<<, a curtain, which consist out of three or four, at their end folded together sheets. Behind the curtain stands, opposite to the door, near the wall in the dark a >>Keno<<, a bed out of wood. The ritual consists of the invocation of the Ekko through the priest, that seats on the bed.

And so narrated the old man:

>>Listen! It happened seventy generations ago, when the big Pharaohs¹ reigned, that a boy lived in the land called Oki Amaro² by the name of Argepo. By birth, he was chosen to scoop the water, the life giving water of the holy Nile, daily like the ancient water wheel, as has been done by all fathers and ancestors of his clan. Therefore, he sat day by day at the ancient water wheel. He, the youngest helper of the village, provided that the harnessed animals in stable step pulled the wheel. Amid the big wheel, he sat on a seat. Steadily the wheel and land at the Nile rotated passed his eyes. Always the same country. From the west to the north, to the east, to the south and again to the west. Moon after moon has passed like that. Therefore, the all-invigorating holy water flowed the mandatory course through all ditches, on all fields out of the draw-well, of which the boy took care. Moreover, the country was fertile and blessed.

However, if Ekko, the sun God, gets angry, the holy water of the Nile could dry up. Then the country became arid and all fruits spoiled. Then also broke famines and all evil plagues, such as the death of women, men, and children in a big mass. Then also broke famines and all evil plagues, such as the death of women, men, and children in mass. Fishes also died in big quantity and the water of the river has stunk immensely. Then, the doomed prayed Ekko for mercy.

Annually however, when the sacred sun stepped into the constellation of the lion, the bad fate came.

Night of Drops

In this night, the waters of the Nile began to rise and flood the wide, arid country with its precious wealth. Only few days lasted the big over flood. Then the waters flowed back in to their old bed again and sank. Alternatively, the waters didn't climb during this night. Then, they announced drought, hunger, and death.

Again the sun had stepped into the constellation of the lion. Moreover, the night of the drop has started. In this night, the people waited anxiously for the heavenly signs. The men and women had all well prepared children, animals, and household utensils were brought into the more highly situated areas of their habitations. This time however, the waters didn't want to climb. In addition, as the night of the drop ended, big scare has attacked all that waited at the shore of the miracle: and the people pled to the deity. However, inexorably the water flowed without rising towards the sea.

As the sun came, it shone over the desperate and the beaten ones. Everywhere there was unhappiness. It was as if Ekko was very angry. Then a wind started which has developed

his face turned northward, and now with all his strength, but without shaping words begins to sing and shouts until the spirit of the Ekko comes over him, that is until he gets into trance. Then he goes to the temple, to the gathered people, and announces, under the influence of trance, the wish of Ekko, which was using his mouth.

¹ Psammetich I., 663-609.

² From here, the present-day Sennar, the migration first took place to Adio or Koro.

stronger and stronger. Moreover, it grew into a storm. And the storm to a hurricane. The sun eclipsed itself. In addition, it happened that the field instead of the wetness of the Nile now covered with the deathly sand of the desert. The people hid in their house and pled to the deities. Gravest misfortune had come over the country. Argepo however withstood the wild storm at his water wheel; he clang and could not grasp it that the short hours had brought so much disaster and misery over his people. From the sand tawny, muddy coloured, from the storm whipped, the waters passed drifting around him through the devastated country. He knew, now came hunger and death.

Hunger and Death

Weeks passed. More and more farm and field become desolate. More and more acre and field become desolate. Nothing of the greenery remained on the trees and at the herb on the field in the whole country. Nevertheless, the people still hoped for the rain from heaven. Once in ten, twelve years, the deity sent it to Earth. However, no rainfall from the sky and the earth with its children longed vainly for salvation. Already their people died from hunger, and the livestock in the barn roared for water and food. All food storages stood empty. All food storages stood empty.

Since the destitution had become so big and the agony- days occurred increasingly often, only the boy remained the strong and confident. In addition, an inner voice spoke to him that the people in their dreadful destitution had to help themselves. As his father died of hunger, he knew that nothing has held him to persist at the water wheel. Moreover, the inner voice spoke to him: "Move to a country, that is rich in treasures and blessed with fruits. Take what belongs to you, men, women, children, and all animals that are strong. He made his friends however his plan known: they should go and call the people together and announce his decision. He has everybody time to collect his few belongings for the big migration. Everyone should follow him to the promised Land. Moreover, the people discussed with each other "Do we want to abandon our house, our field and our acres"? It began a big for and cons. However, most of them decided to follow Argepo's call. Therefore the day has come, in which the big departure has been anticipated.

Departure

Innumerable men, women, and children came from the wide and far country. They rushed towards the streets and assembled themselves on the open field in front of the farmsteads. This is because the new has penetrated deep into the countryside. Moreover, everybody was packed with the most important of his belonging. They all wanted to follow Argepo, despite his youth. Everybody fell silent when he stepped amongst them. And he spoke to them." I want to be guarantor that we set out, travel, lives and don't perish". In addition, he asked them where the elderly, the old men, and the sick persons remained. They replied, that they are too weak, in order to be able to move along with. Aregbo however ordered and spoke:" Go and fetch all your carriages and carts from the barns, chambers and farmsteads. Rescue the sick and invalids, also the children, those expectant and nursing mothers, and all necessary households. So that all move with us and no one remains behind". And they did as he has told them. As they got together again, they

developed a big confidence in him. Are not the sailors who sailed the Nile downward full of praise of the fertile area of the highland? Rain would fall enough there around the year, one could give drink to all animals anytime and all fields are irrigated plentiful. He wants to lead and escort the people into the blessed country. In addition, the people knelt down and prayed to their deities for help and mercy. Then began the big migration.

Migration

Then began the big migration. Immediately, a gigantic human-chain, innumerable wagons, carts and the animals, those had remained alive, started to move. They went the Nile upwards, towards the south. Always marched along the shores of the stream, which its level had sunken lower. No tree, no shrub, nothing green that pleased the eyes. Already many perished on the way.

When the marching ended in the evening and the night-camp was made ready, Argebo ordered the people to get water from the ponds or to dig deep pits, for a very long time, until the ground donated water. This was his biggest concern, to provide human being and animal with water. He has also ordered the people to hunt all animals, which are edible in order to overcome their hunger. Additionally he has also ordered, that the people looked after the invalids and bury the dead persons. Therefore, their souls were one.

Argebo did the rounds daily, checked that all regulations are observed and listened all desires, and needs of his people. Moreover, these lost children of the Nile-country named him their secret “king”. His coming gave them practically power and strength. He led the top of the train that has caused an immense dust. In the scorching sun, this dense dust did the heat even more intolerable and the thirst even more agonizing. In addition, the people plead the gods for rain.

Rain

Weeks already lasted the march through the desolate land. All sank exhausted, as soon as the camp is set up, in deep sleep. One night-who counted the days of the migration-, the pale moonlight reflected over the camp, pulled the cloud-pieces over the star covered sky. A warm, hazy breath spread over the sleepers. A cloudbank has come forward. Suddenly, a total darkness has entered. A big unrest took hold over the animals. The herd roared. There, a cold, blue flame went down to the ground. The darkness had immediately plunged into dazzling brightness. The thunder rumbled so that everything has trembled. It seemed, as if the sky opened all its locks, the waters plunged in a wild fall from the sky. Lightning came after lightning, thunders after thunders. The angry Gods hunted over the world, but brought blessing. Like a deluge, the waters raged down on the thirsting earth. Moreover, the storm swept and whipped water, light, and darkness in confusion. Argepo and his people however lifted their cups, pots, and containers towards the sky so that these are filled with the precious water. In addition, they took the rain as sacred symbol, which it indicates that Ekko was with them. They drank the precious wet and gave it to their animals. Before Ekko moved to the east, the sky closed its gates again. Furthermore,

it was a good omen for those who came from afar. Even the waters of the rivers had risen. Argepos and his companions prayed to Ekko:

“Thank you, you personify the eternal, life-giving and blessing, all fruits and blooms are yours. Ekko, power of all life, bless us”

Therefore, Argepos moved further, with all what he had. It happened however that one of the scouts, which he has sent out, came and reported: For away, where the sky touched the earth, there appeared a green spot. As they came to the place, they found small sparse shrubs and grass. The earth became green. And the eyes of the people shone. As they made ready their camp at night, they stretched themselves on grassy ground. The most terrible piece of their route lay behind them. Day after day, the country became more fertile, moreover, the country was full of green hazel-bush and chestnuts, palms and all sorts of shrubbery. Several animals to hunt and ripen fruits. In addition, they ate, drank, and held long rest. In the long-distance blue mountains. There they all understood, the promised Land lay there. It was one single, great people on migration.

Tribe on Migration

Nobody knows, how long the people wandered. However, one says that this journey lasted generations. Argepo grew, matured to a man, fathered sons, and got older. As he felt the death approaching, he called his first son, with the name Argepos, and he blessed him, gave him the mace of the migration into his hand. And told him to bring the people to the promised land. Therefore, Argepo died and was buried on the way towards the sought country that is called today, Kaffa. Hence, the young Argepo has risen, and has led his people. Who have been entrusted to him by his father. Moreover, as he became weak, he did as it was done previously by his father, and appointed his oldest son, by the name of Argepo with the leadership. Therefore, the mace of migration came from the hand of the ancestor into the grandson and was transferred from generation to generation. The clan of the Argepo, that has remained the strongest, has reined the Kaffa until the present day.

Question no one, what all has happened in those days. Nobody can find an answer for it. Children grew to combative men, ripen women, and produced their descendants that however didn't mix themselves with strangers. However, each generation moved southward and settled at one place as long as it fed them. The mountains moved closer and the routes became steeper and steeper. Moreover, they thanked Ekko with prayer and offerings that he has protected them. Hence, the people came from a flat steppe land into a country of densest jungle.

Jungle

Equivalent to giants the huge trees grew aggressively towards the sky. The route was full of shy and angry wild animals. Startled herds of colossal proboscideans therefore stormed and crushed those who were on their way Gazelles and antelopes however offered lavish food. At night the stinking hyena screamed. Monkeys from the trees screeched around the

camp. Moreover, the people protected themselves, as much as they could. The paths towards the desired. Fertile highland became inaccessible. However, the people cleared their way through the dense underwood until they found their final destination, which they were looking for generations: The new homeland.

The New Homeland

Surrounded by dense-forested mountains, the promised Land laid before them. On the wide-open meadow, they stopped for a rest. From the clan of Argepo they choose a ruler and they gave him a council composed of seven elderly persons, chosen from the seven oldest clans, so that they watch, that the old faith and the ancient conventions are maintained purely and unadulterated. The oldest persons however offered sacrifice to Ekko so that he would further remain merciful to them. Life giving cast the sun its beams over the world. The council of the elderly spoke however.

“Explore the wide country, you go westward and you eastward, you northward and you southward. Be watchful and don’t be in a hurry! Look for water, for forest and meadows, for mountains and valleys. Where we can settle and cultivate the field!.

And the men did, as they were told. When they left, the rainy season has started, moreover, they came in the morass and groundless ground hardly further, it happened that they one day encountered a strange being. This first

Encounter

is passed on from mouth to mouth in the story. Were these beings monkeys or still humans? They were naked, over and over haired, stinking and their behaviour resembled that of the beast of the forest .However, they have pointed, elaborate arms with terrifying barbed hooks. Hardened with fire, they smeared it with a lethal poison. With this weapon, they even hunt the jungle giant. He lays, paralysed from the poison, on the ground and whipped the ground with its trunk, so all, men, women and children fall over the perishing animal and beat it with cudgels and stones to death. Then they tore form the body pieces of steaming meat, held it over the fire, ate, and smacked until they were over-ate. Then the women shrieked and started to quarrel with each other by pulling the hair of their adversaries.

However, it happened that the scout has encountered them. In the quiet of the forest, suddenly there was a hissing sound and braking branches cracked suddenly stones fall one after the other in front of Argeop's runners’ feet. More and more frequently, this animosity occurred without they could catch one the malicious slingers. Nevertheless, the scouts became cautious because they realized that they have enemy.

This was the message that they brought to their people. Woyebote! Listen! The soil of this country is immensely fertile. The fruits are there as far as the eyes can see. Jungle dominates the country. In addition, there are high mountains, endless deep valleys with rapid rivers, and stinking beings, wild animals alike. They are our enemy!

Moreover, Argepos spoke and ordered: And Argepos spoke and ordered I: << Woyebote! Listen! Want to settle you in this country. However still, wild inhabitants control mountains. Valleys, and meadows. Their lands shall be yours. Hurry and go to them and announces: I want to live in peace and harmony with you. I want to accomplish order around the whole country. Nevertheless, if they don't want to live peacefully with us, we will use our sword. Gird yourselves and take your weapon!<<

As Argepo was about to give order and to send out combative men, it happened that he felt suddenly deadly weak. He passed away. Then Ekko sent to that country the nobles.

*Minjo*¹

Minjo, the progenitor of the ruling-dynasty of Kaffa, from whom it was said, he is originated from the clan of Buschacho, was more than a human being. The truth was that Minjo was not a human being. Minjo was more than a human being. He rose out of the rock. He came out of the cave. Ekko gave him the Kaffa land. So that he makes it big and mighty. Moreover, he led those that were inclined to him, in order to fulfil the wish of Argepos. However no one had counted with the danger of the inhabitants of the jungle, that they called mandacho the 'impure'. Before anybody was prepared to defend himself, he was already ambushed with a poisoned arrow and ended with an agonizing death. Then mindcho called and assembled his people around himself and ordered: Woyebote! Listens! You should not die through the misdeed of this impure, against which only cunning and shrewdness can help. Occupy the high trees around the camp with scouts. So that they inform us timely the approaching of the enemy. Then however, in the rage, we want to hasten toward them and punish them for the danger they might cause!

However, the warriors camped themselves as it they were slept. The guards on the trees were watchful with all their senses. Moreover, slowly the aged, wild forest began itself to be lively. In the soundless tranquillity cracked here and there a branch that broke under the quiet steps of the approaching enemies. Now and then a rustle, then again dead-silence. The guards on the trees informed silently the warriors on the ground. Moreover, already the first poisonous arrows flew into the camp. Alerted through his scouts, Minjo has surrounded deviously the enemies. As the sword of Mindshcos raged on them, countless of them died. The carnage was short, but crucial soon, they brought the first prisoners into the camp. They were naked and stinking, and their gaze was scared and shy. They were driven like a herd of animal. In addition, the Minjo people looked for their ruler of the captives. However from no one, they could get information. Because their language understood nobody: it was unclear lute, rasp, lulling, a bawl, and a stammer. However, Minjo has given them food and drink. His people were disgusted as the strange people of the jungle fall wild on the food, started to smack with their tongues,

¹ After another tradition of the Kaffecho, Minjo was a relative of the emperor zara Jacob that under the emperor-name Konstantinos III ruled Ethiopia that, therefore lived after Minjo his reign over Kaffecho lasted from 1390-1425. According to the same tradition, the empire of Kaffa has been found from Adio or koro emigrated Gonga, established under his leadership. This migration have taken place over the Godefo river and the Butto mountain towards the country called shadda Maga situated at the Merro river in the present province called Kaffa or scahdha.

slurped, and burped. Thereafter this impure people showed the cheerful and good part of their nature. Thereafter this

“impure”

people showed the cheerful and good part of their nature.

Moreover, it didn't last long, and then they came out of the thicket, the women and children of the prisoners in mass. All gave Minjo plentiful of food¹.

Minjo however moved further deep into the country. In addition, the long chain of his warriors and prisoners followed him. When the enemy approached him maliciously, he defeated them by using tricks, killed many, and made them captives. Forthwith prevailed silence and peace in the whole, wide country. Only now, the new homeland, the wide, rich highland was their own.

And the day has come in which he has gathered them all, his own people and the subjugated ones and spoke:

‘Woyebote! Listen! You are now in your enemies’ country! When we come to this land. We wanted to live with them in peace. However, they brought us fickleness and treachery instead of a fraternal welcome. That is why the war has occurred. Your wisdom and courage have won. The untruthfulness of the opponent was punished. I have not abandoned the survivors and they don't disgust me. Even though their ruler has not been found, we want still to conclude an alliance with them. The rules and rights that I put between them and you are these however:>> We wants to take them as our servants, but no one of them now and in the future has anything common with our life. You should give them work. The tanning of leather, cleaning of hides and all menial services. No one of you, neither child nor grandchild, should live together with them. From our cottages, our houses, they are banished. Even they cannot sleep in the stalls of our animals, and even during the daytime, they cannot come closer to our farmstead.

Your sons and daughters should not mix themselves with their women and men. Because they are impure! However, their life should be sacred to you! It should be peace and order in the country!<<

His people lived according to his words and built their homes everywhere on the open highland.

They formed tribes and clans and elected their eldest that interpreted laws and made decision according to the laws.

No one was however superior or inferior.

¹ Remain of this original native of Kaffa, that the Kaffechos call Manjas, by the Amharas Wuytos and by the Oromos called Fuga, lives besides in Kaffa and in the countries of konta and Dauro, they also throughout the Oromo-land. Avoided as pariah, they still settle around the river valleys and dense-forest as hunters like in the pre-history time. Although dark-colored and originating from the Nile-valley and resembles the Negroes, they are still considered by the Oromos or Kaffechos as Non-Negroes. They don't have anything common with these people, and no blood mixture has taken place. The Manjas don't have their own language but speak the language of those people, in whose area they have settled.

Ekko, the donor of all life

Occasionally it happened that Minjo in lonesome nights held dialogue with himself and the Gods. The stars twinkle like yellow, red, and blue crystals, at the nightly dark sky. The gigantic trees sink in the deep silence, and the high mountains, and the eternity addresses the lonesome one. A spark flew in an infuriated fall from the sky. The Gods send the people a message. Is it good or bad? No one knows it, however Minjo has given his and his people's destiny to the trust of the positive powers.

During the red and early morning sunrise, Minjo was in his lonesome prayer. Ekko rises in the east shining. Ekko, the creator of the world, the king of the gods, the most divine and top most of the big four ancient gods. The eternal and immortals. Kekko is in the sun.

'You appear beautiful in heaven,
You living sun that has lived prior to any being!
Ekko!
You rise up at the easterly heaven,
And fills all country with beauty!
Ekko!
You come down at the western heaven,
Everything earthly lie in the darkness as if it is dead!
Ekko!
You glare however and shine triumphantly at the heaven,
Feast itself the animal at the herb, the trees and shrubs becomes green and
blooms!
Glorious and great is your nature, god that has no equivalent.
Yours is everything, which lives, you're the creation of the world,
Ekko!

So, Minjo thanked for divine help and strength. Moreover, he called his people and Ekko spoke through him 'Woyebote. Listen! This is the sacrifice of gratitude. And it is sacred. Let us build a temple for Ekko, who is the greatest of all gods. And the wise elderly should asperse the altar with the offering-blood of the animals. Ekko merciful to us' it happened as ordered by Minjo. And all people served the god. It was as if Ekko blessed the country in particular. The field carried ripe fruit: the big empire saw a happy, working people. Here and there farmstead rose, farmstead turned into villages, cities grew up from the ground. The barns became full and the livestock grazed on the juicy meadows. It seemed as if a golden age has dawned.

During these days, since the peaceful Minjo enjoyed the highest love and adoration of his people he prepared a meal for all his eldest and powerful persons in the country. And when the precious liquid, which was brewed by the women, was poured into the containers, runners came in and spoke breathlessly. So came an evil sound into the melody of peace that the flutist played during the meal; and it seemed as if the drum of war should begin to rumble.

Drum of war

This was the new of the runners: strangers have invaded the country; they took the products of the fields as much as they wanted, slaughtered the livestock, and assaulted the women. Their skin is black like the night, Head, arms and legs hideously painted with terrifying signs, and on their hair, they carried colourful, swirling feathers. In the name of their clan head, the runners asked for swift help. Minjo jumped up excited and ordered: 'Go and bring the sacred drum of war that our ancestors brought from their historical home! And he called all people; everyone should bring a log of wood. He spoke to the gathered people: 'Woyebote! Listen! You men and women, young and old! Runners brought alarming news: Stranger, black-skinned and black like the night, has invaded the country in the south. They plunder field and stall and assaulted at our women!

Listen. Irrespective of your age, I am calling you to take up your arms. Only the youngest and oldest persons should remain at home. I declare the war!'

Moreover, Minjo takes the heavy log and beats the ancient drum in measured intervals. The reverberation of the drum is heard from a very big distance, and the message to the interior of the country is taking over further by other drums. With enormous speed, their call roars across mountains and valleys: war is in the country! Each man shall prepare himself!

Now, the drum has fallen silent. Minjo seizes a burning log with his right hand and throws it at the woodpile that has been already erected. Bright blazes the sacred fire of war. In addition, the runners put oil dipped woods into the raging flame and hurry with flickering torches towards the North and South, and east and west. Forthwith, the fires of the war flare up on the mountains around. They shine in the whole country and announce: war.

War

This is a law; from the time, the people were living at the Nile, which is maintained by Minjo. He extinguishes the flame forthwith, it will not be ignited before the enemy is defeated and the drum of victory booms throughout the country again.

A huge army of warriors streamed days after days together. As it gathered, they besought Ekko with a merciful omen. Moreover, it happened that the steaming early-mist-the rain-time had entered-in the same moment tom and the rising sun triumphantly flooded the crowds with its light. The mass was sized with reverence. Certain of their victory they went to the battle towards the enemy.

From the darkness of the jungle, it broke forth, from all sides. Furiously and full of fury the enemy attacked. Loud cries thrust the enemies. However, incessantly the rain falls in monotonous drops. Minjos and his warriors fought quietly and determined. Noticeable to all, he is an example in the fight. What is the use of bravery, when the number of the enemy is more than the kaffitchos' army? The heroes fell, one after the other to the

ground, and the victory seemed to balance towards the opponent. Even though their chain was thinned, the men of Kaffa however maintained their resistance. During the most critical part of the hardship, but still in his deepest conviction of their victory, Minjo summoned his best warriors and gave them, for the first time, the following order. Attack the front row, split the bravest! Seek fight with the heads of the enemy! You must beat them and cripple their strength! Fight yourselves through to their chieftains! When the enemy loses them, then it will abandon the fight. Make the enemy without leader. And therefore I order you to take the man-ness of the enemy as a visible sign to you!’

Into the noise of the battle, in which death cry and the deadly wounded, mingled itself Minjos loud command. In addition. He took his people in his conviction towards the battle. A slaughter occurred as if it never has happened before. The battleground was fully littered with blood. Minjo and his warriors did the real miracle of bravery. The maimed chieftains of the enemy passed away. The leaderless enemy evaporated in panic-stricken fear from the battlefield. As the day ended, Minjo was the victorious leader. The winners however carried the man-ness of the enemy bound as visible signs at their forehead....

Forthwith, the victorious Minjo called all people from all parts of the country to the celebration of the victory, to the celebration of peace.

The celebration of victory

Again, like in the days after the end of the great migration, men and women, young and old gathered themselves at the big meadow. The crowd that their secret >> ruler << awaited was incalculable. Again, they had erected a huge woodpile and had installed the big, ancient, holy drum.

Look! Their, the eldest escorted Minjos in the ceremonial procession. One person waved and spoke: Listen! The whole people extend thanks to the gods and the invincible, which led us to the victory: Minjo! Moreover, they knelt down, raised their arms towards heaven, and thanked. Minjo however thought about the sacrificed heroes, who have brought the victory, and at the same time, the whole country is in sorrow because of their death.

In addition, he turned his eye towards the ground, on which no one would dare to look at, that was full of teardrops. Then however, he called the heroes and instructed them the following:

‘Say thanks to those, that has fought and beat the enemy.’ Now he called the bravest with their names towards himself so that everybody would see them. And every one of them rose shyly here and there and stepped towards him, until their number was big and no one was missing. Listen! This should apply from now on and everywhere in the country should respect it: these first and best fighters are now and in all future examples of the bravery and the vigour. We want to adorn them however whenever we can!

I give you a second instruction today: Go to your locality and to the gratitude and praise Ekko, build everywhere sacred places. Keep watch over them against the gazes of the impure. Soon the time will come when we will elect the servants of god, from among your clans, and who will be ordained! Now again I give you my warriors my third instruction! Henceforth peace should be in the country Kaffa and at its own borders. Go to the boundary of the country and erect watchtowers that can withstand against any enemy. Occupy it with guards as the future guardians of the boundary so that they guard the country day-in and day-out against the entrance of aliens. In addition, everybody shall once in his lifetime guards here from one full moon until the next full moon. Whoever seeks to penetrate the border, he should however be killed with mercy and pity. So that the towers however control a wider area, you shall cut the trees of the jungle everywhere, where they stand around them. Therefore, peace shall prevail in the country of Kaffa for all time!

Again, Minjo walks towards the sacred drum, which it's throbbing, announce the end of war and peace is now succeeding. Moreover, the throbbing effects echo everywhere and it goes through the whole country Kaffa. Again, the woodpiles flared up; again, the runners carry the torch of the peace over mountains and valleys. When the fixed time has ended, Minjo started to visit the boundary of the country.

Defence of the Border

The border protection has been established everywhere, There, the towers have arisen, that guarded the country. There, where since ages ways and trails through jungle and ravines led into the inner part of the country, gates were built. The bridges and the rivers of the borders were however specially protected.

And Minjo praised his people that they executed everything according to his commandment.

As soon as the full moon changed to the new moon however, the one guard replaced the other, prepares to beat the drum, whenever he needs help. It appeared that the tranquillity and peace of Kaffa is secured for all eternity. The eldest persons of the tribes and clans now began in the whole country Ekko, the creator of the world, to build him temples. It happened however that the builder of the temple in the south of the country were surprised by a wild rain- flood and looked for shelter in near farmstead against this deluge, that raged from the sky. The water transformed all paths into groundless swamps, washed all soil, and exposed the initial foundation of the temple. When they began to build again, one of the construction workers cried out: 'look, what I have found!' From a pit, that the rain washed out, blinked and shone towards them, as if Ekko himself has set one of his golden beams into the earth: Shining gold.

Gold

They found approximately hundred plumps of it and sent the precious finding to Minjo. Minjo meant, that Ekko himself has given them this luminosity to the glory of god and the country. He ordered to dig everywhere for it and to collect the glazing metal: The time will come soon, when the temples of God will be consecrated. Let us create precious jewellery for the priests from it. Always Ekko and his shining grandeur shall reflect in it. Let us create the symbol of manliness and bravery for our most courageous sons, so that they remain exemplary fighters for all time. From now on, the brave heroes should carry the golden symbol of procreation, that of male strength and the heroism on their forehead. After all this, lets us ordain the priests and victorious heroes!'

Moon after moon had changed, the sacred signs of the priests and the bravery had been created. Hence, the time of ordination has come.

The Ordination

Again, the open meadow, which has already the status of a holy place, is filled with people. All had on festive clothes and awaited full of expectation.

Hollow whirl of distant drums! Trombone-sound! Silence!
Silence!

The eldest of all clans, Minjo at the top, draw near with ceremonial steps. Wrapped into the swirling, white garments, that in the ray of the sunlight of blended blaze; the golden chains were displayed for the first time as signs of future priestly dignity. Through the choice of the people, they are destined to be the guardians of the sacred place and servants of Ekko. They walk slowly through the ally that crowded with the mass, solemnly through the open meadow, and vanishes into the darkness of the gigantic forest, where they close to the farmsteads of the clan, hidden from the view of the people, erected the temple for Ekko. Its construction is round and simple. Nevertheless, the walls are strong, from thick, bulky trunks of the forest densely joined. The tent shaped roof towers steeply like a pyramid.

In the interior of the temple, the priests kneel down in front of Ekko. Mystical chant mingles with loud prayer. Then the slaughtering-knives flash, the tied bulls fall and the blood rustles from their veins. The priests shall be always on guards against the people' viewing of the temples, make the people conscience to observe the law, and punish the one who does not respect it.

Those who brought the sacrifice, now walk through the forest to the green meadow. Reverent silence received the consecrated. Forthwith however, all praised Ekko and their gods with loud voices.

Until Minjo stepped into the middle and instructed:

'Woyebote! Listen! Still, the ordination of the day has not ended! There is still my big task remaining. Lets us decorate the bravest of our fighters! Step closer to me'.

Moreover, each of the heroes raised him, like at the celebration of peace, here and there one from the mass, soon they all stood around Minjo, and no one was missing. Loudly, he called the first one by his name. With solid move stepped the hero towards him. This way Minjo called them all to himself and spoke: For us, they are good examples forever. We, your priests, want to decorate your heroes! Let us put the sign of courage, golden symbol of the procreation and manly power around the forehead’.

The priests and Minjo touched the chosen one, their forehead, as the sign of heroism; they put the heroes white, swirling feather-bushes into the hair. Fanfares and trombones resounded bright into the act of consecration and the hollow beats of the drum boomed in between. All people rejoiced.

The years came and went. The country flourished.

Happy people

Happy people lived on the blessed land. They tillage the field, sowed and got good harvest. They tillage the field, sowed and brought the grain at the time of the harvest into the barn, guarded the livestock, did craft and trade, and kept markets operating. The women ground the grain and baked the thin fritter in the hot ash. The boys harvested the honey of the wild bees, up in the trees were hanging their hives; yes, it was not easy to handle the wild bees. However, it was very exquisite to slurp the splendid mead, during the meal, roasts, and fish. The girls fixed all sorts of appliances in the house. With regular steps, they turned the potter-disk and shaped handy containers from clay and earth; and the housefather burned the pots. In the blazing fire into a durable clay of hard cups, flasks, and jugs. The women of the house sat however, when the man went out to hunt or fishing. At the ancient spindle and pulled the threads, from which she wove the precious sheets and clothes, with her agile, skilful fingers from the thick ball of cotton. The traditional costume of the men, women, and children were different. The big, white cloths for men were usually interweaved with colourful strips. The precious clothes of the women were easy and airy and don’t limit their beautiful stature. A body-belt out of leather or belt-tie holds firmer the clothes at the body.

The women liked also to wear aprone made out of bast or leaves around their loins, and mantles knitted with considerable skill out of long dried grass to shelter them against the rain. The fibres were woven densely. The rain could fall down in big quantity, but it could not yet penetrate the innumerable dried grasses of the coat. The children usually went bare. They had shorn the skull until a small mop of hair at their vertex completely. The girls were as soon as become they mature, their hair in particular way: Two rolled hair extended- like a cress from ear to ear. Towards the neck however descended many small braids downward. The women carried their hair in long. Thin braids, with exquisite, greased fragrant ointments, winded around the head. In it they put beautiful, from precious wood carved combs. The hair of the men was curled, some carried beards,

which grew long. Men and women carried pointed hats from the foliage of the Ensett-leaf.¹

The jewellery of the women was precious and fine. There were necklaces, made out of wood, different metals or out of silver and a rare gold. There were fine slender and thick broad rings that they put on their slim, pretty arms. Frequently, they lined them one after the other up. The hunters on the other hand carried strong arm-rings, out of the soles hide of the killed elephants, and they called their bearers elephant-killers. Even at their feet, they carried all sorts of decorate: Rings, equipped with small chains, on which small bells hang, has the function to intercept the evil spirits which ascends from the ground. Therefore, the decoration protects the people from misfortune and black magic.

After work, in the evening or on an important holiday, one hears the sound of trombones, songs, and flutes; then, everybody moves in the rhythm of the dance.

Beside these free people lived the subjugated, the impure ones. They were never allowed, just like Minjo ordered it, to enter the cottages of their masters. Nevertheless, they were masters in tanning pelts. The farmsteads had widened themselves, the villages had become larger, and the towns received gradually ranks and names, whenever there were quarrels and discords within themselves, the priests maintained tranquillity and peace among them again quickly. If the enemy came to the border of the country however, the guards warned on time and their drums called the heroes and their followers to the defence. Then, they tied the golden signs of fight and the triumphant courage around their head and moved towards the fight. Therefore, they always remained victorious in all skirmishes and feuds. Like a huge island of fortune, the highland of Kaffa remained unaffected from all changes of the time.

Gradually the people felt they owe all this to Minjo.

Schadda, the holy town, prepared itself to the thanksgiving feast. There, where the people came together for the said feast, was the meadow, where the historical big Kaffecho migration, at last, ended. It was a sacred ground. Was it not to the pilgrim-town of all Kaffecho? Was it not assigned to be the pilgrim-town of all Kaffecho? In order to lend this town the beaming shine, has it not the dominating personality missing? Where is the man to be crowned?

Since old days in memory, always the outstanding man was the leader of the people. There was no worthier in the country, than the savoir in the peril of death, the maker of peace in the territory of the Kaffecho. Ekko was in him, and spoke through him. With the coronation, however divine strength should overshadow him. Therefore, the town prepared itself to the big celebration, and the preparations' had no end. There, the big palace, the palatinate, rose from the ground since many days for the prospective sovereign. In addition, there was a carpentering and hammering work from the morning until evening, yes until late into the night. Hardly, that one has only slept for few hours.

¹These pointed-hats-about one span tall and conically rounded, with yarn sewn- is characteristic for the traditional costume of the Kaffecho, to which they give a particular aura.

At a secret place the chosen ones created the future holy crown. It should resemble the sacred old feather crown of the kings of the Nile.¹ All gold and silvers processed and brought from all different tribes and regions of Kaffa. Like a pyramid, the goldsmiths created a pointed helmet, which has consisted out of six leaf of pure gold and six leaf of the most pure silver. The triple symbol of manhood were done out of pure gold and were fixed on the forehead part of silver-gold helmet. The wise elderly talked prophetic words about it:>> who has the Kaffa crown, he is the rightful Kaffa king. As long as you have the Kaffa crown in you possession, nobody will subjugate the Kaffa County. And the Kaffa people have to be nobody's subject <<. The countless thin rings of chain around the helmet are meant to banish the evil spirit. The quest for the swirling plume of feathers lasted months long: They tacked on the crown three such arrangements of heron feathers and they add to it the white heroic feather.

The smith has also created the insignia of the empire out of pure gold: the golden earring, bracelet, fingering, that golden necklace, the sceptre, and the golden sword. They even embroidered the green sovereign cloak of state with pure gold. Minjo, the victorious, the chosen one, was however no more visible to the people. He lived in loneliness and prepares his soul for the big mission.

In the densest jungle, they built him and his youthful companion a cottage. This young man, almost still a boy, prepared his soul for the sacrifice of himself. Therefore, it becomes a law and as such, it remained until our time.

It so happened in those days that a big pilgrimage has started to happen towards the holy and crowning city of Schadda. The pilgrimage has kept going on, it happened night and day time, from south to north, and from west to east. All tribes and clans led their horns, their trombones, and shawms with themselves. It began a powerful singing and praying inside and outside the city.

Each pilgrim brought a wood-chunk from his home area, and put it on the site in front of the palatinate, that a big pile of wood has been accumulated for the sacred fire.

Holy Fire

The sun sank. When the night throws its dark shadows over the palatinate, the gates of the palace opened. It was at the eve of the big sovereigns consecration. The eldest of the priests, that was chosen to be the grand-priest, carried high in his raised hands a burning torch, which it was ignited for the occasion, in the temple of Ekko. Moreover, all people sunken their head toward the ground, as the priest-flock approached the piled wood. And the grand-priest prayed and sang:

>>Ekko!
The peoples tongues speaks different languages,
Different are the shape and colour of people,
You however look into each heart and choose for you the best,

¹ The feather crown of the Pharaohs

Ekko!
Tomorrow, you will give your divine instruction and exalted power,
Mindcho that you rescue us, and the one we choose!
Clothe him into thy mercy of your divine kindness!
Ekko!<<

In addition, the most superior of the priests consecrated the torch to the pile. Brightly blazed the flames and soon the night laid immersed into a shining light. However, the highest among the priests ignited a new torch and took it to the palatinate, at the big fire-basin, so that the sacred fire will never extinct. Because he is Ekko's symbol as long as the sovereign lived. However, the people prayed, sang, and praised the creator until the dusk let the shining fire fade, and the sacred time of the coronation had come.

The Crowning

Blood red raised Ekko in the sun-ball as if the glowing fires of the night blazed in him. It was a high excitement in the hearts of all.

The beat of all the drums had a hollow sound. In addition, the mild shawm and the tender flutes attuned to it; and the trombones invited the people with vivid sound to the festivity. A strange sound and rejoicing lay in the air.

There and then, something happened at the gate of the palace. The highest of the priests appeared with his companions, lavishly and splendidly dressed. Then all people fell to the ground and pressed their face to the earth. In his hands, he carried the golden crown of the land Kaffa; and it glowed like a ruby in the light of the sun, and the white splendour-feathers swirled in the quiet wind that came over from the palatinate. The priests, who carried the jewels of the empire, followed: the golden sword and the green robe, the sceptre and the golden jewellery. Again, two priests followed, they escorted the boy, that is chosen to be sacrificed, strode along with the pomp and shining attire. With his happy eyes, he looked across the wide mass; he was, after all, the choice of Ekko, the mighty; again, priests lined up. Then came however Minjo the superior, the one chosen by the people. It was dead quiet on the wide meadow. Only softly bird-voice sounded from the near wild forest, in which the procession disappeared slowly. The people rose again in quite expectancy. The drums boomed and the trombones smashed, and the flutes and shawms made melodies. The place around the temple was empty. Only the priests were allowed to observe the sacred act of the coronation. However, only the grand-priests with the golden crown entered the inside part of the temple. However only the grand-priest with the golden crown, the bearer of the jewels of the empire Kaffa, the boy-selected to be sacrificed and was ready for it to receive the highest honour of the country, were allowed to enter the interior of the temple.

The priests started to say the prayers. The grand-priest escorted the boy away from the others into the mysterious darkness. As the offering spear appeared, there was a breathless silence. Again, the boy's eyes lit up before they broke. The grand-priest however stepped into the centre of the temple and announced that the life of the young

man is going over to the body of the chosen, so that he remains healthy and lives long. Now he put the crown on his head; and he put the green, gold-embroidered sovereign-robe around his shoulders and gave him the golden sword together with the other jewels. Three times, the priest called the name with loud voice. Now, the selected one had become the sovereign, to whom all power in Kaffa belonged. It was a divine strength in him: from then on, Ekko spoke through him. Now the priests threw down themselves to the ground and took grass in their hand to symbolize humility and submission. They wrapped the sovereign with precious cloths. From now on, no one shall look at him from face to face. Therefore, the one who looks at the Kaffa's king, the gatekeepers and runners will kill him. The king must always be behind the curtain. Nobody sees the king, but the king sees all. In the future, the sovereign will only speak to the people through the voice of the grand-priest.

Slowly, the procession moves with the disguised sovereign of Kaffa through the devoted mass that sunk to the ground in reverence. After the end of the procession, the gate of the palace was closed. As the grand-priest appears at the gate again, and ordered the wild booming of the drums, the whistle of the flutes, the sound of the trombones to stop, all people rises. The priest announces the name of the exalted, that now at this moment takes the First meal and henceforth speaks justice and holds discipline above all customs and laws. The whole people are today and for the next two days invited as guests in front of the palatinate. The people danced and sang after the sound of the kettledrums and shawms, trombones and flutes. And they fed and offered them an exquisite mead three full days long. From the early morning until into the late night. Thereafter all the crowd went back home and praised and lauded the Sovereign further.

Kings of Kaffa¹

The Sovereign was the first king of Kaffa¹. And Ekko ruled through him. He is always in the memory of the people. He is the progenitor of the ruling dynasty of Kaffa, whose clan named itself after him Minsdschilosh or that of the Minjo. This are however after him the kings of Kaffa, and this are their titles: the second king was called Girra², he had his residence in the city Schonga, the third was Addioer³, the fourth was the Schaedder king⁴,

¹ The sovereign of Kaffa had always five or seven, sometimes nine Medsches, which are the wives. They were daughters of the kings of the neighboring-countries, like Mallo, Kutscha, Gera and Gumma or the clans Argepo and Dukko. His sons took the title Tateno Buscho (that is the name of a royal boy, the prince); they belonged as legitimate sons of the sovereign to the Mindschetsch dynasty. The daughters took the title Tschibete (that is the name of the princess). They were given to the sons of the clans of Argepo or to the kings of Dauro, Gera, Gumma, Mallo or Kutscha to be their wives.

² Ruled from 1425-1460.

³ 1460-1495, he added the country called Addio to his empire and married nine women.

⁴ 1495-1530, made Schadda his residence.

the fifth was Madi Gafo or the Borretoer-King¹, the sixth was, the Bongaer king², that seventh named himself Giba Netschotscho³; the eighth king was Galli Gafotscho⁴, the ninth was Galli Ginotscho⁵, he was the one, that made the kingdom for Kaffa big, he conquered many countries and he rose himself to an emperor. He was the supreme-king or emperor of many kings; he was the first emperor of Kaffa; after him, >>Emperor<< was the title of all sovereigns of Kaffa. The tenth king was called Gaki Gaotscho⁶, the eleventh Galli Gaotscho⁷, as the twelfth king followed Schagi Scharatscho⁸, he was replaced by Beschi Ginotscho⁹, Hotti Gautscho¹⁰ was the fourteenth king and sixth emperor of Kaffa, during his reign, the empire was the biggest and unconquerable. Gaha Netschotscho¹¹ followed him; the sixteenth king was Gawi Notschotscho¹², Keje Sherecho¹³ replaced him, and this sovereign became the Ekko. Ekko was in him. The king of Kaffa, as of that time, became the Attiotscho or the Emperor-God. The eighteenth king of Kaffa carried the name Galli Sherecho¹⁴. The glory of Kaffa has ended with Gaki Sherecho¹⁵. Our hope is his coming back! That is it!<<

¹ 1530-1565, He did the town Borreto as his temporary residence; under his rule, the first Moslems came to that country. The invasion of Schpenao happened during his reign. The settlement of the Christian Amaro happened also during his reign.

² 1565-1605, he occupied Bonga. He divided the country into 12 districts and put 12, and put twelve >>Worafo<<- dukes at their top. Later, the number has risen to 18. The Rascho-counties were under them. During his rule, Christian churches were built. He allegedly lived 120 years.

³ 1605-1640, under him there was a strict Ekko cult practices.

⁴ 1640-1675.

⁵ 1675-1710.

⁶ 1710-1742. The people of Kaffa named him >> The Great<<; under him happened the establishment of the Oromo-Empire of Jimma-Kaka.

⁷ 1742-1775, he was called Gallo.

⁸ 1775-1795, during his rule was the revolt of the people of Dauro.

⁹ 1795-1798.

¹⁰ 1798-1821, 40 kings and kingdoms were his tributary.

¹¹ 1821-1845, during the reign of Beddo the Dauro made themselves independent.

¹² 1845-1854.

¹³ 1854-1870, with the name Kamo banished the Christian priests.

¹⁴ 1870-1890, he was called Gallito, under him there was Catholic prosecution; he issued an order that no Minjo can be Christian (>>Kitino<<) or a Muslim (>>Negado<<). Since then, all people subscribed themselves to Ekkitino, which means the Ekko cult. Since the incorporation of Kaffa into the empire of Ethiopia (1897), Ekkitino is dominated by Karra Haimanot (Ethiopian's Christianity), which is the state-religion of Abyssinia.

¹⁵ 1890-1897, with the name called Chinito, had killed all lions and game-animals in the country in order to banish dangers to the farmer, died in the Abyssinian exile.

AT THE GRAVES OF THE EMPEROR-GODS

Bieber is in a feverish condition. He has only now grasped the sense and meaning of the convention of the country. Only now, it was revealed to him that the people of this country have the deepest solidarity to their divine ruler. Now he knows what he will do. His trip to the graves of the Emperor Gods will be like a pilgrimage full of emotion.

On the 22 June, Bieber is on his way to the Shosha Mountain, the sacred mountain with the graves of the Emperor-Gods of Kaffa. His entourage of Kaffechos have stayed at the foot of Shosha Mountain below; even today the Kaffecho avoids the place sacred to him, which he according to the strict rule, can never enter. The pathway to the dead Emperor-Gods of Kaffa is only not denied to a few chosen ones and the wild animals.

Baron Mylius and Bieber squeezed themselves through the jungle upwards towards a narrow staircase that is hardly recognizable, on the elevated summit of the mountain.

Amid a majestic jungle-tranquillity, the shrines of the Emperor-Gods lie here. Bieber can still differentiate eighteen tombs¹, despite that all overgrowing jungle-wilderness. Mostly they are sinking graves that are set lineal from west to the east. Two graves are only still recognizable, that of the emperor Keje Sherecho and that of Galli Sheroecho.

To his great delight, Bieber finds precious treasures. From one of the graves, he fetches one >>Gondo<<, one of the valuable jugs, that were given to the Emperor-Gods of Kaffa at their burial. And immediately thereafter he holds the most precious finding in his hands, which was trembling out of excitement: a golden phallus; a golden phallus; he becomes unique in his rich collection of Kaffa. Deeply impressed leaves the two friends the consecrated place.

Like always, Bieber writes down the events of this day conscientiously. Moreover, the burning wish has come back to him again, to be present in the burial ceremony of the last Emperor-God. He wants to experience the old ceremony at least in the report. The old Kaffecho singer can also fulfil this wish to him. He begins to narrate emotionally, slowly, and gracefully in singing intonation. However, the high pathos of great past is missing this time. It is the personal, warm experience, which mirrors itself in his words:

>>The whole people in the wide-open Kaffa-country, we all now knew of the death of the Emperor-God kaje Sherecho. The mourning about our dead sovereign began. All people fasted, and no one slept at his sleeping place.

From the towns, the villages and farmsteads of the country, the people, led by the priests, now began to walk towards Anderacha. On the meadow before the town, a big hall was erected and the deceased Emperor-God² was in it. So that no one from the public would come too close to the great dead, a bamboo-fence had been erected before this hall. In big

¹ The emperor graves are each two meters broad and long and seven meters deep. After the eighth day of the ceremonial burial of the emperor, a round cottage (>>godo<<), without central beams and of 6 meters diameters was erected, and an earthenware jug (>>gondo<<) filled with mead is put on the grave. A hollow bamboo-tube led from the cottage through the soil downward to the corpse. Normally the Kaffecho do not practice joint burial place. Every family put the grave of their dead near their farmstead. These graves are shaft graves. The grave of the Kaffecho is – as with the old-Egyptians – a three meters deep, perpendicular shaft, from which on the bottom approximately a two meters long and two meters high tunnel sideways leads. After the burial, the shaft and not the tunnel filled with earth. Around the grave, a hedge is planted, however no hill or earth mass is curved over the shaft.

² The imperial corpse was anointed every now and then with butter, clothed with the imperial gown and – a ring at the finger-laid in the >>duhe gono<<, (that is a hollow log as coffin), which stood on the throne-bed.

mass, the people of Kaffa camped in Anderacha and around the town. However, the people behaved in mournful silence, and the quiet murmur of the vast crowd was hardly audible.

The big solemnity in honour of the dead began on the third day after the announcement of the death. Ekko, the sun god, cast his glowing rays on the earth, the sky was cloudless, and no wind-breeze moved.

The men and women, as one single mourning-community, exposed their upper bodies up to the hip. The men had shorn their heads, and the women scuffled their hair, they torn their robe-cloths and chastised themselves and their men with thorny sticks bloody. The mourning of the gathered people, loud crying and wailing bore witness to the deep grief of the people.

This way, the first day of the solemnity in honour of the dead ended. Even during the night, nobody thought of sleep. Now, the many torches that shone through the night-darkness over mountains and valleys were inflamed.

Ghost lights alike passed the mourners with torches in an unending procession on the wide meadow at the hall where the dead was resting. In the hall, the priests however held guard in honour of the dead. Incessantly, they said their death-prayers. In addition, before the foyer, on both sides of the big entrance, twelve Ekko-Priests with the twelve golden shields of the empire of Kaffa, the symbols of the twelve moon-years, are lined-up. The funeral procession began only in the morning of the fourth day. From Anderacha, he went through Buna to Shadda to the Shosha Mountain.

Under weeping and wailing, the in advance-sent eunuchs announced the approaching of the procession. First repeatedly with precious cloths decorated mule came, on its back carried the old emperor-kettledrum. A Ekko-Priest strode on each side of the emperor-Kettledrum. The powerful double beat boomed hollowly from time to time. Then, the twelve shield-bearers followed with the twelve golden shields of the Emperor-God. In addition, the heavy trunk, with the dead body in it, was carried by Ekko-Priests. The dead Emperor-God was still now invisible to all. The heavy, with gold embroidered green emperor-robe was spread over the dead person-trunk, that sacred, ancient emperor-crown of Kaffa and the golden sword and the jewels were carried along.

Directly behind the dead person-trunk, the grand-priest followed with his upper-priests and lower-priests, done to with most precious attires, and in their middle, the future Emperor-God strode, clothed as simple peasant; the people were allowed to see him for the last time.

Sixteen Ekko-Priests led along sixteen bulls as offering-animals to the procession. Then came several warriors-from eunuchs and runners held in proper distance-the wailing and mourning people. Therefore, this is how the home-going Emperor-God was carried to his grave.

Not far from the town, the procession came to a halt. The people gathered themselves. One of the sixteen Ekko-Priests now led his bull at the top of the procession. The animal was sacrificed with the shiny sword. The blood of the victim-animal was collected in an earthenware mug and from the Ekko-Priest, under loud invocations and bows, on the way it was sprinkled to the rights and to the lefts, in order to expiate the sins, and to clean and to consecrate the path of the procession. With the offer-blood, at the grave, the forehead of the dead emperor was also moistened. In the town Buna, the next bull was offered, and the third at the burial-place of the mothers of the Emperor-Gods¹. Hence, on the way offer after offer were sacrificed.

The people escorted the dead emperor-God through the jungle, over mountains and valleys against Shadda, further. It had become night again. Innumerable torches illuminated the darkness. Finally the very long procession reached the foot of the Shosha-Mountain. From here up to the summit, where the old cemeteries of the Emperor-Gods are to be found, there was a wide path through the inaccessible jungle. In addition, the future Emperor-God was not allowed to approach the cemetery of his predecessors. He remained with his people, surrounded by six of his future, next Ekko-Priests.

Deep silence prevailed around. The mule with the emperor-Kettledrum and the two drumbeaters, the priests and the bearers of the golden shields, proceeded slowly with the heavy dead person-trunk towards the mountain.

On top of the mountain, some selected among the people had shovelled the grave one day before the burial of the dead Emperor. The deep pit was covered with woods of trees from all parts of the country, that the people had already brought and laid at the foot of Shosha Mountain, while they were coming to the funeral, to Anderacha. Beside these woods, traditional attire of all clans of the country was ready for the consecrated gifts to the emperor's grave. With these consecrated gifts was the interior of the grave decorated. The procession with the heavy dead body trunk had arrived at the top of the mountain. Now, the drumbeaters began to beat the emperor-kettledrum in long intervals; always two powerful beats.

The big-priest now came closer to the dead person-trunk of the deceased Emperor-God. Slowly, he removed the green emperor-robe, the golden sword, and the sacred emperor-crown of Kaffa. The corpse of the Emperor-God was covered with precious towels.

The big-priest took the jewels of the empire and left the burial-place, accompanied by his high-priests, in a specifically for this purpose built path and walked downward to the Ekko-Temple of the near by coronation-city of Shadda.

The heavy trunk with the dead was drawn in ropes downward into the grave, while the Ekko-Priests sacrificed twelve bulls. They gave their hearts to the Emperor-God into his

¹ The >>Abett<<, the emperor-mothers, were buried on a forest-clearing, that a hedge-ring of high trees enclosed, near Buna, at the North-slope of the Durra Mountain. The corpse was buried in a coffin-crate; the corpse was buried in a coffin-crate; a round-cottage, whose walls had been covered with Togas, was erected over the grave. They left the shrine neglected.

grave; the meat was left to the wild animals of the forest to be eaten. Then, the grave was filled with earth. A long bamboo-tube was inserted in the grave, so that the dead Emperor-God in future is also connected with his people. Solemnly, the Ekko-Priests approached the gravediggers, who had been had been honoured to take part to shovel the grave of the Emperor-God. That gravediggers walked completely naked, towards the High Priests ready to give their life-the biggest sacrifice, that they could bring their gone home Emperor-God. The drumbeaters beat furious whirls on the emperor-kettledrum, the few torches shone into the deep jungle-night. There was wailing, screaming, praising, lauding, and singing in the honour of the Emperor-God. Moreover, the wild dirge sounded until on the top of the Shosha Mountain.

The living victims were ready there. Few moments later the sacrifices of the gravediggers was accomplished. The living victims were ready there. Few moments later the sacrifices of the gravediggers was accomplished. Suddenly, the emperor-kettledrum¹ fell silent.

In addition, the people down at the foot of the mountain had become quiet. Now, the sacrificed were buried from the Ekko priests in the pit opposite to the emperor's grave. They remained the servants of the Emperor-God in the other world. Emperor-God and placed as further sacrifice big, with mead filled earth ware mugs, that one brought from the whole country, into the grave-house. When the Ekko priests left the sacred place, the new day dawned. The grave changed itself gradually into a wilderness. The people received the Ekko Priests, the future Emperor-God in the middle that was still dressed as a simple farmer, and hence now walked slowly towards Schadda. The emperor-drum was installed there on the big place in front of the emperor's palatinate. A big mass of people gathered again. Appeared then, followed by his upper-priests and lower-priests and gave the two drum beaters the command, to announce the completion of the dirge and the official funeral ceremony to the people of Kaffa. Twelve powerful beats, conducted in long intervals, announce the end of the funeral ceremony. Hardly they had fade away, speaking drums relayed the message over the whole country. The people were now allowed to wear their cloak, sit down to their meal and rest on their bed-camps again...<<. That is how the old Kaffecho narrated, who has still experienced the big days of the Emperor-God of Kaffa.

¹ About the human sacrifice during the Emperor's funeral compares Bieber's essays in the >>Osterreichische Rundschau<<, Wien, XXXIII/12 (1923) and in the >>Globus<<, Braunschweig, Band III, Nr. 11 (1908).

In the next morning, Bieber urged already to an early swift departure of the caravan. An inner unrest has seized him: The road is still far and there is still much to explore. From the height, he looked at the sacred places of the former Kaffa-Empire, on the remains of the town Shadda, hidden once again by wilderness, rich of secrecy shrines of the Emperor-Gods of Kaffa.

Hollowly the wooden drums resound again and again; they lure the farmers out of their houses as soon as the caravan nears the farmsteads. Fearful inquisitiveness or shies away

trustful-ness brought them nearer to the two whites, whose skin colour appeared unique to them.

Therefore, the caravan reaches routes, which become ever more wild, deep in the Budi-Jungle, a bamboo-forest. As the war of 1897 started to be hopeless, the Emperor-God Sherecho trusted to one of his guardian, Gabado Rascho, with the Emperor's Crown and other jewels of the Empire, to hide it from the Abyssinian. On top of the height, Gabado Rascho was killed from the Abyssinian, the crown and the other jewels captures. In addition, Gaki Sherecho himself lasted here in the bamboo-forest, surrounded from his priests and hundred of his bravest, hidden; he was captured, not far from here, on the bridge over the Woscho River.

From the severe fights, nothing more is almost to be noticed in the jungle. Quite rarely, Bieber finds a broken lance for once, then again the skeleton of a casualty...

Whenever Bieber encountered a person with a typical Kaffecho feature, he is more and more convinced that Kaffecho are close relatives of the ancient Egyptians.

In addition, the high culture, the convention, and the custom, which these people maintain here above in the highland of Kaffa since the time in memory, confirm him his assumption again and again. Now the caravan has reached the Otta Mountain and has ascended the summit after hours of the laborious advancement. The expedition is on a height of three thousand meters. As if coming from nowhere, some paltry closed human being suddenly stood in front of them. Almost naked, they have on only few rags or little foliage. Undoubtedly they are not Kaffecho, they have also nothing in common. They are essentially smaller in figure; their face physiognomy is different from the Kaffecho. Despite all efforts, Bieber could not communicate with these people. Even calling, waving and giving gifts could not help.

The interpreter and the Kaffechos in the caravan have knowledge of this people; According to them, they are the original natives of highland of Kaffa. They were called Manja and their control-area has been big. Minjo has first run into them, and most Manjas had here into the high-forests of the Otta Mountains escaped. This account agrees with the sagas of the olden time as it has been told by Gaki Sherecho, the singer at the court, to the explorer. The Kaffechos did not regard the Manjas as equal. Therefore, they remained the serving castes of the Kaffecho through the centuries. Many of them were made to eunuchs and were used for most menial services. Bieber in fact was successful to approach the Manjas, however he could not find out anything essential out of them. The housing condition of the Manjas is immensely simple, they not in the least live, like the Kaffecho, in solid houses. A cave, dug into the ground of the jungle and with foliage and dried grass, indeed aesthetically and comfortably well arranged, which is everything. The Manjas are not sedentary. They move restlessly as nomads around the jungles of the Otta Mountain. Beside the dugouts, the Manjas have built a simple bed for temporary use on the strong branches of the trees.

Despite their long time cohabitation with the Kaffechos, their life style has not been changed. The caravan has reached the shore of a big lake. Bieber discovers a second equally big in its immediate proximity. They do not ask for names. The Kaffechos call the two lakes, that somehow belong together, merely>>warmo<<, that means>>water<<or >>lake.

Since there was no established name for the two lakes, we nominated one of them Mylius Lake and the other one Bieber Lake. Exactly, Bieber sketched the location of these two lakes into his map of Kaffa. Here, at the shore, the opportunity for Mylius emerges at last to hunt a hippopotamuses. It is just as exciting hunt as that on elephants. Bieber is in his vicinity and photographs. Bieber is altogether the conscientious chronicler of the expedition, every evening he writes and draws all experiences of the passing day. Moreover, he is on the look out to record the convention and custom of the land Kaffa.

One night he hears a hollow choir-chant through the monotonous splashing of the rain: It was the dirge of one Kaffecho. These protracted chants of the mourning, in which the drumbeats and the mournful tones of horns mingle, sound unique and mystical.

Despite the continual rain, he went already to the mourning house following the sound of the dirge. In front of the house, one has built a hall out of wooden poles covered with enset leaf. While the women sits around with bare upper body, the men under the leadership of a lead singer move up and down, and following the lamenting sound of their instruments they wailed with a pitiful cry. Almost all have shorn the hair until a small bunch at their vertex and are bared up to their girdle. The face of all of these men, women and children, their back and their chest are soiled with blood; to display their deep sorrow, they shred the body of the other with thorns reciprocally. The old mourning-manners are here still maintained today.

The Kaffechos were not disturbed in their mourning, yes, they seem even to interpret the visit of the foreign people as special honour, and they let themselves to be photographed. Then, it continues again.

Often and often, the long horn resembling shawm of the shepherds resound over the mountain domes.

The path of the caravan goes further over the Delba and downward through hill-tongues towards the Siggina River, and always through fresh green bush. That rapid river in itself has swollen high, and crossing itself seems impossible. First two lads dare into the water, then as a good example Bieber begins to cross over. Gebremariam, his servant follows. The yellow river carries both to the riverbank. In three hours work the loads and finally the load-animals are now pulled over to the other side of the riverbank. Human beings and animals are in completely exhausted condition.

As they come to a tributary of the Gojeb River nobody knew its name, but still Bieber sketched it on the map; he and Mylius decide, these stretches of water in honour of the wife of Bieber, to name>>Berta River<<.

In these rainy marching days, in which the caravan approaches the borders of Kaffa again, the mule-question turns out to be suddenly the existence question of the expedition. Again, two mules have perished, and the worst piece of route is still to come. No single animal is healthy any more. A few look virtually terrible; even though they are still alive, their body is decayed. With all these difficulties, the raining time was not ending. It is a fate, almost like a curse, that Bieber sees his dream Kaffa almost only while rain and fogs were widespread. After many marching days, they crossed the border river Gojeb crosses and with these, they reached the border of this land again.

Silently, Bieber embraces the melancholy of leaving Kaffa. It is, as if to the farewell, the fogs are ripped, and the last sunbeams thrust through the clouds. Before the night starts, not even Kaffa lies within his sights: From Dulla up to the distant Chetta with its coffee-forests.

Bieber despite all he was content with success; he has been allowed to enter this country as the first white explorer. He has studied its history and recorded its language¹. In addition, he has been successful in saving the most important knowledge for the science, after the downfall of the empire and culture:

>>Our stay in Kaffa lasted one month. In order to protect the peculiarity of this sunken culture, I collected information regarding the convention and customs from its history. Moreover, Kaffa itself, with its dark forest-mountains and its sunken emperor-palatinate, will live on in my memory. A secret longing will draw me again and again to its legendary long distance...<<

Hence, on the 7th of July, Bieber leaves Kaffa and comes back again to Addis Ababa. Back on their way, the participant of the caravan were greeted everywhere by their old acquaintances, that they had met on their trip to Kaffa, many weeks ago. During the journey, the natives brought daily in a ceremonial procession the >>Dergo<<, the free gift of Menelik, that he has secured it in his letter of safe conduct to the two Europeans. The people as part of their tribute must do these visitors' gift to the emperor. Moreover, it is the same picture daily: each two women carry baskets on their shoulders covered with sheets. Almost always a >>Dergo<<, that consists out of a fat-ox, three hundred breads, a basket barley, three bundles of wood, over hundred eggs, seventeen jugs with mead, ten chickens and a big bowl full of honey. During Bieber and Baron Mylius ceremonially accepts the gift and distributes it to their people, the beggars appeared in front of the camp. As counter-offering Mylius distributed some mirrors and as a special gift an alarm clock. Every time after receiving the >>Dergo<<, Jussuf, the Head Cook, had a lot to do; he is a true pearl, very much competent and proficient. Even though the stove consists of four fireplaces, he prepares every meal with four courses.

¹ Since the >>Kaffinono<<, the Kaffecho language has no alphabets of its own, the Kaffechos themselves are versed neither with reading nor with writing. Messages, commands, laws or announcements become through>> Wotschemo <<, that is runners, orally conveys or proclaims through public declaration. All reading and writing relevant terms, which the Kaffecho use, are related to the Amharic language, the >>Amaringna<<.

Therefore, days and weeks pass. Finally, on the 12 August, the expedition has come back to its exit-point, Addis Ababa. Their entry into the capital city resembles a triumphal parade. To the immense effort of the expedition, to venture into the unexplored country of Kaffa, to the tribulations and dangers, the losses through the murderous climate and the awful raining time, the official notification reports at the best:

>>>Out of 60 load-animals who left Addis Ababa months ago, 55 have perished. In addition, from the forty Abyssinian bearers, merely four came back into the capital again. The others had become mostly sick, miserable, were left behind, or had disappeared long ago. <<<

However, Bieber through his fanaticism, his indomitable explorer-urge, and all strains has survived happily. A rich, extremely rare ethnological collection, on which thousand photographs and drawings, map-sketches and valuable material from the country of Kaffa, thousands of notes about convention, custom and language of the Kaffecho, also against fifty language-documents, Bieber brought from his trip back, to Addis Ababa. Moreover, immediately the tireless explorer begins to inspect all results and to organize the collected. Simultaneously, he tries to obtain an audience, through the good office of important people, with the Negus. He has to wait for days.

Finally, one morning is so far, Menelik bids him to a special-audience. Until he stands again in front of Menelik, he had to endure the protracted ceremony similar to his previous visit months ago.

The emperor sits in his big leather-chair; his body almost vanishes in the many pillows. He looks sick.

With difficulty, Menelik straightens up, as Bieber steps along before him. While Bieber was reporting, Menelik sits silently there, sunken in thought. Immediately however his interest is lively, and he inquires vividly about the results of the journey of the explorer into the mysterious Kaffa. It is a detailed report, Which Bieber gives. Since the explorer has to separate himself from the emperor, the farewell became a warm farewell. Few days afterward he leaves Addis Ababa. He goes home again.

Two months later, he arrives in his hometown Vienna after many strains and experiences. The sheer incalculable work lies now before him to utilize the collected material for the science.

Nevertheless, beyond all this work lives in his heart the burning longing to see Africa again.

A LIVING PHARAO?

Addis Ababa- 1909

Biebers longing finds its fulfillment indeed. Four years later-1909- he is back on his way to Africa. On the 14th of February, he descends with the big industrialist Emil Gerhard

pick in Djibouti. From here brings them the train through the steppe lands and the deserts of the Issa-Somali to the Ethiopian city of Dire Dawa, the then last stop of the Ethiopian railway, at the foot of the highland of Harare. The ride goes through the country of the Afar, past the Assabot- and the Gumbi-Mountains over the Awash-River into the tableland of Showa.

Already in the borderlands, wild rumours received the explorer. In the country, unrests should have broken out, the empire, that Menelik II in tireless work, in numerous wars has built, should have started to stagger. Many of the governors appointed by Menelik should have begun to govern on their own fist. And the emperor? What happened with the emperor?

The emperor is sick, the emperor is old, the emperor is weak, and the emperor is dead! Then again, the emperor has been buried long ago. Only, one cannot tell the people! Even the Amharas-the ruling class in Abyssinia-are seized from the big unrest. Only, one cannot tell the people! Even the Amharas-the ruling class in Abyssinia-are seized from the big unrest. No one trusts the other. In addition, all intrigue against each other. Bieber can and doesn't want to believe that after so few years the power of Menelik II has declined. All these unrests seem to be evoked by force, from foreign powers stirred up with intention. After a fourteen days ride, he reached Addis Ababa.

The city welcomes him like an old friend. I has not changed since the years of his absence.

It nevertheless seems, as a mysterious unrest would hover over the city and the whole country. Still, the emperor¹ lives. There is no doubt over it. In the immediate proximity of the emperor, everyone knows more than the other; soon Bieber get to know that the Emperor has already been long ago deceased. However, Bieber awaits the call of Menelik for days patiently. The stay in the capital of Abyssinia lasts five weeks. It is not easy to advance to Emperor Menelik. Since he has appointed his own>>ministers<<for state-businesses, that he had taken care of himself until now, fast settlement of problems has ended. Concern for the responsibility is the root of all the delays. Finally, Bieber gets the imperial letter of safe conduct from the hand of the Abyssinian Foreign Minister Haile Giorgis.

¹ After the death of Menelik II (28 October 1910), there was an internal confusion, which in its course his grandson and successor layassu in 1916 deposed and Menelik's daughter Zewditu declared the Empress of the Amhara, which she abducted soon. In March 1917 Ras Woldegiorgis, the conqueror of Kaffa, succeeded her to be the emperor of Abyssinia. In March 1917 Ras Woldegiorgis, the conqueror of Kaffa, succeeded her to be the emperor of Abyssinia.

lives. There is no doubt over it. In the immediate proximity of the emperor, everyone knows more than the other; soon Bieber get to know that the Emperor has already been long ago deceased. However, Bieber awaits the call of Menelik for days patiently. The stay in the capital of Abyssinia lasts five weeks. It is not easy to advance to Emperor Menelik. Since he has appointed his own>>ministers<<for state-businesses, that he had taken care of himself until now, fast settlement of problems has ended. Concern for the responsibility is the root of all the delays. Finally, Bieber gets the imperial letter of safe conduct from the hand of the Abyssinian Foreign Minister Haile Giorgis.

Even Menelik now receives the explorer and welcomes him extremely friendly: >> Bieber is however deeply alarmed. How very much has the emperor really changed in these four years of his absence! Menelik must be indeed badly sick; hardly Bieber can hear his voice. A grave worry seems to have grasped him. Only the eyes of the emperor have remained the old. For Biebers gifts-a portable telephone as well as the map of Kaffa-he shows vivid interest, and he let the explorer to explain to him the places he knew in Kaffa and the route to which takes to it. This time, the audience is short. However the emperor promises, that he will call Bieber to himself once again. He should wait; he will call him through his messenger. Again days passed, Bieber awaits the imperial messenger. Indeed, he thought to have give up the audience, as one morning-hardly he could trusts his eyes-not only one single messenger but a whole retinue appears. This unusual entourage must have its particular reason. Also otherwise, everything has changed visibly today. While the emperor-palace appeared dead in the last days, many dignitaries and the big army commanders of Menelik are now appeared in Gibi; also Ras Wolde Giorgis, the victor of the Kaffa Empire.

Still before days completely deteriorated, collapsed in himself, today he is fresh, a quite different person. He sits upright surrounded by his ministers on his big chair, as always during big occasions. Suddenly-Bieber is surprised, yes startled, he doesn't know, how this happened to him-sees himself that he is in the centre of an imperial action, which is starting now. From outside, on the high platform in front of the emperor-palace, Bieber hears the loud, hollow beats on the big kettledrum of the emperor. Then, it is quiet. No one out of the gathered speaks a single word.

In the wide, big area of the imperial throne-foyer, one of the ministers, who stands by the right side of the emperor, calls three times the name "Friedrich Bieber" with loud voice. In addition, already one of the pages escorts him before the emperor. Now, another minister of the emperor reads out the decree in an Amharic speech, in which the Negus Negesti, the king of the kings, Menelik II, to appoint Bieber to the rank of colonel of the Abyssinian army. Menelik sees the surprise on Bieber's face, and smilingly he indicates his General Ras Wolde Giorgis, to hand over the golden honorary shield and sword to Bieber. Bieber, almost shy in his behaviour, turns his eyes towards Menelik, who smiles friendly to him.

Still the celebration is not finished. Hardly Bieber has been appointed into the new dignity, the Ministers call his name three times loudly. Again, the Minister reads out a decree in Amharic language. Emperor Menelik II nominates Bieber to the Knight of the Star of Ethiopia.

Then, Menelik calls Bieber to himself. In addition, out of the Negus hand, he receives the big medal, the Knight-Star of Ethiopia. The celebration has finished. Colonel Bieber, the most recent Knight of the Star of Ethiopia, is released. And outside the hollow beats of the imperial Kettledrum booms to the conclusion of the ceremony. After few days of most laborious work, Bieber prepares himself to the journey back home. Once again before his departure, he is called to Emperor Menelik: Farewell-audience. The emperor

appears to have become sicker and looks again deteriorated. Menelik lies, half-sedentary, on his bed. Despite visibly heavy pains, he speaks interested with his "friend" Bieber and directs the topic towards Kaffa again. He must have a quite particular interest in this country, the most southern province of his big empire. Bieber reports with whole sincerity.

For the open words, Menelik is grateful to "his friend", because he loves the sincerity and the free words of some one. In addition, to express his thanks for the comprehensive report of Bieber, Menelik approves the explorer to a visit for the next day at the imprisoned last Emperor-God of Kaffa, Gaki Sherecho. Bieber is shaken and seized: he would never have dared to deliver such a big petition to the Emperor. He would also never have hoped the fulfillment of one such desire. With simple, cordial words, he thanks the Emperor for the big mercy and for the high trust. Then, he takes leave from the Emperor.

TO THE IMPRISONED EMPEROR-GOD

The following day, Bieber could not forget all his life. Early in the morning, long before sunrise, he is picked up by a special-messenger of the emperor and is escorted into the Emperor-Palace. Deepest silence still prevails in the atria and the wide areas of the tall house.

Three especial representatives of the emperor in the vestibule receive him. After the usual awkward greeting, the four men leave the room and went down to the first atrium. They climb there the ready made horses and now it goes, accompanied by servants and pages, down to the town, which the streets are empty about this hour. Soon the riders have left the last cottages behind them, and now the path goes beyond heights and canyons many hours further into a hot tropical current.

Finally, the group of the riders has reached a lonesome canyon. As Bieber accurately suspected, the prison-place¹ is located here in this canyon.

Emperor Menelik has taken all imaginable measures that Gaki Sherecho can no more achieve his freedom. Bieber has indeed noticed from far big watchtowers on the surrounding heights near the prison. High palisade-walls are erected, occupied with many warriors.

The destination is reached. A few servants take the horses. A trapdoor opens and Bieber with his companion is admitted into the interior of the first yard. With few steps, the courtyard is crossed and reached the second gate. Each individual is checked very

¹ Zuerst wurde Gaki Sherecho in Ankober gefangen gehalten, dann von Ras Mikael nach Debera Sait oder Dessi gebracht. 1909, he was sent to state-prison close to the mountain Amba Geschen, in the land of Amhara, from the year 1910 on, after Menelik's death, he lived exiled in Addis Ababa until his death in 1919. His ancestral country Kaffa was given to his son, who led the name of Basabo, as the successor of Gaki Sherecho, and as fiefs of the Abyssinian Crown again. He admittedly enjoyed royal prerogatives of a shadow king, however he has not practiced a sovereign's force.

precisely for arms; only then, they are led into the second courtyard. The prison stands here, in the middle of this second yard: A plain hut, a round-house, covered with straw, built out of strong planks, like all Abyssinian houses, without windows, with a door, that lead into the inside of the house. The last Emperor-God of Kaffa lives therefore in this house. Here, he spends his days as prisoner of Menelik. A long while passes, Bieber must wait. It is terribly hot. Everywhere, it is crowded with Abyssinian warriors. Gaki Sherecho is well guarded. One lets Bieber wait apparently with intention. Does Gaki Sherecho is prepared for the coming audience?

Finally, it is so far. Bieber is invited to step in, into the interior of the house. In the first moment, he cannot distinguish any thing at all; his eyes are blinded outside from the glaring sun at the courtyard. However slowly, they get used to the darkness and the objects in the area begin to assume shape. Bieber tells deeply shaken about this encounter:

>>Suddenly he stood in front of me, the last Emperor-God of Kaffa, Gaki Sherecho –like a living Pharaoh. I hardly brought a word. It is twelve years since Gaki Sherecho is caught. Moreover, despite the many years, Gaki Sherecho has lost nothing of his imperial appearance. His elevated, exalted figure was dressed with a black robe, under which his hands were hidden. His elevated, exalted figure was dressed with a black robe, under which his hands were hidden. Around his neck, the silvery chain, with which he was chained to his slave Araru, was clearly visible. Like in a half-bow, his beautiful head was framed with the high forehead from a luxuriant ebony hair-wreath. Proud, motionless, with brazen feature, two clear, wise and however almost kindly eyes inquiringly looked at me. Certainly, they had seen a white human being for the first time.<<

Bieber struggled to come out of his stiffness and started to speak. Bieber struggled to come out of his stiffness and started to speak. Indeed on the way here has thought wisely about everything, which he wants to inform Gaki Sherecho. With few words, Bieber narrates- as far as he masters the language of the Kaffecho -the imprisoned Emperor-God about his country, Kaffa. He narrated about all what he has seen and experienced. Just as he tells about the longing of the Kaffecho after the gone Emperor-God, the eyes of the emperor-God begin to shine. With more and more rising interest he hears the words of the person who stands in front of him. As Bieber however tells about the transportation of the imprisoned Kaffecho, through the body of Gaki Sherechos goes a trembling wave. He is powerless, completely under the authority of the Abyssinian, cannot fight back, and cannot help his people. Despite all composure, one notices how he suffers from it. From his few words, Bieber was in the firm conviction that Gaki Sherecho still believes in the re-emergence of his defeated empire. He, the once admired, mighty Emperor-God, lives here as prisoner Menelik's a life, beyond all reality, and waits for his liberation. He prays Ekko, to the highest being. Ekko, the creator of the world, Ekko, the great, that once led the people through all dangers into the rescuing highland, might help him. Like an incarnate Pharaoh from the old Egypt stands there Gaki Sherecho, a figure, as a cast from an ore, demoniacally and mystically at the same time. Through the small door, only sparse light falls into the area.

The Emperor-God has finished. Bieber is deeply affected. Who like himself, is privileged to encounter the last living Pharaoh?

A deep sorrow rises in him; deep sorrow rises in him; the realization, that the big sovereigns of Kaffa, Gaki Sherecho, withers here to his end at this miserable place.

Gaki Sherecho has never seen his Kaffa again. After twenty-two long years, in the year 1919, the death has redeemed him out of his sorry-full imprisonment.

Few days after his visit at the Emperor-God Bieber left the capital of the Abyssinian empire. On the 22nd April, he starts his journey at the Nile. It goes through the saddle of Korroda to the Sukuala River. The mountains of Buno, that form the northern end of the main ridge of the highland of Kaffa, are reached middle of May. Buno itself is passed through one of the hill-domes, mountain chains and with swamps and jungle covered plateau. Conquered in the eighties of the 19-century by the Amharas, it is absorbed by the empire of Menelik. Here, the swamps at the Baro, the explorer gets himself the heavy malaria, that brought him a month long sickness. In Gambella, he takes the gunboat>>EL-Hafir<<, that brings him, passing through Faschoda to Khartoum. The expedition has covered approximately 2653 kilometres from Djibouti up to Khartoum. Across deserts and steppes, it goes with the Sudanese national railway along the Nile, pasting the pyramids of Meroe, through the eldest and real Ethiopia, that ancient home of the Kushitic in the highland of Habescha and Kaffa, that Agaus and the Kaffechos. Further, the train goes across the Nubian plateau, through a desert highland, that resembles the country between Djibouti and Dire, downward to Port Suda, the objective of its trip.

Again and again, on his expeditions, he has compared the culture of the old Egyptians with that of the Kaffecho. He can now prove faultlessly that the inhabitants of Kaffa are descendants of the old Egyptians and like them, they venerate their sovereigns divinely.

However, he remains objectively and strictly critical in his studies:>> It would probably be presumptuous, in the forest-loneliness Kaffa, to look for the deep greatness. The other environment has changed much, the impact of foreign folklore has buried much in the course of the millennia. Nevertheless, the Kaffecho brought a reflection of old-Egyptian culture from the Nile into their mountains. The high-level art of the old Egyptians, as we know, has remained so alien to the common person in Egypt three thousand years ago, as the art-treasures that we maintain today in the museums. What however has remained from the everyday small-utensils of the old-Egyptians, jewellery, house-furniture and tool, is not at all or only a little different, which still today in Kaffa applied and is used above all, the hoe, with which the Egyptians tillage their field.<<

From his researches and findings, before the eyes of Bieber's emerges a clear picture of the migration of the Egyptians before long time alongside the divine Nile, up into that interior, into the highland of Kaffa, He has imagined the taking possession of the country, the repression of its original inhabitants, the build-up and the prosperity of the African Tibet by Manja. His imaginations interweave themselves with the narrations of the last

court-singer from Kaffa to a heroic-epos of forceful magnitude. After his return, Bieber plunges himself in Vienna with a true Zeal into his notes. Systematically he evaluates and organizes the experiences of his Africa-grips. Only now, the in-depth scientific harvest of his research-material takes place at his desk. The result of the researches of Bieber, the two-volume works "Kaffa, an old folklore in the interior of Africa", will be a standard work in the African literature. His map of Kaffa, his dictionary over the Kaffecho language-he himself mastered five world-languages, beside more than twenty native-dialects-, many publications and lectures about Abyssinia and Kaffa, has Bieber made a name in the scientific world, that puts him worthy among the big authorities in the area of the ethnography and ethnology.

With endless diligence, Bieber has collected even a special library about Abyssinia and especially about the country Kaffa, with more than thousand volumes, started from the fifteenth century, which contains publications issued about Abyssinia and Kaffa.

Beside this unique African library, Bieber has created a big valuable collection of hundred kinds of tools, pieces of jewellery, arms, clothing and cultic objects from Kaffa. He has succeeded in home-bringing the strangest treasures.

Bieber, who wanted to be noting more than a quiet and untiring enthusiast of culture, which he rarely, all too rarely displayed to the public, felt more comfortable in the African wilderness, than the European world and his peaceful study room in his own house. At the same time, he had problems with his health. The malaria, that he had been infected on his last trip in the Sudan, has further undermined his strength completely, which was already taxed during his childhood. Biebers existence was however fulfilled. He had reached his life-goal.

In the first post-war years, he forged new plans, his never resting spirit wanted to be victorious over the sick body.

In the spring 1924, one newly planed Africa-expedition should have left Vienna again. Nevertheless, it came out otherwise.

On the 3 March 1924, with 51 years, he started that expedition, from which no one has ever come back.